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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
 bands, are what athletes are trying
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Johnston's

Fluid

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The
 Best
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 of to-day
 use

When training, and acknowledge it to
 be the best muscle-forming and
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Elias Rogers & Co.

CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to
 avert it, it is often cured and
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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.
 50c. and \$1.



The flowers that bloom in the Spring,
 tra la,
 Will come and the snow won't be missed
 To sell property, the right thing, tra la
 Is to put it on Williams' new list.
 24 King St. East.

Send \$2.00 and Get

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For One Year.

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WHOLESALE AND
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RETAIL DEPARTMENT:

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THERE'S
 NO
 MATCH
 FOR 'EM!

EDDY'S

TELEGRAPH

MATCHES.

SEE THAT
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51 KING STREET EAST.
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51 KING STREET WEST. 152 YONGE
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 Permanently Cured

System, Educational. Fee, payable
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Canada
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PAPER MAKERS AND WHOLESALE
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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.

MAX. JOHNSON & CO.

The . . .
Printers

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. . . TORONTO . . .

TELEPHONE 2672

The Best Equipped Job Printing House
in Canada.

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J. E. WELLS, M.A., Editor and Prop r.

It Pays Advertisers

BECAUSE it possesses the cardinal features that make it profitable to Advertisers: Brightness, Reliability, Honesty, Purity of Tone, Circulation, and the Confidence of its Readers. These are the characteristics that give a paper that **QUALITY** that shrewd Advertisers seek.

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8 and 10 Lombard St., Toronto.

GRIP

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Good Boys to

Sell Papers

Wherever he is

Not Represented

SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES

Terms on Application.

What is Biz ?

It is the only paper in Canada devoted to such an important subject as advertising.

It is a little paper, but everything in it counts.

It tells you what sort of advertising pays best.

It publishes samples of clever advertising work.

It gives you clear and practical information about writing advertisements.

It contains articles on advertising by wide-awake people - articles that embody a host of useful ideas for everyday work.

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PRESIDENT

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The Compound Investment and Investment Annuity Policies of the North American Life Assurance Company contain specially advantageous features for intending insurers.

Write or make personal application for full particulars,

WM. McCABE, Managing Director



The Wilkinson Truss,

The only Perfect-Fitting Truss in the World.

Leading Physicians say it is the Best. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded.

B. LINDMAN,
CORNER YONGE & KING, ROOM 15.

Everyone Knows

HONEST PHIL MORTSON
THE POPULAR BLACKSMITH.

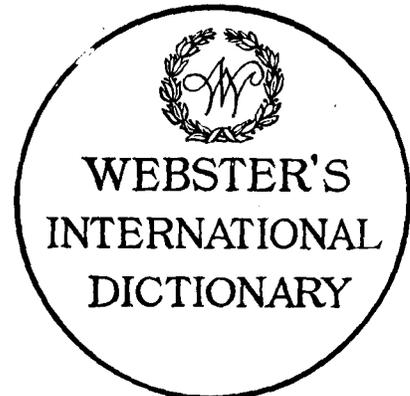
What Philip says generally goes. Talking about Blacksmiths' Coal, he says there's no use paying \$6 a ton when you can get the same thing from the PEOPLE'S COAL Co. at \$4.75. Burns just the same. Gives entire satisfaction.

'Phone 2246

People's Coal Co.

Cor. Queen and Spadina.

THE NEW WEBSTER JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the issues of 1864, '79 and '84, copyrighted property of the undersigned, is now **Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged**, and bears the name of

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Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over 10 Years.

Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it.

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Critical comparison with any other Dictionary is invited. **GET THE BEST.**

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers,
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Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

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CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS

Perfume
Toilette

Crown Lavender Salts
MADE ONLY BY THE
CROWN PERFUMERY CO.
177, New Bond Street, LONDON.





EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1060

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

No. 12.



J. W. Bengough

THE "PRINCIPAL" OF PROTECTION.

(There's something in the spelling of the word.)

