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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.

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Caroon Comments.

"LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER."—Mr. GRIP is privileged to picture future events as well as those of the past and present, and the romantic affair alluded to in the cartoon is hardly as yet an accomplished fact in our politics, although it is an old story in literature. What we mean to intimate is that before long the gallant young hero, Blake, will succeed in carrying off the charming young Grit party, despite the lamenting and gesticulating of her present guardian, the *Globe*. It is notorious that the young people have a growing fondness for each other, while it is equally well known that the damsel is becoming more and more weary of her present surroundings.

FIRST PAGE.—The truth of Sir John's dictum, "We cannot check Manitoba," has been vindicated with some emphasis by the result of the elections in the Prairie Province, which went against the Government three to two.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This requires no comment. The great powers of Europe and the world at large cannot fail to be interested in this startling bulletin.

The letter signed "A Canadian Nationalist" in last Monday's *World* is no credit to Canadian Nationalism. No one finds fault with the *World* or any other paper for attacking the

Globe, or Mr. Gordon Brown's management of it, but this writer speaks of Mr. Brown as "a vulgar, ignorant old man." This is intolerable blackguardism. No other word describes it, and it is the blackguardism of a blockhead who gushes about "Canada's wild yearning hunger" for freedom. Canada has a wild yearning hunger for a waste paper basket. to receive the bosh of bad writers.

This is the opinion of the able and accomplished Editor of the *Evening News* on our picture of last week:

"*Grip* has a fairish cartoon as to conception, but frightfully marred in the execution, owing to the ignorance of the artist of many of even the rudimental ideas of the art. Surely it is not too late for the artist to take lessons. His horse is about twenty-five feet long, and Sir John is about one foot shorter."

We are glad to announce that it has been arranged for this ornate critic to give our artist a lesson in drawing in next week's *Grip*. Let art students look out for it.

THE LIVES OF CANADIAN SAINTS.

NO. 1.—SAINT SYNDICATE.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Inspired by a constant perusal of your ecclesiastical contemporary, the *Dominion High Churchman*, and the constant mention of saints' days, which, in the language of the editor of the ritualistic department of the *Globe*, "are observed by the churches of Rome and England," I wish to know why we have no saints of Canadian growth. Most of the saint legends are the outgrowth of a healthy atmosphere of myth and miracle. Where could they be better represented than in the history of Saint Syndicate, as it may be presented to the admiring consciousness of future ages? Let me essay to anticipate a few aspects of the legend.

HOW SAINT SYNDICATE BOLDLY DECLARED HIS FAITH, WHILE YET A CHILD, AMONG THE HEATHEN.

Saint Syndicate, being yet of tender years, was playing with the other children at good Dame Canada's school, when it was proposed that each should declare of what manner of religion he was. And some said, "We are Reformers," and others cried aloud, "We are Liberal Conservatives," and a wicked little boy with curly hair named John A. said, "I worship this talisman which I stole from R. W. Phipps." And a stout lad with spectacles said, "I am trying hard to learn the use of the *Globe*, but I can't quite understand it." Then Saint Syndicate being asked of his faith, said, "I believe in Number One." And they were all amazed, and asked him, saying, "Who is this Number One, that we may believe in him?" Then Saint Syndicate took from his pocket-book certain consecrated pictures whose backs were green, and said, "this is the sacred emblem of Number One, and by accumulating these is he worshipped." Then John A. and the other heathen boys went and were converted, and worshipped Number One all the days of their life.

HOW SAINT SYNDICATE CAUSED MONEY TO FLY INTO VOTERS' POCKETS WITHOUT HANDS.

In those days there was a heathenish ceremony called a general election, and the saint, having need of votes, caused large sums of money to suddenly enter the pockets of thousands of voters, who straightway voted as the saint desired.

And it came to pass that Saint Syndicate looked forth upon the land which is called Canada, and he saw that it was ruled by a certain conjurer named Jon ah, and he had for an adversary a certain dreamer of dreams, Bolak the son of Hum. And there were in

the land two hundred and seventy false prophets, editors of newspapers, and these were fast asleep and spake foolishness and snored. And there were two real prophets, Grrr and Wuruld, who were wide awake and spake words of wisdom. And the saint said to Jon ah, "Give unto me the land that is in the North-west, even millions of acres thereof, and I will work a great miracle, and will cause men to think that thou art a statesman and not a conjurer, and to vote for thee; and I will do yet other miracles, for I will give to the rich and I will take from the poor, and I will cause the hopes of Canada about the North-west to be as empty as the belly of the whale that is in Harry Piper's Zoo." And it was done, and it came to pass the saint lifted up his hand and a great multitude of birds of prey, who were called land grabbers, arose and flew to the North-west. And they preyed upon the poor settlers and slew them, and filled themselves with their flesh very exceedingly. And the false prophets continued to snore and to speak foolishly, but Grrr and Wuruld prophesied wisely. And the people heard them and lighted a great fire and burned two of the false prophets named *Globe* and *Mail*, and their houses, and their young men and maidens, and their oxen and asses. And the fire scared away the birds of prey, and the people got back the land. And when Jon ah saw it he was sore afraid and was converted and said, "this is a great miracle like unto the miracles that are wrought at Lourdes in France. Verily I will now repent and spend my old days in sackcloth and ashes, and will get tight no more than twice a week.



Miss Fanny Kellogg and Sig. Brignoli gave two fairly successful performances at the Pavilion on Monday and Tuesday evenings. They were assisted by Mr. Thompson, a fair baritone, Mr. W. W. Lauder, pianist, and Mr. Torrington as accompanist. Brignoli sang very well considering his youth.

Scarborough Heights Park has evidently got into good hands this season. The management have refitted and vastly improved the steamer "Queen Victoria," and have taken efficient means to stamp out any attempt at disorderly conduct on the boat or at the park. We are glad of this, for Victoria Park is a favorite resort.

The steamer "Empress of India" leaves Custom-house Wharf on Saturday next, at 2 p.m., for Grimsby Camp Ground; returning will leave at 7 p.m., allowing an hour and a half there. Tickets for round trip 25 cents. This steamer will make trips to the same point on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday of next week.

On Friday and Saturday of this week notwithstanding the mendacious statements of the "Big U. S." another circus is coming, and from all we can hear a far better show than Canada is ordinarily favored with. The fact that Mr. James Robinson, the great bareback rider, is one of the proprietors, is in itself sufficient to guarantee an excellent organization, though the circus is not the only attraction, a splendid menagerie being under the adjoining canvass. Ryan and Robinson have discarded the nonsensical "two-ring" business, and will follow the good, old-fashioned, common-sense method of the first-rate programme, one item at a time. The tent is to be at the corner of King and Portland Sts.