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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The visit of Sir Charles Tupper and Sir S. L. Tilley to the Maritime Provinces, for the avowed purpose of counteracting the political poison supposed to have been administered to public opinion by Mr. Blake is appropriately set forth in this week's cartoon. Ere this reaches our readers the gallant knights will have finished their antidotal labors, and for the results we will all have to wait patiently until 1883.

FRONT PAGE.—Those of our readers who have seen a performance of the popular new opera, "The Mascot," will readily recognize the scene here depicted and adapted to the present phase of English politics. Mr. John Bull takes the part of *Rocco*, the farming man whose financial troubles and ill luck are worrying him greatly; Lord Salisbury, the leader of the Conservative party, is *Pippo*, the shepherd, and the part of *Bottina*, the Mascot, is played by Miss Protection. It is act i, scene 2. and Sir Stafford is just presenting his master with the means of overcoming his difficulties. It may be necessary to explain that a "Mascot" is a person whose presence ensures good fortune and success. In this respect Protection is a veritable Mascot (in the opinion of certain philosophers) and we can all sincerely hope that Mr. John Bull will find her so, when, at the suggestion of Lord Salisbury and his followers, she is again adopted into the British household.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Dominion Government has just authorized the issue of a table showing the results of the late census-taking so far as the cities of the Dominion are concerned. From this we are pleased to learn that the population of Toronto has increased 30,353 within the last ten years. Mr. Alderman Baxter, our ideal representative of civic dignity

and prosperity, speaks for us all when he congratulates the growing lad, and hopes he may keep on sprouting.

People who cannot afford to go to the island for the summer—nor even to the sea side—can yet enjoy themselves by staying at home and reading the articles in the *Mail* against Gladstone. We doubt if any more diverting exercise can be found to wile away the dog days, at least for the man who relishes unconscious humour. The pigmy warrior, whose vanity is flattered at the thought of even an imaginary connection with the foggism of the old country, poses regularly as an opponent of the Imperial Premier, but the spectacle needs to be seen to be appreciated. The reader will therefore take a glance at page 8.

The knowledge that some editors have! He of the *Advocate-Advertiser* says: "Rev. Dr. Wild, as our readers are aware, occupies the pulpit of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and gets a big salary for it."

The *New England Pictorial* is a journalistic venture of Boston, which promises to be successful. The paper is about the size of *Harper's Weekly*, and is illustrated with plates made by the Mumlor relief plate process. The number before us is made up chiefly of reproductions from wood engravings, which are excellent. The original pictures are from the pencil—or rather pen—of Mr. Leon Barritt.

The lower Province people are disappointed in Mr. Blake's "oratory," and no wonder. Demosthenes himself would have fallen short of what they were led to expect. The Reform papers are in the habit of describing their leader as an orator, when he is no such thing. Perhaps he is something better—he is a clear, logical, and agreeable speaker, and, better still, a man who evidently speaks what he believes. Since the death of McGee, Canada has not had a political orator in the proper sense of that term.

The *Globe's* special English gusher has been gushing again about H. R. H. Princess Louise. Albeit his paragraph contained nothing but the oft repeated announcement that the royal lady will return to Canada when she has recovered health. This is (perhaps slyly) followed by the statement that "during the last seven days" the Princess dined out three times visited two theatres, several picture galleries, Windsor Castle, and attended several charitable and miscellaneous entertainments and receptions.

Every quasi-official announcement concerning the Princess' return to Canada only confirms us in the belief that she does not intend to come back at all. She finds society at home much more to her liking, naturally enough, and she probably intends to stay there. Of course the absence of the gifted lady very much affects the working of our political constitution and makes things dull at Ottawa, but we see no reason why it should not be plainly announced that she has said her final good-bye to Rideau.

Sir John Macdonald will probably not thank the toady of the *Mail* who wrote an editorial paragraph to emphasize the fact that the Prince of Wales, at the colonial banquet, mentioned our Premier's name. The incident is brought forward ostensibly for the purpose of administering a rebuke to the *Globe*, but the dullest reader cannot fail to detect in it the pure spirit of the flunkey, as who should say, "Aha! the Prince of Wales actually mentioned Sir John's name with his own royal tongue; now then."

In a friendly sketch of his rival, Labouchere, Edmund Yates says:—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has pointed out when John and Tom are together they represent six persons. There are, for example, John as he really is, John as John thinks he is, and John as Thomas thinks him to be. Apply this to Thomas, and we have six persons. In the case of Mr. Labouchere there are several persons to be considered; first Mr. Labouchere as he is actually; secondly, the same as seen by a friend; thirdly, the same as seen by himself; fourthly, the same as described by himself. The latter is a purely fancy portrait of the most amusing kind. There is no limit to mendacity or shuffling that the imaginary Labouchere has not transgressed. He is a gambler of the deepest dye, a deceitful friend, a treacherous enemy.

If there is anything in heroically-worded mottoes to enkindle enthusiasm, the Liberal Conservative meeting at St. John on the 26th ult. certainly ought to have been a rouser. Amongst the curiosities of literature which decorated the walls of the exhibition building were the following:—

NEW BRUNSWICK'S
Chosen Leader and Ablest Son,
SIR LEONARD.

Brave Arms will Defend Him
In His Onward March.

Also:
NOVA SCOTIA'S
Chosen Leader and Ablest Son,
SIR CHARLES.

Brave Arms will Defend Him
In His Onward March.

We hope these distinguished gentlemen are not really in any serious personal danger in their "onward march" through their native Provinces.

SIR JOHN, OUR GREAT GENERAL.

SIR LEONARD,	His Able and Trusted	SIR CHARLES.
SIR ALEXANDER,	Lieutenants.	SIR HECTOR,

Long Life to Them All.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER,

LET HIS ENEMIES ABUSE.

His Friends will Defend.

Crows Peck at the Best Fruit.

OUR OWN BLUE NOSE BOYS
Can Fight Their Battles Themselves.

NO NEED OF HELP OUTSIDE!

This last line is a neat thrust at Blake and Huntington, and perhaps Mr. Thos. White got notice to that effect when he put off his intended tour east.