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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



WELL! HAVE YOU GOT YOUR "TEMPEST" WITH YOU? We are on the eve of a session of Parliament which attracts far more attention than usual. The question of responsibility for the Rebellion is to come up for formal investigation, and the verdict against the Government is, in the public mind, a foregone conclusion. Nobody outside those who are materially interested in closing their eyes to the facts now doubts that the cruel—and it would seem even malicious—neglect of the representations of the Half-breeds brought about the trouble. But it does not at all follow that the House of Commons will inflict any punishment upon the ministry, even if this popular verdict is affirmed. That isn't the kind of a House of Commons this is. Sir John himself appears to feel perfectly confident of the result, not certainly from a consciousness of innocence, but from unbounded faith in the loyalty of his henchmen and the possible reconciliation of the Bleus by methods best known to himself. He can afford therefore to regard the coming Parliamentary storm as a "tempest in a tea-pot," and as for the people outside of Parliament—they inspire little dread in one who has the revising of the voters' lists. If the Ottawa House were a "palace of truth" which it isn't! Sir John might meet the Hon. Edward on this auspicious occasion just as our fancy has pictured it in the cartoon.

THE REFORMER HANDICAPPED.—Hon. Oliver Mowat, although a life long Reformer, is troubled with a chronic distrust of the people when any advance step is suggested. He is not a Tory; indeed, personally he is inclined to be fully up to the times, but there are so many things he feels bound to "take into his consideration" that his Reform proclivities get but a poor show. When the Young Liberals waited upon him a few days ago to ask for Manhood Suffrage the Hon. Oliver told them he couldn't think of it—although he himself favored the principle—because certain old fogies in the Party were afraid of it. The young men went away sorrowful, and it is quite likely that they spent some time, after they got home, in thinking over the anomaly involved in a Reform Party being guided by Tories.

HON. THOMAS IN COLLISION WITH THE FACTS.—First of all Mr. M. C. Cameron, the political gad-fly of Huron, made a speech in which he read out the names of a crowd of Government pets who had got timber-limits from Sir John. Then Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, took the stump in defence of the Government, and, specifying three names out of the list, denied point blank the statement made by Mr. Cameron so far as they were concerned. These names were given as sample bricks of Mr. C.'s whole wonderful edifice. Then Mr. Cameron took the platform once more, and refuted Mr. White's refutation by displaying the identical blue-book in which the names challenged were to be found, citing page and date. So far as we can judge, according to etiquette, Mr. White owes the blue-book an apology for having called it a l— that is, a volume of unveracity.

TRYING TO UPSET HOWLAND.—A writ of *quo warranto* has been issued in the name of Mr. F. Felitz with a view of unseating Mr. Howland, Mayor elect of Toronto. Mr. Felitz is an officer of the Grand Opera House, who was never known to take any red-hot interest in anything but his private business. Mr. Manning, the defeated candidate, happens to be Mr. Felitz's employer, and some people have made inferences from these facts. Mr. Manning, however, according to the *News*, disclaims all connection with the legal proceedings. It will be a bad thing for Toronto if the scheme succeeds whoever originated it.

OPEN CONTENT FOR MAINE'S COMMON SENSE.—At a public meeting a few days ago Mr. Goldwin Smith repeated the antiquated untruth that Prohibition is a dead failure in Maine. Perhaps the following words of his friend Canon Farrar, in a speech on his return to England (Jan. 12th), will carry some weight with the Professor:—"It is now thirty-two years since the first prohibitory law was passed there, and I am perfectly aware that many interested and prejudiced persons lose no opportunity of telling us that the Maine Liquor Law is a dead letter, and that Prohibition does not prohibit. Now, I visited Portland, the capital of the State of Maine, and I became more and more convinced that the Maine Liquor Law is in no sense of the word a dead letter. If I had any doubt, it would be removed by observing how intense is the hostility of the liquor interest against the law of Prohibition."

As We Pass By.

TO the Monday Pops. still they flock. As we pass by it strikes us that the most appropriate question to ask is: But what went they out for to see? (N.B.—Joke here somewhere.) And sometimes the spectators (!) are not disappointed, for when a clarinet solo is billed, is there not a reed shaken by the wind? (N.B.—Another joke here somewhere. But, *musica musicis scribuntur.*) However, there is always plenty to see—silks and satins and puzzled looks, and lace, and rubbers, and such things; so that we can be quite happy even if we don't know a *da capo* from a *rondo presto*, or a bass viol from an *andante cantabile*, or a *maestoso* from a *virtuoso*. Only one hint the passer by has to offer: Don't take opera glasses to a concert. If you must take something take an ear trumpet. For some people it seems necessary to take something—but they usually take it between the acts.

THAT is a funny game of hide and seek going on in the Mediterranean Sea. That cheeky little Greek fleet is dodging about, hiding itself behind this island and running up that strait, and after it with solemn threatnings sails the so-called "International Fleet," to be commanded by the royal fiddler, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. A sort of modern Argo with a nineteenth century Orpheus. The Greeks' motto is, "Fiddle, but we won't come to you, my boy."

"HAVANA cigars?"

"Certainly we have cigars, all manufactured here on the premises from the very best *Brassica* leaf, real choice."

He then took his leave, and his leaves; but he never got left, not he.