MR. FOSTER (*the subordinate*).—Yes, Mr. Consumer, we want to meet your views as to Tariff Reform, but you understand, of course, that we can't possibly interfere with our PRINCIPAL.

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



DR. GEIKIE.

OUR SPECIAL AT OTTAWA.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA,
Press Room, March 16th, 1894.

I ARRIVED here in good bodily condition, after an all night ride on the C.P.R., one of the best equipped and most ably managed railroads to be found between West Toronto Junction and Carleton Place.* We reached Ottawa early in the morning, and before leaving the train the porter, who recognized me as an Eminent Journalist, most politely brushed my clothes and hat for me. This little honor I accepted in the appreciative spirit in which it was conferred. I decided to go to the Windsor, as I had become accustomed to the name on my frequent pilgrimages to Montreal, so seizing my baggage which, as you will remember, consisted of three valises, a shawl strap and an umbrella, I started off. A French cabby (or carter, as they call them here—I suppose because they don't drive carts) invited me in a very hospitable manner to go up town in his rig, which I thought very decent indeed, as I was a perfect stranger to him. The politeness of the French Canadian peasantry is, as you know, proverbial. I declined the invitation, however, as I did not like to impose on his good nature, and determined to take the electric car to my destination. "Blow the expense!" I mentally exclaimed. I couldn't help it. The very atmosphere of Ottawa seems to make one perfectly reckless in money matters. I trust you will consider this, and overlook what you might otherwise consider extravagance.

Well, here I am settled for the session, with a special reporting seat on the floor of the House and an extra-special desk in the press-room. The first thing to attract my attention as a Correspondent was, of course, the "opening." As you have learned from the dailies it was the biggest thing of the kind since the first session of Lorne and his royal wife. Parliament square was a solid mass of struggling humanity, a most interesting sight from the upper front window where I stood viewing it with Sir John and Hon.

* Don't fail to send a marked copy of this to Van Horne, and ask him to subscribe.

Wilfred. The opportunity for a political point was too good to be missed, so Sir John evidently thought. "There, Laurier," said he, "what further evidence do you want of general prosperity than to see thousands of people who can afford to drop business and come out in their Sunday clothes to assist at this fashionable function?" And he looked triumphantly at the Opposition leader. The latter wore an expression of profound sympathy and compassion as he replied, "They are the unemployed, Sir, they haven't anything else to do." This little colloquy proved to be the opening debate in a condensed form—the Government posing as a Providence that has shielded Canada from the otherwise universal onset of Hard Times, and the Opposition "pointing with pride" to the distress which prevails throughout the Dominion.

A propos of the Speech from the Throne, the wonderful exhibition of mind-reading given by the Toronto *World* on the day preceding the Opening is the talk of the corridors. That very clever journal undertook to forecast what the speech would probably contain, and the prediction turned out to be, paragraph for paragraph, literally correct. The fact that the Editor had on his desk as he wrote an advance proof of the Speech when he made his guess, ought not to detract from the psychological interest of the performance.

I understand that to settle the question as to the possession of the room heretofore occupied by Sir Richard Cartwright, and now claimed by Sir Hector Langevin, it has been proposed that the rival Knights engage in a tourney after the mediæval manner of their order, on Parliament square. Sir Richard, who is a degenerate Knight, I'm afraid, says he feels more at home in 5-ounce gloves than in armor, and Sir Hector declines on the ground that he can't ride a horse. He says his seat is too uncertain. This may have a political significance.

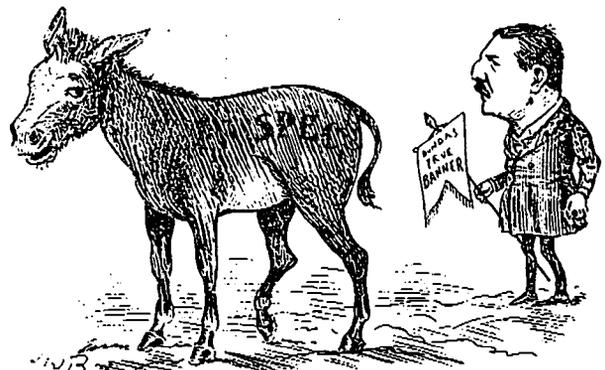
YOUR OWN.

