



### NOT A LEGITIMATE INDUSTRY.

MRS. BUMBLEDON—"You lazy, good-for-nothing man! Why don't you go to work?"

SIG. GRINDINI—"Vork? Is not zis a-working?"

MRS. B. (*decisively*)—"No! I call that *playing*!"

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Oh, ah—yes, Canadian, certainly. But Canada is in America, you know, so it's—ah—the same thing."

SIR HOGGERY—"With this very material difference, my lord, that Canadians, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, are proud of their loyalty to the British Crown and prepared to sacrifice their lives to maintain it."

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Dear me! How very interesting! I thought, don't you know, you were all republicans and that sort of thing."

SIR HOGGERY—"By no means, my lord. Every true Canadian holds such sentiments in abhorrence."

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Very proper. Your sentiments, Sir Hogger, do you honor. I am sure that an insight into British public life will be of inestimable value to a man like yourself, who can, I'm sure, appreciate the high tone of English politics, and the contrast presented to the coarseness and brutality of American—beg pardon—colonial politics."

SIR HOGGERY—"Just so, my lord. We are a little rough in our ways at election times, perhaps."

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Of course. It's only to be expected, you know. You haven't the advantage of a hereditary aristocracy. The traditions of our public life establish a high standard of honor, gentlemanliness and decorum unknown out of England. Now if you will be my guest for a few days, to-morrow I sha'l be happy to accompany you to the election meeting to be held in Dinglebury, a few miles distant, where I trust you will be favorably impressed with the dignity and self-respect with which our political contests are conducted."

SIR HOGGERY—"Many thanks, my lord. I shall only be too happy."

### II.

SIR HOGGERY—"I suppose this is a fairly representative meeting, my lord?"

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Yes. It's rather larger, perhaps, than usual."

SIR HOGGERY—"The people seem a little excited, don't they?"

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Well, yes. I'm afraid some of them have been drinking a little too much."

SIR HOGGERY—"There seems to be some stir at the edge of the crowd, and the police are rushing in that direction. What does it mean?"

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Oh, nothing. A drunken fight, I suppose. There will probably be a few during the day, but the police will see that no great harm is done."

SIR HOGGERY—"Who is that person who seems to be trying to speak?"

LORD VAVASSEUR—"That is Mr. Limberjaw, the Radical candidate."

SIR HOGGERY—"He has been opening his mouth and sawing the air for about five minutes, and I haven't been able to hear a word he says for the continual interruptions."

LORD VAVASSEUR—"I don't think you have lost much, Sir Hogger. He is a low person of revolutionary and communistic sentiments, and the people, enjoying the inalienable rights of Britons, are exercising their undoubted privilege of questioning every candidate for their suffrages."

SIR HOGGERY—"The only questions I have been able to hear distinctly were, 'Who stole the donkey?' and 'When did you get out of jail?' Why does not the chairman preserve order?"

LORD VAVASSEUR—"He is attempting now to get a hearing for the candidate. (*Cries of "Order!" "Sit down!" "Who stole the donkey?" and indescribable confusion.*) Why has the chairman subsided so suddenly. I wonder?"

SIR HOGGERY—"I think I saw some person hit him under the ear with an umbrella."

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Ah, perhaps. Our English mobs, you must remember, have a very strong sense of humor, and their horse-play is at times carried a little too far."

SIR HOGGERY—"Bless me! A stone has just whizzed past my head and came within an inch of striking me! Why, my lord, has something struck you? Your coat is all smeared with eggs. Hadn't we better retire?"

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Why, this is shameful! outrageous! Do you know who I am, ruffians? I'm——" (*Left prostrate under the feet of the mob.*)

SIR HOGGERY (*escaping*)—"Talk about the coarseness and brutality of Canadian politics! Why, I never saw anything like this in Canada in my life!"

"Is there any store in the neighborhood which keeps athletic goods?"

"Oh, yes, they have some fine old cheese at the corner grocery."