



## HOW I BECAME A DUDE.

One evening as I was sitting ruminatingly smoking my T.D. clay, I was suddenly struck with the idea that I was cut out for a dude. I felt that Nature's sole object in calling me into existence had been to pose me before the world as a dude of purest ray serene.

No sooner was the thought conceived than I proceeded to carry it into execution; I sallied forth to my tailor and startled that nonal fraction of mankind by exclaiming—

"Go to; make a Dude of me."

Mr. Shears turned pale, dropped his scissors and staggered back several paces; he surveyed me from head to foot with an air which said more plainly than words could speak, "The man's as crazy as a loon," but he did not give verbal expression to his thoughts.

"Make a Dude of me," I roared impatiently, "if you can make a Dude of me without ado do it at once and let it be do'd—I mean done."

When the miserable little snip recovered from the swoon into which this sentence threw him, he stammered out,

"It will be a hard job, sir, but I'll do my best," and he at once proceeded to measure me.

(Gentle reader, I have been told that my figure is the exact counterpart of that of one Ap Ollo—a Welshman who existed in the time of King Jones ap Jones ap Shinkin of Caermarthen,—with a dash of the manly proportions of Hercules thrown in. People who have had a favor to ask of me have told me this, but I have heard that others, doubtless inspired by petty jealousy and envy have styled me "a great, big, overgrown lubber." This—*ongpassong*, as the Canadian nobility say when they return from a two months' sojourn on the "Continong de Frawnce," and find their native lingo almost forgotten—this will explain, in some measure, the cause of Mr. Shears' amazement.)

To cut the matter short, I was measured and in due course of time my regalia of dudeship was sent home, none of the minutest details being omitted. I at once proceeded to don my new plumage. I began with the—with the—the—yes, the trows—, you know; ye gods! how shall I ever get these on I thought? tight! well, I should say so; the puzzle was how to get my feet through them, but I struggled manfully and after an hour's severe physical and mental labor, with the assistance of my valet—a boy I employ to run errands, bring in beer, etc., etc.—I at last stood equipped as to my legs; the next thing was the boots—regular toothpicks; here was a puzzle! how was I to get them on? I should have to sit down and sit down I could not with those awful unmentionables on. However, nothing is impossible to the determined, and by bracing myself up against the bureau and lifting up my feet, one at a time, behind me, my assistant, taking a foot between his legs as you may have seen a blacksmith take a horse's hoof to

shoe the animal, I was finally shod. The collar came next. Without exaggeration that article was five inches high and as stiff as a pike-staff. I got it on. I had prior to this, been lost in wonder, if not awe, at the fearful appearance of my legs and feet, but now these sensations were denied me, for I could no more look earthwards than I could fly. I felt as if that collar would assuredly pare off huge masses of jaw and cheek at each turn of my head; but it didn't; my cheek I still retain: all of it. I was at length fully equipped, even to the eye glass, double watchchain attached to a bunch of keys in either pocket and crook handled cane; and there I was. By a severe strain of the facial muscles I at length contrived to assume a hopelessly imbecile and idiotic look, and with the aid of a little mucilage I managed to get my eye glass fixed in my optic. "Verily," I said to myself, said I, "Mr. Shears has followed my instructions well; I am a Dude. I will now sally forth in this awful guise—this inconceivable torment—and promenade and let the world see what a real Dude is: true, I can scarcely walk with these confounded eel-skin things on, but I'll do my best; I am a Dude—"

At this juncture there was a tap at the door and in walked Dr. Bistoury with an immense case of instruments under his arm, and followed by two medical students. "Good day," he said, "I was sent by Mr. Shears, the tailor, to attend to you." "Attend to me!" I cried, "there's nothing the matter with me; is Mr. Shears crazy?"

"No," replied the doctor, "but he says you ordered him to make a Dude of you and as he has done his part he felt that to complete the job, my assistance was necessary; Mr. Shears always carries out his instructions to the letter."

"Yes, but what the mischief have you—a medical man—got to do with making a Dude of me?" I said, amazed. "I am a complete Dude already; look at me." "Yes, I see you," answered Dr. Bistoury, "but you're not a complete Dude yet; sit down." "But I can't sit down," I replied, "look at these trousers—tight; a sedentary position is impossible."

