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PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

WITH this issue Guine netros upon a new volume. We feel sure that our subscribers are satisfied that they have received good value for their money in the volume just completed. For our part we will say that it shall be our endeavor to maintain, and even surpass, the present high standard of Gun. Come now, friends, send along your own subscriptions, and let every subscriber make an effort to send us at least one *mean* subscriber. As the boys say, "You can do it, you know, if you only try!"

Comments on the Cartoons.



MISS DOMINION. —On the First of July, 1857, the Dominion of Canada celebrated its twentieth birthday. It is customary to look upon birthdays as auspicious occasions, and the only thing sanctioned by usage for them is felicitation. It is regarded as ungracious to make any allusions that are not pleasant when you shake hands with the proprietor of the birthday, more especially in the case of a lady, and most especially if that lady be the personification of your native country. We ought, therefore to congratulate Miss Dominon to-day, in honied words, and assure her that she is growing up a most handsome and anniable girl. But does not genuine patriotism rather prompt us to tell her plainly that she is becoming a fast, brazen creature? Let us for once be entirely honest. High-sounding speeches about a glorious past and a unagnificent

future may be very pretty when judiciously illustrated with fireworks on the First of July : but how about the solemn truth? Since she got into her 'teens Miss Dominion has no! been a modest, prudent, thoughtful damsel at all ; but a giddy gusher, whose notions of the proprieties have been very queer indeed. She has winked at scandals that would have shocked any properly balanced young lady, and has bestowed her especial favors on those who have most richly deserved her censure. By this course she has so impaired her moral judgment, that it is now somewhat doubtful whether she knows the difference between right and wrong. As to domestic management, she goes in for the fast and flashy style of thing ; living beyond her means, and settling her bills with I. O. U.'s. What is her position to-day? She has a debt big enough to turn her hair white if she only had the grace to do any thinking, and instead of taking measures to relieve the burden, she is adding to it with a reckless hand. Her domestic affairs are in a condition to strike terror into her heart, if she has one—which is doubtful—and all these troubles are the result of her deliberate folly and wickedness in rejecting wise counsel, and giving free scope to monopoly, selfishness, and corruption. Thar's what GRIP has to say to Miss Dominion on this, her twentieth birthday, and he says it with a sad heart. If she heeds the words, however, they will do her more good than the lying speeches of flattery she may hear at this anniversary season.

THE OILED WHEELS.—The estimates voted for the present year are in round numbers \$49,000 000, a very large portion of which prodigious sum is in the shape of subsidies—in other words, bribes to the Provinces, to big corporations, and to sections—all given with the prime object of greasing the party wheels. And this is the Dominion which Sir Leonard Tilley declared ought to be easily "run" with less than \$25,000,000 per year!

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Indians of the Grand River Reserve have petitioned Parliament to relieve them of the ballot, which they never asked for, and which was thrust upon them by a too paternal government, against their own protests and the dictates of common sense and fair play. Amongst the reasons assigned by our red brothers for wishing to be relieved of the ballotbox, is their desire to be spared the demoralization, which, they say, white-man politics is sure to bring upon them. This is very flattering to us palefaces. Can there possibly be any truth in it?

OUR RUMMY PREMIER.—While we rejoice in the emphatic votes that were given against the rummies in the House this session, it is with a feeling of shame that we note Sir John Macdonald's name in the division lists on the side of drunkard-making every time. Four propositions were submitted to the House: (1) To repeal the Scott Act ; (2) To allow the sale of beer and wine in Scott Act counties; (3) To compensate liquor dealers in the event of Probibition; (4) To prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks in Canada. Sir John Macdonald, as if to show his special contempt for those Prohibitionists who have always voted the Conservative ticket, voted yea to the first three, and nay to the fourth of these propositions. This ought to satisfy Temperance men as to where the Conservative leader stands on the question. The Reform leader is harder to place just now, as we don't precisely know who he is, but it is clear that Prohibitionists have about as little to hope for from Mills, Cartwright, and the other temporary heads of the Grit party, as from the Tory chief. Meanwhile the rank and file on both sides are much sounder on the question than their blind guides,

MERCIER'S CONFERENCE. — Looking at the matter from the Ontario standpoint, we would rejoice to see Mr. Mercier's proposal accepted by the provinces. That proposal, as we understand it, is, that an end should be made of this everlasting milking of the Dominion cow, which is an indirect method of depleting Ontario's Treasury.

A JULY NIGHT.

This is the season of the year when the evenings are so cool and beautiful after the heat of the day that you always leave the windows open, and when you go up to your room late in the night, you can always have lots of healthful and invigorating exercise in the pursuit of a large assortment of moths, winged beetles, and other birds of varying size and hideousness. You get after them first with towels; and when you have fallen over enough furniture to impair the cheerfulness of your temper, you use boots, brushes, chairs, and all other available weapons you can lay hands on. You get rid of them at length, and then rub all the sore spots in your frame that you can get at with about a quart of arnica. And just then, while you are saying your prayers, a large No. 11 June bug, a patriarch who has outlived the vintage of June, comes sailing across the room like a winged saw-mill-buzz-z-zz-z-z-chug ! He has struck the wall, and falls to the floor, where he claws the air until he gets his second wind. Then he goes at it again. You start up with a wild glare in your eye, and grab a tennis-racket and an Indian club, half expecting him to show fight when you corner him up ; and when you have assassinated him, you gaze on the victim of your prowess.