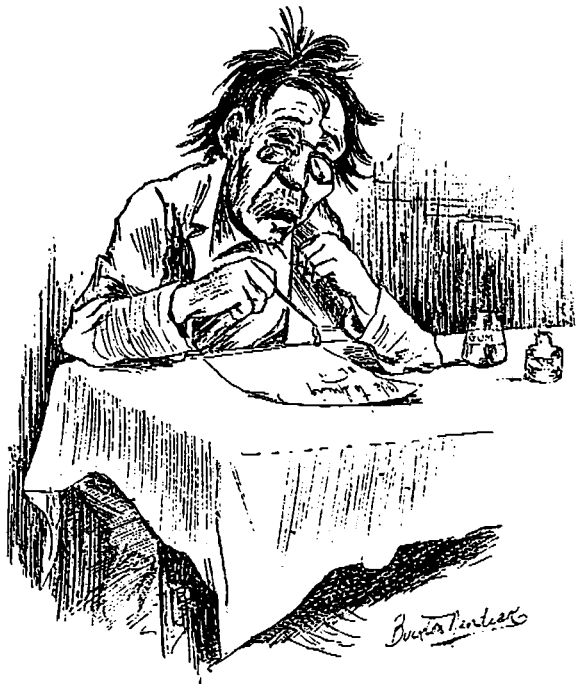


either indignant or astonished over the cool impudence and greed of syndicated plunderers who pose as would-be benefactors on the one hand, or the worse than folly of their aldermanic jackals on the other, such feelings would be roused by the proposed Ashbridge Bay grab. It is difficult to believe that even aldermanic stupidity would connive at a scheme involving the surrender of 200 acres of land, exemption from taxes and a \$75,000 bonus, unless the specious arguments usually put forward to justify bonusing were reinforced by more powerful ones of a personal and tangible character.

IT might have been supposed that the experience of other communities would be sufficient to show that manufactories which have to be bribed or bonused to induce them to locate in a particular locality are, in the end, worth very little to it. Apart from this, it is a gross injustice to those who have built up the city without such



ABSENT-MINDED.

The bard began, "Into the ink
I dip my pen, and thirk and think."
And then he rose and shrieked with rage,
He'd dipped it in the mucilage,

aid to give better terms to outsiders. Bonuses, either in the shape of land, money or exemptions from taxation, are, like protection, simply a robbery of the many for the benefit of the few.

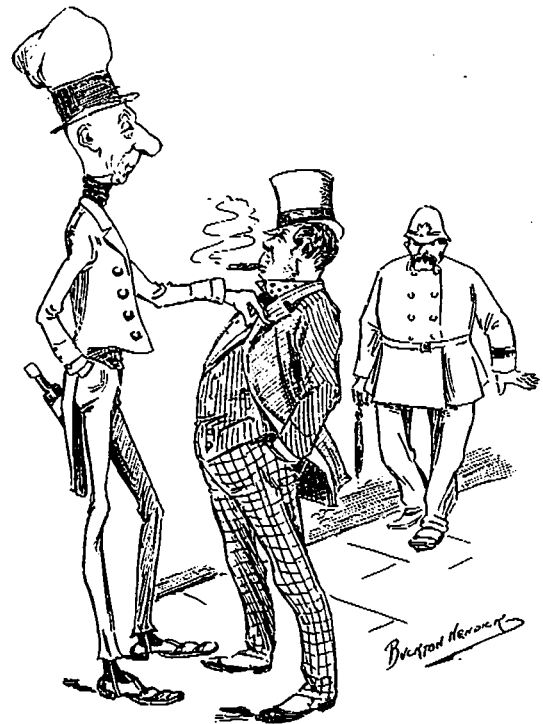
THE proposal to encourage by the gift of a free site the erection of a rolling mill in Parkdale on one of the most beautiful spots of the lake shore, is, objectionable on another ground. It would hopelessly defile and injure one of the finest residential neighborhoods, and be a nuisance in the immediate neighborhood of our principal park. Any benefit to the city from the additional population and expenditure of money would be far more than offset by the injury to its attractiveness. Many visitors are drawn to Toronto in the summer by the natural beauties of our suburban and water-front



SPORTING PHRASE.

NECK AND NECK.

resorts; and if we permit them to be polluted by the smoke and dust of factories, and their necessarily unpleasant surroundings, we may lose more than we gain.



CLASSICAL FRIENDSHIPS.

ALLY—"Say, Viscount, who were those great chums of olden times?"

VISCOUNT HARDUP—"You mean Damon and Pythias."

ALLY—"Oh, yes; them's 'em; and now I come to think there was Castor and Pollux and Tom and Jerry."