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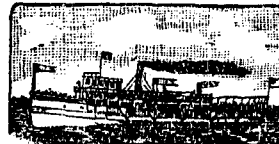
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The Railway and Steamboat Times, December 11th, 1893, says: "Science has only begun. Many things undiscovered up to the present date, one in particular being a cure for baldness or falling hair."

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

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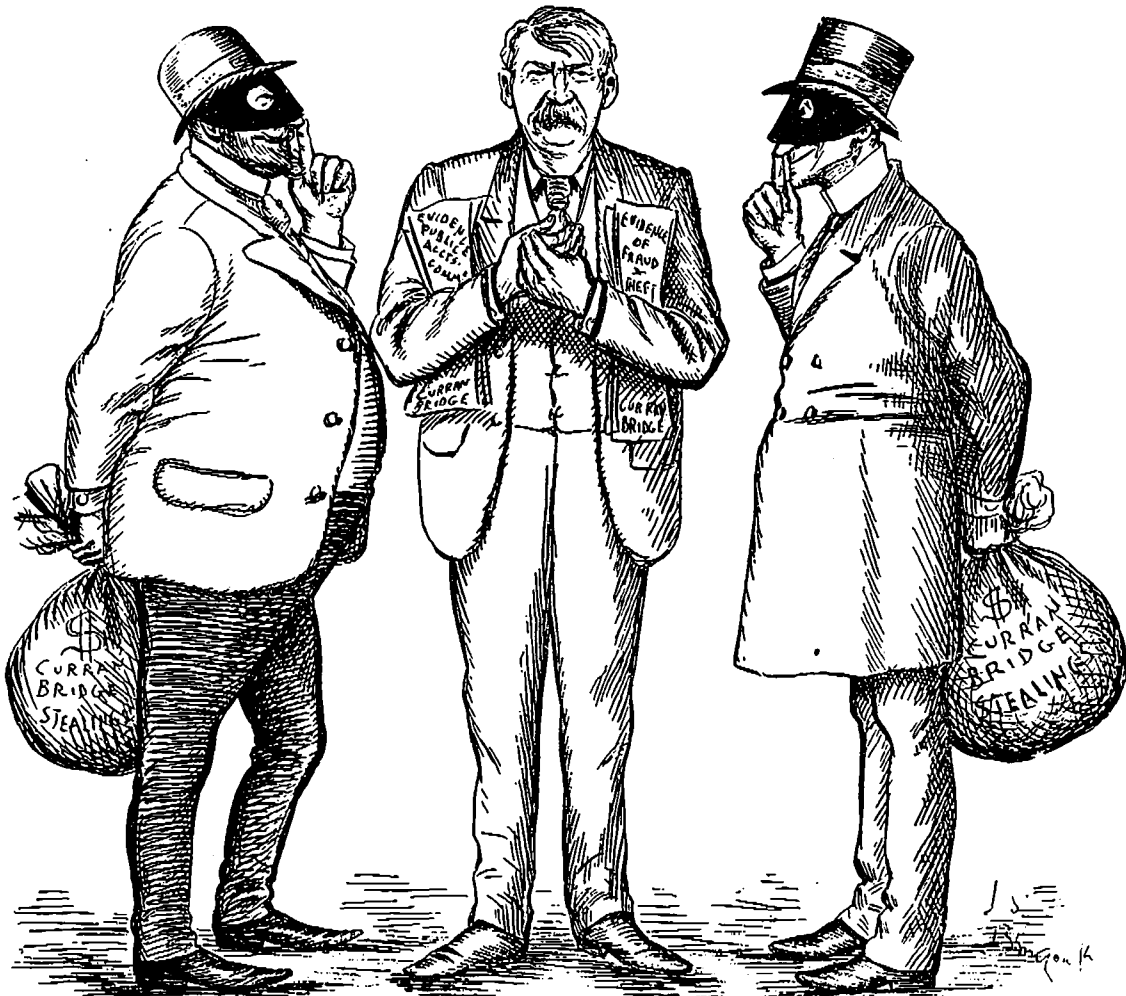
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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

No. 1078

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No. 4.



HAGGART'S PAINFUL DUTY.

"My dear political friends, don't think hard of me, it's not my fault, you know; duty compels me to—er—request you, if you don't mind, in fact to ask you—excuse me if I hurt your feelings—to—er—DISGORGE!"



MOUNTED POLICE.

SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, July 24th, '94.

NOW that I've seen the thing through, I'm mighty glad I went down to Ottawa to tend that Parliament. There was days when I felt bad fur my country, and down trodden 'cause I was a woman who couldn't vote, but on the whole and considering the legislating folks is men, they get along middling. Plain making of laws and sects aint so big a job, but this tacking and planning and playing with your head under the table, fussing, fighting, sicking on the good talkers and shutting up the ones that are always making mistakes, are what takes up the time. Speaking as a single woman whose board and keep was her own lookout, this session's been a lot too long. It begun too late and it drug folks through the hottest kind of weather in the hottest kind of a place. It aint for me to grumble though, for I didn't have to stay unless I liked; but if I was a member I'd hold a indignation meeting and have a big time. If I was a member of the Tory side I'd talk of those Grits that obstructed legislation, and if I was a Grit I'd holler about the government that made so many clerical errors and wasn't never ready on their own day, but was always taking away private members days, letting the show members pull hard forrard, but taking good care that there was some hefty ones pulling back. Whichever side I was on I'd make a fuss about having members sitting in that awful stuffy House, perspiring all the fight out of them and spoiling their tempers and digestions with hope deferred that made them sick all over.

