

THE TRICKY TROUBADOUR,

Get up, you, sir (*kicks one*), and also you (*kicks another*),
 When the inspecting officer hoves in view.
 Don't snore, men, on the corners of the street,
 But rise and properly pace your beat.

(*They sit up and yawn.*)

'Tion ! shun, men ; when I say "'tion," shun,
 The brigade will come to attention !

[BUGLER *blows foghorn, accompanied with orchestral*
crash. GUARDS spring suddenly upright, burlesque.]

[ORCHESTRA.]

Guards.—(*Sing, at the same time wheeling into line, facing the front.*)

CHORUS.—GUARDS.

Ave.—"The Mulligan Guard."

We shoulder spears and march and march away,
 From Osborne Fort as far as Portage Ave.,
 With drums and horns how sweetly they do play,
 As we march, march, march in the Troubadour guards.

Ferr.—

Well, boys !—no, I forgot,—men ! You are not boys, but as Middleton would say, you are men. Officers, non-commissioned officers and men. I regret to see this exceeding lack of discipline on your part.

Now our brave Count's orders were,
 To keep a watch on Leonora the fair ;
 If you are not sharp she will elope
 In the same way as the Count's brother sloped.

Guardsman.—Tell us about the poor boy's disappearance.

Guards (together).—Yes—we—want—to—hear—it.

Ferr.—Now, men, how many times have I told you, that when adopting an air of familiarity with your superior officers on duty, you should do so with the prim dignity which so well becomes a full-fledged private. (*Pompously.*) You must remember that I have been vested with the Count's royal commission and with the authority of the red book.

Guard.—General ! Tell us the yarn.

Ferr.—Ha ! now, that is right and proper. Well, the Count's father once had two sons. One was a twin, the Count was the other one. One day the nurse took them out in the baby carriage, to see the baseball match in Dufferin Park.

Guard.—Did the babies bawl ?

Ferr. (fiercely).—Sir ! I call your attention to R. and O. paragraph 9438, which henceforth forbids a private interrupting an officer in the discharge of his remarks.

Guard.—Sir, I merely wished to know if these babies were the same as other babies.

Ferr.—An apology is always welcome. Well, this match occurred years ago, when they were small. It was the most exciting of the league games between the *Mets* and *C.P.Rs.* The score stood 43 errors to 56 unearned bases and the outfield yet to hear from ; when in the