

## THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. V.



OFTEN wonder, said Banks, of the *Mail*, to Ald. Brandon, "what attraction the proceedings of the Council has to the occupants of the gallery, who come here every night as eager spectators. Notice, for instance, that elderly gentleman with grey side-whiskers, who has just taken his accustomed seat in the front row. He will sit there absorbed in the Council's deliberations until eleven o'clock. Now, what interest can he have in the doings of the civic magnates?"

"It's hard to say," replied Ald. Brandon, "but you know magnets always attract."

"Just so," replied the gentleman familiarly known among his associates as 'the Crofter,' as he passed to his seat and relapsed into a reflective mood. Five minutes afterwards he waltzed up to the alderman with a radiant smile and remarked: "And they also turn towards the Pole."

"Who do?" asked Brandon, who was deeply engaged in a discussion with Aldermen Lucas and Hill about the Don agreement.

"Why, the magnates we were speaking of."

"Oh, yes, I see. Not bad at all for a Scotchman. Glad you didn't mention anything about *steel* in this connection. I don't like reflections on our honesty, even in irony. Next!"

But the Mayor entered, and the interchange of badinage ceased.

## ALD. FRANKLAND'S ENGLISH TOUR.

Ald. Frankland—

There's a land that bears a well-known name,

Though it be but a little spot,

'Tis the brightest gem on the scroll of fame—

The rest I have quite forgot;

But I'd like to go 'ome three months or so,

If you'll kindly give me leave,

Though my absence very much I know

Will my faithful colleagues grieve.

Chorus—

May I go 'ome to England? please say I can.

'Tis the right of a truc-born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the Pole or the Zone,

And meet with but slight relief,

For the truck that's in those there sections grown

Don't nourish like Hinglish beef.

But the cattle I send 'em fills the bill,

We've built up a trade o'er sea;

There is nothing like beef will the stomach fill,

If you doubt it look at me.

Chorus—

May I go 'ome to England? Please say I can,

For beef is the food of an Englishman.

As a man of weight and substantial build,

I'll do credit to you abroad;

There are few who a chair have better filled,

Or a prouder record scored.

Should the haughty stranger seek to know

Why I make the ocean trip,

A flush will flow from my cheek to my brow

As I tell of the beasts I ship.



Frankland, it appears,

We mourn o'er thy departure—hence these *steers*.

Well, when your numerous friends at home you see,

Ask them what folks in England think of me;

If you see Gladstone tell him without fail

I hope to see his policy prevail.

Mention to Balfour that I should not dream

Of sanctioning his new Land Purchase Scheme.

There is a duke or two I used to know,

I'll give you letters to 'em when you go.

Of Windsor Castle if you'd have a view,

Just mention Hallam and they'll show you through;

Tell Tennyson I think he's playing out,

That his last work's inferior there's no doubt;

I'm sorry that my old friend Browning's dead,

His poems should be much more widely read;

You might have called on him had you been near,

He never failed to stand cigars and beer;

When you're in London call on Swinburne, do,

He'll go round town with you and put you through.

## ALD. MACDONALD'S MALFEASANCE NOTICE

came up again. The Laird of Chester, not satisfied with having scared his opponents into reinstating him on the Street Railway Committee, insisted on renewing the notice charging somebody with having done something.

ALD. BOUSTEAD—"Is this Council meeting to be a feast of Damocles? You doubtless are familiar with the classic legend, in which the reveller beheld above the banquet table a sword suspended by a single hair, which at any moment might impinge upon his pericranium. Is the shadow of suspicion to overwhelm us like a summer-cloud, and point the finger of scorn at names which are imperishably emblazoned onto the tablets of memory? Is the foul fiend of calumny to revel in unformulated and indefinite lucubrations founded in malignity? It is *ultra vires*."

THE MAYOR—"Ald. Macdonald should prefer a specific charge."

ALD. GRAHAM—"Charge, Chester, charge!"

ALD. E. A. MACDONALD—"I want to be sure of my ground."

THE MAYOR—"Formulate the accusations and we'll discuss them."

As Ald. Macdonald didn't, the matter was dropped.

## ELECTRIC LIGHT DEPUTATION.

Ald. Bell—

Now I hope you'll all agree  
To send Ritchie, Shaw and me  
On a pleasant little trip to Chicago;

Chorus—  
May I go 'ome to England? Please say I can.  
For what without beef is an Englishman?

Ald. Boustead—  
While greatly I regret  
That us you're quitting,  
To grant you leave would only be *beejitting*.

The Mayor—  
We wish you *bon voyage*  
and favoring gales,  
May prosperous breezes  
still expand your *salts*.

Ald. Hallam—  
Thou'rt going to leave us,

