



1.

2.

1. This is the dude from Dudeville.
2. This is the maid with golden hair,  
The soft blue eyes and languid air,  
That was "mashed" on the dude from Dudeville.



3.

4.

3. This is her brother, a "slugger" bold,  
Who thumped the dude when to him was told  
That his sister, the maid with the golden hair,  
And soft blue eyes and languid air,  
That was "mashed" on the dude from Dudeville.
4. This is the father who saw the fun,  
But said not a word till the thing was done  
By his son, the tough young "slugger" bold,  
Who thumped the dude when to him was told  
That his sister, the maid with the golden hair,  
And soft blue eyes and languid air,  
Was mashed on the dude from Dudeville.



5.

5. This is the bull-dog, true and tried,  
That caused the dude to "git up and slide,"  
When unloosed by the father, who saw the fun,  
But said not a word till the thing was done  
By his son, the tough young slugger bold,  
Who thumped the dude when to him was told  
That his sister the maid with the golden hair,  
And soft blue eyes and languid air,  
Was mashed on the dude from Dudeville.

—New York Star.

### ONLY A SINGER GIRL.

#### SPASM THE FIRST.

'Twas a sad, sweet voice that wandered idly into the left ear, the right one was deaf, of the Duke de Pomarosa, as he sat lazily dangling his limpen legs out of a back window in his mansion, and picking his teeth with a three-year-old tooth-pick. His silken vest became visibly agitated and his cheek's hue came and went; his memory strolled back along the ages of the past to sunny Italy, wher

the voice of melody is oft heard in the land, and the Duke was only restored to earthly consciousness by falling backwards upon his cranium, awakening the dull echoes therein, and disarranging his well-set wig. The voice still wandered idly. The Duke was prompted to action. Throwing a summersault he alighted nimbly on his feet, and reversed his former position by throwing his head from out a front window in his mansion, hoping thereby to catch a glimpse of the owner of that sad, sweet voice. Alas! she had gone. All the world now seemed a blank to the Duke. The voice lingered lovingly in his left ear. He would follow her! One stride took him out of the room, two more found his hand on the front door handle, and a third gracefully landed him into a heap of mud reclining in the gutter. Nothing daunted, he picked himself up and hurried on. At last the singer was before him. "Only a singer girl," the Duke de Pomarosa murmured, whilst his heart went out to her. The girl's face had an intellectual cast, and would have been pretty had it been nature's will. But the Duke cared for none of these. Time would heal all. Calling her to him he asked her address, thrust into her eager hands a roll of dollar bills, and hastily left the scene, lest his emotion should get the better of him.

#### SPASM THE SECOND.

When the Duke arrived in the seclusion of his room he flung himself upon a couch on which were strewn several innocent tacks, heads down, but he felt them not, and was soon deep in a reverie, in which the singer girl was the central figure. When his valet came to ask whether he would take the Ducal mutton hot or cold, he found the greatest difficulty in bringing His Grace back to the world. Finally, after digging several dozen pins into His Grace's legs, and pouring a pint of hot water into his left ear, he succeeded in bringing the Duke to the realities of life and cold mutton. From that moment the Duke de Pomarosa was a changed man. Not many days after the Duke was entertaining a brilliant assemblage of guests, some in the drawing-room, others in the back kitchen, when he startled them out of their usual serenity by bounding out of the room, upsetting three marchionesses, two earls and a dozen of Bass's bitters in his flight. He had remembered the singer girl's address, which, from the time he received it, had stubbornly refused to show up in the ducal memory box. Finding the house, the Duke sent in his card, and was admitted. The first object he cast his optics upon was an old lady who sat crooning over the stove smoking a short, black pipe. "Where is your daughter, ma'am?" asked the Duke, offering a cigar to the old lady. "Which dother, sur, I've foive of 'em?" "I mean the singer girl." "Och! sure, sur, a moighty foine girl. She's larning a new song on the pianny fortay up in the garrett. I'll call her down to yez. Bridget, Bridget! come down here, and don't let me calling of yez many more toimes. A gentleman wants to speak to yez." A voice replied far up the height: "I'm coming, ma," and immediately there came the sound of a pair of number fifteen boots descending the stairs. The Duke's heart throbbed painfully. The thought of many weeks past stood before him in all her fragile beauty. One glance from each other's eyes was enough. The singer girl knew she was beloved, as the Duke folded her to his bosom and passionately kissed her. "Aisy, aisay, sur," I wants no trouble wid a breach of promise." "You shall have none of that, mother dear," murmured the Duke, as he looked deep down into the shady-colored eyes of his beloved, "I shall send her to school and make a lady of her." "Pwhat! send her to school and eddicate her? What shall I say?" "Say yes, mother dear," replied Bridget in purest English, "I shall be a lady and a great singer, and will keep you in com-

