

That fools who worship fools are blind,
And just as good as Dante's crown
Is cabbage on your head, we own.
We like you as a man, you know it,
But never, Stylus, as a poet.
You've miss'd your proper avocation ;
Got off, in fact, at life's wrong station ;
You tell us that aloft you soar,
We see you crawling on the floor ;
You ask us to admire your verses,
We cannot give them aught but curses.
When at the highest mark you aim,
We, who can watch your little game,
See that your frenzied eyes are shut
And of yourself you make the butt ;
Farewell—or *vale*—take this gift,
If you are bound to send adrift
Your paper boats on every stream,
Don't call them ironclads,—the dream
Is food, no doubt, for your stage fires ;
But names deceive and dreams are liars.

VANCOUVER, Sept. 27, 1890

B. C.

THE NEXT CITY BALLOT.

The ballot paper of the next municipal contest will, we understand, be about as follows :

FOR MAYOR

E. F. CLARKE (5th term),
Printer.

E. A. MACDONALD,
Real Estater.

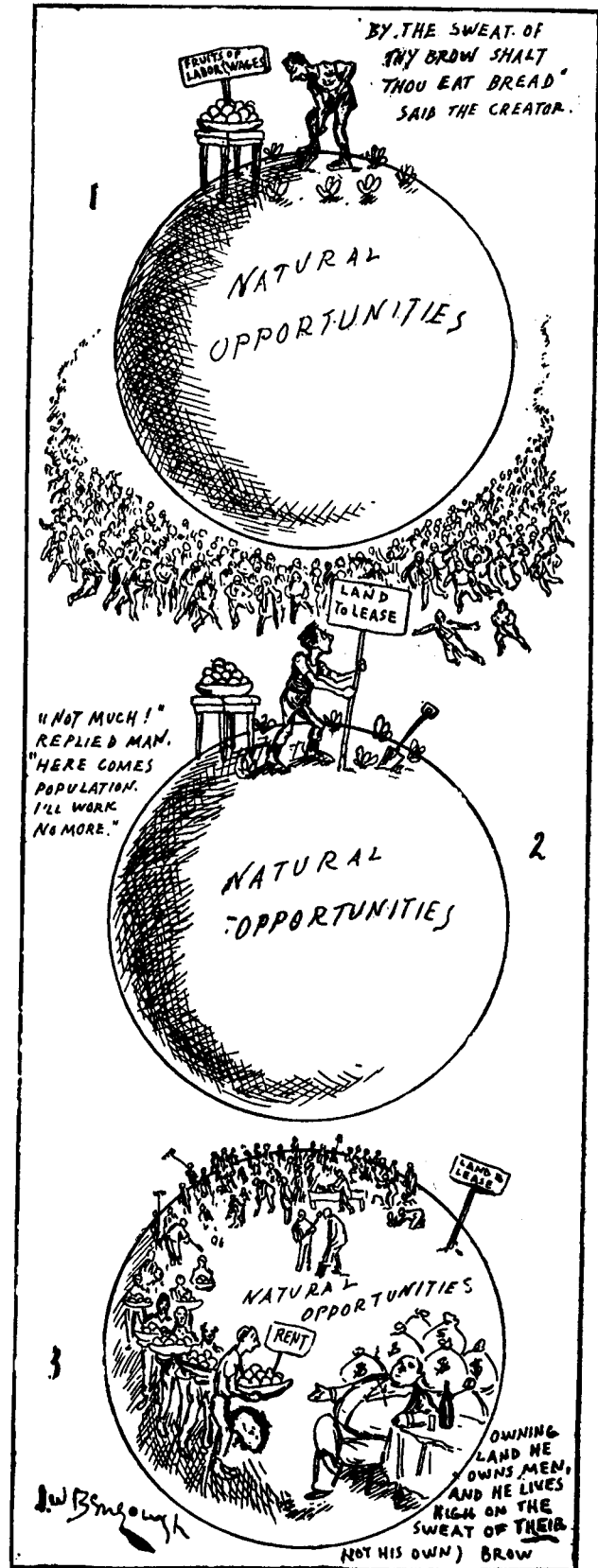
HARRY PIPER,
Gentleman.

F. MOSES,
Stove Dealer.

	Yes	No
Do you like wet weather for New Year's day ?		
Do you approve of the project of building a rail fence around the Island ?		
Should the Garrison Creek sewer be re-opened ?		
Are you in favor of making the Mayoralty a permanent thing for Mr. Clarke ?		
Do you approve of the social teachings of the "Kreutzer Sonata" ?		
Have you subscribed for GRIP ?		
Do you approve of the City Council swopping the Front Street property for a building lot in Mimico ?		
Do you think Toronto has enough dogs ?		

THE ALDERMANIC SHAKE.

I MET him upon King Street,
He wore a brand-new tile,
Oh, hearty was his greeting
And friendly was his smile ;
He said "a drop of something hot
Would be quite nice to take,"
And almost wrung my fingers off
So cordial was his shake.
We drank, and laughed, and chatted
In a pleasant way and free,
He said that he had always had
A great regard for me ;
Election day was drawing near,
What difference could that make ?
I promised him my vote, of course,
As hands again we shake.
And once again I met him,
The day after the poll,
While taking at the dinner hour
A quiet little stroll ;
I said "good day," but on he went,
No answer did he make ;
And quickly hurrying away,
Again gave me the shake.



THE GENESIS OF LANDLORDISM.

WHISKEY is strongly condemned, but it often comes in *Pat* just the same.