

"THE GRIP-SACK."

Is Nearly Packed!

DON'T FAIL TO SECURE A COPY
ON THE 1st OF JULY.

Price, - - - - 25 Cents.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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Company of Toronto.

W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum,
payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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.—It is generally believed
by Reformers that the *Globe* largely contribu-
ted to the defeat of Blake by its course of un-
qualified antagonism to the N.P. The lines
from Cowper's famous doggerel express the
situation as well as if written for the pur-
pose.

FIRST PAGE.—The triumphant success of
the N.P. was followed by an exhibition of re-
venge upon the editor of the *Globe* in the form
of a general outpouring of the vials upon his
devoted head by Grit and Tory alike.

EIGHTH PAGE.—We have met the Reformer
who not only is satisfied with the result of the
election but declares that he wouldn't have
had it otherwise. There is good reason to be-
lieve that old Hard Times is on his way to
Canada again, in fact it is known in financial
circles that he is sure to arrive in about two
years, and the above mentioned Reformer
wants him to catch the Lib-Cons. in office just
for once. "We will then find out" says he,
"whether or no the N.P. is a talisman against
depression or not!"

In reply to inquiries, we beg to state that
the *Grip-Sack* is now in press and will be found
on the bookstands in the course of a few days.
Look out for it.



THE BOTHWELL SEAT.

USHER, (*Returning Officer*).—Excuse me,
Mr. Mills, that seat belongs to this gentleman.

MR. MILLS.—Don't be quite so fast, sonny :
the Manager says it's mine.

DOMINION DAY NOTES.

The Odd Fellows have arranged for their
usual grand excursion, though on this occasion
the route is changed from Orillia to Sturgeon
Point. It promises to be as merry an event as
of old.

The Foresters and Shepherds demonstrate in
London, where a great day of games and
sports may be expected. MR. GRIP acknow-
ledges with thanks the receipt of a compliment-
ary.

A similar courtesy has been extended by the
managers of the grand demonstrations to take
place in Brantford on our National Day.

ONE OF THE SIGHTS!

In the *Hamilton Times* we see the opening
of a new saloon advertised in this wise:—

"COME AND SEE THE BEAST."

This invitation to the general public should
have been worded more clearly. In the first
place we want to know what beast is meant.
Is it the beast behind the bar? or the beast
who illustrates Darwin's theory of evolution
backward, by showing with a rapidity, far
ahead of antediluvian precedent, how one of
the brute species can be "evolved" from a na-
ture originally so high as to be considered only
"a little lower than the angels." Secondly,
we would like to know what good is to be
gained by the public going to see this, or
either of these beasts. Has the advertiser
been animated by the spirit of the ancient
Spartans, who in those old heroic days, filled
their slaves drunk once a year or so, turned
them into the arena, and then brought their
children to see the beasts, by way of warning
them against the dangers of drinking wine.
If this is what we are invited to "come and
see the beast" for, the advertiser has been at
a great deal of needless expense and trouble,
for alas! have we not slaves, otherwise called
"bummers," in every stage of drunken im-
becility, wherever we turn, so many indeed,
and so familiar the sight, that like scripture
truths, they cease to warn, so accustomed are
we to the daily repetition of the lesson. Fail-
ing this, what possible motive can the ad-
vertiser have for inviting all and sundry to "come and
see the beast." No man would have the au-
dacity to invite us to come and see the beast
with the intention of converting us also into

beasts, unless indeed he wanted to set up a
Zoo in opposition to Harry here, and specu-
lated on getting beasts cheap by making them
pay the Piper. No, no. Why then don't he
speak plainly and to the purpose, instead of
putting forth the parable of "come and see
the beast," without specifying which beast,
the buyer or the seller. We have a faint re-
collection of reading somewhere of one called
Wisdom who lifted up her voice in the market
places, vending her wares, but in the ambitious
city that ancient individual is superseded by a
liquor-seller who stands also at the market
place, urgently requesting the passer-by to
"come and see the beast." Yet who can help
admiring the consistency of the individual
who has the courage and honesty to use such
appropriate language, when requesting people
to patronize his efforts to establish a beast-
making business.

SYNOD HALL.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE EPISCOPALIAN SESSION OF
1882, NOT SUGGESTED BY ANY POEM OF MR. TEN-
NYSON'S.

Leave me here my chums, a little, while the secretaries
call
Out the names of all the parsons in their list at Synod
Hall;
There they gather, all the figures we remember long and
well,
Each glazed hat and buttoned frock-coat, and black
gingham umberell.
Then the Bishop, on the platform, as the Chairman, takes
command;
When they say "My Lord," observe him bowing low and
looking bland.
These good men, they lead such noble, pure, self-sacrific-
ing lives,
Should have paradise for parish and have angels for their
wives.
They do not, like wordy laymen, hunt for dollars all the
week,
Crooked ways of "biz." pursuing with illimitable cheek;
How they all love one another, how they join with one
accord
Venerating the Archdeacons, doing homage to "My
Lord."
But this Spring a fund accrueeth which the Synod promptly
claims,
The enormous lapsed endowment of the parish of St.
James.
Whereupon the city clergy of Toronto meekly say,
"Some nine hundred yearly dollars this to each of us shall
pay,
Which the Township parsons hearing, cry, "beloved, do
not so!
Unto us too, peradventure, shall a share of shekels go!"
So they argued and disputed and in laymen gathered
then—
What hard sayings can be uttered by the lips of holy men.
Then out spake our noble Howland, wise, veracious, apt
in speech,
"Do not put this public money in your pockets, I beseech,
Let it serve some great cause, send it to the heathen o'er
the sea.
Or convert from "washee, wasshee" the Mongolian
Chinee.
There are hospitals and noble works of mercy to be sure,
These endow and let it wander, heaven-directed, to the
poor!"
But the parsons this proposal heard with most uneasy
qualms,
And they answered it in language not exactly like the
psalms.
And their umberells were brandished, and there seemed a
prospect grim
They would go for noble Howland, and would put a heari-
on him;
For if they inst ad of adding to the income each one
draws,
Had been anxious to devote it to some noble public cause,
To the coarse and worldly layman it were contradiction
flat,
Who has thought their zeal excessive in the passing round
the hat;
Who has grieved at the good young girls, who will not be
debarred
In passing round from house to house the miss-on-a-y
card!
Who has sneered at ice cream socials and church picnics,
and has scoffed
At a grand æsthetic ritual so forcibly and oft.
But the parson like the layman has a liking to get rich,
And good Mother Church says mournfully, "Alack, that
there are such."

LA V I. Cuss.

THE ISLAND.

Capt. Turner has three first-rate steamers
plying to and from the Island, so that those in
quest of a "mouthful of fresh air" can secure
that priceless boon at ridiculously low rates.