

**The West Toronto Tragedy.**

AS PERFORMED AT THE "GLOBE" THEATRE.  
*Dramatis Personae.*

DON PEDRO DE RYAN—Favourite of the people.

GORDONIUS FUSCUS—a patriot—the last of the *Gritti*.

Lord Mayor BEATY—D. RYAN's unscrupulous opponent.

RIGHT—an eccentricity—a man capable of anything, called RIGHT became always in the wrong.

Chorus of good citizens.

CHORUS OF TORONTO BURGLARS.

Mr. Grip, a beneficent spirit.

CHORUS OF LOVELY TORONTO GIRLS AND VISITORS to Exhibition.

**ACT I.—PLACE OF NOMINATION.**

Chorus of good citizens—Chorus of Burglars—enter Lord Mayor BEATY.

L. M. BEATY—Ye galoots, dead beats and sculawags, hearken! Lend me your ears—fall long are they I throw. If ye elect me then shall the N. P. reduce your rents and pay your water rates, add strength to rye and fire to forty-rod. Elect me and support a Government, of which the head is the illustrious statesman Sir John, the ascetic, the immaculate.

*Enter l. Gordonius Fuscus.*

GORDONIUS—Sayest thou so, oh thou axegrinding cantiff! Take this, and this, and this! (throws mud).

L. M. BEATY—Woe's me! my spotless shirt front, alas! my go-to-meeting coat is ruined.

Mr. Grip—Hold, enough, GORDONIUS! GORDONIUS, [sotto voce]—A D. D. degree be given to him who says, "hold enough" (holds enough.)

*Enter l. Don Pedro de Ryan.*

DON P.—I ask your suffrages as honest men who, though to this Dominion it may seem impossible, desire an honest Government.

(Cries of execration from chorus of Burglars)  
Peace, knaves, I ask the votes of honest men.

GORDONIUS.—Bless thee, my son!  
GRIP.—Bless not and thou art wise. He whom thou bleesest oft is enuchered badly.

(Chorus of Honest voters: Hurrah for Ryan.)  
*Tableau.*

**ACT II.—CAVE OF DESPAIR, CITY HALL, TORONTO.**

(Enter chorus of Burglars r. Lord M. BEATY l.)

L. M. BEATY.—If those honest voters vote,  
Then, as you and I suspect,  
Tis on RYAN that they dote,  
That Reformer they'll elect!

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Right you are, right you are!

But since you and I are set,  
Dead on this, my glorious gang,  
No Reformer hence shall get,  
To the Parliament shebang.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Right you are, right you are.

When I give the word obey,  
And put heads those voters on,  
Send their souls some other way,  
Throw their bodies to the Don.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Right you are, right you are.

**ACT III.—STREET NEAR POLLING PLACE**

CHORUS OF BURGLARS AND CHORUS OF HONEST VOTERS.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—We will have, will have be-lud!

CHORUS OF HONEST VOTERS.—Oh, pray don't, oh, pray don't.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Will smash heads with horrid thud.

CHORUS OF HONEST VOTERS.—No you won't, you won't. [Burglars kill honest voters, put on their clothes, go to the polling places and declare Beaty elected.]

*Tableau.*

**ACT IV.—THE POLLING PLACE.**

GORDONIUS, (weeping)

BEATY elected, oh my blessed eyes!

My lights and liver, O goroo! goroo!

GRIP.—My good old friend, now do not so take on.

GORDONIUS (frantically),

I blame myself, the vain deluded triplet,

My gray hairs go with sorrow to the—

GRIP.—Stucks!

Listen, and list ye too, the million-fold

Readers of GRIP from ocean shore to shore,

Both men are good, and good is therefore

BEATY,

Nor CAESAR is to POMPEY the more like

Than to great RYAN is the new M. P.

Ah would that M. P. did not mean N. P.

Forget you strife—and see the glorious prospect,

Toronto's Exhibition—and the forms

Of fair Toronto girls, bright-eyed, brown

haired

With skirts of many hues—and radiant-hosed

And clad with lustre like the gold-green

leaves,

The wind waves in the woods of all the

world,

Whose smiles shall humanize these gentle

burglars,

Whose lips shall comfort the o'er thrown

Reformers,

Whose winning ways shall make Mayor

BEATY better.

Doth this content ye?

[Loud Applause.]

