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J. W. BENGOUGH - - - - - EDITOR.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE DOCTOR ARRIVES!—The feverish anxiety with which the arrival of Sir C. Tupper was awaited by the Government and their supporters was a confession of weakness which it must have been humiliating to all concerned to make. And yet it had a flavor of honesty about it, for no Government was ever in greater need of the Doctor. And now that the renowned medico-political expert is on hand, what can he do for the patient? Can he by some occult hocus-pocus transform the record of extravagance and corruption into a record of good and business-like administration? No, but he can bellow and browbeat and bluster upon every platform in the country, hiding the truth in a cyclone of words, words, words; and if brass and lung-power are capable of saving the Cabinet, Tupper is the man to do it.

PANDORA'S BOX.—In his address at the Pavilion ex-Gov. St. John illustrated the beauties of the "revenue" from the liquor traffic by giving his audience the figures for Toronto, from which it appears that the people of this intelligent city pay over the whiskey counters \$14 per head per year, and obtain in the shape of "revenue" to the city treasury the munificent sum of 50 cents per head! And this without taking into account the expenditures necessary for police, prisons, etc., for which the traffic is directly responsible.

PROOF POSITIVE.—The *Mail* has reiterated its declaration of independence, and its columns are being daily scanned for the evidences thereof. In the issue of Friday last, the escapade of 1873 is referred to as the Pacific "Scandal" instead of "slander" as heretofore. This looks promising. But why should an Independent paper hesitate to come out in plain English in denunciation of the many crooked acts of more modern times?

IS HE ONLY FOXING?—This question still troubles the Grit party and the country at large, and the *Mail's* professions of independence will count for little until it squarely denounces the wrongdoings of the Government as it now does those of the Opposition.

THE 22ND.—At last the fateful day is named. Feb. 22nd will decide the fate of the Government one way or the other. The campaign promises to be red-hot, but if possible, brethren, let us all keep cool.

BATTENBERG's baby expects to be made brigadier-general of the English army next month.—*Life*.

HE TO HIS CHUM.

"I WONDER if— But try those weeds, old fellow,
And draw that chair up closer while we talk—
You'll find this whiskey ten-year old and mellow.
I wonder if— That is, you know the little walk
I had alone with her? The stroll—and—aw—the—talk ?

"Just so, I guess, I made them feel it badly ;
But then, she was so coy and sweet and—Well—
Say, see ! Don't these socks need some darning sadly ?
'Twas mean to rob the ball-room of its belle.
I'm free to say so now—Here's to us, my dear fell. !

"'Handsome?' By Jove !—'What photo's that one yonder?'
My latest dog—No? Oh, the young thing in tights?
Thereby doth hang a tale. But, say, Jack, I do wonder
If— No, sir ; not in this town's ballet lights !
But let us change the talk to last eve's dear delights.

"I wonder if— You know I went it awful spooney ;
And my divine one—no, she's got no heavy cash—
Gave me full swing, and I, so help me, Patrick Rooney !
Was, for an old stager, mighty, mighty rash !
I wonder—if—she—really—marked—it—down—a—
mash ?"

A DISGUSTED DUTCHMAN.

MINE GOOT FREUND GRIP,—Mine Cracious ! I laugh to death mit choke, at der big funny shoke der *Telegram* lasht week got off. Der *Telegram* vants der goferment to sell liquor to der peebles undt der saloons shut up—der vay they does in Gottenburg ! Ven I vants mine peer, I to der goferment agent goes, undt der agent he takes der price of mine peer and to der goferment hands it ofer—de left,—de vay they does in Gottenburg ! Der peebles can drink, undt drink, undt drink, hard as efer vas, only mit goferment vishky, und der goferment all der big refenue gets—Mine Cracious ! und der *Telegram* cry Gottenburg ! Der poys to ter Teufel goes hard as efer vas—only der *Telegram* say, you go by vay of Gottenburg ! Ve can get trunk, undt steel, undt murder, und go madt, und see snakes,—put—do it de vay they does in Gottenburg ! Ach ! Mine Cracious ! Vat you makes Canadians Gottenburgers for ? Ven der drink hurt der peebles, der peebles put it avay mit Prohibition, not mit Gottenburg—If der *Telegram* not like Prohibition let him go to—Gottenburg ! Ich bin,

AUGUST FREIZETERDOLLER.

ASSUREDLY, woman suffrage is a necessity. A blow has been struck at an inalienable privilege of old maids. What new oppression may not follow, to be protested against only in tears and tea, since they are called on to suppress their felinea.



MISS FORTESCUE, the well-known actress, is appearing at the Grand this week.

MR. DAN. SULLY will occupy the stage of the Toronto Opera House this week in his amusing and successful Irish comedies, "Daddy Nolan" and "The Corner Grocery."