"Well then stand up," answered the other; "Now then, Scalpel to one assistant hold him and give me my trepanning instruments and small saw." "But what are you going to do, doctor?" I cried, an awful fear seizing me.

"Do? make a complete Dude of you," was the reply; "must be done." "What must be done?" "Your brain must come out," replied the medical fiend, and in an agony of terror I swooned away, splitting my unmentionables all to shivers in my fall and nearly decapitating myself with my altitudinous collar. The shock with which I came to the floor awoke me and I found that it was but a dream after all, and that I was lying beside my chair where I had fallen. I had not become a Dude, thank heaven!

SWIZ.

The city newspaper men have had a new and improved joke dedicated to them by the heaven-born humorist of the *Mail*. It is founded on the quiet marriage of a *Globe* journalist the other day. The *Globe* journalist's name is Scott, and the *Mail* humorist's *bon mot* consists in his referring to the marriage as "the Scott Act."

A Yonge-street contemporary certainly owes an apology to the head of the Police Force for speaking of him as "Deputy-Sheriff Macpherson." The veteran police officer thinks that while he can reconcile with his conscience an occupation necessitating his arresting a man, or even gaoling a man (particularly an Irish hack driver), he must draw the line at a job which might call for *hanging* a man.

## A JAM-UP JOKE.

It was Murdoch McFie who accosted Quisby yesterday and said, "I see there's a conundrum frae England going around about the country through the press. It is this, 'why does Mr. Gladstone advocate me making of Jam?' And the answer is, 'Because there are so many Jars in his Cabinet.'" Noo I fail to see the wut of all this. Why does he keep Jars in his Caubinet, anyway?"

"Well Mac," replied Quisby, "I suppose he keeps the Jars in order that he can preserve his power for any length of time; you know all governments use measures to that end, and a ten gallon Jar, for instance, is certainly a measure. That's the pint ye see, 'Mac."

"Nac doot, Nac doot! but losh! mun whais the Joke?" said Mac, as he moodily walked Eastward on his way, murmuring as he went, "I can no understaun' such English wut as you." No wonder!

## SUPPLEMENTARY ITEMS.

(Overlooked by Mr. J. A. Macdonnell in preparing his little bill of costs against the Government.)

—*Re* Toronto Observatory Land.

Street car to Yonge Street Ave., \$4.50.

Boy to carry eye-glass to Observatory, \$1.50.

Wear of shoe leather along avenue, \$8.00.

Wear and tear on imagination in getting up Arbitration, \$43.25.

Damage to dude pants, sitting on Arbitration, \$17.50.

Examining Observatory instruments, \$7.75.

Calling cab for return trip, \$13.00.

Dinner at club, and thinking over business, \$15.50.

General political services at odd times, \$447.64

Drawing bill of costs, \$15.20.

Attending to cash check for same, \$14.17.

(Taxed by the Boss Taxer, and found O.K.)

Osman Digna informed General Graham that the sword was the only medium of communication between himself and England. After this it would not be amiss to call the warrior Osman Dignity.

The conditions of the proposed Ross-Courtney boat-race are duly published. That is right. Now all the public is waiting for it—the race? No, but to hear that Courtney has funk'd.

The high church tendencies of St. James' Cathedral under the present *regime* are again being talked about. The latest move is said to be one in the direction of a surpliced choir. A surpliced choir may be all right enough in its way; but there is a shrewd suspicion haunting me, that in the case of St. James' it will not mean a surplus congregation.

Too close 'tention ter bus'nness ain't good fur de system. De rooster whate crowns all night. crowes de weakes' in de mornin'.—*Uncle Remus*.

Small feet are considered a thing of beauty, and if small pocketbooks were considered likewise most of us would be really handsome.—*Phil. Chronicle*.

A fish-pole has been invented that will register every fish caught. That inventor will die in the almshouse. No fisherman will use it.—*Philadelphia Call*.

It was in Mardi Gras: A little fellow, dressed as a Piorrot, was trotting along at his father's side, crying and howling. "What's the matter?" "Papa, I want to see some masks!" "Patience, my boy, patience. You shall see some masks. You know we are going to dine with your two aunts just now.—*French Fun*.