

**Ann Tigony.**

A CLASSICAL DRAMA,

Revised at vast expense by Mr. GRIP, Classical Dramatist, as represented in the Convocation Hall of Great Office, Adelaide St. All costumes strictly Greek, including the bare legs of the period. An ancient classical Greek sketch, the only one on this Continent, has been secured at vast expense. The cast of the drama will be sustained by the following distinguished personages:

ANN TIGONY—In neglect of classical undergarments, blue "chiffa" (i. e. she has a kite on), and bare legs. A second-class certificate School Ma'am.

MISS MEANY—Her cousin, a third-class certificate School Ma'am.

KREON—Autocrat of Thebes. Mr. A—m Cr—ks.

WATCHMAN—An Irishman, to whom it is all Greek.

The blind Prophet TERRESIUS. Editor of the Mail.

Chorus of Theban dead beats. Members of the CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

The Music will be strictly classical. Mr. A. Cr—ks and the chorus will perform on their own trumpets.

Enter ANN T. and MISS MEANY.

ANN T.—Dear girl, dost thou know that in this same department Of Public Education in Ontario There is a scandal most untimely buried! One May, the boss once of the book depository, Accused of rank malfeasance?

MISS M.—Dost thou not know the head of the Department Commands that now that scandal shall we bury, Or bring its foulness to the light of day? Dost thou not fear his threat of punishment, That no one mixed up in the late dispute Shall have preferment in this same Department?

ANN T.—I do not care, the scandal I'll unearth.

MISS M.—And pray how much then will your school be worth?

ANN T.—I care not. Justice I will seek for, still; Though Kreon may decree on what he will!

*Exeunt.*

Chorus, dressed as Ritualistic clergymen, now climb the stage, they execute a mystic dance round a tripod heaped with bank notes from which each helps himself from time to time.

CHORAL SONG.

Many things are crooked, men, women, whiskey, books; But nothing is so crooked as the crooked Crooks! Who doth snub public opinion of the Province and Dominion! Who doth flout CANADIAN SCHOLAKS with proud autocratic looks! Who, when any post is vacant that Canadians fain would fill, Doth from a foreign shore in put a foreign claimant still. For them from day to day He works his mystic way, No matter what Ontario press, or even great GRIP may say.

ACT II. Same Scene. Enter Mr. A—C—ks, in character of Kreon, Tyrant of Thebes.

KREON.—I am the autocrat of all learned Thebes, The intellectual centre of Bœotia, I listen to no advice and heed no counsels! Nor care I for the Press nor for the Public! I grant Inspectorships and all good things, To Party hacks just at my own sweet will. And now this scandal of the Book Depository By burked investigation of my slaves Is buried very neatly out of sight.

Enter Comic Watchman, in Fireman's helmet, and other unique specimens of Greek armor.

WATCHMAN.—The scandal is unearthed, great Boss! The Educational Monthly and the Press Teem with most trenchant articles about it! They say the offence is rank and smells to Heaven! That the vile Book Depository business, After a sham investigation held, Has been condoned, white-washed and rewarded.

KREON.—Did not a Court of Justice sift the matter?

WATCHMAN.—A court, they say, within whose closed doors sat A deaf Grit Justice with her bandaged eyes!

KREON.—Go, find out who hath written these calumnies. Their doom shall be made sure in this Department!

*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus of Central Committee, playing their own trumpets, tune, "The Rogue's March."

CHORAL ODE.

Would you describe that wonderful mystery, Known to this town as Inspector of Schools, Prized by our Central Committee's consistency, Well-paid, and quite independent of "rules,"

Pray of his ignorance be not too critical, Let him but have some good backers political, Sordid and selfish, a saint hypocritical! Yet shall he push better men from their stools.

ACT III. Enter Ann Tigony, Kreon, Officials of the Department, Watchman.

KREON.—Hast thou, despite our royal proclamation, This scandal of the Book Depository Rashly unburied?

ANN T.—I do own that I am authoress Of those same leading articles you hint at.

KREON.—Unfeminine creature, woman should not write! Dost thou not know our faithful slave, Wilsonius, Hath from the College Hall expelled girl student. Therefore I take from thee thy school certificate. For aught that this Department will allow thee, Die of starvation! Who will help thee now!

ANN TIGONY—"Few, few, eye eye!"

WATCHMAN—She quotes the Greek original!

*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—Preparation for a ministerial dinner. The chorus march about singing hymns to Bacchus, which, as this is a Temperance Serial, we do not reproduce. Enter Terresius the Prophet, and Kreon.

TERRESIUS.—King of the Education Department! Gripe, Boss of Ravens and prophetic birds Warns thee—shout sellest thine influence to a clique! Thou lovest to flout our homeland's scholarship, Thou sittest complacent in thy high position, Shutting Prefersment's gates on all true merit, And making Educational interests The prostitute of party. Hear then, therefore, What Grip foretells, and all prophetic birds, Thy place shall be too hot for thee to sit; The party that thou servest shall find in thee A nuisance, and a noisome bait that foes Throng round, as cats throng round a cats-meat-man So shalt thou say, "Had I served Education As faithfully as I have served my party, She would not have forsaken me in my dotage."

