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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.



"DYING!" YOUR GRANDMOTHER!—The portion of Mr. Blake's Orillia speech printed in last Friday's *Globe* presented the Liberal leader in a character not generally associated with his name—that of a humorist. This title is nowadays greatly abused, and Mr. Blake may not be very anxious to wear it, but it is evident that in addition to his other talents he has a faculty for wit and humor which places him easily above most of the professional funny men of the day. His revised version of "Haman and Mordicai" was so droll that we are sure Sir John was tickled almost to death when he read it. His application of the nursery legend of "Little Red Riding Hood" was equally witty. Alluding to the frequency with which Sir John is now calling attention to his advanced years and his early departure from this scene of trial, Mr. Blake warned his auditors to be careful of expending their sympathy too freely, as the Premier wasn't half so poorly as they might be led to suppose. "You remember," said he, "how poorly the wolf made out to be when he was luring innocent Red Riding Hood to her doom. But his appetite was good, as she found to her cost; and as you will find to yours if you allow yourself to be lured in like fashion." This was too good a thing to be lost amongst the campaign refuse, and we are sure Sir John (in his capacity as a joker) will thank us for having preserved it in our pages.

ONE FAITH.—About the only point worth remembering in connection with this "Scripture Selections" controversy is the fact that Archbishop Lynch gave his endorsement to the book. In doing so he practically declared for an "open Bible"—and surely this is something for a prelate of the Roman Catholic Church to do. Having taken this step, His Grace can, of course, have no objection to his people reading the book if they see fit to do so—and such reading, Protestants believe, would be likely to enlighten them on several important points. Surely this is a triumph worth recording, but as yet Principal Cavan is the only writer who has had the wit to see and point it out.

A DIAGNOSIS.—Mr. Blake's deliverance on the subject of Prohibition has plunged thousands of his warmest friends into grief. The Liberal leader, on peeping into Miss Canada's mind, finds what he

considers a want of temperance sentiment. He is afraid there isn't enough of a basis for Prohibition, and he has decided that he will wait until it grows. Well, how long does he propose to wait? what criterion has he established, so that he may know just when to give the country Prohibition? As nearly as we can get at it from his speech, he proposes to wait for the Millennium, for not till then will he find public sentiment so strong on this question that illegal drinking will be regarded by the average citizen with the same aversion as that with which he now regards pocket-picking. Mr. Blake is dreadfully afraid of going too fast for public opinion, and we can only wonder that he finds it possible to consent to the customs laws and the thousand and one other laws which are violated without inspiring horror in the average citizen who stands by as a witness. And how, in the name of consistency, can Mr. Blake endorse the Scott Act as he does when, according to his own test, the country is so far from ripe for it? The deliverance was in every way unworthy of Mr. Blake's reputation. It would have been much wiser to have said nothing at all on the subject until he could have said something definite on the right side. The statesman who stands up before the Canadian people to-day and declares straight out for Prohibition of the scurvy liquor business—and that without any baby-talk about "compensation"—unless it be the compensation of the poor suffering wives and babies upon whose wretchedness the rumsellers live, will fire the hearts of our people from end to end of the Dominion, and will soon find out that this country is ripe for Prohibition, and that a radical measure for the whole country will be a great deal easier to enforce than any local option measure. We protest in the name of common sense, against applying rules to temperance which are not applied to other subjects which come up for legislation. In no other department does the lawmaker wait for the public mind to be "educated up to the proper point" before passing the law. He passes the law, and lets the law act as the schoolmaster—which it does most potently. And this is the divine method, for nobody will claim that the Israelites in the wilderness were "educated up" to the Ten Commandments before the tablets were engraved and put in force. Has Mr. Blake ever thought of that on a quiet Sunday afternoon?

PASSING SHOW.

THE present attraction at the Toronto Opera House is the fine melodrama, "The Black Flag." The play is far better written than most of its predecessors, the varying fortunes of the hero are smoothly told, and transpire with strong and occasionally thrilling effect. As to the acting there can be only one opinion—it is excellent.

THE first concert of the third series, by the Popular Toronto Vocal Society, will take place in the Pavilion on Monday evening, Dec. 20th, when Miss Henrietta Beebe, the famous ballad vocalist, and M. Francois Boucher, violinist, will be the stars. The society, under the conductorship of Mr. Elliott Haslam, will sing several attractive selections.

FRUSTRATED.



A MAIDEN stood waiting so anxiously—
 anxiously.
 She was waiting for William, who promised
 she—
 promised she
 That as sure as he was a coachman true
 He'd elope with her in a day or two.
 And now that the hour was surely come—
 surely come—
 She sat there waiting and singing some—
 singing some
 Singing some to herself in a humming tone,
 As she waited for William to claim his
 own.

But she didn't wait very long, you see—
 long, you see—
 For she had to run from a bumble-bee—
 bumble-bee.
 And when William came there was no fair maid,
 So the marriage never came off, tis said. W. H. T.