

**A DOWNY DUDE.**

'Twas in the fair city of London the now,  
In a shop where a barber his trade did pursue;  
That a dude most delightfully airy walked in,  
A-twirling his cane, and a-feeeling his chin.  
It was his intention just for to be shaved,  
But his boss he came in and to him ill-behaved;  
Ordered him both the shop and the city to leave,  
Lest him of his liberty he should bereave.

Now this downy young dude who came in for a shave,  
Had been shaving his boss in a manner so brave,  
That his livery bill only his wages ate up;  
And still he dressed gaily, and gayly did sup.

Moreover this dude was to marriage inclined;  
To marry whole seven he'd made up his mind.  
There were two in Vittoria, two Michigan,  
And in South London two, all to marry one man.

To each he sent watches and jewels galore,  
Then the boss smelt a rat, and upsat all the splore;  
Short shirt did he get, "fifteen minutes—be off!"  
He went—nor once waited his christy to doff.

**MORAL.**

Now, all you young ladies who bank duds affect,  
Beware! No young fellow can be quite correct  
Who spends his small wages on drives, leaving nil,  
Save what he can capture by tapping the till.



FOREWARNED—FOREARMED.

DE ARBOUR, JULY 10th, 1884.

**MISTAH GRIP,**

Spose you know very well dat de cholera  
an on de wah path once moah an' dat it am  
bound to come along heah right away—if not  
soonah. You 'nose de ole proverb—"It's an  
ill wind dat blows nobody good"—well, we  
might as well make all we kin out of de  
cholera—it will make all it kin out of us when  
it comes—but if cleanliness an' de smell ob  
good hot lime kin sneeze him off de premises,  
why, de game is woth de candle anyhow.  
What I kem about dis ma'wnin' is—you know  
de awldermen—dat is, de mos intelligent of  
'em take GRIP. Well, I want to ketch dere  
eye. I want an all fired full page ad, on de  
cover ob GRIP, in dese words printed in capi-  
tals of awldermanic poportions—jes so—

**CHOLERA COMING SHO.**

A LARGE 'SINEMENT OB SHELLS FRFESH FROM  
DE LIME-KILN

**ALSO**

'BOLIC ACID AND DE CHLORIDE AT DE NEAREST  
DRUG STO"—CHEAP.

Whitewashing dun thurly an' neatly, by axeperts  
and artists.

I doan min payin' a little extra fur a cut of  
awlderman-Piper doubled up wid de cramps  
—and a niggah on a laddah whitewashing de  
Zoo. When de cholera's bin an gone yo ken  
send in de bill fur adveatizin'—I'll have my  
bill fo' whitewashing settled by de bord ob  
health by dat time. Ef dey jes give me de  
contract fur a gen'ral clarin up—an' a high ole  
fumigation ob all holes an' cawners—fo' gra-  
cious—dere won't be a single bite fo' a cholera  
microscope to feed on—he'll be starved out,—  
glad to scoot, sho!

JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.  
Purveyor to de Boad of Health.

**THE SCALPEL.**

**"NEVER LOSE YOUR GRIP."**

"CORK, June 20.—The Mayor of this city has tendered his resignation because Dolaney, the defeated candidate, for the mayoralty, has instituted legal proceedings against him."

Now, let us by way of contrast turn to a distinguished countryman of this non-combative Corkonian, on this side of the water. His name is Haw—, but stay! On second thoughts charity prevails, and we simply but sadly say: "*Requiescat in fatum jobum!*"

**IT'S A FACT.**

"The people of Canada at present want nothing so little as they want reciprocity.—*Mail.*"

Yes, they do. They want *Mail* editorial littler, and less violent and virulent in tone.

**SEETHING SEDIMENT—OR SENTIMENT.**

"DUBLIN, June 20.—Earl Spencer, in replying to an address presented by deputation from the Presbyterians of Ormiston, said that Ireland had passed through turbulent times, but there were good grounds for hoping that better times were near at hand."

Aye, "good grounds," to be sure. But the trouble is the grounds won't settle!

**SOMETHING IN A NAME.**

"The lace dress technically known to dressmakers and the trade as Laize, is the high novelty of the passing season.—*Fashion Item.*"

Quite in keeping with modern fashionable femininity. But they might as well spell it plain "lace."

**A TRIUMPH OF RESEARCH.**

"The North York Teachers' Association say that the Hon. G. W. Ross is the right man in the right place."

Somebody really ought to hasten and apprise Mr. Ross of this startling discovery. We all know the hon. gentleman himself has not the faintest suspicion of it.

