



GRIP



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A CRUEL, UNJUST SUSPICION.

THE DARKEY—"Stole dat pullet? No, sah! Dat ain't never be'n in de Lib'rul coop, sah; dat's a bird wot I raised myself. De Lib'rul breed ob pullet ain't got dar wings clipped laik dis here!"

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.

CAN'T STAND THE FACE—Before this number of GRIP is in the hands of our readers it is likely that they will be in possession of an authoritative statement from Mr. Blake himself as to the reasons for his retirement from Parliament. This is written on the 16th, and the

only information at present before the public pertaining to this important public event is that which appeared a few days ago in the *Mail*, in the following terms:

"It was reported yesterday that Mr. Blake had decided not to run again in West Durham, and that it was his purpose to abandon public life for the present, if not forever. Three years ago, owing to ill-health, Mr. Blake resigned the Liberal leadership into other hands. Since that time he has been a sort of honorary member of the party. He has not spoken for it on the platform, nor has he taken in Parliament an active interest in its concerns. Last session he spoke twice on questions which had been raised by some of his former followers. On one occasion he rose to rebuke Mr. Charlton for bringing the sectarian riots at Hull before the notice of the House. On the other occasion he dissented from the policy of the Liberals with reference to the case of Mr. Rykert. Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright had made vigorous speeches in opposition to the carrying of the timber limit matter before the Standing Committee on Privileges and Elections; but Mr. Blake held that to that court of enquiry the case should certainly be referred. The reported determination with

regard to the future is important. Mr. Blake, by reason of his eminence and influence, of the many years he has been before the public, and of the regard with which his view of the situation would be accepted by the Liberals, and indeed by the country at large, might naturally be expected to have something to say at this juncture. Possibly he will make known before many days his reason for remaining out of the contest."

The *World* alleges (on what authority we do not know) that Mr. Blake himself gave this announcement to the *Mail*, passing by the *Globe*, because he is not in accord with Sir Richard Cartwright's policy of Unrestricted Reciprocity, believing that such a policy will involve direct taxation, a thing for which the Canadian people are not prepared. If this is true it does Mr. Blake small credit. Direct taxation is more honest and fair than indirect taxation, and the sooner we come to it in this country the better. Mr. Blake can, however, speak for himself, and his explanation may be more satisfactory when it comes. One thing is certain, however, he has jumped out of the Liberal rig just at a critical moment.

A CRUEL, UNJUST SUSPICION.—The fact that, a few weeks ago, that fly political Darkey, Sir John, was seen loitering about the Liberal hen-coop, was a *prima facie* ground for suspicion, but the sequel proved once more the unreliability of circumstantial evidence. It is true that the Darkey was 'round, and that he had a bag in his hand well adapted for the accommodation of a pullet. It is also true that when subsequently the policeman met him he had a pullet in the bag. But, all the same, the suspicion proved to be a cruel and unjust one. The pullet was not the Liberal pullet at all, but a bird of another breed altogether. Sir John had *not* stolen the Unrestricted Reciprocity policy. He will have nothing to do with such a scheme, because it pre-supposes the abolition of the tariff on manufactured articles, and this is something which his friends of the Red Parlor will not stand. Reciprocity in natural products is what he declares for—that is, the abolition of the portion of the tariff which is supposed to "protect" the farmer. Sir John appears to think this will benefit our agriculturists. We think he will find it an unusually hard job to convince them of the correctness of this view. But, besides, it is just as well to remember that neither party in the United States will consent even to discuss this sort of Reciprocity. This is a fact which we are sorry to see Sir John Thompson and other Conservative orators ignoring in their addresses. But it is one which should settle the question. To discuss "Reciprocity in Natural Products" in this campaign is just to waste time and trifle with the people's intelligence.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S lecture on "Loyalty" was one of the best things he has ever given to the public. Nothing short of the Professor's mastery of sarcasm is equal to an adequate treatment of the sickening cant which is now the stock in trade of our spurious loyalists, whose hypocrisy and self-interest are so apparent that none but simpletons are likely to be carried away with their mouthings.

MR. E. W. THOMSON has achieved immortality, not by the pen which he wields with such skill, but at the hands of that popular adjunct of modern civilization, the newspaper interviewer. The *World's* young man waited upon the ex-young man of the *Globe*, and got a statement of his views on the present situation. This was to the effect that Sir John's platform was likely to catch a lot of Liberal votes because the Grit policy of Unrestricted Reciprocity, if carried out, will lead to direct taxation, which, says Mr. T., "is a thing Canadians won't stand." Sir John snatches this pearly utterance and puts it into his "last call" address, a document which is bound to be historical. We congratulate Mr. Thomson in thus getting himself booked for posterity in a cheap and easy manner. It may console him in the midst of the storm of Grit wrath which will rage around his devoted head.

OF course, Mr. Thomson, being a man of brains and sense, takes care to tell the interviewer that he sees nothing terrible about direct taxation, and Sir John takes equal care to leave this out of his address. But, having eased his mind by stating his opinion of the probable

I tell you it keeps me everlastingly hustling to stand off the mortgagee and the tax collector."

HUGH AIRLIE AT A SPIRIT SEANCE.

HEATHER HA', *February, 91.*

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—I dinna ken if ever I mentioned to ye afore hoo spiritualism has been occupyin' my thochts for some time back, an' hoo, like the politicians, I've been gien the subject my airliest consideration. I was gaun to write to ye about it last week, but I was clean knockit aff my feet the ither e'enin' comin' up in the street cars. I had been at a see-ance east, near the hospital, an' comin' hame I thoct I might as weel ware five cents on a ride hame as on shoe-leather; so I staps oot into the middle o' the road an' gies the driver a bit sign wi' my thoom that I wantit on. Accordin'ly, on I got, but nae sooner had I put my nose inside the door than the most awfu' onearthly smell gart me very near dwam awa. If I hadna gotten a seat there an' then, I'm certain they would hae gotten me to carry hame on a shutter. I wasna lang in afore a freend, a newspaper man, looks into my face an' says he: "No possible! is't *you*, Airlie?" "It's a' that's left o' me," says I, closin' my nostrils wi' my finger an' thoom, an' lookin' up I sees twa leddie forment me doin' the same thing, and an auld woman doon at the far end was sittin' wi' a handkerchief at her nose, glowerin' at some young men wi' an expression o' rage an' disgust.

"Alloo me to introduce to you some o' my freens an' your admirers, Airlie," says he, an' wi' that he introduces half-a-dizen medical students wha had been in the dissectin'-room a' day, an' were just on their way hame. They were a' fine like fellows as far as I could see, an' I said I was rail glad to see them; but oh my! Gude preserve us an' forgie me! for I haena gotten ower that ride hame in the cars wi' them yet. I was laid up for a week after. Mrs. Airlie said it was the grippe, but I didna let on, for fear she might tak' it in her head to insist on gaun wi' me in my future perigrinations, just to look after me, like.

