



ROYAL.—On Monday evening a large audience assembled to witness the first production of a new play by Mr. E. A. Locke. The piece is entitled "Mates," and purports to give a picture of life in the Australian gold fields. It has some good and novel situations. Of course the performance was somewhat labored—as managers will persist in presenting pieces before they are thoroughly rehearsed. Since Monday evening a good deal of necessary pruning has been done, and in justice to the author we will say no more as to the merits of his work until we have seen it as amended. We do hope, however, that the part of *Frank Dermot* has been placed in better hands, or at least that the actor who poses as "the handsomest man in the Gulch" has learned to make up a little less grotesquely. Mr. Baird, as *Cornish Tom*, was the star of the piece on the first night. Mr. Locke himself is a very commonplace actor.

The Burns anniversary (25th inst.) will be celebrated as usual by a Grand Concert under the auspices of the Caledonian Society. On this occasion the Pavilion will be occupied, and amongst the popular vocalists engaged are Misses Maggie Barr and Jeannie Thorburn, and Messrs. Sheriff and Hurst. Hon. Edward Blake will deliver the address, notwithstanding that he is an Irishman.

Caricature Entertainment. Mr. J. W. Bengough is to give one of his popular sketching entertainments at the Royal on Monday evening 22nd inst., introducing hits at local topics of the day. Reserved seats may be secured at Nordheimer's, 50 cts. General admission 25 cts.

A Conversazione and Exhibition will be held at the Education Department under the auspices of the Council and Students of the Ontario School of Art, on Thursday evening, Jan. 18th. A most attractive programme has been prepared.

On Monday evening, 22nd, Mr. Archibald Cuthbertson will lecture on Physical Culture, in Shaftesbury Hall, with illustrative experiments. For particulars see advt. on last page of this issue.

Miss Jeffries-Lewis in *La Belle Russe* on Tuesday and Wednesday.

POMMEDETERREKINS.

A TRAGEDY.

Scene I—A Sanctum in the city of Humbletown.
Enter three witches named, 1st, *Slyknav*; 2nd, *Le Temps*; 3rd, *Ratepayer*.

Slyknav—Where hast thou been, sister?

Ratepayer—Writing letters.

Le Temps—Sister, where thou?

Sly—A certain man had favors in his gift, And held, and held, and held 'em.

"Give me," quoth I:

"Be off with you," he scornfully replies.

To the top he's gone, of Public and Collegiate,

But on a printed sheet I'll hither sail,

And with an artfully told tale,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Le T—I'll give thee a wind.

Sly—Thou art kind.

Rat—And I another.

Sly—I myself have all the other:

I will make him list my say,

Sleep shall neither night nor day,

If I know it, close his lid.

He shall live a man forbid,

Though his character can't be lost,

Yet he shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

All—Shew, shew, shew.

Sly—Here I have him under thumb,

This, and that, and more to come.

All—Be dumb, be dumb,

Here comes Pomme.

We weird sisters hand in hand,

Plotters dwelling in the land,

Thus do go about, about,

Scattering broadcast pain and doubt.

Sly—Thrice in public ear I've mewed.

Rat—Thrice of taxes I have whined.

Le T—Now it is election time.

Sly—Round the public cauldron go,

In the poisoned gossip throw,

Tales retailed from tongue to tongue,

Hints suggestive whence they sprung,

Venom'd hatred, envy got,

Boil i' the educational pot.

Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Rat—Wind around 'em like a snake,

Tell 'em what a lot's at stake;

Tell 'em of the mighty tax,

Where the money goes to, ax,

Ax about the teachers' time,

Ax about their lives sublime,

With an ass' jaw-bone ax 'em,

How their lazy bones they rax 'em:

Double, double, give 'em trouble

Till their blood will boil and bubble.

Le T—Heavy taxes, people's groans,

Twisted figures, cramming moans,

Tru-tees crooked, people's cash,

Editorial ba'derdash,

Card-playing in public schools,

Master making learned fools,

Master Turk and Tartar sub

Living off the public grub.

Pitch into 'em, nothing loath,

Jolly pot o' the devil's broth.

Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

(Enter Pommedeterrekins.)

How now you secret, hidden, triple powers,
What is't you do?

All—A deed without a name.

Pomme—I conjure you by that which you profess

(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me.

Though you untie the fiends, and let them fight

Against the schools, yea, tho' you, Ratepayer,

Confound and swallow education up

Even till ignorance sickens—answer me.

All—Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our

mouths—or from our Masters?

Pomme—Call them, let me see them.

All—Come high and low,

Thyself and office deftly shew.

The Hydra-head of Public Opinion rises.

Apparition—Pommedeterrekins! beware of

January 3rd.

Dismiss me. Enough. [Descends.]

Pomme—What'er thou art, for thy good caution,

thanks.

Thou hast harped my fear aright:—but one

word more.

Sly—He will not be commanded: Here's

another,

More potent than the first.

[An apparition of a child crowned, with a

cigar in one hand and Virginia Leaf in the

other, rises.

Pomme—What is this

That rises as if chosen of the people,

And wears upon his youthful brow the sign

Of trusteeship?

All—Seek to know no more.

Pomme—I will be satisfied: Deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you. Let me know

Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is

this?

All—Shew! Shew! Shew!

[Trustees appear and pass over the stage in order, the last reading a Spectator aloud. Popularis EDUCATIO following.]

Pomme—Thou art too like that which I sought to crush;

Thy triumph sears my eyeballs;—and the air Those other brethren I have quarrelled with wear

Doth chill my blood; tear up that *Spec.* What! Will the list stretch to the crack of doom?

Who calls me crank? ay, now I see, 'tis true; For Popularis Ed. doth smile on me

And points at them for his. Yes, that's so! [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Scene—At the Polls.

Vox Populi—Now yield thee, Pommedeterrekins,

And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.

We'll have thee now shown up e'en as thou art,

A barrier to all progress, a foe implacable

To higher education, save for those

Endowed already with all earth can give

Of vantage wherewithal to fight and win

On the great battle-field of life. The poor,

Thy brethren of yesterday, thou would'st debar

From fields Elysian, their narrow lot

Would still more circumscribe, their love of

lore

Would utterly extinguish. What wonder, that

Thyself unfurnished save with goose's wing,

The eagle's upward flight should weary thee

Content with well filled crop to strut and hiss

Upon the grassy by-way of the world.

Pomme—I'll not yield.

To kiss the ground before young Talkit's feet,

And to be baited with the elector's laugh.

Upon your votes I cast my trusteeship.

And damned be he who first cries Pomme is

beat. [They fight.]

Scene—Populace assembled.

[Enter *Vox Populi* with Pommedeterrekin's head on a pole.]

V. P.—Hail Talkit! Trustee now, for so thou art,

Beho'd where stands thy predecessor's head.

Thou art entrusted with th' Dominion pearl,

Free education to both rich and poor:

See thou preserve it sacredly, this charge we

give

Thee solemnly—see that thou keep it so;

Else—see thy future doom! [Exeunt.]



A LAND GRABBER ON HIS MUSCLE.

A prominent land-grabber of Winnipeg, who is hereafter to be known as "Old Whiffle-trees."