

"One of the cleverest books ever issued in Canada."—*Toronto Telegram.*

Everybody in Rears of Laughter

"THE GRIP-SACK."

CONTENTS:

Colored plate, "John A. and his Friends." Do "Ontario, Ontario!" Patient Penelope, 1 Illustration. Henri Le Blanc (Burlesque Novel, by James Briggs), 9 Illustrations. Socrates and Zantigo, 7 Illustration. Baron Munchausen, jr. in Manitoba, by J. W. Bengough, 24 Illustrations. Prof. Sanker's Humorous Academy, 1 Illustration. The Higher Education of Women, 9 Illustrations. Besides other illustrated articles, and pages of comic pictures.

PRICE, 25 Cent.—At all the Bookstores or of the Publishers, s' Grip' Office.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. 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 continue must also be particular to send the no. of present address.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The Imperial Government have given expression to their disapproval of the course of our Canadian Commons in passing the Irish resolutions of last session. The resolutions in question were very sensible, and John Bull would find it to his interest to act upon them. He ought to thank our statesmen for giving him a friendly hint, instead of getting his Imperial back up. In this connection we observe that some of the Conservative organs, actuated probably by a mistaken sense of "loyalty," are repudiating the responsibility of the Government in the matter of the resolutions, and trying to shift the "blame" on to the shoulders of the Opposition, because Blake made the speech of the occasion. Of course this is bosh, as the introducer of the resolutions (Mr. Costigan) has been taken into the Cabinet, and, what is still more decisive, Sir John voted for them. The Tories have no cause to be ashamed of the affair, nor should the Grips feel disposed to take back a cent's worth. The resolutions were good; Ireland ought to have home rule.

FIRST PAGE.—The munificence of Mr. Erasmus Wiman, in presenting our city with free public baths, is deserving of sincere commendation. *Grip*, the official organ of the city, hereby thanks the generous gentleman, and assures him that his gift fills a long-felt want. The baths have been placed under careful management, and promise to become popular.

EIGHTH PAGE.—In accordance with the announcement of last week, the scholarly art editor of our Siamese contemporary, the *Mail-News*, comes forward in this issue and gives poor ignorant little *Grip* a lesson in drawing. All the world is under lasting obligations to Mr. Bunting's young man for this kindness, and *Grip* in particular will try to profit by it. But would it be too bold of us to ask our profound critic how it happens that he finds fault with *Grip*'s drawings on the score of incorrectness in detail, while at the same time he points out that the modern comic artists who are severely correct are decidedly inferior to Leech, Cruickshank, and "Phiz," who set all the rules of serious art at defiance? Perhaps, after all, the *News-Mail* man is a better judge of circuses that don't advertise than of caricaturists great and small.

THE CITY BELLMAN.



And now the perspiring citizen packs up his fishing rod and his wife and family, and makes a bee-line for Lake Rosseau, where for two months he will revel in fresh air, unadulterated milk, and dry linen collars. Here he will take his youngsters into the forest primeval and hunt the untamed mosquito, and at night he will sit on the hotel stoop and tell them stories about the grizzly bear—which landlord Pratt will interrupt gruffly with "What's that you say about me?"

An esteemed English contemporary sends me his paper week after week addressed "Toronto, U. S. A." With so many well-endowed Universities in the old land there is no excuse for this sort of thing; but perhaps the initials are intended for the post-office people, and mean that the paper is to come to Toronto—Unless Stolen Afore.

Mr. Hassard, who is in a position to know the facts, says there is no truth in the story that poor D. J. K. Rine went back to drink after leaving Canada. He was a firm teetotaler to the end, in fact, "Sign the pledge!" was his cry even during the paroxysms of his insanity.

I understand that the Education Department, impressed with the lightness of the studies at present pursued in the public schools, have determined to add the following text-

books in the junior departments: "Letters of Junius;" "Encyclopædia Britannica;" "Locke on the Human Understanding;" "Elements of Abstract Pathology;" "The Descent of Man," by Darwin, and Spencer's "Moral Ethics." Two chapters from each work are to be committed to memory daily.

I see that Wallace Ross is out with some more balderdash about beating Haulan, backed up with a challenge to row the latter five races on as many consecutive days, for \$1,000 per race. Wallace appears to be a hard man to convince; all the rest of the world feels perfectly satisfied that he has no more chance of beating Haulan than a small boy in a big yawl would have.

The writer of the "Nationalist" articles in the *World* expresses himself as astonished at your strictures on the epithets he applied to Mr. Gordon Brown, when he called the latter an "ignorant old man." He doesn't take the adjectives back, but on the contrary adds another, to wit, "brutal." Now I object to the whole three as untrue. Firstly, Mr. Brown is not an "old" man, he is scarcely above middle age—somewhere about fifty-five, I should judge; secondly, he is not "ignorant," if by that the writer implies want of intelligent knowledge of public men and matters; and thirdly, he has never in my remembrance shown any disposition which could be truly characterized as "brutal."

The *Globe* has been noted for plain English, but at this moment I cannot recall anything of a brutal nature in its past editorials. If it has attacked anybody savagely it has, so far as I know, always confined itself to the public character of the individual. If the Nationalist writer can mention a case to the contrary I shall be glad to see it.

I do not undertake to defend the *Globe* through any attachment I have for Mr. Gordon Brown as a public man, nor for his journal as an organ. I do so simply in the interests of truth. I heartily sympathize with the National spirit of Canada, but I fail to see how that spirit is to be strengthened by attacks on opponents unless these attacks have a solid basis of fact.

INFAWMATION WANTED.

MISTAW GWIP.—SIR,—We often read abeawt the 'awns of a Dilemma. A Dilemma must, therefaw, be a 'awned kwecchaw. Now, sir, I would like to know if the flesh of the Dilemma is good eating aw not, and ware it can be bought. We also often read about the Bug Beaw. I would also like to know if it is good eating, and if its gwease is good for the 'air, and ware they can be bought.

'As the N.P. waised the pwice of these awticles?

Fenny infawmation on these pints will be thankfully received by Yawswooly, CHAWLES FWEDWICK.

THE AUGUST ST. NICHOLAS is to be especially devoted to travel and adventure, told in story and poem and picture. Mr. Boyesen will write of "How Burt went Whale-hunting;" the adventures of Mrs. Peterkin in Egypt will be entertainingly described; there will be some funny verses about "The Pungajubs of Siam," a Turkish story of "Hassan's Water-melon," an interesting account of "A Visit to the Home of Sir Walter Scott," "How a Hoosier Boy Saw the Tower of Pisa," "Stories from the Northern Myths," "A Balloon Story," etc. etc. One of the most beautifully illustrated articles in the number will be one on "Summer Days at Lake George."