



"Old To-morrow," as applied to Sir John, appears to tickle the ears of the Blakelings. "Young Never," if applied to their leader, might change the source of the haw-hawing a trifle.

When I see a *Globe* leader-writer discuss "our appalling debt," and follow it up with a reference to a "somewhat harsh but unmistakable term," I ask myself, is it too much writing or too wicked writing that doth make him spell so?

If I did not know that my identity is a profound secret, and that GRIP will alone get credit for it, I would not make the suggestion that in future all almanacs published in and for this Province refer to the Anniversary of St. Patrick as the Seventeenth of Hircland.

At last there is hope for the Northwest agriculturist, who is at this moment writhing under the heavy heel of the ruthless despot—or words to that effect. Dr. Orton, the Farmer's Friend, has thrown himself into the breach, and Orton't— But, no matter. Let me quit the suicidal strain.

Let the weather grow milder and the buds develop and maple sugar get cheaper and the little birds warble in the trees and eggs become fresh and all nature awake to the magic touch of Spring's wand, and maybe there will be substituted for the Town Crier's photo. in the *News* the picture of a man without an ulster and with more hair on his head.

Misfortunes never come singly, and Sir John's second upset within so short a time out of the Constitutional Coach, is somewhat of a case in point. There have been notable instances before now of men thinking themselves too smart, and that probably is a consolation to the Grand Old Guyer. I fancy I may further say in behalf of Sir John that he can stand it, if the editor of the *Globe* can. But I have my doubts of the editor.

A contemporary records the case of an Italian witness whose evidence convicted an Englishman of profane swearing on the street. The witness, it appears, couldn't speak English and had to testify through an interpreter; so our contemporary wonders he could swear to the swearing. Has it never dawned on the guileless editor that no foreigner ever attempts to master our language proper before he has unconsciously become a proficient in the use of our able-bodied oaths?

Archibald Forbes has been honored with the degree of LL.D. In recognition of this tribute from his *alma mater*, Mr. Forbes has been contributing to the press some of the fruits of his scholarship in the shape of a treatise on the use of the bayonet in stabbing Zulus. I congratulate my friend on the new distinction conferred upon him. Many less worthy men than he, have gone through the

world for years with more degrees and decorations and things than they could conveniently carry around in a trunk.

I would modestly call attention to the fact that the few words of encouragement I recently bestowed upon the members of the city detective force are spurring on these officers to additional zeal and energy. For example, a morning paper announces the cheering intelligence that one of the detectives has arrested a man "on suspicion of at least knowing something about a burglary." I trust the suspect will not prove to be only one of the newspaper reporters—gentlemen who could often be charged with knowing something about a burglary, and that too long before the detectives got wind of the affair.

Some of the railways are about to adopt an appliance invented by a resident of Port Hope, for preventing railway cars from leaving the track through broken rails and other causes. What certainly ought to follow is the adoption of a contrivance to prevent collisions on the track. There is in existence an appliance for this purpose known as a railway telegraph operator. At one time this machine in its durable and warranted make was in general use. Of late years, however, cheap styles have been put on the market and bought up by the railway companies. The cheap styles have not been giving universal satisfaction. But there is, happily, enough of the warranted make to go around, if the railway companies really wish to get them.



LATEST FROM CHATHAM.

CHATHAM, April 23rd, 1884.

DEAR GRIP,—A number of our best looking and most influential citizens recently met at "The Garner," for the purpose of forming a mildly anti-corpulent and mutual benefit association. After many opinions had been given, 11 of them representing much worth and weight, it was at last resolved that the gentlemen present should form themselves into a sporting conglomeration, to be known as the "Kent Co. Hunt Club."

("The Kent Co. Stuffed Club," would have been nearer the mark, but no one suggested it.)

As soon as the meeting had ended with the usual loyal etc., the various members set out to "hunt," not foxes just yet, but outfits for the manly sport. The worthy and most honorable Master bought a choice sample of hound by name "guess." Don't know what he guesses at, except maybe it's his pedigree. Mr. Tristem and Mr. Kime chipped in together and produced a dalmation dog and a shot-gun; and Dr. Tiverwright kindly furnished a horse for his own use, and half rates for surgical

operations. Mr. Wells procured a beautiful beagle pup, and a very fine horse from our well known dealer, "Capt. Shanks." Mr. Sandys bought a spade, for bringing to light such foxes as might be run to earth, and being unable to find a suitable dog, he shouldered his spade and departed in the direction of the burial place of a late lamented hound. It is said that he muttered something about digging up "Beauty," (the hound) as he'd bet she'd be the best one of the lot—for scent! The meet is billed for Thursday, and you shall have particulars of the run. NOMAD.

THE LAY OF LITTLE BILLY.

(After Thackeray's "Little Billic.")

From far-famed, goodly western city,
From far-famed, goodly western cit-tee,
We borrow the *drumatis persona*
For this our trifling comedy:
There was doughty Jack, and astute Ikey,
And the third un he was Little Billic.

* * * * *
But first with haste, and shorill's precept,
A descent had been upon young Ikey
By an utterly ruthless oblige,
Who had learnt that Ikey was about to be
And become the clandestine consignee
Of his valuable Equine property
To th' United States of Americce.

* * * * *
In the chilling court-house precincts see
Disposed, our group of actors three,
To which had been added the staunch Joey.
Now Ikey grew so precious moody,
As for the nonce suspended his jollity;
But the shadow fell from the brow of he,
When Joey repaired the sheriff to see,
I his rights to secure as the grand bailie,
His rights to secure as the grand bailie,
Quick-winged his appeal to Little Billic,
"As he's got no backer, why, let's 'fix 'em,"
(In slighting allusion to friend Jacky).
When Billy heard this invocation,
His mien betokened vivacity—
In fact he grew quite bright and frisky,
While waving his aural machinery.
Then, seizing his opportunity,
With deftness joined to rapidity,
The halter Ikey slipped from Little Billic;
And with uncommon celerity,
Bestrode this horse with a pedigree,
Bestrode this horse with a pedigree.
But a stroke had been dealt by the bold Jacky,
In defence of the law, its majesty;
With singular intrepidity
He grabbed the organ olfactory,
That appertained to Little Billic—
Which issued in grave calamity;
For, with scantest show of ceremony,
Propulsive, sudden and movement free—
In short, with extremest velocity,
Against the pump was discharged Jacky,
Against the pump was discharged Jacky.
Then he "run up" the vocabulary,
To his need which served appropriately
In milder voice, "What's this I see?"
Not Jerusalem, or Madagascar—
Just a section small of Americce.
Then, with much-diminished alacrity,
He rose, with his damaged economy,
And invoked the pile in front of he,
"Personification of Equity—
Where wrong discovers its remedy—
Avenge thou this indignity
Upon Brantford's brand-new Deputy;
Upon Brantford's brand-new Deputy."

* * * * *
When they arrived at the scene of the mêlée,
They patched up Jack, and reviled Ikey;
But with regard to Little Billic—
He "stood to" his gait of 2.33.

J. B. M.

Brantford, April 18, 1884.

† The bailiff.

‡ The individual in question had been recently appointed Deputy of the Chief of Police.

Dr. Mary Walker is said to be writing a book about the condition of her sex. Well, the rumor is more probable than that her sex are writing a book about the condition of Dr. Mary Walker. By the way, it just occurs to me that one difference between Dr. Mary and her sex is that the sex (of a marriageable age) are much concerned about trousseaux, while she is much concerned about trou—But no matter.