

## A COMPROMISING FRIEND.



SCENE I.

"Sir, I am a poor man, without work, with a widow and five orphans; can you —"

## WHAT SHE SAW AT THE INDUSTRIAL.

"OH, I am so tired," said Mrs. Bildersnick to her friend, Mrs. Duxter. "I thought I should never get home. Such a day as I've had! I've been to the Exhibition. This sight-seeing is very tiring."

"Well, what did you see?"

"Oh, such a crowd of people. I met pretty nearly everybody, I think. There were the Wildershaws, and the McKimbers, and Miss Addipose, with such a hideous old-fashioned dress on as you never saw, and Mr. Chumley—I'm sure he has been dyeing his moustache, it was quite grey last time I met him—and I don't know how many more. Oh, and I forgot, Mrs. Bagshaw has the nicest little pug—such a cunning little fellow—she said Bagshaw only paid ten dollars for him. And she was telling me about the perfectly shameful way that her neighbors, the Frogmores, have been going on. She's perfectly sure the woman drinks—just think of it!"

"I suppose there was a fine show in the Main Building?"

"Oh, there was a great crowd there. By the way, just as I was going in I ran across old Mrs. Beetlewacker, of Aurora, looking as lively as a cricket, and she began telling me all about her trip to Montreal to see her eldest daughter. She married young Radley, of Boodlegrabber's Bank, you know, last fall, and since the bank failed he's been in a stock broker's office, and she says that his father is quite wealthy, only he was dead set against the match, and is likely to leave most of his property to his daughter, who, they say, is engaged to an English lord. I think it's a real shame. And then, when we were talking, who should we see but young Randolph Burchell and Miss Peevick. We heard that they had quarrelled and the match was off, but really, he seemed perfectly devoted to her, and he may well be, for she is far too good for him. And the Jennifers passed us, and would you believe it, that woman actually gave me the cut direct—pretended to be looking at something, and took no more notice than if I'd been a brazen image, though what they have to be proud over I really don't see. I'm sure it isn't her looks, at any rate. And just as I was in the thick of the crowd somebody tapped me with a parasol, and who d'you suppose it was but Mrs. Tonker, from Hamilton—used to be a Miss Piddicombe—father kept a grocery store on Spadina Avenue, and I've known her ever since we went to the same class in Sunday

school. She'd grown so stout I would hardly have known her again. So we had a good long talk, and went to get a cup of tea and some ice cream—which wasn't so bad—but the tea was horrid. Why is it they never can make you a cup of decent tea in such places?"

"And then did you go and see the horses and cattle?"

"Oh, no, I didn't want to go poking round the nasty sheds, and the grand stand is extra, you know, so I didn't care to pay for that. But as we were standing near the ring, we were surprised to see the Wilkersons drive up in their new carriage. Such style as those people do put on—coachman in livery, and all. Just think of it! And I remember when Wilkerson was clerking for eight or ten dollars a week, not so long since, either. Of course that sort of thing can't last. Bildersnick says he wouldn't be surprised to hear of his assigning at any time. And then old Mr. Pendergast and his sister-in-law—the one with the blonde hair—drove up. The old man is looking quite spruce since his wife's death, and, if all's true, he's not likely to remain a widower very long. I hear he's proposed to two widows already, and is making up to his daughter's governess, and the family are in a great way about it."

"But what did you see?" asked Mrs. Duxter.

"See! Why, Mary Ann Duxter, haven't I been telling you for the last ten minutes, talking without stopping, and me almost fit to drop, I'm so tired out? I won't say another word till I've had a cup of tea, but as it is I think I've told you every mortal thing. Some people are never satisfied."

## SOMETHING WORTH SEEING.

FARMER RUGGLES (*reading his Globe*)—"The Governor General has telegraphed that he will pay a flying visit to Toronto. My gosh! Say Sary, that'd be worth seein'."

SARY—"What? The Guvner? Oh, pshaw! them big bugs is on'y jest like other folks—nothin' outer the way about 'em."

RUGGLES—"But yer don't seem to ketch on. The paper here sez he's goin' to pay a flyin' visit. Goin' to show off some of these new inventions of Edison's, I guess. I always thought they'd be inventin' some kind of machine so's a man could fly, an' here they've done it. Ef the Governor sets the fashion, everybody'll git 'em. Tell ye what, we'll go over to Toronto and take it in."

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SCENE II.

"Arrest me! Why? Can't I talk to a friend?"