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J. W. BENGOUGH,
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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.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—If comment be not unnecessary, turn to your Aesop, where you will find something like this. "A Hungry Wolf one day espied a Lamb upon the bank of a stream, and at once made up his mind to make a meal of it. He felt some slight qualms, however, so he sought for an excuse for making an attack. "Sir," quoth he to the Lamb, "you have no right to interfere with this stream—you make it muddy so that I cannot drink it!" "As you may see," replied the Lamb timidly, "the water is flowing from you to me, so that I cannot interfere with it; besides it so happens that I hav'nt touched it." "But," retorted the Wolf, "I hear that you follow a centralizing policy; for that you deserve to be punished." "If I have done so, sir," replied the Lamb "you at least ought to forgive me, for I have only followed your own example!" "Confound you!" savagely roared the Wolf, "if I cannot beat you in argument at least I can overcome you with brute force!" Whereupon he sprang—(To be concluded after the Local election.)

FIRST PAGE.—Why the French members of the House of Commons (who all understand English) require a leader of their own aside from the Party Chieftain, is one of the mysteries of Canadian Politics. The next session of parliament bids fair to witness no less than two of these superfluous absurdities, as it is well known that M. Chapleau aspires to the position at present held by Sir Hector Langevin. A prolonged squabble between these two distinguished gentlemen would be indecorous in a House which is notorious for its good manners, and so Mr. GRIP (who duly acknowledges his obligations to Gilbert and Sullivan) begs to suggest to Sir Hector that a good way to end the trouble and to crush his rival would be to adopt Mr. *Bunthorne's* utter measure, and threaten Chapleau with "a nephew's curse!"

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. E. Dwyer Gray is the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, of Dublin, a paper noted no less for its moderation than for its ability. In the columns of this paper it was stated that a certain lot of jurymen who sat upon a certain case were drunk the night before they gave their verdict. Mr. Gray was brought before Judge Lawson for saying this, and charged with contempt of court. He was no doubt guilty of contempt of that jury, but the Judge didn't think it worth while to inquire into the truth or falsity of the statement. He took a short cut to "justice," and sentenced Mr. Gray to a term of imprisonment besides imposing a monstrous fine. John Bull may well begin to wonder if his servants are not getting things mixed—and visiting upon innocent people punishments due only to rebels like Arabi Bey. And this is the same government that seems to take lessons in common sense from Canada!

THE PRESS EXCURSION.

The Editors are off on their annual excursion—two Pullman car-loads of 'em. The party embraces fifteen ladies—that is, the hubbies of those ladies embrace them on behalf of the party. The programme is a choice one, perhaps the most tempting that has ever been put before the Association, and certainly attractive enough to ruffle the spirits of every unfortunate editor who finds himself unable to go. Mr. GRIP (who is one of the unfortunates) wishes his brethren a pleasant and instructive journey. Under the leadership of a *Statesman* like Climie, and with a *Guide* like Wilson, they cannot go far astray. Brother Innes, who is now an M.P., and mustn't associate with plain editors, is of course not going, but his partner Davidson will, it is hoped, show himself of as *Mercurial* a disposition as the chief. We will look over our exchanges in due time for a *Review*, or *Transcript*, or *Record* of the proceedings *en route*, from which we expect to learn that the trip proved a joyous *Era* in the life of all who participated, and that both *Whig* and Tory thoroughly relished it. The destination is Winnipeg, and we trust that our brethren may land there

under the genial rays of the *Sun*, enjoy the *Free Press* of the honest hand of Editor Luxton, and fully appreciate the jolly *Times* in store for them in the Golden City.

THE CITY BELL-MAN.

On Saturday last I went to the Island on the good ship "Genova," one of Commodore Turner's fleet. The Geneva is brass mounted and silver cased, with Turkish carpets in her cabin, likewise plush lounges for the ladies who may possibly become unwell while the ship is breasting the stormy bosom of the Bay. Commodore Turner, however, notwithstanding his inclination "to please," objects to people depositing newly caught fish on his cabin carpet.

It will soon be the season when the haughty aristocrat, the miserable plutocrat, and the high-toned democrat return from their different lairs or hiding places. Professor Davis will then appear upon the scene, and will let the young people know how in proper candour to do "one, two, three, four," as the case may be.

Policemen have a queer life; their lot is not a happy one, so saith the poet, medical and law students to the contrary, notwithstanding. A man with a green or orange cooked hat, may (in the possible exuberance of his spirits) smite the "peeler" any moment without "cause" if he be a law student, or if in medicine, without a proper diagnosis. By the way, why don't the policemen get paid for extra duty, which obliges them to "stand round" when they would wish to be in bed. Can some of the magistrates, or somebody (say Ald. Baxter), "sit" upon this question.



It will be a satisfaction to the lovers of good singing and acting to learn that Haverly's Comic Opera Co. return to the Pavilion for the second week of the Exhibition.

The Royal Opera House opened for the season on Monday, with *The Maid of Arran*, an excellent poetic Drama in five acts, which is mounted with all the attention to detail which distinguishes the management of this theatre. The Company is a good one, embracing five artists who are recognized as stars, besides good supporting players. The attraction announced for next week is Julia A. Hunt, in "Florinel." Mr. J. C. Conner resumes the management of the Royal, and we trust his energy in catering for the public, as well as the good taste he displays in the selection of his attractions, will meet its due reward in a good season's business.

The Grand also opened on Monday, the boards being occupied by *The Meteors*, a first-rate variety combination headed by Evans, Bryant and Hoey, well known leaders of the specialty business. This Company gave three nights and a matinee. The celebrated military drama *Youth* is billed for early performance at the Grand, and is sure to pack that spacious house at every presentation.