



"A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF."

THE *Globe* Editor jubilates over the *Globe* President, *apropos* of the Mayoralty.

GRIP would like to hear what Canadian Professors of Political Economy have to say to the following platform:

1. The most direct taxation is the best, because it gives to the real payers of taxes a conscious and direct pecuniary interest in honest and economical government.
2. Mortgages and capital engaged in production or trade should be exempt from taxation: because taxes on such capital tend to drive it away, to put a premium on dishonesty and to discourage industry.
3. Real estate should bear the main burden of taxation: because such taxes can be most easily, cheaply and certainly collected, and because they bear least heavily on the farmer and on the worker.
4. Our present system of levying and collecting state and municipal taxes is extremely bad, and spasmodic and unreflecting tinkering with it is unlikely to result in substantial improvement.
5. No legislature will venture to enact a good system of local taxation until the people, especially the farmers, perceive the correct principles of taxation and see the folly of taxing personal property.

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WE regard these paragraphs as five chunks of solid truth. They are the principles advocated by the N.Y. Tax Reform Association, and eighty-one occupants of University Chairs of Political Economy, including representatives of Bowdoin, Brown, Columbia, Harvard, New York, Union and Williams, have subscribed to them. We ought to have an Association in Canada to spread the light on this important subject.

THE CRYING NEED.

IF there is one thing more than another that our literature wants just now, it is wise and just critics.—*Canada*.

It strikes GRIP that if there is one thing more than another that our critics want just now, it is literature.

THE SUPERSENSITIVE EYE.

A WELL-TRAINED eye and a critical taste
Are very good things, no doubt,
But they sometimes turn into curses, too,
As poor M. Quad found out.

M. Quad was a fellow who read the proofs
For a printing shop in town,
A serious, sober, steady man,
As all who knew him will own.

All day he sat with watchful eye
As his pen o'er the proof-sheets crawled,
And marked each error, however small,
While the copy-holder drawled.

In course of time his critical eye
So very critical grew,
That ne'er a proof-sheet left his desk
Until it was perfectly true.

But, tho' he liked this irksome job,
It began to wear on his nerves,
And his eye was constantly pained by slips
That no other eye observes.

If he picked up a book to pass an hour
'Mid fiction's joys and his eagers,
He forgot the tale in his eager search
For typographical errors.

When he walked down street his optic sharp
Each bill and sign detected,
And if an error it chanced to mark
He longed to have it corrected.

He'd go into a stranger's shop
With a pained look on his face,
To tell him that his window sign
Had a letter out of place.

And if the shopman wouldn't go
And fix it right away,
M. Quad would lose his appetite
And mope about all day.

He read the papers carefully,
Tho' news ne'er met his eyes,
He did it as a painful task—
A final proof revise.

In short, he grew to be a crank
Upon this wretched fad,
And in an erring world he lived
A life extremely sad.

Like *Hamlet* in his frenzied way,
He'd cry, "Oh, wretched spite,
That ever I was born to set
These endless blunders right!"

At last, that typographic flaws
No more his soul should vex,
He took to wearing ultra-blue,
Dark, double-opaque specs.

A WORK OF SUPEREROGATION.

"Osler is forging ahead."—*World* December 30th.

NOW, why should Osler forge a head
It has been clearly shown
By what his platform friends have said
He's got one of his own.

ONE BETTER.

"OUR new drawing-room suite is antique! Cost an awful lot!"

"Oh, that's nothing much! I heard father and mother talking about the whole furniture of our house being on tick."