



Utterly Regardless!

The bold, bad little boy, who runs that celebrated organ by Advanced Thought, the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, gives us the raw material for the above sketch in the following paragraph, which has greatly shocked the nerves of the Belleville *Intelligencer*:

"If ever in the history of the world there was a miserable, contemptible, corrupt, imbecile, idiotic assembly of scoundrelly old worn out political duffers, it is the Senate of the Dominion of Canada. Having made the last gentle remark that body can prosecute us for libel as soon as it pleases, but we snip our fingers at it, and tell it emphatically that it can go and bag its wretched old head. Prosecute us indeed! A lot of nasty parasitic vermin preying on the body politic! We hereby kick the Senate, and we trust it will consider itself kicked, and act accordingly."

After the Blake Dinner.

From our Specially Impertinent Reporter,
Windsor Hotel.

OLD BOY.—The remittance came promptly to hand. Perhaps there is an idea somewhere in your egregious old pate that I am going to thank you for it. Banish it. When a man of my calibre threatens to resign, it brings a man of yours to his senses quickly, and, after all, what are fifty dollars? However, like all truly great men I am unanimous—only continue to shell out freely and I'll not desert you.

Thank you,—yes,—am feeling decidedly better, and should there be no recurrence of the—ahem!—attack, shall probably be able to leave my room in a week or ten days. Oh! that wretched dinner—how I have suffered since—ugh! But I say, Old Boy, this isn't half a bad village for a man of really first-rate ability like myself to spend a fortnight in. Have met some quite passable people, and take my word for it, Grip's star is in the ascendant. That speech of mine at the dinner has done more for its popularity than the whole series of your cartoons, although some of them have not been bad—that is to say, not really bad you know. I like to give you a cheering word occasionally, although you are so singularly mean as to the merits of one who is in every way your superior. (This approaches the sublimity of impertinence. *Ed.*)

But to return. Positively it is getting to be quite a bore the way people stare after me in the streets. Ahem! I mean pester me with visits at the hotel. My friend the Honourable Edward was one of the first to call. I had just taken a brandy and soda and was feeling quite comfortable as he entered. "My dear boy," I exclaimed, "this is really kind of you—take a B and S?"—"No!"—"Take a weed thou?"—"No!"—"Well, at any rate take a chair"—No, he wouldn't take a chair—what the mischief would he take then? He would "take the liberty of saying that I had behaved in a most ungentlemanly manner during his speech the previous evening, and of adding, that if I annoyed him with such ridiculous grimaces on

any similar occasion he would have me removed from the room." Jedediah! And this was the return for the support and countenance I gave him. For a moment I was thunderstruck—I own it—but only for a moment. With that keen perception which is so characteristic of me I soon recognized the humor of the thing. "Ha! ha! ha! my dear boy," I exclaimed, "I twig—never let me hear again that you are prim and pokey—why, you irresistibly funny man, you're a born joker—do let me enlist you as a contributor to Grip—you—" The sentence was never completed. With a muttered "Pshaw! Idiot!" Edward the Magnificent turned upon his heel and left the room, evidently much chagrined. Poor fellow, I felt sorry for him; undoubtedly it was foolish to suppose I shouldn't see through his little joke, but he need not have called himself an ill name because I did. And so unjust too—certainly it would never have occurred to me to call the People's Edward an idiot—never. *Mem.*—Must take the first opportunity of remonstrating with him, as gently as possible, on the unwisdom of too great self-depreciation—it is a failing to which your Reporter himself is too much addicted, although, goodness knows, he strives earnestly against it.

