



*The gravest beast is the Ass; The gravest bird is the Owl;  
The gravest fish is the Oyster; The gravest man is the Fool.*

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK

BY THE

**Grip Printing and Publishing Co.**

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*Business Communications should be addressed to the Business Manager*

TORONTO SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1893.



City Council have decided to let the question of Sunday street cars go to a vote, the date of polling being fixed for August 26th. The Street Railway Company bear all the expenses of submitting the question to the electors, in addition to whatever they may have expended as bribes to journalists and aldermen. Evidently the company are extremely anxious to secure

the last remaining concession which it is in the power of the citizens to give or withhold, and this fact ought to make the electors pause before voting away for nothing an extremely valuable franchise. It would be an act of short-sighted selfishness if, to secure immediate convenience, we should give the monopoly the coveted privilege without conditions. The point of the value of the extra franchise to the company has been almost wholly lost sight of in the heat of the theological discussion. Before any intelligent citizen sanctions by his vote the proposal to run cars on Sunday, he should insist on two conditions—an adequate provision for the protection of the employees against overwork, and a substantial money payment from the corporation bearing some proportion to the estimated value of the additional traffic.

THE wedding of the Duke of York and Princess May of Teck took place according to programme on the 6th inst., amid great rejoicings, and an avalanche of presents from every quarter. While we have nothing but good wishes for the young couple who have begun married life under such fortunate auspices, it must be said that it is a satire on civilization to see society combining to heap costly and useless presents representing many million dollars upon people already wealthy, when so much abject misery and destitution remains unalleviated. The families of the victims of the terrible Thorndale coal mine catastrophe and the Victoria disaster have claims, not on public charity, but for support

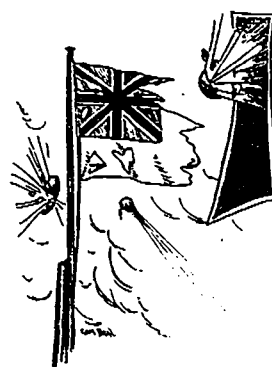
as a matter of right. Yet how few of those who open their purse-strings to show their devotion to royalty will contribute a cent to pay the community's debt to the widows and orphans?

JIM HUGHES' heelers on the School Board are still endeavoring to create unnecessary offices for their friends. Having been compelled to retire the supervisors because of the illegality of creating an office not provided for by law, they are now trying to get over the difficulty by increasing the number of Inspectors and creating a "Board of Inspectors," which will simply be perpetuating the evil of supervisors under another name. It is to be hoped that the legality of this audacious project will be tested. It is strange that at a time when economy is the watchword in civic affairs there should be so little public protest against depleting the school funds by foisting a horde of superfluous highly-paid officials on the public. Is it because Hughes is using his Orange influence to hypnotize the press?

THE *Canadian Magazine* for July is a specially bright and readable number. If ever a native monthly is destined to succeed there should be hope of the *Canadian* making a permanent place for itself, as it is a thoroughly live, timely and interesting periodical and an arena in which the best thinkers and writers of the country have an opportunity to express their views upon vital questions unfettered by other restrictions than those of decent controversy. At a time when there is so much talk of patriotism there could be no better practical manifestation of it than giving a generous support to a native publication well worthy of a more liberal appreciation than usually accorded to such enterprises in the past.

MANY distressing accidents would be avoided if pedestrians would remember that in case of uncertainty as to which can soonest pass a given point, the trolley is always entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

THE question of the Laureateship appears to be practically settled, an ode on the Royal Marriage having been written by Mr. Lewis Morris by special request. Messrs. James McIntyre, the cheese poet, John Imrie, Robert Awde and the Khan are not in it.



Not pardoning the three so-called Chicago Anarchists, so long unjustly imprisoned for a crime the perpetrator of which is to this day unknown, Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, has performed the bravest political action in American history since the signing of the Emancipation proclamation. As his reward he has been subjected to a storm of abuse and denunciation from the capitalist press of all shades of politics. It is quite probable that he has killed himself politically, as his enemies say, but his memory will live as that of a man who dared to do justice even at the sacrifice of his political future, when his time-serving detractors rot in deserved oblivion.