UNDER the *regime* of a Conservative Government it is only natural that *Empire* gowns should have been much *en evidence* at the Opening of Parliament. We trust Brother Creighton appreciated the compliment.

"DE GAMA is uppa!" is the cry of the Brazilian rebels, who do not speak our mother tongue very perfectly.

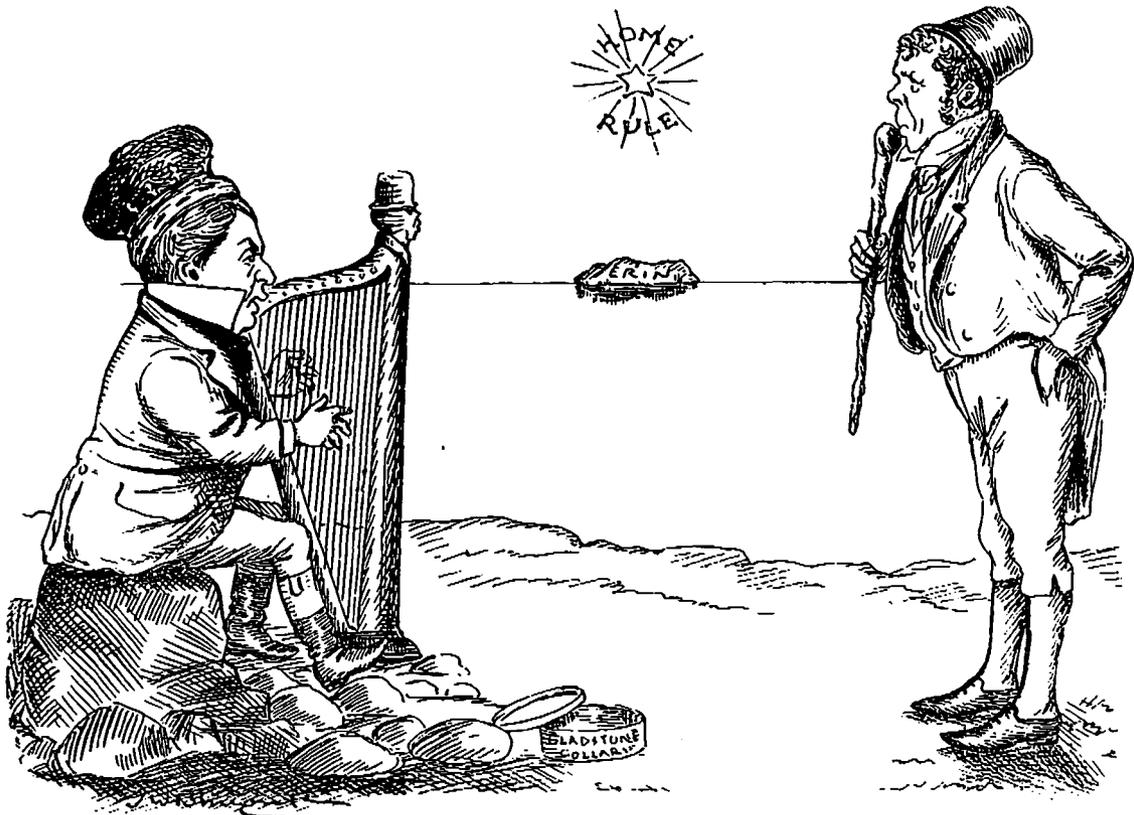
MR. E. GAUTHIER sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" at the St. Patrick's day concert at Ottawa on the 17th. Gauthier? Gauthier? Surely we've often heard that name before in the Ould Sod. Or was it in Quebec?

