



Published every Saturday. \$3 per year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. All business correspondence to be addressed to J. V. WRIGHT, General Manager; literary matter, sketches, etc., to the EDITOR.

J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVI. TORONTO, APRIL 24TH, 1886. No. 16.

*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.



**COMING TO THE RESCUE.**—When Mr. Nash painted the fine picture which we place before our readers this week, he realized in a masterly way the idea of helpless desolation. But he was probably not posted on Canadian politics, and it is a mere coincidence that he happened to picture so accurately the position of the Reform party of this country. We have only been put to the trouble of slightly altering the faces of the unhappy mariners who lie upon the deck, and the whole sketch now fits as well as if it had been done to order. This dismantled, storm-tossed wreck has just as much prospect of getting safely into port as the Reform party has of achieving its purposes unless somebody comes to the rescue. Those purports, as we are given to understand, are vastly more and greater than the mere matter of getting into office and reversing the policy now in vogue in certain directions. The present leaders of the Reform party promise a decided improvement in the administration of the Government, and they would certainly be poor tools if they couldn't safely promise that and fulfil the promise. And that is by no means unimportant to the country; but is that all the title "Reform" implies? What about the living issues of the day?—the labor problem; the revision of our constitution; manhood and woman suffrage; prohibition of the liquor traffic; the power to make treaties; the abolition of the Senate, etc., etc. How may prominent Reformers be dealing publicly with these topics; how many Reform papers are writing about them? There is a vague idea abroad that the Party has a platform and that some of these questions are in it, but only the select few know for certain. The fact is the ship is aimlessly drifting, and if the leaders are saved from political starvation they will owe it to the only live section of the party—the Young Liberals.

**A DEADLY ATMOSPHERE.**—The old Canadian fashion of pointing the finger of scorn at the American Congress when political corruption is up for discussion, has gone out. The last Canadian who had that habit emigrated to Dakota some time ago. Intelligent citizens of the Dominion have had the unpleasant truth thrust upon them, that, bad as Washington may be, it cannot compare with Ottawa for unblushing rascality. The moral atmosphere of that city at the present moment is, we venture to say, more odious to right thinking people than that of the American capital ever was. Miss Canada is going to be stifled if she endures it much longer, though, to be sure, her system is a good deal tougher than Uncle Sam's. That worthy person's public servants may occasionally go in for railway grabs, timber limits looting and colonization company brokerage, but when they are found out the old gentleman loses no time in kicking them into extremely private life—sometimes *via* the penitentiary. He doesn't wait for any of the gentry to add insult to

injury by professing to believe that there's nothing wrong about such practises. Miss Canada takes it a great deal cooler—much too cool for her own good name.

**THE CANADIAN DAIRY, AS COSTIGAN WOULD HAVE IT.**—For a long time the decent people of the United States have been fighting against oleomargarine—a disgusting counterfeit of butter. A great deal has been written and spoken upon the subject, and the fact is now universally known that the "substitute" is not only fraudulent but dangerous. This naturally recommended it to our own Government, and action has just been taken, against strong opposition from both sides of the House, to provide for the manufacture of the filthy stuff in Canada. By a change in the tariff its importation is prohibited, but no persuasion could induce those precious friends of the farmers, the Cabinet Ministers, to prohibit its manufacture and sale as well, for the simple reason that they want to encourage the fraud. This is what our "noble yeomen" get in exchange for their votes. Wonder how they like it?

**AN APPEAL TO THE PUGILIST.**—Dr. Orton might, the other day, have worked off his pugilistic fit with more credit to himself, if he had undertaken to do a little fighting on behalf of his beloved agriculturists against the Government in connection with their oleomargarine legislation, instead of attempting to regulate the newspaper writers. He not only failed to vindicate his character by his appeal to fisticuffs, but got a jolly good drubbing in the bargain. He might have got beaten in the nobler cause too, but he would at all events have saved his skin and his reputation as the "farmers' friend."



## SYMPATHY.

*Swell.*—Here is a penny, it's all I have got, poor beggar.

*Beggar.*—All you've got? Why I couldn't think of robbin' sich a "poor beggar."

## A "REPRESENTATIVE."

THE Rose Publishing Company have just issued a large and handsome volume entitled "Representative Canadians,"—containing biographical sketches of some hundreds of our more or less public men. Although not a professedly funny book, it contains a few specimens of delicate persiflage, as, for example, the following: "Jas. Beaty, Junr., Q.C., D.C.L., M.P.—Here is an instance of what can be accomplished by a man of integrity, who puts a high aim before him, and unfalteringly pursues his way, doing always the right and his best." It is perhaps needless to say that this was *not* written by Mr. D. B. Woodworth; and that prior to the present meeting of Parliament it described Mr. Beaty as he stood in the public mind. Now, it—well, it calls up visions of railroad grabbery, and sounds decidedly ironical.