The last few days wasn't of much account, being mostly straight-forrard business, but I tell you, they put on the flummadoodles when it comes to proroguing. The Commons have a pretty high-handed time all session, but they have to stand beyond the bar when they go in to visit the Senators. The Governor sits on the throne, after driving up to the House, with four horses and men riding along side to take care of him, and they're all dreadful grand with gold lace and swords and spurs and all them things. We

may be plain folks underneath us Canadians, but there's a lot of gilt on the top of our gingerbread.

It's a solemn thing to recollect the misery what's lived through and died under, how folks starve and sin and suffer for want of the very bread that folly's old duds could be traded off for. I aint got no idea of reforming this here world, but the feeling sticks to me and it gets pretty weighty on my heart sometimes.

Looking down from the galleries some days, you'd wonder how anything could get done, with no body the least mite interested, and other days nothing could get done, for the crosswise tugging what eight or ten of 'em was doing at once. There's certain questions that seem to belong to certain members, and if a man's got something on his mind on one side of the House, there's pretty apt to be a man on the other side who'll always follow him and try to make out that the honorable gentleman doesn't know what he's talking about anyhow, that his plans are no good and he's only got a holler where others have brains. Seem's to me every one what's got a bill or anything has got a black bear, as the stylish folks say on the other side of the House. Sometimes it's on his own side, which is a sign of independence on the part of one of 'em, but it aint considered the best thing for the party.

Now there's Mr. McCarthy—he's a fighter. He's kicked clean over the traces and he talks to both sides in a I'm your big uncle kind of way.

Sometimes you see a Tory member bring up something and talk dreadful hard for it, and then just as soon as ever the Minister who belongs to the question gets up and asks him to withdraw it for one reason or two, or none at all, he says real meek that he'll do it. Politics would be a lot cleaner if folks would be what they are and speak what they think and in all things keep themselves loyal to truth, as Mr. Longfellow said, and die happier. I heard a man say truth and politics couldn't pull together, and he seemed to think there was something the matter with truth, which aint likely.

SUSANNAH.

MR. LAURIER is going on a trip to the North-West next month. It is expected that he will address congregations at various points *en route*. Subject: "What we Didn't Do in the Session just closed."



LIVING UP TO IT.

PROPRIETOR—"Say! can't you read that sign? It says 'no fishing allowed'!"

MR. JOHNSING—"Dat's all right, boss; I'se keepin' still as a mouse."



NOT TO BE COAXED; HE SEES THE CLUB.

THE HOUSE ADJOURNS.

THE session is over at long last, to the vast relief of the members and the country—although it is true the country was being relieved pretty freely before adjournment. His Excellency has given the royal assent to a long list of bills, of which it may be said in general that they are either useless or harmful. We ought, no doubt, to be thankful to our representatives for enduring so long a seige of wearisome duty, and so we are. But the solemn fact remains—and the members know it as well as any of us—that the session has been a waste of valuable time and not easily earned money, so far as the interests of the country are concerned. Both positively and negatively has this loss been inflicted—positively by such humbug measures as the subsidy voted to the “fast steamship line,” and negatively by the inadequate manner in which certain plain hoodling revelations were dealt with. As to the great question of Tariff Reform, which was to have crowned the session with honor, whatever else might have been done or left undone, it was a veritable fake. It was as if the protected interests allowed Mr. Foster to imagine for a few minutes that he was free to act for the people, and then, when he had made some necessary changes in the Tariff under this impression, quickly restored him to the knowledge that he is a mere automaton and made him undo nearly all that he had done.

BISLEY.

FROM the amount of space the proceedings at Bisley occupy in the daily papers we take it that it is a matter of very considerable importance to the Dominion of Canada that her citizens should be able to shoot a rifle straighter than other people. There seems to be a species of glory connected with the matter in some way, though we cannot quite make it out. The utility of straight shooting among soldiers fifty or one hundred years ago was quite

apparent, and rifle matches, as a means of developing skill in the art, were understandable. But now that the soldier business has been resolved into a mere question of machinery; when a pale cheeked scientist with the new fashioned gun can sit at his ease and mow down whole armies of athletes a mile away, it will be little to the purpose that each of those athletes won prizes at Bisley. As a peculiarly military institution there is no excuse for Bisley and the newspaper space it occupies.

“Out on strike!” cried the Umpire, as they led Debs to jail.



ONE.

“Where are you off to, Wheeler?”
“Oh, just going for a—



TWO.

Spin!"

THE DARTS OF CUPID.

