



UNREASONABLE WOMAN!

WIFE—"I don't care what you say. You are not good to me. You do not treat me even the same as you do your friends."

HUSBAND—"How can I? You don't drink."

THE CANADIAN CRANK IN UTOPIA.

UTOPIA was a happy and contented country. Peace and prosperity reigned within its borders. Labor troubles were unheard of; there were no paupers; "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work," was a maxim which had always been in practical operation, and everybody worked, excepting those who were, by reason of physical or mental infirmity incapacitated, and these, being proper subjects of charity, were taken care of in public institutions, which were models of cleanliness and comfort. Millionaires were unknown as well as paupers, and the simple explanation was, that there were no such things as private monopolies in existence. No man got more wealth than he earned, that is, gave full value for—but every man got all of that. The people of Utopia, notwithstanding their ideal condition of happiness, were only human beings. They were men and women of like passions with the people of other countries, in which social and political unrest were chronic. The difference was accounted for by the social system under which they lived. The corner stones of that system were Justice and Freedom.

JUSTICE, in Utopia, recognized that men are endowed with certain inalienable rights, and that these are not fit objects of taxation. The natural right of man to himself, to what he can produce by his own efforts, to access to the raw material necessary to production—these were all vindicated practically. Taxation in Utopia was levied entirely on *privileges*—or rather on the one universal privilege of private possession and use of the land. All natural monopolies, such as railways, telegraphs, telephones, postal routes, postoffices, etc., were controlled by the Government for the general good.

FREEDOM was vindicated in Utopia by the absence of all rates, tolls and restrictions of any kind on legitimate trade. Illgitimate trade was totally prohibited.

The public treasury was always overflowing, of course, since it received the whole of the annual ground rent of the country, though equally of course, no complaints were ever heard of taxation, for the simple reason that nobody was really *taxed*. Out of this unfailing surplus many comforts and conveniences were provided for the community, such as free street cars, free libraries, parks, music halls, etc., etc. Is it any wonder that Utopia was

a happy land, to which the oppressed people of other countries flocked? And to which, by the way, they were all and always welcomed with open arms, because, under the conditions just specified, every new worker added to the sum total of wealth and comfort. Amongst the emigrants there at length arrived a crank from Canada, named George Henry. He was a political economist (or rather set up for such), and he lost no time in commencing an agitation for what he called his "theory." Briefly stated, his proposition was as follows: That the order of things existing in Utopia should be entirely overthrown, and a new order established, under which the ground rent should go into the pockets of private owners, to be known as Landlords; and the natural monopolies above specified should pass into the possession of syndicates. This he claimed would have the desirable effect of making millionaires of some of these Utopians, and then, out of their abundance, these fortunate individuals could, if so disposed, minister to the needs of the needy. The public revenue, instead of being supplied as heretofore by a single "tax" on land value was to be raised by taxes direct and indirect on labor products, such as food, clothing, dwellings, salaries, stocks of goods, etc., etc. The indirect taxes were to be raised by a "tariff"; by which was meant an impost upon goods brought in from abroad, a portion of which impost would go into the public till, and a larger portion into the pocket of the native manufacturer, who would thus be "protected." The direct taxes were to be imposed on houses, salaries, and business-stocks, upon a valuation guessed at by assessors, or accepted upon the statements of the taxed parties. This, Mr. Henry claimed, would give a great impetus to the fine art of lying, a thing which every community ought to encourage.

Need it be said the level-headed people of Utopia laughed at this silly crank and his vagaries? When he wildly asserted that the system he advocated was in actual operation in Canada, the country he had come from, some said he must be a liar; others, more courteous, replied that, if such were the fact, the people of Canada were a lot of persons who could not be fittingly characterized in polite language.



THE DANGER PAST.

SCRAGGLES—"I say, pard, we needn't hide no longer."

WRAGGLES—"Why? how's that?"

SCRAGGLES—"I see by the papers that the police have a theory as to how the burglary was done and who done it."