

very excellent a "temperance party" as the Reform. But the question is, what have those Prohibition members to say for themselves? And by the way, while we are on the subject, have these swell clubs taken out licenses for their grog-shops, just as their comrade in the business, Blokey Bill, of York street, is obliged to?

THE beginning of the end has come! The reign of the Tories at Ottawa will soon be over! Colby, the new Cabinet Minister, was elected by only a little over a thousand majority, instead of 35,000. We *knew* the liberty-loving people of the country would sooner or later arise and cast off the yoke of the oppressor, and they have begun to do it. The prospects for a change of administration look bright, though it *was* rather a Col (by) day for the Equal Rights candidate.

OUR prediction as to the result of the Cronin trial is pretty well borne out by the facts. A disheartening miscarriage of justice has taken place, for nobody believes that even the inadequate sentence imposed on the three convicted murderers will ever be carried out. Preparations are being made to complete the farce by a second act, in which, as the result of a new trial, the triangle of worthies will go scot free. Great indeed is the mystery of a Chicago jury.

GRIP has been appealed to so often for his opinion on the approaching mayoralty contest in this city, that he does not feel justified in longer withholding it from the thousands who habitually look to him for guidance in all municipal matters. Well, then, it is pretty certain that the candidates will be Mr. E. F. Clarke, the present Mayor, and Ald. John McMillan. Both have strong points, and the contest is sure to be a vigorous one. It would be rash for any amateur predictor to undertake to foretell the result, but as GRIP has made a speciality of this branch of science it is an open book to him. The indications seem to be that Mr. Clarke will be re-elected, unless the people determine (which is not unlikely) to give Mr. McMillan a reward for his long service in the Council. In that case Mr. McMillan will probably be elected. If it should happen, however, that Mr. Clarke's supporters get more ballots in the boxes than the other fellows, the result may be somewhat changed. This is the best we can do in the predictive line just now, owing to the foggy state of the atmosphere.

OUR Chicago contemporary, *America*, has an interesting article on "The American Cartoonists" in its Christmas number. Attention is principally given to the artists who wield political pencils, and of these, in the opinion of the writer, Thomas Nast is *facile princeps*, Joseph Keppler of *Puck*, and Bernhard Gillam of *Judge* being bracketed for the second place. The last named artist is credited with having produced a cartoon which ranks as perhaps the greatest hit ever made in the United States—the reference being to his picture of Blaine as the "Tattooed Man," published in *Puck* a few years ago. The idea *was* a very excellent one, no doubt, for it was used in GRIP before *Puck* was born, when we represented Patrick Boyle as the "Tattooed Greek." There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Gilliam had ever seen GRIP's picture; the probability is that in both cases thanks were due to Mr. P. T. Barnum for the "happy thought."

MR. MEREDITH has put Archbishop Cleary in a pretty little box—a sort of Christmas box, as it

were. The Opposition leader in his recent speech quoted an expression in a Catholic paper of Kingston in which the faithful were urged to pursue the "balance of power" policy as a means of obtaining favor from both political parties, and intimated his belief that this idea was approved by the Archbishop. Thereupon the exalted dignity in question wrote an open letter demanding Mr. Meredith's authority for such an assumption. The reply, which was prompt, is a model of political wit and wisdom. Mr. Meredith admits that, while he thought the inference a fair one, considering the relations which usually exist between a Church paper and an ecclesiastic under whose eye it is published, says he is "much gratified to find that the Archbishop does not approve of the sentiments expressed by the writer of the paragraph in question."

THAT I take to be your view," goes on the sly Meredith, "else the enquiry you make of me would be an idle one, and"—here is where he nails the top on the box—"I am pleased to find and, shall have great pleasure, in justice to you as well as in furtherance of the principles for which I am contending, in publicly stating in my future addresses that I have the weight of your great authority with and not against me on the important question which forms the subject of this correspondence." Archbishop Cleary thus becomes a certified member of the Equal Rights Association!

QUEEN'S University has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Lord Stanley of Preston, in recognition of his eminent services in connection with—er, that is to say, because of his distinguished—um—ah—or rather, so to speak, as a reward, for—or, in other words, on account of—hem!—er, that is— But perhaps we'd better lay this matter over till next week, and meanwhile write to Principal Grant to find out what it *was* for.

"Tis the last rows of summer," as the hired man warbled in the turnip field.

"WHERE there's a will there's a weigh," as the drover expressed himself when he had succeeded in forcing the refractory steer on to the market scales.



THE LATEST IDIOCY.

POLICEMAN—"Hello, here, give an account of yerself. Where's your hat and collar?"

CRANKY PERSON—"Please, officer, I had to throw 'em away. Everybody persecuted me so shoutin', 'Where'd you git that hat?—where'd you git that tie?'"