



The Judicature Act.

THE LAW OF THE ANCIENT BARRISTER.

It was an ancient barrister,
Who, coming from the "Hall,"
Was talking to a "snappy" youth
Who'd lately had his "call."
He looked right savage, just as if
Something had raised his gall.

His eye was fierce, his face flushed red,
The color of his bag,
He looked forlorn and friendless,
Like a dog that lost his tag,
Or the captain of a frigate,
Who had just hauled down his flag.

"What, ho! my ancient barrister,"
I asked, "is it a fact,
That all the law fraternity
Are pretty nearly cracked,
Because they cannot wrestle with
The Judicature Act?"

Outspoke this ancient barrister,
(He was an old Q. C.),
He said, "My boy, I tell you what,
It's pretty hard on me,
That I've got to learn afresh,
My practice, d'ye see?"

"I really don't know what to do;
This radical revision
Has made me, like a brigadier,
Belong to a division.
I really now would not know how
To send a man to prison!"

"I pray you will excuse these tears,
This womanish emotion,
For really I do feel so bad,
But yet I have a notion,
And hope John A. will quash it,
When he comes across the ocean."

"Oh! Mowat, Mowat! you have done,
With your Act Judicature,
An act that praps will bounce you,
From the Local Legislature,
For I can't but think that after this,
You're not "the clean penater."

"Nevertheless and notwithstanding,
Inasmuch as heretofore,
I have read this aggravating Act,
Perused it o'er and o'er,
And I give you my opinion,
It's a most confounded bore!"

"I am informed, and verily
Believe that we have got
To reduce the scale of High Court fees—
Did you ever hear such rat?
But further on this subject,
My informant saith not."

"I'm of a clear opinion,
That this section as to fees,
Was got up to give the 'yoman,'
A gentle sort of 'breeze,'
But he'll find himself as heretofore,
With his bill taxed as we please."

Thus spake the ancient barrister,
The veteran Q. C.,
Then sighed and sadly glided in,
To the famed U. E. C.,
And hoisted in a "schooner"
There, of Soda and of B.

"Haw! Haw!"

By SYD. REID. DEDICATED WITH GREAT RESPECT
TO H. R. H., P. W.

Haw! s'pose I must go to the Commons for help,
Affairs in a deuce of a stew, you know;
Those horrible papers will howl and yelp,
But what can a gentleman do, you know?

Terrible nuisance this asking for cash,
At the hands of that low, vulgar crew, you know;
But things are quite desperate, danger of smash,
So what can a gentleman do, you know?

If 'twere only the Lawds, now, I'd not be afraid,
For the Bill would get easily through, you know;
Aw! they know how expenses so heavy were made,
And what could a gentleman do, you know?

But the Commons are sure to want all in detail,
And there'll be a pretty to-do, you know;
Pooh! let Tories all howl, and liberals rail,
For what can a gentleman do, you know?

Now the good old times would have suited me best,
When a fellow could capture a Jew, you know,
And make him come down with the ready in haste,
But now what can a gentleman do, you know?

How the beggarly tradesmen do dun and dun,
Till things seem uncommonly blue, you know,
They're always on time when their quarter has run,
But what can a gentleman do, you know?

I thought to escape when I went to the East,
To visit the Hindoo so wild, you know;
But one of my creditors dressed as a priest,
Presented a bill that was due, you know.

My ma says I'm totally out of her grace,
And must paddle my own canoe, you know;
She says that my pay quite suffices my place,
And what can a gentleman do, you know?

For bills are piled up quite as high as the tower,
And I've cursed hard for tune as "foe," you know,
And fresh duns come in through the mail every hour,
And what can a gentleman do, you know?

People don't understand that a prince of the land,
Whose blood is the bluest of blue, you know,
Can not be controlled by a feminine hand,
But what can a gentleman do, you know?

Actresses, gambling, and racing *ad lib.*,
And buying up everything new, you know,
How they run up the total, and how I must fib,
But what can a gentleman do, you know?

Disgusting the way the low Commons will jibe,
And parade all my acts in review, you know;
Still I scorn all the sneers of the mongrel tribe,
For what can a gentleman do, you know?



A FAIR OFFER.

GRIP seizes the opportunity of doing Sir Hector Langevin the justice of putting his side of the \$32,000 story plainly before the public. The *Mail* stated his case the other day, but the *Mail* can't make pictures, and there is nothing like a picture for elucidating purposes. Here, then is Sir Hector's position:—

The jibe had been over and over repeated by his foes, that he put in his own private pocket the \$32,000 which he received from Sir Hugh Allan as part of the Pacific Charter fund in 1873. That charge was at length formally made by Mr. Joly, leader of the Quebec Rouges. Sir Hector confronts Mr. Joly. He puts up his hands and says: "Joly, you can feel my pockets, and if you find any of that money, say so. I say I spent the whole amount for the purpose for which I received it, namely, in bribery. I will not say *whom* I bribed, whether it was the Quebec priesthood or the laymen, or both. Here are the vouchers for all the amounts I paid out. I give you liberty to examine them on the condition that you will not reveal the names of the persons mentioned, unless you find that I kept some of the money, in which case you may state the fact to the world."
Joly remains silent.



"THEM MAIL-BAGS."

Hello! Here's that big Yank looking over our garden fence again. Ho says he's searching for "them mail-bags of bis'n," and there's no doubt they are lying around our premises somewhere. In the name of all that is honest let those bags be handed to their owner. Canada has a reputation at stake and it is worth more than all the mail-bags in the Kingdom. If Uncle Sam's identical articles can't be found, let us seize and confiscate the thousands of bags carried by our young lawyers, and hand them over instead. The legal gentlemen could easily enough carry home their groceries in brown paper parcels in the meantime. The *World* declares that our good name has been jeopardized in this matter by the incompetency of the Postmaster-General, and proposes that Hon. John O'Connor be bounced forthwith. We second the motion, and beg leave to propose that Senator Boyd, who is eminently a man of letters, be offered the vacant portfolio.

The Feast of the Chaplain.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET."
VOL. I.

My uncle had been domestic chaplain to the most noble the Earl of Dunderhead, who, falling in love with the chaplain's wife, had him arrested and thrown into a London prison which, being a noted resort of *fast* people, was called the *Fleet*. The wife not knowing what had become of her husband, emigrated to Canada, where she became governess in a school for the daughters of the clergy. My uncle was allowed to live outside the walls of the prison, where he was visited daily by noblemen, local legislators, members of syndicate, cracksmen, and other celebrities. It was before the days of Gough and the Good Templars, and the quantity of rum punch consumed at these convivial gatherings would make the reader's imagination stagger. I was left an orphan and thrown on my uncle's protection; he received me most kindly. "Gramercy, child," he said, "take these guineas and *Louis d'or*, and provide thee with habiliment which shall make thee attractive to yonder beaux and springalds," and he put me in charge of an old maiden lady, whose father, old man Tinkerwell, had once been an alderman of Toronto. Years passed. The temperance movement did not begin yet. I grew to be sufficiently good looking. Dr. Goldsmith, with his great friend Dr. Johnson, often looked in on my uncle to moralize over a cup of mulled claret. Dr. Goldsmith, mighty fine in a coat of plum-colored velvet, once stopped to chuck me under the chin. "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "I know you love me not, but cosmogony can constitute no entity so hilariferous as feminine juvenility."

VOL. II.

Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith sat with my uncle and a number of guests, among whom was a youthful nobleman introduced to him as Lord Dunderhead. Everyone got very drunk on my uncle's rum-punch, for, as I have said,