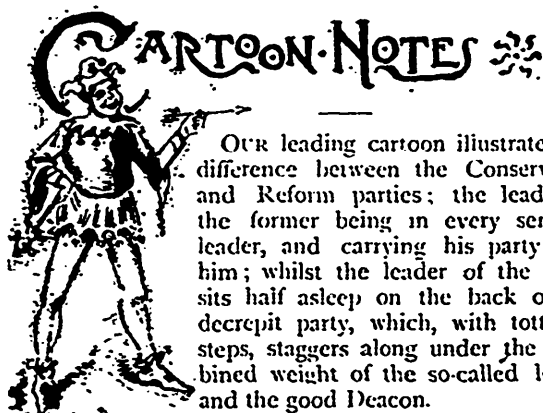




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OUR leading cartoon illustrates the difference between the Conservative and Reform parties; the leader of the former being in every sense a leader, and carrying his party with him; whilst the leader of the latter sits half asleep on the back of his decrepit party, which, with tottering steps, staggers along under the combined weight of the so-called leader and the good Deacon.

In the first part of our second cartoon we have Mr. Blake reaching for office from the ladder of the French vote, supported by his henchman and dirty-worker-in-ordinary, Mr. J. D. Edgar. In the second part we see a most disastrous downfall, the French vote having gone back on Messrs. Blake and Edgar, leaving the apple of office still dangling out of reach.

### LOOK TO THE LISTS.

The parties are arming for desperate fray,  
 And the voters' lists making will carry the day;  
 Our noble old Chiefstain most firmly insists  
*That every Conservative look to the lists.*

The Grits are all working like hives full of bees  
 Their level best doing the Tories to tease,  
 Each name we would add some Grit lawyer resists;  
*We can beat them at that if we look to the lists.*

They are putting on names which are bogus N. G.,  
 For the purpose of smashing our famous N. P.,  
 And they bring to the mill all their various grits;  
*We can grind them to powder by watching the lists.*

Then up and be at them, and do not delay,  
 While the sun still is shining is time to make hay;  
 When the night clouds have gathered and evening mists,  
*You'll find it's too late to look after the lists.*

J. A. F.

### STRIKES.

Strike, strike, strike,  
 Strike, and trouble, and dearth;  
 That is the plan of the labouring man  
 At present, all over the earth.

### OUR UNCLE SAM'S MISTAKE.

The Treaty of Washington had expired,  
 And Uncle Sam, said he,  
 "Those fishery rights are too dearly hired  
 To be wanted again by me,  
 Twelve millions of dollars! Why, darn my skin,  
 The amount of it makes me reel;  
 I'm blamed if I'll pay such a sum away  
 For anything I can steal.

"I'll blow and bluster and brag around  
 Till I get little Canada scared;  
 She cannot prevent me, I'll be bound,  
 For she isn't a bit prepared;  
 I'll buy my bait as I did before,  
 And I'll fish by night and by day;  
 And every Briton I'll promptly sit on  
 Who dares to say me nay."

Now Sam was out in his reckoning then,  
 For we didn't scare worth a cent,  
 We manned a ship with a score of men  
 To maintain our rights intent;  
 And the very first time that he sneaked around,  
 We seized his boat in a trice;  
 So that if this sho, makes Samuel hot,  
 He'd better sit down on ice.

And every boat that he sends afloat  
 For the purpose of stealing fish,  
 Will catch it hot with the best we've got,  
 And be served in the self-same dish.  
 We may be little, we may be weak,  
 And we may not be prepared,  
 But we'll have our own if we stand alone,  
 And our "Snickersnee" we've bared.

J. A. F.

### SHORT COMMONS.

Things have been woefully dull among the Magi at the capital lately. Of course, there turned up another scandal; but scandals are no use now to awaken the people to a sense of wrong and revenge. The fact is, that with the exception of high and pure minded folks like Mr. Blake, who, by the way, is independent as to boodle, everyone throughout the land wants to make all the money he can; ergo, scandals, except for political purposes, are no use. They don't touch the heart or arouse the gall of the honest citizen.

The great and only Irish question, however, was quite a success. Blake wants Gladstone to understand that his course is approved of by the Canada Commons, especially the Irish portion thereof. Costigan said that in '82 the G. O. M. was made aware of that fact, but that the C. C. were virtually told to give him a rest and mind their own business. He objected to sending any more laudations to the G. O. M., but he thought the House should manifest its approval of Home Rule. Now appeared on the scene two hated Saxons, guised in the good old names of O'Brien and McNeil respectively, who said they were down on the resolutions and down on Home Rule, with all that the name implies. The Curran skipped over to Sir John and whispered; John nodded; Curran ran back to his desk. Coughlin arose, and moved that Parnell's name should be substituted for that of Gladstone! Then came the reactions. Whoop! hooroo! rah for Ould Ireland! *Tableau.*