

Grits. We *do* grip them every time we get a chance, and they certainly do growl, but this hardly goes to prove the point. However, as the facetious author says, the couplet is intended to be "repeated quickly" so that it may seem to signify what it does not say. In this respect it is like a good many of the slogans of the Tory party.

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TORONTO has said its formal good-bye to Mr. Tom Hurst, who departs forthwith to make his home in the old land. The farewell took the form of a benefit concert at the Pavilion on Thursday night last, on which occasion a "host of talented amateurs" and a goodly array of professionals participated, while the beneficiary made his "positively last appearance" in Canada in the soul-stirring ditty, "Johnny, I hardly knew you." Mr. Hurst has been a success in this city and leaves a friend in every one who has ever been brought into contact with him. He possesses the charming gift of minding his own business—which was also that of the Messrs. Nordheimer—and it will be a long time before the customers of that well known shop grow accustomed to the absence of his genial countenance. Everybody will join in wishing him a length of happy days in his old home.

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REV. DR. RAINSFORD is keeping well to the front in New York. Just now he is adding to his fame as the leader of a movement for the establishment of a counter-attraction to the saloons. He recognizes that the legalized rum-shop is under the management of Beelzebub, and that the prospect of its abolition is too slight to be reckoned upon in the present generation. His proposal is to meet the Enemy upon his own ground, and establish saloons that will be under Christian influence—places where people can drop in for a quiet read or smoke, and where they can drink wine or beer, but nothing stronger. These beverages the rev. Dr. regards as comparatively harmless, but this is where he makes a fatal mistake. The result will almost certainly be the increase instead of the diminution of drunkenness. The Church cannot afford to give an air of respectability to the drinking custom; its efforts ought to be in the opposite direction. And yet it is hard not to sympathize with Dr. Rainsford's good intentions, the stubborn facts being as they are. Men *will* have drink, and experience has made it clear that they will not be satisfied with anything "softer" than wine and beer.

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SPEAKING of the saloons, it has been suggested that the drinking of liquor as well as the selling thereof ought to be regulated by license. When a citizen of the full age of twenty-one walks up to a bar and calls for something strong, he should only be served upon the production of a license in the shape of a badge of some sort, which he obtains annually upon payment of a fee to the proper authorities. Persons known to be unduly addicted to drink would be refused licenses, and none would be issued to those against whom protests were formally lodged by their wives. Holders of licenses who were convicted of drunkenness, or of transferring their badges to others, would have their rights cancelled, and severe penalties would be visited upon persons selling to unauthorized customers. The idea seems worthy of discussion. The Indian is now protected from the demoralizing habit, and it is generally held that a white man is as good as an Indian.

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THERE can of course be no legitimate objection to any citizens who are sensible of the innumerable



THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL.

TRAGEDIAN—"I'm going to the Rockies this summer. I've a great taste for scenery."

COMEDIAN—"Well, I should emphasize! You can chew up more scenery in a night's performance than any man I ever saw."

blessings we enjoy under Confederation—such as pure and economical government, light taxation, and freedom from the burdens of national debt—celebrating the 1st of July in any reasonable way. But a grant of \$5,000 or five thousand cents from the public funds for any such purpose is wholly indefensible. It is not only illegal, but positively dishonest. What right have the people who wish for purposes of self-glorification to get up a military parade and indulge in frothy oratory to compel the much larger and more sensible section who prefer to spend their holiday in the country, to pay for their amusement? But that is the spirit of jingo loyalty all over, always demanding that the public foot the bills to give a few conceited wind-bags and fussy busybodies who can keep themselves before the public in no other way, a chance to pose as self-sacrificing patriots. The cool audacity of the thing is only equalled by its contemptible meanness.

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A CITY that is too poor and debt-laden to provide necessary school accommodation, to construct a decent sewerage system, to provide central parks and playgrounds, or to vote money for a museum, has no right to squander the people's money in parades, platform gabble and such tomfooleries. As to the notion that such things will pay by attracting people to the city, it is sheer nonsense. Nobody wants to come to the city on a public holiday. The only class of tradesmen who could be benefited are the tavern-keepers, and after their Carnival experience it is doubtful whether an appeal for public subscriptions would induce one of them to contribute so much as a ten dollar bill to the fund.