



Capt of M.F. Club - Now sir, be good enough to keep out of the way, and don't intrude the game.
 Usher of Black Rod - Do you know WHO I AM sir?

TERRIBLE WRENCH TO THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

The Usher of the Black Rod is not permitted to spoil a game of cricket on Government Square! For particulars see daily papers.

THE EARLY BIRD.

The early bird—the early fiend! If I could catch him one of these mornings I'd crush him like a-a—a worm! No, I never crush a worm. When I meet a worm I step over him, or walk around him at a respectable distance, or back up and let him pursue his course along the cool, sequestered vale, etc. Why should I crush *him*, pray? What has he ever done to me that I should crush him? He never disturbs my slumbers, he doesn't rise before dawn and kick up racket enough to start a premature resurrection, he lets me sleep in peace. Crush him, no! I have no quarrel with *him*; but the early bird, the ghoul, the fiend, whose lot joins mine with only an alley way between, I'd crush him, cranch him, jump on him, stomp him out of existence for ever. Oh! oh!! oh!!! when I think of it. As for sympathy in suffering, when I ask Jones, next door, what early monster is abroad at day-dawn, he tells me "he is a very industrious fellow, works down town, owns that row of little roughcasts, all by his own industry, all by getting up early of a morning. Oh, yes, he's industrious, he is an early riser." As if I didn't know that to my sorrow, as if I don't stagger round the house all day long—with fishy, bloodshot eyes—and jaws that gape and gape till they threaten to yawn asunder—all on account of his early rising! Oh! he rises in the morning!—not a doubt about that; also in the night-time, before dawn, just when Brooks' dog has lain down for a nap after a night's yelping, when the cats cease from troubling and are at rest on the scantling of the back-yard fence, when, with a sigh of thankfulness—at last—I drop off into a delicious snooze, so delicious that I feel myself sleeping, and my muscles resting, ah, most exquisitely! Then, powers infernal! what is that? Great Cæsar! listen

to that! It is the fiend, the early bird, the industrious fellow—and he is sawing pine boards with a dull rip saw in the alley way at the foot of my yard! Oh! oh!! oh!!! the ripping, the tearing, the outcry of that saw protesting with every tooth in its head against being driven at this rate at four o'clock in the morning! It is awful! I cover my ears with the blankets, but it is a hot morning and I feel stifled, and in desperation I jump out of bed and slam down the window, in the vain hope of deafening the sound somehow—no go!

That saw goes tearing and screeching through the lumber till my salivary glands shed tears, idle tears; for the fiend has to be down town by seven, and he never once pauses or slackens off until half-past six—when, awakened by the noise—two little night-gowned figures glide into my room, and sidling up to the window, peer through the blind, and whisper, "I wonder is that pa sawing wood,"—and are startled by a snarl from the bed—"Do you think pa's a member of the Inquisition?"

Yes—it's all over!—no more sleep for me who retired at twelve after working hard all day, saying, "Lo! I will have six hours sweet sleep." Sleep! don't talk to me about that wet sea-boy—not even he could have slept—while giving audience to a feline serenade from one to three—dog solo from three to four—intermission two minutes—and then rip! whirr!—screechy-scrawchy! screechy-scrawchy! oh! oh!! oh!!! And yet you doubt my will to crush him! Ah! if that had but been all, but the end is not yet. No, sir! As I yawn through the interminable day, I keep up my spirits, and soothe my outraged nerves with the thought that I will make up for it to-night. I say—not later than ten will I retire—and I shall sleep—ah! I shall sleep till eight—and all will be well! Humph! I

reckon without the fiend. Ten o'clock finds me in bed—it is clear moonlight, a lovely night for poetry—but I don't feel like it—my blinds are down, my slats down and out, and in delicious gloom and silence I court repose.

Whorr-rr-rap! flap! smack! bang!—ye gods! it is he! In the moonlight—industrious fellow—sorting lumber, and piling up the pine-boards he sawed in the morning! It is awful—I pause and meditate—this cannot go on—bangup! bangup! bang! really, I can tolerate this no longer, and, electrified by rage, my stiff and aching limbs bound on to the floor, I spring to the window, pull up the blind, dash open the shutter, and, thrusting my head into the moonlight, am about to utter a yell of protest—when, presto! the noise has stopped—silence reigns—yes—there he is, winding slowly up through the garden path to his house. Thankfulness extinguishes rage—I draw in my head—shut out the light again, get into bed, and in another minute am asleep. Beautiful sleep! I could write no end of poetry on it. But the waking, ah! the waking. This time it is a loud, sharp, incessant, knocking, noise. I open one eye. Through a chink of the shutter I see a line of red athwart the eastern horizon—it is four by the illuminated dial on the bureau—and the whole neighborhood is echoing—and reverberating to the sound of a hammer that is ham—ham—hammering up a fence! It is the fiend! the early riser—the industrious fellow—and he is nailing up the boards he sawed at day-dawn yesterday! To-morrow I expect he will get up at three to sharpen his saws, to earn money, and build cottages, at the expense of my health and reason. Crush him! yes, sir, without any compunction whatever. JAY KAYELLE.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

KING STREET, ITS BUDDINGS, ETC. (CONTINUED).

Last week the unfortunate, gifted and handsome writer of "GRIP'S Guide to Toronto" made some remarks reflecting on the Dudes of this city. He now proposes to tell his admiring readers what has happened. He (the talented writer) had intimated that Dudes, as a class, were N.G.; that their legs were too thin and their collars too lofty for the owners of these articles to be of any use.

It is now five days since the aforesaid writer of these very able articles was interviewed by ten Dudes (printer, put that D as big as the one that Sir Jo. Porter, K.C.B., don't use!). They, the Dudes, ascended to the garret inhabited by all literary men—that is to say the garret inhabited by one literary man, not for a moment intimating that all literary men live in the same individual garret—you catch on to my meaning, reader, don't you?—but they all live in garrets. Goldsmith lived in a garret at one time. Savage inhabited a sky-parlor, and it has been even hinted that Dr. Sam. Johnson at one time was the unhappy occupant of the chamber nearest the tiles. But what has all this to do with Dudes? you naturally enquire, gentle reader and admirer of the genius that inspires me to write so well. I am just coming to that. These ten (10) Dudes mounted the stairs leading to my garret. They were armed and evidently desired the blood of some one. I was that some one. I will now describe the weapons which these bloodthirsty ruffians bore. Number One—not the Fenian—carried a cigarette the smell of which would have killed a rhinoceros. Number Two had a cane that would have slain a fly if its owner—the cane's owner, not the fly's—for I hold that nobody owns flies, or if somebody does, that that somebody ought to look after his or her property better than he or she does—Number Two had a cane, as I before remarked, that would have killed a fly if the owner of the cane had been