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Wisdom : Knowing how, what,
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A perfect tailor system of garment cutting for ladies and children.
Also instructions in Men's and Boy's Clothing.
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Boats will leave Yonge St. Wharf (east side), at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3.30 p.m. and 4.45 p.m., for
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Connecting with New York Central & Hudson River Ry., Michigan Central Ry., and Niagara Falls Park & River Ry. for Falls, Buffalo, etc.
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We want one good lady agent in every city, town and village in Canada to sell our wonderful Fern Balm Medicine. Money can be made at home. No experience needed.

DR. PRICE MEDICINE CO.
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HER MAJESTY'S TABLE WATER.
[By Appointment.]



GODES-BERGER is a natural sparkling Mineral Water, which flows from a spring of this name, situated near the old Castle of Godesberg, opposite the Seven Mountains of the Rhine. This Water is exquisitely Pure, being entirely free from organic substances, and is the most pleasant water to drink, either alone, or mixed with Milk, Fruitsyrups, Wines or Spirits. Although not a medicinal water, the use of Godes-berger will be found very beneficial to those who suffer from nervous weakness, or who are in any way troubled with indigestion, gout, or rheumatism.

GODES-BERGER has been highly approved by Her Majesty the Queen of England's Medical Advisers, also by numerous leading Physicians in London and throughout the world.

Dr. C. FINKELNBURG, Professor and Member of the Imperial German Sanitary Office, writes: "The Godes-berger Natural Mineral Water may, on account of its pleasant taste, and easiness of digestion, be continuously used as a Table Water, and is a refreshing and wholesome drink. It is to be highly recommended."

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Leave Toronto—7.30 and 11 a.m.;
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The 11 a.m. and 5.15 p.m. boats from Toronto call at Oakville.

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W. E. BISHOP, F. ARMSTRONG
Agt. Yonge st. wharf. Mgr., Hamilton.

Avoid a poor article. In buying Matches there is but one way to do this.

GET
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MATCHES

IT PAYS - - - -

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FOR TERMS ADDRESS THE MANAGER,

81 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

"Ease the Pain of Thought"

Nicholas Flood Davin says, that a "Home" will ease the pain of thought, personally we don't believe it; but economy at home will do it nearly every time. Why buy New Clothing, Plumes, Curtains, Shawls, etc., when they only require to be Cleaned or Re-Dyed to the new fashionable colors?

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BE SURE and send your parcels to Parker's. Telephones 3037, 3640, 1004 and 2143. They will be done right if done at PARKER'S.

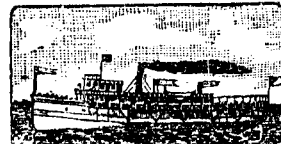
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Patients treated at their residence when required. Correspondence strictly confidential.

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Between Toronto and St. Catharines, commencing August 30th.

Leave St. Catharines 8 a.m., arrive in Toronto 11 a.m.

Leave St. Catharines 3.15 p.m., arrive in Toronto 6.30 p.m.

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Fare by 11.30 o'clock boat, return same day, 50c. A most delightful sail through the Lock and up the Canal by daylight. Scenery unsurpassed.

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Moles, warts, birthmarks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by

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A BONA FIDE CHALLENGE

NO - CHARGE - IF - NOT SATISFIED.

The *Railway and Steamboat Times*, December 11th, 1893, says: "Science has only begun. Many things undiscovered up to the present date, one in particular being a cure for baldness or falling hair."

I assert positively that I possess that cure, and guarantee to produce an entire new growth of hair. Any person (extreme old age excepted) can be treated at

MME. IRELAND'S

Toilet and Shampooing Parlors,

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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 42. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1085

The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.

No. 11.



BUT NOT A WORD ABOUT THIS SORT OF THING!

[Astonishment is expressed that Mr. Laurier, in his Winnipeg speech, made no reference to the paramount local issue of Exorbitant Freight Rates. Was it an inadvertence, or is he afraid of the big C.P.R. Knight?]

SEPTEMBER



GRIP'S CALENDAR.

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

VI.

AIN'T it queer, the belief folks have now in those creepy things like speritualism, an' mesmerizin', an' hypnotizin'. Years ago they used to believe in jest plain ghosts, that walked around an' yelled. Seems to me that wuz a better way of scarin' yourself ef you wuz bound to be scared. Havin' somebody's spirit get on a sheet for clothes an' chase you is one thing, an' gettin' some medium man or woman to raise you at so much a raise is another. If there's any wickedness in dealin' with ghosts, seemed as ef when they chased you, the badness wuz all on their side. Raisin' 'em scares me. It jest makes me shudder to think of havin' yer friends bothered 'bout showin' theirselves whether they want to or not. Ef they want to, an' take after a person, it can't be helped, but seein' how people sigh after rest an' never find it till they die, seems a pity to go on routin' 'em up. Though, now I mind it, there wuz a man who writ a book an' he said the spirits wuz as anxious to tell of their goin's on as their folks on earth wuz to find out.

Then there's this writin' on paper what spirits do, usin' somebody else's hand seein' they ain't got none theirselves. 'Taint right—ef they'd been meant to "communicate," as folks call it, I guess they'd a been given the hands and writin' things would a been put handy. Ef these medium people tried half so hard to find out what livin' folks is doin' that they've no business to, they'd be doin some good, but I believe it'll bring jedgments on us, if we go on tryin' to eddicate spirits up into writers an' lecturers. I like the old-fashioned ideas of angels hoverin' round, an' I think hoverin's about all they ought to be called on to do.

