

## "THE GRIP-SACK."

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Price, - - - - 25 Cents.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing  
Company of Toronto.

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Editor & Artist.

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum,  
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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The story related by a speaker at one of the amphitheatre meetings the other evening so exactly illustrates the position of the working classes—that is, all classes excepting certain manufacturers—that we give it the further benefit of pictorial representation. The cartoon, no doubt, speaks for itself, but it will not be out of place to give here the story as related by the speaker in question. A certain old Scotch wife had a "coo," which she kept tethered upon a ledge of barren rock, which, however, commanded a fine view of landscape. Some person having remarked to her that the cow appeared to have very poor pasture, she replied, "Weel, to be sure, the grass is scant, but the coo has a gran' prospect!" This little anecdote was related *apropos* of Sir John's late bid for the workingman's vote on the ground that millions of money await investment in Canada if the Government is again returned.

**FRONT PAGE.**—Last Monday's *Mail* contained a long article giving twenty-one reasons why Blake should be defeated at the polls. As many of our readers may not have seen the article in question, we give the gist of it, with appropriate illustrations, on the first page. It will be observed that we have only mentioned twenty out of the twenty-one reasons; this is accounted for by the fact that two of them were practically the same in scope and intent.

The electors are advised to give these reasons the most serious consideration.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The farce of the week has been the O'Donohue Shuffle. In order to offset the force of Blake's Irish speech, and to catch the catholic vote (which Mr. John O'Donohue is supposed to control), that gentleman was presented with a Senatorship and a seat in the Cabinet. No sooner was this announced than Sir John Macdonald was beard by the Orange section of his party, who objected to O'Donohue on the score of disloyalty. Sir John, with his usual acuteness, overcame the difficulty by taking the portfolio of O'Donohue and giving it to an equally good Irishman—Frank Smith. The Orangemen (who never surrender) declared themselves satisfied that the hated "Fenian" should retain his Senatorship, and in this they gave a most unkind backhanded cut at our house of Lords. If the Government are returned to power, and it should occur that Mr. Smith hands back the portfolio to O'Donohue, the Orangemen will no doubt be very much astonished, but the rest of the world—who know something of John A. -ism—will simply say "I told you so."

The Reformers who in '78 voted for the N. P. are not all dead by any means, and they are pretty sure to vote that way again, unless Mr. Blake announces his policy on the tariff question more clearly than he has yet done. Let him tell the country forthwith precisely the extent of the changes he proposes to make in the present tariff, well in advance of the 20th; or, better still, let him publish the tariff itself, in the form it will take under Grit auspices—if such auspices are preferred by the Electorate.

Mr. Mowat is appearing on the platform during the present contest, and apologises for doing so, recognizing that only under special circumstances should local ministers interfere in Dominion Elections. His apology is that vast provincial issues are at stake. In the one matter of the Boundary Award, the snug little sum of at least \$17,000,000 is to be filched from the treasury of Ontario if Sir John carries out the policy he is committed to, and in which he is supported by many members of the Conservative party. Under these circumstances Mr. Mowat is undoubtedly justified in taking the stump, especially as he carefully confines himself to the questions which are exclusively Provincial.

The *World's* rebuke to the *Mail* the other morning, for allowing Mr. John Hague to defile its columns with slanderous abuse of certain young men, who, it was alleged, had interfered with the good order of the Yorkville meeting, was very well-timed, but it would have been less laughable if it had not contained a shocking proportion of the very commodity it condemned.

A respected correspondent objects seriously to the reference in a recent number to a re-

cently appointed bishop as "Head bottle-washer." The simile was certainly not elegant, but still bottle-washing is an honorable avocation, and as dignified as any other labor if done in the proper spirit.

Our editorial brother, Livingstone, of the *St. John Sun*, is no doubt very busy keeping up his end of the political log, and has little spare time for poesy. Under the circumstances we are willing that the *Sun's* poet's corner should be supplied from *Grip's* columns, though hereafter the overworked editor ought to somehow find time to add the credit mark.

The terrible position of the wretched Guiteau is deemed a proper subject for newspaper "humor" just now, and some of our American contemporaries are surpassing themselves in coarseness on the subject. *The Judge*, of New York, and the *Hornet*, of Louisville recently came out with horrible cartoons, representing the doomed assassin in the clutches of Satan. We are at a loss to see the funniness of such Pictures. They simply expose the vulgarity of their authors.

*Apropos* of Costigan's motion and Blake's speech on the Irish question, our English contemporary *Moonshine* advises Canada to mind her own business. But how can we mind our own business until we have the right to make our own commercial treaties?

Whatever may be thought of Oscar Wilde's evening costume, or his long hair, or his "stained-glass attitudes," he is undoubtedly doing good service to individual artists if not to American art in general. He appears to be inspired by good feeling, and delights in extending a helping hand to struggling genius. He has repeated in Boston the eulogy he pronounced here upon Mr. Homer Watson's landscape work, adding an equally generous word of praise for Mr. Dunbar, our Canadian sculptor. At Chicago he discovered a highly gifted modeller, whom he mentioned in his lecture, and who is now in receipt of many commissions.

Mr. Peter Imrie, Lanarkshire Farmers' Delegate to Canada, has sent us a copy of his pamphlet, in which he undertakes to prove that the C. P. Railway Co. are in a position to extort from the farmers of the North-west as much as \$7.50 per acre per annum beyond what they have any equitable right to, and that they will undoubtedly do so unless "a more severe Government than the present one be appointed to look after the interests of settlers and the country generally." This is certainly a matter for serious consideration and Mr. Imrie has done well to bring it to the notice of the public.

BY AN EAST TORONTO LIB.-CON.

The tale of Jack who killed the giant,  
Electors, please recall,  
For here we have a Mammoth Grit,  
And a Candidate who's Small.