



Published every Saturday. \$2 per year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 5 cents. All business correspondence to be addressed to J. V. WRIGHT, General Manager; literary matter, sketches, etc., to the EDITOR.

J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR.

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, OCT. 30TH, 1886. No. 17.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

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.



STOP THE DEATH FACTORIES.—We join in the appeal to Archbishop Lynch to take a stand upon the Liquor Question worthy of himself and the great Church he represents. His present attitude is creditable to neither, and it is entirely at variance with that of Cardinal Manning and many other distinguished Catholic prelates. The day is past for Christianity to be content with the reclamation of the individual victim of this inhuman traffic in drink, and the Church which claims to be Christian *par excellence* should be above all others determined upon legal Prohibition. The whiskey traffic received an emphatic condemnation from the great Catholic Council which lately sat at Baltimore, and there are thousands of the best members of that communion amongst the earnest Prohibitionists of the day. The fact that a large proportion of the liquor-dealers are professed Catholics is a scandal which would cease were the Church everywhere to declare against the business. The Baltimore Council advised Catholics to get into a more respectable line of life, and Archbishop Lynch should repeat that advice here. At present the lowest groggery in Canada is at liberty to decorate its walls with his portrait. He has spoken no word of condemnation of this infernal institution which has done more to impoverish Ireland, and to ruin and debase the warm-hearted people of that land, than all other agencies combined. And in this great matter, silence gives consent. The Archbishop is no doubt anxious to rescue drunkards, but the world is now awake to the hopelessness of work in this line while the drunkard factories are working at high pressure to transform decent citizens into drunkards. These factories must be stopped, and it is high time the heads of the Christian churches said so with the voice of authority.

MERCIER'S TEAM.—It is doubtful whether Mr. Mercier will be able to carry on the government of Quebec without forming a combination with the Bleus. The alliance of the Castors with the Rouges enabled him to carry the country, but his majority is too small to make it safe sailing on such a troubled sea as that of the Quebec Legislature.

SAM JONES.—Rev. Sam Jones is criticised *ad lib.* in the morning papers, and generally in an adverse way because of his alleged bad taste in the matter of language. It may be true that his expressions frequently sound irreverent to our Canadian ears, but nobody believes that the irreverence is intentional. Sam Jones is unquestionably a well-meaning, earnest and consistent man, his faults to the contrary notwithstanding. And if he leaves no other lesson behind him, let our preachers mark and learn that his success with the masses arises largely from the fact that he is the same in the pulpit as out of it. The unnatural voice and manner adopted by most preachers when in their official capacity, is a tremendous drawback to their usefulness.



SAVED BY A SYLLABLE.

Blunderson.—Nipkins, you're a professed temperance man, and yet I'm told that you take a drink every night before going to bed. Is that so?

Nipkins.—Yes; I don't deny that I have a little snifter of hot gin—

Blunderson.—Hot gin! Well, upon my—

Nipkins.—Not so fast; let a fellow finish. **Ginger,** I was going to say.

Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will lend you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry.—*Burdette.*