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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

Words of Cheer.

Messrs. C. Gamon, A. Alexander, George Pritchard, D. Crosbie, and Nicholas Flood Davin have Garr's best thanks for their letters of encouragement and commendation. In return we assure our friends that no protests of bigots shall ever intimidate GARR from the path of truth and right. As that saucy and intelligent Conservative journal, the *Kingston News*, says,

"An immense section of the people of this country believe the truth to be that the Syndicate contract should be treated on its own merits."

This is the line of action GARR has taken on this question, precisely. In the words of another able Conservative journal, the *Mount Forest Advocate*,

"Nailing one's colors to the mast is, no doubt, an excellent way of doing in a naval battle where the matter has to be decided by physical pluck and hard knocks, and where the issue is a simple and immediate one, but, in politics, where the issues are far-reaching and the results, probably, only in the distant future and affecting generations yet unborn, such a course is not only foolish but criminal, and an honest impartial course of policy, untrammelled by party and unshackled by prejudice is the true one to follow."

The Canadian.

A NOVEL, BY HENRY JAMES, JR.

CHAPTER I.

"So here I am in Boston at last," remarked Percival Pencraft, as he thoughtfully paced his apartment in the Gloucester House and gazed from the sixth story window on the unwonted scene before him. The streets were full of people, and street cars glode rapidly up and down crowded to their fullest capacity with passengers. Percival had never seen a street car before, and in the little Canadian village where he had been born and brought up three men and a boy constituted a crowd—so he was naturally surprised at the spectacle which met his gaze.

"Yes, I am here at last," he proceeded to soliloquize—"my business here, it may be necessary to explain to the intelligent reader, is to hunt up my Yankee uncle, Octavius Snogglethorpe, who lives somewhere in the suburbs, who has written asking me to pay him a visit. Furthermore, my particular purpose is to demonstrate the difference between a Canadian and an American, and to let the people of this part of the world have an idea of how uncivilized and lacking in that culture which New England can alone bestow, are the outside barbarians. Seeing that I come from Canada, the intelligent reader must be prepared for all sorts of eccentricities on my part, for naturally I cannot be expected to know any better."

CHAPTER II.

The mansion of Hon. Octavius Snogglethorpe stood in the outskirts of the thriving town of Langfree, about three miles from Boston. Its owner was a descendant of a Pilgrim Father,

and his expansive forehead, keen grey eyes, and firm, yet kindly mouth, betokened something of the ancestral spirit, yet tempered with the amenities of modern culture. His only daughter, Anastasia, a belle of some eighteen summers, was a model of feminine grace, blended with intellectuality, and displaying an introspectiveness rare in one so young.

"Your cousin, Percival Pencraft, will arrive this morning," said Hon. Octavius to Anastasia. "His presence here will afford you an unaccustomed opportunity to differentiate, as it were, between those loftier planes of the mental and moral sphere in which we circumferentiate, and the crude and coarse characteristics of those who have never been subjected to such refining influences. He is a Canadian!"

"A Canadian—how horrid!" said Anastasia. "It is incomprehensible to me how human beings can continue to pursue the weary round of an uncultured existence in those far away places, when they might live in Boston."

"Here he is," said her father, as the thud of a ponderous cowhide boot against the door announced his advent. Percival had never seen a door bell in Canada, of course. They don't have them on their log houses.

CHAPTER III.

On being admitted Percival strode unceremoniously into the apartment and, for a wonder, removed his massive fur cap. The refinements of Boston were beginning to tell on him unconsciously.

"Hello, uncle!" he exclaimed. "Glad to make your acquaintance, old man—shake!"

"I am pleased to welcome you, my nephew," said Mr. Snogglethorpe in a tone of dignified hauteur. "This is Anastasia, your cousin."

"Ah—I hope I see you miss—I s'pose that, being your cousin you know—"

He approached as if to kiss her, but she drew back with an air of frigid propriety.

"Osculation," she remarked, "is essentially archaic, and a survival destined to disappear in the process of sociological evolutions."

"Oh, excuse me," said Percival, "no offence I hope. By the way, uncle," he continued, anxious to change the subject, "I had no idea you kept a crockery store. Biz good?"

"Crockery store! What do you mean?"

"Why you don't want all them plates and pitchers and things for the family, surly?" said the Canadian, pointing to the porcelain on the walls and the mantelpiece.

