

Our Own Dick Beadcey;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

Mr. SPECTATOR BRAY, of Montreal, compares PHIPPS attacking MACPHERSON to a little dog barking at the man in the moon. True; and the spectacle of Mr. BRAY rushing to the defence of the Saugeen Giant on every possible occasion is as diverting as the sight of a bantam hen shielding her half-grown Shanghai chicken from an approaching thunder storm.

I won't go to this Paragraphers' picnic they talk of getting up. I enjoy wit, and relish an occasional dip into the columns written by the clever young men who will meet on that occasion, but I am afraid I would never survive a personal meeting with them all in a crowd. No; I really can't go, unless impromptu puns and revamped paragraphs are absolutely prohibited.

Glad to see EDDY BLAKE coming out of his shell again, and looking and speaking well. Mr. B. is a very promising young man, but as yet he hasn't performed much in the way of statescraft. Let us all stand back and give him air; there is no telling what he may do yet. Meantime I hope he may find his projected stumping tour beneficial to his health.

I believe it costs Mr. BLAKE a great effort to make speeches on Local or even Dominion affairs. It is his good nature which consents to the importunities of his friends. Not that it is any trouble to him to command language or thoughts, but simply that he feels no interest in the struggle, compared with what Sir JOHN, or Mr. BROWN or Mr. MOWAT does. The language of his heart very likely is—Give me an Imperial arena or give me—my law books.

Puck is at it again, throwing filth at the Marquis of LORNE, an occupation which no doubt disgusts respectable Americans even more than Canadians. We all enjoy fun, and no one would relish a fair joke against himself more than Lord LORNE, but Puck's effusions are not witty; they are spiteful, vulgar and nasty, and would probably give the Governor pain if he ever saw them, which it isn't likely he does.

I would like to be able to draw like KEEPLER, and to conceive ideas like BUNNER, but I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon, than publish a paper which a pure-minded man couldn't take home and spread out on his dining-room table.

One branch of business at all events has revived wonderfully under the N. P., and that is the manufacturing of Canadian Knights. Mr. CARTWRIGHT will neither deny nor grumble at this. But a revival in any other branch would have been quite as useful and acceptable to the people at large. No doubt it is very kind of Her Majesty to occasionally decorate a few of our prominent men with the gew-gaws of knighthood, and undoubtedly it tickles the favored fellows nearly to death, but the whole thing is distasteful to the present generation, and out of sympathy with the genius of this Continent.

and I should like to know why ALEX. MACKENZIE was left out of the list. To be

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THE London Advertiser is inundating the West with crocodile tears at the wickedness of Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, who, it is alleged, in a speech delivered at one of Mr. MEREDITH's meetings, said that most of the emigrants brought out by the MOWAT Government were "low blackguards from the slums of London." Mr. TAYLOR denies that he said so, but this doesn't mollify the pain of the Tiser a bit, and it demands that the vile slanderer should be punished; that the respectable but maligned emigrants should rise in their might and crush the impious TAYLOR—by voting against MEREDITH! This is the poetic justice of election times.

sure, sensible man, he refused the honor once before; but so did GEORGE BROWN, who has had to repeat his editorial utterance, "respectfully declined." Her Majesty seems determined to make a knight out of the Globe-man, and next time she will probably succeed. But MACKENZIE should at all events have been asked. Surely his services have been as distinguished as those of CARTWRIGHT, or TILLEY, or TUPPER, or CAMPBELL.

* * *

They say LANGEVIN was to have been included in the ceremony, only he happened to be out of the country. Too bad! He would make a most fragrant knight. But he can be put in the next batch, along with HUNTINGTON, and RYKERT, and CURRIE and JOHN JOSEPH HAWKINS and CAUCHON, and a few other distinguished people whose hands are clean.

* * *

By the way, I beg leave to nominate JACK A. MACDONELL for some honor or other at the hands of Royalty. He is undoubtedly the most distinguished pawty in the country at present. And his services in the House lately have never yet been recognized, as they ought to be. Shouldn't he get the Grand Order of the Garter—or the Boot, or something?

Scene in the Globe Sanctum.

Editor-in-chief to Sub-Editor.—I want you to write a notice of PHIPPS' pamphlet; a good, breezy notice; strong as you know how, understand?

Sub-Editor.—Aye, aye, Sir.

Retires to his desk. Returns in half an hour and submits the following: We have had the curiosity to glance into the pamphlet issued by poor Mr. PHIPPS, the unfortunate body who is being made a tool of by the Tory faction. To say that the pamphlet is idiotic would be too flattering. It is the most unique example of imbecility we have ever had the misfortune to see. If there are any electors who can be influenced by such twaddle, we are willing they should vote against our Party; we would be ashamed to cast our votes with them. PHIPPS ought to go and bathe his head.

Editor-in-Chief (after reading notice).—O, you thick headed lozel; you have written a notice of PHIPPS' stupid Tory pamphlet! I meant you to refer to his clever and brilliant brochure in support of MOWAT! (Exit in disgust).

GRIP extends the right hand of fellowship to the National, which last week made its debut as a comic illustrated journal. Its typographical appearance is neat, and the contents, both literary and artistic, are highly creditable. The cartoons are by Mr. W. O. ANDREWS, a gentlemen whose clever pen and ink sketches have frequently attracted notice in the city. Now that he has a permanent sphere of labor, we trust his talents will be rapidly developed. The National professes to be independent in politics, and it certainly is independent of one party. Mr. ALECK WRIGHT, the popular Reform orator, is the editor.

"The Queen's own returned home by special train on Sunday afternoon, having left Montreal about 11:30 the same night."—Globe, May 27.

This is the fastest time on record. Electricity is "no where" alongside of a Grand Trunk train, or—a Globe reporter.