NOW I'm a bachelor, grim and grey,
But indeed I wasn't always that way!

Years ago when I was young,
The praise of maids oft have I sung.

More than once I lost my heart,
But somehow we never were long apart.

I'll tell you a few of my little affairs,
—They happened whilst I was sowing my tares.

First there was Edith, merry and gay,
But in the end she said me nay.

Belle was a sweetly pretty brunette,
I fell in love the first time we met.

But she chose another, a man of much dross,—
I swore I would never get over my loss!

Then came Helen, graceful and tall,
To her I offered my little all.

She promised to be a sister to me—
I've quite a collection of *them*, you see.

Last on the list, is a dainty maid.—
At least she was in a past decade.

Mildred, the bonniest of the crew,
Pretty, smiling and piquant, too.

I said that I loved her with heart and soul—
By this time I was quite up in the *role*.

Another relation I gained on the spot,
But it was the kind that I needed not.

I never again did tempt my fate,
(I don't count that little flirtation with Kate.)

And when I recall those days long past,
I give hearty thanks that the die was ne'er cast.

Edith is now no longer gay,
And Belle's sweet beauty has faded away.

Helen's charms have long been dead,
And Mildred—well, there's been enough said.

For perhaps, after all, I cannot deny
That the mem'ry of one still calls up a sigh.

Shadow.

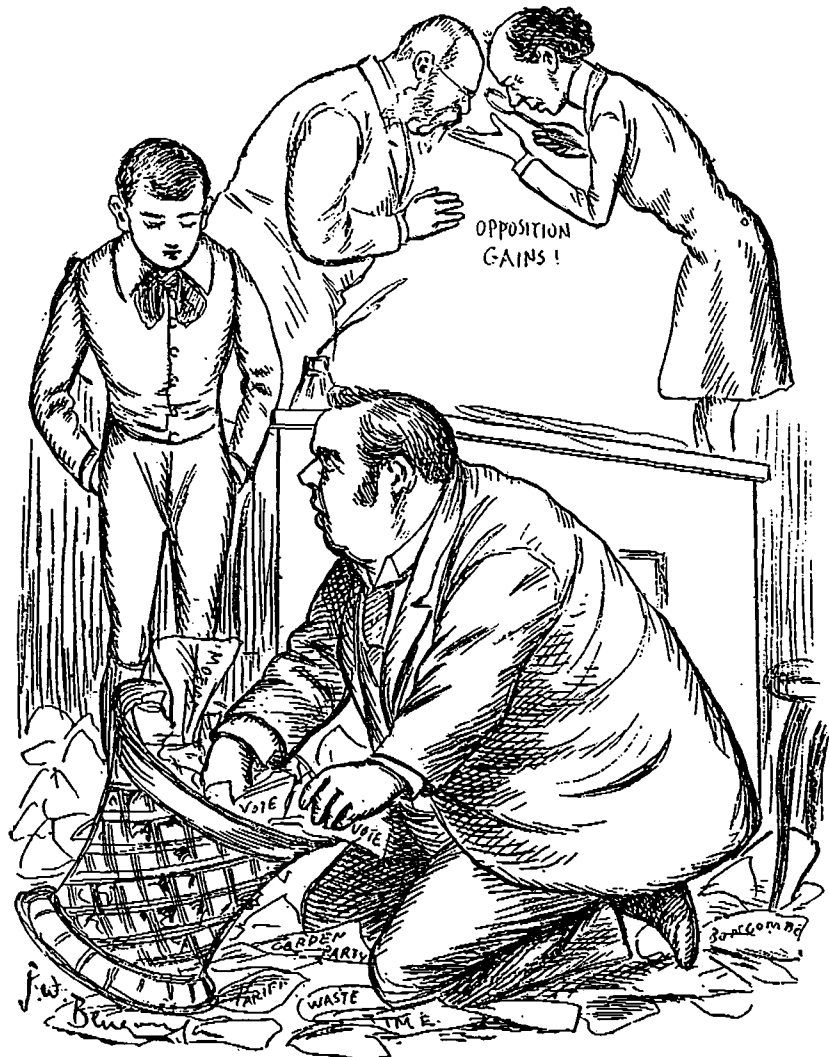
BAR-BIRDS.

THE following interesting ornithological item is going the rounds:

"Birds have built their nests in some peculiar places, but one of the strangest on record is behind a hotel bar. At James Morrow's hotel, at the Humber, near Toronto, a pair of sparrows have built their nests behind the bar and reared their young there. The old birds fly in and out of the place quite naturally. Two young birds are just now learning to fly."

There would seem to be a good deal of human nature about this pair of sparrows, and no doubt they felt quite at home in the society of other "old birds" who fly in and out of Morrow's bar. Their idea in selecting this peculiar place for their nest was, no doubt, the convenience it afforded for bringing up their young on the bottle.

DALTON McCARTHY's speech at Creemore was a straight out Grit speech, but Dalton still remains a good Conservative. It takes a smart man to do this sort of thing successfully.