"Why, those are ceramics, young man," said his uncle sternfully.

"Which?"

"Ceramics—majolica and faience and other varieties of decorative art such as are necessary to all who have the slightest pretensions to culture and artistic taste. Dear me, such ignorance is awful! But you are fatigued with your journey, will you partake of refreshment?"

"Thanks, I don't mind if I do."

"What will you have, sauterne, hock, marschino, madeira, or a good glass of sherry?"

"Thank you, I don't seem to tumble to them fancy beverages, but if you have a swifter of old rye in the house—"

"No sir, we haven't. I am sorry we cannot gratify you in that respect, but our ways of living differ so essentially that I can neither offer you old rye, bread, nor the pemican and beaver's tail which I am informed are the staple food of your country."

CHAPTER IV.

"Our relative is indeed sadly deficient in the æsthetic sense," said Mr. Snogglethorpe some days afterwards, "and yet methinks our cultured surroundings have vibrated some latent chords of his better nature."

"All untutored as he is," said Anastasia, "there are up-welling germs of soulfulness which at times flit athwart the gloom. Upon my enquiring the other day how he

liked Joseph Cook as a lecturer, he replied in his native unsophisticated speech that he was "bully, and just knocked the spots off of the Canadian preachers." It was a sincere and heartfelt tribute, fraught with a depth of meaning that more polished phraseology might have lacked."

How trivial appear the conventionalities when the bosom is permeated with love's subtle thrill! On second thoughts "thrillsome subtleness" is a better expression. Canadian as he was, Anastasia saw beneath the uncouth diction and unpolished demeanor, a mind that might yet prove susceptible of those psychological emotions which require a number of long words and more space than we have at our disposal for their accurate definition.

In brief, she loved! All comprehensive and potent syllable! Old as Eden, yet fraught with eternal rejuvenescence. She—[A column describing the Boston girl's precise style of loving is struck out. It is altogether too metaphysical. Go on with your story.—Ed.]

"Percival, I fear me you are not happy here. You have lost your wonted flamboyancy and abandon. Why thus moodful?"

"Alas, Anastasia," he murmured yearningly, "if you knew the aspirations which—but no, no! 'Tis but a fevered d-a-r-ream. It cannot be. You the child of culture and the decorative arts, you never could love a crude Canadian!"

"Percival," she said, in her most permeative tones, "you know the philosophic dictum that evolution tends to bring all into harmony with their environments. The molecular attraction is potently synthetic, is it not? Oh, Percival, let us evolve!"

And the mellow autumn sun flooded the apartment with a blaze of golden light, symbolic of the aureole of hope which seemed to gild the brow of the future. Which is a fine sentence to conclude with, if not scrutinized too closely in the effort to make sense of it.

THE END.

Letters From a Member.—No. 1.

Ottawa, Jan. 31.

My Respectful Constituents.

Wen i was on the stump askin you for your suffritches i promist that if i flected i wud keep you posted, and now i take up my pen in hand to do so. i wud have writ befour but we have been so much drove that hadn't time. As you have probly saw in the nuspapers i voted for the Syndcat long with the govermint. i was flected as a independint membir, and tharfor i claim the rite to vote with the party that best soots my interests. We have had a big time and no Mistake puttin this thing threw. The Grits fit like Fury agin it, but we have beat em every time. Won the thing fust kem out i went for to go agin it cos i had a bad prjidis agin the Yanks an didn't feel like givin em the Country, but they aint j so Bad as wot the Grits says. Lot of em is in Ottawa jes now, i met bout a dozain in the loby of the House to-day. One of em kem to my rumo in the rusil house tother day an i tell you he was a Real nice man. He was a Parfec gentleman, and ordird up the Drinks fust thing. Then he askt me which way i was agoin to voto, and i told him agin the Outrage. Then he ses, do you believe in keepin money in Canady, or wud you rather see the country suffer for Funs. I sed i went in for the Previous, an then he took out a Role of bills an sed that wud stay in the country if i wud be patryotic an voto for the Sent Paul Sindcat. Of cors, i didn't go back onto the interests of my Country. I didn't allow that munny to go abroad, it is now in my oharg, an i will see that no furriners gets the benefit of it. Bein a man of principle i voted for the Sindcat as i had give my word to this American gent. More anonymous.

Your Repsentive,

JAKOB JOBBAY, M.P.

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