



## IRISH LOGIC.

RAILWAY OFFICIAL.—“Smoking’s not allowed in this room, sir. You’ll have to quit.”

MR. MCFINIGAN.—“I’m not shmokin’, sir.”

RAILWAY OFFICIAL.—“But you have your pipe in your mouth, sir.”

MR. MCF.—“Yis; an’ I hav me fut in me boot, but I’m not walkin’.”

HON. EDWARD BLAKE,—DEAR SIR,—Lend us your car for half a moment. You do not say what, in your opinion, Canada’s ideal future would be. We apprehend, however, that Independence, with absolute Free Trade would suit you. We seem to see your distinguished spectacles glisten as you say earnestly, yet hopelessly—‘Ah! but that is too good to be possible! We’ve got to keep up a high tariff for revenue, we need nearly forty millions a year! Free Trade with the world is out of the question!’ Not a bit of it, dear sir. Look at this: Do away with the tariff, and all its paraphrenalia of custom house harpies, bolts, bars, bonds and bandages. Abolish the internal revenue and all its officials. Abolish all municipal direct taxes on houses, salaries and personal property. See? Clear the ground smooth and clean. That is the first step. You follow us?

NOW then, you say you want \$40,000,000 for the public till. All right. Take that amount by a tax on ground rent. It would amount to less than five per cent. of the economic rent now paid yearly by the people of Canada. In some cases that rent is paid to landlords; in other cases it is pocketed by the occupier, who is also the owner of the land. It is there, anyway, every year. For the Provincial revenue, and the municipal revenue, take an additional percentage of the ground rent. Do you catch the idea? Just let this simmer in your powerful mind for awhile. and then let us have another manifesto.

## A WICKED HOAX.

SOME one in Hamilton has been hoaxing the correspondent of the Sydney (Australia) *Herald*, when that gentleman was in Canada last summer. In the issue of the *Herald* for November 13th, ultimo, the following paragraph occurs: “Seated in the parlor of my friend, our view, taking in the whole expanse of Burlington Bay, and a considerable stretch of Lake Ontario to the east, we compared notes relative to the Australasian and Canadian colonies. The Civil Service came in for its share, and while Mr. — acknowledged that most of the best offices in the gift of the Governments were too often bestowed as rewards for political services, he assured me that in quite a number of cases he could name, promotion and preferment were the result of extensive travel in various parts of the world. As nearly as I can remember, this was his language: ‘The Ontario Government is anxious to encourage this sort of thing, and I trust you will make a note of it. You see, Canadians are a restless people, and, by way of persuading experienced persons to remain at home after their travels, a good office is conferred on them, and I can name for you nearly a dozen who have thus become entitled to comfortable emoluments simply by travelling over the globe.’”

Shame! we cry on the wicked Hamiltonian who thus crammed his simple-minded Antipodian fellow-subject. Was he jealous because no patronage had been conferred on chaps from the offices of the *Times*, the *Herald* and the *Spec*? Why that’s nothing at all. Toronto people don’t say a word because the boys on the *Empire*, *Mail*, *News*, *Telegram*, *World* and *GRIP* have no show. They simply take this sort of thing for granted, but when any of the boys themselves want to get settled for life they join the staff of the *Globe* as soon as may prove convenient, and certainly their travels, as a rule, lead them to the desired haven.



LENTEN PENANCE OF UNCLE SAM.