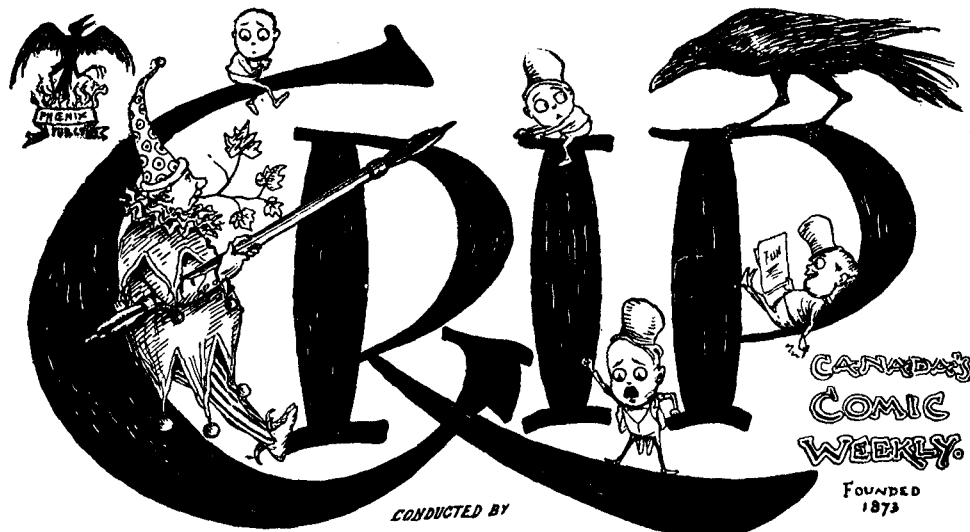


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"The smith a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands,
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands."

Sinewy hands and muscles, like iron hands, are what athletes are trying to develop.

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Fluid

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The Best Athletes of to-day use

When training, and acknowledge it to be the best muscle-forming and strength-giving food.



Elias Rogers & Co.

CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to avert it, it is often cured and always relieved, by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. Cures Coughs, Colds and Weak Lungs. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
 Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists.
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A perfect tailor system of garment cutting for ladies and children. Also instructions in Men's and Boy's Clothing.
 : MISS. K. C. MACDONALD :
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are the finest goods made as a substitute for Linen. Once used you will always use them. Give them a trial and be convinced. None like them.

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Can give you good tenants.

PETER MCINTYRE.

Steamboat and Excursion Agent.
87 York Street, Rossin House Block,
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No :-
Idle Boast

Is it that we have a faculty of meeting customers' needs as others cannot do. You are anxious to newly furnish the house this spring, but whilst you will have the money, you'll not have it all in a lump. For this reason we say select your goods now. We'll accept in small lumps as it comes to you.

Cash or credit is the rule,
but price always the same.

**Five-Piece
Parlor Suite**

One of the prettiest suites we have. Solid Walnut frame. Elegantly upholstered in wilton rug or silk plush, \$45 for a suite of this character is little money.

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PILES and Rectal Diseases radically cured. New Treatment. Positive Results.

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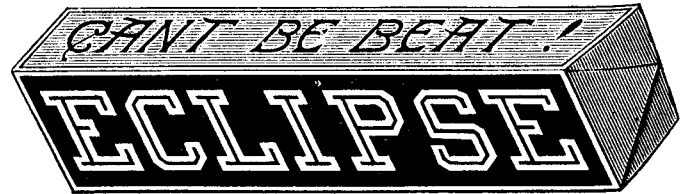
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by spending more than you earn**

To dress well we all desire, but how to do it with economy is the vexed question. Here is the solution of this problem:

With Ladies' clothing the style is now such that by taking one dress and having it Dyed to a bright, fresh shade, with the addition of another color or material, an entirely new garment may be produced.

Gentlemen's suits, which have been cast aside on account of being soiled or faded, by having them Cleaned or Dyed may save the expense of buying new ones.

R. PARKER & CO., Steam Dyers and Cleaners.

787 and 209 Yonge Street. 59 King Street West. 475 and 1267 Queen Street West. 277 Queen Street East. Telephones 3037, 2143, 1004 and 3640.