**AN EDITOR'S LITTLE SCARE.**

"Mr. Blake, while acting as umpire in the baseball match between the Beavers of Guelph and the Mutuals of Galt, on Saturday last, had to leave his post during the second innings, he having been knocked senseless by a "foul tip."—*Galt Reformer.*"

There was consternation in the family of many a true and tried Grit in good old Waterloo, when this item was first encountered. But further on the joking editor proceeds to explain that it was a local "Mr. Blake," and not the False Prophet of the Great Reform Party, who had got hurt.

**PARTICULARS, PLEASE.**

"Earl Spencer has expressed the opinion that the sway of the Terrorists is ended.—*Cablegram.*"

But we'd like to know if His Excellency has taken into account the Toronto police force!

**TAKE NOTICE.**

"The paroxysms of religious enthusiasm into which some Salvationists work themselves are apt to end in the unhinging of weak minds.—*Toronto Telegram.*"

This is an awful warning to readers of the *Telegram* never to join the Salvationists.

**A COINCIDENCE.**

"As the world grows older labor increases its value, and to a very large extent in proportion to the increase the products of human industry decline in price.—*Globe.*"

This appeared in the same issue of the *Globe* that chronicled its printers' strike, and also contained offers of advertising "rediklus low."

**THEY WANT THE COIN.**

"Lord Carlingford says American power and influence would increase enormously if America had free trade."

But it is cold cash our cousins are looking after in their fiscal policy.

**TOO PARTICULAR, ALTOGETHER.**

"Figaro's correspondent, Pain, recently left Beach in an attempt to penetrate to El Oband. He was attacked by the Arabs and robbed. When he endeavored to reach the river he nearly perished. A fellow found Pain in an almost dying condition, and carried him to Eilfo, where he was arrested, and the authorities refused him permission to telegraph the French consul. Pain will sue the Egyptian Government for false imprisonment."

He will, eh? Well, that's all we want to know about Mr. Pain. A newspaper correspondent who can't stand a little knocking around occasionally, had better quit and join some police force.

**GET THEE TO A NIGHT SCHOOL.**

"\* \* \* both her and the Salvation Army soldier were arrested." *Mail local.*

Brother Griffin must really try to bear up. It's tough—but cast your thoughts on the success of the Semi-Centennial, and a withering glance at the author of this atrocity.

**STRAIGHT BUSINESS.**

"The latest effort of the genius of Mr. J. B. Alden, of New York, in the art of publishing cheap and useful books, is an issue of "A Concise Practical Concordance to the Principal Poets of the World."—*Mail Book Reviewer.*"

"I must give this thing," mutters the able reviewer, "a good stiff, because Griffin himself is interested in the Principal Poets of the World. In fact, he stands right in among 'em with his hat on—in his mind."

**GOULD'S GOLD.**

"Jay Gould never writes his name twice in the same way."—*Item.*

But no one who carries one of Mr. Gould's cheques will throw it away when he learns this. His name in any other shape would draw as much.

**OIL, WE KNOW YOU.**

"Farm work is at a standstill now, so that agriculturalists will have a good opportunity to view the sights."—*Toronto Telegram.*

Spelling it "agriculturalist" was done with a design. The editor of the *Telegram* wants people to believe he never worked out on a farm!

**A DANGEROUS RIVAL.**

"NEWMARKET, June 26.—Newmarket to-day celebrates a semi-centennial."

Having kept up so far with Toronto, you don't suppose a semi-centennial is going to scare off Newmarket. It is a very frigid afternoon when this fair town gets left.

**BREVITY IS THE STUD OF PLATFORMS.**

"One of the planks in the Liberal platform is that the Senate should be made elective. At Harriston Mr. Blake explained fully the policy of the party on this question."—*Globe Editorial.*

"The Senate should be smaller than it was; it should be elective—(Cheers)"—*Globe Report of Harriston Speech.*

That was Mr. Blake's full explanation of the Liberal policy on the Senate—*twelve words!* The Liberal platform, on the whole, is not going to crowd the newspapers, for sure.

**ALL ON ONE SIDE.**

"The Mahdi insists on his warriors wearing a uniform."

Now, if the warriors could only insist on the Mahdi paying for it, the account would be more nearly squared.

**THAT CATCHES ME.**

"His military ardor had been aroused by the sight of the procession, and it made him almost wish that he was a volunteer himself."—*The Lieut.-Governor on the Military Parade.*

There would be more fun in it and less flummery, at all events. But the other job pays better.