

THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. 9.

—“must strongly and emphatically protest! It's disgraceful, sir, that any man should bring such a charge without being able to substantiate it, and especially a man who claims to carry the banner of Truth and Righteousness!” said Ald. Hallam.

“I rise to a point of order!” “Question, question!” “Order!” “Don't all speak at once, gentlemen!” “Go for him, Moses!” etc., etc.

They were at it hammer and tongs in this fashion as GRIP's representative entered a trifle behind time. Now, an ordinary reporter for the corrupt and mendacious daily press would, of course, never think of making such an admission. He would write up the whole thing as if he had been there from the start, and fix up appropriate speeches for those he hadn't heard. But GRIP aims at absolute correctness, and gives things exactly as they occur in the Council, so, not having heard the first of the debate, our representative does not feel free to report it. To do so would lay his general veracity open to suspicion. It seems to have been some racket between Moses and Hallam over the market fee business, and subsided without entailing any serious consequences to anybody.



“Gentlemen,” said the affable Ald. Boustead, who occupied the chair, “meeting here as we do *sub tegmine fagi*, as the poet says, these wranglements are regrettable. Ald. Moses should try to emulate the meekness of his ancient namesake and probably ancestor, and Ald. Hallam should preserve something of the dignity and *suaviter in modo* which ought ever to be associated with scholarship and erudition. (*Hear, hear.*) I have a more pleasing duty to perform this evening, namely, the presentation of the insignia

of the Order of Kapiolani, conferred by King Kalakaua of Hawaii upon Capt. Andrews, the hero who has saved so many from drowning.”

Capt. Andrews then stepped forward, accompanied by Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, the Hawaiian Consul. After the latter had said a few words, Ald. Boustead presented the medal in a speech in which he recounted some of the Captain's life-saving exploits. In response, Capt. Andrews said a few words, and favored the Council with a spirited recitation of one of his own poems. GRIP hopes that this little incident may be the means of inducing the public to confer upon a brave man who has lost his eyesight in the service of his fellows some recognition of a more tangible kind than decorations. Medals are very pretty things to look at, but they won't keep the wolf from the door. If they were wealth, Capt. Andrews would be almost a millionaire.

FIRST CITIZEN (*surprised*)—“So they do really have recitations and songs and that sort of entertainment here. I thought GRIP was only fooling.”

SECOND CITIZEN—“Oh, bless you, yes. There's lots of fun of that kind. You just



ought to have heard Ald. Baxter when he was here give 'em ‘Twas in Trafalgar Bay,’ when the discussions grew a little tedious. And Joe Tait's rendition of ‘Curfew shall not Ring To-night’ was immense.”

LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS.

ALD. SHAW (*producing a stack of documents*)—“Local improvement by laws. Move read first time.”

CHAIRMAN—“Moved these read first-time. Carried.”

ALD. SHAW—“Move they be read second time.”

ALD. CARLYLE (St. Thomas)—“Bide a wee, Maister Chairman! It's no jannock I'm thinkin' tae pit thae doakuments through in siccan a fashion wi'out mair consideration. Are ye gaun to pass the haill clamjamfrey o' them when deil a ane kens what it's a' about?”

ALD. SHAW—“From my slight acquaintance with the language in which the gentleman expresses himself, I gather that he desires to know something of the nature of these measures. They are local improvement Bills.”

ALD. CARLYLE—“Aye, mon, but I wad e'en like to ken the parteeulars.”

To satisfy him the chairman read the title of each Bill, and the batch were then put through *en bloc* in the customary fashion, while Ald. Carlyle settled back in his chair with the self-satisfied expression of one who has nobly performed his duty and vigilantly guarded the interests of his constituents.

THE DUNDAS STREET BRIDGE

The report of the Board of Works recommending the adoption of an agreement with the Railway Companies for the construction of the Dundas Street bridge came up.

Ald. Vokes—

“Dundas Street bridge! across the railway track. There's a bridge now. I move a reference back! It's all a big land speculating game, High damages the land-owners will claim.”

Ald. Lindsay—

“The West End people claim accommodation. I need not give you any long oration, As all this matter's been discussed before. Why should we trifle with the subject more? Let's get ahead—let's put the business through, And not this windy, wordy strife renew.”

Ald. Denison—

“Indignant protest such remark provokes As that which lately fell from Brother Vokes. His narrow mind no vision can afford Beyond the limits of St. Patrick's Ward.”

Ald. Gillespie—

“These Western denizens (the jest remark)

Want us to give them access to High Park.

To visit that resort they'd take a car, But such High Park-visits (perquisites) too costly are. It is a swindle.”

Ald. Denison—

“Take that utterance back! All sense of courtesy methinks you lack. A swindle! said'st thou, miscreant? Beware! Or, by my glorious ancestry I swear,