DR. SHEARD says that the frequency of charity concerts just now indicates that the milk of human kindness is of good quality.



FAIR WARNING.

"If Brer Pirie gets the Grit nomination for North Wentworth he will find out how well a mule can kick."—*Hamilton Spectator*.



"BELOVED ISLE, BELOVED STAR,
THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR!"

PAT.—"That's a purty song, entirely, Mr. Rosebery, but, begorra, I hate to hear you sing it."

NOT PERSONAL.

CARELESS readers of the *Mail*, who skim over the Editorial page, merely reading the headings, may have run away with the impression that the article in Tuesday's paper entitled "The Dirty Don" was a nasty personal attack on the *Saturday Night* man. This is a mistake. The reference was to the stagnant creek of that name.

THE NOVA SCOTIA ELECTION.

HERE'S a crowing down in Scotia by the sea,
Billy Fielding is the bird that crows,
cause he
Has whipped the awful Tories,
And added to the glories
Of the Grit regime that has been and shall be!

Attorney-General Longley laughs aloud
And struts around his office looking proud,

And then he slyly winks
To himself and says, "Methinks
'Twas chiefly I that downed the other crowd!"

There is crowing 'mong the preachers down there, too,
And the dealers in the grog are looking blue.
For the Trade war badly "done"
Beaten fully four 'o one,
And the Prohibition party cries Hooroo!!

CATS IN THE CIVIL SERVICE!!!

AN English paper states that more than three-hundred cats are employed in the post-offices of the United States to prevent rats and mice destroying the mail. The introduction of so important a system of domestic competition demands a strong protest. Who is so dull as not to foresee the whole social structure thrown into confusion by this invasion of cats? The few remaining male clerks, not yet crowded out by women workers will be thrust on the streets to starve. The women, in turn, will find themselves displaced by a mewling feline horde. Man's dominion over cat-kingdom thus ended, there will be no bounds to the impertinent usurpations and overweening ambitions of these cats. All proper distinction between the respective spheres of men and cats, will be ignored. The pussy cats, especially, are certain to lose their dignified manners in so much publicity; having such constant contact with intellectual matter, how can puss help becoming literary and strong-minded?

Unless the wages are high and paid regularly, the bristling quadrupeds will be organizing a strike. Imagine the sounds issuing from a cat-strike! Soon they, too, will ask for a place on Jonathan's little pension roll. Indeed, if this innovation be tolerated, humanity, in the future, will have the down trodden tale, and not the cats.

THE proverb "Half a loaf is better than no bread" is nonsense. Lots of people to-day are having more than half a loaf and yet if it were not for the *Star's* bread fund they would probably starve.

SWEET MEATS.— Lover's trysts.



INDIRECT DAMAGES.

“ Do you consider marriage a failure in your case ? ”
 “ Oh, it doesn't affect me much, but it nearly wrecked Papa.”

THE QUEEN'S PARK.

MR. GRIP, SIR :

POETRY is not exactly in me line, but the infloonce av
 the Queen's Park on me divine afflatus wan foine
 morning lately was too much for me, so I sind ye
 these verses in place av me usual letterther,

Yours thruly,
 TIM O'DAY.

Bright sunbeams warming
 This fine spring morning,
 All nature charaing,
 Merry as a lark—
 From streets so dusty,
 And smells so musty,
 Steps, light and lusty,
 Lead me to The Park !

Through the boughs is seen
 A rich flush of green,
 Where the snowy screen
 Lately wrapp'd them dark ;
 Wild flowers peeping—
 Mosses, soft, creeping—
 Earth wakes from sleeping—
 Life is in The Park.

Rooks, hoarsely croaking,
 Earth's bosom smoking,
 And tears provoking
 From bough and bark ;

Dampness descending,
 First robins blending
 Their notes, ne'er ending—
 Over all The Park.

Blest sun ! bestowing
 Sunshine o'erflowing,
 All earth seems growing
 As I fondly mark :
 Beauteous and cheering,
 Mists disappearing,
 A seat I'm nearing—
 To rest in The Park.

