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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.



SQUINTING TOWARD THE LIFE PRESERVER.—The Howland vote is amongst the latest indications of the state of public opinion on the temperance question, and that expression of sentiment was surely striking enough to set Mr. Blake to re-considering his Aylmer deliverance. The issue was a square one between the saloons and the people, and it was demonstrated pretty clearly that public opinion is ripe even in this city for a forward move on the question. Unless Mr. Blake makes a sharp curve as the result of recent enlightenment it would not be at all surprising to find Sir John Macdonald coming out for Prohibition in time to save himself in the next General Election. It is broadly hinted that he has the matter under consideration at the present moment, and it cannot be denied that he has done more startling things in the past. It is said that personally Sir

John is in favor of Prohibition, and that for some years he has been a total abstainer. However that may be, he is unquestionably keen enough to see that as a political move Prohibition is safe and popular, and as a politician that is all he wants to know about it.

CANADA ABROAD.—Our first page sketch has reference to a pleasant little episode in connection with the visit of the Canadian snow-shoers to New York. On the evening of the 6th a great public demonstration in their honor took place in Steinway Hall, when that irrepressible Canadian, Mr. (presently Sir*) Erastus Wiman occupied the chair and delivered a capital address. In the course of the evening M. Payez, on behalf of the French Canadian residents of New York, presented M. Dorion, who represented the visitors, with a magnificent basket of flowers.

MR. BLAIN'S DEFEAT.—Mr. Blain suffered a crushing defeat because, willingly or unwillingly, he represented the cause of the saloon. Hundreds who voted against him did so with regret on personal grounds, but under the circumstances it was a plain duty.

* Our esteemed subscriber, Victoria Regina, will please make a note of this. If any knight-hoods are to be bestowed in honor of the Jubilee, this public-spirited Canadian must not be omitted from the select list.

Mr. Blain is a most estimable man, and nobody had a word to say against his character (throughout the hot campaign, but no individual possesses sufficient respectability to be able to cover up the deformity of such a cause as Mr. Blain on this occasion represented.

TO TRIOMPHE.

"OVER the *World* the Flesh and the Devil,"
Over the *Globe's* praise damningly civil;
O'er the drink interest, wholesale and retail,
"Respectable," so-so, rag-tag and bob-tail;
O'er roughdom, o'er toughdom, corruption and jobbery,
The tarnished, re-varnished veneering of snobbery,
Born and bred in the fumes of the bar,
Over them all, you have triumphed thus far.

With congratulations and greetings galore,
GRIP welcomes you back to the old chair once more,
Requests you'll consider him yours to command,
In every good measure; with head and with hand
Ever ready a good work to boost right straight through;
And to laugh out old errors, while fogies look blue,
With humor to lighten the tasks you find hard;
So success and good wishes from bird and from bard.

A CHANGE OF JOCKEYS.

IT was in the north riding of Renfrew. Three Tories and three Grits were scated fraternally in a sleigh behind a spanking team, making little less than Maud S. time to a political meeting at Beachburg. Amongst them was W. J. G—, editor of the *Pembroke S—*, who is a sixteenth century rider of the Protestant horse. It is not known which political party in the sleigh held the balance of power. The editor carried his heaviest editorials in his right pocket, wrapped around a specimen of the Sudbury copper mine, (slander), the Grits carried each a copy of the "Ross Bible." Suddenly the love and peacefulness of the happy "coalition" was disturbed by an upset into the snow. There was a wild and unexpected shuffling of portfolios. J. S—, a Grit, found himself sitting upon W. J.G.—, the Tory editor, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but alas J. S. found also he had changed sides and was riding "the Protestant horse."

DONALD IS INDIGNANT.

IT was only the other day about three or two weeks ago, come next Sabbath, when I would go home from shurch, my two boys and me, what they'll call Hector and Angus, and I'll told my wife Kursty to bring me right away the *Globe* at wance, because I'll want to read the sermon of Mr. Tallsjudge ass I ahllways do on the Sabbath Day.

Well, of course my wife Kursty she'll do ass I was told her, and give me the newspaper, and ass I was lookit over it what you'll sink I'll see but an ahful big lie about Blake, and an ahful big lie about Cartwright, and an ahful big *splorach* in favor of ta Tories. I was so much dum foonest ass to be more surprised than a pig in a grainy, till what would I see at last but anither ahful big lie about our member for parliament, Maister Cameron, and I'll got so mad ass I'll nearly made a swore before my son Hector would find out that the post-office master had made a trick on me, or played a mistake, when he'll send me a *Mail*, in place for my own *Globe*, that I'll took into my own house for more years ass I could not tell how many, and for years to the future may be so many more, if it will please goodness; and I'll sink it will.

The craiture that she was!