

The Senator's Sensitive Daughter.

A SOCIETY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personae.

PHILOMENA O'GILVIE. The Senator's daughter.
 MADGE McVICARS.
 FANNY FRISBIE.
 LOTTIE LEWISON. } Her especial friends.
 FANCHETTE. A French maid.
 Hon. JOSIAH O'GILVIE. A member of the Senate.
 Mr. FITZHERBERT FRISBIE. A young lawyer.
 JOBSON. A boy in buttons.

ACT I.

SCENE. A handsome morning room furnished in good taste. The current number of GRIP and several daily newspapers scattered about table C.

Philomena discovered seated in easy-chair, R. C., reading "Bystander"—dressed in fairy-like morning costume.

PHILOMENA, (bursting into tears.) Unhappy girl that I am to be the child of a man so soon to lose his position, and with it, I suppose, his title! These papers clearly prove the position a mere sham—a cause of needless expense to a country fast becoming impoverished by various other shams, and to think that my father should participate in such a fraud. The Hon. JOSIAH O'GILVIE. The Honourable! Ay, I always believed him to be the soul of honour, and now I mean to put it to the test. If my father is what I take him to be, he will resign his seat in the Senate—now or shortly—and settle down into what nature made him—an honest manufacturer.

Enter the Hon. JOSIAH O'GILVIE, in crimson dressing-gown, green smoking-cap, and nicely embroidered slippers.

Hon. JOSIAH (fussily). Who talks of honest manufacturers? (Approaching PHILOMENA.) Girl, what do I see? How came you into possession of this most rabid print? (Snatching "Bystander," and tearing it into pieces.)

PHILOMENA.—Forbear, my dearest father, nor foul your tongue by applying such language to the production of one whose learning and independence have left him without a compeer.

Hon. JOSIAH.—Without a fiddle-stick! Your brain will become turned by the influence of this noxious stuff. Who dared to carry this vile rubbish into my house?

PHILOMENA.—The man whom you expect to lead your only child to the altar. He, whom you have encouraged me to love!

Hon. JOSIAH.—FITZHERBERT FRISBIE!—He never meant to do you anything but honor!

PHILOMENA.—Nor has it done me harm, papa, and soon I hope 'twill do you good. Not that (indicating fragments of torn "Bystander,") but this—and this, and this (to other newspapers) have shown me how shaky is your seat in the Senate, how empty is your title, and how you wrong your country, by partaking of her funds for useless office.

Hon. JOSIAH.—Girl! you forget yourself, (becoming furious). I'll hear no more; your affianced husband shall bring you to your reason. I'll fly for him at once, (rings hand-bell).

Enter FANCHETTE. L. door.

Keep strict watch on your young lady till I return, (rings bell again).

Enter Boy in buttons.

Here, you Jobson, gather up these (to newspapers, &c.) and burn every one, and remember Miss O'GILVIE is not "at home" to any one till I come back. Going door C.

PHILOMENA.—Oh! woe is me! he treats me as though I were insane. Father, if you love me listen to reason. He is gone! He will stick to the Senate while it lasts! (Sinks into chair sobbing).

ACT II.

Scene same as in 1st act.

Philomena discovered sitting dreamily on sofa R. Fanchette standing with arms folded, L.
 PHILOMENA.—Fetch me writing materials—that done—watch me from the next room. (FANCHETTE obeys, courtseys and retires. Voices of girls heard outside.)

"Nonsense, Jobson, we must come in, Miss O'GILVIE was to join us for a pic-nic here."

PHILOMENA.—Dear me! I had almost forgotten my appointment. (Going to door L.) Come up, MADGE. Good morning, FANNY. I owe you both an apology. Sit down. My mind has gone a little off its balance in consequence of this Senate question.

MADGE McVICAR.—We've heard of you, you oversensitive girl. A Senator's daughter should swear by the Senate—whether right or wrong. Think of the long and pleasant seasons at the capital—think of the balls, the theatricals, the attentions of admirers, the changes of dress and all the other delightful etceteras of the session! I'd nearly as soon give up living as relinquish these. But there—leave off your vagaries, and dress. The boat won't wait—not even for a Senator's daughter.

