

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

Everybody in Roars of Laughter
 OVER
"THE GRIP-SACK."

CONTENTS:

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

PRICE, 25 cents.—At all the Bookstores or the Publishers, "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 discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

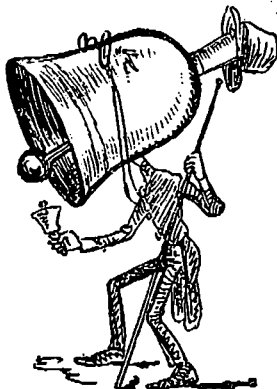
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The ever indulgent Mr. GRIP takes a batch of the little boys of his household for an outing this week. They are kept hard at work the year round, making the pages of this journal lively, and no reader will grudge them a little rest and recreation. Though they are not all actually resting. Little Masters Blake and John A. are sensibly snoozing under the trees; Master Plumb is rushing in with a fine fat fish he has captured; Master Bull is giving his little gun-boat a trial trip; Master Norquay is improving his mind and cultivating his sense of humor by reading that funny summer book, the *Grip Sack*; Master Mowat is wading in the stream after the aesthetic lily; Master Tupper is keeping an eye on the little premier (*vide the Mail*); Master Tilley is making some moral reflections on the wicked champagne bottle placed on the table for the use of the bad boys of the party; Master Wallace is crying because the aforesaid Tilley has hung up the rag baby; Master Chapleau is fishing for a provincial loan; and Master Cartwright and Brown are

running the soft drinks. Meantime Mr. GRIP is taking forty winks in his hammock.

FIRST PAGE.—The Egyptian Sphinx has often been importuned to "speak"—to tell out what it knows of the past and future, but the appeal has been in vain. Its stony eyes have stared on in mystery, and its stony lips have remained closed. Our own prophet of Bond-street makes no appeal to the Sphinx: he knows all about Egypt, past, present, and to come, without any assistance from the Sphinx, or any other man.

EIGHTH PAGE.—If it didn't so happen that Attorney-Gen. Mowat is at present in the White Mountains, he might possibly be present at one of Capt. Boyton's exhibitions of the celebrated life-saving dress, and in that case this reflection would in all likelihood occur to him.



THE
 CITY
 BELL-
 MAN.

I had a few hours of leisure the other day, and I took advantage of it to visit the Island—or what remains of that delectable spot. It made me mad to think that through sheer niggardliness or downright negligence this city should allow itself to be robbed of an appurtenance which many another city would willingly give millions to possess!

I am told, however, that the aldermen are beginning to wake up on the subject, and now they propose to spend a lot of money in barricading the Island against the further ravages of the waves. All I can say is, the sooner they got to work the better. Time and tide wait for no man, much less for the long-winded speechifiers in the Council.

The complimentary dinner to Mr. Clark Wallace, M.P. for West York, given by the Parkdale Lib-Con. Association last Friday night, was a great success. The guest of the evening made a very neat and pithy speech, in which he attributed his success chiefly to the admirable management of the local organizations. Mr. Wallace is personally very popular on account of his genial disposition.

Goldwin Smith has returned, looking as hale and hearty as it is reasonable to expect of a man who knows that things in general are being badly managed. He does not intend to turn the *By-stander* into a weekly; indeed, he will not resume its publication at all for some time yet. Meantime, he is submitting to the gentlemanly attentions of the interviewer with remarkable fortitude.

Don't you think Mr. Phipps' present attitude a little amusing? If I could only draw I

would send you a cartoon on the important subject. I would picture the worthy gentleman in an attitude of earnest supplication before the Government, imploring them to cease destroying the North-West with land monopolies, and reminding them that *he* helped to put them in a position to do as they liked in the matter.

The long-legged young man astride of the Shanghai bicycle moving noiselessly up Yonge-street at sunset is now one of our institutions. How gracefully his shanks move up and down, and how beautifully his bull's-eye lantern dangles in the wheel! He is going home from the office, and as he dismounts before the front gate at Deer Park you hear him declare that it's splendid exercise, and far ahead of walking. Then he hobbles into the house and calls for supper.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS.

Mrs. Florence I. Duncan is making a brilliant success of *Quiz*, the Philadelphia society paper. The journal is now published weekly, and is one of the best and most interesting of our exchanges.

BENGOUGH'S "Grip Sack" contains so much fun that if there were anything in the saying "laugh and grow fat" we would advise everyone to buy a copy and digest its contents as a sure means of gaining flesh. Ask your bookseller for it.—*Guelph Mercury.*

We welcome to our exchange list a new journal of humor, satire and criticism, *The Bellman*, published at Hastings, England. It promises to be a very bright little paper under the editorship of Mr. Harry R. Davis and the artistic attention of Mr. Harold Furniss.

The new journal projected by Mr. Houston and others is expected to make its appearance next month. It is to be a weekly on the French plan; no editorial opinions expressed, but all the original articles signed by the writers, who, moreover, will be paid for their work. We await the experiment with much interest.

The "Annual Register" for the past year has just been published. It well sustains the reputation it has achieved as an invaluable work of reference for all who are interested in Canada and her affairs. No editor or public man in any position should be without it. Copies may be had through the newsdealers or from the publisher, Mr. Henry J. Morgan, Ottawa.

Mr. J. R. Easton has placed on our table a copy of *Gurr's Grip Sack*. It is packed full of good things suitable for summer wear, light, cool and cheerful. It is illustrated in the GRIP'S well-known and ever-popular style. Jimuel Briggs and other well known humorists, including Lindsay's celebrated joker, contribute to its sparkling pages. Buy one. Only 25 cents.—*Lindsay Post.*

Messrs. Drysdale & Co., of Montreal, have stepped into the place vacated by the *Canadian Monthly* with a new journal to be known as the *Dominion Review*. This publication, which is modelled after the *Saturday Review*, and not in the old magazine form, is to be devoted to politics and literature. The initial number shows careful editing, and is in every sense satisfactory. We trust it may speedily become an established success, as Canada needs just such a journal. The subscription price is \$1 per annum; the next number is not to be published until sufficient subscriptions have been received to guarantee the publishers against loss.

THE GRIP SACK.—Our thanks are due the publishers, GRIP Publishing Company, Toronto, for a copy of their new and promising venture "The Grip Sack." It is a most credit-