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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest least is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Newspaper Lying.

Lying is generally supposed to be a pretty strong word to use in reference to the press, but we want a pretty strong word, and we can think of no other that will clearly express our meaning. If we are to judge the newspaper of the day by the inexorable rule, that he who does not tell the truth is guilty of a falsehood, then it must be admitted that there has been a regular train of systematic lying carried on by the press, more particularly during the past few weeks. The practice of garbling a report has become so common, and is carried on to such excess that it is utterly impossible to get at the truth—through reading the newspapers—except, as the old farmer put it, "you knock off 90 per cent. for lies, and receive the rest with doubts." The political speaker who would attempt to quote from the *Mail* or *Globe* would be treated with derision, while the man who would give one of the London or Ottawa papers as an authority, would be considered a fit candidate for the asylum. A case in point is the newspaper reports by the two London papers, of the meeting held in St. Marys, to discuss the Syndicate Bargain. The reports are so diametrically opposite in character that it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell what they really did at that meeting. As far as can be ascertained, the meeting was called by Mr. Cassey, who allowed his opponents the same time as he himself occupied. This appears to us a very fair arrangement, but was taken advantage of by the Conservatives to break up the meeting. The Reform papers said the disturbance was caused by a few rowdies who received the censure of both parties, while the Tory papers magnified in into a ringing denunciation by the whole community of those who were agitating against the Syndicate. There is certainly a lie floating around there if it could be nailed down. Then there is the London *World*, in an article on Sir Hugh Allan, says the money furnished by him was a mere political subscription, and that subsequent events have shown that he was in the right. This is scarcely less surprising than the *Barnia Canadian's* statement that Mr. Blake gives no plan for the construction of the Pacific Railway, that nobody knows and probably he does not know himself what his plan would be. And thus we might go on indefinitely, even our own *Truth* making statements that have subsequently proven untrue. The moral of all this is—what is gained by these wild assertions and willful distortion of facts? Why cannot a paper give the plain truth, and nothing but the truth? What dependence can be placed in a paper that for party motives will resort to such dishonorable practices? When a man subscribes for a paper he pays for the news, the whole news, and for nothing but the news; and when a paper willfully gives a false report, it is as much cheating its subscribers as the grocer be would in giving light weight, or the merchant in giving false measure.

The Dead Beat.

He was long, and lean, and lanky. His bottle nose and saucer eyes gave evidence of great spirituality, that is, alcoholic spirituality. His rimont, old, dirty, and ragged, scarcely covered his shivering form. His boots, more holey than righteous, spoke of many a hard day's tramp. His hat, of the most undesirable nondescript pattern, looked the very essence of sorrow and humility; and as he took his seat on the woodbox of the eastern express from Toronto, he heaved a sigh that told of a great hidden sorrow or of tremendous lack of liquid nutriment. Presently along came the conductor. Tickets? Tickets? and the tickets were quickly produced and rapidly disposed of. At length he approached our friend on the woodbox. Ticket? exclaimed the conductor, but the D. B. replied not. Tickets, said the conductor, touching him on the shoulder. The D. B. looked up wearily, heaved another sigh, and then said,—When I was Gen. Scott's Aide-de-camp in the Mexican war, I—Ticket, said the conductor. The D. B. commenced over,—When I was the *Times* correspondent in Turkey, Forbes and I—Ticket, emphatically exclaimed the conductor. He gave another half-smothered sigh, which shook his whole frame, and said,—When we were fighting the Arabs in Algiers, I was given command of a regiment of Spahis, and—Give me your ticket or get off, said the conductor. The D. B. looked him over and started,—When in command of H. M. Frigate Albatross, while off the Maderia Islands—The conductor pulled the bell cord, and by the aid of a couple of brakemen hustled him out in the snow, and as the train moved on the D. B. remarked,—When I get control of the Panama Canal, I'll—But the train was by this time too far away to hear the conclusion of his sentence.

A Hungry Trimmer.

An unfinished operetta, (ala Pinafore.)

(Suggested by the mysterious absence, from the Berlin *Daily News*, of Government advertisements, and the recent "independent" article in that paper on "The Syndicate Bargain.")

Act I.—Scene.—A committee room at Ottawa. Members of the Cabinet standing hilariously round a table. Maps on the walls labelled "The Syndicate Map of the North West," "Section B." 4.