Aweel, noo that the smell has become, like mony ither disagreeable things, just a memory, I maun tell you my experience as a spiritualist. Naething would convince the ledy spiritualists that I wasna a medium. They said they saw it in every feature o' my face, it had sic a fine *spirituelle* expression at times, an' my een—they never saw sic een, unless it was in a medium, in one accustomed to see what nae ordinary mortal can see in this world or the world behind these scenes. In fact, says they, "Mr. Airlie, it is astonishing that you have never suspected your occult power. Do you not know it is in you to call spirits from the vasty deep?"

"Lordsake!" says I, the hair on my head risin' veesibly an' my skin a-creepin' at the very thoct.

"Don't be afraid," says they, "they are benevolent spirits who come at your call. They will come to you as the Muse came to Burns; to inspire, to instruct, to reveal hidden things."

My hair fell a wee at this explanation, an' after a while's chafferin' aff an' on, an' after extortin' a promise never to say "Boo" to Mrs. Airlie, I consentit to alloo mysel' to be put into a spiritual trance, to become a clairvoyant, an' yield mysel' up to the guidance o' the speerits. So when they were a' assembled I sat doon in an easy chair, an' they put a slate on a wee table close to my hand, an' put a pencil in my fingers, an' then the mesmerizer cam' an' waved his hands up an' doon afore



IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

KING WANTOBLAMEFOOLI (*to his chiefs*)—"If you catch any more of them white dudes comin' here, you can make dragged-beef out of them, as that last coon that was here has sprung the soup on us. Look at this."

result of Sir John's platform, Mr. Thomson ought now to devote himself to the enlightenment of the people. Too many professed Liberals inwardly tremble at this ridiculous bogey of "Direct Taxation," and thus aid in perpetuating a superstition which is disgraceful to an intelligent people. It is time they recognized and began enforcing the truth that Direct Taxation is Honest Taxation, and the very thing we want in Canada.

* * *

AND now we go in for everything old,
Since Sir John has set the fashion,
Old Leader, Old Policy, Old Red Flag,
To stir each patriot's passion;
Old chestnuts, old tricks and old promises, too,
And the same old scale of wages,
Old prices, old clothes, old heeled, old bribes,
The old, old campaign rages!

* * *

MR. R. W. PHIPPS has one peculiarity which, they say, used to characterize another great man—Thomas Carlyle. We are told that it was Carlyle's habit to listen to discussions with ill-concealed impatience, and as soon as he could get a hearing "take the subject, wrap it up, and put it on the shelf as settled for good and all." In the same court-of-final-appeal spirit Mr. Phipps has just delivered judgment on the Single Tax proposition. He says it won't do. This ends it, we suppose. And yet we really would like the Judge to review his judgment, if he will be so obliging as to do such an unprecedented thing. And before doing so will he graciously consent to learn something about the teachings of Henry George by reading one of his books?

NO WONDER HE WAS STARVING.

TORY POLITICIAN — "These processions of the unemployed are all a Grit fake. Why, one of the men in the procession to my certain knowledge owns half a dozen houses in the West end!"

SMALL INVESTOR—"Poor fellow! I don't wonder he was in the procession. Why he must be on the verge of starvation! Fortunately I don't own more than two, but



SPRINGING A "MINE."

LORD LACKLAND—"Miss Vandeenboom, I love you. Say you will be mine."

MISS VANDENBOOM (*American millionairess*)—"Well, my lord, I reckon I can never be any man's; but you can be mine, if you like."

my een, an' glowered an' glowered, an' awa I sailed out o' the body, wi' the desire to find oot hidden things strong upon me; my hand direckit by the speerits an' writin' on the slate. I send ye a verbatim copy as it appeared when I waukened:

INITIATION.

A DITTY DEDICATED TO SIR DAN.

His mother kissed her boy good-bye,
And said, "Be good, dear sonny.
You're going into Residence,"
Ha! ha! now wasn't it funny?
She said, "Be good, dear sonny,"
Then sent him into Residence
And gave him lots of money!

So we'll quaff, and we'll chaff, and we'll laugh, oh! how we'll laugh!

And we'll teach him how to drink and swear and tough it,
For there is no better plan than to be a Residence man,
If you want to take the cut direct to Tophet.

He wouldn't smoke, he wouldn't drink,
He said he'd promised not to;
We hauled him out of bed one night,
And told him he had got to.
Oh, he said he'd promised not to!
But when he came to Residence
He found that he had got to.

So we quaffed, and we chaffed, and we laughed, oh! how we laughed!

And we showed him how to drink and swear and tough it,
For there is no better plan than to be a Residence man,
If you want to take the cut direct to Tophet.

He told us that he wouldn't swear,
Nor language use called naughty;
He fought and struggled like a bear,
And tried to come it haughty.
He even called us smutty!
He said he'd show us Resider.ce men
He wasn't made of putty.

But we quaffed, and we chaffed, and we laughed, oh! how we laughed!

And we showed him how to drink and swear and tough it;
For there is no better plan than to be a Residence man,
If you want to take the cut direct to Tophet.

We made him smoke, we filled him full,
At last, this virtuous hero,
He hung outside his window, nude,
With the mercury at zero.
And there at midnight in the cold,
With none to shed a tear, oh,
We emptied o'er him water jugs
And hummed "*dum spiro spero.*"
And we quaffed, and we chaffed, and we laughed, oh! how we laughed!
And we showed him how to drink and swear and tough it;
For there is no better plan than to be a Residence man,
If you want to take the cut direct to Tophet.

Now look you how he struts about,
A full-fledged Residence fellow,
At lectures rarely ever seen,
And only when he's mellow.
A-booze all night, a-bed all day,
Now Jack's a-cold, poor fellow!
The coal-oil's handy—light the fire,
Whirroo! just hear that yell—oh!
Rush! rattle! straight to Residence!
Ye engines red and yellow!

"Nuff sed!" That's Latin. So we laugh and laugh and laugh,
While we go ahead and drink and swear and tough it;
For there is no better plan than to be a Residence man,
If you want to take the shortest cut to Tophet.

Such was the ditty dictated by the speerits as I lay in the transe, an' I think ye'll see at once that naething but a powerfu' occult influence could gar me write a screed like that without a'e word o' Scotch in't. But as for the meanin' o' the sang or what it refers to I havena the sma'est notion, so I thocht if you would just publish it in GRIP, wha kens some o' the Residence men micht, like Joseph in Pharaoh's dream, be able to rise up and tell the interpretation thereof.

Yours spiritually an' clairvoyantly,

HUGH AIRLIE.

UTILIZING THE CIGARETTE.

