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## PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

With this issue Guil enters upon a new volume. We feel sure that our subscribors are satisfied that they have recrived good value for their monef in the volume just completed. For our part we will say that it shall he our endeavor to maintain, and even surpase the present high siandard of Gevil come nox, mointajn, and even surpass, the present high siandard of Giol. come non, friends, send along sarf own subscrppubr an it, you know, if you only ury!"

## domxmexts oxx tixe diaxtonxs.



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 ough!, thereforc to congratulate Miss Duminion to day, in honied words, and assure her that she is growing up a most handsonse and amiable girl. But docs 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 imagnificent future may be very pretty when judiciously illus. trated 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 gueer indeed. She has winked at scandals that wuuld bave 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 delbt big enough to turn her hair white if sle 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 doublful-and all these troubles are the result of her deliberate filly and wickelness in rejecting wise counsel, and giving free scope io monopoly, aclishness, and corruption. Thar's what Gril 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 d, her more good than the lying specches of flattery she may hear at this anniversaly season.

Tite Oifed Wieris,-The estimates voled for the present yens are in round numbers $\$ 49,000000$, a very large portion of which prodigious sum is in the shape of subsidies-in other words. bribes to the Provinces, 10 big corporations, and to scetions-all giver. with the prine 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!

Dectined with Thanis.-The Ifdians of the Grand River Reserve have pecitioned Parliament to relieve them of the ballor, 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 lair 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 flatering to us palefaces. Can there possibly be any truth in it ?

Our Jummy Premier.- While we rejoice in the emphatic votes that werc given against the rummies in the ITouse this session, it is. with a feelingor shame that we noteSir 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 Prohibition ; (4) To prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks in Canada. Sir John Macdonald, as if to show his special contempt for chose Prohibitionists who have always voted the Conservative ticket, voter yea to the first three, and nay to the fourth of these propositions. This ought to satisly Temperance men as to where the Conservative leader stands on the questinn. The Reform icader 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 inuch sounder on the question than their blind gnides.
Mercter's Conterence. - Looking at the matter from the Ontario standpoint, we would rejoice to see Mr. Mercier's proposal accepted loy the provinces. That proposal, as we understand it, is, that an end should he 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 excrcise 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 towcls; 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 hards 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. in June bug, a patriarch who has outlived the vintage of June, comes sailing across the room like a winged saw-nill-buzz-z-\%. $2 \cdot 2-\% \cdot c h u g$ ! He has struck the wall, and falls to the floor, where he claws the air until he gets his sccond 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.