Cabinet Chorus.

We sail the ship of state,
Tho' our craft is now unsteady;
Our pockets well to fill,
With shekles we're aye ready.
We job away the livelong day,
And bamboozle the House all night,
But if we're not stuck by this Syndicate muck,
Our prospects will soon be bright.

(Enter the Editor of the Berlin *Daily News* with a clean shirt on, and a large bundle of papers under his arm. Closes his kinked eye, and—

Recit.

Hail! gallant Shipscrow; safe pilots of our Nation!
I'm glad to see you in such high elation:
"Give me your cars"; (*sotto voce*) my own are rather long!
Give me some printing too, I'll ne'er again go wrong.

(Unfolds and holds forth copy of his paper.

Aria.

I'm called Mr. Peter X., dear Mr. Peter X.,
Tho' I could never tell why,
For I sell all my columns at very low prices,
So I'm cheap Mr. Peter X., I.
I supply all my readers with choicest of leaders,
Some "puffs," highly flavoured, I try,
I've local "hits" sprucey, and libelous juicy,
For my printers to suck when they're dry.
So help your old Peter X., good Mr. Peter X.,
Hungry trimmers should never be shy,
Tho' indeed that's a failing with me not prevailing,
Try again your poor Peter X., try.

The Shy Stander for 1881.

We are all to give a free advertisement to this admirable publication, by the following extract taken from certain very advanced sheets. The Syndicate is to be permanent proprietor of the Road, as well as of a considerable part of Canada, which they are to be paid fifty-six millions of dollars for accepting! To some this seems like selling the country, but the party represented by a notorious newspaper on King Street have no vote on the question. The railroad will be managed by a joint stock company, like the Grit party and its organ.

In Russia the state of finance is as bad as if, in addition to Nihilism, that country was afflicted with Sir Francis Hincks.

The authorities recently knouted a journalist—a punishment which might with advantage be used in the case of the editor of a certain malignant sheet which infests the purlieus of King street.

Germans want to get rid of Disraeli's countrymen. They are quite right. What should be done to a race which is brother to no man and "uncle" to all, which has a tribal faith, and a three-fold credit?

The Scotch sermons at St. Thomas are not orthodox. I do not express any opinion, yet grave moral inconveniences may result if the eighth commandment, as the Piper that played before the author who recorded it, be eliminated from the Pentateuchal archives of the cosmogonical hexahemern.

Lord Beaconsfield's new book, "Endymion" is neither a work of art nor a work of fiction. What is historical in it is false; the rest is rapid funkeyism and caricature. His art consists only in putting the head of one character on the shoulders of another—such as the head of a King street editor on the shoulders of an Oxford professor—the result being a literary monstrosity. Disraeli is a Jew but by no means a *Jeu d'esprit*.

The Mayoralty.

MISDEN GRIB,—I wants to wride von gorres-bondence mit you. Der kandidates vos both goot men, ouver I doud like dot Glose, und I schmile oud loud ven I hear he haff gomed de schmall end of de horn oud. Dey said, if he go in, vo shall haff dose saloons and dings open all Saturday night. Vell I say yaw, ish dot zo? und dey say yaw, dot ish zo? Den I looks me roundt, und I dinks, voll, if dot pe zo, den I no can vote for him. I likes mine lager peer, but I no likes dose saloons and dings open so mine poy Hans vill go dere und sphend his spelter. Und I dinks of mine neighbor Xawcob who would shoph dere ven he got his bay on Saturday und not would come home. Und I speaks mit mine vrow, und she zay, Hans, you no can vote for dot man. Den I zay I am von Tory, un she zay, dot makes nix ause, und I know not vat to do. Ouver I not did for him vote, und I am glad. HANS VON STROCHMIVORTH.

Our Extra Cartoon.

We call the attention of our readers to the double page cartoon in this week's issue. It represents the return of the Reform members to Parliament after the holidays. The different figures will be easily recognizable, among others the smiling countenance of Mr. Wm. Wallace, of Norfolk, the father of the Rag Baby, who, although a supporter of the National Policy, is opposed to the Government on the Syndicate Bargain. It remains yet to be seen whether they have returned strong enough to take the Fort.

January is an "off" month—that is, a wearing "off" month. But the month is generally longer than the swear off.