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CARTOON NOTES



OUR leading cartoon this week—showing Sir John defending himself and his decided policy against his antagonist, Hon. E. Blake, leader of the Opposition, with no policy but slander—fairly illustrates the position of affairs at Ottawa during the past session of Parliament, which was closed by the Governor-General on Wednesday the 2nd inst.

OUR second cartoon—showing M. C. Cameron receiving a most just castigation from Sir John—is merely illustrating what that not hon. gentleman would have richly deserved at the hands of the Premier for most grossly insulting his worthy son, Mr. Hugh J. Macdonald.

SIR DICKY.

Sir Dicky was a doughty knight as ever bore a shield,
 He did his fighting in his mind—not on the tented field—
 He thought himself a statesman born, by heaven's grace revealed.

A tall, austere, unpleasant man, his nose was filled with pride,
 His eye with pomp and circumstance, and double-decked beside
 He cultivated figures too, this cannot be denied.

He "mixed and muddled" figures up in such a curious way,
 The man was really off his base, the *Globe* was wont to say,
 When as its cheerful habit was, it scourged him day by day.

Then like the frog he swelled, and swelled, till bursting with
 He said he'd be a minister, or else resign his seat: [coarceit,
 His leader did not think him fit, and bounced him in the street.

'Twas then Mackenzie took him up; the *Globe*, though, looked
 To see this mixer ruining fair Canada's finance: [askance.
 Fair Canada "got onto" him—she read him at a glance.

Four mortal years he pattered round, and things grew worse and
 He did not put the money in, but emptied out the purse; [worse,
 And day by day his courtesy became more scant and terse.

Until at length we turned him out, we couldn't stand the drain—
 The *Globe* declared the people mad, and howled with might and
 But they will not be mad enough to try Sir Dick again. [main,

J. A. F.

THAT PICNIC.

What an elegant time they will have,
 (Though of course there'll be nothing to drink, oh!)
 When Timothy Anglin and Blake
 Go up to the picnic in Simcoe.

Ham sandwiches, speaking by Blake,
 And, while they the cider are seeking,
 They'll bring on the pie and the cake
 (And I guess Blake will take it for speaking).

Yes, Blake will start in with a speech
 That will take several hours to deliver,
 And 'twixt eating and listening at once
 They'll get the complaint of the liver.

He will talk without ever a smile,
 In his style which is frigid and freezing,
 For his soul is too lofty—serene—
 To descend to the low task of pleasing.

When at length they are on the road home
 The farmers will think they're in clover,
 And each one will piously say:
 "Thank Heaven, the picnic is over."

J. A. F.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

Whene'er I hear the maiden's prayer
 Performed by amateurs, I find
 Somehow that *piece* of music fare
 Destroys my *peace* of mind.

Yet every day of my career—
 Although it isn't in my mission
 To answer prayer—I'm doomed to hear
 The maiden's pet pet-ition.

Next door to me there lives a maid,
 Whose daily task it is to hammer
 Her maiden's *prayer*—she long has *prey'd*
 Upon my mind. Oh! ———

CONTRIB.

THE FENCE'S LAMENT.

So help me, chinning Christmas,
 Dot machistrate's no good,
 He, dirty Chentile son of a gun,
 He'd stop me if he could
 From puying second-handed
 Der goods dots in my line;
 Pecause he says der goods is "faked"
 'Bout ten times oud of nine.

Der poys may call me "Sheeny"
 (Ben Israel is my name),
 But buying second-handed
 Is all der time my game.
 Dey say it isn't honest
 To buy dem tings dat's "faked,"
 But I have a *tested* interest here,
 And to see dis through I'm "staked."

J. A. F.

HIS FLAME.

"Young man, you have been coming to my house almost every night during the whole winter, and now all at once you become cool, and hardly speak to my daughter. What does all this mean? Explain yourself!" The young man hesitated, and finally said, in a scared sort of way: "I—I came to your house during the winter because"—"Young man, if you love my daughter, come out and say so." "I came because—because I had no stove in my room, and I wanted to get warm." "You can just go to—where it is hot without a stove," and the young man picked himself up out on the sidewalk.