What restful feeling
 Comes o'er me stealing,
 The scene revealing—
 Look around you ! Hark !
 The belis are telling
 In tones proud swelling,
 A hundred knelling
 You'll hear in The Park.

Look round, and tint you,
 Look right forenint you,
 When steps have bint you,
 To cummune or “spark” ;
 Behind, before us—
 Rise buildings glorious,
 Where scenes uproarious.
 Take place, in The Park.

'Tis the grand resort
 In which children sport,
 And fond lovers court,
 As you may remark ;
 Their footsteps staying,
 At the band playing,
 Or pleasant straying
 Through the noble Park.

For meditation,
 Or contemplation,
 Or an oration
 With genius' spark ;
 Getting together,
 Kicking the leather,
 In all kinds o' weather,
 No place like the Park !

Halls o' legislation,
 And education,
 In emulation
 Ranging all around ;
 And churches, plaising,
 High steeples raising,
 Th' Creator praising,
 All are to be found.

Those guns amazing,
 Whereon you're gazing,
 If once set blazing
 Would make a noise !
 From the far Crimea
 They were brought, you see,
 To the memory
 Of our soldier boys.

Toronto, proudly,
 May boast, full loudly—
 (I say it avow'dly)—
 That within the arc
 Of its circumference
 The world gives preference
 (Say't with deference)—
 To her own Queen's Park.

THE MERCHANT TO HIS TYPEWRITER.—“ You press
 the button, I'll take a rest.”

A LUCKY STAR.—Henry Irving.

HOT SCOTCH.—An angry member of the 48th Regiment.



HARD FACT AND SOUND THEORY.

SIR JOHN—"There, Cartwright, what have you to say to that?"

SIR RICHARD—"I simply say that it can't possibly be!"

SIR JOHN—"But it *is*. There's the solid, substantial fact."

SIR RICHARD—"Fact or no fact, I tell you it's impossible, and I've demonstrated it over and over again!"

GRIP'S CALENDAR.



MARCH.

HUMORS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

POLITENESS.—"What a courteous gentleman X. is," remarked Y., "he always bows so very politely when one meets him."

"Does he!" snarled the General: "is the bow of a hum-boat evidence of its politeness?"

DEVoured HIS WIFE.—"Horrible! Oh, the cannibal! Devoured his wife! did I hear you say?"

"Yes," said the Captain, "I was about to add, with kisses." "Devoured his wife with kisses! Be the powers, then, maybe he afterwards found that she disagreed with him," put in Mr. Mulrooney.

One of the good sayings of the General, in talking about farmers and farming, was: "Sir, a lazy farmer is virtually dead, and his farm wears weeds in mourning for him. [This is not copyrighted, and can be used by the Minister of Agriculture.]

WOMAN'S PREFERENCES.—Speaking of Woman's preferences, here is the opinion passed by the General, who can speak upon this subject with some authority: At sixteen, a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at two-and-twenty, the best talker; at thirty, the richest man.

A **POMPOUS YANKEE** appeared at the luncheon table a few days ago with a C. S. friend in the Public Works department. He happened to sit next the Captain, and in the course of conversation, boasted, after the manner of his countrymen, of the American eagle being the most courageous of birds. "So is the crow, Sir," remarked the Captain, after his most sarcastic style, "the crow is the bravest of birds, Sir, he never shows the white feather." The P. Y. collapsed.

THE Married and Single state, Bachelors, Maidens, Coquettes and Widows were amongst the things discussed, interspersed with anecdotes of the General's early fox-hunting days. "I'll tell you what," said the gallant officer, "the fox finds his best security in doubling. Young men and women should learn a lesson from the fox."

"TIMES have changed," remarked the Captain mourn-

fully,—“times have changed,”—and all looked towards him with an enquiring gaze. “In former times, man ate the cream.”

“And now?” asked Col. J.—

“They creamate the man,” responded the Captain;—“and I want some of Speaker Ballantyne’s creamy cheese, Serjeant Kennedy.”

