

The Sanctum Unveiled.

AS IT SEEMS IT MUST BE.

(ENTER furious "Globe" manager gnashing his teeth. He roars for Editor, who approaches trembling).

MANAGER.—Fellow, instantly write me an article saying that the Protectionists want to place a tariff on coal, and that the poor workman, who uses four tons yearly, will be charged three dollars therefor. Write, I say!

EDITOR (*shivering*).—But, Sir, the fact is they only want a tariff on the bituminous coal, such as Nova Scotia has. The workman uses hard coal. What is proposed to be placed under tariff is soft coal, which not the workman but the factories, use.

MANAGER.—Wretch, dare to argue, and I telegraph for a new editor! Write it, I say. What does the workman know? Write! Fiends! Furies! Brimstone! Sulphur! Destruction! Write!

(Editor rushes to write, and the above extraordinary statement appears in this week's GLOBE).

Letter From a Practitioner.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I understand that the vulgar object to the faculty returning statements to the effect that the cause of death was the air-passages when the back bone or spine of the moribund was fractured. Sir, this is a gross mistake of the unlettered. The true cause of all deaths—the *deprivatio vitæ*, or we may say in the Greek, the *factigumbus malabobus*—in all cases, is the absence of air, or in other words, the want, or lack, or absence, or non-presence, of breath. We die for want of breath—of air. Then there is something the matter with our air-passages. This is the case, even if, instead of an ordinary fracture of the spine, we are broken on a wheel, in which case all the bones are fractured. Nevertheless, the true cause of death is the air-passages—the want of breath.

I cannot, therefore, sufficiently deprecate the clamour roused against the faculty in this case. Why, people actually say that, if brought to us with a fractured bone and unable to speak, we might doctor them for their air passages, and kill them. Nonsense. I assure them and all such untaught persons that even if we did, we should not kill them a bit quicker than we generally do. Fudge!

Yours,

DIPLOMAS LICENTIUS.

Toronto, May 1, 1878.

Notice.

MANAGERS of the Conservative Party are hereby notified to conduct their correspondence hereafter by postal card, and thus save the post-masters the time and trouble of opening their letters.

The Politicians.

1ST POLITICIAN.—But you see I have my friends to attend to.

2ND POLITICIAN.—Who are they?

1ST P.—Why, our side is simply composed of free traders.

2ND P.—Well, why are you free traders? Is it to help importers?

1ST P.—No, not at all. We are as well aware that they are ruining the country as any one—even as the most pronounced protectionist.

2ND P.—Well, why do you back them up? There is not a day but your organ is yelling free trade.

1ST P.—My dear sir, we know what is wrong as well as you. But the fact is, we believe the majority of the farmers are fools enough to believe in free trade, and will keep us in office if we shout for it. Free trade is doing the country great harm; but then \$7,000 a year does us much good. (*Exit with finger to nose*).

The True Canadian Idea.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—Hearn as you manage Governmint buzziness, I wants to ax you whether this wunt work?

We be the Township of Toozle, and we don't zee why we shouldn't have a Parlymint. We could fix un up fine. There be here a lot of pine we could zell to speculators and zum Crown Lands as would keep a good Parlymint gown for five year or more. There be me and my six sons, and cousin ZEPHANIAH and his three boys, and JIM JONES and his seven brothers. We could get most of us elected, or for that matter we could all elect one another, for there is very few more here in the township. It would pay I very well, for they would make me Prime Minister sartin, and if the pine and land gin out I might raise a loan in Lunnon.

Yours truly,

HIRAM HARDFIST.

P.S.—Of course there is nothin' to do. But there would be salary to dror, and we cud always make a good debate on Orange Bills or summat. That is all they do in Toronto. Wy not give us one here?

Township of Toozle, May 1, 1878.

The Jolly Chieftains.

"Mon, mon," said MACKENZIE to Sir JOHN, on hearing of the Quebec election, "had ye no' better resign and try the kirk for the rest o' ye'er days?" "Dence take it; no," answered the knight, "It was my devotion to the kirk, as you call it, that lost my Quebec majority. Come and take something." And at a late hour last night two individuals came down past the Rideau canal, one singing:

"We wontsh go homsh till morningsh,
Till daylightsh dosh—

While the other would interrupt him with:

"We arensh fou, we'sh nosh thatsh fou,

Butsh justsh a drappiesh in our eesh,

The cocksh maysh dawsh; the daysh maysh crawsh

Butsh we—"

Here the sentry took them in charge. It is necessary for GRIP to mention, that it is mortally uncertain that these last were the first, as they are getting an abominable habit of libel suits at Ottawa.

A Warning to Local Governments.

We wish to say to you, Sir,
Who were our Premier here,
You have been an abuser,
Of power it does appear.

Wished us, the folks who lived in
The Province of Quebec,
A bushel you to give in,
When you should have a peck

For railways asked such cash, too,
As you right well did know,
Would bring us quite a smash to,
If we should pay it so.

You thought that we would follow
Whate'er the church would do.
The church, sir, if we'd swallow,
You'd add the steeple too.

So just now understand, sir,
And other Locals may,
The lesson find to hand, sir,
At some not distant day.

The load of our taxation
Is getting quite too high;
And, by your last oration,
You'd pile it to the sky.

And told a startling tale, if
We trouble made or doubt,
We each must go as bailiff,
And sell each other out.

We paid you well as Locals,
But to you must be known,
We are not quite such yokels
As to give you all we own.

So you will please vacate, now,
Your seats of Government,
And listen while we state, now,
What is our plain intent,

If as Reform you go in,
Or in as Tory go,
You'll keep the taxes low in
The Province, or you know,

What we have spoke about, friends,
Will shortly you befall,
We'll try and do without, friends,
A Local House at all.

Advertisement--To Young Men of Education.

Wanted a young gentleman as clerk to a lawyer in good standing. The hours are from eight a.m. to seven p.m. No dinner hour, but allowed to eat a lunch while writing, if rapidity of work be still kept up. Is expected to be fairly educated, and not to object if frequently jawed. Salary exceptionally liberal—half a dollar a week. No extras, and must board himself, and must always appear well dressed, and *comme il faut* in all respects. Address, Sharp & Skinell, Toronto.

The Conservatives regard the Quebec elections as by no means a Joly affair. The Grits don't like it either, for the Cons were thrown out for wanting to grab, and what's the good of getting in if you mustn't do that, you know?