

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

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THE SICK MAN

By F. W. Thomas

(Reproduced from the British weekly, "John Bull")

A certain poor man lay sick unto death and at last his relatives called unto him a wise man with a lot of letters after his name. And the Wise Man said "Um" and sent along a bottle of pale green liquid and a nauseous powder.

But the Sick Man grew worse.

So the relatives called in yet another wise man with yet more letters after his name. And the second wise man said "Ah!" and went home for a knife and fork and chopper.

But it came to pass that the two wise men met at the bedside. Said the first, "He has the Lallapaloosa Euphangytis. I shall inject Ju-ju and give him a Hektolitre of Brass Tacks."

Said the Second, "Tommy Rot! He has broken his neck. I shall amputate his left foot and sole and heel his Vermiform Appendix." Said the first, "You shall not!"

Said the second, "Go to blazes!" They argued and argued. But the patient got worse. They pulled noses. Still the patient got worse.

They fought at the bedside.

Worse and worse became the patient.

They struggled on the bed.

The relatives remonstrated. "While you argue, the sick man perishes." The Wise Men paused. "It is a matter of Principle," said they. And they went on scrapping. So the patient died, and nobody slew the Doctors!

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Now the patient is the working people of England and the doctors are the Tory party and the Liberal party.

Moral.—What are you going to do about it?

NOTE.—The writer of the above must have had Canadian conditions in mind.—Editor.

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