BE SURE and send your parcels to Parker's; they will be done right if done at **PARKER'S**

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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

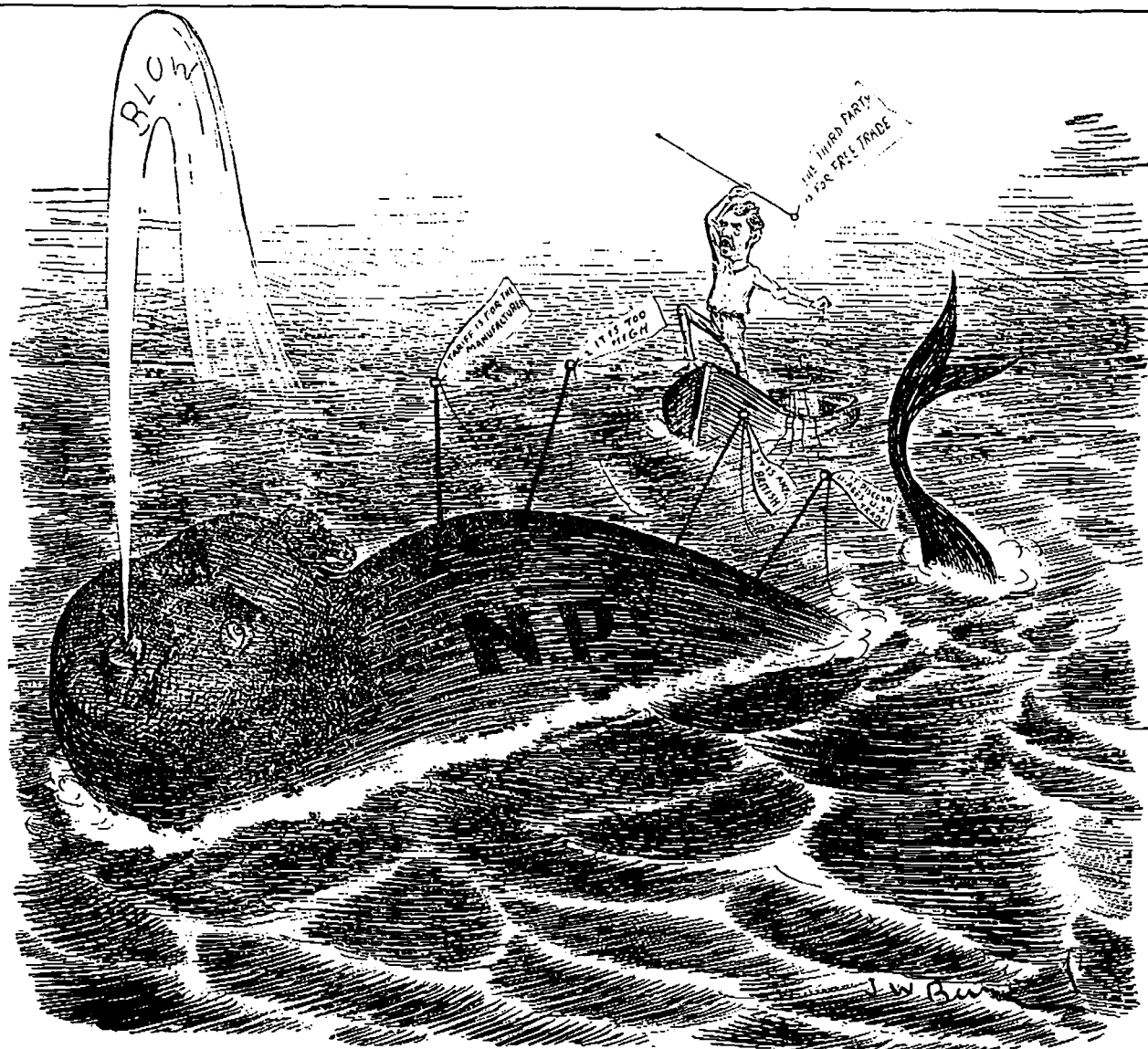
Vol. 41.

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

No. 1064

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

No. 16.



McCARTHY'S HARPOONS.

THE SKILLED WHALER MAKES FOUR GOOD HITS (*Vide Hansard, Tariff Debate.*)

ONE FLAT ABOVE.

"MY husband helps me so much with the children when he is at home," chattered the visitor. "Does yours? You ought to make him."
 "Oh! Mr. Husby is above doing things like that for me," returned Mrs. Husby.

