

MCGINTY'S CAT.



YOU may talk about the yellow dog, the trouble that it makes,

And read a dissertation on the various kinds of snakes,
And tell of lions, tigers, and the pantry-haunting rat,

But for pure and simple cussedness, give me McGinty's cat.

When old McGinty first bobbed up serenely from the sea,
His wife she got by way of treat some beefsteak for his tea.
She put the meat upon a dish; but while she cut some bread,
The cat jumped up and grabbed the meat and sneaked beneath the bed.

McGinty tore his hair with rage to think he'd lost his treat,
And swore he'd kill the "dirty baste" that robbed him of his mate.
He told his wife to jump around and shut the bedroom door,
And get things ready to begin the skirmish round the floor.

His wife she took a toasting fork, McGinty took a spade;
McGinty's boy made haste to join his parents in the raid.
He grabbed the poker from the stove and swore he'd make it hot
And interesting for the cat, the first chance that he got.

Down went old McGinty on the floor upon his knees,
And he muttered something awful, as the cat he tried to seize.
Then he hit it with the shovel, just to drive it out from there,
And it flew into the cupboard, like a badly frightened hare.

Then old McGinty's wife ran in with toasting fork in hand,
And things were getting lively when the kitten made a stand.
Then it scratched her on the stocking, just above her buttoned boot,
Which made her blush with anger—"the bold indacent brute."

The boy ran to the rescue with the poker in his fist,
And every time he hit the cat bedad the poker missed,
Till getting quite excited then, he fought with might and main,
And raising high the poker, faith he hit it there again.

Without a moment's warning just to tell what it was at,
The cupboard door flies open wide, and then out leaps the cat;
They hadn't time to think or act, in fact they didn't see,
Before it landed right into the middle of the three.

They struck and floundered round about and madly beat the air,
The cat and old McGinty taking turn about to swear;
They pulverize each other, for they know not what they're at,
And every one gets roughly used except the blessed cat.

McGinty's boy let out a blow, and this I will declare
The cat had surely met its death, had it been only there;
But the only harm the poker did, 'tis terrible to note,
Was to send his mother's new false teeth a-flying down her throat.

Then down came old McGinty's fist and hit his son a crack;
His son then lost his temper, and he hit his father back;
The mother took a hand in, too, and helped to pile it on,
And when they all got quieted down, bedad the cat was gone.

The cat, from all appearance, had the best part of the fight,
For it gave McGinty's wife a most excruciating bite,
It scratched his son upon the nose, and tore McGinty's shirt;
So every one within the room, except the cat, got hurt.

And now the fight is over, and the blood no longer flows,
But old McGinty's son wears sticking plaster on his nose.
McGinty's wife sewed up his shirt, and banded up her knee,
And taking pattern from the cat they all sat down to tea.

MALCOLM J. MCCARTHY.

A QUEER DICTUM.

THE *Mail*, which is now regarded as the monitor of political morality in Canada, lays down the law as follows:—

A politician is useful to his friends so long only as his conduct is above suspicion and reproach. When he resorts to improper practices it rests with the party either to protect him and thus assume his sins before the public, or to give him a fair trial and, if guilty, to let him go.

This is by no means sound, though the *Mail's* intention is good. The principle of giving an accused politician a fair trial, and when proved guilty "letting him go," has been too long in vogue in this country. We altogether dissent from the doctrine—unless the *Mail* means "let him go" to quod.

THE SQUARE FIGHT.

THE oncoming battle for the vacant Toronto seat in the Local House is square in shape, and we hope will be equally square otherwise.

For the information of city voters we append a brief summary of the candidates and the ideas they represent.

H. A. E. KENT.—Barrister. Conservative party nominee. Represents the views of William of Orange as opposed to James II. This issue is somewhat dead. Also the Great Idea that voters should vote as their fathers voted. General platform—Mowat must go.

N. G. BIGELOW, Q.C.—Barrister. Liberal party nominee. Represents the unnecessary majority in Local House. Also, that Toronto should, if possible, be redeemed from Toryism. General platform—"Reform," a word signifying nothing.

E. A. MACDONALD.—Gentleman at large. Nominee of Himself. Represents the idea that Canada's best interests would be served by political union with the United States.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.—Journalist. Nominee of the People Who Think. Represents living issues and believes in something definite. The only candidate of the four who stands for anything worth talking about. General platform—Extinction of the drones, and securing to those who work the full results of their labor.



LED OUT TO BE SHOT.

The summary fate that would await Jim Somerville, M.P., if this country had a proper regard for the feelings of Col. Dehison.