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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

From Our Muskoka Correspondent.

(A MILESIAN).

When you lave Rosseau tavern (it's kept by ould PRATT
And a comical janius, faith, he's all that)
Just think twice, and examine the state of your bones,
Before you go rollin' thim over the stones
Of the road.

The horrible, terrible, villainous road
Right across the world's backbone that won't kape a toad,
Great black rock that looks like the big devil's abode
All the road.

Where the bastes must climb up the stone steps in the
rocks,

As they thrag you along wid most horrible shocks,
And aich lump on the ugly ould stage sinds you high
Till you wish you'd a rope to hang on to the sky,
On the road.

Pitchin' down gullies as deep as a mine,
Rowlin' up cliffs, dislocatin' your spine,
Of all the lines in the world it's the worst stage coach line
Is this road.

It's a government road, and the government could
Spind more labour upon it, they might, and they should.
If they've not got the cash the improvin' demand
They should come here thimselves, thin, and do it by
hand.

On this road.
Vis, ould MOWAT and WOOD and the whole of the lot
Should be kept here a-pilin' off stones till they got
Sinse to spind a small bonus, or loan, or what not
On this road.

The Present Prosperity of Canada.

EDITORIAL FROM THE "MAIL."

The atrocious Grits say the Conservatives have not fulfilled their promises. They who, when in office, passed their time in alternate fly-on-the-wheeling and corruption, say we have done nothing. They—they—the paltry and mendacious minions of the howling and malignant *Globe*. Let us recount what we have done.

In the first place, we have held a session of Parliament. If nothing else was done there, at least the editor of this journal immortalized himself. He holds the high position of member of Parliament in high regard, and evidenced it by making two speeches, (*missis utilis dulcis*) on the sugar question. He had been in the sugar business. He objects to the name of Hogshead, with which he has been honored. He, in those two speeches, evinced the versatility of his mind by taking exactly an opposite position on the question to that which he proclaimed when he was in the business of sugar. Reason, he is now in the business of politics. And they say we have done nothing. Down with G. B.!

Secondly, Sir JOHN (Canada's Greatest) has been to England. He has got a promise that

an unlimited sum shall be lent us for the Pacific Railway, within an unlimited time, and at an unlimited interest, as soon as we are able to afford unlimited security. If this is not an unlimited success, what is it? And they say he has done nothing! Perish the Grits!

Thirdly, Sir SAMUEL TILLEY has made a tariff. It has been the most promising measure ever known. So exclusively promising has it been that except the shingle mill at Meaford, which employs two hands (those of the proprietor) and came in before the tariff, nothing in the way of performance has been attempted. And they say we have done nothing! Perdition to Reformers!

Then Sir CHARLES TUPPER has pushed on the railway exactly in the way Mr. MACKENZIE was doing, buying his rails in Britain, and, as he declares he is a thorough Protectionist, buying them in the cheapest market rather than make them at home. The only change he has made is that he has spent \$600,000 on the contracts more than was necessary. His supporters must be supported. And they say he has done nothing or worse! Destruction to JOLT!

Yes, that reminds us. Next, LETELLIER has been removed from office for replacing by strictly constitutional means a very bad government by a very good one. The same act of ours has destroyed the usefulness of all future Governors. And they say we have done nothing! Maledictions on MACKENZIE!

Lastly, we have brought back every Scandalizer to office, and inflicted an indelible disgrace on the country in the eyes of the world. And they say we have done nothing! Hooray for Sir JOHN!

The Foreign Manufacturers' Dialogue.

SCENE—Manchester, Pittsburg, or wherever the foreign manufacturers were expected to pour in from under the reign of Protection.

1ST MANUFACTURER—What about going to Canada and setting up business? They've got Protection there now, and a pretty high tariff. Sounds like a good speculation.

2ND MANUFACTURER—Its sound is all the soundness that is in it. I have private advices from Canadian friends. No show there.

1ST M.—Why, isn't the tariff high enough?

2ND M.—Quite, on our lines.

1ST M.—Isn't there likely to be a demand for our goods?

2ND M.—Yes, very fair chance of demand.

1ST M.—Can't we compete with any one there?

2ND M.—Yes, or likely to be there.

1ST M.—Well, then, I can't for the life of me see why we shouldn't transfer our business there.

2ND M.—Perhaps our friend Mr. B., the capitalist from whom we must get a good deal of our money, will tell you why he has no wish to invest there. Here he is.

MR. B.—Gentlemen, I will tell you very easily. The introduction of Protection into Canada was a political movement partly, partly a patriotic one. The politicians have eured the patriots, and are running the whole affair, and running it on political principles, which in Canada seem to be to grab all you can for your party. They neither have made nor seem likely to make the thing a success. Consequence will be, before their term of office is out, Canadians will be sick of Protection, and call for low tariffs to break down the rings now being formed. Next administration will cut down the tariff. Then, smash go any capitalists who have been fools enough to invest. Don't tell me they wouldn't. Why, GALT, their best man perhaps, did it before, reduced the tariff and gave a lot of palaver that it was as good for

manufacturers as before. Stuff. Many a mill stopped. No, no, no. None of my money goes there. If they had meant fair play, they would have kept their Protectionist supporters with them. Instead of that, they discarded them as soon as power was obtained. Any manufacturer goes there at great risk. And they know it. Very few venture.

1ST MANUFACTURER—Calculate we won't venture neither.

2ND MANUFACTURER—No. If the Canadians want our money, let them place men in power on whose word we can rely.

HANLAN'S (or COURTNEY'S, as you wish) former admirers call Chautauqua Lake *Golgotha*, not because it was the place of a scull, but because it is the burial-place of their faith.

Why They are Preferred.

In an article on the hitherto non-political subject of "Marriage" the *Mail* of a late date said:

"It is proverbial that the Conservatives are the favourites with the fair sex."

Mr. GRIP, who had never observed anything to that effect in any book of proverbs, took the trouble to enquire of MATILDA JANE, his house-maid, the reasons for this preference. That obliging domestic retired to her own room up stairs, and shortly afterwards returned with the following neat and satisfactory reasons, written in a bold hand on highly scented note paper. She remarked that they were but a few of the scores of reasons that might be given.

The fair sex prefer Conservatives because,
1. As a general rule Conservatives are tony fellows, connected more or less with the aristocracy.

2. They are more tall and handsome than Grits, and just the least little bit delightfully fast.

3. They can afford to keep their wives very comfortable, being generally in office and enjoying fat situations and good pay.

4. They are more likely to be true and faithful husbands, as the traditions of their Party teach them to follow their Chief through thick and thin, and they are always true to him.

5. Conservatives always bring good times with them, and the fair sex always enjoy good times.

6. The motto of the Conservative is, "By the Party, with the Party and for the Country." Ladies are very fond of parties, and also love to go to the country during warm weather. Hence the preference for Conservatives.

7. Grits are independent as a rule, and think for themselves. This is a very inconvenient thing in a husband, especially if his wife doesn't happen to agree with him.

A BURK in your hand is worth two down your pant leg.

A MAN stole a bee-hive with its occupants at Alliston, the other day. Now! Want any more about the "hum"?

PEOPLE often talk of the proud man's scorn. But, after all, the proud man's corn is not more tender than the humble man's.

In a Mitchell paper's list of birth notices we read such names as "Hotel," "Horn," "Beer." The average happy father knows that these things usually do come together after "an addition." But yet it will look comical to him to see them so associated in a newspaper.