And when the caller had gone Mrs. Husby went upstairs to relieve her life's partner, who had been giving Tommy a bath, putting the baby to sleep, and was now with one foot on the cradle trying to sew a button on Willie's boot.

TEN MINUTES IN PORT HOPE.
 BY OUR UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.



The watchword of GRIP being "never say die," (vide *Barnaby Rudge*;) the Raven has a natural affinity for Port Hope. This fine little town is so called because its inhabitants never despair. They believe in the good time coming, and nearly all of them vote the straight Conservative ticket accordingly. That is to say, they did until McCarthy

started his schismatic movement, which, fortunately for that statesman, happened to catch the fancy of Mr. Coutts. This means that the town and county will probably elect a McCarthy candidate, for Mr. Coutts is a man of great political influence, which he propagates by means of a little University of his own. The superficial observer might easily mistake this institution for a practical shoe-shop, and that's what it is, speaking literally. But Mr. Coutts does not confine his attention to the feet of his fellow citizens; he looks after their political understandings as well. The university has an outer hall, where the casual customer may transact business, and it has an inner *sanctum*, or class-room, where the students of public affairs assemble and imbibe political wisdom and tobacco-smoke. The class in McCarthyology was in session at the moment of my call, and the members seemed greatly disturbed at my presence, probably taking me for an emissary of Sir John Thompson, or something equally uncanny. Chief Justice Robinson hastily left his seat and sought a more secluded corner of the room, and there was general apprehension to a painful extent. Noticing this, I considerably withdrew, and I suppose the professor resumed his lecture. I am *not* a special agent of the Government, but I hereby solemnly warn Sir John to keep his friends away from this University of St Crispin, if he doesn't wish to lose them. I also feel it a duty to apprise Sir Oliver confidentially that some of his lambs are in danger. Mr. Powers, for example, is said to be taking a post graduate course at this seat of learning and leather, and may at any moment become a



raving McCarthyite. The counteracting influence of the *Guide* man is the only thing that has prevented this catastrophe from taking place ere this. The world renowned Port Hopian orator and publicist, Dave Hall, still graces the main street with his presence, and is as popularly esteemed as he has been for the last forty years. Some people speak of Dave as a Crank, but these are strangers. Among citizens of the town Mr. Hall "isn't in it" with Councillor Burnham when it

comes to Crankery. The former has been known to "lecture" in the Opera House, but he was never known to call a public meeting there to deal with municipal matters, and then shut out the people he didn't approve of, on the ground that he had paid the hall-rent and could legitimately "pick his company." Just now Councillor Burnham is emulating our own Sheppard and Thompson, and going in for salary reductions, something which the Chief of Police for one does not approve of. Port Hope, as the name implies, has a harbor—hence it has shipping—and hence Captains and other sailor men. When the good schooner "Two Brothers" leaves port shortly there will be more elbow room in town, as the skipper thereof, whose portrait I give you here, will be absent on Ontario's deep blue waves. But there will be some popular landmarks left.



His Jolliness Saunders the First and Only, will still be to the fore with his white plug hat and his engaging manner, accompanied by his umbrella and little dog. And Great Scott will still be bound to look after the local egg market. As your representative, Mr. Grip, I had a very cordial and pleasant reception in Port Hope from the moment I stepped down into the office of the St. Lawrence Hall, to the moment of my departure. Indeed, I may even flatter myself that Port Hope was loth to part with me after my business was accomplished, as the Hall porter so reluctantly called me for the morning train that I had to come away without the usual formality of breakfast.



AS-THE-CROW-FLIES

MAKING GAME OF THEM.

ART AMATEUR—"What variety of duck are those in that picture?"

DAWKAR (whose painting has been returned as unsatisfactory)—dejectedly, "Well, I hardly know! I painted them for ordinary tame ducks—but they seem now to be canvas back to me."

CAPTAIN BOOSER.—(growing very sentimental after supper)—"Oh! Miss Prittigal, 'would I were a glove upon that hand!'"

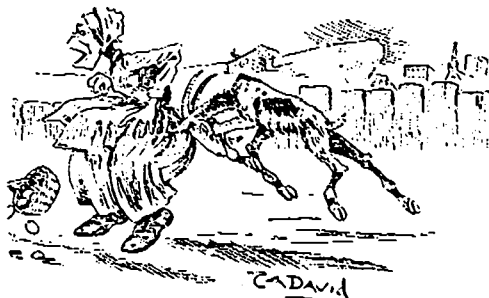
MISS PRITTIKAL.—"I'm very glad you're not! I hate tight gloves!"



"TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY."

NOW LET THE CONSUMER HAVE A CHANCE TO GUIDE THE FINANCE MINISTER'S HAND A LITTLE.

It is quite certain that the next Ontario Legislature will be without a Bishop, but it is equally sure of retaining a Monk with which it may wriggle through.



STRONG BUTTER.

WIFE (*reproachfully*)—"Oh John! If you loved that baby, I think you could find some way of keeping him quieter than that."

EXASPERATED HUSBAND, (*grimly*)—"That's where you make the mistake! If I *didn't* love this baby—*fondly*—it would take me just about half a minute to find a way to make him quiet—for keeps, too!"

FOR HERSELF ALONE.

"Oh Algernon! To be so unkind as to refuse to have mother here, and you always said you loved me so."

"Didn't I always tell you I loved you for yourself alone? So I do yet. But, by George, I don't want any of the rest of the family. That's all!"

THE Public School trustees have decided that they will not have any Boddy in the Dufferin School but one Doan-cher know, and a few "wimmen-critters."



NOMENCLATURE.

"WHY does Mr. Short call his wife Postscript?"
 "Oh, you see her name was Adeline More when he married her."

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To The Hon. John Costigan, M.P., Secretary of State, Ottawa.

DEAR MISTER COSTIGAN :

AS our fellow countryman, Sir Boyle Roche, is reported to have said upon a mimorable okashun, "A man can't be in two places at wanst, barrin' he's a bird." That was something like my case in not going to the sate of government last week in answer to your call. Tell Sir John that I'd gladly go down an' give yez a lift with the Tariff if I cud at all get away. But I can't be spared here, jist now, so says Mrs. O'Day. An' not comin' widhin Sir Boyle's notable excepshun, I cudn't be in two places at wanst. But yez are doin' mighty well widout me, considherin'. Davin's speech will be the savin' o' yez. It contains as many fine points as a paper o' pins. He has dhropped some good hints. But that is what we all often do, an' niver stop to pick up.

The changing of the Tariff is always a ticklish business. An' whin the arranging an' re-adjusting is discussed so long an' vehimintly, there's shure to be throuble. Why, I'm tould that wan spaker, who on account of his false teeth, was addressing the House in a falsetto voice, an' in his eagerness to talk loud enuff to be heard, swallowed the teeth! You spake of the loud tones in which some others appeal to rayson; an' that simply shows that rayson is a great distance from thim. McCarthy an' Davin will both be shure to make a favorable divarshun in yer favor. It isn't the Tariff they care a thancen for. Indeed, as Davin says, McCarthy's fightin' would be for a Prodestan Tariff. But both love fightin' for fightin's sake. They long for the contest, the sthruggle an' the victory, wid all the ardent nature of Irishmin. An' so does the man from Shanty Bay, who niver yet considered a quiet life a blessin'. An' now the Opposition claim him as their own declaimer. As yez know, a man may declaim about principal widout havin much of it, or of intherest either in the subject. It does not follow that his stomach is full of food because he talks wid vittals in his mouth. Sartinly the outlook is stormy for the government, an' its a bad sign to see the rats desertin' the ship. But wid sich a skilful pilot as Sir John an' able saymin like yerself an' Clarke Wallace, there seems to be little fear of yez losin' yer reckonin'. At last that's what King Robert Bell, the King of the Orangemin here, sez.

Let this be some comfort to yez all. Don't mind the oceans of argumints, or their nice distinctions of legal quibbles and subtilities. Go in for common sense—which is the most valuable help in all our own affairs—except love-making, is the advice of,

Yer thrue frind,
 TIM O'DAY.

THE PSYCHE KNOT.

WHEN Psyche Knots first came to town,
 The ladies looked amazed;
 Declared the things were hideous
 And those who wore them crazed.

But now, good gracious! every one,
 Who's in the social swim,
 Must have her knot, or great or small,
 Behind her bonnet's rim.

Their shapes and make-ups are enough
 To drive a man insane,
 Their size must sure *inversely* be
 Proportioned to the brain.

