



TRAGIC RESULTS

Of a general mix-up of coats after Mrs. Swellerton's evening party.

Of McGreevy, Sir Hector, Sir A. P. *et al.*
 For others there are, too, whose names I withhold,
 Who are all much alike as are sheep in one fold.
 And, as the old saying runs, "One sheep spoils the flock,"
 I'm that sheep in this case who shall cause such a shock
 To poor Uncle Tom's nerves, and Sir Hector's also,
 That neither of those worthies will know where to go
 To escape from the shame which I'll bring on their heads,
 But will doubtless fall sick and soon take to their beds;
 Or else, like Boss Tweed, trim their sails and take flight,
 And over the border in haste and in fright
 To some harbor of refuge in Uncle Sam's land—
 (But perhaps they have this thing already well planned)—
 Where, once having arrived in that "Home of the Free,"
 They'll then be quite safe, as all boodlers should be.

Well-wisher—

What the deuce now, Murphy, have the Lib'ls to do
 With McGreevy, Sir Hector, or even with you?
 Are you not a True Blue, as we always have thought,
 Or can it be possible that you have been bought,
 And that you are leagued with those Lib'ls so smart,
 Who are known to be scheming at present with Tarte?
 For if such be the case, Murphy, mind what I say,
 A trap you'll get into, sure as night follows day.
 But what say you, Murphy, what letters are those,
 Of which the contents you intend to disclose?
 Are they the same letters on which Tarte has founded
 His charges 'gainst Mac? Are those charges well grounded?
 Would you have us infer that you hold in your hand
 The political lives of our Ministers grand?
 Such men as Sir A. P.—our armed Protector,
 As also the great and the mighty Sir Hector;
 And good Thomas McGreevy, who cares not a straw
 What his agents may do when it's not 'gainst the law.
 Make no false assertions, or, my faith, you'll lament
 Your want of discretion when to jail you'll be sent;
 For the law, now-a-days, in such matters as this,
 Is extremely severe, should your evidence miss.

Murphy—

How it comes that the Lib'ls have something to gain
 From this boodling matter is quite clear to my brain;
 And yours must be muddled when you cannot discern;
 But wait, my dear fellow, and you shortly will learn.
 Now, regarding my being a Blue or a Red,
 What my politics were I have never yet said.
 As a good Yankee boodler amongst ye I came,
 And immediately started once more at the game;
 That I've made quite a name at it I do not deny,
 But as to my politics, "that's all in my eye."
 With the powers that be, be they Blue, Red or White,
 Green, Orange or Purple, or as black as the night,
 You will ever find Murphy, believe me you may,
 For "whilst the sun's shining I always make hay."
 How it comes that wee Tarte, who has heretofore been
 As staunch and as true Blue as ever was seen,
 Is found with the Lib'ls (for we cannot ignore
 The fact, for 'tis patent, that at last he's gone o'er),
 I will not attempt just at present to explain,
 But this much I'll say,—he's a regular Jim Blaine.

Mysterious at times are his tactics, and strange,
 And over a wide field of action do range;
 With the eye of an eagle, and jackal's keen scent,
 On political offal he ever is bent;
 But not in disparaging sense do I say it,
 'Tis only—but *n'importe*, just take it and weigh it;
 The conclusion you 'rive at won't matter, I swear,
 Be it good, bad or indifferent, for Tarte doesn't care;
 And neither do I, sir,—but gad! I'm astonished
 At finding myself by you, sir, admonished.
 An old stager, as I am, I b'lieve can take care
 Of myself, and avoid such a thing as a snare;
 Or else let me suffer; but of this I've no fear,
 Of all *breakers ahead* I will try and steer clear.
 But what of those letters, eh? Well, yes, they're the same;
 'Twas a *faux pas*, no doubt, but Bob was to blame
 For having advised me to go and see Tarte,
 And have him peruse them; *faix*, he acted his part
 To perfection itself, but—as the can's o'er,
 And the milk is now spilled, we will not deplore
 The loss we've sustained, for "What cannot be cured,"
 As the old adage tells us, "must needs be endured."
 So now we're together,—that is, Bob and I
 Have formed with Israel—that *Jesop* so spry—
 A Triplicate Alliance by which we are bound,
 Like those three Continental Heads so renowned,
 To make common cause, and to hold to the end,
 Each to the others, and they to their friend.
 Then with such combination, our forces be'ng strong,
 T' expose all the wrong-doing will not take us long.
 By the time this committee gets through with its task
 Of exam'ning th' evidence, we'll not have to ask
 Where are Tom and Sir Hector and th' rest of the group?
 For I plight you my word, they'll be all in the soup.

Well-wisher—

But what of yourselves, Murphy?

Murphy—

Oh, we'll be all right,
 Of that there's no danger,—we're not in a fright.
 Don't you see how this scandal will be the right-bow'r
 In the hands of the Lib'ls to help them to pow'r;
 After which *coup d'etat*, as a blind man might see,
 Bob and I for the future will then be more free
 To carry on op'rations and get our full share
 Of the reg'lar profits, with a *bonus* to spare.
 But enough for the present, I now must away
 To catch the "one-fifteen," so I'll bid you good-day.

PADDY KERRY.

NO DOG-CART FOK HIM.

MRS. TONEY (*to Uncle Jake from the country*)—
 "Well, Uncle, after luncheon I guess we'll go for
 a drive through High Park in the dog-cart."
 UNCLE JAKE—"Dog-cart! Oh gosh! I've druv
 round many a time with a ox team, but I'm essentially
 durned ef I'm a-goin' to make a holy show of myself by
 ridin' round behind no dorg-team. It may be Toronto
 style, but I can't go it, I'd sooner walk any day."