

*Door-keeper Falconer*—Your Majesty, a band of strolling minstrels, headed by Master Joseph Graham, late of Edinboro', desire audience.

*King Bobby*—Good! Admit them, for we are weary of business.

(Minstrels enter.)

*Joe Graham* (solo, air "Ding Dong").

Your Majesty I'd like to show

My troupe in vaudeville,

In Washburn, Lansdowne, Athens,

Perth,

The house we always fill.

We've played before the crowned heads

Of Garden Island and Barriefield,

And I hope that in their song and dance,

They'll lots of pleasure yield—

Ding dong! Ding dong!

The performance isn't very, very long—

We won't do anything vulgar or wrong

That might make Brandon blush.

If your guards will push the crowd away

We'll start the programme without delay;

Now, good people, don't get in the way

Of Joe Graham and his vaudeville troupe.

*Master Graham*—Your Majesty, first of all I will exhibit some lime-light views I sold in England last summer. View No I: Steamer Pierrepont breaking the ice, a rough day in Kingston harbor. View II: A post-mortem view of Mr. Gage's larynx. This famous gentleman died shortly after the exams a question mark having lodged in his R. Bronchus. Note that the interior of his larynx is almost eroded by points of interrogation. Picture No. III: The interior of the

Clarified Milk Co's office—Mr. McKinley skimming the cream from a bottle of '03. View No. IV: Mr. Spottswood disguised by a smile.

(Loud knocking at the door.)

*King Bobby* to door-keeper—a murrain on these disturbers! Gad, sir, an ye do not keep better order in my court I shall turn the favor of my Royal likeness back to the K. and P.

*Door-keeper*—Your Majesty, the leading lady of the troupe desires admission.

*King*—Admit her.

(Enter a char-woman from the K. G. H., carrying a mop.)

Solo by Char-woman (air "Little Buttermilk," from "Pinafore.")

Oi'm called Mrs. Flaherty,

Owld Mrs. Flaherty,

Woife of owld Flaherty, oi;

The students all bliss me,

Come daily to driss me

For ulcers on both legs have oi;

My chist has bronchitis,

My veins has phlebitis,

I've a water-fall in me left eye

And a pain in my shoulder

That fales loike a bowlder

Whin at night on my pillow oi lie.

But still they call Flaherty,

Scrub the hall, Flaherty—

No rist for the wicked, say oi;

But oi'd rather be working

Than told oi was shirking,

And oi'll scrub till oi'm ready to die.

(The galloping of horses' feet is heard and Lieut. Sheffield of 4th Hussars, mounted on a foaming saw-horse, dashes into the room, closely followed by Trooper Hill on a fiery clothes-horse).

Duet—Lieut. Sheffield and Trooper Hill (air, "Mr. Volunteer.")

We don't belong to the regulars