[Vision of Exhibition arises to soft music.]

CHORUS OF ALL—It contenteth us.

GORDONIUS—Bless ye, fellow-citizens

CHORUS OF ALL—Pray thee keep thy blessings

to thyself, they are, we think, un-

canny.

GORDONIUS.—Then will I go and curse

GOLDWINIUS SMITHS.

*Tableau.*

**Letter from Phil Mulrooney to Mrs. McGladherry.**

ME OWN DARLINT MARY JANE,—I have gotten a few minites to spare so i rite you a letter.

Imso nervous on account o the wither an Lightnin an tunder *etcetera*, i mind spellin this word kaws i studied the maynin iv it, it mancs somethin like the Apercean's we used to make at Skool, do ye mind.

Now to begin. i was begin'n to say, this is the Splendidst country at all. the people Stand sittin at the doore step a smoking av their pipes, afther their work is done of an evenin. What with wooden Pathways and thim sort o things, not like dear ould Kilkenny there's no komparison. Talking o' that it makes me ax a quistion is your uncle's ould cow Kitty alive yet she was a beautiful Baste God bless her i forget to tell ye i met Mik fanagin out here wan day he's thwiven grand by all that's lovely his mother often told me he was her Bye But i think he Tuck afther his father Bat luck to me but you wudnt no l from the other if they were sober

Gim hootahan has got a wagin out here. they call it express, but it isnot. he works it all himself, he pays no *rent at all at all*, for we both of us sleep in the wagin we git our vittles for nothin, the way we do is this, keep a 10 dollar Bill in our hands and offer it wherever we go, an begorra Mary Jane

they'll give you what you want sooner than change it, change is scarce you se, and it's woutherful too, it's the country for min, wimmin is plirty anywheres. Talking of wimmin Dit Biddy O'Sullivan settle that little account of hers, whin Father Mooney told me ant about it. i knew there would be news. What's another thing i wanted to say, mind, do ye mind let everybod know, that i dont want them to know where i am, show them the lether if ye loike But dont tell them anything. Direct your letter to,

PHIL MULROONEY, Esquire,  
The like respectability out here,  
Toronto, Canada!!!

**My Cousin Kate and I.**

We found the picnic crowd a bore,  
Our souls were cloyed with cake and pie—  
Oh never, not again, no more—  
My cousin KATE and I.

We sauntered by the sweet lake shore,  
Beneath the maples arching high—  
Oh never, not again, no more—  
My cousin KATE and I.

The utmost heights of passion's lore  
We scaled, and how is that for high?—  
Oh never, not again, no more—  
My cousin KATE and I.

Oh golden summer hours of yore!  
Oh, voice of love that shall not die!  
Oh never, not again, no more—  
My cousin KATE and I.

C. P. M.

**Triumphal Song.**

*Respectfully Addressed to the West Toronto Tories.*

Sing ho! for the Mayor of Toronto town.  
And how is that for high?  
For the Tories have fought by brave BEATY'S arm,  
And have won the victory.  
For GORDON BROWN and the men of the *Globe*  
Are like to the men that comforted JOB.  
CAPREOL hath a wound that none may probe,  
And defunct is the Rag-Babie.

They told grandfather BLIMPIN that old Mr. JONES was dead. "Ah, well," said he resignedly. "I've noticed that people have been dying ever since I can remember."—*Stuebenville Herald.*

What a sad commentary on our boasted christianity is it that the name of the most obscure hamlet in the country is honored with a capital letter, while "heaven" is almost invariably spelled with a small "h."—*Modern Argo.* Well, Norristown is always spelled with a capital "N," and that comes very near Heaven.—*Norristown Herald.* Aye, true, but it's the tail end.—*Bloomington Eye.*

He who takes poison and is pumped out right away, may live to suicide some other day.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.* And he who pops the question, and his girl clopes away, may live to pop the question to another girl some day.—*Oil City Derrick.* And he who pops the question, and she does not say him nay, may wish he had skeddaddled before the wedding day.—*Stuebenville Herald.* And he who did skeddaddled perhaps ere long would say: "She's worth ten thousand dollars.—oh, why did I not stay?"—*Breakfast Table.*

"William, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed William, opening his eyes wide, "no I dont." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better-half is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "My dear," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up, but she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered: "I suppose because you were born so."

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