Scarcely had the Hon. Edward left the room when the President of the Young Men's Reform Club was announced. This exalted individual is slightly of the telegraph-pole-surmounted-by-a-hatelot species—that is, he is tall and slim, but very gentlemanly withal; oh! yes. He approached me with extended hands. "My dear Mr.—Mr."—"Grip will do," I said. "Well then my dear Mr. Grip, I think your speech was admirable, and I shall be only too happy to welcome you to the meetings of the Young Men's Reform Club, and perhaps—eh! perhaps we shall be able to induce you to address us—your stirring eloquence will kindle a warm enthusiasm in the breasts of the youthful Reformers." *Mem.*—Must enquire if grey hairs are considered an evidence of youthfulness in Montreal. "Sir," I said, in my most stately manner—"Sir, I thank you for your courtesy, but be good enough to understand that the great Mr. Grip has no 'politics—it is his mission to be above them; nevertheless I have no doubt you mean kindly." Seeing he was somewhat abashed, I said gently,—"You are unjust, Mr. President, to your own eloquence; judging from your efforts last evening, surely the young men of your club cannot need a more thrilling orator to enkindle their enthusiasm." You see I was bound to be distant and dignified with this gentleman, who had presumed to think that Grip, the embodiment of impartiality, would pose as a party orator. I say "Grip," Old Boy, because, although you wear the honors, I consider myself the body and brains of that excellent periodical. (Puppy!—*Ed.*) Awed by my chilling manner the President of the Y. M. R. C. could only falter, "I am proud, Mr. Grip, that my humble efforts met with your approbation; had I known that you were to have been present I would have stolen more time from my extensive practice for preparation." "Not at all," I said; "a trifle too prosy perhaps, but quite passable—certainly quite passable, considering your—want—of—preparation." "You overwhelm me, Sir. I had thought of asking you if Grip would be willing to receive an occasional contribution from me, but—but—suffer me now to take my leave." And I suffered him.

I say Old Boy, does your miserable request that I should be "brief but brilliant" apply to all my reports? If so I must close this.

Yours, S. I. R.

P.S.—One of the twenty dollar bills you sent me has a suspicious look of "fimsy" about it—hadn't I better burn it? Shall have to draw on you at any rate to-morrow. S. I. R.



A Bird of Passage.

Items have been appearing in the newspapers during the past twelve months stating that a glass factory was to be established in some part of the Province. Citizens of Barrie, Napance, Belleville, St. Thomas, Thorold, Penetanguishene, and numerous other places will recognize in the above sketch the features of the discoverer of "the finest sand in the world," but will perhaps wonderingly inquire whence those feathers? Going down street in one of those places on the evening of Friday last humming "O! that I were a bird," a number of the citizens took him too literally at his word, with the above result. As he could not "tar himself away from the town," they tried to assist him to do so.

After Wordsworth.

This lesson, Sheppard, let us two divide,
The sequence sharp of Cause and of Effect;
Nor let the dusky "Doc" in push-cart pride,
To East's "attempt upon his life" object!

An American Court Scene.

District Court, No. 1, York County.

The Judge was addressing the Jury and said:—"The case is as straight as the hair on my head. You all must have noticed that pretty young girl whose beauty has started my brain in a whirl! She says that the plaintiff's contention is true, (She's a nice little girl), but I leave it to you. It's true that four adults her tale contradict (I wonder their consciences have not been pricked). I lend little ear to these plain male adults. For homeliness never can quicken my pulse. But the case is for you, gentlemen. I've seen; you mustn't be moved by opinion from me; But if I were the jury, I'd feel it my duty My verdict to make a sweet tribute to beauty." Then up the defendant's great advocate leaped, And he scattered the papers in front of him heaped, And he shouted as only great counsel can shout:—"Does your Honor not know what your Honor's about? What has beauty to do with the case now in hand? Can the truth by some fair-faced young girl be trapped? Must my wondrous ability labor for naught? When some simpering maiden your fancy has caught? Though Justice be fair, be a maid fairer still. She may twist you, your Honor, about as she will. I'm disgusted, I'm furious indeed. Yes, I'm mad; I want Justice, and Justice it seems can't be had." Then slowly and very impressively too, His Honor rejoined: "Mr. Bayleg, from you I've already endured quite enough great and small, Of the article known to the vulgar as gall, Beware should my temper still further be risen." (His Honor no doubt was suggesting a prison.) But the counsel undaunted replied in full tone:—"I know both your Honor's affairs and my own. I am right; you are wrong; you are wrong; I am right; 'Gainst that wrong I protest with the whole of my might." His Honor repeated his former remarks, And his blade from the counsel's still drew some few sparks; But at length both determined to "button their lip, And with an occasional fizzle and sp." This struggle (so common in far off places, But so new and unknown in Canadian cases) Was ended amidst the unwashed's stifled laughter, And lots of such cases will happen hereafter.