



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

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.



THE influence of the counting room is very apparent in the article published in the *Globe* last Saturday advocating, in a somewhat guarded and tentative fashion, the handing over of the Intercolonial Railway to the C.P.R. It is needless to point out that such an infamous surrender of a public franchise to a monopoly would be directly in the teeth of the principles which the *Globe* professes to hold. When the leading Grit organ allows its editorial columns to be manipulated in this fashion, either as an ordinary advertising deal or to suit the interests of some of its large stockholders, it is no wonder that the electors pay little

heed to its appeals.

THE Caron Commission farce closed last week with a statement from the accused, who denied asking anyone for election subscriptions except J. G. Ross. The latter gentleman, being "a life-long friend," handed Sir Adolphe a trifle of \$25,000. There is something touchingly idyllic in a friendship of this sort, which recalls Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, and other historic instances of comradeship and altruistic self-devotion. A friend like Ross would be worth cultivating, even though he were a public contractor.

THERE is joy in the ranks of Methodism over the donation of \$40,000 by Mr. H. A. Massey to endow a theological chair in Victoria College. Mr. Massey has evidently taken a leaf out of the book of that eminent philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie. The hard-working people of this country have voluntarily by legislation made Mr. Massey a wealthy man by taxing themselves on the machinery they use to put money into his pocket.

A worldly-minded or careless man might have dissipated his accumulations or lost the opportunity of making any by paying his employees something more than subsistence wages, which they would no doubt have squandered in beer and riotous living. It is obviously better for the world that capitalists should brave the censure of the unthinking, and, while exacting by means of combines the highest prices from the public with one hand and manfully cutting down wages to the lowest notch with the other, acquire the means of being charitable and munificent on a great scale.



SENSATIONAL sermons are the order of the day. Two of our city pastors have attracted some attention by their vigorous denunciations of gambling, and Sunday before last Rev. William Galbraith assailed immoral literature, under which head he included the great majority of modern novels and newspapers. No doubt the preacher means well, but such wholesale and indiscriminate attacks do more harm than good, and the man who applies such epithets as "vile," "filthy" and "obscene" to the

writings of George Sand and Alexander Dumas, simply makes a laughing-stock of himself and injures his cause. The reverend gentleman might find food for reflection in the fact that none of the books or newspapers he referred to can rival for downright filth and obscenity the publications of Rev. Dr. Fulton purporting to reveal the secrets of the confessional and the misdoings of the Catholic clergy, on which many of his fellow-ministers have set the seal of their pious approval.

THE *News* of this city, a paper which has for long been trading on the reputation it acquired some years ago under different management as a "labor" paper, has locked out its staff of compositors and is fighting the union over a question of wages. From a strictly business point of view the management has probably done the sensible thing. They have seen how the *Telegram* prospers on the pennies of the working people, though it habitually abuses and insults them, and have naturally come to the conclusion that the best way to secure the workingman's support is to despise and betray him. The union has declared a boycott against the *News*, but unless the laboring people develop a greater sense of self-respect and manliness than they have hitherto shown, the paper can afford to defy them in the comfortable assurance that a few words of taffy at election time will make everything right again.

THE *Globe* can be very silly when it tries to. Its silliness differs from that of the *Empire*, which is normal and innate, whereas the idiocy of such articles as that on "Lieut.-Gov. Kirkpatrick," published in the *Globe* of October 27th, shows a conscious and laborious effort on the part of the writer to divest himself of some small degree of original intelligence. The editorial in question is a fulsome eulogy of the Lieut.-Governor on the ground of the wide scope of the duties he has undertaken, and what he has done towards making the office "useful and important." As a specimen of how hard Gov. Kirkpatrick is working to earn his pay, it