My mother sisters, cousins, wife,
 My little girl, wee Dot,
 Are gotten up in Grecian style;
 Each sport a Psyche knot.

My maiden aunt, just sixty-four,
 Who had more sense I thought,
 Met me upon the street to-day;
 She wore a Psyche Knot.

Oh, Psyche! maiden beautiful,
 Who Cupid's fancy caught!
 How have they vilely slandered you—
 Oh, misnamed Psyche Knot!
Tim Jay Kay.

It has been decided by the Cabinet of Sir Oliver to hold the Provincial elections on the th day of . It is extremely gratifying to know this. At such times nothing is so wearying and worrying as the suspense that always accompanies uncertainty.

SHE.—"Why do people always talk in this ridiculous way of dying for love?"

HE.—"I suppose it's because every man thinks the girl he happens to love is an angel—and the only way one can get near an angel is to die. See?"



DAVIES' STRIKING FIGURE OF SPEECH.

"The Hydra Headed Monster is endeavoring to inculcate religion into politics."

—Hon. L. H. Davies' speech at Y. L. Banquet.



J.W. Benson

THE GREAT UNMASHED.

CARTWRIGHT—"Mr. McCarthy, permit me to introduce a charming Party, who admires you and is in full accord with your tariff ideas. Since you have shaken your former love, you might do worse than—"

MCCARTHY—"Excuse *me*; now that I'm free, I prefer single blessedness!"



THE BELL'S A TERROR TO HIM.

THE NEW SLICK.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SLICK ON THE RISING GENERATION, WITH SOME INCIDENTAL REFLECTIONS ON THE JOURNALISM OF THE DAY.

JUST at this moment the "news agent" came through the car tossing his "news," in the shape of prize-packages, into the laps of the passengers, accompanying the operation with a business like announcement as to the extra quality and ridiculously low price of the goods.

"Got any papers?" queried Mr. Slick.

"Yep—I'll bring 'em," promptly replied the lad, as he headed for the next-car.

"Notice what he said, sir?" said the clock traveller turning to me—"Notice that word 'yep'? That means yes; but the boys of the present day hain't got time to say it right. In that little word, sir, you have the essence of our nineteenth century civilization—smart and frothy. Now I hain't so very old, but when I was his age I would have said 'Yes, sir,' if a stranger asked me that question. The fact is, boyhood, I guess, has gone out of fashion. There don't seem to be any such thing now, not real boyhood. As soon as a young shaver is big enough to quit wearin' knee pantaloons, he puts on high collars an' tail coats an' sets up as a man. There hain't nothin' makes me quite so weary as the human cub that ain't a man, an' yit don't know enough to be a boy."

"I quite sympathize with your idea, Mr. Slick," I replied.

"Well, now, what I was agoin' to remark is this," he went on, "if the newspapers in this Province (and elsewhere for that matter) would give party politics a back seat, and turn their attention to the big question of the rising generation, they would be more of a blessin' to the country."

"But," I ventured to say, "isn't that a more appropriate business for the schools, homes and churches?"

"It is, but air there any more important things for the papers to help than those very institutions? The schools, hums, an' churches ought to git ten times the notice they do in our journals. Jest let us put this thing to the test now for fun, by skimmin' over the contents of this paper. Here comes the boy with it."

Mr. Slick, having purchased a copy of one of the Halifax dailies, spread it out before him and ran over it page by page, triumphantly vindicating his assertion.

"Thar you git it, sir," he commented. "News of the day—mostly doin's of the wicked, reports of parliament proceedin's, editorials showin' that the fellers belongin' to the other party air fools or knaves, a hull page mostly of sports, includin' "the ring," which is agin the law, an' a couple of columns of local news, chiefly old women's gossip. Where does the risin' generation git any show in that paper, sir; an' I spose you'll admit it is one of the respectablist

journals in the Province? Where does the church, the hum, and the school come in? Jest one little item about a tea-meetin', and another about a concert by a choir, in that hull paper! Don't you think there's room for some reform here? Think it over, sir, as you're in the newspaper business. Here's my station, and I've got to leave you. Good day, sir."

"Good day, Mr. Slick," I replied. "Au revoir till next we meet." And he was gone.

"TEN MINUTES AT MATTAWA."

Next week's GRIP will contain a special illustrated sketch of Mattawa and North Bay, by our Uncommercial Traveller. Extra copies should be ordered early.

