

ment until the required reform is effected. But when he seriously proposed that the millers should unite to vote as they talked, there was an instant scatteration. "Politics must not be introduced into our Association!" protested the delegates, who evidently love their parties better than they do their mills, after all. Mr. Goldie is reported as saying plainly that "he would not vote against the Government on any grounds," and the sentiment was apparently received with general favor. How Sir John must tremble at the threats of men who thus openly confess that they mean nothing beyond talk!

\* \* \*

THE "over-production of flour" was dwelt upon in the discussion as amongst the chief causes of the depression in the milling business. This did not seem to excite any wonderment in the Convention, nor was it greeted with ironical laughter. But surely, if there is nothing radically wrong in our social system, the phrase must have been coined in jest. It is a notorious fact that if everybody who *wants* flour could get it—if every hungry mouth could be filled with bread—there would be no ground for grumbling about over-production. The real trouble is under-consumption. The warehouses are piled full of flour, and all over the country there are people who would be glad, oh, so glad to get more flour, and would be more than willing to pay for it, too, with the fruits of their labor. What is the barrier which forbids the exchange? Let the millers sit down and think out this paradox.

\* \* \*

MR. SECRETARY-OF-STATE BLAINE is determined on making Behring's Sea a *mare clausam*. He can talk Latin all he wants to, but he will find that this *mare* is a horse of another color when the maritime powers have had their say all round. In fighting for exclusive possession of Behring sea, Mr. Blaine is simply working in the interests of the seal-fur monopolists, a close corporation of Yankee millionaires. This is, of course, reprehensible, but we see no grounds upon which the *Toronto World* can condemn it, while it approves of Governments protecting monopolies on land by tariffs.

\* \* \*

THE citizens of Toronto—that is to say, the handful of them who thought it worth while to cast their votes on the 9th—have decided to build the new court house and city hall *sans* commission. This is a tribute to the honesty and ability of the Aldermanic Committee which is calculated to make the members thereof blush. It is saying, as plainly as ballots can say it, that Toronto believes the work can and will be done under the Committee's promiscuous superintendence as well, as expeditiously and as economically as it could possibly have been done under the supervision of three of the most competent and honest experts that could have been chosen. And done for nothing, too; not even any casual advantages so much as hoped for! Bravo, gentlemen; now see that you justify the compliment.

**QUERY.**

WHETHER the wooden battle-axes carried by certain lodges in the Orange procession were intended to symbolize the non-combatant character of the Order when it comes to voting against John A.?

**UNSTABLE EQUILIBRIUM.**

THE merchant lost his balance of cash,  
And so the firm fell down with a crash.

**THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.**

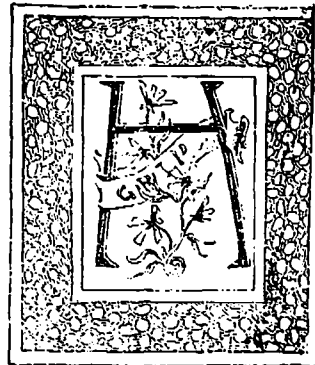
"SIR,—In common with many of your readers, I thought that the author of the first letter on corporal punishment was written by a man. But it now appears it was not, etc., etc."

This specimen of composition is from the *Mail's* correspondence column. We would like to know who wrote the author of it. He signs himself "Disciplinarian."

**A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.**

THE sporting editor of the *Comet* now wears a black eye and a stern resolve. He recently wrote a note to his best girl, arranging to call for her on a certain evening. He also wrote to his doggie man, who keeps kennels, and said:—"Dear Tom,—I am going to take Flo out for a run to-morrow. I have got her for the season. She is in good form at present, and very keen.—Yours truly." In a heedless or reckless moment he placed the letters in the wrong envelopes, and the result has shown that his best girl cannot be trifled with.

**THE "MAIL" FOR PROHIBITION.**



URRAH! Our distinguished contemporary, the *Mail*, has come out squarely against the Sparrow! An official investigation by the United States authorities has just been completed, and the verdict is an emphatic condemnation of the bird as "an enemy of mankind." The *Mail* accepts this deliverance, and calls for the suppression of the feathered

nuisance. We repeat that it gives us immense gratification to welcome this powerful journal to our ranks, for, as is well known, GRIP has from the first been a thorough-going anti-sparrow organ. Now we begin to hope that the day will soon dawn when this terrible scourge shall no longer desolate our fair land, and bloated faces and reeling footsteps be known no more. Too long have we stood idly by while the grain and fruits of our fertile soil have been destroyed by this insatiable pest, and what have we received in return for the destruction of these good things? Nothing but disease and death, crime poverty and loss. Women's hearts have been broken, children's lives have been made miserable, and young men, the blossom of our civilization, have been ruined, body and soul. And to think that we have not only permitted the nuisance, but actually licensed it! But our eyes are fairly opened at last. Let us go at the work in earnest. "Various methods of extermination are suggested," cries the *Mail*, "among them the formation of sparrow-shooting clubs like those in England, and the diligent destruction of nests wherever found. This may seem a cruel business, but the evil is apparently so great as to justify it fully. The sparrow is as much an enemy of man as the potato-bug, and he deserves as little consideration." To arms, oh, countrymen! Cruelty or no cruelty, this enemy of man, the sal—we mean, the sparrow—must go!

The oldest boy mentioned in the Bible? Beelzebub.