

A VOICE FROM TORONTO ; OR, COMING TO
REPENTANCE.

What is this we hear from Toronto West ?
Are they true, those wonderful stories ?
Or only some fables got up to test
The patience of life-long Tories ?

They say that Moss is put in as Boss
Over the western division ;
And is going to saddle McKenzie's hoss,—
That's surely a strange decision.

For we know that he is no friend of ours,
He don't care a snap for John A. ;
He's smart, too ; if needed, can talk for hours.
We can make up our mind 't won't pay.

I can't see, for my part, how in the world
Poor Bickford got left in the lurch.
They say he's good looking, hair nicely curled,
And attends very reg'lar the church.

He is rich, and sports a nice carriage team,
Takes pride in his necktie and collars,
He's free with his cash, and not a bit mean,
And is out about ten thousand dollars.

That is too much to lose just on an election ;
But of course he expected to win ;
He never once thought he 'd get the rejection,—
That is sure to follow such sin.

I'm sorry for Bickford, poor fellow ; but then,
I've nothing to give him but pity.