THE REASON.

JACK—"Miss Gushe was just telling me that she thinks young Gumps is a lovely man to talk to."

JILL—"Why, he never says a word!"

JACK (*who has experienced her volubility*)—"Guess that's why."

THE SPECIES.

ETHEL—"And are the Browns as devoted to each other as ever? They used to be regular turtle doves."

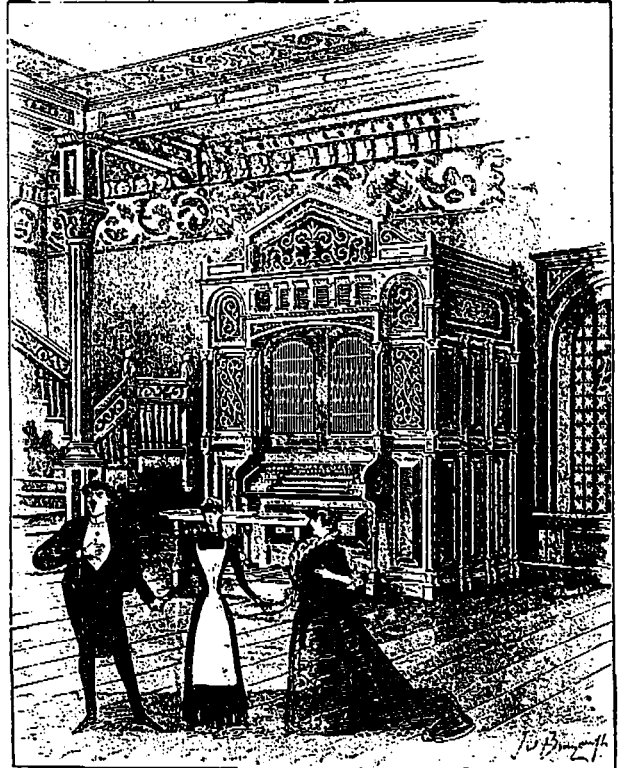
MAUD (*who has been visiting them*)—"So they are yet. Sort of snapping-turtle doves, you know."

IN THE WAITING-ROOM.

INDIGNANT WOMEN—"How dare you wink at me, sir? When my husband returns—"

IMPERTINENT STRANGER, (*apologetically, as able bodied husband appears in distance*)—"Did I wink? It was quite unintentional on my part, madam. The brilliancy of your dazzling beauty may have made me blink my eyes as I looked at you—but otherwise—"

Retires, bowing politely—his explanation evidently satisfactory.



PRIVATE OPERA AT CRAIG-Y-NOS

Harmony has been restored in the Patti-Nicolini household by the importation of a Mason & Risch Vocalion. So much for Toronto!



MONS. LAURIER, THE SILVER-TONGUED TENOR,
HAS JUST ADDED BLAKE'S FAMOUS BALLAD, "MALVERN," TO HIS
PARLIAMENTARY REPERTOIRE.

<p>"We cannot wipe Protection out, With one gigantic swoop, For if we did, without a doubt, 'Twould put us in the soup :</p>	<p>So Tariff-fed Monopolists You needn't be afraid, 'Twill be a very long time yet Before we get Free Trade."</p>
--	---

TOO FRIENDLY.

INTERCEDING FRIEND,-- "Jones, old fellow, I wish you and Brown would make up your quarrel! I know he's sorry he offended you, and would like to make friends again. May I tell him you are willing to shake his hand?"

JONES, *with whom the offence still rankles* -- "Shake his hand! You may tell him that if he comes near me he'll find me more than willing to shake his whole body for him!"

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

(AN UNSEASONABLE TALE FOR THE YOUNG.)

IT was last Christmas Day and the Plum Pudding and the Roast Turkey were warmly discussing the question as to which was the more important from a Christmas-dinner point of view.

"I always come before you. You're a big puffed up thing and there's a good deal too much sauce to you. What are you raisin such a row about. Now, don't I always come before you?" cried the Turkey.

"In course you do, but that isn't everything! People have been travelling to different countries all year to gather together things good enough to make me of, while you have just been running around somebody's back yard, eating dirt half the time. You have altogether too high an

opinion of your merits. The fact is you've no head on you, and I believe some one has been stuffing you."

