



ABOUT TIME FOR A LITTLE TRUTH.

JIM CLEARHEAD.—"Say, mate, it's about time that we should sing out against these papers representing Labor as the child of Capital, clinging to her skirts and asking for 'Protection.' I'd like to know where Capital comes from if it isn't from Labor. And which of 'em was first in America, tell me that?"

TOM SOUNDRAIN.—"Suppose you ask those newspaper fellows that conundrum."

THE TORONTO JOLLY BEGGARS HOLD A GREAT BUCKLEY CELEBRATION.

MONSIEUR PADDIE RATZIS'S private rear restaurant was the scene of a great jubilation one night last week. It was got up by the *creme-de-la-creme* of Toughdom, several representatives of "The Ward" being noticeable among the company. The occasion was the sentencing of Buckley for five years for the crime of murdering his paramour, and before the sentence had been revised and improved. Amid the fumes of whiskey and tobacco an ancient convict arose and volunteered the following song, which he swore was his own composition:—

Come all ye jolly convicts, and listen to my song,
It's all about a young man to this town did belong;
He fell in love with a pretty gal, and she fell in love with he,
And she ran away fur to spend her time in his jolly companie.

Now Tom, he did get mad at her, and caught her at the door,
And took a chair, and knocked her down, and she did cry out sore:
"Don't Tom, oh Tom, I love you so," which made him hit her again,
And he dug his boots into her sides till she was all one pain.

For Tom he was a powerful boy, and Bertha she was slim,
And he would not let no woman born go for to fool round him;
So he smashed the breath right cut o' her, as he'd a good right to do,
And for a silly thing like that they jugged him, and put him through.

Now when poor Tom for this offence for months did lie in quod,
They put him in the Black Mariar, and drove him down the road;
The court was filled with angry folks as hoped to see him hung,
But how the public did get left, I'm just going for to sing.

The witnesses, all women most, they gave poor Tom away,
And for that same, when he comes out, you bet they've got to pay!
For women always like to blab, their cheek I can't endure,
And to pound their life right outen them is the only proper cure.

The Jedge, so wise, he heard them tell about the infernal smash,
And how he brought the chair right down upon her with a crash;
But he said it was no murder at all, 'less they could prove quite slick,

He meant in his mind to kill her dead; now ain't that jedge a brick?

So he gave him as little as he could, five years to reoperate;
And this here happy circumstance this night we celebrate;
And when Tom's time is up we'll hold another jubilee,
And begobs we'll invite the old jedge himself to jine in the high old spree.

A thunder of applause burst forth at the conclusion and the health of the "Jedge" was drunk with all the honors. When the company had resumed their seats and their pipes, one superlatively tough citizen was observed to be still standing. He was swaying to and fro and hiccuping an original tune. "La'ys an gen'lmen, —proudest day 'f m' life. I feel 's if the jedge was jol' goor fell'r, (hic) and by blank, blank, now (hic) that I know jest what've got to get fer it, I'm goin', I'm goin' (hic) home to break every bone in m' ole ooman's body. (Great cheers.) Yes siree! I owe her that much fer (hic) getting me jugged an' bound over (hic) to keep th' peace. I'll make the blank, blank, blanker keep th' peace herself all the time. Ha! ha! (cheers and laughter) Then the jedge'll give me five years free lodgin' as good as Paddy's here (hic)—" Here the speaker was hauled down into his seat by the coat tails, and another worthy stood up and coughed and cleared his throat preliminary to roaring forth the following song:—

There was a cove as was a cove,
And a jolly old jedge was he;
He could feel for a feller as 'ad bin in love,
And 'ad tired of his companie.

CHORUS WITH CLOG DANCE ACCOMPANIMENT.

Then hooroar! hooroar! for the jolly old buck,
Who tried our own Bill Sykes?
And when my turn comes may it be my lot
To be tried before him or his likes.

O I mind when Blinky fust was nabbed,
The jedge was a youngster then;
We thought for sure he would have him scragged
Or jugged in a lifer's pen;

But hooroar! hooroar! 'twas the same bully buck
Who tried our here Bill Sykes,
An' he got the same sentence—may it be my luck
To be tried by him or his likes.

So I says 'ere's a health to the jedge who can
Understand tough human natur;
An' says that its murder for to kill a man,
But woman killin's just man-slaughter!

Then hooroar! hooroar! for the brave old buck
Who tried Bill Buckley Sykes;
And when our turn comes may it be our luck
To be tried by him or his likes.

The applause and cheers following this song, the noisy heels stamping on the floor, and the hoarse hurrahs of the roysterers, brought six policemen to the spot, and at the time our special reporter left were trying to effect an entrance.

Subsequently the following conversation was overheard between two toughs who were supporting a tavern wall on Queen Street:—

"Wat ails yer Jim; wot's yer jaw drayt for?"

"I'm sick—I want to go and drown myself."

"Wy! wot's up?"

"The jedge's gone back on us."

"The blank, blank! as how?"

"He's taken the five years all back an given poor Tom fifteen."

"Well, well, if that ain't a blank shame, and me had laid out to give it to the old ooman this very evenin'."

"Me too—I was bound to do for mine one o' these days—but begob's I spose I'll 'ave to let her alone now. A feller don't mind five years, but fifteen!—I guess I won't risk that much."

"Me too, Pete."

JAV.