

OUT OF PATIENCE.

DEDICATED TO THE WOULD-BE GILDED YOUTH OF THE PERIOD.

If you're eager for to shine in the fashionable line, as a youth of swiftness rare,
You must cultivate a stutter, like a bull-frog in a gutter,
and amidst part you hair.

Wear your trousers very tight, for the fashion says that's right,
and your coat-tails short and skimp,
And as you walk the street manipulate your feet with
a lame dog kind of limp,
And everyone will say,
As you take your foolish way,
"If this young man is quite as big a fool as he appears to
me,
Why, what a most particularly foolish kind of fool this
weak young man must be."

Place your head inside a hat like a soap dish round and
flat, but not as flat as you,
And, to do the matter right you must affect short sight,
and in your optic an eyeglass screw.
And be sure and don't forget a tiny cigarette, which will
give you a manly air,
You needn't mind the smoke if it seems about to choke,
for little need you care,
When everyone will say,
As you trip your foolish way,
"If this young man can see any fun in what certainly
wouldn't suit me,
Why, what a most particularly queer idea of fun this
youth's idea must be."

You must mount your Sunday perch as the folks come
out of church, with a vacant simple face,
And as you talk your silly twaddle, imagine you're a
model of fashion, ease, and grace.
You must quiz each pretty girl as your downy beard you
twirl, if her brother is not near,
But if he comes along, you must quickly change your
song, as to you 'twill best appear;
And everyone will say,
As you wend your craven way,
"If that young man doesn't get what he deserves, which
is rather a surprise to me,
Why, what a most particularly funny lot of men the
brothers of those girls must be."

When you speak about your father, never call him that
but rather mention him as the "governah";
Call your mother the "old lady," for it looks a little shady
to speak of her as mamma.
You must fly into a passion if the very latest fashion
your parents don't affect,
For it really wouldn't do for a stylish youth like you to
show them the least respect;
And every one will say,
As you wend your stupid way,
"If this young man was my young man I'd shortly let
him see
What a figure he would make as an attitude he'd take,
face downwards on my knee."

If, in your daily walk with a friend you stop to talk, don't
try to utter sense.
But use such words as these, "By Jawge," and "that's
the cheese," and "wealthy, that's immense."
Swing a dainty little cane as you rack your puny brain
to fish up a stray idea.
And, finally, take heed, if you're anxious to succeed, do
just wh. it's told you here,
And everyone will say,
As you take your silly way,
"If that young man is a type of all young men, which,
surely, cannot be,
It's very sad to think what a lot of them there are who
are just such fools as he."

Swiz.

Swiz.

Swiz.

Swiz.

Swiz.

Swiz.

Swiz.

Swiz.

Swiz.



AN EPISTLE TO THE CHURCH—CERTAINLY NOT BY PAUL.

1. Furthermore, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you concerning the weather,

for yourselves know perfectly that it is warm.

2. Being therefore greatly pressed in spirit to you wards (for the care of your souls is upon me mightily; yea, I rest not because some of you have not yet obtained unto perfection).

3. I take my journey shortly towards the sea, and Timotheus, my beloved fellow-helper, goeth with me.

4. Not that I would have you to think I am weary in well doing, or that my labors are great beyond measure.

5. For I testify of myself that I am strong, and if any man have whereof he may boast of good health, I more.

6. But the manner of the Gentiles is to take a vacation, and it behoveth us to be conformed unto the Gentiles in all things pertaining to this world.

7. For which cause I go to the seaside.
8. But I trust to see your faces again in the course of a few months.

8. Meantime, brethren, I long for you all, and wish I had not to go to the seaside, but such things must be.

10. Finally, brethren, farewell; I leave by the next train.

JUVENILE GRATITUDE.

DUNDAS, July 20th, 1882.

