

## "THE GRIP-SACK." Is Packed!

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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.

"IS IT A VAIN APPEAL?"—Surely the age of chivalry must indeed be past if this touching appeal can be in vain. What! is it possible that no gentleman jumps up and offers his place in parliament to the distinguished parties who unfortunately "got left" in the late contest. Here is a rare chance for the gallant men of both parties? Surely the Grits will not sit still and leave Sir Richard to his fate; and it cannot be that the Tories will shirk from a little self-sacrifice to oblige Mr. Plumb! Meantime, there is a display of very bad manners all round, and perhaps the conductor may conclude to take the advice so freely offered him—to put 'em both up on the knife-board!

FIRST PAGE.—The hero of the Woodbine park race meeting this year is "Disturbance," who has carried all before him. The jockeys of the rival runners no doubt regard this animal with much the same feelings as inspire the political jockeys, John A. and Gordon B., when they gaze upon the points of that other "Disturbance," the awakening spirit of national life, for they are aware that the betting is 50 to 1 against both "Gritism" and "Toryism."

EIGHTH PAGE.—Had Sir John gone to Winnipeg, as was announced, it is possible his re-

ception at the station there may have been enlivened by some such incident as is here depicted. It would be in accordance with Sir John's usual luck if he could have proclaimed himself the discoverer of those "lost, strayed, or stolen" freight cars, and consequently the recipient of the "\$5 reward." The advertisement is actually authentic.

GRIP is glad to hear that the Zoo is a financial success. A meeting of the stock-holders is to be held at the Queen's Hotel this week, when it is understood a very satisfactory statement of the affairs of the company will be made. And now the question naturally arises, Who's to pay the Piper?

We are favored with a copy of a pamphlet recently published by Mr. Clark Braden, entitled "Ingersoll unmasked—A Scathing and Fearless Expose of His Life and Real Character." Upon the cover is a "tippical pictur," representing a young lady named Truth, lifting off (with a toasting fork) a mask representing "Bob's" face, from the countenance of a Personage with sharp ears and horns, and likewise a forked tail. If the author wishes us to believe that Ingersoll is in reality the Devil, we decline. It may be true (as Mr. Braden alleges and is ready to prove) that the infidel lecturer was a very fast young man, and is now not all his admirers believe, but still he may not be quite so bad as the Devil, and Mr. Braden's artist might have "drawn it a little milder."

There is no doubt that Ingersoll's influence is mightily strengthened by his reputation for "a blameless life." The author hopes to destroy that influence by showing that his life is not and never has been "blameless," but just the contrary. There are many Christians who will doubt the expediency of this style of warfare—but we cannot see that Christianity itself has anything to do with the matter.

The *World* has enlarged its borders, and its new office, 18 King St. West, contain a suite of palatial apartments, where the editors and reporters recline on velvet couches, surrounded by dadas, frizees, gazabes, and other adjuncts of luxury. GRIP wishes continued success to its spirited contemporary, the *World*. Long may it roll!

People up in the Nor'-West, who import freight, have got into the unreasonable habit of blaming the poor (that is, comparatively poor) Syndicate for every misfortune that happens in that country. We understand that leading conservatives are declaring now that the vote went astray this time all on account of the railway arrangements.

HERE is an item of news from the *Winnipeg Times*, written by the special Oriental scholar on the staff of that journal:—"The Jewish immigrants, who recently arrived, held divine service in the immigrant sheds this morning, presided over by one of the old Jewish rabbis. Saturday, as is well known, is observed among them as Sunday. Those who witnessed the service say it was a very novel sight."



### NATURAL CAUSES.

Mrs. CRABBY.—Say, boy, this is bad milk you're serving us. It goes sour the moment I get it.

MILKMAN, (who is a student of Physiognomy) --I should expect that!

### RYE AND WATHA.

A POEM SUGGESTED BY A LATE ARTICLE IN THE *Globe* AND A LATE LETTER IN THE *Guelph Herald*.

As unto the bow the bow string,  
As the string that pulls the long bow,  
Pulls it long and very often;  
So unto the Grits the *Globe* is,  
Gordon Brown so bends the paity.  
Would you ask me for a story  
Very tough, exceeding shakky,  
To the racket I should tumble;  
I should answer, I should tell you.  
Tell the tale of Rye and Watha.  
The M. P. who made the N. P.,  
Up in Guelph victorious lately,  
Raised the hair of Richard Cartwright,  
Scalped his squaws and burned his wigwag,  
To the City of Toronto,  
To the intellectual centre,  
Where the *World* and *Grip* are published.  
Came the mighty Rye and Watha.  
At the (Queen's) Hotel encamping;  
And he dined, and lovely maidens,  
Clad in shimmering robes æsthetic,  
Smiled on mighty Rye and Watha,  
Brought him plates full-heaped with deer flesh,  
Brought him patent pails of lager,  
Tapped for him a cask of Cosgrave's;  
Then said mighty Rye and Watha,  
Medicine-man in Guelph victorious:  
Lovely squaws, bring hither quicky,  
Bring a keg of Worts' whiskey.  
So the keg was brought, he drank it,  
Quaffing tumbler after tumbler,  
Till his heart grew glad within him,  
And he said: "Great Rye and Watha  
Is a chief among the Tories,  
And the Tories save the country  
Every time they tumble to it,  
And the Grits are frauds and failures."  
But a Grit chief in that wigwag  
Ate deer-flesh and drank fire-water,  
And he scowled at Rye and Watha,  
And he answered: "Ye are leein'  
Then arose great Rye and Watha,  
On that Grit he danced a war dance,  
Raised his hair, or would have raised it,  
On his head had there been any;  
Till the whole caboose resounded,  
And Magaw, the recreant landlord,  
Called out loudly for the bobbies;  
And the bobbies came blue-coated,  
Bound with fetters Rye and Watha,  
Popped him into Black Maria  
And drove quickly to the station,  
Where a gruesome cell had pent him.  
But that generous Beauty freed him;  
So he faced the Beak next morning,  
Was let off and walked in triumph  
'Mid the beats and drunks and bummers.  
Such the tale that Gordon published  
In the *Globe's* veracious columns.  
But the mighty Rye and Watha,  
In the very last *Guelph Herald*,  
Says the whole thing is a story,  
Figment of the Grits untruthful;  
Says he was not drunk, but sober,  
Did not on that Grit dance war dance,  
Was not driven in Black Maria,  
Did not interview the Colonel.  
So this very fishy story,  
Be it fact or be it fiction,  
I have told you, stating both sides,  
For the Sachem's better judgment,  
To the praise of Rye and Watha,  
To the *Globe* man's lasting honor.