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EDITOR.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



OUR SOLID FOOTHOLD.—The Canadian case in the fishery difficulty is perfectly clear. The Americans having of their own free will—and cussedness—abrogated the fishery clause of the Washington treaty, we revert to the agreement of 1818 as the basis of our present relations. On this we have taken our stand, and it is for infractions of this that we have seized American boats. Our neighbor is doing a vast amount of tall talk and brow-beating, but thus far without avail. We are determined to hang on to our fish in response to the Poet Laureate's cry of "Britons, hold your own," and notwithstanding the opposite advice of the London press.

OH, CERTAINLY NOT.—At the banquet of the Grand Orange Lodge recently, Mr. Clark Wallace, M.P., was called upon to respond to a toast, and in the course of his oration he denied that the Orange order was in any shape or form made use of for political purposes by the Tory party. We think this worthy of being chronicled, because, although the statement was received with "cheers," it is safe to say that there was not a person in the room besides the speaker who didn't think "laughter" would have been more appropriate just at that point. In short it would be hard to find a person anywhere in Canada who would regard such a denial as serious, the facts being so familiar and notorious. Mr. Wallace is a good fellow, and we always believed he would achieve great distinction in public life. He has done so. He stands now on a pinnacle of fame as the only man in Canada who believes that Orangeism is not a Conservative engine.

A POSER FOR FRYE.—Where is Senator Bardwell Slocum Frye? He hasn't been making himself so manifest as usual since "his folks" seized and confiscated the Spanish fishing smack caught in the act of infringing the legal regulations. Perhaps the honorable gentleman has retired to make microscopic observations to discover the difference between this seizure and that of the American boat *D. J. Adams*, lately made by the Canadian authorities;—at all events we have not heard the outcry from him that we had a right to expect.

WHAT HE WANTS IS FEED.—Pure water is excellent in its way, but if you expect your horse to win the race you must give him solid food as well. And just in the same way if the leader of the so-called Reform party intends to win the next election he must give

the electorate something more than mere promises of good conduct in office. He must declare himself specifically upon each of the great questions which are up for discussion, and stand or fall by the platform thus built. And it behooves him to be quick about it, as the public will ere long tire of having to lead its alleged leaders.

AN ODE TO BLAINE.

O, BLAINE of Maine
 We hear your fog-horned voice again,
 With patriotic fervor now you wish
 To let your Maineiacs steal our fish.
 But, Blaine of Maine;
 Let us explain:
 Your men may fish where'er they wish,
 But not, in spite of all their boasts,
 Upon Canadian coasts,
 Nor must they look to us for bait,
 From your own State
 We take one stern condition—
 Strict prohibition.

In days of old, we're told,
 The men of Egypt, all grown bad and bold,
 Holding the captive Jews within their toils,
 Were plagued with blains and boils.
 But Maine, O Blaine,
 Worse than the Pharaonic train
 Which truth and honesty and law defies,
 Is plagued with Blaines and Fryes.

O, Blaine of Maine,
 Hear us again;
 There is a mighty power,
 Not the mere transient creature of the hour,
 But one whose meteor flag floats to the breeze
 In every clime and glorifies the seas.
 Beneath that flag we sit, nor fear a bit
 But fish where'er we wish.
 In Britain's arm we must
 Forever trust.
 Her thunders never sleep,
 But roll across the mighty pathless deep.
 Forget not this, O demagogic Blaine—
 Britannia rules the main.

Hamilton Spectator.



THE Templeton Opera Company, of New York, have Mr. Bengough's successful comic opera "Bunthorne Abroad," in rehearsal, and will produce it shortly with an excellent caste. It is likely the Company will visit Canada during the coming season.

TUESDAY, 15th, is being looked forward to with increasing eagerness, as the opening day of the great musical festival. The arrangements are being rapidly completed and we expect to be able to chronicle a complete success. Artistically, that is already beyond question, and we have confidence that the music lovers of our city and Province will sufficiently appreciate the treat prepared for them to render a financial success equally certain.

It is said that cayenne pepper blown into cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. What's the matter with trying it on your mother-in-law?