

The Province of Ontario Licenses 3000 liquor sellers 3197 Taverns etc Average sales \$30 per day 313 lawful days = \$20,013,120 445 Shops Sales \$40 per day, 313 lawful days = \$5,573,620 27 Wholesale sales \$100 per day 313 days = \$845,000 "GRAND" TOTAL \$27,431,940.00 No Account Taken of Direct and Indirect Damages.	The WHOLE DOMINION of CANADA exported last year: Cattle. \$6,650,000. Cheese. 9,400,000 Peas. 1,600,000 Barley 4,600,000 Horses 1,900,000 Eggs 1,800,000 Potatoes 300,000 Sheep 1,300,000 Pork 600,000 Apples 1,000,000 TOTAL \$28,150,000 Not much more than Ontario's LIQUOR BILL.
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SOMETHING FOR "SOBER" THOUGHT.

THE sentiment inscribed on the side of Mr. Hardy's slot-machine in our front page picture is our own—not Mr. Hardy's. We do not wish to flatter that hon. gentleman by ascribing to him an amount of economic learning which he does not possess. In some way he has stumbled upon the truth that the mines in Ontario were not intended by the Creator for a few favored monopolists, but for the benefit of the people as a whole. But he has never read or thought the matter out, apparently. He is wallowing in a s'ough of ignorance on the subject of the Single Tax, which is the easy, natural and just method of vindicating the truth above mentioned.

AT the final meeting of the Municipal Committee of the Local House a breezy discussion on taxation was somehow started, and Mr. Tait, the enlightened member for Toronto, said the whole difficulty as to where taxation should begin and end would be solved by the adoption of his Single Tax Bill. To this, says the report, "Mr. Hardy strongly dissented." The man is evidently in a pitiful muddle. We would advise him to camp out for the summer in a lonely part of the Sudbury district with an outfit of Henry George's works and learn something.

NOLENS VOLENS, the city will be obliged to work the street railway for a time, as the tenders submitted have been rejected and others called for. There is an opportunity thus forced upon us to try the experiment of civic control, and if no deliberate blundering is indulged in, there is no reason why it should not be a palpable success. We have yet to hear any serious objections to GRIP's plan, which is as follows: Engage the late manager, Mr. Frankland, and make him Superintendent of the Street Railway Department, with the same powers he exercised under the Frank Smith company, with instructions to submit to the City Council once a quarter or oftener a full statement of the business, duly audited.

Mr. Frankland is universally regarded as a splendid man for the position, and his services can be secured, we understand, for \$5,000 per year. Under this scheme the objections usually urged against civic control would not apply. In any case—allowing the widest margin for possible leakages—the city would make a great deal more money than any leasing company will agree to pay, and there would be no room for litigation and its incidental expenses.

MR. MOWAT defends the fee system as he defended the faith, on the principle that it is right. "The fees are a fair return for the services rendered." It is implied, of course, that an official, such as a registrar of deeds, earns his fees by his individual service to the public. As a matter of fact, it is the institution with its conveniences for the safe custody of documents and its staff of subordinate officials that render the service and earn the fees. These subordinate officials are not paid by fees; only the Registrar—who does nothing—is thought worthy of that honor, and, what is very curious, the less he does the more he gets—that is, the less efficient the service to the public, the less the service costs. This finely illustrates Mr. Mowat's other argument that "fees are a better incentive to work than salaries."

EPI-TAFFY-CAL.



THE elevator carried to our quarters last week (Saturday, it was) one of the played-outest looking Fourth Estaters we have seen in a quarter of a century. He wanted only fifty cents as a matter of pure charity, but, on account of conscientious scruples on our part, we positively refused him a cent unless he would work for it. "Say, GRIP," he pleaded, "just let me have a quarter on account, and I'll come back in half an hour and write you enough for next week's issue." We were inexorable. We said "No!" in small caps, and meant it in twice

the size. He moaned pitifully, and for some seconds studied the toes of his well worn boots. "Say, GRIP, are you a Christian?" he asked. We replied satisfactorily. "Were you ever hard up?" he quizzed. We remarked that our experience in that line was chronic. With a cadaverously grim smile, his chin resting on his breast, he uttered huskily the word, "chestnuts," then, after a pause: "Say, GRIP, I'll give you a column in a totally new vein if you'll give me fifty cents." We spontaneously pledged our honor to a dollar if he would do so in a satisfactory manner. In the course of an hour he produced the following; we produced the dollar, and poor Dick soon disappeared on a downward trip of the hoist:—

"There are two periods in the life of every man when his people don't know very well what to do for him—one is, just before he's born, and the other is just after he's dead. This may seem paradoxical, but I guess you know what I mean. The post-mortem difficulty arises when the time comes to have a suitable inscription carved upon the tombstone, or, more correctly speaking, the monolith. It is easy to tell where he was born and when he died, but the majority of survivors feel like