



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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**H**ERO-WORSHIP is a poor business at the best, even when the idol selected for popular adulation is one who has deserved well of his fellows. It generally spoils its object and results in a reaction when the fickle multitude discover that their ideal lacks absolute perfection. But what worse degradation of character can be imagined than that indicated by the popular deification of a thing

like John L. Sullivan—it is unfair to call him a brute, for he lacks the better instincts of the higher orders of the animal creation. We are not all disposed to join in the general chorus of exultation over his downfall, because we do not regard the fallen champion as half so much to blame for the outrage on civilization involved in his career as the American press and public who lifted him from the obscurity which nature calculated him to adorn, and made a demigod of him. It is the very men who are loudest in execration of the fallen idol, whose adulation and sycophancy raised him to his pedestal. They deserve kicking a great deal more than he does. When Caligula made a consul of his horse, it wasn't the poor beast's fault.

**I**N a paragraph on the immigration question, the *Mail* contends for "the maintenance of a proper equilibrium between the various classes of immigrants rather than the exclusion of any. If we could obtain enough agriculturists, they would provide employment for many more mechanics." Rot! The *Mail* ought to know that in these days there is no hard and fast lines between "agriculturists" and other laborers. Even if there were, Canada offers no inducement in the way of steady employment to farm laborers—who at the end of the harvest season usually drift into the cities to swell the crowd

of unemployed laborers, or become dependent on charity. To encourage men who have nothing but their labor to depend on to take the desperate chances of our greatly overcrowded labor market is a crime against humanity.

**T**HE New York *Standard*, the organ of the Single Tax, established by Henry George, has been discontinued. It had always been a losing venture, and was only maintained by the liberality of friends of the cause who from time to time provided the sinews of war without hope of any financial return. The *Standard's* demise will be widely deplored by progressive thinkers, as it did good service, especially in the early days of the movement, in disseminating sound ideas with regard to the causes and remedies of social injustice. The principal cause of the failure of the *Standard* to find wider appreciation and a more remunerative constituency, was the fatal mistake made by Henry George and his associates in allying themselves with the Democratic party, in the vain hope of being able to convert that corrupt and hide-bound organization to their principles, instead of taking independent political action. Like many another good cause, the Single Tax movement has been ruined by partyism, and the endeavor to become "respectable," in the conventional sense of the word, which alienated the sympathies of the most earnest and enthusiastic social reformers.

**B**Y the death of John G. Whittier, who passed away last week at the advanced age of eighty-five, the famous New England school of writers who have done so much to mould American thought, becomes almost extinct, its last surviving representative being Oliver Wendell Holmes. They leave no successors. Though the number of writers for publication has increased a hundred-fold, there is not one of the thousands struggling to gain the ear of the public who can compare with the great ones passed away. The intense materialism of the age, the desire for immediate wealth, popularity and position is fatal to the highest and truest forms of intellectual development. Hence we have thousands of clever versifiers, but no poets—multitudes of prose writers, but no philosophers—platform gabblers as thick as summer leaves, but no orators.



**I**F Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, and their compeers, had begun, as does the modern *litterateur*, by trying to write, not what they felt to be true, but such things as would please the public; if they had systematically suppressed their best instincts and withheld such utterances as might offend the prejudices of their day, they would doubtless have found such a course more immediately profitable, but they would

never have risen above the crowd of mediocrities and literary hirelings. It is precisely because Whittier braved a debauched public opinion and devoted his genius, not to championing popular wrongs and abuses,