

**THE INDEPENDENT JOURNALIST.**

BY C. W. B—G.

I'm an independent journalist,  
 Don't forget it if you please,  
 For I find myself forgetting it  
 With quite aggravating ease ;  
 And I'd much like to be reminded,  
 As of youthful Q's and P's,  
 That I'm *really* independent,  
 —O very independent—  
 A bold and independent journalist.

She awoke and called me early,  
 She did, my mother dear ;  
 She insisted I'd been dreaming,  
 A dream so very queer ;  
 That I'd shouted through the darkness,  
 In tones both loud and clear,  
 " Yes, I'm *really* independent,  
 Altogether independent,  
 A bold and independent journalist.

The vision that appeared to me  
 Upon my little bed,  
 While on a downy pillow  
 Nestled my weary head,  
 Was an aged statesman sobbing  
 As " Christopher," he said,  
 " Are you really independent,  
 So very independent,  
 So old and yet so bold a journalist."

Yes, it's hard to realize it,  
 At times I'm moved to say :  
 Can the mysteries mesmeric  
 Have charmed my sense away,  
 And shall I surely find that  
 On " coming to " some day,  
 I'm no longer independent,  
 A very independent,  
 A bold and independent journalist ?

Ye stars that twinkle up above,  
 Ye flowers that bloom below ;  
 Ye hills and dales, ye bosky vales,  
 With autumn's fires aglow,  
 Ye twinkling rills bear witness all,  
 As warbling on ye flow,  
 That, just now, I'm independent,  
 —O ! very independent,  
 A boldly independent journalist.

**SOLVING THE LABOR PROBLEM.**

BRANTFORD is signally distinguishing herself in a unique and original effort towards solving one aspect of the Labor Question, besides owning Sheriff Scarfe.

This one aspect of the Labor Question has presented itself, with bold and daring front and unflagging pertinence—" from time immemorial "—as a tombstone dealer or a subscriber to a monument fund might be led to express it. Ever since Adam peremptorily refused to run an errand to the grocery, alleging that he had made a prior engagement to go fishing, has the hydra-headed monster, Laziness, been rearing its horrid shape and stalking with proud mien through the land, like a press agent of a circus.

But right in its conquering path looms up the Telephone city, and gently but firmly remarks : " Hell—O ! "—or words to that effect.

To descend from the region of metaphor to plain, unvarnished, simple recitation, after the style of a London *Advertiser* editorial, let us cite the cold facts of the case. The *Telegram*, an apparently Tory newspaper, is responsible for them, and they must therefore be correct :

FACT NO. 1.

Charles Donovan was charged at the police court this morning on remand with wandering without any visible means of subsistence. The prisoner is charged at the instance of his brother, who complains that he will not work. The magistrate sentenced Charles to 30 days in the common gaol.

The editor calls this " a hard case." Charles, accepting the term in its sympathetic sense, doubtless agrees that it is hard—on him. The magistrate, you will observe on reflection, considers gaol a cure for organic inertia.

FACT NO. 2.

David Brown, a repulsive looking man, was charged at the police court this morning with being drunk and disorderly. He was discharged on the understanding that he obtains employment by Saturday.

In this instance, pause and consider that his worship regards whiskey and work as bane and antidote respectively.

FACT NO. 3.

At the police court this morning Henry Washington, a colored man, was charged with loitering. The prisoner said when he was arrested : " If this is the way you treat coloured gentlemen I'll get." Mr. Weyms reminded him until to-morrow morning on his own recognizances. On getting outside the court the fellow ran for all he was worth.

*En passant*, let it be noted that on this occasion it was " an Ethiopian on defence." But, to resume the thread of our discourse, please carefully make that in the instance just quoted the thoughtful Cadi reasoned within himself that as the colored loiterer had been run in, he might with justice be given a chance to run out.

We might go on multiplying items of this tenor if we could only stand the special notices sandwiched between the able local paragraphs in the paper.

But, we fancy, enough has been shown to justify our calling the attention of the Supreme Court of the Knights of Labor to the powerful but unobtrusive way in which Brantford is at once advancing to the true interests of industry and keeping up its police court trade.

For a giddy young city, burdened with three daily papers and an interesting languishing monument scheme, the capital of Brant Co. is nobly emulating the historic Riley, of hostelry fame.



**PRESENTING THE DARK SIDE OF THE GAME.**

We have omitted to publish the dialogue accompanying this piece of by-play ; it is too awful.