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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**Too Fresh.**



OUR esteemed friend Bray of the Montreal Spectator is, we fear, a trifle too fresh. As some of our readers may not grasp the exact meaning of this familiar term, we will explain that

it is an epithet usually applied to a clergyman who is in the habit of giving his own profession a back-handed slap occasionally in order that he may secure the applause of the church-despising world, and win the reputation of being "liberal" In the last number of the Spec. for example we find this, in an article on Carlyle :

"From thoughts of the ministry to the teaching of mathematics was a turn, to be expected of the man who had been gifted with a hate of hypocrisy."

We wouldn't like to say that Bro. Bray is not gifted with this "hate of hypocrisy" himself, but if he is, why don't he step down and out of the pulpit? The term "too fresh" is also applicable to an editor who writes like this :

"I am glad to hear that there is a movement on foot in Toronto for the early closing of public houses on Saturday evenings."

Everybody else knows that this "movement" resulted in law long, long ago; and that the present agitation amongst the Licensed Vices, has exactly the opposite object.

**A Good Word for Halifax.**



EAR GRIP.—You, no doubt, will think with me that it is reasonable, nay, the imperative duty of Ontario to support the claim of Halifax to become the winter port of the Dominion.

When the excessive liberality of the people of Halifax is considered, I don't see how any one can think differently.

Possibly it is not generally known that when a commercial traveler offers goods for sale in Halifax, by sample, he is at once and very properly arrested by the strong arm of the law and put into gaol, there to remain until his principals pay \$100 fine for each and every offence.

Is it likely that such business liberality can be overlooked by the Government?

Yours truly,  
AN UPER PROVINCE DRUMMER.



**The Lost Game.**

SIR JOHN.—You might as well give it up, my hon. friend. I've got my men crossed, and they'll soon take possession of the alternate blocks!

**Prof. Henry Toole Whind, the Canadian Patriot.**

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

May it please your Excellency:—I am a patriot. My heart burns with love of my country.

I am a man of honor, and am above doing a mean thing, or seeing my beloved country do a mean thing.

Please keep the above in mind, as you may be tempted to doubt my patriotism and virtue.

I was employed by the Minister of Marine to compile an index of the papers used before the Halifax Commission, and took occasion to make myself acquainted with their contents. I discovered that there were discrepancies between the statistics from the Canadian records and the Provincial records, and that these differences made the Canadian case look better than it should. Of course I assumed that the Provincial records were right and the Canadian wrong, and, to show my patriotism, I went to the British and Canadian agents and informed them of the facts. They never paid me a cent for the information.

And then, still determined to make my patriotism count, I went to the United States representative and intimated that I could a tale unfold that would startle him. He said he had no money to pay for prying into the Canadian papers. At the mention of the word money, preceded by the negative "no" though it was, I turned my back upon him.

Then I went to Delfosse, the Belgian member of the Commission, and he never offered me a chair nor a cent, but stared at me in a curious and peculiar way, and said he didn't see that my statistics were anything to him.

Then I went to Sir Alex. Galt, and told him not to take that \$5,500,000, or I would expose the rivers of iniquity through which the Canadian officials had waded. He smiled, but never offered me a cent.

Firmly resolved, as a patriot, to prevent my country from getting these millions, as the price of fish that had never been exported (two quintals and a half), I packed my carpet-bag and went to London. I wrote to the Secretary for the Colonies for an interview, explaining to him the grave and momentous nature of the information I had to disclose, and he sent me word he hadn't time to see me!

I tried to get an interview with Lord Salisbury, and other members of the Government, by writing to them and trying to intercept them at their doors and in Downing-street, but got nothing but rebuffs, and kicks and cuffs from their servants, for my pains. "And this is the fate of a patriot!" I said to myself bitterly as I started for home, "I have tried to save my country, and she will not be saved."

I returned and laid the whole case before Sir John Macdonald. He winked once or twice, put his skinny finger alongside his corpulent nose, and said, "Blackmail, you scoundrel!

Get out of this office or I'll have you indicted!" I was overwhelmed with indignation. I would, of course, have relieved my country of the ignominy of keeping the \$50,000 or so which she got over and above what she was entitled to by accepting it myself and restoring it in some secret manner to the treasury at Washington, if Sir John had entrusted me with it—but blackmail, my lord, I'm above it.

Then I wrote to you, and was honored with a very curt acknowledgment of my letters from your Capt. Kidd.

I beg your Excellency to overlook the trifling irregularity I commit in addressing you through the medium of Guttr, and shall not be offended, I assure you, if your Capt. Kidd replies through the same distinguished medium.

I have the honor to assure your Excellency of the most distinguished consideration of your ever obedient and humble servant,

HENRY TOOLE WHIND.

**Old Favorites with New Faces.**

No. 1.—"WHEN FIRST WE MET."

She wore a Tam o' Shanter that morn when first we met. As we each went into Coleman's for a lunch a la faucelette: but her love for me had daily become lessened, not enlarged.

It was thin as Coleman's lunch beef, for which fifteen cents they charged. I saw her at that table, her hair dressed I know not how, All in frizzles, curls, and ringlets, with bangs upon her brow.

I met her at the Royal at a Wednesday matinee, On fair neck and arms and shoulders fell her loose hair *à la mode*. Half-reclining in the stage-box in soft languor of repose, With the plumpness of the partridge and the red blush of the rose.

Was that figure a delusion, was it carmine that she wore? Were her "toot si cum" the dentist's, are her tresses from the store?

This I know not, nor my feelings much concerns it if they were.

How, I care not—to the gaze in the distance she is fair, He who loves to see her nearer—to be to him the process known.

Powdered arms and padded figure, eyes of glass and teeth of bone! And since beauty is but skin-deep you and I are not above

Meeting manufactured Woman with an artificial Love.

JIMP KRO.

**The Choral Society's Concert.**

Mr. Fisher was in fine feather on Tuesday night, when he stood on the pedestal before his Choral Society and wielded his baton in the presence of a large and cultivated audience. The affair was a success, thoroughly. The music presented was not too classical, but just classical enough. Conductors often make the mistake of soaring over the heads

of their auditors; but Mr. Fisher's programme was made out after a careful diagnosis of Toronto's musical tympanum, and it suited the case exactly. Perhaps the most marked thing about the performance was the admirable time in which the chorus sang; the orchestra also deserves warm praise for their strict obedience to the baton. The soloists were Miss Hillary, Miss Lay (a decided acquisition to our city soprano), Miss Maddison, Mr. Beddoe, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Sherrieff. In the words of His Worship, the young Mayor, Toronto has just cause to be proud of possessing two such musical organizations as the Choral and Philharmonic Societies, and it is to be hoped that our citizens will give them a generous and substantial support in their elevating work.