FANCHETTE.—Prepare your Mistress' pic-nic costume. FANNY, we'll both help her. (They try to lead her to dressing-room. PHILOMENA shakes her head—resists. They appear disgusted. Tableau.)

ACT III.

Philomena discovered writing at table near sofa, reads: "My dear FITZHERBERT. It would indeed be a useless task to try to dissuade me from my purpose. I cannot join longer in so palpable a fraud. If my father persists in his determination I shall be forced to take a step, which must separate me from the world forever. Think of our beloved country. Millions which might be spent for her good and for the welfare of her poor are frittered away on useless holders of office. We want all this changed, and every girl amongst her so-called aristocracy can do something to bring about this happy change. Aid me by discountenancing my infatuated father. He loves the Senate for position's sake—but there are those whose attachment to it is only for the filthy lucre it puts each year into their pockets."

(Loud rapping at street door.)

Enter Hon. JOSIAH and FITZHERBERT FRISBIE, C. door.

Hon. JOSIAH.—There she is. If she be insane, see that you bring her to her reason. I'll leave you. Exit L.

FITZHERBERT FRISBIE (approaching PHILOMENA). My own dear PHILOMENA! what strange fancy is this? I had hoped that no other thought but that which would certainly absorb most women, now occupied my fair betrothed's mind. We were to have been married in two months—not time enough, many girls would say, to prepare the bridal outfit.

PHILOMENA.—Alas! I can but think of one sad thought. My father has forgot his pride! The destruction of the Senate must be only a matter of a little time. Urge him to forestall events and not wait to be shaken from his seat.

FITZHERBERT FRISBIE.—I am not a Senator myself, but my sympathies run in that direction. I know you love me and will keep your promise to become my wife. Leave things as they were a week ago (tenderly).

PHILOMENA (indignantly). I see it is the Senator's daughter and not the girl you love (rings). Farewell! read this. (Hands letter and is about to go). Enter Hon. JOSIAH L.

Hon. JOSIAH.—Stay daughter, I see a bevy of your youthful friends coming, no doubt to talk about arrangements for a wedding. No girl can well resist a conference about her trousseau.

FITZHERBERT F.—The more so if her heart precedes her hand. Come, smile, my PHILOMENA, and banish all your morbid thoughts.

Enter L. door, MADGE McVICAR, FANNY FRISBIE, LOTTIE LEWISON, &c.

Hon. JOSIAH.—Join me, FRISBIE. Leave her to the girls for a little.

They exit—arm in arm. L.

MADGE.—Now, PHILOMENA, let us discuss materials and decide on colours.

PHILOMENA.—Neither materials nor colours have any interest for me, until the affairs of our mis-managed country undergo a change, and her standard floats no longer over the heads of men who care only for their own advancement.

(She sinks on sofa despondingly. The girls gather round and look at each other in disappointment not unmingled with disgust.)

Enter Hon. JOSIAH O'GILVIE and FITZHERBERT FRISBIE, to lugubrious music, played by an invisible orchestra. They throw away half-burnt cigars and join the group more in anger than in sorrow. Tableau.

Nonsense.

There was an old statesman, JOHN A.

In power for many a day.

Till the Grits found a handle.

By making a scandal.

And drove him from office away.

Then this pious old man looked around.

And he vowed, as his grinders he ground,

That he'd make an N. P.

Which would smash McKENZIE,

And it did, for the notion was sound.

Now Mr. McKENZIE was slain in the fray,

And the Grit party melted away:

So they asked EDWARDS to vie

A new party to make.

Which he will (in his mind, as they say.)

Oh, EDWARDS, be careful, pray do.

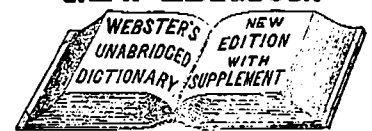
For GRIP keeps his eye upon you.

Just adopt the N. P.

In a minor degree.

And you'll "capture" Sir JOHN'S present crew.

J. A. KASSE.

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