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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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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### To Correspondents.

Our esteemed contributors will confer a favor by attending more strictly to that axiom about the soul of wit. *Verò sep.*

### Canadian Celebrities.

No. 3.—GEORGE BROWN.

BY ASPER.

At the lowly domain of *Bow* Park—called *Bow* for short, to demonstrate to the thoughtful mind that the proprietor is one not partial to drawing the *long bow*—our reporter waited upon the Hon. GEORGE BROWN, the sole survivor of a race of politicians long since defunct. The grand old Reformer, who, by a strange contradiction, is the most bitter old Tory in Canada,—sat within his study, looking like Purity on a monument winking at Corruption.

"I would ask" said the writer, "of you, as the last remnant of a party that was once a power in the land—as one who belongs by habit, force of mind and character, to a period past and gone; as one who has been useful in times gone by, but whose usefulness has gone"—Mr. BROWN started—"into many and various directions, to give me your ideas as to why Canada is not the country she should be, and what is the matter with her politics."

Said he: "The reason why Canada is so surely and at the same time swiftly plunging down the abyss to ruin and degradation, is a most lamentable one, but one that can be seen by any earnest thinking man with very little trouble. The reason is that no longer do Canadians unhesitatingly believe and act on the advice of my great newspaper, the *Globe*. They are not sufficiently quick and intelligent, to understand that my paper can advocate a policy, by arguments which are totally inconsistent and irreconcilable, and still be sincere in both. They cannot, in their feebleness of mind, comprehend how it is that 'a gentleman of high social standing' can give a circumstantial account of a political transaction one day, and another similar in substance though differing in every detail and leading to totally different conclusions on the next day, and still be

truthful in every particular. The fact is that the people proceed now-a-days to argue for themselves, and in doing so, they always get themselves into a fearful mess. They take the *Globe* as a proposition, and argue it out, whereas they should take it as an axiom—a self-evident truth—and one which cannot be disputed or gainsaid."

"But," enquired our reporter, "how do you account for this fearful backsliding in the natural order of intelligence of our citizens?"

"I can only account for it by the fact that there has, in recent years, arisen a class of men who, combining a superficial knowledge, with a good deal of skill at making a show, and a plausible way of putting false premises, are enabled to convince people that certain unsound and absurd conclusions are sound and true. Ah! if all my followers were like MACKENZIE and MOWAT, or even docile as the once ignorant CARTWRIGHT, my great policy would be more easy of accomplishment. But alas! there are men who, like BLAKE, think in their presumption that they know something, who play havoc with my party and ruin the principles which I profess, although some deny it. These men have the hardihood to defy my power, and are foolish enough to act contrary to my advice and wishes. Who in former years would have thought of complaining of my 'big push' letter? That letter was part of a great design for relieving and helping a struggling and poverty stricken class of voters. The money that that letter caused to be circulated throughout Canada did an immense lot of good. The National Policy, forsooth! The true National Policy is that policy that will put money into the pockets of our citizens and my 'big push' letter did that. Where is the fault of that? Is it not a glorious thing to enrich suffering humanity? True, I always said that the so-called Tories were wrong in practising corruption. But what they were wrong in doing, I was right. My motives were pure, and for my country's good. Their motives were place and power. They, alas! got their place and power, while I—well, didn't. But this cannot now be altered. Men who will not listen to me when I command, have now that power which I should have. Our present Governor-General will not dismiss the crowd of harpies by whom he is advised, although I told him he should do so. I have seen my country go back step by step, until I have almost made up my mind to abandon politics for ever and, like the Roman statesman, retire to my farm for good—or bad. But I have detained you too long. Will you have some refreshment?"

"Thanks," said our reporter, "I don't mind if I do take a *short horn*."

### The Agricultural and Other Resources of Ontario.

(From our own Special Commissioner.)

COBOCONK, Aug. 20.

Sir,—Having received your instructions to examine and report upon the Agricultural and other Resources of Ontario, especially in connection with the N. P., I commenced my investigation on Monday evening. Naturally I turned my steps towards that vast territory which is as yet only partially settled, where the horny-handed sons of toil are still struggling with the howling wilderness, and where the mineral treasures of nature still repose in their virgin beds, wrought in plastic vestments of alluvium, and protected from the too curious eye of man by igneous coverings of prehistoric antiquity.

A-hem!

Let me observe, *en passant*, that I haven't

the smallest idea why the term *horny-handed* is applied to this population;—the only tendency to horns I have discovered is towards those of a liquid character. I don't know what the wilderness has done that it should be reproached with Gritism or denounced as howling;—but it is usual to say these things, and I comply with custom.

Well, Sir, I travelled by the Toronto and Nipissing Railway to Coboconk. By a most extraordinary instance of forgetfulness, on leaving Toronto I came away without either my purse or my wardrobe. The latter I have temporarily supplied by borrowing a few articles from my landlord, and it fortunately happened that I met in the train a young gentleman from the northern districts, where he is engaged in agriculture, who had a very small head, very large feet, and a notion that he was good at euchre. This interesting young man gave me much information about the agriculture of his district, and by a very singular chance I won a little money from him at a friendly game, in fact all the money he had, (it was only two, seventy-five), and this has enabled me to pay expenses until I receive remittances from you, which I am sure you will send me, won't you, by to-morrow's mail? But to return to the subject of my commission.

Coboconk is the present terminus of the Nipissing Railway. It is likely to remain so. Since the opening of the railway some few years since, the place has made remarkable progress. At that time the village contained a blacksmith's shop, two taverns and three stores; now it contains a blacksmith's shop, two stores, three taverns and a saloon. There are, too, many saw mills around, which cut no less than a million feet of lumber annually. A million of lumber! The limited powers of man can scarcely comprehend the vastness of a million. Let us approach it gradually. A million feet of lumber, if all in twelve foot boards, placed end to end with sufficient distances between them, would reach from the earth to the moon! Extraordinary as this may seem, it ceases to be wonderful when compared with the strange fact, obtained by a somewhat elaborate calculation, showing that if the quantity of lumber named were laid as a floor it would cover exactly one million square feet of surface, and allowing ten feet to be sufficient space for a Highland fling, one hundred thousand LORNE's could all fling together and have room to spare. Mother of saints! A hundred thousand LORNE's! Let us change the subject.

The chief resource of this district, whether agricultural or otherwise, is frogs. At one time the trade in these delicacies, and the frogs, had attained large proportions, and great numbers were exported. The district immediately around the village was almost denuded of its warblers, and the metallic conk of the bull frog was heard no more. But by some strange means the N. P. gave to this growing industry no protection, and it gradually decayed and is now almost dead. But as long as there is a conk there is a hope, and when the Cabinet returns from England it is to be hoped that a broad measure of protection will be given to this remunerative industry, and this important resource be duly developed.

I have not carried my investigations to any distance from the inn at which I am staying. The fact is that I cannot carry the investigation farther without also carrying my landlord's pants, and he has intimated, in, I must say, a very gentlemanly manner, that he would not like to have those pants pass out of his view. So you will send me remittances, won't you?

YOUR COMMISSIONER.