

AN ABBREVIATED "POME"

ON THE UNABBREVIATED HAT.

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|-----------|---------------|
| TALL hat | Small man |
| At mat— | Much profan— |
| Lady gay | Curtain rises |
| In parkay | Man surmises— |

| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| Stage setting | 'Nother man |
| Madder getting | Hats scan, |
| Stands tip-toe | Very wise, |
| No show | Ticket buys. |

Winks, nods,—
Joins "gods"—
Wise choice;
My advice.

J. T., JR.

THE POPISH PLOT.

A FIFTH OF NOVEMBER MYSTERY.

IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

TIME,—MIDNIGHT.

(SCENE.—The Education Department. Enter the Provincial of the Jesuits, disguised as a hackman, driving a coupe. He soliloquizes.)

PROV. JES.—This is the opportunity for which I have hungered ever since my grandfather Guy Fawkes was hanged. Now I say hug my revenge! Ha, ha!! To have the Bible turned out of Protestant schools, and a selection without chapters and verses substituted! And to make Protestants do it themselves! It is glorious work, but I must dissemble. [He dissembles. Enter Inspector Hughes disguised as an old Orange-woman.]

INSP. HUGHES.—'Tis he! I have tracked him like a sleuth hound through fire and frost, up the Garrison Creek sewer, and have braved the mud of King Street crossings till at last I have him! But who comes here? I must dissemble. [Pretends to dissemble. Enter G. W. Ross with parcels.]

G. W. ROSS.—Art thou brave, hackman? Yes, I see it in thine eye. These to the Fathers of the—of the city. You know what I mean.

PROV. JES.—Or can guess. Aye.

G. W. ROSS.—Be bloody, bold and resolute. If you find an orange lying in the road, quarter him, and—I could drink hot blood!

PROV. JES.—So could I. Much. [Enter Premier Mowat disguised.]

MOWAT.—Is the driver trusty? But send no underling; go thyself.

ROSS.—I go my chief; I'm ready. But who is that in wild weeds, weirdly watching our doings?

MOWAT.—I know not. Prithee go—go—go. And be back e're Hardy has time to thunder. (Ross drives away.) Now I know him. 'Tis Hughes! I can tell his wind-bag among a thousand. No pretticoats can cover it. Well, if he knows aught there will be the d— but I forget—I am a christian politician. I must dissemble. [Goes out without dissembling.]

ACT II.

(SCENE.—The Archbishop's Palace. Time, 1 a.m. Enter Archbishop Lynch, half dressed and rubbing his eyes.)

ARCHB.—Here's a pretty kettle of fish. These Protestants will give me no peace till I ex-communicate some more of them. But they would only laugh at me, the blackguards. They must needs send me proofs of the Ross Bible at midnight, and I must hold a council before

cock-crow to approve them. What do I care, as long as they don't put in chapters and verses! And if they only leave out part, it will be easy to get them to leave out more next time, and at last they will leave it all out except the Ten Commandments. I don't grudge them the Ten Commandments. But here come the Fathers. I must dissemble and stop rubbing my eyes. (Enter a number of Priests in solemn silence. All sit.)

ARCHB.—You have the proofs.

OMNES.—We have.

ARCHB.—Any corrections.

1ST PRIEST.—None your grace.

2ND PRIEST.—We'll leave it to you.

3RD PRIEST.—I second that motion.

4TH PRIEST.—We're all agreed.

(Aside.)—And glad to get off so easy.

ARCHB.—I have read these selections carefully, and with a vigilant eye to the interests of the Church. You know my capacity for work, and that 500 pages an hour is not much to me. The heretics have been cautious—most cautious. They evidently dread the vigilant eye of our Holy Church. There is nothing offensive in the matter, but with regard to taste, I regret to find they continue to degrade the *Pater Noster* in defiance of taste and grammar by translating it. "Which art." (*Sensation.*)—I shall therefore insist—insist I say, that it be changed to "Who art."

(All bow in solemn silence and go out. The Archbishop is left alone.) Well, that job's jobbed. Now to return these proofs and get another nap. Nothing deranges one's nervous system like irregular hours. Gracious, what a yawn that was!

ACT III.

(SCENE.—The Trustee Board Chamber. Enter Trustee Meredith. He begins to dissemble to himself, to keep in practice. To him enters Inspector Hughes, through the window, mounted on the Protestant horse.)

MEREDITH.—Zounds, man, take my life, but don't tread on my corns. You give that beast too many oats.

HUGHES (Hoarsely).—Hast called the meeting? Is all well? What excuse did'st make?

MEREDITH.—Oh, just a report about the—you know. (Blushes.)

HUGHES.—Yes, I remember, the—(tries to blush but fails. Enter other trustees. He hides the Protestant horse under the table.)

MEREDITH.—We have met to—to—pass that report. (All assent.) Also to—to—make Mr. Hughes our—our *Privy* Councillor. (Loud applause.) To send him through the length and breadth of the land to denounce Papal tyranny. (Hear, hear.) To preach the new N.P. No Popery. (Tumultuous applause.) To beard the hydra in his den, and to unfold his tale in every school-house in the province!

(WILD CHEERS.)—To give the separate schools their gruel. (The Protestant horse rises under the table and upsets it. All the trustees vote twice, and retire dissembling as they go.)

INSP. HUGHES.—So I have my revenge—and my holiday—and my salary! Ha! ha!! (Mounts the Protestant horse which refuses to dissemble, and vaults through the window. Blue fire! Curtain!!)

"PAPA is so kind," said Miss Binabroad; "he took us all to Europe last summer, and as for shopping expenses he gives me blanc mange at all the stores and never grumbles at the bills. Dear papa."