These new people that believe your soul's been skitin' around this old earth in another body before you got it lent to you, they say there's a part of your brain 'ats su-p-i-n-e-a-l—that's the way you spell it, an' it's what they call a gland—that needs eddicatin' up, an' when it's got learnin' enough it can let you see things an' help you do things like

Madame Blavatsky did—jiggin' baggage from one country to another 'thout havin' it checked nor nothin'. There wuz a lecturin' woman I heard once when I wuz visitin' here before I come to study at my higher eddication—well, her name wuz Mrs. Annie Besant, an' she's one of them theosophizers, too, an' I believe she's a good woman, I don't care what they say about her, an' she didn't act crazy like they said. An' ef she wuz, 'twasn't her fault. Ef you've gone crazy you can't help it, but it's bein' wicked you'll get jedged fur. Now she believes our souls ain't brand new, an' do you know it hurts me to think about that. Seems as ef it takes away the reason fur your strivin' after good. Ef you've gone an' done wrong you're apt to say—"taint my fault—it's that old second-hand soul I've got—it ain't used to bein' good and tellin' the truth." An' of course ef it ain't a new soul, there's reason in it—maybe it belonged to a newspaper man or one of them auctioneers, an' I can't see how you'd be blamed ef the old thing went on follerin' its old ways an' gettin' into its old habits. For my own part I wouldn't feel near as condemned when I've done somethin' I know's wrong, ef I wuzn't sot on believin' that I got started out with my little slate an' pencil brand-new, an' with never a scratch on my spiritual bein' to show that anybody else wuz ever let write a single letter on it.

An' now I'm goin' to the Fair—'tain't so much of a thing here in the city as it wuz back where I come from. The country people go mostly to see the Fair, an' the city people go to see the country folks, at least you'd think so by their talk, though seems to me there's a good many things city folks might learn there if they wuz so bent on studyin' as they let on. I believe it's jest as big a sign of being ign'rant, not to know a horse-rake from a cultivator as it is to hev to ask which is the cash register an' which is the type-writin' machine. City folks don't look at it that way, but, my sakes, I kin see it's so, an' it can't be very far from the tramped down path o' common things.

SUSANNAH.



ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

VISITOR.—"Whose grave is this to be, my man?"

SEXTON.—"Old Skinflint's, the richest man in the village."

VISITOR.—"What complaint?"

SEXTON.—"None at all, sir. Everybody's perfectly satisfied."



" BENEFIT OF CLERGY."

THE CAPTAIN—(to rev. tourist) "Well, Mr. Fourthly, I hope your trip has done you good, and that you are returning to your work with renewed vigor."

REV. MR. FOURTHLY.—"O, yes, it has benefitted me immensely. I feel positively like a giant,—I believe I can preach twice a week for the next twelve months without breaking down!"

MISTAKE, SORRY TO SAY.

LIKE many other persons and papers, GRIP finds himself unhappily mistaken as to the attitude of the Papal Delegate, Satolli, on the liquor traffic. It now appears, from official explanations of the exact scope of his late decision, that Mgr. Satolli has, as a matter of fact, expressed no opinion upon the question of saloon-keeping; he has simply decided that it is within the province of any Bishop to make such rules as to the Church's relations to liquor sellers (or any other matter involving the well-being of his flock) as he may think fit. The boquets we have been throwing to the Pope's representative, and the glory we have been ascribing to the Church as the future strong friend of the Home as against the Saloon, we are obliged regretfully to take back.

MARS AN' US.

THERE seems to be a great hub-bub in astronomical circles again, over the planet Mars. All the big spy-glasses on earth are just now pointed Mars-wards, and a learned jabber-jabber is going on all round. The point of greatest interest at the moment is the alleged discovery of three lights on the planet placed so as to represent a triangle. This is interpreted to mean a communication to the inhabitants of earth, a D. H. telegraphic dispatch, as it were, reading in effect—"I am inhabited with intelligent beings. Understand elements Euclid. Do you? Answer. Mars." As a matter of courtesy we would like to comply and "answer," but the question is, how? Flammarion thinks he knows how it could be done, but as a last resort we can fall back on Edison, so the point need not worry us. The greater question is—after we have answered the triangle, and Mars has responded with a square figure, and we have replied with a circle, and have come to feel quite neighborly and well acquainted—the question is, what are we going to do about it?"

THE latest form of dissipation in New York is the inhalation of nitrous oxide gas. The doctors declare it to be highly dangerous. None of the city Alderman are known to indulge in it. Aldermen don't have to.

It is proposed to purchase the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, in which Thomas Carlyle lived for over forty years, but \$20,000 is required, and the appeal for funds doesn't seem to go with the British population. It looks as if there isn't quite so high a percentage of fools as the late Thomas estimated.

A POINTER FOR MR. HILL.