DEER MR. GRIP,—Me and Sam git your funnie paper, and we take it to church, and have a high old time lookin' at Blake an' Sir John and all them fellers. your the stuff, takes you to hit them off. i want to tell you sunthin awful joley. me an' dave an' sam and fatty davis all went down to hav a swime. do you think its a sin to go swimein. Mother says its rite to learn to swime, but the dundas counsellors made a new commandment Thou shalt not swime. we wase havin' a joley old time just like whales havin' fun in the water, when we sees two peelers comin. our close was lyn' at the water edge and you bet we just mad a bec line fur that pile of dry goods bekaws we had nothin' on. the big bullys katched me and fatty. sam he got away. i was awful skared, because mother coulident spare the money to pay for fins. so they hauled us up afore the mare. hes an awful nice man. his name is Marc Wardell. when the cop tuk us in, the marc smiled at me like father docs when hes laffin' at me. He said he coulident think of finin' poor littel boys fur swimein an' haven a good time in the croak, but to plesse them he wou'd just keep us in the station fur 2 hours. an' the counsellors have got to let the boys swime all they like only they have got to ware trunks, bekaws the dundas folks are so allfired good that if they sawe me or sam or fatty without nothin' on they would take a fit. the mare wase onse a littel boy himself an' used to go swimin. hes the stuff. when we grow up us 3 fellers are going to vote for Marc Wardell every time and dont you forget it.

no more at presint
from yours truly,
NED DRAKE.

GRIP AND MANITOBA.

We are sorry to learn that some of our friends in Manitoba have expressed annoyance at certain allusions in GRIP to their Province. These paragraphs, or pictures, or whatever they were, certainly were not intended to be otherwise than playful, and we are not aware of any that were out of keeping with the character of a paper devoted to the humorous side of affairs. We hope nobody believes us capable of attempting to injure the prospects of Manitoba. Since seeing it for ourselves we have missed no opportunity of sounding its praises, and those of its enterprising and whole-souled citizens, and we speak of them as we found them—the country magnificent beyond our an-

ticipations, and the people genial, hearty, and hospitable to a fault. If any utterance of ours by pen or pencil has borne the construction of unfriendliness we regret it, though we repeat that it was in reality nothing more than a joke gone wrong.

SOME PEOPLE WHO SHOULD BE PUT OUT OF THE WAY.

The idiot who, when he writes a joke or pun, italicizes it, explains the point in brackets and places half a dozen exclamations points after it. The pages of some journals are largely patronized by this class of imbeciles. The custom above referred to may be necessary for the comprehension of the dull United States intellect, but Canadian readers of GRIP possess sufficient intelligence without any such thing.

The asinine biped, who, when he enters a journalist's room, picks up the scissors and says, "assistant editor, ch?" and giggles like the addle-headed omadhaun that he is.

Youths connected with newspapers, who affect long hair and *outré* manners, under the impression that they will be classed as "literary men, you know, rather eccentric."

People who think a reporter can be bribed to keep their names out of the paper.

Reporters who can be bribed to do so. Very rare cases, these!

The athletic ass, who is always doubling up his arm and saying, "Feel that, there's a biceps for you!"

The human mule, who leads a dissipated life because he has heard that "smart men almost always drink," and fancies he will be classed as one in consequence.

The pumpkin headed galoot who when asked for a match replies, "It would be hard to find a match for you," and grins insanely for several minutes, under the impression that you never heard it before.

The "well, is it hot enough for you?" fiend.

Parties, male and female, who give away a lot of worthless trash, that they can't use themselves, to some charitable institution, and then tell the first reporter they meet about it, and add, "but I wouldn't have it get into the paper for anything, you know."

Those specimens of the human race who go round with the collection plate in church, and rattle in two coppers with an immense flourish just before handing up the plate to the minister.

People in church who imagine they can sing but can't.

That class of Englishmen who only got about one square feed a week at home, and then on arriving in Canada proceed to abuse everything, saying, "It haint the kind o' bloomin' tack I used to get in the hold country," as indeed it is not, though not in the sense he would have it understood.

These, and many, many more whom we all know, might be taken quietly away to some secluded spot, and pelted to death with mashed turnips.

SEVEN TYPES OF FOLLY.

1. *The envious man*, who quarrels with his bread and butter because the man at the next table is eating turtle soup.

2. *The jealous man*, who spreads his bed with poison ivy and then sleeps in it.

3. *The religious man*, who spends his life trying to get some one to call him "My Lord."

4. *The drinking man*, who puts an enemy inside his waistcoat to steal away his purse.

5. *The sanguine man*, who expects punctuality from his wife, and civil treatment from the waitresses at Coleman's.

6. *The garrulous man*, who infests the editorial sanctum.

7. *The low-spirited man*, who does not cheer himself up by purchasing GRIP-SACK.