

# ADOLPHUS FITZDUDESON.



I'm a gentleman of leashaw,  
Don't you know;  
I simply live for pleashaw,  
Don't you know;  
Of fashion I'm the pink,  
B & S I always drink,  
But I never, never *think*,  
Don't you know.

I'm clarquing in a Bank,  
Don't you know;  
Which wather gives me rank,  
Don't you know;  
On the Governor I call,  
I'm at every swellish ball—  
I've got a lot of gall,  
Don't you know.

My bills I rarely pay,  
Don't you know;  
Tho' they dun me every day,  
Don't you know;  
My creditors they stawm,  
But I never take alawm,—  
It's vewy beastly fawm,  
Don't you know.

Of course I have my cares,  
Don't you know;  
There's washing and wepairs,  
Don't you know;  
But my heart is always light,  
And my cigawette glows bwight,  
When my name's in *Sat'dy Night*,  
Don't you know.

## A SUGAR COMBINE.

KINGSTON, *March 6th*, 1888.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—We girls down here in Kingston have hit upon the sweetest thing out. We call it a sugar combine, hitching on to the new "trust" movement. Ethel Gushington said that was the best name for it, as we could be as sweet as confectionery when we choose, and when we didn't choose it was nobody's business. We've combined to control the matrimonial market, what there is of it, and that isn't much. This is the dearest old military city in the world. There are barracks, and forts, and a military college, and everything but men. The few officers we have are married old pokes, except one or two, and most of the cadets are lately out of the nursery, so they're not much on matrimony. The dear little fellows will be some use, about ten years from now, when they've made a reputation and a fortune in India, or some other outlandish country. But that's not business, and we girls are just bent on business, now, you bet.

What do you think? We had a meeting and formed a big Trust. Most of the girls went into it, and we'll crush those that stay out. We're all for the spirit of the age, we are!

This is our racket. The markets are overstocked now, supply greater than the demand, and all that kind of thing. Well, we're going to shut down on this thing. We'll only allow a certain number of girls to go to any given party. The rest must send regrets and stay at home. This will look like a scarcity, don't you see, and make the men stir about pretty lively. The manager, Ethel, she runs the thing, and she'll have to give the tip to those who are to go, and arrange for the others to have their turn next time, so it'll be all fair. Then we'll not allow any more younger sisters to come out, till the old ones go off the hooks. That'll help things a little, don't you think so? The young ones always look so fresh, and

the men are such fools about a pretty face. Then we'll boycott all scrubs. Ain't scrubs the workmen that come in from other towns when there is a strike? Well, that's what I mean. We won't let any good looking girls come in from other towns to our balls.

We just mean to run this Trust on business principles. We'll put up the price, too. If cotton, and wool, and sugar, and everything else is going up, as all the papers say, it stands to reason married people must have more to live on. Now some girls have gone much too cheap. A good, reasonable, and affectionate girl doesn't want much in the way of wealth. She looks for domestic happiness. That's what we believe in here, anyway, and don't you forget it. But there are some few things a married woman must have. She wants, for instance, a nice home, and high-art furniture—plush and old gold—and a small conservatory—just a dear little one, don't you know, off the drawing-room—and a Steinway piano, and a carriage and horses, with a good saddle-horse besides, and a coupé and a butler, and three or four other servants, and a box at the opera, and to give dinner parties and balls, and a trip to the sea shore in the summer, and a run over to England now and then, besides dresses and gloves, and some little ducks of bonnets.

Well, you see, we must put up our prices a little, and that's one object of the combine. I guess it'll work all right, MR. GRIP, and so I remain yours,

FANNY,

*Secretary of the Kingston Sugar Trust.*



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

NOW LET US SEE IF THE FEDERAL ROOSTER CAN FLY SO HIGH!

## WHO WILL CARE FOR MATTHEW NOW?

What society needs most is a chest protector.—*Washington Critic*.

In view of Matthew Arnold's recent expression of opinion that the American "funny men" are a national calamity, some people will doubtless think there is more need of a jest protector. Matthew Arnold will have occasion for something of the sort when the American newspapers, containing the funny men's rejoinders, reach him. By the time they get through fooling with Matthew, he will, no doubt, be ready to revise his former assertion, and to declare that the humorist is not merely a national but an international calamity.