MR. HILL, of the Industrial Exhibition, probably flatters himself that he has exhausted all the possibilities in the making up of an attractive programme. If so, we have a shock in store for his self-complacency. We want to show him that he can sit at the feet of the obscure country fair, and learn a few wrinkles, and so, without further prelude we submit a clipping from the advertisement of the Unionville Fair, held near Brockville, Sept. 11th, 12th and 13th:

" SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

"Include baloon ascension by Prof. Leo Stevens of New York, who will probably make an ascent at 2 p.m. the last of fair. Religious services by Salvationists at 11 a.m. the second day, and Rev. D. Winter for the Methodists at 1 p.m., and Rev. Dr. Sparling at 2 p.m. Services for the 3rd day announced from stand. Salvail's Pavilion Show and Eden Musce Combination, including Lee Whitton, weighing 715 pounds, and other specialties. Lyndhurst Brass Band of 20 instruments on the grounds the 2 last days. Sporting in the ring the last two days for purses aggregating over \$300. Candy kitchen in full operation each day. See dodgers for full particulars."

There! how is that? Mr. Hill will have to confess with an abashed brow that the happy thought of working in religious features in this style is something entirely original with the Unionville management, but is there any reason why he should not improve upon the idea next year himself?

AFTER THE BANQUET.

"OH, papa, how nice!" exclaimed the mayor's boys and girls, when the presentation portrait was hung upon the wall of his "humble home." "How very nice! They've done you in oil, haven't they?" "Yes, dears, because that's the sort of a sardine I am," replied His Worship, with a comprehensive smile.

A FLOATING paragraph says that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given his daughters to understand that they are not to be great heiresses. This means, we suppose, that each of 'em will be cut off with a beggarly million or so.

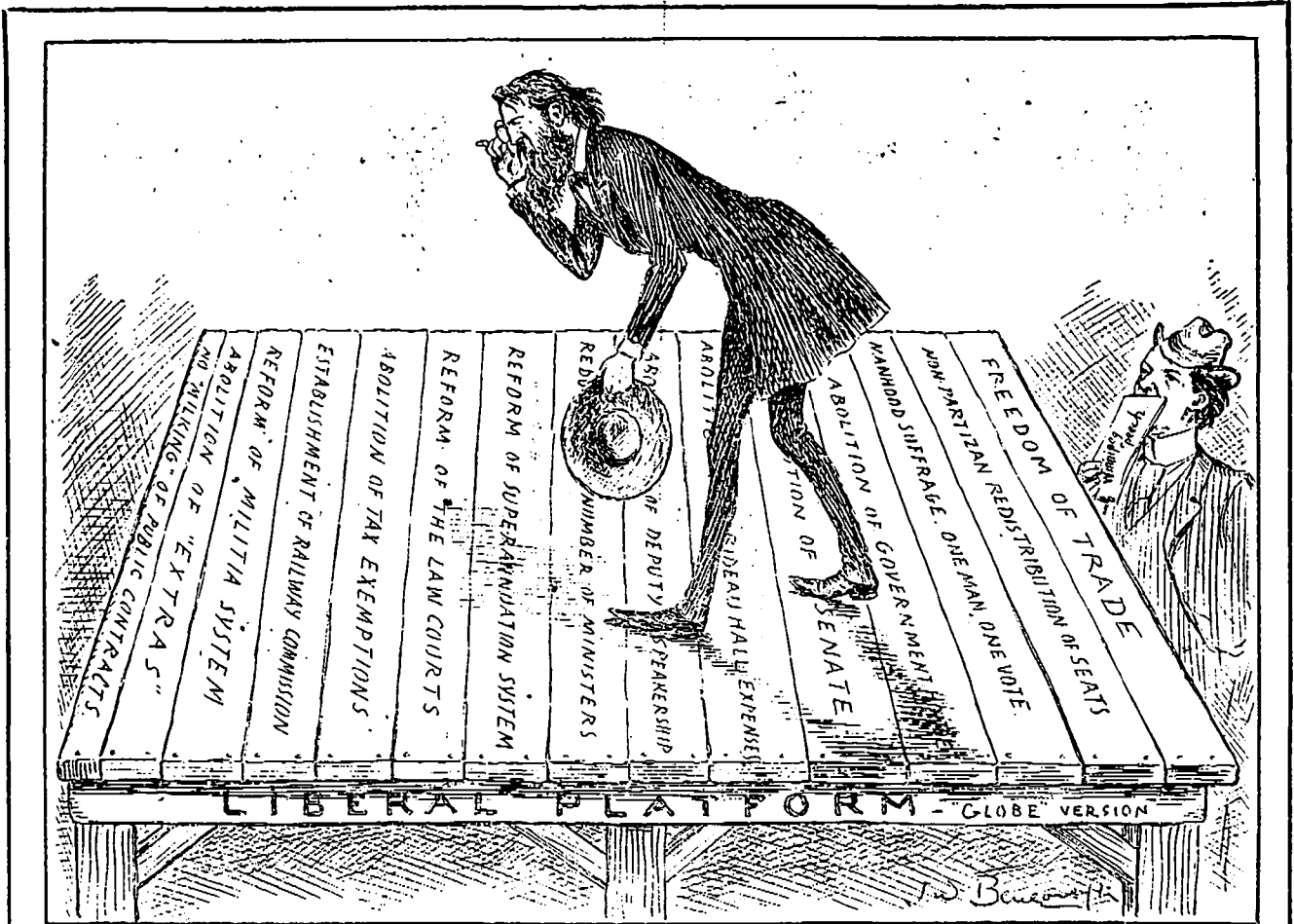
IS'NT it queer how the Aldermen just happen to be around every time the Exhibition Directors are going to sit down to lunch with distinguished guest?