“How unfortunate!” exclaimed the General, “that old gentleman I knew so well to meet his death in such sad case.”

“How?—how?” asked half a dozen voices.

“Poor old man! He was choked to death by a ‘bone of contention.’”

“CAPTAIN,” said a gentleman from the Press gallery, with whom he had a slight altercation, “if I have used any unkind words, I take them all back.” “Yes,” answered the Captain, “I suppose you want to use them again!”

FASHIONABLE JUST NOW.

A **POET** sends us the following Sonnet, explaining that its merit lies in its photographic accuracy, only idealized. Quite so. He must have mistaken GRIP for a high class N.Y. Magazine that buys this kind of thing for poetry. Readers no doubt like the style, otherwise it would not hold the place it does in American literature. So here goes:

SPRING.

A chickadee sits tweeting on a bough,
And picnickers have set their pot a-bile,
And through the meadow spans the moolly cow,
Riderless, making her two-forty mile,
Stung by the spur of ruthless musquiteer.
Street cars in cities run. In Indian file
Sparrows and cockroaches and such small deer,
And crows their way wing to the Baptist spire,
While milkmaid Molly getteth o'er the stile,
And nature wears one broad approving smile.



A TEMPTING PROSPECT FOR THE G.O.M.

CANADA AND U. S. (in a breath)—"Now that you are free from official cares, Mr. Gladstone, do come to America. The change of air, and a prolonged repose will vastly benefit your health. Do come, and we'll go wild over you, and give you banquets and demonstrations till you can't rest!"



A FINE DISTINCTION.

MAMMA—"What! Ethel! dipping your bread in the gravy! Don't you know that's exceedingly bad form?"
 ETHEL—"It may be bad form, ma, but it's *good taste!*"

IMPORTANT MEETING.

A MEETING of Newspapers was held at the office of GRIP a few evenings ago to take into consideration the burning question of the moment—that of assisting the unemployed. MR. GRIP was, of course, voted to the chair, and having called the meeting to order—a somewhat difficult task, as the Newspapers as usual showed a propensity to get into each others' wool—he asked for a few words from the *Globe*. That eminent journal spoke as follows: "Canadians have truly much to be thankful for, being more favored with the bounties of nature than the people of other nations. And Ontario seems exceptionally favored among the Provinces. Yet in Toronto, the capital of the most favored Province, capable and earnest men are in need of food, while the products of labor are accumulating in few hands, the more favored occasionally graduating into the millionaire class. Such is the inevitable result of Governmental restrictions."

The Empire was the next speaker. He said there was no doubt a good deal of distress at the present time—perhaps more than usual, but as his friend *The Globe* had well said we in Canada had good reason to be thankful, and when the condition of Canada was compared with that of the United States, the reason for thankfulness became very obvious. Canada's prosperous condition was brought about by the policy followed by the Dominion Government, viz.—that of protecting home industry against foreign labor. He did not see what more could be done, though it was certainly a pity that any persons willing to work should be unable to earn a living.

The London Advertiser being next called upon said he did not wish to open a controversy with his friend *The Empire*, but he thought it only right to remark in passing that the United States, where distress was so very marked at present, was under a policy identical with that of Canada. Why were not like results produced? As to the question before the meeting it was certainly strange that so many people should be begging in vain for work, when, on the other hand, there was so much work that required to be done. There was evidently a screw loose somewhere.

The Hamilton Spectator said he had done a good deal of thinking over this matter of late, and his conclusion was that it was altogether a very queer thing that there should be so many thousands out of employment. Of course, it was only right to remember that many of these persons did not really want work, but, making all due allowance for these, it was unquestionable that much distress prevailed—especially in the columns of his Grit contemporaries.

