

RHYMES OF THE ELECTION

THE MAYORALTY

THEY talked of running a man for Mayor
Against Noddy Clarke you know,
But the spirit went out of the whole affair.
For there wasn't the ghost of a show.

THE COUNCIL.

Harry Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
A peck of pickled peppers Harry Piper picked;
If Harry Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where is the peck of pickled peppers Harry
Piper picked?

[A prize is offered for the St. John's Ward
voter who can rhyme the above off most rapidly
without making a break.]

The Ward doth jubilate—
Jocose, jocund Joe Tait
Will watch its interests with green-shaded eye.
He's got a level head,
He's floury and well-bread—
He needs no puff—he's bound to rise like pie

John Irwin, change your name—
You've surely heard the news?
St. John's has put you in the soup.
You're now called John Irlow.

When Ernest Albert wants a thing
He will achieve it;
Magna est veritas, my boy,
Et prevalebit.

They tried to knock Gillespie out,
But the thing could not be done;
So ring the jobbery curtain up,
And let us have more fun.

Upon the heap of ballots white
Neath which the six lie curled,
We'll place this little epitaph:
"They patronized the *World*."

Uncle John Baxter came out in the west.
And—though he ain't built that way—
The run that he made was, as usual, best.
And 'round City Hall he will stay.

THE BY-LAW

A Dipsomaniac Hospital?
Not to-day—not to-day;
A refuge for the drunkards all?
Not to-day—some other day.

While gin-mills flourish, grim, immense.
The people fail to see the sense
Of going to so much expense—
Not to-day—not to-day.

Wipe out the breweries one and all.
Shut the distilleries great and small,
Then talk about your Hospital,
But not to-day—not to-day!

TAKING TIME.

TRAMP (*in lonely place*)—"Could you give me the
toime, sir?"

GENTLEMAN (*producing watch*)—"Half-past five."

TRAMP (*producing revolver*)—"Thank ye, sor. Now,
will you give me yer toime piece?"

A NEW INFANT INDUSTRY.

DE HASS stood on the corner of King and Yonge with
his single glass in his ocular and wearing his usual
expression of painful effort, when up stepped a newsboy.

"Say mister, I'll wear that thing for you for ten cents an
hour; will you, Mister?"



OUR GOTHs AND VANDALS.

Wouldn't some such plan as this have the effect of preserving the Horticultural
Gardens from the depredations of the lawless, now that the fence has been taken
down?

THE FEDERATION ORATOR.

HE talks of Britain's glory as revealed in song and story.
And allowed by Whig and Tory to exist without a doubt:
Of her present, past and future, how like a great free-booter,
She has carved the globe to suit her and cut other nations out.

How, the lion's share retaining, she is gaining the remaining
Choice portions of earth's surface, claiming every corner lot.
Till a Union Jack is floating, and a British eye is glowing,
And a British heart is doting on it in each sunny spot.

Now to fuse the whole together in an Empire that could weather
Political tornadoes fatal to all smaller craft,
This our patriot endeavors, for he fears the shocks and quivers
Felt through all its frame, at present linked so loosely like a
raft.

And his heart is in a panic lest the Blue-Nose, and the Kanuck.
The antipodean herder, and the rude South Afric boor,
Should prefer their independence, to dancing court attendance
On vice-regal puppets chosen from the class that grinds the
poor.

So he rapidly discourses on the maritime resources.
Of the glorious British Empire in its federated state,
How its hundred ton guns' thunder would assuage the thirst for
plunder,
In the Fenian and tail-twister, and their warlike rage abate.

But O, he never mentions the hosts that draw fat pensions,
From the exchequer whose store is wrung from hardened
hands of toil,
Nor the coronetted vampires, that drain the blood of empires,
And whose presence were an insult to the sons of Western soil.

Then let him prate and gabble, and bluster to the rabble.
Young Canada has no base love for mediæval forms,
Her wide land holds not any son, excepting Col. Denison,
Who would shed his blood to show that it contained such
putrid germs.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

NOMENCLATURE.

"WHAT a name!" exclaimed Mrs. MacCrittik. "Here's
an article in this magazine by E. E. E. McJim-
sey. They must have had a hard job finding names for
that boy."

"Dunno," said Mr. MacC. musingly,—"rather an E's-y
job, I should say."

"ALL I ask is a fair hearing," as the special pleader
said when he called upon the aurist about his deafness.