

Ye Gallant Colonel Playfair goeth to Yo Bal'.

Tell it not in Perth, let not the sound thereof reach Lanark.

SOME.—Ye Big House o'f yo little Attorney General Cartier in St. George's Square.

Time—Half-past eight o'clock Sunday Evening, February 27th

THE GALLANT AND REVEREND COLONEL IS ANNOUNCED.

Cartier.—(Going forward to meet him.)

Ah I mon cher Colonel, how you do, old boy?
I welcome you with vast moomie big joy:
You are one jolly trump—by gar I moe say
We'll make 'zo hours fly vari quick away.
I introduce you, and I tell you, are,
Ye shall forget you have zo milk-white hair;
You lectio rogue, mo find you one mumm tolle
To be your partner in zo next quadrille.

Ah I bal I mo make one joke—sare, while you stay,
Yo, Meester Playfair, give your heels fair play;
Mo'warn you though—beware zo Cupid's dart
Doe't make zo leetle hole, sare, in your heart.

Playfair.—(Who appears nervous and uneasy.)

Hush, brother Cartier—hem I excuse me, Sir,
Afr, I mean—I really must defer,
Today less sacred, such unballowed fan;
I dance no Sunday!—no I can't be done;
How to lost'ner shall I dare to preach,
Poor, ruined souls of Lanark, if this breach
Of Heaven's command I boldly perpetrate?
No, Sir I we ministers at any rate,
For fear this wicked world should sneer and snuffe,
Daren't try on Sabbath day the "Double Shuffle."

Cartier.—

Bal I bal I bal I one gari pretty joke—
Zo double shuffle—why you than have poke
One leetle fan at me—but come, by gar I moe cher,
You shall not be one reverend minister,
You are, zo Colonel Playfair, who have been
One gallant soldier of our gracious queen;
Zo priestman pray, zo soldier sare should feast;
I have invite zo soldier, not zo priest,
Diable, moe cher, you shall be ruled by mo,
And have one vat you call it? lectio spre.

Playfair.—

My Christian brother (aside)—may the fates go hang,
I can't forget my usual Sunday twang.
My dear—ahem!—confound it, Cartier, you
Have no conception what a storm would brew
Among the Lanark boobies, if they knew
I showed my sanctimonious phiz at all
Within a furlong of a Sunday ball.
The very thought of that perspective ahrine
Makes mo feel faint,—old fellow, where's the wiao?
I think a glass or two would do mo good.

Cartier.—

Ah I out, you lectio rogue, of course it would.
What you will have? Champagne—this way, old boy?
By gar I moe cher, I make you dance for joy.
Zo leetle bubbles in zo wine, again
Shall drink, and dance, are, in your lectio brain.
It is tres bon, one—two—you take another,
Then you no call me more, zo Christian brother.

Playfair.—

Thanke, don't mind, by Jove, you air a trump;
Hug mo, old fellow, if I care a dump
What folks may say, guess now I'll like my fill;
And if I like to dance, why dance I will.
Fill up, old boss—oae more—come ahrine or rein,
And Lanark's Playfair let himself again.
Hece w'ith all thoughts of sanctimonious snuffe,
I'm game, old fellow, for the double shuffle.

Cartier.—

Bravo I mon Colonel, I you love quite het,
Now you have sent zo minister to pot;
Now you have say zo leetle word "don't care,"
You are ones, twice, three times more welcome, sare.
I put you through, you shall ze hero be,
Zo premier guest of ye grand company;
But come, mon Colonel, have you like the same,
Zo blue-eyed and zo black-eyed jollie dame?
You no var nooch parteklar—hem me say,

You dance with both to give them both fair play;
But Co'lonel, come, we'll have before we join
Zo jollie dames oae leetle glass more wine?

Playfair—

Perhaps you don't think, old boss, I'm up to snuff,
But sir, I kind o' guess I've had enough.
However, why, I calculate I'll take
Just one glass more—it can't much difference make.

Cartier—

Ha! ha! I see ze flinky lectio bubble
Make you fit ood, but mind you no see double.
S'lut, mon Colonel, now you come with me,
I introduce you to ze fair lady.

(They go to join the ladies.)

Yo reverend Colonel is introduced to a charming little nymph
with Dawing singlett, and grows gallant.

Playfair—(with a low bow and benignant smile.)

May I have the supreme felicity of dancing the next quadrille with Mademoiselle?

Nymph with the ringlets.

Avec grand plaisir Monsieur.

Playfair—(astounding smile.)

In Mademoiselle fond of dancing?

Nymph—

Où en! et vous aurai Monsieur?

Playfair—(Captivating smile.)

I,—oh yes! extremely, Mademoiselle, especially with (low bow) so fair a partner.

Nymph—

Monsieur est bien galant.