THERE is no longer room to doubt that the U.S. Government deliberately contemplates the extermination of the unfortunate Red Man. The New York *Herald* has given away the latest insidious scheme for improving the aborigines from the face of the earth in a recent despatch giving an account of Gen. Miles' visit to the captive Sioux as follows:

General Miles has paid his long expected visit to the Indian captives at Fort Sheridan. He found them reasonably well satisfied with their imprisonment, if it can be so denominated, and willing that it shall continue so long as they are well fed and clothed. * * *

General Miles' party distributed cigarettes by the hundred among the braves, who have taken to smoking them since their arrival.

The deadly cigarette will probably, in a very short time, finish the work left undone by whiskey and starvation, small-pox and bullets, and the wretched remnant of the once powerful Western tribes will speedily disappear. Possibly a few possessing extra strong constitutions may be found proof even against the noxious cigarette, but their native ferocity will be tamed down to the innocuous desuetude of the Eastern dude. It's a great scheme.

SIZING HIM-UP.

JONES—"Isn't Brown a very self-satisfied man?"
SMITH—"Yes; and isn't he easily satisfied?"

IGNATIUS DONNELLY says there is no reason for believing that Bacon referred to Chicago when he wrote the line, "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens."



HARD OF HEARING.

BLAINE (*shouting*)—"I tell you we won't so much as discuss Limited Reciprocity. Do you understand?"

SIR JOHN—"Exactly. That's just what I mean—Limited Reciprocity."

BLAINE (*wildly, and in a louder tone*)—"You don't catch my meaning. I say—we—won't—have—Limited—Reciprocity—on—any—terms,—so—there's—no—use—talking—about—it!! Now do you comprehend?"

SIR JOHN—"Talking about it? Yes, I'm talking about it—Limited Reciprocity. I'm going to send down a Commission to discuss it with you."

[*Blaine tries the speaking-trumpet again, and meanwhile Sir John Thompson explains to the Canadian farmer the benefits to him of selling produce against American competition, while buying manufactured articles in a protected market.*]

THE WISE AND PRUDENT MERCHANT.

A FABLE.

ONCE on a time there was a wealthy merchant who had an extensive business, though somehow it was not as profitable as it should have been. He had a very talented manager who engaged the other employees, paid all the expenses and attended to things generally, and it was noticed that this manager was somewhat extravagant in his way of living and seemed a great deal better off than the merchant, who nominally owned the concern. One day a friend who was talking with the merchant about his affairs happened to ask him what he paid his manager.

The merchant looked surprised and said, "Oh, I don't pay him anything. It would be contrary to the principles of political economy to pay him a direct salary."

"But he doesn't surely work for nothing."

"Well, no. We have a very nice and satisfactory arrangement. You see I should just hate awfully to put my hand in my pocket every month and pay him \$200 or so at one lick. That would reduce my bank account. So I just told him that whenever any money came in to take enough of it to remunerate him for his service and keep the expenses paid—but to be sure and not let me

know on any account just how much he took. So he just pays himself an indirect salary and I never feel it."

"But," said his friend, "don't you think that he probably takes a great deal more than if you paid him a regular salary?"

"Oh, well, for the matter of that, I believe he does. But you see he does not get it all at once, and so I really don't feel that I'm paying him anything at all. I do hate paying direct salaries. Don't you see that as long as the money is taken from your till without your knowing it, it is just the same as if you were paying nothing."

His friend was so convinced by the force and justice of this reasoning that from that time forth he became a staunch advocate of the N.P. The fact that the merchant was shortly afterwards closed out by the sheriff obviously has no bearing on the intrinsic merits of the argument.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BANKS—"That actor's conduct is very singular in the summer time."

WANKS—"???"

BANKS—"In the summer he jumps his board, whereas in the winter he walks the boards."

JUSTIFIABLE.



DUDEKIN—"Aw, I say Chappie, were you at the Yacht Club ball?"

MUSSEL—"No."



DUDEKIN—"Too bad; you really yacht to have been!"

"LOYALTY."

A LECTURE BY MR. JOHN M'COY BEFORE THE YOUNG CONSERVATIVE CLUB OF ENNISKILLEN TOWNSHIP.

Mester Cheermon an' Gintlemen:

YEZ has axed me to spake befor thess club on the subject av "Loyalty," be way av reployn' till the utterances av Mester Gol'win Smeth, that he lately med in Toronto, an ut us wuth greet plasure that I respond till yer envatation. Sir, Gol'win Smeth knows nothin' whatever about Loyalty, so he doesn't. Et es a subject that few men can underston' unlass thee gev themselves to ut untirely leek I do. Mester Smeth, for by hein' a smort man en some weys, es no good when ut comes to Loyalty, as his taste doesn't run that wey whatever. He doesn't rade the *Empaire* wuth the care and attention he shud, an' consequently he is en the dark on the whole theng. Naw, luck ut me. I rade nothin' else but the *Empaire*, an be thess teme I think I know near as much about Loyalty as the edither av that mogneficent paper hissself does. Thess is as for as the human mine can go, so ut es.

Now then, en the first place luke at thess. Mester Smeth thries to prove that aven the Orangemen in arly times was not thruly loil, an' med a plot till upsat the crown av Englan' because thee dedn't laike the Queen thot was put on the throne. Et's not thru. I never

seen a word about et en the *Empaire*, an' I haven't messed wan issue av that paper sense it was first started. Et gets all the news from the ould country, an' ef such a theng kem off ut would know about et. (*Cheers.*) Et has a larger circulation nor the *Globe* (*hisses*) an' *Mail* (*renewed hisses*) put together, an' they're afeard till come to the scratch an open their books to prove it (*cheers.*) Mester Smeth goes on till say that Loyalty ginnerly manes self interest. I d' know what he manes be the expas-sion, but ef he manes that the throoly loil min that stons be the ould flag an' votes for the Consarvative lader ivery time, never gets ony reward for their sarvices, et proves that he knows litle of what he's talkin' about. Sir, I make boul to say, there's nothin' peys beiter nor bein' loil; et's money en the pocket av the mon that knows how to do et. Av coorse, there es fules in all parties, an some few en the greet Consarvative party. I mane min that won't always do as the party wants thim to do, an' certainly we have no use for such Loyalty as thess. Ut es what I call spewrious loyaly, so called becace Sir John spews et out av hes mouth. Mester Smeth says the min who are talkin' about Loyalty the whole time are laik a woman ef she wud go around all the whoile assartin' that her hair an' complexion es her own. Pagle, he sez, wud begin to think both wus false. Sir, the ellustreion es absurd, so et is. False hair has nothin' whatever to do wuth the subject that I can see. I know mony a mon that es weerin' a weg thess day, an' es as loil as I am meself. Nather has complaxion anythin' to do wuth et. There's men en our party av every shade av complaxion, an every wan av them es loil. What's more, sir, women haven't votes, an' et matthers nothin' whatever what they go around sayin'. But thess only shows shows you the absurdity an' the redeculousness av Mester Smeth's whole spache. Et es beneath me farther notice, so et es, an I will now drop the subject; but ef yez'll all come over with me now to the Caven Blazer Hotel I'll ston threat all round.

