

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.

ADVERTISING.

Our Mr. Crammond will shortly wait upon the business men of the city with reference to advertisements in the above Annual.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.—The voice of the numerically weak opposition in Parliament is lifted against the Redistribution Bill, and in this case we think it echoes the feeling of a majority of the electors outside, but notwithstanding that, it is a hopeless protest, and perhaps before this reaches the eye of the reader, the Bill will have become law. Nobody for a moment supposes that the ministers or their followers will listen to any arguments advanced against their determined programme. Sir John is in a position to ask with Shakspeare's hero "on what compulsion must I?"—or his attitude is perhaps better represented as a counterpart of that of the recent distinguished municipal Statesman of New York, who propounded the unanswerable conundrum, "What are you going to do about it?"

FIRST PAGE.—The incidents connected with this Redistribution Bill and some other measures which have been carried through Parliament during the present session, give peculiar point and force to the utterances of Rev. Princi-

pal Grant, made recently in an address to the students of Queen's College. That address has been widely published and we hope more widely read and pondered. The Principal, who is one of Canada's intellectual ornaments, inveighs against the stupidity and wickedness of partyism when it goes the length of dethroning men's moral sensibilities and paralyzing their consciences. He utterly fails to see any reason why Canada, in ordinary times, cannot be governed without the "machine." It is proper and inevitable that parties should be formed for the discussion and settlement of specific questions, but there is neither reason nor prudence in sustaining these distinctions—but, as experience has shown, a great deal of positive evil. Principal Grant's watchword is "Loyalty to Canada," and if that sentiment were sincerely adopted by our political leaders to-morrow, present party lines would inevitably melt away. But selfishness and not loyalty is the ruling force at present.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A despatch informs us that Mr. John O'Donohoe, Patrick Boyle, and other patriotic Irishmen, are at present in Ottawa, arranging to barter the Irish vote of East Toronto to one of the parties (which one it may be this time is immaterial) for a consideration. to wit, a seat in the Cabinet for the patriotic John. The Irish blood we happen to have in our veins feels inclined to Boyle at this announcement, but if our fellow countrymen of the East Division are content to have their franchise taken to market like a fat pig, there is no reason why we should do anything more than utter this printed protest.

The city of Winnipeg certainly deserves the sympathy of all its neighbors. No sooner is the immediate danger of ruin by water overpassed than another and more terrible prospect arises—that of ruin by fire. There are some miscreants lurking within its borders who seem determined to burn the place down. A vigilance committee has been organized, and GRIP sincerely hopes the human monsters may be caught and fitly punished.

Mr. Plumb deserves the thanks of weekly newspaperdom for his successful efforts to have the prepaid postage nuisance done away with. There are more rapid roads to fortune than by the publication of weekly papers, and every atom of weight lifted from the devoted shoulders of the editor is gratefully acknowledged.

Some of our contemporaries have remarked that no one has been found to approve in the slightest degree the revolting assassinations in Dublin. This is not precisely true. That sneaking cur, O'Dynamite Rossa, has given it his endorsement in public print, and considering the ruffian's antecedents, it would not be surprising to learn that the murders were committed at his instigation more or less directly.

At Ottawa, on the 10th instant, Mrs. Canada of four new Provinces.

These Provinces are made up from a division of the North-West Territories, and are named respectively, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, and—we forget the other infant's name. It is to be presumed that the Government in fitting out these new members of the Confederation family, have arranged to have them give a solid Conservative vote. If not, it is a serious oversight, as it will put John A. to the trouble of bringing in another Redistribution Bill some time.

In reply to inquiries we think it well to say that the gentleman who reported to the license commissioners the cases of two proprietors of hotels who refuse to accommodate travellers with meals, is *not* an attache of this paper. We know nothing of the merits of the cases, and do not wish to be annoyed any further by mediators on behalf of the unfortunate publicans. No doubt the commissioners will do what is right, as they always do.

Speaking of hotels, reminds us of the cleverness of some would-be saloon proprietors. We know of a case in which an applicant for a license proposes to cut a temporary door into an adjoining house in order to bamboozle the Inspector by appearing to have the required accommodation, intending to close the said door and rent the tenement as soon as that official's visit is over. Surely Mr. Dexter is not green enough to be taken in by such a trap door as that!

A Canadian Monte-Christo—Historical Political Romance.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THREE BOMBARDIERS."

VOLUME I.

Jack Mount-Christie was familiarly known among his brother medical students as "the Count de Monte-Christo." Like that celebrated character, he resided in one of the strongest and most securely guarded of prisons, in the capacity of assistant-surgeon. While there he earned the gratitude of a former member of his own profession, who had been condemned to the gallows for the crime of secret poisoning, but who had been relieved by the English Home Government at the demand of the United States Consul of his native town. This man was a chemist, of profound and mysterious skill. By the kindness of Jack Mount-Christie he was enabled to continue his experiments for several years, and when about to be confided to Jack several of his most valuable discoveries, among others a cheaper and more facile process for the use of the electric light, and a method of making artificial diamonds, rubies and emeralds, by applying electric currents to crystallized carbon. Jack went to travel in Europe, where he realised enormous profits by contracts to light up the European capitals. He also sold jewels manufactured by this secret process, and rapidly accumulated wealth that baffles our imagination to estimate it! In a few years it was rumored that he intended to return to Canada, and fix his residence in the intellectual centre, having built a huge brown stone palace in the neighborhood of Grip's office. Some said that he had bought out the entire Syndicate of the Pacific Railway. Others reported that he cherished enormous, but most chimerical, plans of political reform, while it was regarded as certain that the Pope, in gratitude for the gift of a diamond as large as a duck's egg, had conferred on the eminent capitalist the actual title of Count de Monte Christo.