The Kingston Whig, Montreal Witness, Brantford

Expositor, Ottawa Citizen, London Free Press, and other leading journals spoke to much the same effect, and there was a general desire for a few closing words from the chairman. MR. GRIP rose and said:

Eminent and esteemed contemporaries: You have spent this whole session in getting nowhere—merely stating the obvious fact of the prevailing distress, and of course regretting it in various forms of words. We met here to enquire what is the cause and what the cure of the condition which is patent to everybody. None of you have touched either point. Most of you do not know what the cause is, and those of you who know the cause are afraid to touch the cure. I will not detain you with any lengthened exposition at this late hour, but I just submit one sentence for your earnest consideration. The cause of the prevailing distress is monopoly—first of the earth itself, and then of certain franchises which naturally belong to the people, as those of railways, telegraphs, telephones, etc., and the cure like the complaint is a double one—the destruction of land monopoly by a tax on the rental value of land; and the nationalization of all business enterprises which are necessarily monopolies. Fellow journals, read, mark and learn the truth, and then tell it out regardless of consequences to your Parties.

The meeting then adjourned.

"HOLY SMOKE!" exclaimed Pat, when he saw the priest swinging the censor.

"I WAS towld to make yez stand 'round," said the Irish foreman to his gang, "an' the furest wan I see doin' a shtroke at work, he'll be bounced!"

SOMETHING that ought to be called down.—A speaking-tube.

"I'M completely stuck on you!" as the vessel said to the rock.



SIMPLICITY.

The Government announces its intention to simplify the tariff, but it will pass the wit of statesmanship to make it as simple as the Workingman who believes in Protection.

(From the Evening Star.)



A DELICATE PROBLEM.

HOW TO PICK OFF MOWAT WITHOUT HITTING THOMPSON.

A MUSICAL SECRET.

It is solely the fault of my female relatives that I am a musician. They didn't keep me hammer-and-tongs at the piano, two hours a day, for eight or nine years of my life, for nothing. Where muscle tells and accurate fingering is required, I feel safe.

If you want to hear something that is affecting, set me playing "Tam O'Shanter," you'll soon feel creepy, and with no effort of imagination fancy yourself being tormented by the same witches as haunted that drouthy rider. I interpret the composer's idea in a very realistic manner, in that particular piece of music. I can truthfully say, I have never yet found any one who would remain perfectly quiet while I executed it, it plays upon the nerves so.

I've performed at quite a number of amateur concerts, and had puffs in the local papers. It is pretty generally known that a good deal of money has been spent on my musical education, and I'm called a "fine pianist."

I don't try to repudiate the name, the world is full of performers that it exactly describes. I never wished for the accomplishment, it was forced upon me, and I simply forced it. Don't go away with the idea that I can only thump. My teachers took great care to show me the value of *piano*, *pianissimo*, etc., it was not their fault that my soul does not exist in my finger tips. I've heard some people say they "liked to hear me play." This is not as surprising as it seems. Thousands prefer noise to silence. A crow's caw, and a stone-cutter's chisel produce sounds that are not unpleasant, if distant enough; that's what my music does; many people's ears are no more than sounding-boards; I can play to them, and cover the pauses in conversation at parties. Will anyone say that is not sufficient reward for years of hard work on my part, and the shattered nerves of those whose fate it was to listen to my practising? I toiled not in vain, I passed from scales to symphonies, from a trembling "Maiden's Prayer," to Mozart and Beethoven. I play not

unharmoniously, but my soul won't go out to the wary keys, so I hide the fact as best I may. I have one weapon that puts to silence disapproval of my piano-forte efforts. I look the critic in the eye, and sadly utter a sentence that no doubt you are familiar with, it is on many lips to the confusion of numerous ears—

"You don't care for classical music; I am sorry, but it is a thing one has to be educated up to."

You don't think I'm sorry? It is quite true, I was "educated up" myself.

J. M. Loos.

BLARNEY AND FRAUD.

