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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

Comments on the Cartoons.



GOOD-BYE, OLD FELLOW.—Whether the *Mail* has really severed itself from the Conservative leader may still be a question—GRIP is not yet fully convinced that an absolute divorce has been effected, and must meanwhile stick to the idea expressed in pencil last week. But there is one thing beyond all dispute—the *Mail* has come out squarely for Prohibition in a way that forbids all thought of going back, and in this it has certainly left Sir John and his party. Time will tell whether in this important departure the journal is simply leading the way for the chieftain. It has never seemed impossible to us that the wily old Premier might take up the Prohibition issue as a last resort to save himself in the next general election. If he does, good and well; he will deserve the support of every temperance voter, if only to teach the stick-in-the-mud Grits a salutary lesson.

Of course there is nothing as yet to show that the Tories have any sympathy with the *Mail* in its Prohibition utterances, and perhaps after all it is impossible for the political whiskey leopard to change his spots. Meanwhile let us do justice to the journal which has proved its right to hold the leading place by planting itself squarely on the right side of this great issue. We cordially hail the new recruit to our ranks.

DESERTING THE PROTESTANT HORSE.—The alacrity with which Sir John jumped off the Protestant Horse into the arms of the "finest moral police in the world," after the Haldimand disaster, proved that the old chieftain is as lively in his movements as ever. Up to the date of that contest he had not a word to say against the *Mail's* anti-state-church articles; and even yet he has not disavowed the similar utterances of Messrs. White, Boulton and McCarthy on the platform. Until he does this he can never hope to be solid in Quebec.

GETTING AHEAD OF HIM.—Not only on the Prohibition question has the *Mail* got a start of the leader of the Reform party, but on the Emigration Policy and the labor problem as well. Mr. Blake is a little behind the times. In the present day of business enterprise, the "Sandwich man" who plods along on foot cannot hope to compete with the fellow who drives a rig.

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

(AFTER MOORE.)

She—

"Oh, come with me! Oh, come with me!
And we'll dwell beneath the greenwood tree,
Where the zephyrs die
Like a lover's sigh
In the dim arcades of the greenwood trees.
Where the leaves form a bower
From the sun and shower
At the high noon hour
Of the fervid day.
And a holy calm
Like a healing balm
Is stealing our senses away."

He—

"I will go with thee, I will go with thee
To the damp old shades of the greenwood tree
Where the ills and the aches,
The rheumatics and shakes
All lurk at the roots of the greenwood tree.
Where the black ants roam,
Far, far from home,
And bite like the deuce on a summer day,
Where the hornets that dwell
In their paper cell
Leave impressions that swell—
For they're built that way!"

Carlton Place.

J. W.

A MONTREAL gentleman testifies that he has "tried everything from Dan to Bersheeba" for rheumatism and dyspepsia and was cured at last by St. Leon Mineral Water. We have heard a good deal about Dan and Bersheeba, but never knew them to be recommended for internal use in this way.



TRUE! TRUE!

"To everything explosive in the Realm, he (Gladstone) has applied his match."

—G. S. in "Week," Sept. 16.