THE MILDEST MANNERED MAN, ETC.

PIRATE—"Excuse me for so forcibly causing myself to be adopted as your heir."

CAPTAIN (*of captured vessel*)—"What's that?"

PIRATE—"Why, your corsair, of course."



A PREVALENT COMPLAINT.

JONES—"Dear me, what's happened to your hand, Smith?"

SMITH—"I've been nominated for the county and I'm canvassing a little."

THE TORY HEELER'S REMONSTRANCE

WITH THE UNPATRIOTIC LABORER WHO PERSISTED IN DEMANDING
"WORK OR BREAD."

SEE here, Jimmy Boyd,
Now this never will do!
You are unemployed
And look seedy it's true,
But this black flag procession's no place for a good N.P.
voter like you.

Don't you know—can't you see
That it's all a Grit fake
Just to down the N.P.

And our Chieftain to shake?
Come out of the ranks now, this minute; you're making an
awful mistake.

If you haven't work now,
That is hard I admit,
But don't make a row,
You were never a Grit,

Why, but for the glorious N.P. you would *never* have work
—not a bit.

Yes, of course, things are bad,
But they would be much worse
If no tariff we had,
For Free Trade is a curse.

Why man you give traitors a chance our loved country to
vilely asperse!

Don't parade your distress
In that outspoken way,
Not quite so much stress
On your misery lay

Right into the hands of Sir Cartwright this "Bread or
Work" racket will play.

Where's your zeal for the cause?
Why you used to turn out,
And with whoops and hurrahs
Put the traitors to rout.

The Old Flag—the old party's in danger—man, what are
you thinking about?

By our country let's stand,
Ain't you patriot enough?
For our future is grand.

And—what's that you said!—"Stuff!"
"Can't fill hungry stomachs with speeches and that kind
of guff."

Oh, you traitorous hound!
You're a Grit in disguise,
And you dare to walk round
Telling palpable lies,

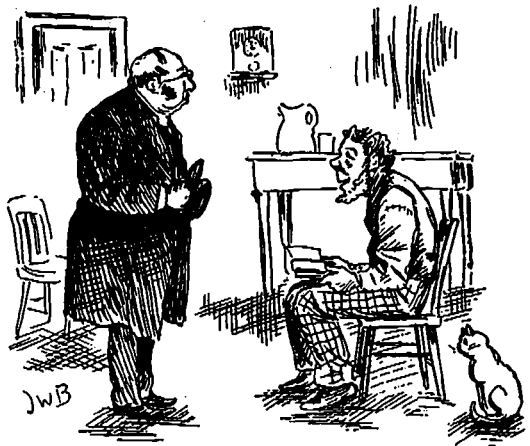
Why, you wouldn't work if you had it—you draw from the
Grits your supplies.

"Work," indeed!—not for you,
You're a tough and a scamp,
Yes—I'm sorry it's true,
You were once in our camp.

Go, starve, steal or die in a ditch, you confirmed, irreclaim-
able tramp!

REVISING THE OLD SPEECH.

WELL, the campaign is now fairly on and I've got to
attend the big rally to-morrow evening in Scroggs-
ville. I suppose I'll have to do the heft of the talking—
generally have, unless there's some of the big guns out
from the city, and I don't know but what my speeches
are just as good as the most of theirs, anyway. Guess I'd
better look up that old campaign speech that I gave 'em
four years ago. It suited the boys pretty well, and I don't
see but what it's as good as ever, if I work in a few new
sentences toward the close. I've got her (*reads*.) Um—
"prosperity of country under glorious N.P."—"mills and
factories busy and labor earning good wages"—"Canada
the home of contented, thriving and prosperous people."
Let me see—isn't that just a little—too optimistic, as it
were. Better perhaps tone that down a little. I'm just



LOGIC.

MINISTER—"What are ye doin', Sandy?"

SANDY—"Aw'm prophescein'."

MINISTER—"Man, ye're blasphemin'. Ye canna prophesce."

SANDY—"Weel, if readin' a sairmon is precchin', readin' a pro-
phesce is prophescein'!"

afraid some of the mortgaged farmers and unemployed
workmen might think it slightly overdrawn. Ah, this'll
do—"country fairly prosperous considering everything,
and, though latterly times have been somewhat dull, yet
on the whole," etc., etc.

What's this? "Nobody but an idiot could imagine
that Reciprocity of any sort would benefit the farming
community." "The Yankees produce all that is required
in their home market, and what an absurdity it is to
suppose that we could dispose to advantage of the pro-
ducts of the farm among a people whose own farmers are
unable to secure remunerative prices." "Abandoned
farms of New England—" Whe-e-w! That'll never do
now. Out she goes. "While staunchly maintaining the
principles of the N.P. the Conservative party is deter-
mined to use every exertion to secure Reciprocity in
natural products and access for our farmers to a market
of 65,000,000, which cannot fail to relieve any trifling
depression now existing." There, that'll do instead.
That ought to fetch 'em. Really I didn't think the speech
was such a back number as to need all this fixing up.

"Instead of seeking closer relations with the United
States—the home of political corruption and villainy—a
country where free love and easy divorce are loosening
the bonds of society"—Oh, hold up—this'll never do.
Sure as I mention divorces some low-lived Grit will yell
out "How about Foster?" Better strike all that out.

Here's another anachronism. "In this fortunate
country all creeds live in peace and harmony, and the
religious feuds which formerly prevailed are but memories
of the past. The wise and conciliatory policy which has
established separate schools has removed the last vestige
of a grievance." It's easy to see that was written before
the anti-Jesuit agitation came up. Our crowd don't want
to touch dangerous questions of that sort with a ten-foot
pole. Must knock all that out.

Peroration about the Old Flag, heroic deeds of fore-
fathers, bloodshed on historic battlefields, patriotism,
loyalty, detestable Yankees, grand old Chieftain, dear old
Mother Country, etc. That's all right—and it's about
the only part of the speech that don't want to be re-writ-
ten. Hang it all, I might almost as well have got up a
new speech.



NOW MARY MAGDALEN WAS AN IRISHWOMAN.

"Well, Bridget, did you enjoy the sermon?"

"Oi, 'twas just lovely 'm, so ut was; all about *Mary McDillon* an' her box o' spiked nails!"

YE RIME OF KING JACK.

THERE was a warrior on the earth in old heroic days,
Whose doughty deeds performed for men are worthy of all
praise.

