



"LOVE IS BLIND."

They say there's a comet visible in the northern heavens, but Miss Clara Spooneye doesn't believe it. She says she stooled by the front gate of her papa's house quite late the other night and didn't see the least bit of a comet!

**Lord Fitz Fraud.**

A Toronto Society Drama, as performed in GRIP'S Canadian Theatre, Adelaide Street.

**ACT I.**

Garden in front of Mrs. MacShoddy's house on Jarvis St. Enter Jennie, the parlor-maid, prettily but plainly dressed, watering flowers.

Jennie sings.

You loves of roses! pansies fit to strew for poor Ophelia!  
You violets, far sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes!  
Oh, really, ah! how you recall our cottage in Orillia!  
Papa's poor home, which these proud swells would probably despise!

Enter Ernest, engaged to Miss Maud MacShoddy.

Ernest:  
What lovely eyes! what gold-bright hair! About Miss Maud MacShoddy,  
May I enquire, of one who blooms among the flowers a flower?

Jennie:  
From yonder dais the young ladies come, sir, in a body,  
And, my! but GLADYS does look plum, and sweetest  
MAUD is sour!

(Exit Jennie.)

Enter chorus of the Misses MacShoddy.

Chorus.—We are the tip top elite of Toronto!  
Boasting of style, and æsthetics, and intellect,  
Bando and frieze we can skilfully ornament,  
Pancakes and pies our white hands can construct  
not,  
Soon we expect our papa will be knighted,  
Then will our ma be addressed as "My Lady,"  
Then shall we look with proud scorn on the vulgar,  
Coarse, mere Canadian Toronto society!

Semi-chorus led by Miss Maud:

See! that girl Jennie is talking to Ernest!  
Oh! these low creatures are insolent horribly!  
Daring to speak to our young men acquaintances!  
Daring to answer when spoken to civilly!  
Come! let us carry him hence instantaneously,  
Out of the reach of plebeian attractiveness;  
—As for the girl, bye-and-bye we will talk to her,  
Scolding her well for her vulgar presumption!

**ACT II.**

Maud MacShoddy's Japanese Boudoir. Enter Ernest and Maud.

Ernest:  
Maud, if we are to be engaged, I wish you would not flirt so with that English Lord, I am not jealous, not unreasonable, but think Canadian girls should not coquette with one whose pride—which I call snobbishness—derides our country, and insults Canadians!

Maud:  
Now, really, Mr. Ernest, how you tire one!  
You are just fit to wear my patience out.  
You should feel honored, in being asked to meet  
My Lord, the Right Honourable Lord FITZ FRAUD!  
—But hush! here comes Mamma's distinguished guest!

Enter Lord Fitz Fraud, magnificently got up.

Lord F.:

Weally, this howid climate is too 'ot  
For anyone but colonists to enjoy!

Ernest:

Your Lordship speaks of colonists as inferiors.  
Well; if the name of "colonist" invites  
Odious comparisons with English greatness,  
Call us not colonists, but CANADIANS.

(Loud applause from the audience in GRIP'S Theatre—  
Shouts of "Canada First," "Where's Blake," &c.)

Maud:

Don't call us "mere Canadians," Lord Fitz Fraud,  
We deem our proudest title "England's Colony,"  
England's "dependency," poor, humble, loyal!

Ernest:

COUNTRY, not "colony" comes next my heart.  
A PATRIOT first, if loyal afterwards.

(The performance was here interrupted by the editor of a King St. paper, who was, however, promptly suppressed by one of Toronto's efficient police force.)

Maud:

Shame! Ernest! shame! such talk is dynamite,  
Worthy the columns of the *Hystander*.  
Too deep you drank at that Goldwinian dinner!  
No, Lord Fitz Fraud! papa's expected knight hood  
Shall link Toronto to your noble order—  
Then as your English titled poet sings,  
(Opens volume of LORD JOHN MANER'S poems and reads:  
"Let laws and freedom, arts and commerce die,  
But give poor Canada an aristocracy!"

(Exit.)

**ACT III.**

The smoking room. Lord Fitz Fraud challenges Ernest to play cards, Lord F. cheats, and Ernest loses his entire fortune. Enter JENNIE unperceived. She watches Lord F.'s play.

