

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.

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J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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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.

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 AND FIRST PAGE.—Mr. GRIP, whose province it is to reflect public opinion, feels himself bound to devote two pictures to the all-absorbing topic of the week in political circles—the Government's Bill for the re-distribution of seats in the House of Commons. On the first page is given the Ministerial view of this measure. The Government claims that the object aimed at, namely, an equalizing of population to the average of 21,000 to each representative, has been fairly realized, and that any incidental advantages the new deal may give to either party are accidental. In support of this contention it is pointed out that two Conservative constituencies have been wiped out altogether. The Opposition view is given on the centre page, and the picture may perhaps be left to speak for itself. The Bill is looked upon as a deadly assault on Ontario, with the unmistakable object of crushing that Province's influence in the Dominion to accommodate the Bleus of Quebec. Other details of the measure, such as the clause abolishing "one day voting," and the other, throwing the returning officers' duties into the hands of irresponsible persons, are denounced vehemently by the Reform leaders and press.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is well known that the mania for speculation in Manitoba—like necessity and some Division Court lawyers—knows no law. The sketches here given fairly illustrate the height or depth which that mania has reached.

Hanlan's latest triumphs have scarcely caused a perceptible ripple of emotion of any sort in Canada. We have long settled down to the opinion that a boat race with Hanlan in it is *minus* the only element of attraction in a race—uncertainty as to the winner. The rest of the world are, no doubt, now of the same mind—and Edward may as well come home and nurse the baby.

The Grand Trunk has at last gobbled the Great Western—and *vice versa*. "If they accommodate the public as well or better than before," quoth Mr. Whyte, "I do not see that the public need object to the fusion." Certainly not, Mr. W., but *will they*—or rather, will *it*? Fusion generally ends in con-fusion.

But we are pretty well past feeling now in Canada. We have become hardened to this game of monopoly, and if our brethren of the grab will only leave our coats on our backs and an occasional square meal, we will be content.

Ode to Professor Goldwin Smith,

ON READING HIS LATE LETTERS ON IRELAND, AND THE TRENCHANT COMMENTS IN THE "IRISH CANADIAN."

Ye bold British Canajians
That in those Toronto ragions
Still keep up your allegiance to Erin's emerald shore:
To ma bouchar, Patrick Boyle,
Come listen one and all,
And if the wit be small, let the whiskey flow galore!

For Pat's shillelagh whacks on,
Agin Goldwin Smith the Saxon,
Whose pen writes sharp attacks on the Oirish Land
League cause,
He recommends coercion
To work the League's subversion,
And Oireland's re-immersion, in blood, by Penal Laws!

Och! he once used his pen's rigor
In pleading for the nigger,
Restrained by *Eynn's* stern rigor from murder, rapine,
rape:
And was quite humanitarian
For the poor oppressed Bulgarian,
For Afghanistan's barbarian, and the Kaffir at the Cape!

But for the Irish peasant,
Condemned to toil incessant,
That the Law's gripe, ever present, may consume his
hard-won pay,—
For the landlord's pride and pleasure!—
Make more fat the rich man's treasure!—
For the pauper self evicted, has he not a word to say?

Would he take "trial by jury"
From the land, from Cork to Newry?
Without which I'm very sure he couldn't face the *Globe*
secure!
While an army, marshalled gay,
Guards the ships that bear away
The food our landlords covet, from the thin hands of the
poor!

You, to clinch on Old Oireland's fetters!
You, a liberal man of letters,
To support the vile abettors of the wrongs we most abhor!
Pray, pray alter your opinion
Ere you come to the Dominion,
Or beware both Grit and Fenian, Mister Goldwin
Smith, *asthore!*

C. P. M.

Our Funny Contributor says he is not aware that lumber has risen in price, but is painfully conscious of the fact that board is up.

Jocular Jumbles.

Is the bonus given to fishermen a fish bone-us?

When a goat is put in pound, is it a pound of butter?

What sect uses the choral service most? The coral-in-sect, probably.

When a census-taker asks an old maid her age, her rage will show itself very quickly.

When you eat your fill o' peanuts, are you eating your philopene nuts just the same?

When a new territory wants to join the Union they annex it, and an exit if it goes out again.

Did our first parent resemble a fog because he was Adam *pere*? A damp air, see? Mist-air-cous, ain't it?

Can the lives of Bacon, Hogg, Sow-thy, and Pig-gott be considered, in a litter-cl sense, bi-hog-rapical?

As Wine Harbor, N. S., is a rich gold mining district, it is probably a good place to get Golden Sherry.

A question for quid-nuncs.—Should all tobacco chewers, when they die, be sent to the bottomless spit?

The idea that a lost dog should come under the head of shipping news as "A Lost Bark," is cur-wrecked.

What is the difference between a certain ingredient of soap and the *New York Ledger*? One is a strong lye and the other's a weak-ly.

CHARLIE—"Do you know, Clara, why that stocking is like a numeral?"

CLARA—I don't take any stock-in such figurative conundrums, why is it?"

CHARLIE—"Because its one u-nit."

A young man was relating a story very badly in Lamy's hotel, Amberst, N. S., the other evening, and one of the listeners remarked, at the conclusion, that it was "like an impeccunious uncle. "How so?" said one of the party. "Because it is a very poor relation." And then there was solemn silence and a popping of corks.
J. S. K.



SKETCHING THE LIONS.

("A Prize of \$25 will be awarded for the best sketch of the Lions in the Zoo. Contest open only to amateurs."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*
Gamin.—Oh, pshaw, that ain't fair, you're a professional!