At this merry thought the pudding burst into a peel of laughter, and seeing the subject seemed a tender one, began to per suet; but the Turkey stemmed the currant of its remarks before it could give him much of a roasting, by enquiring who had egged it on to come down so heavy on one who had never been known to shew the white feather or want of back-bone. "I know it was not the vegetables, they are all with me, most of them are mashed, and if it was your pasty-looking rival the mince pie," he went on, "she only did it because she's feeling rather flat and fears you may get more attention than herself."

"Indeed I don't," interrupted the mince pie with dangerous sweetness, "I should hope I'm rich enough to be sure of my position. You all know what a favorite I am, and that people will dream of me long after you both are forgotten. I don't know who stirred up the pudding, perhaps it was the grapes and oranges, they look sour enough to set one's teeth on edge."

Here indignant murmurs were heard from the centre of the table. The grapes were understood to hint that the mince pie was certainly not wasting any of its sweetness on the dessert here, the oranges asked what the juice they were talking about? The raisins and figs muttered something about "layers," and even the nuts remarked that next thing some one would be suggesting that they were a little cracked "though any one could see that the pudding's own top was holly!"

"Well," said the celery, crisply, "My idea is that we're all in the soup. Nobody need mind what the pudding and pie say, anyway, for I believe they both have been imbibing, don't you notice the brandy?"

Silence fell on the table after the celery stalk. And when she laid her lovely bleached head upon the tender breast of the turkey, who felt he had skewered her affections, she forgot even to shyly murmur, "Do you think the cran-berry sauce?"

And all was peace, and plenty.

Alice Ashworth.

OUR NOBLE LANGUAGE.

"What are you doing, Johnny?"

"Reading all about the sea horse."

"Well, go into the shed and you'll see the saw horse, also see the saw seen near the see-saw. Take the saw seen near the see-saw, saw some wood, let me see it on this scene soon and see you don't be saucy?"

WHY is West Toronto like Cardinal Wolsey the night before his execution?

Because it joyfully anticipates a condition of Marter-dom.



I.

I've lost my neck-tie Susie,
And want it pretty quick!



II.

She turned, he saw her bonnet—
And then began to kick.

BLACK VIOLETS.

"BLACK violets are all the fashion," read Mr. Pencherman from 'The Woman's Page' of his paper. "It's a queer thing that florists must pander to the female craving for novelty by producing such hybrid monstrosities, if they must experiment on something, why couldn't they try their hands on some common weed, and let our old favorites alone! At this rate, sweet flowers will disappear as quickly as sweet women are doing."

"Or good tempered men," interrupted Mrs. Pencherman, "but if you'll read a little further on, my dear, you'll find that its only the millinery violet that has blushed black."

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. P. as he quickly skimmed the next paragraph. "I suppose it's some of the nonsense that is being crammed into women's heads sprouting up through their bonnets, but I don't suppose they'll be any cheaper than ordinary purple violets?"

"Certainly not: a little dearer, if anything, but you oughtn't to grumble, I expect the hideous flowers are manufactured specially to match the gloom that envelopes all the men just now: we *feminine* women shouldn't be blamed when we try to follow your lead, but I suppose the compliment is too delicate for you to appreciate. You might have noticed if you ever looked in a shop window, that the flowers are like all our business men, a little green, as well as black, and I fancy it is also to be sympathetic that every costume to be complete must have at least a touch of black in it, a sort of skeleton in the gown as it were."

"If you mean that every gown has a skeleton in the form of a bill, I know all about that, like every other husband; what I object to is the tendency of humanity to prefer sombre-hued garments to those that follow the tints of nature. Are we all so joyous that we want a bit of black, a scrap of tragedy in everything? Don't talk of the realism of your time: it's morbidism women are full of, and if a man is going to be obliged to stare at his wife in gloomy gowns and black violets he isn't going to pay for them."

"Oh, Louis," exclaimed Mrs. Pencherman, "you've given me an idea. I believe I've found out another reason for the decline of marriage. Every one says that a faithful wife should always look cheerful, but how can she when she has eternally to stare at her husband's weekday tweed suits, and his Sunday broadcloth?"

J. M. Loes.

Ginsox of Huron, who is the wit of the Provincial Legislature since the translation of Metcalfe to Ottawa, says, "No doubt if the Mowat Administration becomes defunct, the Opposition will consider it a Merry death, by which I want you to understand I mean a Mercedith; Mercedith or Merry death, don't you see?"