ESCAPED A DREADED FATE.

RAGGLES—"What you so scairt about? Can't you see the snake's dead?"

JAGGLES—(Not yet out of his paroxysm of fright): "Oh! I—I thought 'twas alive and m-might bite me, and I'd be 'bliged to t-take w-w-whiskey!"



LOOKING FOR THE PROHIBITION PLANK.

THE SUMMER MAN.

HE'S usually to be seen in flannels. Don't blame him, he likes to look as if he had been camping, seasiding, or at least boating. He's generally young and callow, but that's his chief charm. Although neither he nor his several best girls know it, they and he, especially he, rather fancy him a man of the world after needful recuperation and rural enjoyments.

Both he and the girls firmly believe that no summer hotel has any claim to picturesqueness, that has not at least one of him on the front veranda, telling stories of life and giving his opinion on the way fish should be cooked. He doesn't tell how many fish he catches, he considers that the pet vice of older men, but he knows exactly what sort of sauce they use with maskinonge at his club, and whether black bass should be broiled or fried.

Alas, the summer man isn't always at the summer resorts. He's mostly at home. He's grinding at his office from ten o'clock until four, his identity hidden in old coats, his splendid physique reduced to the muscular development of the fingers that hold a pen. He leads a dual existence, business grub in the morning, summer butterfly in the evening. Don't mix him up with the bicycle man, he's a totally different creation, he revolves on a little wheel of his own. He would never submit to have his personality lost mid two great things of steel and rubber. Don't for a moment either believe that the summer man is a brother to the summer girl, they've never been known to acknowledge any nearer relationship than that of cousinship, although they bear a remarkable likeness to each other in the opinion they mutually possess, that they are each irresistible to the

opposite sex. This sometimes leads to trouble on both sides. Undoubtedly the poet had them and their sorrows in mind when he calls the fall of the year the "melancholy days."

When summer muslins and flannels are put away, the refrain of too many of these light-hearted, light-apparelled young creatures might well be said to be, "did you ever get left?" for when the warm days are gone do we not know that the leafing time of the year has come?

J. M. Loes.

TO THOSE FREE WITH ADVICE.

WHEN you're inclined to give advice
As to what a man should do,
And think in words so choice and nice
To urge the proper view,
"Take some of it yourself."

For most men *know* the proper thing,
To do it's harder far;
And ten to one the advice you'd fling,
The sought for end would bar—
"Take some of it yourself."

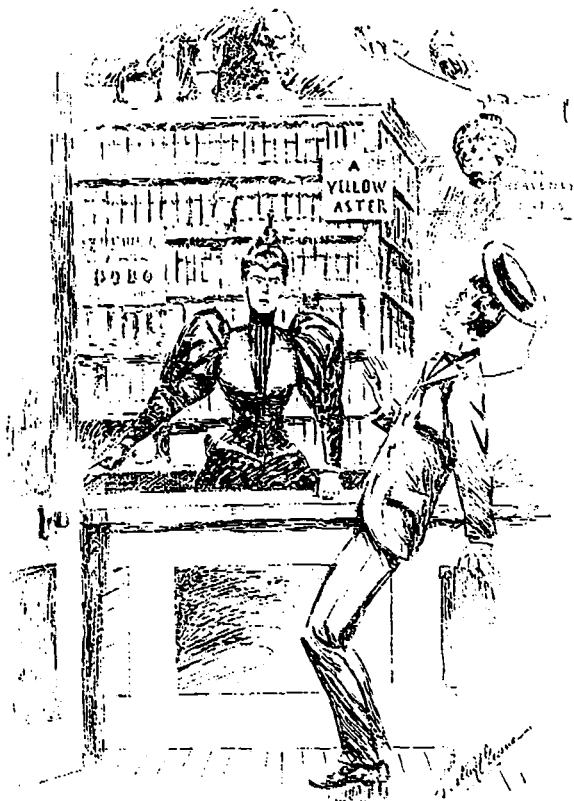
Some day perhaps in need you'll be
Of every helping hand;
Wish you responsive crowds to see?
Leave off your critic's stand,
"Take some of it yourself."

F. D. Jacob.

"I'M A Patron of Industry," as the fellow said who was having his footgear "done" by a boot-black.



ONE IS PREMIER, THE OTHER IS EVIDENTLY PRIME-MINISTER.



"NIPPED IN THE BUD."

SEVERE PERSON (to Alec Smart, the humorist, just as he enters bookstore)—"Now, sir, before you utter a pun on the title of any of these novels, be good enough to step outside!"

MORE PERPLEXED THAN EVER.

MANY of the readers of GRIP have no doubt read Henry George's recent work, "A Perplexed Philosopher"—meaning Mr. Herbert Spencer. The book is a brilliant and amusing *expose* of Spencer's vain attempt to explain away, in his latest work, "Justice," the unanswerable argument he made in "Social Statics" against the system of private property in land. In the language of the sporting fraternity the great philosopher was most effectually "done up," and it would have been well for his fame had he decided to keep quiet and let the whole thing blow over. Aggravated, however, by the appearance of his argument from "Social Statics" in the form of a campaign document issued by the English Land Restoration League, (he in the meantime being regarded as the honored ally of the Liberty and Property Defence League—the landowner's society) he has rushed into print with a charge of garbling against the issuers of the leaflet. This has led to a spirited controversy in the columns of the London *Daily Chronicle*, and Spencer has only succeeded in making it plain that he is more perplexed and muddled than ever. In order to illustrate this somewhat forcibly we quote, first from the argument he originally made (Social Statics, chap. IX.)

