

IN PREPARATION.

"THE GRIP-SACK."

A New Midsummer Annual, to be issued by GRIP Printing & Publishing Company, under the editorship of J. W. Bengough.

The GRIP-SACK will be uniform in size with "GRIP'S Almanac," and will be filled with original humor, profusely illustrated with engravings, embracing several full-page pictures in colors.

The first number will be ready in July.

Price, - - - - 25 Cents.



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J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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The gravest heart 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 are certain people in the Dominion who refuse to believe that the Finance Minister has lifted the country out of the financial depression by means of the N.P. alone. But there always will be a class of stubborn sceptics in the world. Individuals may even be found who discredit the late Baron Munchausen's story of how, when he and his horse found themselves in the midst of a deep river, he seized hold of his pigtail, and by his unaided arm lifted himself and his charger safely to the shore!

FIRST PAGE.—It is generally believed that Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin would have no objection to a nomination for East Toronto in the Conservative interest. The candidate now spoken of is Mr. Bunting, of the Mail, who is a very pleasant gentleman, but by no means so able a man as Davin. GRIP would like to see the bald pate of Nicholas Flood in the front row of the Commons, for then we might have a revival of the good old days of D'Arcy McGee, and if Sir John will just say the word, no doubt the faithful Irishmen of the division would come to the front and put their brilliant countryman in.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The strike is still going on, and it is plain that it will continue for some time yet. The carpenters have been joined by other operatives, but they remain the principal figures in the play. GRIP hopes the affair will be settled without any chiselling or gouging, and he is pleased to see that present indications augur well for an early truce.

Q.—A scientist has gone: what does he now behold?

A.—The truth; that man, not monkey can a tale (tail) unfold!

Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

The first meeting of the Shareholders of the above Company was held in the Company's office, 55 and 57 Adelaide-street east, at noon on the 21st inst.

The Provisional President, J. L. Morrison, Esq., was in the chair. After the Secretary, Mr. S. J. Moore, had read the notice calling the meeting, the President stated that as this was the first meeting of the shareholders, the Directors had no formal report to make, but simply to present the action of the Board of Directors on the various matters connected with the organization of the Company, which would be explained as the resolutions were read. He stated that in accordance with the Prospectus upon which the Company was organized, the Directors had taken over the assets and assumed the liabilities of Bengough, Moore & Bengough, but previous to concluding the purchase (which the shareholders would be asked to ratify) the Board engaged Messrs. Kerr & Anderson, Accountants, to examine the books and prepare a balance sheet from the same. They also engaged Messrs. J. J. Burns and G. C. Patterson, master printers, to examine and value the plant, etc., of the firm, and upon the report of these gentlemen the Board had taken action. The shareholders would now be asked to ratify that action by passing the resolutions which had been prepared.

Various by-laws passed by the Board at the several meetings were then discussed and passed without amendment, after which the voting for Directors for the ensuing year was proceeded with, resulting in the unanimous re-election of the Provisional Directors, viz., J. W. Bengough, Geo. Clarke, S. J. Moore, J. L. Morrison, and Thos. Bengough. Mr. Anderson, of Kerr & Anderson, was appointed auditor of the Company.

A resolution was next carried authorizing the Directors to carry into effect the purchase of the good-will and assets of the firm of Bengough, Moore & Bengough, on the basis agreed upon between the said firm and the Provisional Board of Directors.

Mr. J. W. Bengough was engaged as editor and artist of GRIP, and Mr. S. J. Moore as the Company's manager, each for a term of five years.

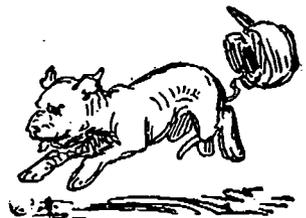
The President stated that from the experience of the past few weeks since the organization of the Company, it was the opinion of the Directors that the promises made in the Prospectus would be fully redeemed. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, J. L. Morrison, Esq., was re-elected President.

Our Representative Man.

LETTER II.

Esteemed Mr. GRIP.—My last letter brought the events of my journey down to my arrival in Winnipeg. I got there on a beautiful bright morning, and found all Winnipeg holding its ears and swearing that it was the coldest day of

the season. It wasn't so cold as some of the days I had spent in Toronto since last Christmas. I earnestly, but vainly, hoped it would continue as it was, for, as Coolican would say, it suited me right down to the ground. Speaking of Coolican—and that by the way is what most people are doing—I made a pilgrimage to his headquarters the very first thing. The boom had quieted for a spell, but it set in again shortly after my arrival—queer coincidence, I didn't suppose the speculators were all aware that I had half-a-million with me—and I saw the financial blizzard in full force. St. Vincent was put on the market, and notwithstanding that it is in Uncle Sam's territory the lots went off hot. Coolican stood behind the bar in Dan. Roger's celebrated "Hub," and after an eloquent exordium, in which he confined himself strictly to the truth, and made as few points as possible in favor of St. Vincent, he proceeded to dispose of the property. Whenever the bidding lagged, Coolican knew intuitively what was wrong, and ordered the bar-tender to "set 'em up" for the company. Each of these little stoppages would cost something like \$30, but J. S. wears a velvetene coat, and money is no object to him. Of course Manitoba auctions are not always held in bar-rooms; on this occasion the regular room was undergoing repairs; hence the refreshments. The cold weather was over in a day or two, and then the mud began to arrive. At first it peeped out modestly, and a careful citizen could get home to dinner with less than a bushel of it on his feet, but before long it got bold, and spread itself, and began to lay strangers on their backs here and there. That mud is bad, but Winnipeggers seem to like it. On Main Street it brings \$1800 per front foot—perhaps that's the reason. The capital of Manitoba is a place about the size of St. Catharines—a large village with a few good brick buildings, and a great many unpretentious wooden ones. You land at the north end of Main Street, and as you proceed down town along the broad and bending thoroughfare, you hear the sound of hammers on all sides. Every here and there you see canvass tents, big and little, and you are told that these are either hotels or dormitories, where you can get a good bed for 50c. or a better one for \$1. Land offices are more numerous than hotels, and give better accommodation. There are of course crooked dealers by the score, but here and there you find men who are incapable of sharp practice—such as Mr. J. B. McKilligan, Mr. A. McCharles, and others. The conversation of the city turns chiefly on boarding-houses. If a fellow gets into a 6 by 9 room and arranges to get his meals for \$9 per week half a mile from his sleeping apartment, he walks down street with the air of a Syndicate lord, and commiserates with the scores of new comers who can't find board and lodgings to save their necks. But spite of all this discomfort the air is clear and bracing, and everybody you meet is rushing somewhere, just as if \$10,000 were at the end of his rush—as it very probably is. Yes, Winnipeg is a great institution. But I needn't take up any more of your space, as your readers all intend seeing it for themselves.



"PURP"—ETUAL MOTION.

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