

his adversary: there is so much to be said in its favor.

Since writing the above I see that the Slade-Mitchell fight is quashed, but this paragraph will have to stand on Courtney's account.

I was much amused a day or two ago by a little *contretemps* that occurred on one of our streets, and which exemplified the admirable training of the English "tiger" or "groom" or whatever the animal is called: who sits behind his master, bolt upright and with folded arms, in a dog-cart. A gentleman was driving along at a leisurely pace, seated in one of those British-looking dog-carts not unfrequently seen in this city, and behind him, grave as a judge, stiff as a ramrod and with arms folded according to the regulation pattern across his breast sat, with his back to the horse, a little servant in an immaculate "tile" neat dark coat, white breeches and spotless tops. The "turn-out" presented a very pleasing picture on account of the propriety of all its appointments and the attention paid to those little details which shows that the proprietor of such a "trap" knows what is what. The vehicle, as before stated, was proceeding at an easy rate, when the driver touched his horse with the whip, causing the animal to make a sudden spring forward, the effect of which being to precipitate the little man sitting behind head-first out of the dog-cart unnoticed by his master who drove serenely on. The feller lit squarely on the top of his glossy "plug," which was driven down over his nose, and in that position, with his legs in the air still doubled as if in a sitting posture, he remained for several seconds. But,—and this is what struck me as demonstrating the force of habit—his arms never for a moment relaxed their folded position across his chest till some kindly passer by set him right side up, and it is doubtful whether their position would have been altered, even then, had it not been for the necessity of using the hands to re-arrange the crushed plug hat in its normal position. I can assure you that the whole affair, whilst it lasted, was very ludicrous.

FREDDIE.

It is a source of regret amongst the *quid nuncs* that circumstances have prevented the exhibition here of Mr. B. J. Foster's perpetual motion machine. That this ingenious inventor has actually "struck it" is firmly maintained by all who have been permitted to see his apparatus, and it would undoubtedly have proved an attraction at the great fair. It is to be on view at the Provincial at Guelp, however.

## POEMS OF LIFE.—No. II.

BY MCTUFF.

### AULD GRANNIE.

What a sweet smile o' peace sits on auld grannie's face;  
Sae gentle, sae lovin', sae lit up wi' grace;  
Ye'd think for tae see her she'd never known care  
Frae the quiet look o' happiness lingerin' there.  
Though she numbers her years 'yont the three score  
and ten,  
An' her back 'neath their wecht is beginnin' tae ben',  
Yet still she is cheerfu' an' trustin, the while,  
Her soul bein' unburdened wi' ocht that is vile.  
When summoned awa, O! whaur shall we find  
Anither on earth that's sae gentle an' kind.

Though the roses o' youth lang syne fled frae her cheek.

An' her joints noo betimes are rheumatic an' weak,  
Though her once gowden locks are no white as the snaw,

An' the bloom o' her youth is a' faded awa,  
Yet tae us she's as bonnie as bonnie can be,  
For the lamp o' true godliness beams frae her e'e  
An' lights up her soul wi' a brightness divine,  
That age, nor infirmities ever can dwine;  
For lang has she lippin on Him whase behests  
Are aye for the best, yes, are aye for the best.

The Booke'en an' mornin' she takes up wi' care,  
An' she turns over its leaves wi' a reverent air.

Tae the place she has marked whaur it tells that ' Heaven

The just anes o' earth their reward shall be given.  
She drinks a deep draught frae the life givin' stream,  
Syn'e lays it aside pleased wi' its bricht gleam,  
Then silently pours out her spirit in prayer  
Tae Him wha's aye tended her footsteps wi' care.  
Oh! lang may auld grannie be left wi' us here  
A livin' example tae love an' revere.

Her faith is as pure as the fountain o' licht,  
Nae shadows o' doot ever darken her sicht,—  
The scientist's reasonin' she knows nocht aboot,  
But judges the tree by its rich flavored fruit.  
Tae ken modern lear she maks nae pretence  
Yet her mind is a mint o' wisdom an' sense;  
Wi' plausible doctrines she canna agree;  
Her mind frae a sceptical doubtin' is free;  
Her life is the essence o' virtue and truth  
An' her heart ne'er shall swerve frae the God o' her youth.

The bairnies adore her, and richtly they should,  
For in them she canna see ocht but is good,  
Whan troubles they meet wi' that fashes their minds,  
A true frien' in grannic they ever will find.  
She's the great source o' a' that is guid in their een,  
Nae shadows 'twixt her and their hearts intervene,  
A lovin' protector they ever find true,  
Wha'll aye tak' their pairt whatever they do;  
Wha in kindly advice, instead o' the rod,  
Will point oot the path that they shouldna hae trod.

'Nae holier picture o' life can be seen  
'Than grannie wi' her pets sittin' roun' her at e'en,  
A' listenin' intently wi' interest sublime  
As she tells them pure tales o' the auldien time,  
Deep doon i' their hearts the guid seed taks root,  
An' in fulness o' time gives abundance o' fruit;  
For I ken she is takin' this sensible plan  
Tae model the mind o' the forth coming man,  
An' lang, aye, lang after she's gone tae her rest  
Her precepts will find a response in his breast.