The world was filled with the renown of his resistless hand,
For he fought and wrought in aid of those he loved on sea and
land.

Though ancient Norman lineage this hero did not lack,
He scouted sounding titles, and men called him simply Jack.

This Jack the Giant-killer, soon as he became of age,
Set out as knights of old were wont in conflicts to engage.
His well-knit, sinewy limbs he scorned to fetter in their case,
And wore no iron mail, but only waterproof and frieze.
With wild halloo and trumpet blast he sped o'er hill and plain,
His war-horse was a thoroughbred, swift as a hurricane.

He smote those stern old giants, Lava, Porphyry and Granite,
Who for countless ages had usurped the surface of this planet.
They hated men, nor would allow them foothold on earth's zones,
But our hero's onslaught quickly drove them from their rocky
thrones.

His strong lance pierced their heavy mail and brought them to their
knees,
He bound them fast with chains and some transported o'er the
seas.

So Jack subdued these Titans who held all the land in fee,
Set free their realm and in their turn doomed them to slavery.
He made them fettered tillers of the soil they claimed their own,
And of their mighty citadels scarce left a single stone.
The fertile valleys thus redeemed he gave rent free to men,
Only stipulating they should lodge him gratis now and then.

Far south he roamed, for he had heard about an upstart fellow
Who claimed his name and challenged him, a low-born, mongrel
yellow.

He routed him in open field, together with a brood
Of other vampires who had come to take part in the feud.
He threw up bulwarks to prevent escape out of the fen
Where he had flung the venom'd tribe, worst enemies of men.

He hied him north, but what was his surprise and indignation
To find himself abused and shunned by men of every station.
They gave him the cold shoulder, snubbed him, in his face slammed
doors and

In many a spiteful manner showed themselves to be but coarse and
Thankless boors, in short, these knaves so treated Jack he could not
stand it,

For he was not used to being bullied like a tramp or bandit.

This vile return for all that he had done displayed a lack
Of gratitude in man that nearly broke the heart of Jack.
He blustered and he stormed awhile at the ungrateful crew,
Then sat down by the roadside to resolve what he should do.
With splintered lance and charger spent, this worn and weary
knight

Seemed like a traveling tinker, he was such a sorry sight.

At length he roused himself and said, "Why should I linger here,
Where I am spurned from every door with signs of hate and fear?
Their paltry souls are filled with dread, I see them shake and
shiver,

As if I were that Ague rogue I flung into the river.
I'll leave the clowns and seek a realm where I can dwell at ease,
Across the broad St. Lawrence and those mighty inland seas."

So after eating some few crumbs of frost-cake and cold snaps, Jack
Re-strapped upon his shoulders broad his now quite empty knap-
sack.

His steed this Quixote mounted, farther north his way pursued,
And found his spirits rise with each degree of latitude.
He reached that ermine-mantled realm, crowned by the Northern
Lights,

The land of pine and maple, and winter palace sites.

And there I trow he reigns in style, no outcast now our hero,
His bonds are always over par though often under zero.
A loyal, happy people is the nation he rules over,
Who frolic in a field of snow like kine in blooming clover.
And to finish with a double rhyme the last line of this stanza,
I may say Professor Wiggins is our worthy's Sancho Panza.

But to conclude our narrative. In stately Montreal
The monarch yearly holds his court with many a full-dress ball.
A radiant palace is his home, built by his royal hand,
For though so high in rank he is no idler in the land.
He works the soil and mends the roads, builds bridges, rinks, *et al*,
So King Jack is well entitled to enjoy his Carnival.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

VERSE.

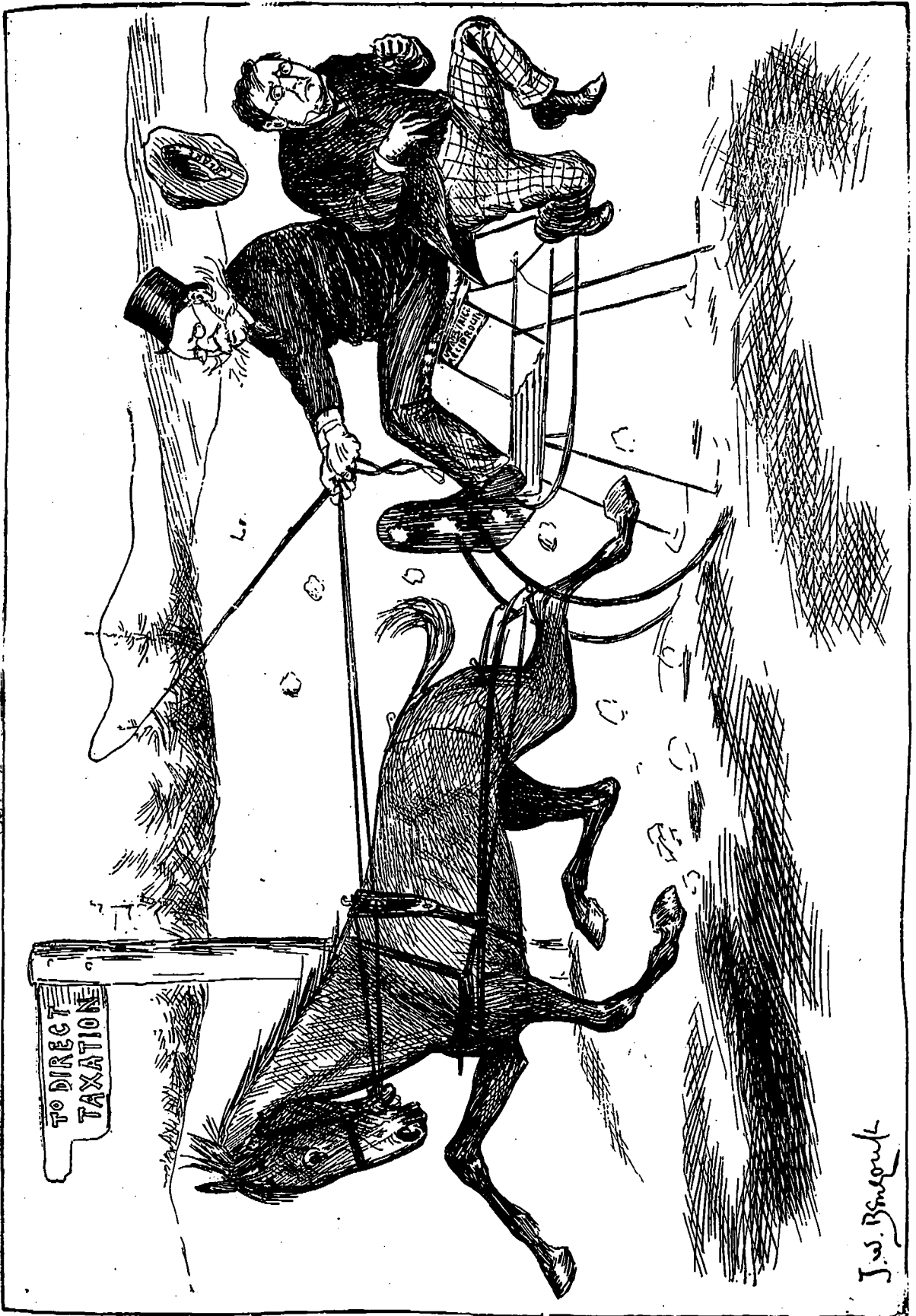
MOST critics will admit,
That with even scanty wit,
Any one can write a sonnet or an ode;
But oft a fertile brain,
Has toiled time and again
To "get the best of blank verse" a la mode.

