



**FAREWELL!**

A FEARFUL, TEARFUL MELODRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS by certain Hamiltonians.

SCENE:—*The police chief's private office. As the curtain rises the chief is seen seated at his table, deep in thought, with a three-ply fold of gloom enwrapping his martial features. Sergants pass in and out but the chief hears them not. A note is placed before him. He mechanically opens it. It is an invitation to a slugging match. He rouses to the realities of life, casts from him the fold of gloom, and—smiles.*

**The Chief (loquitor)**—Oh! Hamilton. My usefulness for thee is gone. Ah me! I have led a happy life within thy borders. Admired by sports and detested by crookes, I have gone on my unchecked way until Alec. was boosted into the Mayoral chair. (*Rapturously*).

“Oh! star of silver light  
With flickering beam so bright,  
Oh! tell me, pray,  
Up in the calm blue skies  
Have Mayors souls or eyes?  
Do tell me pray!”

What a hit I made with that Sweet Stars poetry (once won a prize too) and yet Hamilton breathed a sigh of relief when my resignation was accepted. But I will be revenged! I will send another poem to the Eyrie, Alec., Alec., I have no use for thee! Why object to my going to the North-West or down East to be cast into durance vile. I was glad to go. Got too full of lawn-tennis. I—

(*Enter a deputation of lawn tennis players.*)

**Spokesman (tears streaming from his eyes)**—Ah! chief. This is a bitter day for us. Your poplar-like form will soon flit from our gaze. On behalf of the tennis players of Hamilton I tender you the tearful regrets of the gentlemen and the sob-sobbing laments of the ladies. May the remembrance of your many triumphs on the lawn be a comfort to you during these your hours of trouble. Quoting from your incomparable poem we would say:

“Each time you meet our view,  
We long to be with you,  
Away from here.”

(*The chief replies with a heartrending look and the deputation file out in silence.*)

*The chief*—Oh! that I should have to leave! Where—

(*Enter a deputation of sluggers with dejected mien.*)

*First slugger*—Say, chief, this is too bad of you, to leave us just as we have got the noble art down so fine and so duly appreciated. We'll not get such encouragement from the next chief. Say, let's have a round before we go. It will seem like old times.

(*The chief, dashing a tear from his left eye, complies, takes the whole deputation in turn and gallantly wipes the floor with their bodies. Exit deputation of sluggers highly elated.*)

*The chief*—Now I begin to feel myself again. A few more rounds and all thoughts of Alec. would have flickered to the stars. As I remarked before, where—

(*Enter the deputation of cricketers. Business as before. Exit cricketers. Enter deputation of Caledonian gamesters. Same business. Exit. Deputations of poets, elocutionists, baseball players, athletes and others follow each other in rapid succession, until the chief throws up the sponge and is taken home in the patrol wagon, murmuring distractedly:*

“Oh! that I dwelt up there,  
Amidst the balmy air,  
Away from here,  
I'd like to live and thirk,  
To eat, and sleep and drink  
Up there not here.”  
“Twinkle, twinkle little star.”

(*Curtain.*)

**FROM THE HEAD OFFICE.**

MR. I. J. HINGLEY, Grand Chief Templar of Nova Scotia, in sending remittance to pay his subscription to March, 1888, writes as follows:—“I like my GRIP, and as the chief officer of the I.O.G.T. in this Province, with a membership of over 7,000, I thank you from my heart on behalf of our Order for the stand you have taken in favor of Temperance. Your caricatures of the Rum business will do more to educate the people of Canada to vote for prohibition than any other instrument or association that I know of.”

“It seems to me that the young men nowadays have some queer ways about them,” remarked old Mrs. Pipkin, as she divested herself of her wrappings after a trip downtown.

“Why so, mother?” asked her son.

“Why, in the street-car to-day there were two young fellows, and one says to the other, ‘Where's your overcoat?’ ‘In soak,’ replied the other one; ‘where's yours?’ ‘Same here,’ was the answer; ‘mine has been in soak all summer.’ Now when I was a young woman the men used to put their overcoats in a trunk with camphor and things to keep away the moths, but I suppose the latest style is to put them in soak. I'd think it would take all the shape out of them.”

Snaggs did not explain it, and the old lady is still worrying over these new-fangled styles.

**AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT.**

If you will pardon us for interrupting the conversation for a moment, we would just mention that *Grip's Comic Almanac* for 1887 is in course of preparation. 32 pages, 10 cts. Out in November. Don't forget it.