But wae's me, she canna be lang wi' us here,  
Oor minds tae instruct an' oor spirits tae cheer,  
But whilst she is spared we will lichten her heart  
By acting towards her a dutiful part;  
It canna be lang, but whilst she is left  
O' solacin' comforts she'll ne'er be bereft;  
For when she is ca'ed tae the Mansion above  
We'll soothe her last hours wi' affection and love,  
Believin' that Providence kens what is best,  
An' does a' for the best—yes does a' for the best.

CAMPBELLFORD, August 24th, 1883.



## COMMON LAW PROCEEDINGS.

REPORTED BY POLICEMAN X.

DERE MISTER GRIP,—Wich my name is Pleecceman Hex (leastwise that's my horfsh name), an I wants you to hadvise me an the Public regardin a momenchus legle queschin as nerey flored yures twrely. Has I wur on my beet a fue nites agone, I ears a horfe rackit in Bill Syks tennymint. There was a wollerpin an a scrashin ov furnitcher an a vois scritchoin "murder," an I felt it my dewty to hinterpose the Batten of Lor and Horder. Shuvin in the dore hi sees Sykes a awlin ov is wife about the flore by ei back are an a wollupin ov er with a chare legg. "Old ard" sez i "yew scownroll. I harrest yew in the quenes Name." "Wot fur," sezee a stoppin facin me with a hindignant hare an a sneerin hegapreshun. "Youd better git, sezee, "your

a hinterferin' with the hoperation ov the Lor," sezee. Haul this tim e kep a old ov the wumman by the are an hi cood see as she wur badly punisht in the fais an er dres haul toar. "Wot lor," sez i stupefide like, "The Commin Lor," sezee as bowld as bras, "Well your a commin Keprowbait," sez i "an Ile hinterfear with your hoperashuns so furs to put you in the cooler," sez i. "No yer dont," sezee, "fur hime thishyer wummins usban" sezee, "an hive the rite at commin Lor to resoart to modrit correckshun ov er fur er misbehaver," sezee, "an wots moar its not fur magistrats nor courts to step in an hinterfear with the rites ov a usban in rulin hover is oan ouseold," sezee, "The Lor givs im rites wich no hauthority may hinwade," sezee. Wel e spoak with sich a hare ov avin it hal by art that I new as e wur repetin wot ede erd or red so I haraks, "wur did you git that kind ov lor? yer didn't git it frum no lorryer in Toronto," sez i. "Well its Cownty Judges lor" sezee, "hannyhow," sezee, an with that e dropped the wummin hoo sunk on the flore with a hegscrowshatin grone and puld a nusepaper hout ov is pockit. "Look thur," sezee, an he shode me a repourt ov the trile ov a Salvashun Army man" in Sentommas for larruppin is wife wur the juge (Hewes or sumthin like that wos is name) an sed the saim wurd as Sykes ad a been repetin an ad akwitted the usban. Well that staggert me but sez i, "wot dyer coll modrit correckshun?" So e shode me in the saim repourt as ow this salvashun man ad hused is wife the very hidentical way as Sykes wur a doin' to hisu, chare leg an haul, and she wur henshenty too so the paper sed wich is French I beleave. "Now thers a Danl cum to jugmint," sezee, "that air huse is a juge hafter my hoan Art," sezee. Well mister Grip that maid me scratch my ed. You see hime swoar to support the Lor an thers no gettin hover the Hipsy Dick-sit of a juge—heven a Cownty juge. So I thortfully turned on my cel an left the prem-myses an Sykes cauls after me horfe sarkastick, "yer wont cum no moar a hinterpintin the Domestik Rites ov Common Lor, will yer?" No moar I wont think hi has I got hout on the street, an so wen the scritchoin begin agen I just run away hout of hearin'. Ow cood I go back wen it wud have been my dewty to haid an support a usban in takin of leagle procedins agens his disobelctent wife.

Now mister GRIP I just want to send in my resignashin to Capt. Draper and go down an give that Sikes a fust clas Humoficial Idin. For that kind of thing *carnt yo hou*, an if so be as the juges makes it commin Lor Proceedins, wy desint fokes will ave to *her-youte commin justis with a osswip*.

Yours twrely,  
PLEECCEMAN HEX.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We are in receipt of the first number of the *Dominion Mechanical and Milling News*, a monthly periodical, published in this city under the management of Mr. A. J. Wenborne, and of which the Beaver Publishing Company are the proprietors. It abounds in most instructive and ably written articles on mechanical and milling subjects, and cannot fail to prove a very useful and almost indispensable publication to all mechanics or others, who are interested in such matters. If succeeding numbers are equal in every respect to the first one, the *Mechanical and Milling News* cannot fail to take a front rank amongst the periodicals devoted to industrial matters in this country. Its typographical appearance is excellent and the numerous engravings, illustrative of the text, are of a high order.

The light guard—a glass chimney.—N. Y. World.