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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE GALL OF THE GAUL. —The great St. Jean Baptiste demonstration at Quebec has given a "boom" to the Nationalist cause, and furnished the inspiration for a great deal of tall talk on the part of the orators and journals of our sister Province. The day was signalized by the unveiling of monuments to the honor of Jacques Cartier and the Jesuit martyr, Brebeuf, and nothing was more natural than that the affair should have been regarded as a counter demonstration to the anti-Jesuit movement in other parts

of the Dominion, and especially in Ontario. For the time being the line which divides Church and State in Quebec—never very distinct—was totally obliterated, and an intelligent stranger dropping from the clouds must have supposed that he had landed in a Papal state of the sixteenth century. In case the modern costumes of the people served to correct this error, his next conclusion would certainly have been that he was in some remote section of France. Hearing on all hands the language of that nation, and seeing on every flag-staff her tri-color, how would he ever have guessed that he was enjoying the free air of a British colony, and standing beneath the protection of the Union Jack? If he had heard and understood the speeches made by political leaders on the occasion, in which they praised their own generosity in permitting the English language to be spoken in the

Province, he would hardly have supposed that the country really belonged to the Crown of Great Britain. But when he learned the real facts of the case he would begin to apprehend that the gall of the Gaul is something it would be hard to match.

THE MAN WHO OUGHT TO BE TURNED OUT.—Mr. James L. Hughes and a good many others who are anxious that the anti-O'Brien vote should be avenged as speedily as possible, do not seem to see clearly that the only way to effect that object in accordance with our constitution is to turn out Sir John A. Macdonald's Government at the next election. They keep mixing up the name and record of Hon. Oliver Mowat with the issue to such an extent that scoffers are beginning to say their chief anxiety is to oust the latter gentleman. Now, we have no objection to the ousting of Mr. Mowat if it is shown that he has done anything to justify that punishment, but let him be tried and convicted on a separate indictment.

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RIGHTLY beamed the sun on Canada's national holiday; flags proudly flapped in the gentle July breeze; hunting gaily hunted from the windows of truly loyal establishments; the beaming citizen had his other clothes on, and everything was lovely. MR. GRIP sat contemplating the stirring scene from his sanctum window, his heart swelling with patriotic emotion. Presently

there was a sound upon the stairs as of ascending foot steps, and then came a polite tap upon the door of the Private Apartment.

"Come in," croaked GRIP, in a cheerful tone.

The door opened, and in stepped the jaunty (or rather John A.) Premier of the Dominion, followed by Mr. Wilfrid Laurier and a select delegation embracing the *crème de la crème* of both political parties. These distinguished persons were succeeded by a score of picked representatives of the Liberal Arts, the Learned Professions and the classes and masses of the country generally.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of—" began MR. GRIP, in an embarrassment of modesty.

"Not a word, if you please," promptly replied Sir John, in a business tone. "Allow me." And he thereupon produced from an elaborately wrought leathern case a magnificently embossed piece of parchment, which, as First Commoner of the Dominion, he proceeded to read. Our readers will excuse us for omitting the address itself—for of course it was an address. Our modesty (already incidentally mentioned) will not permit us to reproduce the terms of almost fulsome adulation in which our character and public services were therein spoken of. Had we been a common crow instead of a thorough-bred raven we must have perished of swelled head under the ordeal. And yet these calm and dispassionate personages assured us, at the close of the address, that they had but faintly touched upon our merits. The reading being concluded, Sir John received from the hands of Mr. Laurier a golden box, most cunningly wrought in silver and precious stones. "This casket, dear MR. GRIP," said he, "contains the Freedom of the Dominion. Accept it as a slight token of the regard of your country, and understand that it implies the wish of all of us that you shall continue to use the Freedom you have always exercised in the exposure of Humbug and the Defence of Right." ("Hear! Hear!" and cheers by the whole company.)