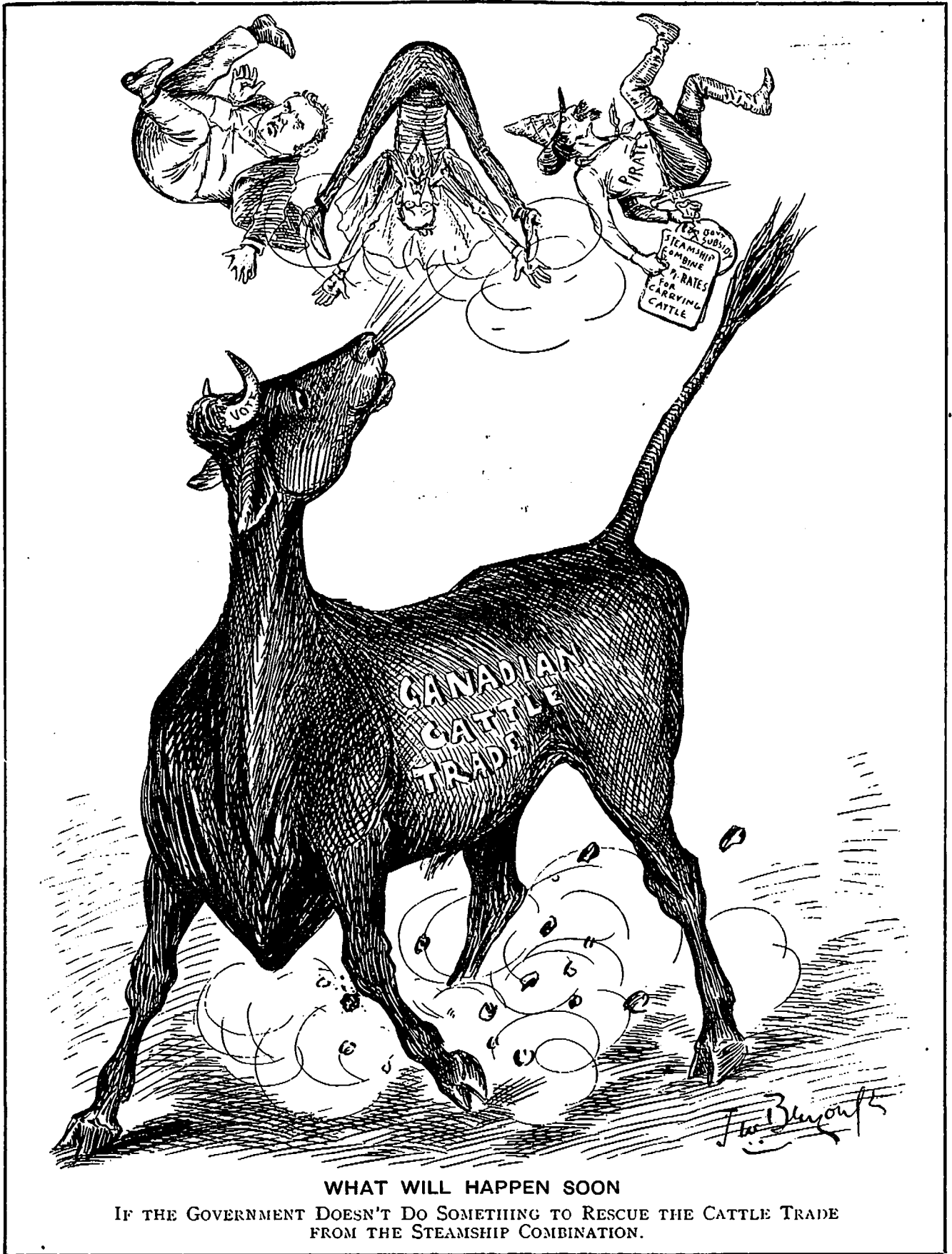


AT THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

PAGE-BOY—"Have you lost something, Sir John?"

PREMIER—"I am searching for the results of the session, sonny."

PAGE-BOY—"Well, there wasn't none, I don't think."



WHAT WILL HAPPEN SOON

IF THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T DO SOMETHING TO RESCUE THE CATTLE TRADE FROM THE STEAMSHIP COMBINATION.



SIR FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER STORY.

Discovered and Deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M.D. Vol. III
Howard Publishing Co., Detroit.

READERS of GRIP will recall a recent review in these columns of Vols. I. and II. of this remarkable work. For the benefit of those who did not see the notice in question we may repeat that the contents of these three volumes, and others yet to come, are a series of poems in blank verse deciphered by means of a code from the works of Bacon, Shakespeare, Marlow, Burton, Green and Peel. The code was discovered by Dr. Owen, and the work of deciphering, it is claimed, is purely mechanical, and could be done by any intelligent boy or girl who possessed the key. The theory, of course, is that all these works were really the production of one writer, Sir Francis Bacon, and that they were written for the purpose of concealing the cipher story in which many state secrets are revealed. Be that as it may, it is at least certain that the contents of these volumes are perfectly consecutive and coherent as to matter, and of a poetic quality fully worthy of the pen that wrote Shakespeare's plays. Vol. III is almost wholly taken up with the concluding portion of the poem on "The Spanish Armada," which was begun in Vol. II. This poem will easily take rank as one of the finest things in the English language, and it may be taken by itself as a test to settle the whole marvel and mystery of this matter. If Dr. Owen wrote this poem as an original work, he is the greatest of living bards; if he patched it together from sundry books by different authors, in any period short of a good lifetime, he is the most ingenious of human creatures. If neither of these conclusions is acceptable, there is no escape from the third, that it is really the work of Francis Bacon. We find this last by far the most easily believable, and we have no moral doubt that the writer of the "Spanish Armada" also wrote "Hamlet."

