

MY DUDE.

(AIR—"My Queen.")

WHEN and where shall I earliest meet him ;
 What are the clothes he then will wear ?
 Will he still use the same big eye-glass,
 Which gives his eyes such a vacant glare.
 Will he still walk like a hen rheumatic,
 Or like a goose by a boy pursued ?
 He whom I look for with longing ecstatic,
 He whom I worship—My Dude, My Dude !

Will his small moustache be with wax anointed ;
 Will his hair in the middle be parted neat ;
 Will he still wear those boots so pointed,
 Pinching his dear little tender feet ?
 Will his legs be thin and his hat be curly ;
 Will he suck his cane as a child its food ;
 Will he still call me his girly, girly ?
 He whom I worship—My Dude, My Dude !

OTTAWA, 22nd Nov., 1886.

W. H. F.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE AS A FAITHER.

THE WAREHOUSE, Nov. 25th, 1886.



DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Tae describe tae ye wi' onything like clearness the state o' ma mind for the last fortnight wad be as hard for me tae undertak' as for ye tae understand. The bamboozlement an' bewilderment o' bein' a pawrent is nae joke, I can tell ye ; for ye maun kin I'm a pawrent ; a rail *bonny feedy* pawrent—just a fortnight auld ! Eh, mon, but it's a fine laddie ! an' sae knowin' ! sae auld farrant ! he kens me already, an', wad ye believe it ? the rascal actually winkit at me yesterday. I really,

without prejudice, maun say he's the finest bairn ever I saw. He's a particularly fine head, no a hair on't yet, but as braid as it's lang, a kind o' what ye wad ca' a mathematical head—an' yet, when ye look at it frae a different pint o' view, rather inclined tae the classical. I canna help bein' struck wi' the expression o' superior intelligence pervadin' his hale coontenance, but the droll-est thing about him is he sleeps a' day and wakes a' nicht, an' he's a trick o' lyin' wi' his een half steekit, just lost in the profoondity o' thocht, an' then he'll smile, an' laugh at his ain dreams in sic a way that I wadna be a bit surprised gin he should turn oot tae be ane o' the first wuts o' the age. His mither says he's awfu' like me about the nose, but though I tak' the compliment kindly—seein' its nateral ma wife wad be partial to masel' ; still, onybody wi' half an' e'e can see that he is the born picter o' ma grannie. Ma grannie, puir body, was awfu' fond o' toastin' her taes at the fire, an' I can see the same hereditary tendency in that laddie, doon tae the very cawn look o' satisfaction on his coontenance when he spreads oot his little red taes afore the stove.

D'ye ken, I'm perfectly boo'd down wi' the wecht o' the responsibilities an' duties devolv'in' on me—there's his edication tae be properly seen till, an' though I've nae doot there's plenty o' competent professors in the University, still he'll be nane the waur o' the superintendence an' guidance o' his faither, sae I've begun the study o' Greek, an' ma freen Boyle, o' "Ye Olde Booke Store," has ma order for the best Greek an' Latin owthers, an' they'll be there when the laddie's ready for them.

I'm sair bauthered about a name for the laddie ; his mither wants to ca' him a'e thing, an' I want tae ca' him anither, in fact, we had a doonricht quarrel about it a'e nicht. Just at twa o'clock i' the mornin', when his lordship had waukened us up, screichin' for his breakfast at that onearthly oor, we gaummed an' barkit at ane anither for a hale half oor, an' at last we left the case tae arbitration, that's tae say, I tuk the Bible, an' whatever name ma e'e wad light on when I opened it, that was tae be the laddie's name. The first name I lichted on was Jehu, but gudesake ! I cudna christen him a coachman ; sae I steekit the book an' the next time it was Jeroboam — an' ye ocht tae hear the skirl o' his mither when she thocht o' the bairn being ca'd Jerry. "The third time tries a'," says I, an' wi' that I opens the book again, an' this time it was Jacob ! "What !" says Mrs. Airlie, "ca' him after that lecin', deceitfu' sinner—no indeed ! I'll just ca' him Hugh after yoursel'—so *there*." Noo when Mrs. Airlie says *there* in that particular tone o' voice, that's the danger signal, an' experience has learnt me at sic times tae keep a cawn sough.

Sae the laddie's name's Hugh—junior—an' tho' I say it masel', he's a wunnerfu' boy, an' it'll be a prood day for me when I see him struttin' aroond in his first breeks wi' a pouch in ilka corner o' them. Yours paternally,
 HUGH AIRLIE.

GRIP'S RECIPE FOR AN M.P.P.

SELECT a man with an impressionable nature and a small conscience ; the latter quality according to circumstances. Knead into him equal portions of the following : A superficial knowledge of political economy and the statistics of the Province ; a smattering of the poets ; a supreme contempt for his opponents ; rigid obedience to his chief. Then soak him in a weak solution of Canadian whiskey, to protect him from attacks of Prohibitophobia ; after which sprinkle him with a small portion of simulated anger ; righteous indignation ; a yearning for a timber limit ; dislike to refuse pay, whether earned or not. Then place in a lime kiln, and bake twelve hours.

Result.—A genuine M.P.P. of the first water.



THE CHERUB IN THE CLOUDS.

(SOMETHING THAT MICHAEL ANGELO NEVER DREAMED OF.)