"However difficult it may be to embody that theory (viz. by the co-heirship of all men to the soil) in fact, equity sternly commands it to be done." "But unfortunately," he goes on, "most of our present landowners are men who have either mediately or immediately—either by their own acts or by the acts of their ancestors—given for their estates equivalents of honestly-earned wealth, believing that they were investing their savings in a legitimate manner. To justly estimate and liquidate the claims of such is one of the

most intricate problems society will one day have to solve. But with this perplexity and our extrication from it abstract morality has no concern. Men having got themselves into the dilemma by disobedience to the law must get out of it as well as they can and with as little injury to the landed class as may be."

And next we quote the latest deliverance of this "great thinker," dated August 29th of the present year of grace.

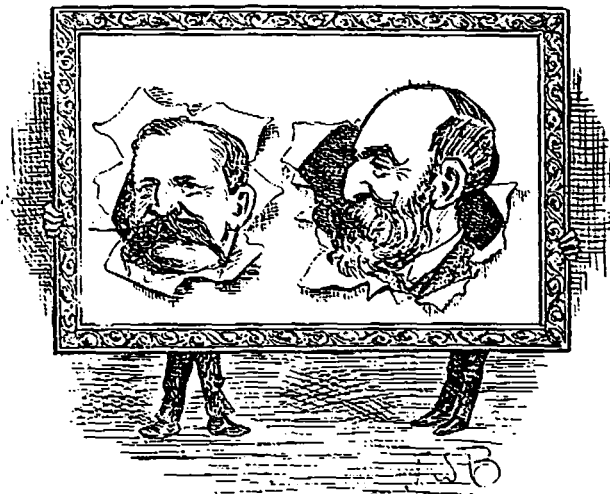
"My argument in 'Social Statics' was based upon the untenable assumption that the existing English community had a moral right to the land. They never had anything of the kind. They were robbers all round. Normans robbed Danes and Saxons; Saxons robbed Celts; Celts robbed the aborigines, traces of whose earth houses we find here and there. Let the English Land Restoration League find the descendants of these last, and restore the land to them. There never was any equity in the matter, and re-establishment of a supposed original equity is a dream. The stronger people have been land-thieves from the beginning, and have remained land-thieves down to the present hour." !!!

Comment is surely unnecessary!

EDISON, CORBETT & CO.

GRIP is, of course, a friend of science, and deems it a duty and pleasure to advance the cause of invention, and all that sort of thing. He regards Mr. Thomas Edison as a great mechanical and scientific genius, who deserves the applause of the nineteenth century; and whatever Mr. Edison may think it necessary to do in the working out of his ideas, Mr. GRIP feels in duty bound to approve. This is why we do not denounce the prize fight given for kinetographic purposes—and a purse of \$5,000—at the Edison Laboratory the other day by the plug-uglies, Corbett and Courtney, on which occasion the "champion" smashed the other fellow to the full value of the money. If it were not for the foregoing considerations, however, we would certainly call this a disgraceful affair, and we would go on to say that Edison in paying the money for the exhibition, was if anything worse than the pugs, and that his intention to have the whole brutal business fixed up in the kinetograph so that it can be exhibited all over the country for the further demoralization of the people was making a bad matter several degrees worse. But we will refrain from making any such unpleasant remarks, as it was all done in the interests of the noble cause of science.

MR. E. B. Harper, of the Reserve Fund Life, may fully deserve the title he so proudly wears of "The Napoleon of Insurance," but it does not fit any better than "The Wellington of Advertisers" fits Mr. W. J. McMurtry, after the banquets and booming of last week.



"LIVING PICTURES."



YE GALLANT LAURIER MEETETH YE SCHOOL QUESTION.
YE WORLD AWAITETH YE RESULT.

MCCARTHY AND THE PATRONS.

A Letter From Hosca Bowles, of Garcefraxa, to Ephiam Muggins, of Glenelg.

DEER MUGGINS,

I RED in a paper tother day that this here man Dalton McCarthy has been talkin and sayin that nex eleksshun his party and the patrons is goin to sweep the country and he goes on a hitchin his mule onto our wagon. i guess we don't intend to stand no such nonsens, an ime goin to get our Council to pass a motion at the nex meetin that we don't no this feller McCarthy an ain't got nothin to do with his party, (on redin this over i see it is potery, but i didn't mean to do it); i think it woud be a good idee for you to get this same sort of a motion passed by your lodge. We don't want to get mixed up with McCarthy jist the same as he dont want to have no truck, so he says, with the P. P. A. He is a lawyer as you probly no, an a pretty slick lawyer, too, and the P. I. don't want no lawyers to run the machine for them. We've had too much of it all along and now we want to show em that we've got heads on our shoulders to run the business for ourselves. If McCarthy and his party like to chip in and vote with us at Ottawa to git the tariff taxes knocked off, and to wipe out a whole grist of dudes down there that is eatin us out of house and home with big salaries, and to clean up things generly, all right, but we want 'em to know that they got to foller our wagin and not to drive it. Now, Muggins, you kin reed this letter to your nabers and see what they think about it, but don't fale to git the council to pass the motion to head off this chap McCarthy. Yours and so forth,

HOSEA BOWLES.