'RAH FOR HOWLAND.

WITH a full sense of the riskiness of endorsing other people's notes, GRIP has no hesitation in endorsing the *Telegram's* note about Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P., in which that gentleman was called an honor to his Party and to the Assembly. It may be true, as we are assured by a gentleman who took an active part in the election, that many of the "intelligent voters" of St. John's ward were under the impression that the candidate was their much loved ex-Mayor Howland—being actually unaware of the death of that good man—but although not hitherto as well known as his late brother, Mr. O.A. Howland is a worthy wearer of an honored name. As the *Telegram* well says, he has devoted many quiet years to *thinking*, and now when he has occasion to speak, he has something to say worth listening to—herein having a vast advantage over the average politician. GRIP hails Mr. Howland as a coming man, and wishes for him a long, happy and useful public career.

WANTED—A ROYAL DOCTOR.

THE *Lancet*, the eminent organ of the medical profession in Great Britain, earnestly urges that Prince Albert Edward Christian George Andrew Patrick David, when he grows up, should become a Doctor. The army and navy are very well as professions, but the *Lancet* fails to see that they are more useful or honorable than that of medicine, and it is too much of a good thing that they should

absorb all the Princes of the blood. We are somewhat astonished to find this learned and respectable journal appearing in the character of a toady, and seeming to acknowledge that "royal patronage" in this form could confer any honor on the profession. But it is still more astonishing to find it assuming that as a matter of course Prince Albert Edward etc., etc., would make a Doctor. Almost anybody, whatever his birth, can wear a military or naval uniform with success, but for a learned profession brains are indispensable. Hadn't the *Lancet* better wait and see how the new Prince will "pan out" in that respect?

SENATE ENGLISH.

A NUMBER of the members of the U. S. Senate have signed the following and given it out for publication as an act of justice to their colleague, Senator Call: UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D.C.—We occupy seats in the Senate near Senator Call, where he is within our observation all the time. We were present on the day of the newspaper statement of his exposure of his feet without shoes on his desk. The statement is untrue, and nothing of the kind occurred."

The senators no doubt mean well, but they don't know how to write English. The newspapers did not charge Senator Call's desk with having no shoes on; the allegation was that the Senator himself had removed his shoes and exposed his stoekinged feet upon his desk. We gather now that this never took place. How the newspapers do lie!

A NOTABLE PEN-JAB.

THE Rum Traffic has just received a jab from the pen of the papal ablegate, Satolli, which will doubtless hurt it more than all the clubbing it has suffered at the hands of Prohibitionists for a twelve month. Mgr. Satolli has ruled that Bishop Watterson was right when he placed under the ban of the Church all Roman Catholic Societies in which liquor sellers were eligible as officers. This decision is of course vigorously opposed by the members of the trade, but their kicking will not avail. If they want to be members of respectable societies—or society—they have only to get into a respectable business.

THE papers contain news items about the divorce proceedings of "Minnie Palmer, the actress." We have nothing to say as to the merits of the case, but simply rise to object to the description appended to the name of the young woman. Minnie Palmer is not an actress, she is the woodenest sort of a stick.



"A NIGHT WITH THE BOYS."



RADICALLY UNCOMFORTABLE.

CHAMBERLAIN (who is tired of his position as tag to the tail of the Tory kite)—“Where’s my dear old Party, I wonder? I’d like to drop into her arms again!”

MR. HASTELL JOPKINS ENDORSED.

EDITOR OF GRIP:

YOU see, my dear fellow, I am not a—what you would call a literary person—so that, don’t you see, I can’t put my meaning, that is to say, just what I am driving at in really good shape, you know, but I feel, upon my honor, that I would like to, to, to express my views or thoughts, as it were, on this suggestion of Jopkins, or, I should say Mr. Jopkins, or perhaps, rather, Mr. Hastell Jopkins, or more fully Mr. Coshua Hastell Jopkins, or as he is probably better known, Mr. C. Hastell Jopkins, who, I am informed or assured, which is really much the same thing I take it—well now, where am I? I want to say, you see that I think Mr. C. Hastell Jopkins’ idea of conferring a new title on Her Majesty is a capital idea. My neighbor, Prof. Crane, writes his name M.A., Ph.D., LL.D., and Dr. Catees, a few houses west across the street, adds to his, “F. R. C. S. E., F. G. S., Assoc. R.A., and Professor of Materiology in the University,” and what I want to say is this, that a great many clergymen, don’t you know, are fond of titles, and most of my clerical friends are Doctors of Divinity, and really I think it improves a person’s signature very much to append a few initials. I am very sorry I have none myself, but just you take the Queen, now—she is much more dignified as Empress of India—now she is a real Empress, which is higher than a Queen, don’t you see? Now Mr. Editor, what I say is this, but what I say is this, as ex-mayor Fleming used to say, what I say is this, that it would add immensely to the respectability of the Queen to have her called Queen of Canada, or even Governor-Generaless of Canada! By jove! this is a capital idea—just struck me. We could save the Gov-Gen’s salary out of that! \$50,000 a year and *et ceteras*! Really, Mr. Editor, I hope to see the day when this sort of thing, you know, will materialize—well, not materialize, exactly, but you know what I mean, when Her Majesty will be addressed as

