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EDITOR.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



A SCENE FROM HAM (NOT) LET. —Mr. George H. Ham has honestly earned the title of the Russell of Canada, by the extensive amount of russling he has done in all directions and amongst various tribes and peoples, as the correspondent of the *Mail*. He is an accomplished writer, a busy worker, and, as we happen to know from a long personal acquaintance, a genial and upright gentleman. Of late Mr. Ham has been sending to his paper the results of an extended visit to the Blackfeet Indians, and in connection with Hon. Mr. Macdougall's recent utterances on the present condition of the North-West tribes, these letters have proved unusually interesting. We have the best reason for believing, however, that Mr. Ham could tell a great deal more about the state of the Blackfeet and all the other tribes than political exigencies will permit the *Mail* to

publish. The truth—the whole truth—is known to a few, from private sources of information. If the whole story of how horrible disease, introduced by white wretches in and out of the government service, is consuming the unhappy aborigines; how their native virtue and morality have been undermined and well nigh destroyed by the drunkenness, lying, and abominable wickedness of these same representatives of "civilization," the generous heart of Canada would swell with indignation and a storm of wrath would burst forth that would overwhelm the guilty scoundrels. People ignorant of the facts wonder why there should be rumors of a rising under snowfoot; to those who know the truth it is a marvel that this upright chief should have thus long endured the sight of his people slowly but surely putrifying around him through the vices and crimes thrust upon them by a superior power.

QUEER!

JEAN BAPTISTE Martineau, a milkman of Cote St. Michel, was fined \$20 and costs for concealing a case of smallpox in the Health Court yesterday.—*Montreal Star*, 9th Feb., 1886.

What curious places some people choose to hide things in!

SQUIBS.

A SEASONABLE consignment,—a case of cold feet.

A JOB of repairing,—marrying a widower to a widow.

St(E)IGHT of hand,—when you offer your hand to a man and he doesn't take it.

To my washerwoman :—" Why stop my clothes so long away, most noble madam? I sent them down a week ago, 'tis time I had 'em.

WHAT is the difference between a tobacco-chewer and an orator? The one shouldn't expectorate before his audience, the other should.

A LITERARY MAN'S OPINION.

* * For happy conception and clear execution your cartoons are admirable. They often focus and they often guide public sentiment. You generally grasp the political situation with wonderful quickness.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 8.

F. B. C.

A PERFECT SAMSON.



HERE were a lot of them, amateur athletes, Fencing Club members, etc., etc., and they were gathered together talking about feats of strength, agility, and the like, young Bob Bungstarter being particularly loud in his assertions of what he could do in the athletic line, and declaring that he could put up a 100 lb. dumb-bell twenty times with ease.

"Pooh, pooh," exclaimed one of the crowd, "that's nothing. You know Jim Dizzyboy? Well, I saw him take two cook-stoves, pretty large ones, too—No. 9's, if I remember right—and put them up with ease. True, he only did it once, but I'd just like to see any of you fellows do it."

"Don't believe it." "Come, I say, draw it mild," and so on, were the expressions of incredulity heard on every side.

"I tell you it's true," persisted the youth who had made the assertion, "he put up two cook-stoves, each weighing about 900 pounds, and both together, too; I saw him; but here's Jim himself. Say, Dizzyboy, I was telling these fellows about you putting up those two stoves the other day; the beggars won't believe you can do it. Isn't it true?"

"Course it is; did it easy," replied Jim.

"Must have taken place mighty privately," remarked one of the unbelievers, "where did you put 'em up, and who saw you perform the feat?"

"Jack here saw me do it," replied Jim, "and I put 'em up at Moses Gorfinkel's, the pawnbroker's. He gave me two cents a pound on 'em. Here are the tickets, if you doubt my word."

Then the amateur athletes, fencers, pugilists, etc., began to disperse like a mist on a summer morning when the sun gets ready for business.