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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

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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.



THE BULL-FIGHT.—The Parliamentary session now drawing to a close has been chiefly remarkable for its scandals. In this particular it has been more prolific than most sessions, and the scandals have been quite up to the average of flagrancy. In all cases, moreover, where investigation has been permitted, the charges brought against the Government or its supporters have been amply proved. So that these estimable gentlemen return to their houses a shade grimmer than before. The "Scandal policy" of the Opposition has been a marked success in itself—but it may be doubted whether anything will be practically gained by the opposition of burnt-corking the blackamoors. If the people of Canada were not convinced before that they are at present governed by a pack of corruptionists and political profligates, it was owing to their own moral blindness, and not to a want of proof.

TU QUOQUE.—As an offset to the terrible exposures made in the cases referred to above, the ministerialists brought a charge against Messrs. Mills and Cook, of the Opposition, alleging that the former, when Minister of the Interior, had (in 1878) remitted to Mr. Cook the sum of \$1,800, representing timber dues owing by the latter to the Department. Upon investigation, the favoritism herein alleged was substantiated, whereupon great rejoicing broke forth in the ranks of the convicted boodlers. We fail to see, however, how the wrongdoing of Messrs. Mills and Cook can palliate or excuse that of Beatty, White, Howell, Langevin, *et al.* Of course a rascal naturally feels pleasure at finding somebody else as bad as himself, but the people of this country ought not to be satisfied with the argument herein implied.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—Once more, at the risk of being denounced as a Tory hireling by the *Globe*, we take the opportunity of remarking that Mr. Blake has no policy worthy of the name. This assertion, the *Globe* says, is one that the people are sick of hearing. Perhaps so, but it is the pitiable truth of it that nauseates them. If he has a policy beyond the list of negations—that he will *not* grab timber limits, that he will *not* dicker in railway charters—that he will *not* do the thousand and one scandalous things that John A. does—what is that policy? Has Mr. Blake ever officially placed before the people of Canada, in such shape as plain men can understand, a list of positive reforms that he will inaugurate if returned to office? Has he any radical cure to offer for the demonstrated rottenness of our system of Government? Is he for or

against the saloon? Does he declare specifically and emphatically for manhood suffrage? Is he for or against the present emigration system? Now Mr. Blake *has* ideas on these and many other questions, and no doubt he admits them to be amongst the great questions of the time. Why then, does he not set forth his ideas, and enter the campaign as if he meant business. Canada needs reform more than any country we know of, and theoretically she has a *Reform* party. But practically, where is it? We can assure Mr. Blake that in the absence of a specific declaration on these and other great issues he will "get left" at the forthcoming election, and it will be his own fault.

NOT HIS SENTIMENTS.

A HIGHLY esteemed but very angry subscriber sends last week's GRIP back to us with the leading cartoon all scored over with blue-pencil, and the margin inscribed with the *terrible* legend—"Not the sentiments of the subscriber." The "sentiments" referred to are those which GRIP supposed would animate the breast of every self-respecting Canadian, in connection with the fishery troubles—a feeling of chagrin at the attitude of the mother country in proposing (*vide* the leading London papers) to sacrifice our rights to please the American grabbers. This subscriber evidently takes no stock in Tennyson's sentiment, "Britons, hold your own!" and in all likelihood he used his little blue pencil on the laureate's late poem, and sent it back to him. We are unpleasantly surprised to find that our list included so much as one man who would protest against the assertion of Canadian self-respect in this matter, and who is apparently ready to crawl in the dust through a mistaken idea of "loyalty." The truth may be unpalatable, but it is none the less the truth—If Great Britain is correctly represented by her leading newspapers, her course on the Fishery question will give rise to a demand for Canadian Independence or Annexation to the United States.

FISHERY RHYMES.

BY GASPER ROWE.

THE Yankees may bluster and blow;
An attempt at resistance may show;
But it can't be denied
We have right on our side
And that's why we cackle and crow.

A YANKEE named Kenny, from Gloster,
Had a hook-er in Digby but lost her;
He went to buy bait;
Now pity his fate;
That smack ne'er again will see Gloster.

IT really is s(h)ad to relate
How the Yankees be-wail their tough fate;
They may cavil and "carp,"
But they'll find Canucks sharp,
And we won't let them perch-ase our bait.

THERE's a crank politician named Frye,
Who says eel have fish or know why.
But this you can't do,
The treaty fell through;
As you make your bed, so you must lie.

A MAN jumped off a railway train and sprang into a hack.

"What hotel do you wish to go to?" asked the driver.
"I am an Irishman and have just arrived in this country, and—"

"Ah, I see, you want me take you to the polls."