she ought to be in a manner as it were to strike terror into the hearts of Americans, Zulus, Matabeles, Burmese and all other savages: when she will be known to all the world in the following manner, and I can assure you I have been at great trouble to procure the correct title in every case so that our beloved Queen will be able to hold up her head before the Emperor of China who calls himself also Beneficent Ruler of the Great Central Flowery Kingdom, Prince of Fifty Thousand Mandarins and Kwang-tung-Hi-Foh-Choo of Manchuria and Tartary. Our Queen’s titles should be as follows, subject to correction, for which purpose, don’t you see, I shall be ever so happy to receive suggestions addressed to me at 3750 Parkdale Avenue. As I have said before, Mr. Editor, here follows a full list of appropriate titles for our Beloved Queen, God Bless Her. Be sure you make the printer put capitals at all these words:—

LIST OF HER MAJESTY’S TITLES.

Queen of Great Britain and Ireland; Empress of India; Queen of Canada and Newfoundland; Queen of the British West Indian Islands and of British Guiana, also of British Honduras; Paragon of the Bermudas; Chief Lady of St. Helena; Queen of South Africa; Queen of East Africa, Queen of West Africa; Poomanjee of Central Africa; Protectress of Egypt; Prima Donna of Malta; Empress of Gibraltar; Queen of Ceylon; Nulla-Nulla of South Australia, Wambu-Poo of New South Wales; Hari-Kari of Queensland; Queen of West Australia; Empress of New Zealand; Queen of Tasmania; Hoogli-Jah-noti of Borneo and Rajahina of Sarawak; Poah-Poah of New Guinea; Queen of the Fiji Islands, and ditto of all the other groups in Polynesia, belonging to Great Britain.

I think, Sir, this would fill the bill, and would be a large—no, a long step towards Imperial Federation; besides this, don’t you know, the Queen would be immensely tickled, I am quite positive she would, and so would Mr. C. Hastell Jopkins.

Address all communications on this subject to me as follows:—

Yours truly,

R. PERCIVAL-SNOOKS.*

* R. stands for Reuben, but it is quite too horrible. Please never, never, never, use Reuben—but always the initial R.

R.P.S.

WILLISON is winning golden opinions by his conduct of the *Globe*, said opinions being paid out in the form of dividends to the gratified shareholders of the paper.

The morning *World* is a necessity. Necessity knows no law. This is believed to be City Counsel Meredith’s private opinion.

THE SPORTIVE PUG.



I.

THE SPORTIVE PUG.



II.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

DUKE DE PENETANG—"What, ho! Sylvanus! Whither away?"

LORD COBOCONK—"Nowhere, my liege. I am at thy service."

D. DE P.—"Then hie thee hither, bold caitiff, and divulge to me the whereabouts of my daughter, the Lady Mehitabel!"

L. C.—"In good sooth, my lord duke, I have not clapt an eye on her for well-nigh a se'ennight."

D. DE P.—"Thou liest in thy throat, thou miserable varlet, and by the shrine of Theyandinaga, unless thou divulgest to me the 'true facts,' as the *News* says, before I count three, thou shalt be weltering in thy go-r-r-r-e! One, two—"

L. C.—"Stay thy vengeful hand, my liege lord, and I will tell thee all."

D. DE P.—"Tis well; proceed, thou false bondsman, or, by the scalp-lock of Tecumseh, it will fare but ill with thee."

L. C.—"Most noble duke, I tender thee my homage, and let me assure thee on the faith of a right royal knight, that I spake but the truth when I informed thee I had not seen the adorable Lady Mehitabel for some days. This I swear as my name is Sylvanus. But my liege, let me add that I know where the dear lady is. Less than a week ago, most noble duke, the Lady Mehitabel consented to become Lady Coboconk, on condition that I should advance her the sum of one hundred dollars to purchase her trousers—"

D. DE P.—"*Trousseau* thou meanest, base knight!"

L. C.—"Yes, *trousseau*, I ought to say, and to raise the money I mortgaged my estate at Bobcaygeon for the amount. With this in hand, which I forwarded by the Dominion Express Co., the Lady Mehitabel hied her to the City of Hamilton, that she might make her purchases unbeknown to those of our set."