THE twenty-five thousand odd World's Fair visitors who paid 10 cents apiece for the privilege of kissing the "Blarney Stone" in the wall of the castle at the Irish Village will be interested in an official statement just made by Deputy Collector J. E. Ralph, who was in charge of the Midway Plaisance. It is to the effect that the stone in question was dug from the street at the corner of 57th and Portland Avenue, Chicago, by Mr. Riley, a local contractor, assisted by one Charles Thompson, on a certain dark night in June, '93. It was subsequently "faked" through certain custom-house formalities, and palmed off on an unsuspecting public as the "genuine article, begorra!" Those of our readers who were among the devoted 25,000 will of course feel like kicking themselves more heartily than they kissed the stone, and our good Lady Aberdeen will be dreadfully shocked; but for the consolation of all concerned we would suggest that, when you come to think of it, the osculation did the osculators just as much good as it would have done in any case.

"CHEAP LABOR."

TALKING about cheap labor," said the Professor, "what do you think of getting more than a hundred of the brainiest men in the world to work like niggers for about four years for twelve dollars,—I dont mean twelve dollars apiece, mind you, but a total sum of that amount?" "What do I think?" replied Grimshaw, "I think your studies on the labor question have turned your head. The idea is absurd, crazy, preposterous, and you know it!" "Keep calm, my friend," replied the Professor, showing a marked example of calmness himself. "It has literally been done. I got the work and paid the money myself, and I have only omitted to mention that the incidental labor of several hundreds of others was thrown in,—I didn't want to startle you too much." Grimshaw looked concerned. He thought he saw a peculiar glitter in the Professor's eye, and mentally ejaculated "poor fellow." However, to bring matters to a crisis, he said, "Well, Professor, perhaps you wouldn't mind mentioning the nature of the 'work' these highly paid laborers did for you." "Certainly," replied the Professor cheerfully, as he stepped into his study. In a moment he returned with a volume of the Standard Dictionary published by Funk & Wagnalls "There's the work," said he. And Grimshaw acknowledged himself knocked out.

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HOW A BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

A Terrible Sufferer from St. Vitus Dance—Could not feed herself and had to be closely watched.

Recently, says the Shelbourne Economist, Mr. and Mrs. John Lindsay, who live in Mono township, told a reporter of the terrible suffering of one of their children and its restoration to sound health. It appears that during the winter of 1891-92 the child, Fernie by name, contracted la grippe, and although she recovered from the usual symptoms of la grippe, she was never the same in health and strength. Her nervous system had been deranged, and as time passed the terrible symptoms of St. Vitus dance were noticed by the parents. Doctors did all they could for her but instead of getting better she became worse. She could not feed herself, nor could she take hold of a cup when handed to her. She would frequently fall down when attempting to walk across the floor, and had to be closely watched for fear she might at some time fall on the stove. She completely lost control of her limbs. She could not turn herself in bed and her parents had to turn her. She was perfectly helpless and had almost lost the power of speech. When she did speak it was with difficulty she was understood, as her tongue was drawn to one side and she had lost control of it. The condition of the poor child was pitiable in the extreme. The father determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They commenced the treatment and by the time three boxes were used she had improved to a marvellous extent. In April last, the child having fully recovered, no more pills were given her. Several months have passed since then and there has been no relapse and no sign of a return of the terrible malady. The parents state emphatically that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved the life of their little girl. For all nervous disorders Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only thorough and reliable cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves, restoring them to a sound condition, thus driving out disease. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

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We again direct attention to the offer of a set of World's Fair views to those who procure subscribers for GRIP. Particulars will be found on our last page. Further, to give present subscribers an opportunity to obtain these views, we will send a complete set to anyone on our list, for the small sum of fifty cents.

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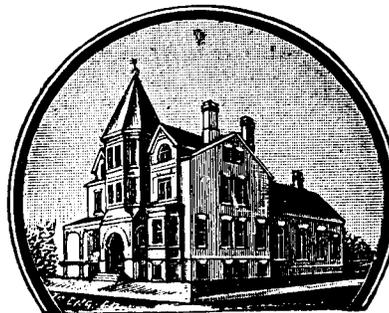
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