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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.



WHAT WE EXPECT TO SEE NEXT.—Mr. Justice O'Connor has laid it down as a sound principle of law, that a detective who worms himself into the confidence of a criminal and thus obtains evidence of a crime, thereby makes himself *particeps criminis*. Being *particeps criminis* the detective must of course be liable to punishment along with the confessed scamp, and it is to be presumed that detecting will hereafter rank with burdling and dynamiting, and be regarded as a penitentiary offence—in Judge O'Connor's court. It was lucky for the Government detective in the recent St. Thomas case that he was, in the opinion of the learned judge, unworthy of belief, for had the learned judge accepted his evidence, he would no doubt have sent him to prison along with the accused, who would in that case have been convicted. Long live the learned O'Connor and his *particeps criminis* discovery! In the hands of W. S. Gilbert this entirely new and original legal idea could be worked out in a comic opera plot in a way to greatly enhance his fame as a master of topsy-turvyism.

THE NEW CLUB.—The Toronto Young Men's Prohibition Club, which was organized last Thursday evening amid great enthusiasm, is an organization which will do splendid aggressive work. When we come to consider that such clubs in the United States, starting with a membership of forty or fifty, are looked upon as highly promising, we can better estimate the prospects of this club which begins with two hundred members. It will soon number two thousand, if we are not greatly mistaken, and meantime similar organizations will spring up all over the country. And it is worthy of note that public sentiment on the liquor business has automatically produced this new power. Being the tangible expression of the general conscience, it is bound to grow and prosper, and once more we cast compassionate glances at the old party leaders and enquire, What are you going to do about it?

AN INDEPENDENT SUPPORT.—Conundrum: How can the *Mail* give an independent or any other kind of "support" to a Government with whose policy on nearly all the great questions of the day

it is professedly at issue? We give it up, but will wait and see whether the *Mail's* independent support of Sir John includes the support of John Small for the nomination in East Toronto. If it does, that's all we want to know about the *Mail's* conversion from political crookedness.

QUEBEC.—The Ross Government calculated upon the partizan help of the Lieut.-Governor to enable them to hang on to office indefinitely, but His Honor declines to interfere, and, painful though it be to leave the flesh pots, they've got to go.

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The First Sight of Ocean.

WE love in life's gloaming to muse on langsyne,
When into the heart nature's beauties did shine,
Ere the soul heaved a sigh
For what earth can't supply,
Or for the immortal the spirit did pine.

The heart had the freshness of dawn's early dew;
The earth a great palace o'erhung with the blue,
Ev'ry sound, ev'ry sight
A new throb of delight,
And what glories around us the setting sun threw.

We hived in our hearts ev'ry color and tone,
Beheld in the setting sun throne upon throne,
And gazed till we saw
In our wonder and awe
The gods in their majesty seated thereon.

Can we ever forget that great surge of the soul,
When first we saw ocean beneath us unroll?
How the heart did expand
In a new wonder land,
Where time, space and matter had never control.

O that was the dawn of a glorious day;
My soul seemed released from a burden of clay,
One infinite wonder
My bonds burst asunder,
Yet speechless and weak as an infant I lay—

I lay fascinated by ocean's great eye,
The great heaving breast and the low moaning cry,
For the awful unknown
Seemed to heave in that moan
And for us poor mortals to utter a sigh.

Ah, then my young spirit was instantly caught
Up into the infinite regions of thought;
How I trembled and shook
As beings great took
In that awful instant before me was brought;—

The hoary old earth with its mantle of green,
And systems unnumbered, the seen and unseen,
The vast the unbounded
My spirit confounded!
O time and eternity! what can they mean?

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

TORONTO GRIP's leading cartoon this week deals with the *Mail's* lately opened campaign in favour of prohibition. C. W. Bunting, the managing director, and Edward Farrer, editor in chief, of the *Mail* are represented as burly soldiers in uniform (they are both burly men, physically,) going to the war under the prohibition flag. Mr. Bunting is bidding good-bye to the liquor party, which is represented by a big black bottle. Behind Mr. Bunting is an old lady weeping, who is entitled "The girl I left behind me," and whose features bear a remarkable resemblance to those of Sir John Macdonald.—*Montreal Star*.