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CONTENTS:

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Patient Penelope, 1 Illustration. Henri Le Blanc (Bur-
lesque Novel, by Jimmel Briggs), 9 Illustrations. Socrates
and Zautippe, 1 Illustration. Baron Munchausen, jr.,
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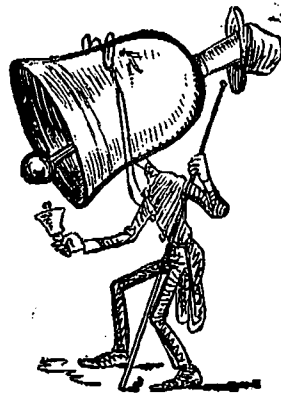
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Chapleau has re-
signed the Premiership of Quebec to take a
portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet, having
made another historical "swap," this time
with Mr. Mousseau. The Province of Quebec
feels herself jolly well rid of the brilliant little
man, for with all his talents he certainly
lacks the ability to govern prudently or econ-
omically. It is to be hoped that a term under
the tutelage of Sir John and his colleagues
may give Mr. Chapleau a deeper insight into
the mysteries of state-craft, and it can hardly
fail at the same time to inspire him with a
sense of the beauty and value of economy and
retrenchment in public affairs.

FIRST PAGE.—Master Willie McDougall
has left the Tory Lacrosse Club and finds him-
self on the field of the Grit organization.
But his presence appears to give trouble.
Master Blake, the ostensible Captain of the
Club, is quite willing to let Willie join the
sport, in fact he is rather glad to have him as
the club is at present short-handed, and

Willie is a good player. But alas, the Club
has a deputy Captain in the person of Master
Gordy Brown, and Gordy says if Billy Mc-
Dougall is allowed to play he will go right
straight home, now! The moral is that there
should only be one Captain in the Club, and
any member who gets ugly ought to be thrown
over the fence.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is officially announced
that Mr. Hawkins is the member elect for
Bothwell, though, so far as we are aware, no-
body denies that the majority of ballots were
cast for his opponent, Mr. Mills. It is the in-
tention of the election law that the candidate
who receives most ballots should have the
seat, but in this case confessedly the opposite
course has been taken. The returning officer
used his prerogative to reject enough of the
Mills ballots to secure the election of Hawkins,
on the ground of certain irregularities, com-
mitted not by the candidate but by the
deputy returning officers of certain divisions.
The matter is to be brought before the court,
and we feel confident justice will be done in
the premises.



THE
CITY
BELL-
MAN.

In my official capacity of City Bell-man, it
is very seldom indeed that I can seek the un-
brageous shades of even the local parks, yet
occasionally I am, so to speak, let out to play.
How I envy those happy people who apparent-
ly free from care, day after day keep troop-
ing to the water side to embark for all manner
of nice and cool suburban spots—some for
Niagara, some for "The Beach," Oakville or
the adjacent parks.

Speaking of Oakville, on a certain Saturday
I obtained leave of my cruel and hard-hearted
boss, who for once removed his tyrannical iron
hoof from my neck and gave his gracious per-
mission that I might go where I listed for the
day. I took his permission and my leave, and
chose Oakville as the place that I would honor
with my distinguished presence. What
strikes the observant beholder in visiting this
interesting hamlet is the excessive love of ver-
dure manifested by its residents. There is
follage every where, even the streets seem to
partake of the characteristics of "meadow
land," inasmuch as most of them display a
luxuriant crop of grass.

While in Oakville I visited "The Park."
The park consists of a number of pine trees,
an orchestra forum, and a dancing platform.
The park on the occasion of my visit was occu-

ped by several distinct and separate corps of
pick-nickers, among whom were Brakemen,
sturdy fellows all, and a Caledonian, otherwise
Scotch party. From reasons that I do not
here feel at liberty to explain, I cast my lot
with the Caledonians, and by're Ladic, I did
not regret it, for they proved i' faith a merry
lot. A piper, a goodly lad, blew his national
instrument to his heart's content. An *alfresco*
and excellent lunch was spread on the sward,
and

"As long as memory holds its seat
In this distracted globe,"

will I remember Flora Macdonald, Helen Mc-
Gregor, Lady Macbeth, and the Fair Maid of
Perth, who, strange to say, were "all
present" at the picnic.

I have been thinking of writing an obituary
to hold in readiness for each and several of the
city officials who in all likelihood are doomed
to an early shuffling off of this mortal coil in
consequence of their compulsory occupation of
that pestilential mansion known as the City
Hall. Can nothing be done to avert the fate
of the few remaining survivors of the old staff?
Let us, my friends, in a spirit of love inquire.



The Haverly Opera Co. have given *Patience*
at the Pavilion this week, and a rare evening's
amusement the play affords. All the leading
roles were excellently performed, but the *Bun-*
thorne of Mr. Dixie is simply perfect. Os-
car Wilde himself couldn't "utter his plati-
tudes in stained glass attitudes" with more
utter tooness than this clever comedian does.
After the performances of *Pinafore* we are
to have *The Pirates of Penzance*, in which
Mr. Florentine will sing the part of the Pirate
King.

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

No. IV.—THE FLY.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Some may say that the fly is not a domestic
animal. Perhaps it is not. I hardly think
that it is, but it can cause just as much trouble
and swearing in the house as any other domes-
tic nuisance. Therefore, it has an undeniable
right to be immortalized. It may not be an
animal, but is there anyone who has the sub-
lime cheek, the superlative amount of impu-
dence to say that it is not domestic? If there
is, let him keep away from wise men. The
man who says that the fly is not a domestic
animal would swear by the hatchet of George
Washington that pumpkin pies are made of
radishes.

The fly is built of about ten per cent. of
genuine flesh, blood and bones, fifteen per
cent. of buzz, and seventy-five per cent. of
skittishness. This latter is only the summer
proportion. The heat is not interesting enough
in winter to warrant researches as to what he
is like at that season of the year. There is no
"go" about the fly in the winter. It is laid
away done up in starch for the summer season.
When the heated term arrives, it gets away
with the starch just as a man who is endeavor-
ing to catch a fly gets away with the starch in
his inner apparel, viz., by fuming and shooting
about as if it were treason to the British
Crown and the King of Flydom to keep cool.