SOMEBODY mentioned to Picaroon that the west coast of Ireland is an excelledt place to live—one can in fact, live in good style there for next to nothing. "It is all very well to live for nothing," replied the wit, "but people can only live for nothing in places where there is nothing to live for."

THE NEW WELL.

THE summer was long and hot and dry,
And dry was the farmyard well:
So father decided a new one to dig
Ere the rains of autumn fell.

The digger came with divining-rod
Cut out from the old plum-tree,
He chose him a spot, near the garden plot,
Where he said the water must be.

The great round bucket went up and down
On the windlass day by day,
The men took me down to the bottom some-
times,
And sent me up on the clay.

One night I dreamed that I went down,
A little boy all alone,
When I came to the place where the bottom
should be
A bottom there was none.

And faster and faster down I flew,
Till the well's mouth, high and far
Above my head, seemed so very small,
That it twinkled like a star.

And faster and faster my senses reeled,
And nothing more I knew,
Till I, waking up, found I had gone
Nearly the great world through.

ust beneath me sounded the voices of men,
The bustle of life I heard,
The laughter of children came to me,
And the thrilling song of the bird.

And I shouted "Hallo! my friends,
What do you do down there?
What wonderful curious things do you see,
What sights of beauty rare?"

Are you eating the bread fruit, banana and date,
Fanned by the tropical air?
Or mounted on elephant huge do you hunt
The tiger in his lair?

In sculptured temple with idol of gold,
Are you now bowed worshipping?
Or do you stand in a palace grand
Before a bejewelled king?

On some shady seat in a garden sweet,
Do you sit by the fountain's spray,
And feast your eyes on a new paradise?
O, what are you doing I pray?"

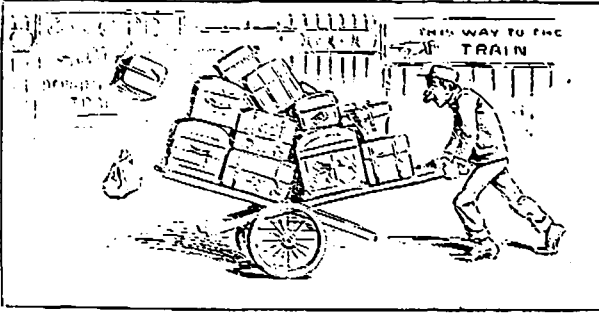
From the depths profound a solemn sound
Fell on my listening ear,
'Twas my daddy's voice—"I've called you
twice,
Get right up out of here!"

ITEM FOR BRADSTREETS.—Certain of our evening papers are "running down Hill."

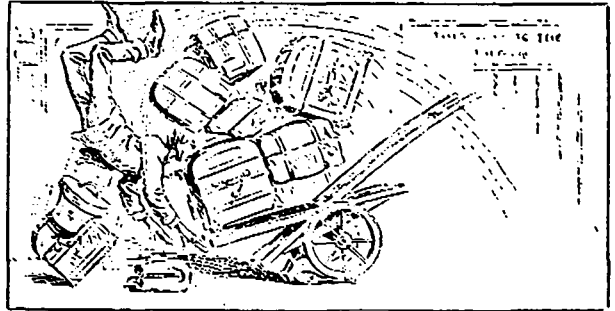


HOLDING HIS OWN.

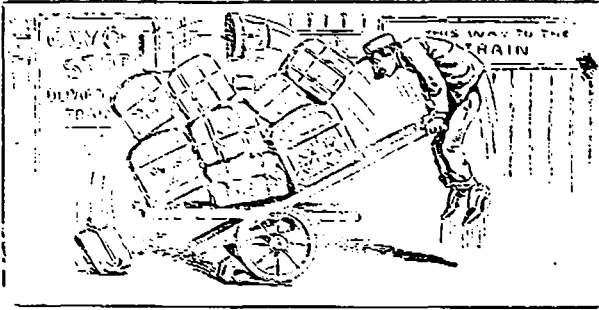
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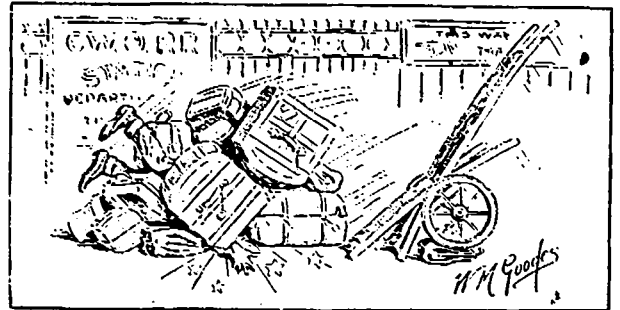
1- BAGGAGE SMASHER: Hang so much baggage! I'd like to—



3- the whole—



2- smash—



4- business!!!

PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.

VI.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING.

HE'S not such a rara avis as you might think ; in fact, it is absolutely astonishing in how many places he flourishes, sucking in news and knowledge with phenomenal rapidity. There is no such thing as springing a surprise on this man, no matter how wonderful a piece of news you tell him, he's heard of it before, scented it from afar off, almost sooner than the parties concerned suspected it themselves. He has intuitions, he has.

