

PEOPLE PEOPLE KNOW, NO. 1.



THE POPULAR AND JOH-COSE CONDUCTOR OF THE WINDSOR AND ANNAPOLES EXPRESS TRAIN.

Mrs. Harassall's Boarders.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Rev. Samuel Scarabee, an amateur entomologist; "deaf as a post." Josiah Snobblekin, a retired tradesman, who cannot remember to forget his past. Horatio Octavius Brown, a gentleman with hereditary histrionic talent. Frankie Faintloigh, an æsthetic bank clerk (his taste acquired during a six weeks' tour in England). Jack Harassall, the only son of his mother, at home for the holidays; addicted to punning and practical jokes. T. Cavendish Carisbrook. Roy Langton. Mrs. Harassall, a widow of despondent temperament, who has been persuaded by her daughter to take summer boarders. Bertha, Mrs. Harassall's daughter. Miss Acrimonia Tweazel, an elderly young lady. Susanna, wife of Mr. Snobblekin; extremely exclusive; much harassed by Josiah's unfortunate references to his early career. Evangeline Snobblekin. Peggy Larrigan; Mrs. Thippers.

SCENE.—A Canadian village on the shores of Lake —

Scene 1.—A Dining-Room in Mrs. Harassall's Boarding House—Peggy Larrigan applying her eye to key-hole of door leading to Horatio Brown's Apartment.

Peggy L.—F'whativer is goin' to become av me, wid iverybody gone away till the picnick, and me alone in the house wid an escaped lunatic. Me heart's jist up in me throat, an' yit I can't kape me eyes aff him, wid his antics. Yis, he's like as two pays till the descriptshun I read in the paper lasht night. There's the hair cropped close till his head, and his nose wid a hump on it, which they call Ruman, an' a squint in his eyes, an' how wild he looks whin he rowls thim rou' and glares up at the salin'. Oh! he's at it agin. F'what's he sayin' now?

Horatio (wildly):—Blood hath ben shed ere now, i' the olden time, Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal, Ay, and since, too, murders have been perform'd Too terrible for the ear.

Peggy (clasping her hands):—Howly fathers, preserve us. Me blood's turnin' cowl'd, an' I'm feared to stbir, for if he'd hear me he'd rush out.

Horatio (suddenly):—Avaunt! and quit my sight!

Peggy (screams and jumps up):—Oh! I'm goin'!

Horatio (opens door):—Woman, what is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct?

Peggy (beseechingly):—Oh be aisy now an' I'll tell yez. I'll do anythin' yez'll ax me.

Horatio (aside):—Peculiar femule. Must be a little wrong here (touching his forehead significantly). I suppose she can tell me where she's put my traps.

Peggy (aside):—His thrups? Oh! it's all up wid me.

Horatio (in a conciliating tone):—Can you tell me where I can find my trunk?

Peggy (aside):—His thrunk, indade! He's trying to desave me an' thim intrap me. They're all shly like that, but I'll be avin wid him. (Aloud.) Cum this way, sur, I'll show it to yez. (Crosses to L. looking around anxiously at Horatio, who follows.) (Aside.) Now, me fine boy, yez'll see who's goin' to be intrapped, but I musht be careful, or mebbe he'll be pushin' me in. I'll hould him wid me eye. (Lifts carpet and opens trap door leading to cellar, keeping her eye fixed anxiously on Horatio.) Yer thrunk's down there, sur.

Horatio (aside):—Put my trunk in the cellar? She must be mad! What a situation! Alone in the house with a mad woman. She has a very uneasy look in her eye. How she glares at me. I must be quite calm and humor her fancies. (Aloud, smiling blandly.) Well, my good girl, will you lead the way, and I will help you carry up my trunk?

Peggy (aside):—Lado the way, indade, for yez to stoon me wid a blow, an' mebbe I'd wake oop to find meself inurthered. (Aloud.) It's jist at the fut av the sthair, sur, an' I've to stan' at the top to hould the dure open.

Horatio (aside):—She has some terrible purpose in her mind. The whole affair is mysterious. I engage rooms at Mrs. Harassall's, and find, when I arrive, that the only occupant of the place is this mad Irish woman. Can the driver have left me at the wrong house? She evidently mistrusts me, I must endeavour to reassure her. (Aloud.) It is rather dark, perhaps I should not find the trunk. Could you get me a lamp?

Peggy (aside):—Now I must be firrum or I'll niver git him down. (Aloud, holding out an arm in a defiant way, and gazing steadily at Horatio.)—Do ye think I'll be stannin' here all day breakin' all the mussuls av me arrum to suit yer convanience? Yez'll git that thrunk at wanst while I'm houldin' up the dure, or ye'll go widout it.

