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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER.—It requires but a slight exercise of the imagination to see a striking physical resemblance between the clever gentleman who is playing *Ko-Ko* at the Grand Opera House just now, and the other clever gentleman who reigns at Ottawa. It has struck us that if the actor had his big sword labelled "Franchise Act," and introduced into his patter song some references to pestilent Grits and uncertain voters who have a place on his "list" of those whose heads he proposes to lop off, the resemblance would be complete. Sir John has been identified as the Great Canadian *Pooh-Bah*, because he is Premier and "Lord High-Everything-Else": his position is somewhat analogous also, to that of the *Mikado* himself, in that his will is law throughout this realm. In fact the versatile Knight could do the comic opera as a monologue performance. Here's a suggestion with money in it for some smart manager.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A BIG NATION.—The treaty right of Americans to fish in Canadian waters having expired in the middle of the fishing season, our Government generously refrained from interfering, on the promise of President Cleveland that when Congress met he would bring the matter of renewing the treaty before the House and Senate. He did so, and what attitude did the latter body—the highest in the Republic—take? Simply this, that as England "dare not" attempt to protect the fisheries, and as Canada could not, they, the Great Enlightened and Christianized Nation of the west, would continue to steal fish. And the worst of it is here was not a dissenting voice to this disgraceful sentiment. Nominally this American Senate (unlike our own) represents the highest interests of the country, but we feel perfectly confident, that his deliverance on the fishery matter will evoke almost as much disgust and contempt throughout the States as it has in Canada.

SENT TO CUT A SWITCH FOR HIS OWN BACK.—The Session has duly opened at Ottawa, and already a demand has been made upon the Government to produce and lay before the House all

documents, papers, etc., bearing upon the North-West Rebellion and its causes. Being a constitutional statesman, of course Sir John will obey this mandate, but he can't do so without experiencing the peculiar feelings of the boy who is sent out to cut a switch for his own back at the bidding of his irate daddy.

THE POLITICAL ACROBAT.—Lord Randolph Churchill was, just before the general election—about two months ago—a red-hot advocate of Home Rule; hand-in-glove with Parnell. Now he is a flaming "Loyalist," doing his best to provoke the North of Ireland Orangemen to armed resistance to Home Rule, which, he avers, means repeal of the Union. When Kandy come on the stage the Cragg Family are nowhere for rapid tumbling.

OH! WE CAN AFFORD IT.—Once more the childish tom-foolery known to snobdom as the "Opening of Parliament" has been gone through with. From first to last this ceremony is as ridiculous as any scene in Gilbert and Sullivan, though it has none of the wit nor music. Besides being silly, and unnecessary in this country, it is very costly. The political work of our Governor-General consists of reading a speech at the commencement, and signing a number of bills at the end, of each session. For these valuable services we pay some \$130,000 per year. This needs explanation, perhaps. It's this way: We pay him, say \$25 per day for these two days' work = \$50. The balance, \$129,950 goes toward keeping up the establishment between times. Considering our present financial position and outlook, this matter deserves attention.

As We Pass By.

FOR heterogeneous omniscience—beg pardon, for all sorts-of-know-all about-itness, we recommend the *Mail*. Half a column did it treat us to lately to tell us that turnips came from Rome, that Egyptians worshipped onions (sensible people; of course with them any expiratory odoriferous peculiarity was put down to the divine afflatus!) and that cloves are so called because they resemble nails. That is all right; after this when a man is tacks-ed with—ahem! exactly, he can nail his accuser in a single breath.

* * *

DILKE, the wily knight, is trying new tactics. His friends write to the *Times* to say he is very sensitive, and all this worry has nearly cost him his reason. It is a pity he hasn't less of the former and more of the latter. The Queen's Proctor is going to see about all this.

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ANOTHER mail bag lost. Luckily, it was only from Boston. If it had been from Hamilton, now—!

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THE *Globe* is highly delighted at the little difficulty about Her Majesty's Ladies of the Bedchamber. It has an idea that the Mistress of the Robes irons Her Majesty's pocket handkerchiefs and starches Her Majesty's frills, and it thinks that "the wife of a 'plain mister' might do the job fairly well." We wonder it did not say that the "plain mister" himself "might do the job fairly well"—Mr. Wo Kee, let us say. We were always taught that the globe was an obtuse spheroid, whatever that may be; we fear it is only too true, very obtuse.

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THANK the music of the spheres the "Mikado" is here again. Now there is some hope that the tunes dinned into our ears will be a little more like the real tunes. Lately they have only been recognizable by the words.