

**"Free Trade in Medicines"—"No Protection to Pills, Powders or Plasters."**

We deem it our duty to come to the assistance of the *Globe* in its war to the knife with the Medical Council. If that body is permitted to monopolize the healing of "all the ills that flesh is heir to," what is to become of our political quacks? This is a momentous question. It is all very well for SHAKESPEARE to say "throw physic to the dogs," but dogs don't want physic. Men do. As we desire with the *Globe* that quacks shall be protected, although the reason why shall not be torn from our bosom by wild horses, we have gone to the trouble of soliciting testimonials from prominent people who have found relief in nostrums and specifics in open defiance of the regulations of the Medicine Council. We possess thousands more of a similar tenor but a few will suffice.

TESTIMONIALS.

*Dear Grip.*—Do we breathe the pure air of freedom or are we grovelling under the iron heel of the despot? Let us rise in our might and defy the Medicine Council. Our midwives and our sassifras tea are trembling in the balance.—JOHN SMITH.

*Dear Grip.*—As an election tonic nothing on earth excels raspberry syrup. Every family should have a bottle in the house.—JAMES GEORGE CURRIE.

*Dear Grip.*—Under heaven the country owes the salvation of its constitution to a South Simcoe poultice.—WILLIAM McDUGALL.

*Dear Grip.*—It is some people's nature to cry "quack, quack"—JOHN DUCK.

*Dear Grip.*—I have had so mething in my eye for years. The doctor<sup>s</sup> called it a constituency. It is quite gone now.—JAMES DAVID EDGAR.

*Dear Grip.*—"Afflictions sore long time I bore, physicians were in vain," until I was taken charge of by Dr. GOLDWIN SMITH. Look at me now!—CANADA FIRST.

*Dear Grip.*—All my life I have been afflicted with a *cacathes scribendi*, and I'm not quite rid of it yet.—E. RYERSON.

*Dear Grip.*—I had my nose put out of joint when the Reform party took office. A Chief Justice Bandage has almost cured it, but it troubles me occasionally yet.—E. B. WOOD.

*Dear Grip.*—Four years' constant application of Poor Man's Plasters cured me of corns. My heart is too full for thanks.—A RETIRED CLERGYMAN.

*Dear Grip.*—If there is any virtue in black draughts I will be a member of parliament within a month. We have drafted every colored man in East Kent.—W. MCCRANEY.

*Dear Grip.*—I had a large lump over the region of my left breast, but Dr. MACDONALD successfully removed it in a few applications. He exhibited it to his friends as an "election fund swelling." I haven't been troubled with it since.—HUGH ALLAN.

*Dear Grip.*—One application of the *habets corpus* will cure the most obstinate case.—BROTHER BOYLE.

*Dear Grip.*—Permit me to place on record my warmest approval of Horrocks's pills. They proved a good friend to me.—ARCHIBALD McKELLAR.

*Dear Grip.*—I'm going to try a change of advisers next attack.—M. C. CAMERON.

*Dear Grip.*—One dose of *Globe* pills warranted to purge corruption out of any constituency. None genuine without the proprietor's signature.—GEORGE BROWN.

*Dear Grip.*—Have never been troubled with sleeplessness since I took Crown Lands Soothing Syrup.—T. B. PARDEE.

*Dear Grip.*—The Reform party is spavined and wind-broken. Will send you a remedy by first Mail.—T. C. PATTESON.

*Dear Grip.*—Was threatened with foot and mouth disease, owing to excessive walking and talking. A South Oxford plunge bath has set me on my feet again.—ADAM CROOKS.

*Dear Grip.*—One application of Spaulding's glue induced a beautiful mustache on my upper lip. It is dearer than life itself—I mean the glue. This is his 234th day out.—SUN SKIT MAN.

And yet in the face of all these miraculous reliefs the Medical Council would prevent unregistered practitioners from cutting a corn or curing a cold. SNOUTRAGE!

DR. RYERSON'S LATEST—Arcades Ambery.

ODD FELLOWS.—Icicle McDUGALL and Philosopher MILLS.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL—The Council of Public Institution.

THE UN-HOLY TRINITY.—EGERTON, GOLDWIN, and DANIEL.

