

THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. VII.



GENTLEMEN," said the Mayor, as he assumed the civic throne looking as fresh and blooming as the rose in his button-hole, "I regret that two of our star performers, Aldermen Dodds and Hallam, are unavoidably absent on account of sickness. Neither does my eye rest upon the stalwart form of Ald. Bell who has important political business to attend to in connection with the cause of Equal Rights. I make no doubt he and his friends will before long obtain their rights—funeral rites. However, I'm told that they are buckling on their Armour for the fray. I fear that, like his namesake of old, our friend Moses is destined

never to enter the Promised Land, but only to behold it afar off from the Pisgah-height of superiority in truth and righteousness. Campaign honors seem to fall pretty thick around this Council board. Since we last met Ald. Macdougall has been added to the number of aspirants. Well, if the Grits are to have a Toronto representative, and I don't see how we can help it, I'd as soon have him for a colleague as any man I know—because his Gritism is of a mild and comparatively innocuous type."

"How about Tait?" asked Ald. Boustead.

"I don't like Tait. He talks too much with his mouth and says mean things about our honored Chieftain. Besides, he is an office-seeker, and if elected will be wanting a Registrarship or Shrievalty or something. No, I've no use for Tait. But bless me, gentlemen, I'm afraid I'm talking politics, which is *ultra vires* in this chamber. I assure you I hadn't the remotest intention of so doing when I got up to speak."

"Oh, we can stand it," said Ald. Macdougall, "we're not thin-skinned—except when it comes to charges of malfeasance," he added with a wink at Ald. Boustead. "While our worthy Mayor was speaking, Ald. Lindsay handed me a poem giving a short political forecast of the result in Toronto which, he asks me to read to you. Lindsay is too bashful to read his own poetry":—

E. F. Clarke
Isn't up to the mark,
That's easily to be seen.
But he'll go in,
He's bound to win,
By the aid of the old machine.

And H. E. Clarke
No horse that's dark
Can down him in convention,
So he's all right
To win the fight
If running's his intention.

Ex-Ald. Tait
Will have to wait,
He hasn't got the pull.
His cake is dough,
He's got no show,
Just get that through your skull.

Brother Macdougall
Of words is frugal,
He doesn't rip and tear,
He's got good sense
And no pretence;
I tell you he'll get there.

William Bell fights
For Equal Rights
Along with Douglas Armour.
But two machines
Will soon find means
To make the tempest calmer.
Ald. Moses
To run proposes,
But sure his chance is slim,
For all can see
That there will be
But few votes left for him.

THE WICKED FLEA.

THE MAYOR—"I have here a letter from Ald. Hallam who wants the question of the rentals on butcher's stalls in the St. Lawrence Market deferred. He incidentally mentions that Ald. Vokes, Moses and Hewitt, have 'fleas in their bonnets' on this subject."



ALD. SWAIT—"The flea is a disagreeable parasite. If these gentlemen are really infested with this lively but troublesome little reptile it behooves us to take measures for self-protection. I move a Committee of Investigation with power to examine the head gear of the accused with a microscope if necessary and report. I would recommend that they be instructed to procure specimens of the obnoxious insect and to purchase such insect poisons or disinfectants as may be necessary to nip the evil in the bud."

ALD. MOSES—"Sir, I repudiate the charge with indignation. It is evident that the idea could only have been engendered in the mind of Ald. Hallam by close association with fleas, which no doubt infest the hides in which he deals."

ALD. HEWITT—"Fleas! It's a base and malignant slander. Never had such a thing in my life."

THE MAYOR—"Calm yourselves, gentlemen, 'tis a purely metaphorical expression, though truly it might be wished that Ald. Hallam were more refined in his similes—as a man of his literary culture should be."

ALD. CARLYLE (St. Andrew's)—"Metaphor, ye say. He disna use the metaphor correctly. I hae heard o' chiefls havin' 'bees in their bonnets,' but never fleas till the noo. It a comes o' an Englishman trying to use a language the eedioms o' which he disna understand."

Ald. Swait's motion withdrawn and the report referred back.

THAT ISLAND HOTEL.