'TIS OFTEN THUS.

NOW, dear boy, this will not do;
Your pace is rather fast, I'm thinking;
Pray be advised while yet there's time,
And stop forthwith this thing of drinking.

I know of course you are no sot,
But still the habit may grow stronger,
It's safer that you should refrain,
And cease to trifle with it longer.

Besides, example leads astray,
And weaker ones *your* lead may follow,
Until, at last, when 'tis too late,
They find the pleasure ringeth hollow.

Then quit it, Tom—refuse the glass;
Your course is altogether risky—
What's that you say,—*come, have a drink?*
W-e-l-l thanks, I'll take a little whisky.
John West.

JOURNALISTIC.

JONES.—"I hear you had a baby left at your house last night."

McLEOD.—"Yes."

JONES.—"How did it get there?"

McLEOD.—"It came around the 'Globe' by 'Mail' with a *coup on.*"

JONES.—"That will be good 'News' for the 'Empire' won't it?"

McLEOD.—"Ha! ha! I will send them a 'Telegram' on 'Saturday Night.'"

TRUE ENOUGH.

"AND the agent told us there was a good yard to this house," exclaimed Mrs. Nutenant to her husband, in a disgusted voice, as she surveyed the fraction of ground in the rear of the new "Semi" they had moved into.

"Well, my dear," as he measured it with his eye, "don't be too hard on the man, he didn't altogether deceive us. I suppose he figured on the well-known fact that a little over three feet make a good yard."

OBJECTS OUT OF PLACE.



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THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

Wonderful Advances Made in the Last Few Years.

Mr. John McGovern of Toronto relates an Experience of Deep Interest—Utterly Helpless and suffered Greatly Before Relief Came.

[From the Toronto Globe.]

Very little is heard by the general public of the great discoveries in medicine, and the countless scores of lives that are saved by the advancing knowledge of medical science. People who a few years ago were left to drag out a miserable existence as hopeless invalids, or helpless cripples, are now, thanks to the advances medicine has made, restored to the fulness of health and strength. Mr. John McGovern, who resides at No. 2 Alpha avenue, in this city, has good cause to appreciate the truth of the above statements. Mr. McGovern was formerly an agent for agricultural implements, and is well known in different parts of Ontario. A Globe reporter who had heard that he had been restored to health, after an illness which threatened to leave him a hopeless cripple, called upon him at his residence recently, and was given the following interesting account of his case:—

"My trouble first began," said Mr. McGovern, "two years ago when I was living in the Village of Bolton, in the County of Peel. The trouble was all in my elbows and knees, and the doctors thought it was rheumatism. I couldn't walk a block without wanting to sit down, and even to walk down stairs was hard work. It afflicted me terribly. I was all right in other ways but for this terrible weakness. For a year and a half I suffered from this, but by sheer force of will held out against it, and managed to get about; but six months ago I broke down completely, and had to give up my business. I then removed to Toronto, and for three months after this I was in terrible shape. I was almost always confined to my bed, being able to come down stairs for a little while perhaps once a day. I suffered all the time at this juncture soreness in the joints, and I was only able to eat the lightest food, and not much of that, I could find nothing to help me or give me relief. All this time I was unable to do anything, and had I not fortunately had a little money laid by which enabled me to go on, I would have been dependent upon my family for support. Well, while I was in this terrible shape, my eldest son prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and early in last July I began to use them, and I took them steadily during that month and the two following months. Before the first box was finished I began to get relief, and from that out I steadily improved until I was able to discontinue the use of the Pink Pills, feeling that I was fully restored to health. I am satisfied in my own mind that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have still been helpless and suffering, and I have much reason to be thankful that my son persuaded me to use them. Thanks to Pink Pills I am now a new man and intend soon to resume my work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, dis-

cases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale people and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had from all druggists, or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

* * *

ARRANGEMENTS have been made with a high-class art school whereby any readers of this journal of the age of fifteen up to thirty can receive free tuition by sending their name and address to the editor, with a reference as to character.

* * *

THERE are a good many subscribers who still owe for GRIP. Our terms are strictly in advance, and we would take it as a great favour if those who are in arrears, especially for subscriptions previous to 1894, would settle their little bills. We do not send individual receipts for subscriptions—the postage stamps would ruin us—but we acknowledge them by change of date on the red address label.

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