



Published every Saturday. \$3 per year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. All business correspondence to be addressed to J. V. WRIGHT, General Manager; literary matter, sketches, etc., to the EDITOR.

J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVI. TORONTO, JUNE 19TH, 1886. No. 25.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

Comments on the Cartoons.



BLIND AND DEAF!—Sir John Macdonald is in a fair way of losing the reputation he has long held amongst his admirers as a man of "good heart," and earning instead an infamy like Nero's. We can think of nothing that the old Roman monster could have suggested to make the misery of the poor Indians of the North-West worse than it is; he could only have informed himself that they were being starved, cheated, outraged and demoralized, and then sat himself down in luxury to enjoy the knowledge. It is not supposable that Sir John Macdonald, as yet, actually enjoys the sufferings of the unhappy beings who are under his care, but he *knows* of them—perhaps better than any other man at Ottawa—and he does nothing to relieve them. The "contractors," whose rotten pork and stinking flour have killed many a poor famishing wretch, are allowed to go on with their knavery—putting in their thievish pockets the full price of wholesome food; the officials, whose beastly lust has overwhelmed the Indian tribes with disease and death, are allowed to go on in their devilish work while drawing pay from the treasury of a Christian people. Has Sir John Macdonald a heart at all, that he can tamely endure these foul iniquities without stirring a hand or tongue to end them? Can he have the least atom of patriotism in him, when he thus allows the fair fame of Canada to be blotted with dishonor? If he values the good opinion of the people who have so long upheld him, he will hasten to prove it by putting forth all his power to vindicate the cause of justice and morality in our North-West. This, we believe, the people, without distinction of party, demand of him. However it may be in the fetid halls of officialism, there are some Canadians outside who still believe in God as a Being who will avenge the wrongs of His friendless children upon the nation that inflicts them or allows its rulers to do so.

THE LATEST FASHION IN HATS in Canada is known as the Cardinal's. The Pope has just sent one of these head-pieces to Archbishop Taschereau of Quebec, elevating that dignitary to the position of a Prince of the Church. Cardinal Taschereau will please accept GRIP's congratulations, with assurances of esteem and veneration always due to a good man.

THE GRAND OLD PERSEVERER.—Mr. Goldwin Smith is amongst the far from profound people who talk of Mr. Gladstone's bill as a "separation" measure—an expression which the English premier

lately denounced as mere slang, as it is. And of course Mr. Smith is delighted at the defeat of the second reading—again proving himself superficial, by jumping to the conclusion that this means the defeat of Home Rule. It means quite the opposite, as the learned Professor and a few others will find out before long. He ought to read over again the story of Bruce and the spider.

WELCOME, JOHN ABELL.—Mayor Howland never more truly represented the people of Toronto than he did in his words of welcome and congratulation the other day, on the occasion of the opening of Mr. John Abell's big establishment. Toronto is always glad to greet new settlers of Mr. Abell's stamp, even if they don't build and equip factories covering acres of ground, and give employment to hundreds of our workmen.

THE WOOLING.—A good many of the gossips are of opinion that handsome Ed. Blake has made a genuine conquest in the case of the charming Miss Canada. When he pops the question she will blushingly answer "yes," but that does not necessarily imply that he will get her. The young lady has a mean step-father—a slippery old lawyer, named Revisinofficer, who is known to be in the pay of Blake's hated rival, John A., and *his* consent is, of course, essential to the match.

TOM BOYLAN.

ANOTHER pen oft wielded for our page,
And ever ready in its kindly wit,
Has fallen from another stiffened hand,
Tom Boylan is no more!
A genial soul—a charitable heart—
A tongue that held no venom and no guile—
And yet a life that haunting Care did mark
With lines of grief that mocked his span of years
And made an unsolved problem of the man.
Forget his frailties now that he is gone,
And call to mind alone his better part.
Let Pity's tear bedew his lonely grave,
And leave the jibe at his poor broken life
To that black-hearted Traffic that once more
Beholds its finished work!

AN ODE TO THE ODISIOUS.



COME, Boys, avault, skidaddle, get ye gone,
Let's have no more of your youthful
squallin',
The street's no instrument—to play upon,
The park's no place to bat and bawl in.

Boys should be modest, quiet, self-possessed,
Demure, decorous—don't tell *me* they
couldn't,
I'm sick of the apology so often pressed,
"Boys *will* be boys"—well, then, I say
they *shouldn't*.

Speak not to me of innocent enjoy
That boys should make the most of while
they get it.
Don't tell me I was once a buoyant boy,
The fact I'm well aware of—I *regret* it.

Throw down your bats and balls—discard them, do,
Go make an audience for the obscene joker,
Apply yourselves to billiards—that's your *cue*,
Or stir the demon fires up—with *poker*.

Go to!—avault, skidaddle, end your glee,
Quit now your boy-sterous and noise-some revel.
What if you take to vice?—that's naught to me,
I *must* have quietude—go to!—the devil.

A. H. H.

SCENE IN THE CAPITAL.

1st Lady.—And where are you going, dear?

2nd Lady (hesitatingly).—Why, dear, I was thinking of walking up to the Western Block; my husband works there, you know.

1st Lady (shocked).—Don't dream of it, love, you can't imagine what a name that place has got!