fort all your days." The old lady gave her consent, a keg of lager was sent for, and the bargain concluded thereon.

#### SPASM THE THIRD.

Bridget was sent to an academy, where she blossomed into a fine lady, and was more and more beloved by the Duke, who was happy in the thought that he would soon possess a wife who could sing him to sleep in the still watches of the night.

#### SPASM THE LAST.

They were married, and Bridget the singer-girl became Duchess de Pomarosa. Now as they sit around the stove, the Duchess sings a different tune into the Duke's right ear, and when the hours of sleep have approached, she treats him to a song in a minor key, whilst the Duke wishes she would a-Bridget, and turns his deaf ear to her sad, sweet voice.

(Finis)

TITUS A. DRUM.

### THE MONKEY AND THE MAPLE.

Once on a time, a grave old chimpanzee, Had for his home a stately maple tree,  
In spring he drank the toothsome sap that oozed From spots which part by chance his claws had bruised.  
Some hugs that ate the leaves he promptly sped, And used the leaves to make a nice warm bed.  
Ruthy and by the owners of the tree, Grown tired of this same old sombre chimpanzee,  
Announced their fiat by a mighty shout, And quickly fired our virtuous monkey out.  
A little later through the branches sprang An agile and a large ourang-outang;  
He cut poor chimp's old perch at once away, And lo! the maple grew from day to day.  
The chimpanzee beneath, with woe-worn eyes, Watched the proceedings with a sad surprise.  
And so for years this state of things went on, Yet all the misdeeds that were heaped upon  
The happy monkey feasting in the tree, Failed to make room for the chimpanzee.  
One day, however, the ourang-outang In sweet and simian tones came out and sang:  
"I fear, I fear the falling of my tree;  
"Its foliage is not all it ought to be.  
"It needs attentions: I'll explain the case,  
"And get some help through my kind neighbor's grace."  
The listening chimpanzee, with clearing brow, Wound his tail thrice around a lower bough.  
"I know my duty," said the chimpanzee,  
"No money shall be spent on this here tree."  
So through the monkey tribe the news did fly, The wood was rotten and the sap was dry.  
Gorillas, white-faced apes and houndolms, And swore not one was sound among its limbs.  
Now, who can hope the truth itself to reach, When apes or women meet in strife of speech?  
The tenant got his fertiliser. So Each one declared the price too high or low.

#### MORAL.

Guard your own maple trees yourselves; beware Of trusting monkeys with their precious care.

### ANOTHER BOLD BURGLARY.

THE BIGGEST AND BOLDEST STROKE YET OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE JIMMY.

(By Grip's Special Prophet, anticipating the Toronto daily papers.)

Following close upon the heels of the successful burglary perpetrated at the residence of the chief of police, and which, it will be remembered, was preceded two nights previous by the cracking of the safe in Pat Finnegan's, just adjoining the Central Station, not more than half an hour before a couple of detectives dropped into the saloon for a bowl, comes a case of burglary more daring by far than any heretofore recorded. The safe in the Central Police Station was blown open by means of dynamite last night, and every atom of its contents carried off. The whole affair is