The music strikes up and Playfair modestly faces it.

Oh! it is a glorious sight to witness the heavy-headed soldier treading the mazes of the dance. Advanced military evolutions. Roture—exquisite grace. Turn particulier—charming smile and the slightest possible (of course involuntary) pressure of the little hand that trembles in his set to partner—Boussary thrown into the shade. Cross over—youthful agility and a faultless chaceer. Down—body bent, and a graceful war of the hand, attended with tremendous effect. Finish—partner led off in triumph, and Playfair the acknowledged lion of the room.

(Cartier advances to congratulate him.)

Cartier—

Bravo I mon Colonel, I you vari much
Congratulate you have zo finish touch,
You are zo artiste rare in every part;
By gar I you rogue you turn zo ladies heart.
You have two, three, six, sare, cooques in made,
And put zo gentishoomes all in zo shade.

Playfair—

Why yes, old boss, I guess now I can come
A kind o' graceful double shuffle, some,
But I say, Cartier, do you—do you think
I really made six cooques?

Cartier—

Do me tink?

Of course me tink, me know you have you rogue,
You lucky dog, you will be all zo rogue.
Have me no heard zo lots of ladies say,
They like to kies ze dear old Colonel—oh?

Yo gallant Colonel is in ecstasies and begs to be introduced
all round; in the meantime the curtain falls and leaves him
"zo lion of zo Bal'."

SCENE 2nd.—Time half-past one o'clock, a. m., Monday.

Yo gallant Colonel takes his leave. During his walk home
his head is in a continuous whirl; fair faces are still flitting
before him; bewitching eyes are still gazing at him, charming
smiles are still greeting him; but is he quite happy? Alas! no,
an indistinct feeling that something is wrong troubles him.
Ah! he has it at length; he remembers that it was Sunday
night; then he thinks of his Brother Ministers, of his disas-
sociations—of his constituents in Lanark, and devoutly hopes
that neither they, nor the *Globe* will ever hear of his presence
at zo ball.

N. B.—Although this was too tempting an incident to lose, we trust we have used it in a good humoured way, and as our readers will see in another column, we highly disapprove of the conduct of the *Globe* in admitting the reports of a spy into its columns.

AREA SNEAKS.

"A. W. M." which we may as well inform our readers stands for "A Witless Mortal," or in other words,—a fool, writes to the *Globe* that the Hon. Mr. Cartier gave a ball last Sunday at his residence, St. George's Square, and that to his profound consternation no less a person than poor Colonel Playfair was present. Now the reading public need not be told that if the Hon. Mr. Cartier were a Clear Grit, and Col. Playfair a member of the Opposition, "A Witless Mortal" might have written ten thousand letters to the *Globe*, making public his holy horror at the desecration, and not one of them would have seen the light. But the case was otherwise, and the witless creature in question was allowed the use of the *Globe's* columns.

In starting, we may as well state for the information of the few dull readers who do us the honor not to understand us, that we are not apologists for the practice of Sunday festivities. But we are the champions, we hope of fair play—and, let us add, of Play-fair too. We will not allow the sanctity and privacy of any fire-side to be invaded.

Is it not now beyond human patience that a man's private character and private life must be dogged by anonymous correspondents the events of the drawing-room printed in the daily newspapers. That the *Globe*, boasting of its large circulation and its enlightened views, should degrade itself to the character of a "Paul Pry" or a "Spy," displays a demoralization in the Press, that will cause every honest member of the Fourth Estate to blush for shame.

As to the merits or demerits of the case in question—we will only say that it is a matter of conscience, with which the public have as little right to interfere as with the religious belief of the Honorable gentlemen who gave the ball. We know that by taking advantage of the incident in another column we may be amenable to our own censure, but we none the less condemn the conduct of A. W. M. and all spies of that kidney.

A FINE PROSPECT.

The following advertisement appears in the *Globe*:
MEDICAL MAN WANTED.

A properly qualified medical man is wanted in a prosperous country village, 15 miles from Kingston.

The advertisement does not state what advantages go to make the village a prosperous opening for a medical man, but we suppose fever and ague, cholera, typhus fever, cholice, rheumatism, and galloping consumption, go to swell the list. If any of our readers think we have misapplied the word *prosperous*, let them interpret it as applying to the healthy and flourishing condition of the aforesaid village in arts and manufactures. In that case there would be no necessity to advertise in a Toronto paper for a medical man. So we must be right in our conjecture as to the *prosperous* opening. This is certainly a chance for any one with a great deal of impudence and a little knowledge of medicine.

A sign of the Times.

—Mr. Foley, M. P. P., seconding the abortive attempt to smuggle the bill for closing all saloons at seven o'clock on Saturday evening, through the Lower House. Wonders will never cease.