



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, DECEMBER 31, 1892.



"THE worst Council Toronto ever had," is the usual verdict of the citizens when the aldermen complete their term of office. About all that can be said for the present sorry lot of delinquents is that none of them are under suspicion of actual bribe-taking, their opportunities in this respect not having been equal to their predecessors. But in point of general incapacity, inveterate pig-headedness, narrow-mindedness and prejudice they are fully up to the standard of previous Councils, whose official rushlights have gone sputtering out amid general contempt and execration, leaving nothing but a bad smell. The lamentable failure of the re-organi-

zation effected last year to secure a better class of aldermen is no cause for surprise when it is considered that the changes most urgently required, viz., the payment of aldermen and the abolition of the property qualification, were not made. Until this is done it is useless to expect any improvement.

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THE last conspicuous instance of the utter unworthiness of this shallow-pated presumptuous gang of wrangling nincompoops is the treatment accorded to the Single Tax resolution for submitting the mode of taxation to popular vote. This had been urged by large and influential deputations of citizens of all classes. The cowardly tricksters dared not, therefore, ignore it as they evidently would have liked to do, so they disposed of it by striking out one of its most important provisions and submitting it to the vote, not of the electors, but of those qualified to vote on money by-laws alone. In this mutilated form it is, of course, worse than valueless. If the electors condone the insolence of these ignorant, swell-headed Jack-in-office by re-electing a single one who consented to this scurvy piece of business, they deserve nothing better than to be misgoverned by such cattle as the Jolliffes, Crawfords and Saunderses.

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SOME wicked and traitorous persons unknown, but presumably including in their number the reprehensible E. A. Macdonald, have emitted an evening paper entitled the *Sun*, devoted to the propagation of annexation sentiments. And they still live. So far the building where it is printed has not been destroyed by fire from Heaven nor the windows broken by an outraged mob of loyalists. It is inexplicable and calculated to make one doubt the eternal fitness of things.

Still no doubt the *Sun* has its uses. It is a good paper for business men and municipal candidates to insert their rival's announcements in, so as to bring them into public contumely. It would not be consistent with our loyalty to wish it any considerable measure of prosperity, so it must worry along without our benediction as best it may.

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WE wonder if it has ever occurred to the men who, like E. E. Sheppard, think the quickest way to the favor of the electors is to broach magnificent schemes for making Toronto a big city by attracting manufactures, railroads, etc., that the number of people who would benefit, supposing all these fine projects were realized, are, after all, a small fraction of the population. The only people who have any real interest in seeing Toronto doubled or quadrupled in size are the handful of monopolists who would profit directly by the special privileges conferred on them, and those who have land to sell or rent. To the laboring masses and the majority of those engaged in trade the increased concentration of population at any point brings no improvement in their condition. It is true that the market for labor or commodities is increased, but so are the number of competitors. The