Still the editor admitted
That the stanzas I submitted
Were not only original and terse;
But also did he acknowledge
That since he'd been at college
He had never read such BLANKETY BLANKED "blank verse."

MAX.

A REGULAR WAITER.

DIBBLER—"What do you do for a living?"
SCRIBBLER—"I wait."
DIBBLER—"Indeed! Now, that I think of it, it
strikes me that someone told me you were a reporter."
SCRIBBLER—"Well, that amounts to the same thing."
DIBBLER—"How so?"
SCRIBBLER—"I go to the office every day and wait
for an assignment."
DIBBLER—"Yes."
SCRIBBLER—"Then I have to wait around for the
man I'm to interview."
DIBBLER—"Yes."
SCRIBBLER—"Then I have to wait for my pay."



CANT STAND THE PACE!

DUE NORTH.

(BY OUR OWN COMMISSIONER.)



"TICKET for North Bay," I gently whispered to the obliging clerk at the Union Station—Grand Trunk Department. In the instantaneous way peculiar to railway-clerks he had wet the tips of his fingers with his tongue, pulled the requisite bit of paste board from its allotted pigeon-hole, given it a jam in the little stamping machine, pushed it

to me, grabbed my money and slapped down my change, almost before the sound of my voice had died away. "And now," said I, with Chesterfieldian politeness, to the station constable, "will you show me where the train for North Bay is?" "Right over there," he replied, raising his stalwart arm and extending it in a northern and northwestern direction. I grasped his meaning at once; then I grasped my valise, and with a few gigantic strides I crossed the tracks and entered the vestibule of a sleeping car. It was marked C.P.R., but there was no mistake. The C.P.R. and G.T.R. are all one so far as the trip to North Bay is concerned. In all other respects, of course, they are rival and opposition roads, supplying the competition which keeps freight rates, etc., at a ridiculously low figure for the business public of the country. The porter, a most courteous gentleman of color,



immediately took me for a wealthy magnate on the way to Sudbury to look after my extensive nickel-mining interests. The error was most natural on his part, to be sure, as I look very like that, but he asked no questions, and I was spared the humiliation of undeceiving him. Besides, I rather enjoyed the elaborate homage he paid me. Nickel barons, I should suppose, always give the porter something pretty handsome, when it comes to the whisking-off ceremony. The berths were all made up, and if there is

any place more unattractive to enter than a sleeping car fixed up for the night I have never yet found it. You can only do one thing besides turning in, and that is to retire to the smoking box-stall and get yourself smoked with tobacco fumes. The fellows there congregated were at it hammer and tongs on politics and the general election. I got enough of both smoke and speculation in a few minutes, and then went to roost. This term I use advisedly, as an upper berth was the portion reserved for me that night. There is so much satisfaction in feeling above one's neighbors in any sense, that I rather like upper berths, and the gymnastic exercise one gets in climbing in and out—not to speak of the calisthenics involved in undressing and



redressing in the constrained limits provided—constitute them by all odds the healthiest part of the car. When consciousness with its general election and so forth returned to me, nearly everybody else was up, and at a very decent hour of the morning the porter in a fine baritone voice announced North Bay. This is the name of a western-looking town, whose streets have as little method about them as some political speeches. North Bay is also the name of the extension of Lake

Nipissing on which the town is situated, but the town should not be confounded with the bay, as the water of the latter is very bad for drinking purposes—worse than Toronto's, one bold citizen affirmed. Having partaken of breakfast at that shrine of the commercial pilgrim, the Pacific (which is appropriately presided over just now by a popular steamboat captain), I went off on a tour of inspection. The chief industry of the place is C.P.R.-ing, and it struck me that it should really have been called Ceptiar, which would have combined truth with euphony. Mr. J. S. Campbell and a couple of hundred other bright young men are looking after the interests of the great institution at this divisional point, and doing it, I understand, to Mr. Van Horne's entire satisfaction. The climate was decidedly healthy on the day of my visit, and red noses were very fashionable. Next to the C.P.R., the institution which North Bay is proudest of is Father Huntington—not the eloquent, big-



minded gentleman who was wearing petticoats in Toronto lately, but another of the same sacred profession, a grand old pioneer of Methodism, who was in this wild section trying to teach truth to the Indians before the railway was dreamt of. North Bay doesn't take much stock in the Sudbury boom, so far as I could hear. She is persuaded that the coming metropolis of the north is North Bay. I dropped in to see Burk's Falls on the return trip, but, on the whole, I think for spectacular grandeur and reasonable cab-charges, I prefer Niagara Falls. To tell the truth, I didn't see the Falls at all, as they have closed up for the season on account of the cool weather, but I *did* see Burk, and that is a good deal. Burk is a good, genial fellow, and, besides owning a Falls, he has a post-office, an hotel and a horse. It is a dappled gray horse of the celebrated Pratt breed, and was given to Mr. Burk by a gentleman who appreciated him as he ought to be appreciated. I omitted to mention that Burk also owns a white hat to match the horse, but he never in reality wears it when he goes out riding, for fear of frightening the noble animal to death. Considering the beauty of this section, even under the sombre dress of winter, I should say that few prettier places could be found as a quiet summer resort than Burk's Falls. The next place I touched at on my southward journey was Gravenhurst, the home of the gentleman who hopes (by the favor of North Ontario) to write himself down J. P. Cockburn, M.P. Gravenhurst illustrates the great advantage it is to a struggling village to have a real good holocaust. Chicago is another case in point. Before the fire Gravenhurst looked rather seedy, with its old frame buildings on the main street. Now it is quite a bright-looking place, bricks everywhere. Many of



the citizens I fell in with were such. I picked up sketches of a few of them, which please find appended; also a few of the North Bay and Burk's Falls stalwarts. More anon, perhaps.

LOVE'S TEST.

THEY had been courting many a year
 Yet he could not obtain her word
 That she would be his only dear,
 And waiting seem'd to him absurd.

