

that the regulations concerning these duties are printed in an unknown tongue. When translations have been made all round international trade will boom. Of course it will be easy enough to go through the formality of *paying* the duties when once they can be read and understood! What bosh!

THE strains of an itinerant street band of five pieces are wafted to our upper chamber as we write. The music is better than that supplied by the piano-organ, as the latter transcended the hurdy-gurdy in artistic value. We note the evolution which is going on, and we look hopefully for the dawning of the day before long when Torrington's Orchestra will supplant the band we are now listening to, and then, in due course, Gilmore and Theodore Thomas will perambulate the streets for the delectation of "Musical Toronto."

QUOTH the erudite *World*:

"A man dealing with theoretical politics draws his indictment against political principals. (*sic*). This is what the Equal Righters have been doing. The man in practical politics must lay his charges against men."

Yes; and this is what the other fellows have been doing, for isn't Dr. Caven a political Principal, and hasn't he been getting tally-ho of late?



LIGHT is beginning to dawn. Compensation for the surrender of "vested rights" is no longer popular in England. The Salisbury Government have only escaped defeat by the narrow majority of four on their Bill providing for the compensation of liquor-sellers deprived of their licenses. This, taken together with the powerful agitation against the proposal, really looks as if the English people were coming to their senses in this "compensation" business. The theory hitherto generally acknowledged by English legislators that legalized wrong-doers, monopolists and privileged spoliators must be "compensated" by the people before abuses can be abolished, is

one of the greatest drawbacks to progressive legislation. If anybody is entitled to compensation it is the sufferers from unjust special privileges—not those who have grown wealthy thereby and now want to be bribed to live honestly. Emerson expressed the right view of the matter when he wrote in reference to the abolition of slavery:

"Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him."

THE unpopularity of the compensation idea is especially significant at the present time, when the masses of the people are just beginning to realize their power and getting ready to make an end of privilege. If the tavern landlord's claim to compensation is thrown out, or only passed by a narrow majority in a Tory Parliament, the other kind of landlord—the fellow who claims to own the earth—won't



THOSE FLOWERY HATS.

Brown, in his wild enthusiasm at the theatre, in lieu of a bouquet, could not resist the hat of the lady who sat in front of him

stand much of a chance for a bonus when his turn to be legislated out of existence comes—and it's coming very soon.

THE satisfaction with which many citizens of moderate and non-partizan opinions regarded the result of the Ontario election is very considerably lessened by the disgraceful character of recent appointments to office. The nomination of Ex-Provincial Treasurer Ross to the lucrative position of Clerk of the County Court, with an income estimated at from \$6,000 to \$10,000, is only a trifle less flagrant and scandalous a job than the Anglin affair. The Liberal Party owes Mr. Ross nothing. He, like Timothy W. Anglin, has always been a detriment, a bungler and a barnacle in office—a Tory instinctively and a so-called Liberal purely by accident. But even were it otherwise, a genuinely Liberal Government, when such sinecures became vacant, would seize the opportunity of cutting down these exorbitant incomes to something in proportion to the work. But there never was a particle of genuine Liberalism about Mowat. He was always partial to mossbacks and reactionaries of the Ross and Anglin type.

WE can't be wrong in supposing that, under the distressing circumstances, Mr. Bunting, of the *Mail*, will be glad to have suggestions as to the filling of the capacious vacuum left by Mr. Farrer's departure. With profound consideration GRIP begs to submit the name of "*Gracchus*." He's a perfect "*Junius*" with the pen, even in his own opinion—and if it came to a pinch he could easily knock off a paragraph that would fill the whole editorial page of the paper and slop over into the local news department.

OUR much esteemed contemporary, the *World*, alleges, at the head of its editorial column, that "it leads them all." So it does, but where, oh, where? Where, for instance, did it lead those confiding persons who put up bets on the late local election in accordance with its tips and pointers? Or, perhaps we have mispronounced the verb. But no, it would be hardly necessary to keep the statement standing if it refers to the editorials. Everybody can see that "it *leads* them all."