KREON SWOONS. The dead carcass of the Book Depository Scandal is carried across the stage. *Tableau.*



WEFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

Dy'o know, it seems exceedingly curious to me to read of the agitation the Militawy authawities an labawing in England about the constwuction of the—aw—wail-way tunnel between that country and France. They awgwe that in the event of the tunnel being built it would affaud a—aw—continental enemy an easy and pwacticable means of invading the—aw—Bwitiish Isles. I canwt weally help thinking, not only as a mattah of fact, but as a militawy man that these objections an wediculous in a vowy high degree. I canwt help thinking that these objoctions an, of the—aw—same patewan, as those of the wise-awaus, who expwessed theab disbelief in the utility and pwopoh weh'king of the "Isthmus Canal," because the level of the Pacific Ocean was higher than that of the Carribean Sea, (or vice versa I weally fauget which) and the consequent wash of watehs through the canal which would of caus (in their minds) pwevent any vessel making pwogness against the coh'went, which would be so impetuous as to doubtless sweep ewov'wthing befaw it. But these gentlemen appawntly fawgot that in the constwuction of canals, theah an such affawhs as locks made use of, to pwelude such a possibility. Faw instauce, without the necessary locks in the say, —Cawnwall Canal a pawtion of the wateh of the Long Sault wapids would wash through it with a vengeance, and the—aw—

canal would be in point of fact useless. Similah it appeahs to me, an the objections of the militawy authawities at home. A few guns of awdinawy calibre chawged with shell and di-wected to sweep the—aw—vists of the Tunnel, which will no doubt be built in as stwaight a line as possible, ought ceh'tainly be able to keep the—aw—combined awmies of Europe from appowching in that way; faw a tunnel must as a mattah of caus be too ce'houm-awquibed wegawding space to admit of any manœwvewing, and no column of attack could possibly stand against the point blank di-awchawges of guns which, from the constwuction of the place, could nevah by any possibility be used in vain. Apawt fwom the action of aw-tillewy, the English end of the tunnel could be blocked up so as to wender it imp-awssible for an enemy to wemove the obstwuction, and it would ceh'tainly wequiah a dawing adwvewsawy indeed, to twy many mining expewiments in a position wheah an unswual concussion might hwing down the wwoof of the scene of opowations, when the watehs of the channel would be h'wt in and d'wown them like so many wats!—aw—and let me wemawk heah, that if such a wemote contingency should awive as a fawweign army that should undetwake an invasion by means of the tunnel, no doubt means could be found to flood the whole affawh, which I think would pwove uncomfawtable faw the—aw—enemy. I weally think the militawy people have found a me'ahs nest—I do weally!

Bingen on the Plains.

A BALLAD OF EAST YORK.

BY TITANIA TOMMORDEN.

Young Hezekiah Hosea Armageddon Baines, Was of good old puritanic stock. At least I think his names So much associated with the famous Plymouth Rock.

Now Hezekiah Hosea Armageddon Baines Had conceived that tender passion which in every bosom reigns: In short he was enraptured with a daughter of old White's, Who owned five hundred acres near the pleasant Scarbro' Heights.

From the East Town Line of Scarbro' away west to the Gore, You might traverse each fair town-ship of York County o'er and o'er Without finding one so lovely, so beautiful and bright, As Arabella Susan Sarah Wilhelmina White.

His love reciprocated was by her, not so her pap, Who knew—indeed it was the truth—young Baines had scarce a "rap." But still each day a billet-doux young B. to her would write, Which was an aggravation sore to the haughty Mr White.

One day the youthful lovers went for a pleasant stroll Upon the beach at Scarbro' to see the billows roll, And the blue Ontario—it was a lovely sight! When who should drop upon them but the angry Mr. White.

He walked up to Arabella and he caught her by the ear, He slurr' young Hezekiah in the water 'neath the pier, Saying, "You look for my darter's hand who haven't got a cent, Git out, you wretched critter!" and up the heights he went.

The young man Baines got very wet and very mad also, And went straight to his lawyer, G. W. Badgerow, Saying, "Sue old White for damages, and then he'll have to fork Out divers ducats—sure as you are member for East York."

"Young man," said his solicitor, "I pray don't act too rash, What reason has the old man for not giving you your 'mash,' Perhaps you've been 'too previous,' in other words too 'brash'?" "No, no," said Baines, "he's down on me because I'm short of cash."

The up spake his solicitor, G. W. Badgerow, "Why don't you try and raise the wind and then light away to Manitoba or still further on the Plains? Take my advice and start at once, my dear H. H. A. Baines."