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#### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir Charles Tupper was, during the Pacific Railway Charter negotiations and throughout the subsequent long debate in Parliament, supported in his earnest advocacy of the Syndicate's cause by a childlike confidence in the gentlemen composing that corporation. In reply to the alarmed assertions of the Opposition that the privileges proposed to be granted would be a source of danger to the country, he declared that the members of the Syndicate were gentlemen who would not think of taking advantage of the clauses referred to. Sir Charles has lived to have this gratifying support knocked from under him. He is now aware, in common with the world at large, that the Syndicate is influenced in its conduct by business considerations—business only. Accordingly, all attempts at projecting competing railways in the north-west have been promptly snubbed (as provided for in the charter), and the land which was to have been sold so freely to settlers is either locked up or fixed at fancy prices in all desirable locations. Sir Charles has met the fate of the colored brother in the popular chromo, which we have therefore adapted to point a moral at the present juncture.

FIRST PAGE.—Comment is unnecessary. Sir John is still in England and the "Fair Trade" boom appears to be gaining force.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The obstinacy of Lord Salisbury and his fellows in the House of Peers in their opposition to Gladstone's Land Bill was such as to render no apology necessary for the introduction of the humble representative quadruped in the sketch. The Lords seemed determined not to take the jump required of them,

but John Bull is came up in the rear, and was in no humor to put up with the stupidity and insolence of the privileged class in this matter. Since our sketch was engraved, the critter has gracefully jumped the dyke.

The relapse suffered by President Garfield during the early part of this week caused the utmost anxiety throughout the Continent—or rather the world. The feeling of hope that was so generally indulged has been succeeded by a chilling atmosphere of doubt and apprehension.

W. W. Cole's circus is announced to spread its canvas in Toronto early in September. Mr. Cole is a Canadian, and they say he has one of the best organizations in the world of shows. As the exhibition will be going on at the time set for the performance of the circus, a fine financial haul is pretty well assured.

The Bradlaugh business is taking a rest, the enactment over the attitude of the Lords on the Land Bill having supplanted it in the public mind. Mr. Bradlaugh is still suffering from the effects of his Quixotic attack on the British Parliamentary Windmill, and is not likely to renew the fight till he gets real strong.

The Marquis is having a pleasant time on his western tour, apparently. He is meeting with all the enthusiasm that his presence is calculated to arouse, and we trust nothing will occur to mar the smoothness of his progress. Meantime the Dominion plunges madly along without his guiding hand upon the helm, and nobody seems to know it.

The "intelligent compositor" has been at it again. In one of the city papers there is a displayed advertisement of a brewery, in which Prof. Croft's analysis of a certain sort of beer is given in bold type. The learned gentleman is made to declare, that as the result of his examination he finds this liquor "a pure and therefore wholesale beverage."

The Duke of Argyll is said to have sent his son a letter advising him to resign the Governor-Generalship of Canada, all on account of the Land Bill. If true this is exceedingly cruel of the Duke, as it will be very hard to find another Governor-General like the Marquis—very hard indeed. It is not likely, however, that the irate nobleman's letter reached the personage in question, but if it did he ought to cable in reply: "Can't resign any official duties, as I am not performing any at present. Wait till you get cool, then write again."

The brutal murder of an inoffensive old man at Ottawa by a pack of rowdies who were carrying on a *charivari* on the occasion of the victim's marriage has evoked strong feeling on all sides, and the guilty parties, who are now in custody, will probably receive their just deserts. If the law made this senseless business of *charivari* a felony, few would have any objection to offer. It is not safe to leave the rough element under the impression that assaults of this character are in any way privileged because they are committed under cover of a "custom."

And now it is reported that Senator Boyd is to be taken into the Cabinet. When this is done they will have bonfires in St. John, where the Senator is known and liked by everybody—excepting a few. Mr. Boyd is decidedly superior in ability to any man at present in the Cabinet with perhaps three exceptions, and the Premier could hardly make a better selection if it is found necessary to take in a new Minister.

The Royal will continue under the management of Mr. Cowner, under whose direction the house has been thoroughly re-decorated during the vacation. Several new scenes have been painted by Geo. Morris, Sr., while Mr. Ambler and Mr. Powers have supplied new mechanical effects and properties. The Royal is now a bright and beautiful place, and as thoroughly equipped for theatrical purposes as any similar institution on the continent.

Some American papers are making an ado over the alleged stealing by Canada of some mail-bags belonging to the United States. What mail-bags? We haven't seen any of your measly old mail-bags lying around, but see here, Jonathan, we'll look around our premises, and if we find any of the bags we'll send them over to you, providing you'll return a couple of hundred of them filled with the surplus British gold you got on the Alabama award. What do you say?

The work on Yonge street goes slowly on. The road is now broken as far as Queen street, graded up to Richmond, and paved about half that distance. If our suggestion of last week as to the aldermen holding candles to the labourers is not to be adopted, let us have the electric light forthwith. From the way civic business is managed it would appear that our aldermen are not fit to hold candles to anybody. There is no reason why a night gang shouldn't be put on and the work pushed ahead.

If we understand it correctly, the objection to Bradlaugh's taking his seat is that he refuses to take the oath, as he has no belief in a Deity; or he admits that if he did take the oath, it would not be more sacred to him than his mere affirmation. This is honest, at all events, and seeing that there are scores of sitting members who are as truly atheists as Bradlaugh, and hypocrites at that, we entirely fail to see why the British Lion should make an exceptional dead set against this one man. It is an exhibition of injustice of which we, as British colonists, are ashamed before the world.

Abal the Prince of Wales is done for now! He is charged with having played lawn-tennis on a Sunday. Parliament ought to take action forthwith to prevent any possibility of his ever ascending the British throne. Let Mr. Bradlaugh, who resigned his membership at the Club because Albert Edward joined, see to this at once. The Prince and his friends have lost no time in denying the charge and vindicating the royal character. After all, it may not be true. Perhaps at the very hour indicated H. R. H. was smoking a cigar and reading "Nana" on his own back stoop.