Tell him of some recent scientific discovery, and you'll find he has thought it out long ago, dreamt of its application to common every day uses, when his parents believed he was absorbing the alphabet. He rarely, however, gives his friends the benefit of all he knows on a subject, until they start it, and then he quenches their desire to spread useful information by saying he was "familiar with it when they were cutting their eye-teeth."

Relate a thrilling experience of your own, and instead of invoking his sympathy and interest, he looks you coldly in the face and says, "Ah, yes, that reminds me of something similar, but more exciting, that happened to myself," and he forces you to listen to an instant recital of an event which leaves your's tame and pointless.

It's the same with everything else. You can't mention a country, or a city, or a play, or even a scrape you've tumbled into, but you're met with his "I've been there." Not that the fellow usually volunteers his experiences and erudition. A casual acquaintance with him might leave you with the opinion that he didn't know any more than his neighbours ; it is only when you are anxious to tell something yourself that you discover how much he really knows. He isn't prodigal in scattering his acquirements, he rather exists for the express purpose of curbing the verbosity of other people. In a world where we are all inclined to be generous with words, we're not as grateful to him as we might be.

J.M. LOES.

IN the *Mail's* account of the great thunder storm of a recent date, we learn that lightning struck the tower of the *Mail* building and shattered the staff. Particulars were not given, but from the fact that all the departments of the paper have been up to the usual standard every day since, we conclude that no member of the shattered staff was fatally hurt, whereupon we offer our neighborly congratulations.

MR. LAURIER'S "courting" tour continues very auspiciously, and it is whispered in society that the young lady thinks he is a very charming young man indeed. Whether it will really end in an engagement it is hard to say,—especially since Laurier's opponents have decided to send Sir Charley Tupper up to convince the fair one that her suitor is a man of dangerous political principle and would be a very poor provider.

MIXED ADJECTIVES.—The murder of Horace B. Schilley, whose body was found riddled with rifle balls and badly mutilated Sept. 8th, is spoken of in a despatch to the papers as "another chapter of the famous and bloody Pleasant Valley feud."

PRESIDENT HARPER showed good judgment in making his speech at the banquet short. He exhausted neither himself nor his hearers, and it was quite evident that he had a big Reserve Fund of talk to draw upon if wanted.

THE *London Times* has a despatch from Tien Tsin that Li Hung Chang has not been punished by the Emperor as reported. It intimates that the great Chow statesman is no more degraded than usual.

REFERRING to Mr. David Mills' article on Evolution in the *Canadian Magazine* an esteemed contemporary says, "he handles his object ably." An ordinary writer handles his subject, but with David it appears to otherwise.

"STAGE work is no child's play," says Rev. Prof. Shuttleworth in a defence of the theatrical profession. No ; it isn't child's play, perhaps, but it is usually "play" all the same.

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AN OPEN LETTER.

FROM A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

A Remarkable Cure of Consumption in its Last Stages—Is this Once Dread Disease Conquered?—Important facts to all Suffering from Diseased or Weak Lungs.

ELMWOOD, Ont., Aug. 21, 1891

Dear Sirs.—I wish to call your attention to a remarkable cure of consumption. In March, 1883, I was called in my professional capacity to see Miss Christina Koester, of North Brant, who was then suffering from an attack of inflammation of the left lung. The attack was a severe one, the use of the lung being entirely gone from the effect of the disease. I treated her for two weeks, when recovery seemed assured. I afterwards heard from her at intervals that the progress of recovery was satisfactory. The case then passed from my notice until June, when I was again called to see her, her friends thinking she had gone into consumption. On visiting her I found their suspicions too well founded. From robust health she had wasted to a mere skeleton, scarcely able to walk across the room. She was suffering from an intense cough, and expectoration of putrid matter, in fact about a pint each night. There was a burning hectic fever with chills daily. A careful examination of the previously diseased lung showed that its function was entirely gone, and that in all probability it was entirely destroyed. Still having hopes that the trouble was due to a collection of water around the lung I asked for a consultation, and the following day with a prominent physician from a neighboring town, again made a careful examination. Every symptom and physical sign indicated the onset of rapid consumption and the breaking down of the lungs. Death certainly seemed but a short time distant. A regretful experience had taught me the uselessness of the ordinary remedies used for this dread and fatal disease, and no hope was to be looked for in this direction. I had frequently read the testimonials in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in wasting diseases, but not knowing their composition hesitated to use them. Finally, however, I decided to give them a trial, and I am free to say that I only used them at a stage when I knew of absolutely nothing else that could save the patient's life. The test was a most severe one and I must also admit an unfair one, as the patient was so far gone as to make all hope of recovery seem impossible. A very short time, however, convinced me of the value of Pink Pills. Although only using an ordinary soothing cough mixture along with the pills, within a week the symptoms had abated so much that it was no longer necessary for me to make daily calls. Recovery was so rapid that within a month Miss Koester was able to drive to my office, a distance of about six miles, and was feeling reasonably well, except for weakness. The expectoration had ceased, the cough was gone and the breathing in the diseased lung was being restored. The use of the Pink Pills was continued until the end of October, when she ceased to take the medicine, being in perfect health. I still watched her case with deep interest, but almost a year has now passed and not a trace of her illness remains. In fact she is as well as ever she was and no one would suspect that she had ever been ailing, to say nothing of having been in the clutches of such a deadly di-

sease as consumption. Her recovery through the use of Pink Pills after having reached a stage when other remedies were of no avail is so remarkable that I feel myself justified in giving the facts to the public, and I regret that the composition of the pills is not known to the medical profession at large in order that their merit may be tested in many more diseases and their usefulness be thus extended. I intend giving them an extended trial in the case of consumption, believing from their action in this case, (so well marked) that they will prove a curative in all cases where a cure is at all possible—I mean before the lungs are entirely destroyed.

