

"THE GRIP-SACK."

Is Nearly Packed!

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Price, - - - - 25 Cents.



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J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

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Manager.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—There can be no question about it. The people of this Dominion are determined to give the N. P. another five years' free operation in its present form. Not only do they refuse to have it repealed, as the *Globe* proposes, but they just as emphatically protest against any reduction of the coal, flour, or raw materials duties, as Blake suggests. The voice which came like a whirlwind on Tuesday night declared that the present tariff exactly suits the country, and cannot be altered without injury to the people. And this voice must be obeyed.

FRONT PAGE.—

The struggle now is o'er,
The campaign touting's done,
Clean up the sanctum floor,
Songs, pamphlets, bills, *galore*,
The ballot ends the fun.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Campaign songs formed a prominent feature of the late contest, being used by both parties, much to the improvement of the meetings. Amongst those sung at the Reform amphitheatre, the one which is here being rendered—we fear ironically—appeared to be the most popular.

A doctor is a pillar of society. His enemies say that he can kill with powder without shot, and that his drops are almost as dangerous as the hangman's.

THE GRIP SACK.

GRIP'S CONIC SUMMER ANNUAL, FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

This unique and mirth-diffusing volume, which will be published very shortly, will do more than *Globe* editorials to restore the good humor of the Reform party, while it will probably drive the Conservatives into another fit of torch-lighting and triumphant roaring. It is designed as an antidote against mosquitoes and sun-burns, and is recommended by the faculty as a sure preventative of distemper incident to the dog-days. No picnic party will be complete without their GRIP-SACK, and nobody will think of taking a journey by boat or rail without one. It will be packed from lid to lid with literary and artistic good things, amongst which may be mentioned a frontispiece (in colors) of "John A. and his friends," after Fred's celebrated picture, "Shakespeare and his friends," Articles: Baton Munchausen, Jr., in Manitoba (profusely illustrated), Prof. Saniker's Humorous Academy, by Jimmel Briggs; The Sweet Girl Graduate, a drama; The Career of a Canadian M. P.; Patient Penelope; Aphorisms illustrated; A Tragedy of love and Tobacco, etc., etc. The book will be uniform in size with GRIP'S *Almanac*, and a copy will be cheerfully handed out by any bookseller—in exchange for a quarter. Look out for it!

LETTERS FROM THE LEADERS.

BACK PARLOUR, "THE SHADES,"

Wednesday, a.m.

MR. GRIP—SIR,—I apprehend, from a variety of circumstances, amongst which I might enumerate domestic sweeping utensils in the hands of sundry individuals, torches, with coal oil lamp appurtenances, in like custody, and transparencies, significant of disaster, cast from the *Globe* office window; I say I apprehend from all these circumstances that the Government which but a brief space ago were trembling for their lives, have scooped us again on the N.P. Sir, I regret that my recent labors have so exhausted me that I cannot at this time go into the subject at any length; I merely write to say that the *Globe* is not and never shall be my official organ. I would simply direct your attention to the fact that some months ago the *Globe* itself formally resigned the position in question with my advice and consent, and from that day has spoken the opinions of Mr. Gordon Brown, and not those of Yours, sir,

With consideration,

E—D B—E.

FRONT PARLOUR, KINGSTON CLUB,

Wed., a.m.

DEAR BOY!—Shake? We've got 'em again! The old man still lives. The N.P. is the boss racket—biggest thing I've ever struck. I want you to see that my monument has N.P. on it in big letters, though, mind you, I don't feel as though I shall want it put up for a good while yet. If I only had Plumb here now my happiness would be complete, but we didn't want to take all the seats from the unhappy Grits, you know.

Yours,
J—N A'

MILLENNIAL.

Who can doubt but that the N. P. is the first instalment of the Millennial Age. Are we not told that one of the chief symptoms of that happy and devoutly-to-be-wished-for time, is the lion lying down with the lamb? Behold, then, the King of Beasts in Mr. Dodds, and the Lamb in the mild and gentlemanly Temperance Professor and Fosterer of the Scott Act, reconciled and at one on the peaceful and prosperous platform of the N.P.! Hark! how they sing in harmony the N.P.'s praise!

THE TWO VOICES.

A SONG FOR THE DAYS AFTER ELECTION DAY.

A still small voice said unto me,
"Since Party strife breeds anarchy,
Were it not lest it should not be?"

"Were it not wiser not to vaunt
Last month's campaign of lies and cant,
And stand as I do with Dr. Grant?"

Then to the voice I made reply,
"I saw where Gordon Brown went by,
He smiled with humor stern and high."

Then said the voice, "to this good town
To-day shall Goldwin Smith come down;
He will not smile on Gordon Brown."

I said, "I know the fact, but fail
To see if it at all avail
To shoot the *Globe* and take the *Mail*."

To charge the Grits with direst crime,
And tumble with a faith sublime,
Unto the racket ever, time."

The voice replied, "but it were mean
To make the writer's 'stiles' keen,
A mere rib-stabbing, dull machine."

I said, "but sparkling jests and quips,
Soun I sense and wit without eclipse,
Are with the *World* and Mr. Phippi!"

He made reply with sullen tone,
"And doth the *World* allegiance own
To Blake, bethink thee, or Sir John?"

"Thou canst not tell! on the pretence
Of independence, on the fence
The *World* doth sit with cheek immense."

"Canadian politics eschew,
Nor heed, wouldst thou to truth be true,
What politicians say or do."

"A can pign song is not a psalm,
He ceased, I sat in bitter calm,
And read the daily *Telegram*."

The personals of lunette and bond le,
Police court wit and record fion le,
Of doings of the *dem-munde*.

When lo, there whispered in my ear
A second voice "Be of good cheer,
But purchase Grip and have no fear—"

"Of Canada, the prop and pride,
With either faction unallied,
But true to truths on Freedom's side."

That bird of wisdom and of wit
Will not in Tory cages sit,
Nor perch on *Globe* to please the Grit."

I read the sheet of humor ripe,
And merrily as a gutter-snipe
I snickered of peace the welcome pipe.



UNANIMOUS.

Election Committee Man—Well, Dobbin, I'm glad it's over!

Ditto's Horse—Same here, and don't you forget it!

THE July *Century* will contain a frontispiece portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson, accompanying a paper by Emma Lazarus on "Emerson's Personality"; also an engraving of the last portrait of Henry D. Thoreau, from a tintype presented to J. H. Treadwell by Mr. Emerson. John Burroughs writes the sketch of Thoreau, which is said to be one of his most delightful out-of-door papers.