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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.



CHRISTMAS REVELS IN QUEBEC.—The Ottawa Government has found a rare field for the display of its tactical talent, in the Local Government of Quebec, and the country is being entertained with reminiscences of the famous "double shuffle" of olden days. The grand object in view is to keep the defeated and discredited Ross cabinet in office by hook or by crook until after the general election. They have decided to do it by crook, regardless of constitutional forms. Ross and another member of the Ministry have now ostensibly retired, and by Federal pressure a couple of new men have been secured to fill their places. The people of Quebec are expected to believe that this is a new Government, so different from the last as to be worthy of their confidence. But it is significant that no move is made toward calling Parliament together to test the feelings of the members. The whole business is disgraceful, and if similar trickery were practised by the opposite party there is not a Conservative anywhere who would not justly and indignantly denounce it.

"PUBLIC OPINION NOT RIPE."—If precedent counts for anything with a great lawyer, Mr. Blake ought to be struck by the fact that his proposed course on the Prohibition question is contrary to the usage of law-givers. If we understand his position rightly, he thinks it best to wait until the public conscience has become toned up to a very fine degree, before introducing a measure to banish the rum shop. Mr. Leys, echoing his leader's deliverance, declares that he will be willing to vote for the submission of the question when "a majority of the people have become total abstainers." Both these gentlemen and all who take the same view practically deny that law has any educational influence—a position which is too absurd to be argued. It is notorious that the one great educator of human society from its establishment has been Law. Not that the law can in any case of itself regenerate a man; that is not its office. Its one purpose is to make manifest the wrong or evil to be avoided; and the very fact of any act or institution being placed under the ban of the law at once affects the public conscience in the most direct and powerful way. If this theory is not correct, then of a truth Moses brought down the tables of the Decalogue much too

soon. The people were very far from being educated up to such prohibitions as were therein contained, though we do not hear that any sincere and well-meaning though mistaken leader of the people thought of mentioning this at the time. We come nearer home for an unanswerable argument as to the efficacy of law as an educator. We point to the county of Halton, and ask once more, why is it that no person who outwardly professes to be a respectable member of society will either buy or sell whiskey in that community? Why is it that in Toronto thousands of men who consider themselves "as good as the best" will both buy and sell the same stuff? Isn't there a difference in the moral sentiment? And hasn't the Law had something to do with the creation of that difference? Mr. Blake, if you want to educate the uneducated section of the people up to Prohibition, give them the law and enforce it thoroughly.

OVERHEARD IN THE CELLS.

ONCE more in limbo I find myself waking,
With head thumping, jumping, and well nigh a-breaking;
Every inch of my body with bruises is aching,
But I'll never get drunk again.

wonder where ever I got the vile whiskey
That sent me down here after making me frisky;
I wish it was dumped in the big Bay of Biscay—
But I'll never get drunk again.

I'm a consummate ass to be so overcome,
And I feel like the skin in the head of a drum;
If I do have to burst, may it very soon come—
But I'll never get drunk again.

There's the "beak" I must face in a very short while
With his "dollar and costs," and professional smile;
Oh, why did I swallow this whiskey so vile!—
But I'll never get drunk again.

By yon bright little stars that peep through my grating,
By the walls of this closet in which I am waiting,
And by every known oath, just remark what I'm stating:
I will never get drunk again! W. H. T.



SOME OF OLIVER'S ANCESTORS.

MOSES OATES has recently been tracing the genealogy of the Mowat family. He finds that the name was originally Mouat (pronounced Mo-au). This was in France, where three brothers of the name, owing to some radical disagreement (with some dark hints of a duel, etc.) found it convenient to leave the country. They settled in Calthness, Scotland, where they received several large grants of land from the Crown, and founded a leading family, not a clan, in the North. Moses also finds a strain of Scandinavian blood in the Mowat family; but of the Franco-Italian origin he is sure. Moses himself being a Mowat, he is rather proud of his discoveries.

A QUESTION IN FINANCE.

(Scene—Lawyer's Office in West Regent Street; enter client from the Upper Ward.)

LAWYER—Come in, come in, Mr. Templeton. What can we do for you do for to-day?

MR. TEMPLETON—Weel, Mr. Smith, I wis thinkin' aboot failin' y' see, an' I jist cam' in tae speir whit they were gein' in the poun' the noo.—*The Bailie.*