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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## Questions

Suggested for discussion by the Political Economy Club of Montreal.

1. Have Canadians any right, under any circumstances, to do anything the *Globe* disapproves of?
2. Who ever said that free speech was not an inalienable birthright of Canadians?
3. Shall free-born Britons be allowed to wear their hair *a la* Mr. BRAY in a colony of limited dimensions, if not, why not?
4. Has Mr. PERRAULT a constitutional right to annex Canada to the United States without consulting the people?
5. What is the future destiny of Muskoka, politically and morally?
6. Have we, under the British North America Act, the power to prevent the inroads of grasshoppers and potato-bugs?
7. Wouldn't it pay the Province of Quebec better to have Legislative Union restored, and get Ontario to foot most of her bills for public works?
8. Wouldn't it be an advantage to do away with the Local Legislatures of the various Provinces, and govern the Dominion from one central seat of authority—say the *Globe* office, or the Political Economy Club Room?

## Dyspeptic Papers.

## NO. VI.—POPULARITY AND PARTY LEADERS.

Of late I have frequently met a little dark man with iron-gray beard and twinkling black eyes, who greets me with profuse smiles, and a prodigiously fine bow. The first time this happened—some weeks ago—I returned his salutation with a stony glare of surprise, wondering what the deuce he meant by including me in his list of acquaintances. My frigid demeanour had apparently no effect in lessening his amiability, his face retained its expression till he had passed, and turning round, with a vague thought that I must have previously known him somewhere, I saw that his very walk seemed to hint deference for the world at large. He elaborately inclined his body to two men a short distance behind me, and I then saw in their faces the very expression which had hardly departed from mine. He seemed to be a monomaniac in the matter of courtesy to strangers.

Entirely oblivious of the previous rebuff, he met me two days afterward with the very same smile and bow, and again went on his way absolutely unaffected by my indignant

stare. Was a bilious man with a general dislike for his fellow-creatures to be thus unmercifully accosted? What had I done to deserve such treatment? All day his disembodied smile floated in the air before me, even as the grin of the Cheshire Cat seen by ALICE in Wonderland. Had he mocked my saturnine visage? The perfect good humor of his face forbade such an interpretation. A light broke suddenly upon me,—he was probably a Frenchman, to whom politeness was second nature! Down in the St. Lawrence country I had seen men who acted in his manner, and then it did not seem unnatural. But in Toronto—a city which brags of being so very English—excessive politeness seemed a grave impropriety.

Next day, as I saw his advancing figure in the distance, I recollected that Lord CHESTERFIELD had taken off his hat to a crossing-cleaver, remarking to a friend that he could not allow himself to be outdone in politeness, even by a street-sweep. Yes, but this man looked quite prosperous, and I had no Chesterfieldian reputation for courtesy at stake! Still that such an example had been set by a nobleman insidiously affected me—for am I not a Canadian to the back-bone? My tormentor's greeting was returned by the best bow at my command. He broke out into a whole acre of smiles, and distinctly pronounced the words, "A very fine day, Sir," in a broad Scotch accent! Gracious! such politeness from a Scotchman! The occurrence was inexplicable, the order of things seemed revolutionized, before me the world reeled to its firm foundations! Pushing into a shop I excitedly inquired who that man was. In a moment the whole matter was made clear—he was an aldermanic candidate for my ward! I had been taken in by a popularity hunter! The sweet satisfaction of voting against him consoles me somewhat for the indiscretion into which I had been betrayed. But he had an immense majority at the polls, gained, I am convinced, by several weeks' exercise of assiduous suavity. He may be a very decent man—I opposed him on the broad ground that the search for popularity should be discouraged.

What idiots men are from highest to lowest that they can be cajoled by agreeable grins and assumed airs of deference and sympathy. A Premier succeeds in spite of an inflexible and ineffaceably bad record, by the same arts that serve CHARLEY RYKERT and ARMY PIPER. This voter is secured by a jovial poke in the ribs, that by an earnest attention to his platitudes, the other by the grant of full liberty to be insolently familiar. I have heard of a dissolute politician who captured a host of Methodist preachers by submitting himself to their sermons for several months before a general election. I know another who was enabled to hold one county for over ten years because, being slightly deaf, he stooped to his interlocutors, and conversed in a low tone, as though confiding an important secret to each individual. And the statesman whose public and private virtue is without a stain is abandoned by many of his party because he has not acquired the art of going through the world with a snickering, lying face! That he was firmly true to principle; that the grim, unyielding, staunch man laid the foundation for a great future victory when he sternly insisted on his own way in the one important question; that an honest, hard-worked minister, continually being approached by corrupt contractors and political sharks, must of necessity become irritable unless he is absolutely angelic, are no pleas to the poor, shallow critics of his own party! He hurt somebody's feelings, and he

isn't popular, and he didn't make himself agreeable! Somebody like SOAPY SAM of the other party is needed as leader! I think the finest thing about that other party was its loyalty to an apparently ruined chief. If he was worthless their devotion was only more touching. It was a gallant thing not to desert even a smirched man when he was down. What can be said for those who shared their leader's victory, and propose to desert him only because he is down? They pant for an agreeable leader, it seems, and I forget my dyspepsia in chuckling over the remarkable sagacity they display in choosing where to transfer their allegiance. Crazy Icelanders, looking for warmth, might travel toward the North Pole.

## A Woman's Want.

A correspondent calls attention to what many women doubtless feel to be a want—the opportunity of meeting with men for the purpose of engaging in the discussion of social topics, on a basis broader than the tittle-tattle of the tea-table or the meaningless and vapid courtesies of the drawing-room.—*Evening Telegram.*

"And how in the world can this result ever be brought about, unless some humanitarian angel be sent to establish among us a society for mutual benefit, and a more perfect knowledge of each other, where we might meet without reserve.—KATIE.—(*Correspondent of Telegram.*)

How sweet it were, if man and maid  
Could meet together to discuss  
Great questions, wholly unafraid  
Of getting into any muss—  
Society's mere fume and fuss!

Astronomy is there tabooed,  
Anatomy is little known;  
One could not, without seeming rude,  
Converse of the coccygial bone  
When sitting with a man alone.

Full dearly do I love to trace  
Each page of philologic lore.  
But what's the use, in this dull place,  
On Sanskrit roots for one to pore?  
Philology is thought a bore!

The other eve', while whirled the dance,  
To one who talked with me I said—  
Thinking his pleasure to enhance—  
"Have you *Fors Clavigera* read?"  
He muttered audibly—"Good ged!"

Another night—'twas bright and still—  
With one who pleased me well I went,  
Softened, I spoke of STUART MILL,  
SMITH, and the theory of rent—  
He yawned and asked me what I meant!

Charmed with the intellectual face  
Of one who sat next me at whist,  
I broached man's ancestry and race,  
"Come we from apes?" I asked—he hissed  
"My stock is U. E. Loyalist!"

Oh! for some place where one could meet  
Men of a much profounder kind,  
Deep subjects who would wisely treat,  
And recognize my force of mind:  
Instead of social noodles blind!

Primordial atoms, Matter, Force,  
Geology, and fossils rare,  
Dawn animals, and nature's course,  
Together we would talk of there,  
All scientific labors share.

In common we would vivisect,  
Discourse of protoplasm and soul.  
All foolish social forms reject,  
Escape conventions and control,  
And go the porcine creature whole!  
BOZENI.

At a negro baby-show down south you can  
pick *animy* from amongst the infants with-  
out any trouble