Jennie, aside:

Six right bowers in his sleeve!! I guess that he  
Is worse than any heathenish Chinese.

**ACT IV.**

The conservatory by moonlight. Duets, Ernest and Maud.

Ernest:

In playing euchre,  
With Lord Fitz Fraud,  
I've lost my pile of lucre—  
Console me, my sweet Maud!

Maud:

Such words improper,  
I will not hear!  
I cut the pauper,  
I love the peer!

(Exit Maud.)

(Lights down—Chords from the orchestra—Telegram reporter faints from excessive emotion—Ernest puts a pistol to his forehead—Enter Jennie who seizes the pistol.)

Jennie:

Forbear! for future dances wait, instead  
Of rashly putting balls into your head:  
Fitz Fraud has cheated at that horrid game—  
While Hiram Wiggins is his real name;  
That active officer, Policeman Flynn,  
To Union Station now has run him in—  
Your fortune is quite safe in hand I guess—

Ernest:  
Accept my hand and fortune, dearest?

Jennie:

Yes.

Tableau of thrilling tenderness and blazing bliss—Soft music—Loud cheers and shouts of "No more Toronto girls for MacShoddy knights." C.P.M.

**A Dialogue on Hardware.**

SCENE.—Corner of King and Church. TIME.

—Last week. Parties meet who have not seen each other for some time.

Benson.—Hello! Jouson, what are you doing now, eh?

Jouson.—Oh! I've been travelling for an ale factory for some time past.

Benson.—A nail factory? I didn't suppose you new enough about hardware to travel for it.

Jouson.—Hardware be blowed! I said an ale factory, not a nail factory. That's *hard ware* enough for me, though. Ha! ha! Ta, ta. (Benson collapses.)

We observe a "handsome surveyor's theodolite" shortly to be sold at auction by a leading firm here, and are somewhat surprised that the photograph of the "handsome surveyor" is not furnished so as to enable the public to judge if the advertisement is strictly correct.



**REAL IRISH!**

SCENE.—The Island Hotel. A Fact.

Beau (to Irishman who has been rudely staring at the girl.)—What do you mean, sir, by looking at this young lady in that insolent manner?

Pat.—Shure, sur, I wasn't. I was luckin' at the music, sur!

**Some Omissions.**

Observing an extended notice in a late *Mail* of "Harper's Cyclopedia of Poetry," we procured us a copy, and while admiring the very admirable selection made of both British and American verse—

Still many lines we do not see  
Re-printed in its pages;  
Omissions that are sure to be  
Regretted by our sages.

The author surely must have heard  
Of Crawford's stately rhyming,  
Plumb, Niagara's warbling bird,  
And Awde's aquatic chiming.

Joe Banks with "Tom Moore" Irish wit  
In rhyme and prose well written;  
Corrie, with idyls made to fit  
His dog, his cat, and kitten.

"They knew the lofty rhyme to build"  
On subjects without number;  
Through *World* and *Telegram* they've thrilled Us,  
With delight and wonder.

Sing on, ye modern poets, sing!  
Chime out your spring-tide ditties,  
Your praises we will loudly ring  
Through hamlets, towns and cities.

What I have written here, loved bars,  
Must surely make you happy;  
But those who've seen my "deck of cards"  
Will say it's downright taffy. "PETER."

**Elevated to the Peerage.**

The people of Cobourg have been *feting* Sir Hector Langevin, hoping thereby to get some harbor improvements from the Government. He gave the honorable gentleman an ovation on his arrival at the town, and reminded him ever so often of his recently bestowed knighthood. So great was their flunkysm that the Mayor, on behalf of the citizens, went the length of suggesting that Her Majesty stopped far short of Sir Hec-or's deserts in bestowing a mere knighthood, that an elevation to the nobility was justly his due. This reflection on the Queen was delicately conveyed by his Worship officially naming one of the wharves "Langevin Peer."

A correspondent informs us that in giving Middlesex the credit of being the first county to abolish toll gates, we did an injustice to Perth. We hasten to make the correction, and crown the Fair Maid with her rightful laurel.