



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

To Correspondents.

J. R. Clinton. Thanks for suggestion, though unable to "work it up" for this issue.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—And now the poor little C.P.R. Syndicate is intimating that it would feel better if it could get the timber along the line east of Winnipeg into its dear little clutches. But its kind-hearted parent has not as yet granted this latest demand, partly because the youngster has already had more goodies than any child ought to have, and partly because the timber limits in question do not happen to belong to Mamma Macdonald. Some children understand the virtue of persistency in keeping up a clamour for anything they take a fancy to, and this is one of that kind, and if there is anything that works up the feelings of an old maid (like the one in our sketch) more than the unreasonable mewlings of a fractious infant, it is the slipshod style of the mother who hasn't energy enough to prove herself master of the situation.

FIRST PAGE.—The festival of Hallowe'en has just been celebrated, and it no doubt recalled to many of our readers the memory of bygone days when the "snap-apple" gave them an opportunity to test their cleverness. As a piece of complex difficulty, the feat of catching a suspended apple in the teeth may be compared to the settlement of the Irish Question. Willie Gladstone made a gallant struggle with the first apple of discord for a long time, but now he has firmly grasped it, and all the world (minus the enemies of civilization) will join with John Bull and Mrs. Britannia Bull in congratulating their clever son.

EIGHTH PAGE.—If it is to be recognized as a principle that the Collector of Customs shall have the authority to prohibit "indecent" books by his official *ipse dixit*, there could be no objection to extending his benign influence beyond the Custom House. We have endeavoured in the sketch to portray the improved appearance the Zoo might take if this were done.

The death of Mr. Watson, Librarian of the Local Legislature, is deeply regretted by all who knew that gentleman, and few men had a wider acquaintanceship. Mr. Watson has left a character for faithfulness which is worthy of earnest imitation by all members of the Civil Service,

and shines brighter than any fame for literary achievement, although Mr. Watson is by no means without the latter.

The people of Manitoba have fully awakened to the fact that their Province occupies an anomalous and anything but comfortable position in relation to the General Government. It is regarded at Ottawa in the character of a needy relation. All the land of the Province is supposed to be owned by the Dominion, and theoretically the Dominion Government provides the funds for local governmental purposes. This money, however, it is complained, is doled out with niggard hand, and the high spirited Nor'-Westers are determined if possible to make a radical change in the matter. GARR likes to see many independence, and will be most happy to assist his fellow countrymen in their struggle with pen and pencil.

If we understand the article which appeared in the *Mail* of Tuesday last, that journal takes the position that, Christianity being the foundation upon which the laws of Canada are based, Christianity is therefore the religion of the Dominion, and as such is under the protection of the Government. It follows that the Government is authorized to prohibit and put down anything which may be considered anti-Christian. This lands us just where our fathers stood in the palmy days of the Inquisition, and it is decidedly refreshing to get such teaching from an organ of "Progress." Careful study of the little sketch elsewhere in this issue will edify this jumbled-up editor.

The comic men in the political Montreal troupe are still amusing themselves over that "coal conundrum," but the audience consider the matter no joke, and are thoroughly tired of the antiquated twaddle. One practical consideration occupies the mind of the consumer: the coal dealers promise to sell their coal 50 cents per ton cheaper if the duty is removed. A conundrum is all very good in its way, but 50 cents saved on every ton would be considered a richer thing altogether by the working men.

Mr. Alderman Taylor, who began the agitation of the Free Public Library Question about a year ago, is working away with undiminished energy. He has issued a neat circular in which statistics on the question are given from many American cities and towns, many of which enjoy splendid libraries though they are smaller and less wealthy than Toronto. The following extract from the circular will explain Alderman Taylor's scheme for realizing his object.

"Coming down to figures, we propose to ask the Government to pass a Permissive Act empowering municipalities to assess, as a maximum, half a mill on the \$ for library purposes. Such an appropriation would give us a start, and if supplemented by private donations the year 1882 will see this desirable boon an accomplished fact in Toronto. Thereafter, and within five years, I venture to say that every

city in Canada will boast of its free library, affording full access to the 'heritage of the ages'—works on mechanics, applied sciences, and the endless benefits resulting from the 'art preservative.' There are two feasible methods of establishing a library from municipal funds. One plan—advanced by my colleague in the Council, Alderman Hallam—is to forestall and fund a portion of the rate so as to erect handsome and suitable buildings at once, and fill (or partially fill) them with say 60,000 or 80,000 volumes the first year. The other plan would be to commence on a more moderate scale and spend the money in books, etc., as it is granted. Either way would secure a grand result for any corporation availing itself of the Act. I would advocate such an establishment that the maintenance thereof would not exceed \$5,000 a year for Librarian, Assistants, Caretaker, gas, &c., so that the purchase account for new books, periodicals and newspapers may be as large as possible. Once it is a *fact accompli*, the substantial donations already promised by wealthy and generous citizens can be accepted, and we will have an institution to which we can point with pride—a pride all the more pardonable because it will be the pioneer free library in Canada. We must not stop at books, however, valuable as they are, but see to it that a comfortable and well-supplied reading-room is attached, where the scientific and illustrated journals now so indispensable to the progressive artisan, may be consulted."

Apropos of this, our contemporary, the *Citizen*, is keeping abreast of the times. The movement in favour of a free public library for the city is rapidly growing, and the *Citizen* offers prizes for essays by working men only, on the value and influence of public libraries to the working classes. The essay is to be limited to 5,000 words, and it is not open to literary or professional men to compete, but the *Citizen* announces that other offers of suitable prizes will be made for essays on the general question from a historical and citizen's point of view. The full particulars and conditions of this enterprising scheme are given in this week's *Citizen*.

Our Private Box.

Mr. Alex. Cauffman duly appeared at the Royal on Monday night, and has been growing in popularity with each successive evening. His play is one of strong emotional interest, and his rendition of the leading character leaves little to be desired. The support, with some trifling exceptions, is good, and altogether "Lazare, a life's mistake," is well calculated to please a cultured audience.

At the Grand Mr. Wm. Horace Lingard, the well-known comedian, gave three performances of his amusing new play, "Stolen Kisses," and was succeeded by Mr. Sam Hague's Minstrels from Liverpool, Eng. This troupe occupies the position in Liverpool which is held by Christy's in London, and their appearance in Toronto will afford our citizens an opportunity of comparing the English idea of negro character with that of the American minstrel stage.

We are pleased to reprint the following interesting item from the *Globe*. The gentleman referred to is a son of Mr. Lander, M.P., of this city:—