



MARTER: "WHERE AM I AT?"

CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS LATE SPEECH FROM BOTH BUCHANAN AND KRIBBS.

"So far as doing anything to alienate Prohibitionists from him, he has made new demands upon their sympathy and support."
—Templar.

"We must say a word, too, in commendation of Mr. Marter . . . in dropping an impracticable scheme of intemperate legislation."
—Advocate.

But let me not see her melt—my darling, my darling! Let me hide my haggard eyes and stagger forth into the cold and barren world once more, forever, unloved, alone!

[In a paroxysm of grief he staggers to the middle of the stage and falls unconscious. Enter BOODLES, followed by FLOSSIE and Mrs. McMURPHY.]

BOODLES.—This is where I left it—I gave it to an old duffer wot was here.

Mrs. McM.—'Twas Mистер Jenkins, thin; and merciful saints! there he is lyin' on his face ferninst the flure. Help, help, some wan!

[She rushes to JENKINS' side.]

FLOSSIE—*(who has been looking about)*—And there's the Doll. The nasty thing, he's thrown her in the fire! And he said he'd never seen her!

BOODLES—*(rushing and snatching the Doll from the grate)*—Saved! saved, with only slight damages!

FLOSSIE—What an awful story-teller he must be—I guess he was struck down for it.

Mrs. McM.—Are you better now, Mr. Jenkins, sor. Sure you must have fainted.

Mr. J.—*(dazed)*—Where am I? What—which—? Oh I remember—drop the curtain and shut out the horrible memory!

[He falls back into Mrs. McMURPHY's arms, while BOODLES, FLOSSIE and Mrs. McMURPHY weep softly.]

[CURTAIN.]

JIM SUTHERLAND suggests that on account of the Napanee Knight's proclivity for the *mal apropos*, a Bill should be introduced to change said Knight's name by substituting the syllable *ong* for *ight* as it now stands.

THE IDEA TO THE SONNET.

I.

FOR pity's sake! Why in such heavy stocks
Do you my limbs Herculean tightly squeeze,
Screw down my soul Promethean like a cheese
To fit exactly in a numbered box?
My feet in these Italian bandage-socks
Confined like those of a young girl Chinese,
You leave me here to shiver and to freeze
Mid octave, sestet, and Archean socks.
Why run old Petrarch's poker through my back
And beat with Drayton's scourge till blue and black,
With William Shakespeare's hatchet hew and hack?
Nature, you say, with noblest art combines,
And for my soaring eagle-soul designs
A hencoop iron barred, of fourteen lines.

II.

O why do you dilute me?
I am so microscopic,
Into a swollen topic
'Tis painful to transmute me,
A drop—it does not suit me.
To be blown a bubble-topic,
Nor is it philanthropic
Up into heaven to shoot me,
It were better
Than distress me
So,
With one letter
Thus express me,
"O."

Charlie Wanderson.

APPROPRIATE Recital for the Ontario Majority. "We are Seven."