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Comments on the Cartoons.



A WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—The Government is relying entirely upon the N. P. to carry the present election, and if Mr. Blake can convince the high tariff advocates and those manufacturers who are benefited thereby, that a Reform victory does not necessarily mean a return to a tariff for revenue only, he will “at one fell blow” destroy the hopes of the Cabinet. It will require a good deal in the way of argument and persuasion, no doubt, to remove the rooted prejudice against the Reform party which has found lodgment in the breasts of manufacturers. It is hard for many of them to believe that their interests would be safe in the hands of Sir Richard Cartwright, whom they regard as a fanatical free trader, and who is sure to be Finance Minister in the event of Mr. Blake’s accession to office. But it cannot be denied that Mr. Blake’s argument in the case is well nigh irresistible. He shows that at

present, and for a very considerable period in the future, a high tariff is an absolute necessity, a something which must be retained regardless of the theoretical views of any individual or party, on account of the financial condition of the country. He therefore has no hesitation in assuring the timid manufacturers of the preservation their advantages, and aside from the tariff question Mr. Blake, modest though he be, must have the consciousness that he is a much better boy than Sir John, and would make a much more capable ruler.

A TIMELY QUOTATION.—The splendid lines which our poet Mair puts in the mouth of one of Tecumseh’s braves, as representing the perfidy of the white man in the olden days, are, we know to our shame, perfectly applicable to-day in connection with the administration of Indian affairs both in Canada and the United States. Surely this shameful record can be wiped out. Civilization, to say nothing of Christianity, demands a radical change in our dealings with the wards of the nation.

BY NO MEANS OFF HIS BASE.—The Ottawa correspondent of the *Globe* told a long yarn in last Saturday’s issue, conveying the idea that Sir John Macdonald had become insane. Of course the article was given as “rumor.” It should have found a resting place in the waste-basket at once, but with characteristic stupidity it was printed—greatly, of course, to the damage of the cause the *Globe* seeks to help. To still further aggravate the blunder, the *Globe* had an editorial comment in which it stigmatized the report as in all probability a canard. Such it turns out to have been, and now hundreds of indignant Grits want to know what was gained by

giving it publicity. Even if unhappily well founded, the *Globe* ought to be the last paper to publish such a thing, knowing how readily its motives might be misconstrued.

MR. CHAPLEAU has, according to a late report, seceded from the Tory party and started a show of his own—an organization that, it is confidently expected, will catch the bolters of Quebec and all others who are dissatisfied with the existing parties. The new party doesn’t seem to have any platform, which is convenient, and very like Chapleau.

IN A CITY DRUG STORE.

“WELL, young fellow,” said the man with a large and influential overcoat, as he put down a quarter on the counter, “I guess you may gimme a box of Brown’s Bronkile Torches.”

And as the young man deftly effected the exchange he inquired pleasantly, “How’s everything in Parkdale?”

THE PROFESSOR HEARD FROM.

“A GALLANT chevalier, *sans pair et sans reproche*,” is a quotation, Ethelinda, which you will meet with quite frequently in polite literature. You must not imagine that Bayard, the gentleman who first registered these words for transmission abroad, was a *chevalier d’industrie*; for if, after having had the deal, he had no more to show for it than even a pair, it is altogether probable that his conscience, dear, would have reproached him, you know.

W. J. H.



JOHN W. RANSONE, one of the rising comedians of the day, is amusing the patrons of the Toronto Opera House in his play, “Across the Atlantic.”

“SAINTS AND SINNERS,” the present attraction at the Grand, is one of the purest and best plays that has yet been given here. It is worth going a long distance to see.

REV. JEFFREY HILL, of Chatham, who is widely known in Anglican circles as a clever manipulator of the crayon, is giving a series of pleasant entertainments in this city. His subject is “Boys and Girls,” which he illustrates with rapid sketches. He will appear on Thursday evening at St. Stephens, and on Friday at Grace Church school room. A silver collection in aid of a deserving charity will be taken.

It ought to be more generally known that a series of Popular Saturday Night Concerts is in progress at Shaftesbury Hall, under the auspices of the Sons of England Society. The programmes given are first-class, though the admission fee is but 15 cents, with reserved seats 25 cents. This week the concert is under the management of Mr. Harry Blight, the always popular vocalist, who will be assisted by Mr. Sims Richards, tenor; Mr. Jas. Fax, comique; Mr. J. W. Bengough, (in rapid crayon sketches); Mrs. Carter, soprano; Mrs. Blight and Miss Eva Siddall, pianists. The programme will be one of the best yet provided.