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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENOUGH.

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

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### Nationality.

A correspondent in one of our exchanges complains that on the recent tour of the Vice-Regal party Canadian nationality got no show at all. The Governor and the Princess were managed altogether by "foreigners"—the addresses being representative of English, Scotch, German and other societies. Mr. GERR agrees with the view that when persons make Canada their home they should become Canadians, and as far as possible sink the traditions of their native land, and think of themselves as sons of the country that gives them their living. It is all very well to retain an affection for the fatherland, but the new home shouldn't be snubbed. As the boatswain of H. M. S. *Phaetore* would remark,

They may be Greek or Russian,  
Or French or Turk or Prussian,  
Or any other man,  
But here their home they've made it,  
And it's not much to their credit  
That they snub it when they can—  
For it gives them bread and butter,  
And they ought to proudly utter  
We are Canadian!

### The Seat of Government.

Now there was a contention among the cities, it having been appointed that Ottawa (formerly Bytown) because folks went by without seeing it, should have the seat of Government. And this decision being one of a number of decisions made on the same subject, all of which had been in turn set aside, it was expected with characteristic Canadian party wisdom that this decision would be stuck to with forty Medo-Persian tenacity. And similarly they are now all chattering to reverse it already.

Now as to the reasons for this, or rather the pretexts, (for any Canadian politician venturing to reason is sent to the asylum at once) they are that Toronto is the centre of the Dominion, the heart of the body, the seat of law, education, philosophy (as much as is allowed), and that as the north-west struggles to development through the land law obstacle, Toronto will be much more so, and a chunk thrown in. But the other cities had something to say, or said it if they hadn't.

And Hamilton (generally known as the

impudent little city) is of opinion that seats of Government ought to go where most sewing machines are made, and at the head of a lake always. Also that Toronto shouldn't get it.

And London considered that having the best somersault newspaper in the Dominion which had cursed Protection by all its gods and little fishes till JOHN A. lifted his clean finger at it, when it jumped into line and yelled Protection dimly and long, and till now, and will; and also being in Middlesex, and having a water-works and a fire-engine, and being in the centre of an agricultural district, which would render it handy for all the farmers in a twelve mile radius to come and hear the debates in the evenings (previously giving security that not more than fifty of them are to snore at once, or not loudly) and also that the *Teer* is there, rubbing its eyes and disturbing its hair ever since a certain 17th, and will leave itself no head at all unless it has a capitol to look at, and for other reasons, the seat ought to go to London, or ought to stay where it is, and that Toronto should not get it.

And Kingston was of a certainty that as the seat was too much east at present, and Toronto being further west than Kingston, therefore, there was no manner of doubt that Kingston was the place for it—(Q. E. D.) Also that Kingston had had it, and as it was found very inconvenient to have it there, it should certainly be put there again. Also Kingston was fortified, and though not strong enough to resist anything, nor populous enough to raise many recruits, yet it was such a quiet, little, unheard-of out-of-the-way-place that GRANT and all his soldiers might tear around for years and not find the seat to destroy it. And even if he advertised in us for it (and we wouldn't mind, said the Kingston papers) our circulation is limited, and he would probably fail. And moreover it should come here because here is the place where barges load with wheat, and it should not go to Toronto, and -but here a man appeared who looked like an advertiser, and the two papers ran and pulled him in two.

And Galt, and Goderich, and Sarnia, and Guelph knew they were the places, and Belleville had always been aware that the seat was coming there, and Montreal said little, being of opinion that as she was soon coming to Toronto bodily herself, the seat might as well be there before her. And there was a great hubbub.

But GERR says to them all. "Do you not know that Toronto's prosperity is your prosperity? When did Toronto give a railway bonus but she helped some of you more than herself? Perhaps if you lived here and paid a lot of taxes, which indirectly would be the price of everything, till Toronto is a cent a monthful, and had at that, you would begin to see through the hole in your blanket. Renounce your greediness, and help Toronto to get the seat here from Ottawa, and the new Local Parliament Buildings built in preparation and fitness therefor, and it will be better for every mother's son of you, and GERR will draw an amusing picture of you all some day.

### Ottawa and Toronto.

The first name is properly pronounced Oughtaway. That means the seat of Government. And it ought away to Toronto, the only fit place for it. And Toronto can be (with pains) pronounced "Tow-her-oo," which is interpreted "Fasten the old arrangement to any up-coming steamer; the crew shall get a bonus for every Minister washed off by the way."

### Letter From a Minister.

To the Editor of GERR.

PRIVATE, CONFIDENTIAL, CONCEALED, HIDDEN, AND INDISCLOSEABLE UNDER PENALTY.

My dear Mr. GERR:

I snatch a moment from office seekers—(wait a moment: one coming down the chimney; there, if that won't smoke him out I'll have to see him; no, there he comes down the ladder black as thunder; all right) Yes, you would like to know how I got my cognomen of Canada's Greatest Statesman. Very simple. What is the past for? To learn lessons of wisdom from. What are other countries for? Ditto. What are other legislatures for? Same. When I had to get up a bill, I looked up an English one, adapted it, and there you are! All my party papers then shouted "Look at that! Great Original Effort of Canada's Greatest Statesman." If bill didn't work well, why, we were generally out at the time it was found out, or I had changed my department, and wasn't responsible for the errors of my predecessor, of course not—*Mail* ready to swear I wasn't—stack of bibles, if necessary. Then, if a Cabinet was to be made, folks think I should put competent men in fit to rule the country. Bosh! Stuff! Nonsense! Who cares for the country? Object in making a Cabinet is to stave off office seekers and secure clever wire-pullers in the House. Always do it on apothecary principle, too, to satisfy different sections of party in different places, and of different sects. Thus, very good receipt for Cabinet is the following:—Half pound converted Grit, six ounces Methodist, two pounds Catholic, eight ounces Episcopalian, one and a half pounds Orangeman, eight ounces Presbyterian; equalize your Ontario, Quebec, and Maritime Province ingredients; anything will do for Manitoba and British Columbia; take care your Ontario stuff is rather stale and weak, or it will be too unmanageable to blend well, and there's your Cabinet. It won't do anything for the country, you may be sure of that, but it will keep a majority in the style of Parliaments they elect here better than if it was a Cabinet of all the talents, virtues, and graces. Then, as to policies. When you want one don't make one. In fact, in my case, impossible, not my line. As to getting them from my leading supporters, if they were fit to do anything so sensible they'd never get elected. No, get some outsider, some chap with brains, who has been for years working at some plan he thinks will benefit the country. He's sure to have all the statistics on hand. Get his plan. Make a friend of him. Be intimate with him. Cry his praise everywhere. If he's good for a paragraph, get one out of him. Distribute it to the hundred thousand. Praise him on the hustings, and in clubs. Get in on his cry. Then, if he has no spirit (few of 'em have) pension him off with some place or other. If, on the contrary, he's plucky, and demands leave to carry out what he's planned, cut him adrift. None of your party will say a word in his favor—that is, none of the members, not their style, even those who actually got in by him. Let him go. Yes, my dear boy, there's lots of other tricks I could teach you. One splendid one is, when fellows ask questions, bring up a dead man. Say, so and so late lamented and highly respected, said I did right in the matter. Often succeeds. Dead men can't deny it. No more to-day. I don't put my full name, else folks would know me, so merely sign.

JOHN A.

Ottawa, Sept, 30.