Yours truly,

J. EVANS, M.D.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brockville, Ont.

JUST A WORD.

Within the last two months accounts have been sent to those who read GRIP every week but have not paid for it. A large number owe for longer or shorter periods previous to the suspension of GRIP in July, 1893, as well as for the present year. We want all these old arrears to be wiped off. The list came into our hands when GRIP was revived and we paid hard cash for it, which we would like to get back. We know times are hard, but they are hard for us as well as for you, and as "mony littles make a muckle," the small sums you owe aggregate a large amount. Come, now, you won't miss the small sum, while it will help to replenish our coffers and make us happy. Look at your address label, and if you are not clear on GRIP's books let him hear from you by next mail.

**

In another column will be found an open letter from a prominent physician relating the facts of a cure of consumption after the patient had reached the last stages of this hitherto unconquered disease. The statements made are really remarkable, and mark another advance in the progress of medical science. Our readers will find the article well worth a careful perusal.

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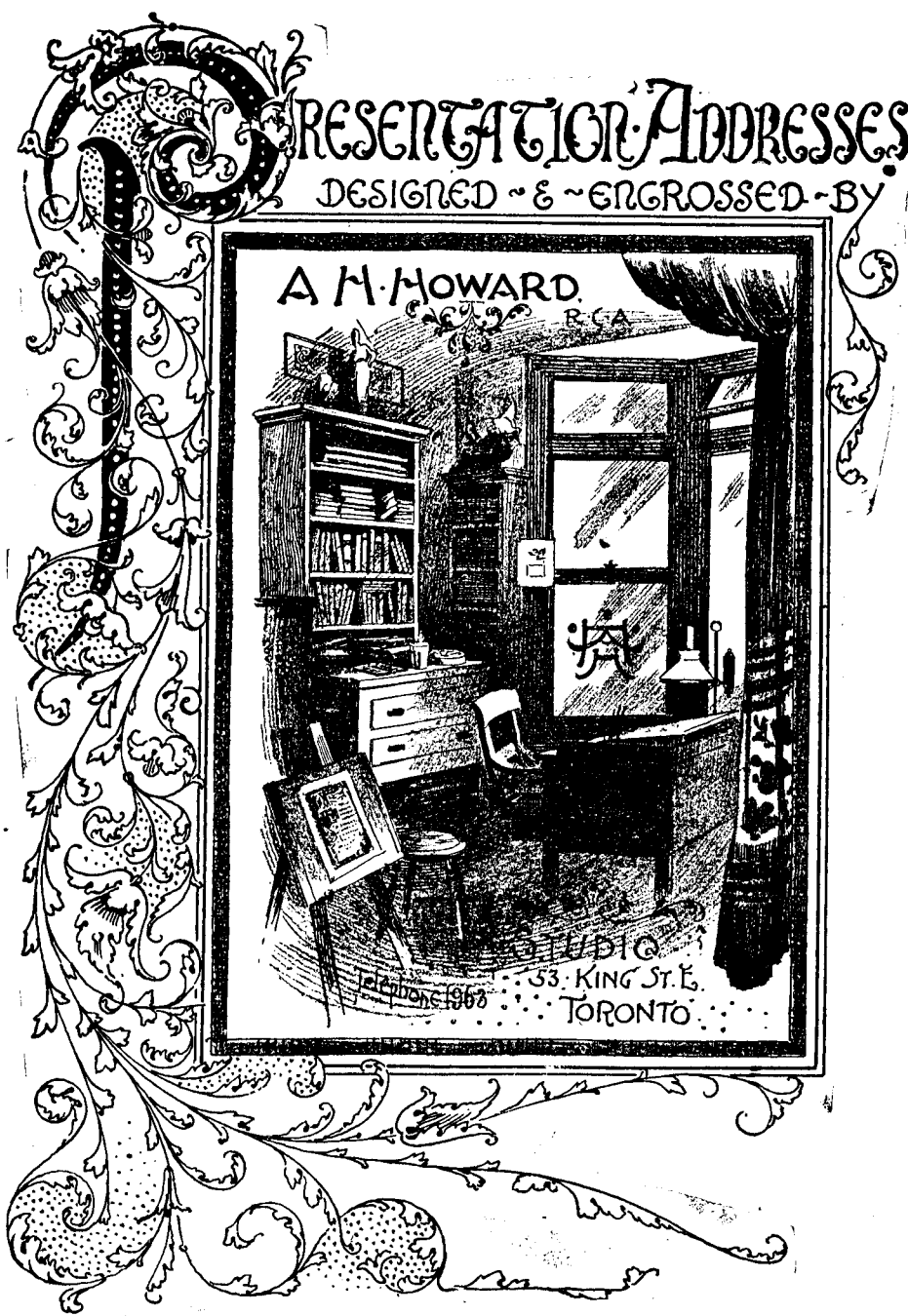
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