Is there any excessive mortality in Toronto? The saying is: "While doctors differ patients die." If the doctors die, let them R. I. P.; and the public will possibly rest in peace for a time. Till then beware, oh punsters, lest if delivered of a fun without the aid of a registered practitioner, you are fined \$50 and expenses—and serve you right.

**The Globe Dictionary—Just Published.**

**LIBERALITY**—Tying a cord round the neck of the Liberal.  
**"MONOPOLY"**—The exclusion from an honorable calling of all who have not prepared themselves for it by a liberal knowledge of its fundamental principles.

**"COMPULSION"**—TYRANNICAL EXACTION.—A free invitation to all and any to study these fundamental principles, before experiments with human life.

**IMPERTINENT QUACKS OF PAST AGES.**—Men who have manfully struggled with error and darkness and, acting up to the light they had, added to the store of knowledge such as Galen, Hippocrates, Hervey, Sir Asley Cooper.

**BRILLIANT DISCOVERERS IN MEDICINE.**—Those who have discovered the short and easy method of filling their pockets by working on the credulity of nervous fellow sufferers such as Tumblety, Sir John Long, The Great Shoshonce, The Virgin of Lourdes, Mr. Horne, Davenport Brothers, *et hoc genus omne*.

**FREE DISCUSSION.**—Suppressing any letters in your newspaper which really bear against you, and keeping others back till you can prepare a warping editorial to "explain" them.

**REFORM PARTY.**—The *Globe*.

**OUTRAGEOUS MEDICAL CONSERVATISM.**—Preventing men from tampering with human lives who cannot give evidence of having studied the structure of the human body, its functions, the action of drugs, the use of surgical and medical appliances.

**SOUND LOGIC.**—Because a surgeon may at some time have accidentally cut an artery, let us blindfold surgeons hereafter, or allow ploughboys to tie the carotid. Because a physician may have given an overdose of chloral and morphia, better entrust them to those who cannot show they have ever read a page about the action.

**To the People of Toronto.**

Oh, whitened sepulchres, followers of the times,  
 Whose sembl'd indignation at foulest crimes  
 Is now most rampant o'er the new-made graves  
 Of two frail women. Had ye tried to save  
 Them e'er they died—Had ye banished those  
 Whose trade was public—Had ye even chose,  
 By your chaste lives, to make their living bare,  
 Those victims would not now be lying there.  
 Plead ignorance ye dare not—each daily page  
 Of public print proclaims for hireling wage  
 The cursed profession, or some potion vile  
 To do away with lives, while lustful vice beguile  
 With secrecy and safety—Harlots prevail,  
 And innocence too late its loss bewails.  
 Shall this continue, shall the cursed roll,  
 In each quacks day-book, name some guilty soul,  
 Who, to the world, in shame stands unconfessed,  
 And in society moves unrepresed.  
 Whose is the guilt—the wretch who holds the knife,  
 Or he who finds the victim—maid betrayed, or wife,  
 For, tell it not before high heaven—such ties  
 Are held not always sacred—or the record lies.  
 Spread not your rage in hanging those whose crimes  
 Are doubly proven—But crush betimes  
 The Hydra-headed monster whose instigation  
 Corrupts our newspapers and pollutes the nation.

**A "Sun"—net.**

The unwearied *Sun* from day to day  
 On Crooks doth all its wit display,  
 While he doth trudge with well-worn sole,  
 His mournful march from *pole* to *pole*.

**Por fas aut Nefas.**

C—KS log.

Tell me not in mournful numbers, that with ballot boxes stuffed,  
 The refused of East Toronto, by South Oxford is rebuffed;  
 I am really in earnest, and the Treasury is my goal,  
 'Tis the next best thing I know of—to Supreme Courts—on the whole.

**All about's Privy Councillor.**

Says DAVID to WILLIAM, in paradox quite,  
 "You're out if you're in, and you're wrong if I'm right,"  
 Says WILLIAM to DAVID, *non qualis eram*,  
 I'm in, so you're out, O philosopher D.—M.  
 Says the *Globe* to them both, letting compliments slip  
 "Lay on Bothwell, strike Simcoe, none cares which will  
 whip,"  
 Says the *nation* at large, "Brother asses, why rail,  
 While you quarrel lang GEORDIE is supping the kail."