D. DE P.—"In verity thou art a long-winded narrator but go on, go on, I command thee."

L. C.—"Yes, my lord, and when the Lady Mehitabel happened to mention to the saleslady that she intended to spend a hundred dollars in the store, the saleslady went off in a quaking swound, and had to be carried out to the sidewalk. A second saleslady made her appearance, and on hearing the same information she became so hysterical, my liege lord, that she had to be bound hand and foot, and conveyed to the basement. A salcsgentleman now took the place, and when the dear Lady Mehitabel told him her simple story, he lost his balance, notwithstanding his hair was parted *a la* centre-board, and this young man is now a raving maniac on the mountain. Next the proprietor of the establishment himself appeared on the scene, most noble duke, and when he actually saw the hundred dollar bill in the beautiful hands of the divine Mehitabel, he concluded that a bank in Toronto must have been robbed, or that the

Lady Mehitabel belonged to the band of counterfeiters in Binbrook township, and he ordered her arms to be pinioned until he sent for the City constable, who carried her to durance vile in the ambulance. and there she lies yet, not in the ambulance, my liege, but in durance vile, and I fear we shall have great difficulty in convincing the authorities—"

D. DE P.—"Mendacious knight! Where thou standest, and now, endeth the line of Coboconk. Takest thou me for a fool?"—Here the Duke inserts his sword-blade several times through the ribs of Lord Coboconk. Private funeral next Saturday, 2 p.m. No flowers.

HOW THEY "HELD" UP THE BRIDGE.

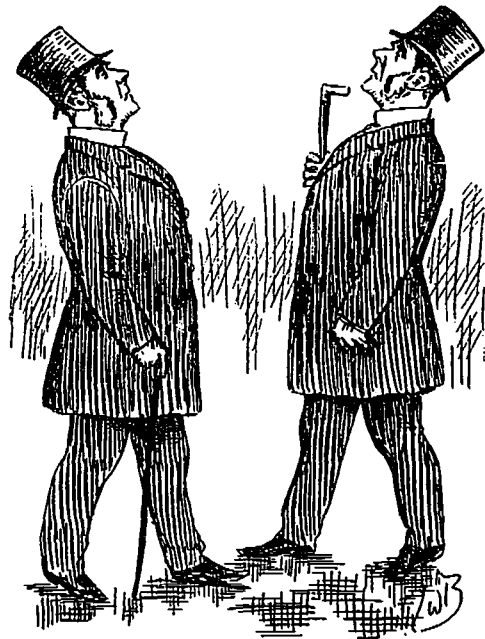
(A FRAGMENT, NOT BY MACAULEY.)

THEN out spake brave St. Louis,
(A "Relative" was he):
I with two more to help me
Can work this splendidly:
In this big job some thousands
May well be made, you see,
Then who will stand in either hand
And loot the Bridge with me?

Then out spake noble Kennedy,
(A worker slick was he),
Lo, I will stand on thy right hand
And buy supplies for thee!
And out spoke pliant Parent,
(An Engineer was he):
Lo, I will stand on thy left hand
(Quite unintentionally!

And so by extra labor,
And entries that were lies,
And ways both dark and crooked
The public money flies;
And poor, confiding Haggart
(Whose other name is John)
Knew not a thing about it
Until the "job" was done!

If we grasp the *World's* meaning, the great public grievance of the day is that Citizen Kelly is not allowed to run a Sunday car to carry his private family to High Park! Poor Kelly! It's too bad, entirely!



NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS.

Mr. Empee is a Christian Politician, but his Christianity and his Politics have never been introduced to each other.

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From the Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Frank A. Ferguson, partner of Mr. Richard Smith, in the marble business at Merrickville, is well-known to most residents of that vicinity. He went through an illness that nearly brought him to death's door, and in an interesting chat with a reporter of the Record told of the means by which his remarkable recovery was brought about. "While engaged in my business as marble cutter at Kingston," said Mr. Ferguson, "I was taken ill in May, 1893, with malarial fever. After the fever was broken I continued to have a bad cough, followed by vomiting and excruciating pains in the stomach. I was under the treatment of two different physicians but their medicine did me no good, and I continued to grow weaker and weaker, and it seemed as though I were going into a decline. About the middle of September I was strongly urged by a friend to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I had not much hope that they would help me, but from the time I commenced the Pink Pills I found myself beginning to improve, the vomiting ceased and finally left me altogether. I grew stronger each day, until now I weigh 190 pounds. At the time I was taken ill I weighed 197 pounds, and when I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills illness had reduced me to 123 pounds, so that you will see how much the Pink Pills have done for me. I never felt better in my life than I do now, although I occasionally take a pill yet, and am never without a part of a box in my pocket. I believe that had I not been induced to take Pink Pills I would be in my grave to-day, and I am equally convinced that there is no other medicine that can equal them as a blood builder and restorer of shattered systems. Five boxes cured me when the skill of two of the ablest doctors in Ontario failed and when I look back to the middle of last September and remember that I was not able to stand on my feet, I consider the change brought about by Pink Pills simply miraculous."

