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EDITOR.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



ORPHEUS.—The Landry motion, expressing regret at the execution of Riel, was defeated by an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons. Notwithstanding the bluster of the French *Bleus*, a mere handful of them voted against the Government. The "bolt" turned out a veritable fizzle. It has been once more demonstrated that the witchery of Sir John's music is powerful enough to keep the Orange lion and the *Bleu* lamb in blissful accord, and in mutual willingness to follow the modern Orpheus wheresoever he goeth.

RE-VENGE!—By virtue of a decision, which good lawyers say would certainly be reversed on an appeal, Mayor Howland has been unseated. This result may afford some satisfaction to Mr. Manning, although that gentleman disclaims all connection with the *quo warrant* which brought it about. If it is a satisfaction to the defeated candidate, he might make it the occasion of a little melodramatic business on the stage of his theatre all by himself some quiet afternoon, by getting a cloak and dagger from the "property" room and striding around ejaculating *Revenge! Revenge!* This is all the practical good Mr. Manning or anybody else can get out of the incident, because Mr. Howland is going to be put into the chair again forthwith.

CRUSHED AGAIN!—Mr. Blake, who was one of the few who voted for the Landry motion, sustained what the politicians call a crushing defeat on the occasion. We have tried to convey some faint idea of the "heft" of the Governmental majority.

LANDRY'S CHAGRIN.—Mr. Landry was congratulated by Sir H. Langevin on the moderation of his speech in support of the Riel motion. The prevailing belief is that, in introducing the resolution, he was really acting by pre-arrangement with the Government. His chagrin at the sweeping victory of the Cabinet will accordingly be intense.

HE STILL KEEPS THE KEY.—The Hon. Oliver has locked up his little House of Assembly, and walked off with the key once more. Mr. Meredith wants to have the handling of that key, but for the present the fates are against him. "Some day," William, "some day."



MR. POWDERLY, head of the Order of the Knights of Labor, is a man of good solid sense, and the members of the organization would do well to heed the advice he has lately given. Strikes have been initiated in many places in direct violation of the laws of the order, and Mr. Powderly wants this stopped. Otherwise he threatens to resign. If Powderly goes off, it will probably blow up the whole concern.

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EX-GOV. ST. JOHN says the Republican and Democratic parties of the U. S. might just as well move into the same house, and thus save rent and expenses.

If he substituted the names Grit and Tory his remark would be equally true. That there is no living issue to justify the separate existence of these "parties" on either side of the line is gospel truth—the gospel according to St. John.

* * *

Now is the golden opportunity for the Young Liberals—under whose broad banner all patriotic men, whether the sons of Grits or Tories, can find a place. We want manhood suffrage, the abolition of the senate, and the pulverization of the rum-traffic, besides other reforms, and we're waiting for the new party to secure them for us. Mr. D. E. Cameron, where are you?

* * *

STATISTICS show that 10,000,000 birds are butchered annually to decorate the head-gear of—no, not the savages of the South Sea Islands—the Christian ladies of America! The girl who reads this paragraph and can go on countenancing the barbarous fashion has not the heart of a woman, and should be shunned as a leper by the young man who has hitherto loved her.

* * *

WELL, the medals have arrived at Ottawa. They are described as being about the size of a fifty cent piece and twice as thick. As soon as the names of the heroes can be engraved upon them, they will be distributed, and we hope they may long decorate the gallant breasts of our boys. The "medals" to be presented to the ministry for having given the volunteers an opportunity to win *their* medals, will be made of gold, about the size of a dollar, and each member of the cabinet will receive some 8,000 annually, until further notice.

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LET us understand this thing. The doctors say that Sir John must absolutely refrain from parliamentary business this session, and it is presumable that Sir John sees the wisdom of obeying this mandate. Sir Hector Langevin consequently takes the lead in the House, and the *Globe* assures us that he is a shocking misfit—a complete duffer. However, a tremendous parliamentary victory is scored, and now with one accord people are attributing it to Sir John's cleverness! Is this fair to Sir Hec.? Give the devil his due—and according to the *Globe* that personage (*per* Sir Hector) had a good deal to do with the very matter under discussion.