

that his only hope lies in stabbin' the monster *in the head*. Bot oor freens object tae killin' the beast that has nae hesitation in killin' us, thae wad hae us detach first a'e tentacle an' then anither, an' sae get oot o' the pooer o' the liquor traffic—deevil fish—by degrees, for fear he micht attack us on the sly in anither place! Maister GRIP, if we're gaun tae get a chance tae live, far less tae thrive, this monster evil maun be *stabbed in the head*, killed ootricht, an' buried withoot possibility o' resurrection. It's a' very weel for Maister Blake to come oot wi' a fine declaration tae the effect that he keeps clear o' the deevil-fish personally, an' that when the majority are ready, he micht possibly be ready tae bear a hand tae drive the knife o' Prohibition straight intil the monster's head. But 'tween the lines o' his declaration onybody wi' half an ee can read—1st, that he's feard; 2nd, that he sees a lion in the patn; an' 3rd, that the lion he fears is the loss o' whiskey vote. Lordsake! what an age o' cowardice an' self-seekin' an' trucklin' it is, tae be sure! A'e half o' oor politicians doon on their knees afore the Roman Catholic Bishops an' the ither half grovellin' for the suffrages o' the brewers an' saloon keepers, beggin' them for pity's sake tae grant them political life. Is it raily possible that there's no a MAN to the fore in Canada wi' courage enough tae tak his political life in his hand an' dare to do battle for the right? *Whoever loses his life in that battle will save it*; let Mr. Blake put that in his pipe an' smoke it—gin a' oor great Reformers had waited till they were sure o' the vote o' the majority: Whair wad *we* hae been the day? Can ye imagine any one o' the men wha hae left the world better than they found it waitin' for the backin' o' the majority? How mony o' a majority had the twelve apostles? The liberty o' the subject is anither lion i' the path. Can ye esplain tae me, Maister GRIP, hoo the liberty o' the subject is restricted in the case o' gamblin' an' opium dens, an' no in the case o' the whiskey dens, when the yearly mortality caused by the one is far greater than that o' the ither. Liberty! in the name o' Liberty, Liberty hersel' is bound hand an' fit, an' made to appear a Moloch. Truth is sacrificed, morality destroyed, justice handicapped in the name o' "the liberty o' the subject." Homes are desolated—fair reputations ruined, children left a prey to poverty an' crime, crime is nourished, jails filled, the gallows reared i' the name o' "Liberty of the Subject" forsooth! Gudesake! I'm sick o' a' this twaddle aboot liberty; its aboot as sensible as the followin' "concatenation o' events."—The earth evolved oot o' chaos;—man appeared on the earth;—man sowed grain;—men made whiskey from that grain;—whiskey made misery and wretchedness and crime. If no earth—no man; if no man—no grain;—if no grain—no whiskey; if no whiskey—no misery; if no misery—no demand for Prohibition to abate the misery; if no demand for Prohibition—no declaration that it was a' very good indeed, but that Mr. Blake wasna prepared tae risk it. Yours wi' a' respect to Liberty,

HUGH AIRLIE.

#### RONALD'S READING.

(SCENE—Skye; Mr. M'Dougall gives Ronald some good advice.)

MR. M'DOUGALL—Nae doot times wass bad, but haf patience, Ronald, ant remember Job!

Ronald (moodily)—H'm, yiss! Indeet it wass a job o' me they're maakin', too, ant, hoch, it's more ass my patience they're taxin', miroffer!—*The Bailie*.

#### JUSTICE!

TORONTO law is plain and hard—  
No street cars out on Sunday,  
No cabs upon the city's stands  
From Saturday till Monday.  
"Quite right!" our goodly people say,  
"Observe the holy Sabbath day!"

No cabs, no cars—but see the rigs  
Of yonder livery stable  
A-flying all the Sabbath day—  
Explain it if you're able.  
"Quite wrong!" fair-minded people say,  
"If Cabbies must a license pay!"

#### A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

FOUR young men—English—answer to the names of "Bramley," "Yubitts," "Coddleby," and "Crinkle," respectively. The last named was seen loafing around the Rosedale grounds—the other three were last seen on board the yacht *Elsie* on Toronto Bay. Any news of their whereabouts will be gladly received by their sorrowing friends, the

READERS OF GRIP.

A facetious correspondent sends us the above on a postal card. He will be glad to hear, no doubt, that the Junior Pickwickians will reappear in our pages and continue their travels after the carnival number.



#### SHAKESPEAREAN.

Dude—Hast ever been to Rideau Hall, friend?

Gent—No—I have never been invited thither.

Dude—Then surely thou art d—d.

Gent—What! For not going to Rideau Hall?

Dude—Yea, truly! For if thou hast never been to Rideau Hall thou hast never seen good manners; and if thou hast never seen good manners, thy manners are wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is d—n. Truly thou art in a parlous state, friend.—*As You Like It*.

#### IS HE WRIGHT?

THE POINT FARM,  
27th Jan., 1887.

IN my humble opinion your GRIP of the 22nd inst. is the very best number ever issued out of your establishment. Kind regards.

Yours very truly,

J. J. WRIGHT.