So one night as they took the air,
 When little birds began to slumber,
 Fate led the unsuspecting pair
 Upon the bridge across the Humber,

Where, stopping suddenly, he said,
 "Matilda! many moons have waned
 Since first I asked you for to wed,
 And yet your 'Yes' I have not gained.

"And though love's prelude may be nice
 I feel it cannot last forever,
 So say the word and in a trice
 We'll tie the knot that none may sever."

Matilda Jane declined her head,
 Her blushes with the moonbeams blent,
 She oped her candy'd lips and said,
 "How do I know you won't repent?"

"Repent," replied Adolphus Brown,
 In accents of severest scorn,
 With something of a tragic frown
 And somewhat of a look forlorn.

"I'll give thee proof of my great love,
 Proof that I love no girl but thee,
 Ask what thou wilt and I will prove
 My love, if you'll be Mrs. B."

Matilda dropp'd a silver tear,
 Emotion on her lips did quiver
 As she remark'd, "Well, Dolphy dear,
 Project yourself into the river."

Adolphus Brown received the blow,
 Love died a sudden death in him,
 And he replied in accents low
 "Matilda Jane, I cannot swim."

They took two sidewalks going back;
 She went to bed, he went for whiskey,
 And swore when next he trod love's track
 He'd promise nothing that was risky.

ECHOES FROM PARNASSUSVILLE.

THE proposed erection of memorial tablets in and about Montreal to celebrate localities of historical importance and to keep before the public eye the names of brave old Canadian worthies, is a movement which every person who truly reverences the great facts and figures of the past will be glad to assist and see carried out thoroughly and properly; but it will be well to recall the sad history of the "Literary Memorial Tablet Association of Parnassusville," and some of the peculiar results that were affixed to the walls of that sacred village, in consequence of the action of a few peculiar members. Parnassusville, as every person who possesses any literary *cultus* knows, was the modern mushroom town which sprang up on the site of an old poetic centre, of which some historical fragments remain. True to the traditions of the locality, the modern growth was essentially poetical, and one of the by-laws of the place prevented anyone from living in Parnassusville who



A VERSATILE POLICY.

HIGGINS—"Which way are you going to vote this time, Quibbles?"
 QUIBBLES—"For Sir John, of course. I'm in favor of limited reciprocity, and you?"

HIGGINS—"I'm going to vote for him, too, because I'm against reciprocity in any shape!"

could not recite the names and titles of all the poets who then resided therein. There were several learned societies, each one of which gave a title, a medal and an unlimited supply of pens, ink and paper to each member. For instance, there was the A.S.S., or "Archaic Society of Singers"; the S.N.O.B., or "Society for Noticing Our Own Books"; the C.A.D.S., or "Culture and Drivel Society"; and many other interesting associations of a highly intellectual order. The A.S.S. met every week to discuss old poets and poetry of Parnassusville. At least that was the original intention as stated on the prospectus issued by Thomas Ticklechin, editor of "Fried in the Midnight Oil, and Other Poems"; but the real business that made the life of the Society was the mutual admiration expressed on every essay read. A notable instance was a lecture given by Eugeneius Carolus Rusticus on "Why my epics are greater than Homer's," wherein the quondam occupier of a cottage in old Parnassus was flouted and abused for ten minutes, and selections from Mr. Rusticus's epic poetry occupied two hours. That was the finest meeting ever held by the Society. The S.N.O.B. provided all the reviews of new books that appeared in the papers. This was done for love, not for money,—love of themselves and their works. Woe betide any stranger who dared to publish anything. He was either abused to death or ignored. When a member published, every other member was bound to supply a favorable review to at least three newspapers and write personals of a complimentary nature for a year. Besides which, he had the privilege of being obliged to purchase two copies. As the membership was about 100, and all poets, everybody published as often as possible with a certainty of success. This excellent system was thoroughly explained in a paper by Timothy Tonter, author of "Among the Stars," "Across the Universe," "Warblings from the Milky Way," etc. The paper was modestly named, "Comparative worth of 'Paradise Lost' and my last poem, as shown by the sums of money received by the respective authors, with practical hints as to how to publish profitably." It was a memorable evening, and gave rise to the new school of Peddler Poets, which is the distinguishing feature of the literary life of Parnassusville. An antiquarian present showed conclusively that what have long been supposed to be "beggars' marks" on houses were really "poets' pointers," showing to the fraternity the



HIS FIRST DINNER IN A HOTEL.

WAITRESS (*loudly*)—"Rosebeefsausagecoleporkhamaneggspota-toeslettus —"

UNCLE SILAS—"Er—r—I thought this wus the dinin' room. Ain't it?"

places favorable and unfavorable for the sale of their works. The C.A.D.S. met once a month, and between meetings they meditated. Speculation of any kind was not permitted as being of a non-ethical character. The chief aim of this society was to disguise the simplest truths and commonest every-day phenomena with vague and diffusive language, so that they should become unrecognizable. For instance, Lotze Fulz, a German member, gave a paper of three hours' reading on "Whether it was within the recognized limits of spacial possibility for an immature member of the human family, named Thomas, to afford by a total obliteration of the *ego* an approximate position for the temporary repose of his avuncular relative, with incidental remarks on the maternal influence and buns as a repository of human temptation." This interesting discourse was printed and published under the auspices of the Society, and is still to be obtained.

Now it came to pass that the three learned societies of Parnassusville joined together and determined to form a special and esoteric club, to be called "The Literary Memorial Tablet Association of Parnassusville." A meeting was called and everything was left to the secretary. It was arranged that every poet should be allowed to purchase and erect a memorial tablet to a great author. The first that was erected read thus:

VIRGIL DIED HERE.
ERECTED BY
THOMAS TICKLECHIN,
AUTHOR OF
"VIRGIL NO POET," AND "VERSES
ON MY ANCESTORS."
PRICE, \$2.00 5% DISCOUNT IF TEN
COPIES PURCHASED.
T. TICKLECHIN.

This was accounted such a success that the donor had it photographed; but he took the precaution of covering the first five words with paper, and thereby was

enabled to use the picture as an advertisement. Another tablet was set up and read as follows:

MUNCHAUSEN LIES HERE.
ERECTED BY
THE GIFTED AUTHOR OF
"ECHOES OF A LYRE."
TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.
T. T.

Then the following were added over private houses:

HERE LIVED
LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY.
T. T. DONOR.

TO THE UNITED MEMORIES OF
DANTE AND TICKLECHIN.
2 POETS IN 2 DISTANT AGES BORN.
T. T.

The Society came to an end shortly afterwards when Mr. Ticklechin died, and there is a tombstone in Parnassusville cemetery reading thus:

T. TICKLECHIN,
AUTHOR OF
"A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE,"
AND OTHER POEMS.
T. T.

HORSEY.

