

Grit Party is casting about wildly in search of a competent leader, and the Tories asking themselves despairingly: "After Sir John, what?" During all these years they have been making intellectual servility and blind acceptance of the Party dogmas the main criterion of Party standing. Leaders of men are not developed in this fashion.

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THOSE who are interested in Musical Toronto will be glad to learn that, after mature consideration, it has been decided to organize a new and first-class professional orchestra in this city, under the conductorship of Mr. F. H. Torrington. A strong committee

has been formed, and two performances are to be given next season in aid of the University Library Fund. In view of the excellent work done by the present Torrington Orchestra, which is mainly composed of amateurs, we may reasonably hope for great things when the genuine professionals get down to work. It would be entirely superfluous to add that GRIP wishes the new organization a long and successful career.

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THE American census returns show an enormous increase in the growth of the cities as compared with the rural districts. Three of the American cities now boast a population of over a million each, while ten years ago only one could claim that distinction. A number of idiots on the other side are actually making this fact a cause for rejoicing, just as a like number of fools amongst us are pluming themselves over the abnormal growth of Toronto at the expense of the surrounding country—as though it were something to feel proud of. The tendency of the rural and village population to flock to the large cities is not a healthy or desirable movement. The conditions of living for the great mass of the people in the overgrown city communities are much less wholesome than in the country. So far as the interests of the cities themselves are concerned, the influx, instead of being a matter for satisfaction, tends to make the struggle for existence harder for all dependent on their labor by intensifying competition. The only class benefited are the land-owners. They, of course, profit by the increase of population and the consequent rise in value of their land. But to the rest of us the phenomenal growth of Toronto simply means more competitors, less elbow-room and higher rents.

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SOME of the truly loyal are raising a great racket over the omission of the toast of "The Queen" at the recent banquet to Mr. Parnell. Just precisely what frightful consequences to Her Majesty are expected to result from this omission no one has as yet condescended to explain. If Queen Victoria wants to get even with Parnell, however, there is a very easy way of doing it. She can give a big dinner party at Windsor Castle and ostentatiously refrain from drinking the health of Mr. Parnell. Then honors will be easy.

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NOW that the Carnival is over, it must be admitted that it was on the whole a failure and a disappointment. The main reason is not far to seek. There was no general desire on the part of the citizens for a Carnival, and the enthusiasm was confined to a few men,

headed by the indefatigable Dodds, who saw some personal or business advantage in it. Moral courage in civic affairs is a rare article, and nobody exactly cared to oppose for fear of being set down as pessimists or obstructionists. So the mass of the citizens, including the Council, were practically bulldozed into sanctioning the business by King Dodds and a few other fakirs. Owing to a lack of public confidence and public interest, the money was not forthcoming on a scale sufficient to enable the Committee to carry out the ambitious programme laid down. The consequence is the affair was a ridiculous fiasco, especially as compared with the Carnivals held in American cities where they have ten dollars to spend to our one on splurges of this kind. Our citizens are too heavily burdened by taxation as it is, and we hope it will be many a long day before they allow themselves to be fooled by plausible schemers of the Dodds type into throwing good money away on such nonsense.

QUITE INADEQUATE.

ONLY a piece of banana peel,
Only a boot run down at heel,
Only a dull and sickening thud,
Only a suit bedaubed with mud,
Only—but no—best drop it there,
"Only" won't fit a ten-minute swear!

WOMAN'S LIMITATION.

THE really swell young woman can now thoroughly appreciate what it means to have a fellow's back collar button slip down his spine and have his collar and tie commence to climb up the back of his neck.—*New York World.*

But she can never, no, never, realize the misery caused by the breaking of one's only remaining suspender under the stress of having to do double duty.



AN UNREASONABLE RULE.

UNCLE HIRAM—"Wal, wal; I'm not used to sleepin' in a room with a light burnin' in it; but if that's the rule of the house I'll have to do my best."—*Munsey's Weekly.*