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If it doesn't apply to you, but you had better read on and see if it does. We want to talk to you plainly. You want GRIP and would feel annoyed if the publishers were to stop sending it to you, but you never think of paying for it when payment is due. Our terms are cash in advance, as with all papers, but we have not felt as if we would be justified these hard times in exacting of those who did not pay promptly. Still, the expense of publishing a

paper like GRIP is very great, and the printers, engravers, paper makers and others, whose services we employ, will not wait till the end of the year for their money. Why, then, should we? Those who appreciate GRIP should be honest and pay up. Those who don't want it should, in common decency, pay arrears and stop it.

Look at the red label on THIS ISSUE and see the date to which you are paid, and if you are in arrears don't delay a day in sending what you owe us. If you do, you will probably forget it. Don't require us to dun you continually. We don't like doing it. Be honest and pay up.

* * *

MR. A. ANDERSON, of this city, who is making a business trip to the towns along the Canadian Pacific Railway between Toronto and Victoria, B.C., is authorized to represent GRIP and to take subscriptions and grant receipts in our name. We trust he will receive a cordial reception from GRIP's friends and be able to add many new names to our list.

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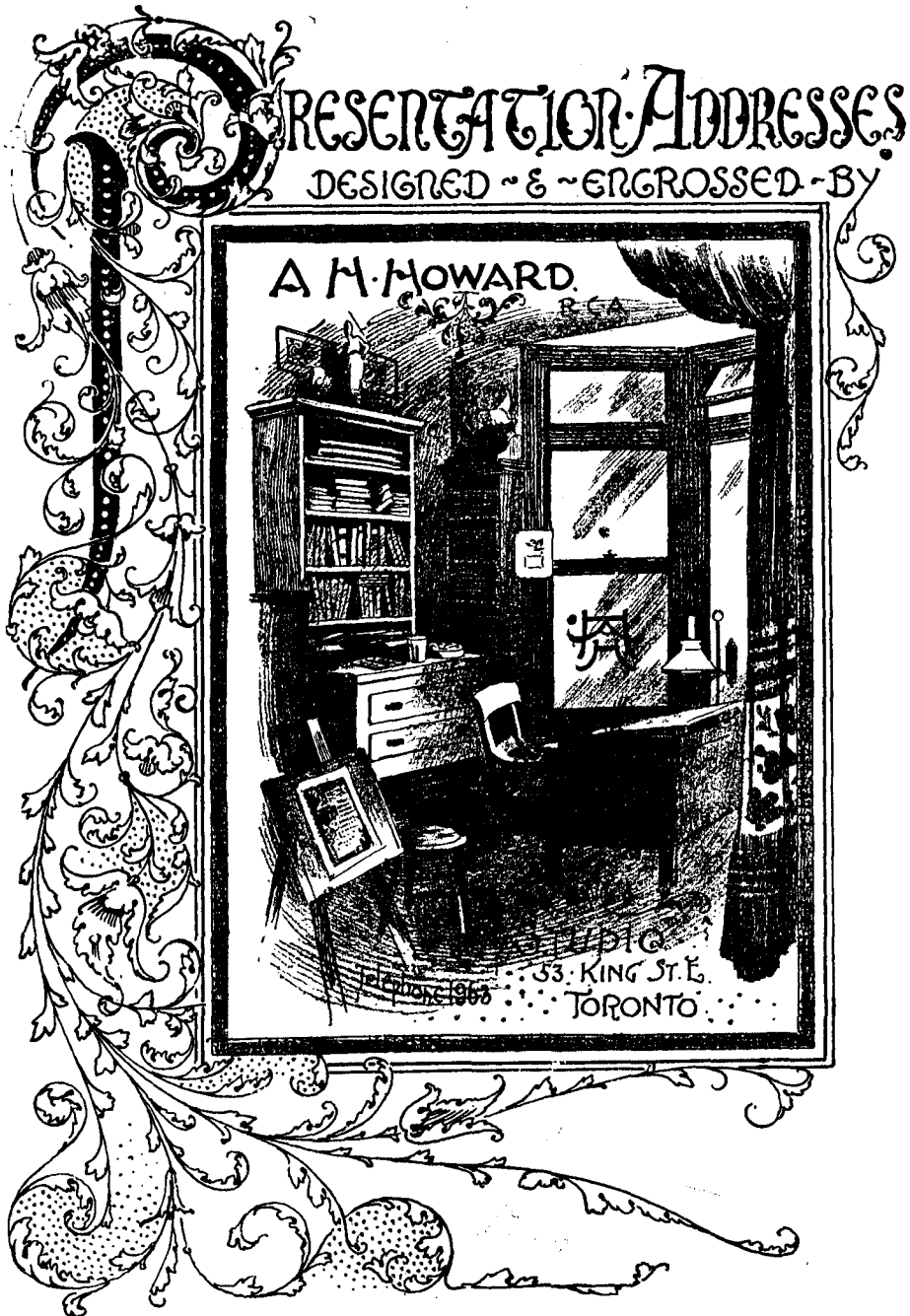
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