



"BETSY AND I ARE OUT."

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

ACT I. - A BOARDING HOUSE.

FREDDY DUDELEY seated with his card-case and a dictionary before him.

"P. P. C., letters placed on left-hand corner of calling card before departing on a journey." Quite so. Let me see what the dikshunary says. "Conge" leave. Too common that. "Adieu" is more ghastly. Pour prendre adieu - I suppose that's French - at all events it's more toney. The latest thing, quite nobby. *Writes P. P. A. on cards, pulls up shirt collar, puts on hat, takes his fashionable bludgeon and falters out.*

ACT II. - AN ARISTOCRATIC STREET.

FREDDY at door (calling,) Miss Sweettie at home?

PAT, the porter. Sure and she is, sor.

FRED. Take my card.

PAT (reads it). Ugh, ye spalpeen! and is it yerself wud shove yer ugly mug ferninst private Criss'ens and disturb public worship. Get out wid ye! (attempts to shut him out. Scuffle).

A SILVERY VOICE. What is amiss, Patrick? Is it possible it is Mr. Dudeley? Show him in at once.

FRED (puts down his hat). Really dreadful savage, your Cerberus. Quite uncultured. I called only to leave my card - (hands it).

MISS S. (reads it). Mr. Frederick, is it possible! How much you disappoint us all! (enter Sweettie, pere) See, papa! Only think! Who would have thought it of Freddy!

SWEETTIE. Well! upon my soul if this is not the most brazen insolence! Young man, take your vile political opinions elsewhere -

FRED (faintly). I only -

SWEETTIE. Begone sir! take yourself off! never show your fool's head here again! (dashes door open and accelerates him out.)

PAT, rushing out furiously, O ye murderin' Prodestan'! (lends him one kick more).

POLICEMAN (lounges up), What's up, Patsy?

PAT. It's dhrunk and disorderly he is and wan o' them Pay. Pay. Ays., forcin' hisself intil a family and a pulling down of religion. The curse of the crows on him!

POLICE. You come along o' me.

FRED. How dare you, wuffian?

POLICE. You shut up. Anything you say will be used agin you.

ACT III. - A HALL OF JUSTICE.

J. P. What's the charge?

POLICE. Dhrunk and disorderly, sir.

J. P. The man does not seem drunk.

POLICE. Worse nor that, sir, breaking into public houses and disturbing of private worship.

J. P. That is a more serious offense than mere intoxication.

FRED. Sir, I am a gentleman. There is my card. (throws it down).

J. P. (having read it), Young man, nothing but unmitigated idiocy or the most blackhearted malignity could induce anyone in the present state of public feeling to place on his card the initials P. P. A. as a profession of his religious faith.

FRED. I tell you A. stands for Adoo!

J. P. A most unlikely pretext. I will only adjudicate on the lesser offense with which you are charged - \$10 or ten days.

FRED. I will appeal to the Premier!

J. P. Better not. You might get a Roland for your Oliver.

A VOICE. Try Parson Madill!

CURTAIN.

MODERN DICTIONARY.

FIN-ISH. - Having fins.

GRIMACE. A dirty card.

HARD-SHIP. An iron-clad.

HEIR-SHIP. A balloon.

HU-MAN. A Carpenter.

IN-CITE. Visible.

IN-FIRM. Well inserted.

JAR-GON. A broken vessel.

KID-NAP. The hair of a young goat.

LI-ABLE. Ability to tell a falsehood.



GARMENTS OF HUMILIATION.

MR. GOODHUSBAND. - "You wan't a cheque for lenten sackcloth and ashes, hey? A small cheque will, of course, do. How much?"

MRS. G. - "Er - well, not so *very* small, dear. The sackcloth is made of seal skin, you know, and the dress material is what they call 'ashes' of roses."