Horatio (aside):—She's getting violent, I must not exasperate her. (Descends steps slowly, stealing anxious glances upward. When he reaches the foot Peggy slams down the door, which fastens by a patent spring lock.)

Peggy (triumphantly):—Now, me fine boy, yez'll not git out in a hurry. Oh, ye may holler till yer doom, ye can't raise the dure be that manes. The boarders'll miss their dhinner whin they cum home, for yez have all the purvishuns locked up wid ye. (Exit R.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Night.

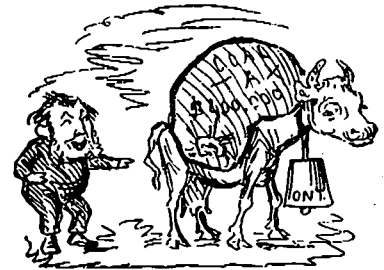
A SERENADE FOR TWO VOICES.

He.—Good night! sweet love, the stars are shining,
Beneath thy balcony I'm pining,
Longing, love, for one brief sight
Of thy fair form in grace reclining,
And must I say good night?

**Yes! my own, my Madelaine,
Your papa's bull dog's slipped his chain,
But, dearest, I will call again,
But not to night,
Some other night,
Good night!!**

She.—Oh, dearest love, I hear thy singing,
To my fond heart such sweet thoughts bringing,
I dare not ope the casement quite,
But to you I've been kisses flinging,
And you must say good night!

**The watch dog's loose and he is vicious,
He's spoiled our interview delicious,
Call at a time that's more propitious,
But not to night,
Some other night,
Good night!!**



TUPPER'S LITTLE JOKE.

What a remarkably humorous Cabinet is that at Ottawa. Sir John is a wag of world-wide fame; Hon. Mr. Bowell has distinguished himself as a humorist by his "Grinding in Bond" utterances; and now here is Sir Tupper coming out with a side-splitting witicism which cannot fail to tickle the ribs of the people of Ontario. To give this joke all its original force, we append it just as uttered. It is on the subject of the coal duty, and was spoken at a meeting in Nova Scotia just before the late contest. During his speech on the occasion, the following colloquy took place:—

Sir Charles.—Mr. Carmichael contends the coal duty is a failure because we do not displace coal in Ontario. One reason we did not do so has been the exceptional cheapness of coal in the United States, but we soon will. He did not go so far as to say the duty on coal is an injury.

Mr. Carmichael.—Yes I do. It loads us with taxation.

Sir Charles.—The people of Ontario pay \$400,000 tax on coal of which Nova Scotia is relieved. Mr. Carmichael is anxious that Nova Scotia should be saddled with it.

To make this joke complete Mr. Gurr contributes the above illustration.

The Growler's Essay.

This is an age of affection—what I call ginger-bread. What is ginger-bread? Simply dough and molasses, nothing more. Often badly mixed and badly baked. At best, indigestible rubbish, but looking, oh, so tempting! that is, to those who like it. But what is its chief characteristic? Softness, inability to bear pressure. Squeeze it, and you have again, dough and molasses, nothing more. Faugh! What a picture of the young men and women of to-day, and very often of the old fools, too! What are these youthful dandies, with their elegant mustachios and dainty canes, their bran new clothes and their abominable cigarettes? Simply ginger-bread men. Look at the folks you meet on Sunday in Toronto—each steps out from his or her front door with the air of one treading on eggs. What fiddling with flimsy kid gloves. What fantastic efforts they make to get said gloves on their ginger-bread fingers. Take care, young man! That glove may burst, and then! Ah, then! What matters it how eloquent the sermon, or how touching the discourse, or into what contortions the preacher throws himself for your benefit, your peace of mind, young man, is gone for the day. And the bonnets! The ginger bread bonnets! Oh, the soft flimsiness of these bonnets! How our grandmothers, whose heads were well protected from sun and rain by honest, well made coal scuttles, would frown to see these ginger-bread articles, which seem as if a puff of wind would dissipate them into thin air. Give these young men and women a good squeeze, shake them up, prod them in the sides, knead them like dough if necessary—but do, oh! do bring them back, or at any rate some of them, to the likeness of good Saxon men and women—men and women walking with firm footsteps on soil of which they were made, and of which they are no longer ashamed!

The Grits pronounce Mr. Blako's S. S. Convention speech capital, though the hon. gentleman avers he had no political purpose in delivering it.