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SIR WILFRED'S TARTES.

Oh, Sir Wilfred, it's a pity that you are not more wise
 Than to attempt to swallow Tartes of such enormous size;
 These Tartes will swell immensely, so just look out in time,
 Before they burst your cabinet and cover you with slime.
 Your flowery, flowing eloquence, your sweet and sunny smile,
 Will lose their former flavour when mixed with arts so vile;
 What in the world possessed you,—or were you mesmerized?
 When the control of public works the Tartes monopolized.
 Our Lady of the snows or our Lady of sunshine,
 Will not be over-grateful for these doubtful friends of thine,
 For Joseph Israel's manner is, in reference to crime,
 To always turn queen's evidence, as in McGreevy's time.
 Whatever Joseph meddles with, unless he comes out top,
 He's sure to find out some excuse to ruin the whole shop.
 You just ask Hector Langevin why Joseph Israel squealed,
 And he'll tell you, if he likes, "He wanted better deals."
 For business is business and Joseph Israel's mind
 Is always fixed on number one, the rest he leaves behind;
 But what I cannot understand about the whole affair,
 Is how Sir Wilfred Laurier got mixed up in the snare.
 I always thought he was above such mean and dirty schemes
 As Croaker, Tarte and Tammany adopt to get the cream;
 I'd like to hear from Meunier of Anticosti's isle,
 How much he gave La Patrie, the settlers to exile.
 I now throw out the challenge and take it as you please,
 That some of Laurier's cabinet were confederates of thieves.

NORMAN MURRAY,

(Price 10 a copy.)

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