

## HOW IS IT PRONOUNCED?

TO-DAY I met a tearful dude,  
Oh, wasn't he a beauty!  
As pretty as a picture on  
A box of Tutti-Frutti!

"Why weep ye on the street, fair youth?  
What seek ye on the street?  
And hast thou lost some jewel rare—  
A keepsake from thy sweet?"

"Aye, I have lost a treasure rare!  
With grief I'm almost dumb;  
'Tis no mere bauble from my fair—  
I've—lost—my—chewing-gum!"

I offered him a ginger-snap  
And taffy-candy, but he  
Remained disconsolate, and wailed,  
"I want my Tutti-Frutti!"

## VERY EXCLUSIVE.

MRS. UPPERTEHN—"We will invite the Tennizens,  
the Rightouts, the Lards—"

MR. UPPERTEHN (*indignantly*)—"The Lards! The  
devil!"

MRS. UPPERTEHN—"I don't think we had better  
ask him. He is not in our set."

## QUERY?

JAWKINS—"So they've commuted Mrs. Maybrick's  
sentence, and I notice that the authorities say they  
will not listen to any petitions asking for mitigation of  
the life-sentence. She's in for the rest of her days, sure  
enough."

PUNNERMAN—"Probably: though—er—she May-  
brick out, you know!"

## AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

FIRST CHAPPIE—"So you are engaged to Nettie  
Vere de Vere. How do you get along, old man?"

SECOND CHAPPIE—"Well, you see, she's so fond of  
eau de cologne, jockey club and so on, that 'pon my hon-  
nah, I find it quite an affair of *dollars and cents*, don't  
cherknow."

## A HISTORIC FEUD.

TEACHER—"English literature class stand up. The  
lesson for to-day is Shakespeare's play of Romeo  
and Juliet. Where is the scene laid?"

FIRST BOY—"Verona, sir."

TEACHER—"Right. What were the two noble houses  
of Verona that had a deadly feud between them?"

FIRST BOY—"Montague and—and—I can't think of  
the other."

PUPIL (*whose father is a Grit heeler*).—"I know, sir."

TEACHER—"Well."

PUPIL—"The feud was atween Montague and Colter."

## A RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

"DEAR, dear Clarence," said Amelia Jane, "how  
kind, how thoughtful of you. This ring is really  
very pretty and nice, but as you only got it on approba-  
tion perhaps you could exchange it for one not quite so  
thick and a trifle flatter." "Ah, yes, just so. In that  
case you would regard it as a flatter-ring testimonial."

Engagement cancelled on the spot, and now they meet  
as strangers, and he puts \$3 weekly in the saving's bank  
instead of buying ice cream and caramels.

## RED RUBE, THE ROUGH:

OR, THE TERROR OF TECUMSETH TOWNSHIP.

ONCE upon a time.

There is no time like the old time,  
When you and I were young,  
When the buds of April blossomed  
And the birds of spring-time sung.

This time we are talking about there was a purple haze  
on the sunset; it looked as if the glorious orb of day was  
going to bed full.

The stage coach is creeping slowly up the canon.

The sleeping passengers have no thought of danger.  
All they do know is that the mules will not balk. They  
have no dread of the awful consequences which will follow  
a refractory mule's actions. They go on slumbering as  
peacefully as babes on the kitchen floor when the cradle  
is broken.

But, stop. A dark figure suddenly approaches out of  
the gloom.

It is Red Rube, the Rough.

"I want a ride," exclaims the man.

"Alright, sir. Whar you bound for?"

"I'm bound for the next town."

"Good nuff. Get aboard."

Night fell softly.

The stars wakened up and rubbed their eyes and  
blinked at the sleeping earth.

The mother moon smiled in quiet approval.

And the quietest passenger on board the stage that  
night was Red Rube the Rough.

T. T.

## PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

IN anticipation of the time which may be rapidly ap-  
proaching, unless things take a turn, when every  
citizen of Ontario will be expected to know French as  
well as English, GRIP ventures to try his hand at humor  
in that language, just to see how it will go. It's just as  
well to get used to things gradually, and if these few  
specimens of Gallic *jeux d'esprit* do not amuse our readers  
they will at least serve as a warning of what they may  
expect as a regular thing in the future if they don't wake  
up in time to the threatened danger.

DUVAL—"Bon jour, mon ami. Comment ça va?"

SACREBLEU—"Bon jour, votre mème. Dites-moi avez  
vous lu les œuvres de Montaigne?"

DUVAL—"Oh, non; pas si bete! J'ai fait mieux."

SACREBLEU—"Ah! Et comment?"

DUVAL—"J'ai lu les œuvres de M. Drumont et comme  
vous savez il est *ultra-montane*!"

JACQUES—"Ou est votre fils?"

ALPHONSE—"Il demeure a Paris," (Ont).

JACQUES—"Encore?"

ALPHONSE—"Oui. Il est bien *paressoux*. Naturelle-  
ment il aime la vie Parisienne."

GAVROCHE—"Voici le *dude*. Il va se marier a Madam-  
oiselle X."

PIERRE—"Eh bien! Il lui s'attachera toujours. Cela  
va vans dire."

GAVROCHE—"Et pourquoi?"

PIERRE—"N'est il pas un *gommex*?"