

THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. VI.



THERE was no meeting of the City Council on Monday the 5th inst., but the main purpose of such gatherings—that of furnishing amusement for the populace and the numerous readers of GRIP—was fully as well served by the Carnival Committee, which assembled in the executive chamber. This body is an organization composed of aldermen, prominent citizens and citizens who would like to be prominent, delegates from various bodies, and others who only represent themselves, and the chairman thereof, and King of the Carnival is, of course, Mr. E. King Dodds. Promptly to the call of "Time" he toed the mark and opened the proceedings in an eloquent speech. He was so cordial, so expansive, so suave, so fairly beaming and radiating with good nature and geniality and Carnival enthusiasm, that the sternest opponent of the C.P.R. must have felt like saying, "Shake old man! you're not such a bad fellow after all," and taking a drink with him on the spot—that is had there been any to take.

"Gentlemen," said the King of the Carnival, "the hour has come —"

"No politics," said Mr. Hugh Miller.

"The hour—not *his* hour—" said the speaker, "when the citizens of Toronto should rise to the occasion and prepare to give the world the grandest, the most magnificent, the most elaborate, the most gorgeous, resplendent and brilliant festival ever known in the history of nations! Be it ours to rival, and far to surpass the classic glories, the proud and sumptuous pageants of ancient Greece and Rome, of mediæval Venice and Florence and Constantinople and Hypochondria—and—a long list of places which I could mention if it wouldn't too much occupy your time. It is for you, gentlemen, to exceed the pomp and magnificence and spectacular profusion—the limitless and barbaric Oriental opulence and ostentation of Semiramis and Sennacherib and Heptameron and Xerxes—those mighty monarchs whose glory is emblazoned onto imperishable brass and whose remains are now scattered amid the dust of the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, or crumbling in the catacombs of Egypt. Aye, I say, to surpass them; for what in her palmiest days of pride was Rome to Toronto? (Applause.) Had she a Don improvement or a Bellwoods Park—a base ball club or a lacrosse team? Tell us of the glories of her Coliseum—what, I ask, what was that alongside of the Horticultural Pavilion or the new Court House? Talk about the queenly beauty of ancient Venice, the bride of the Adriatic. Did Venice ever have a boom? She had a magnificent water front I believe, but was it covered with railroad tracks and switches and ornamented with coal sheds like our Esplanade? No, gentlemen, the pageants of the past and the classic and historic splendors embalmed by the song of the poet and the scroll of the historian shall all be far eclipsed by our demonstration—which shall be the wonder and the glory of coming ages. (Applause.)



H. K. COCKIN—"Yes, let me write the poem of the Carnival and I care not who foots the bills. By the way, I have just dashed off a few verses which—"

A.L.D. McMULLEN—"I move that they be taken as read."

THE KING—"No, let us hear them. Music hath charms. We must encourage native Canadian poetry, even if we have to get Englishmen to write it."

Mr. Cockin then proceeded to read in a clear voice the following :

CARNIVAL ODE.

Oh! the Carnival is here!
Let us hail it with a cheer.
Sound the trumpet, beat the drum and let us all rejoice,
Let the earth beneath us tremble
As the multitudes assemble
And shake the lofty heavens with a mighty voice,
As for Paris, Rome or Venice
Why those classic names are Dennis
When you talk about a carnival as it should be,
As a brawling streamlet's splurges
To the mighty ocean surges
When compared with the immenseness of our jamboree,
Chorus—

Shout, shout the chorus,
And we'll carry all before us,
The welkin shall re-echo to our carnivalic glee,
The Beaver he will beave,
Nor will ask the Eagle's leave,
As he perches on the summit of the Maple Tree.

Many a soldierly battalion
To the centre will be rallyin'
To join the grand procession on that festal day,
And in picturesque variety
Each uniformed society
Will fall into their places clad in bright array.
The athletic clubs will gather,
And the orators will blather.
(Excuse the word, it's got to go to make the rhyme come right).
Every steamer, yacht and boat
On the Bay will be afloat,
And the Island will be blazing with a glare of light.

Chorus—
Shout, shout the chorus, etc.
The school children will sing,
And their happy voices ring,
And melody will mingle with the glad acclaim
Of the surging, seething throng,
As they glibly glide along,
Recalling recollections of Toronto's fame.
The descriptive pen will fail
To set forth the glowing tale
Of the great Toronto Carnival in prose or rhyme,
Nor can the painter's art
Pourtray the twentieth part
Of the grandeur and the gorgeour of that glorious time.

Chorus—
Shout, shout the chorus,
And we'll carry all before us,
The welkin shall re-echo to our carnivalic glee,
The Beaver he will beave,
Nor will he ask the Eagle's leave,
As he perches on the summit of the Maple Tree.

"The Beaver will—*what?*?" said the Carnival King, as the poet took his seat amid enthusiastic plaudits.

"Beave," replied the poet—"b-e-a-v-e."