CUSTOMER (*to horse dealer*)—"I wish to purchase for my wife a nice quiet saddle horse. She don't want one like the last which threw her off."

DEALER—"Well, I should recommend you to try a Perch'er-on."

REMINDED HIM OF HOME.

FARMER'S WIFE—"Would you like a plate of pork and beans?"

TRAMP—"Anything but that!"

FARMER'S WIFE—"Anything but that? Why?"

TRAMP—"Beans always make me feel lonesome and homesick. I am from Boston."

IN Dr. Horsey, who was nominated in North Grey on Saturday, the Liberals have a candidate who ought to win the riding.—*Globe*.

If a horsey candidate cannot succeed in his riding we don't know who could. But he may be jockeyed out of it.

HOW TO WORK UP A CRAZE.

AMICUS—"What on earth does this mean? I have read twenty pages of manuscript and I haven't found a sentence that appears to be more than an aggregation of words. Do you know yourself what you are writing about?"

PENNER—"No, I haven't the faintest idea; but my publisher has made arrangements with a Boston lady to discover my book when it comes out and to form a club to study it."

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

WHEN a young man's former sweetheart tells him she is going to marry somebody else, he holds out his hand to her and says, "I hope you will be very happy!" but he knows all the time that in his secret heart he hopes she won't.—*Somerville Journal*.

It restores the bloom of health to the palid cheek. Burdock Blood Bitters acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, Stomach and Bowels, purifies, regulates and strengthens.

"We have never sold a medicine that has given such general satisfaction as Burdock Blood Bitters," says Joseph Coad, of Frankville, Ont.

THE clergymen who followed Talmage in declaring that "flirtation is damnation" would be happy in Japan, where flirtation is a penal offence. But it would puzzle them to tell the Japanese women what to do with their fans.—*Cape Cod Item*.

SHUN harsh purgatives. To regulate the Bowels, act upon the Liver and restore a healthy tone to the system, take the milder and more natural means, Burdock Blood Bitters.

"The demand is good and it is giving satisfaction to our customers," write N. C. Polson & Co., druggists, Kingston, regarding the great Blood and Liver medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters.

LET us sometimes step aside from the smooth and flowery paths in which we are permitted to walk in order to view the toilsome march of our fellows through the thorny desert.—*National Weekly*.

"I've had a good deal to do with the jury-box in my day," exclaimed a sheriff after a recent murder trial, "but I never before saw a jury box like those fellows did in their scrimmage about the verdict."—*Boston Courier*.

RHEUMATISM, Gout, Lumbago, and similar troubles will not linger with you if your blood is pure; if it is not, we would recommend you to take Burdock Blood Bitters at once.

"Has given the most unqualified satisfaction in this section," writes John B. Dale, druggist, Wyoming, of the great blood purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

THE desparado of the old mining days hardly led a *dolce-far-niente* sort of existence, if he did take life easily.—*St. Joseph News*.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthama and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A WISCONSIN minister "raised" five dollar bills to get funds to buy a fast trotting horse; but instead of getting a fast trotter, he got five years' imprisonment. A minister should go slow—especially in the matter of fast horses.—*Norristown Herald*.

The latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

SOMETHING new in photos at the Perkins studio. See our window. J. J. Milliken, 293 Yonge street, successor to T. E. Perkins.

BAD Blood, low vitality and a Scrofulous condition of the system leads to Consumption and other wasting forms of disease. The preventive and cure is Burdock Blood Bitters.

"A customer claims it saved his life. I find it the best selling patent medicine I have in the shop," says J. E. Kennedy, chemist, Cobourg, regarding Burdock Blood Bitters.

SOFT white hands. Every lady can have soft white hands by using Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from one to three months. Our Medicated Air Treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

IN buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, two doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

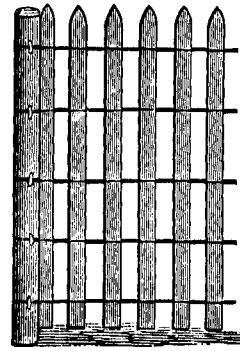
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The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc.

One pound equals forty-five pounds of prime lean Beef.

Send to us for our book of receipts, showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.



PICKET WIRE FENCE.

The great question of the day with the farmer and every owner of an acre of land is **What shall we do for fencing?** We say buy our new Combination Fence and save valuable time, land and money.

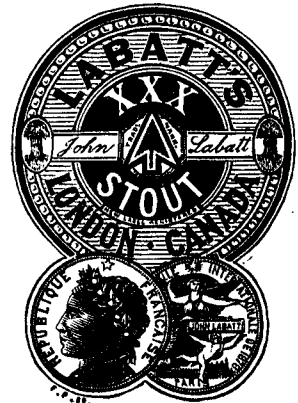
Prices from 50 cts. (Per rod, 16 1/4 ft.)

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221 River Street, Toronto, Ont.

JOHN LABATT,



LONDON, ONT.

Received the highest awards for purity and excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Austria, 1877; and Paris, 1878. Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Que., says: "I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ont., and have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter XXX Stout of the same Brewery, which is of an excellent quality; its flavor is very agreeable. It is a tonic more energetic than the above Ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article. James Good & Co., Agents, Toronto.

Will Remodel Anybody.



Nov. 3, 1890.
J. Bliss, Campion, P.O., writes: Health-seekers travel far to mountains, lakes, seas and springs. But of all the famous places to have the body thoroughly cleansed of health-destroying impurities, supply the joints, firm up the muscles and frame, and make one feel fresh life trickling through the brains, give me

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER.

Have proved it for fifty years. Use it heartily for a few months. Will remodel anybody.

The St. Leon Mineral Water Co. (Ltd.)

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**Stop that
CHRONIC COUGH NOW!**

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

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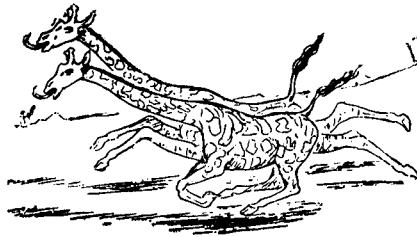
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—Pick-me-up.

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Ladies and Gentlemen



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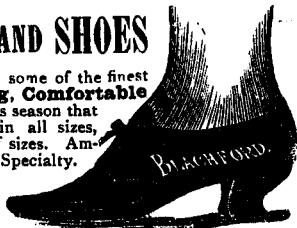
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BOOTS AND SHOES**

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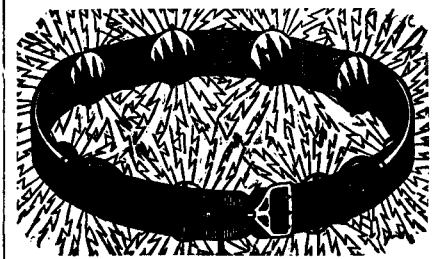
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