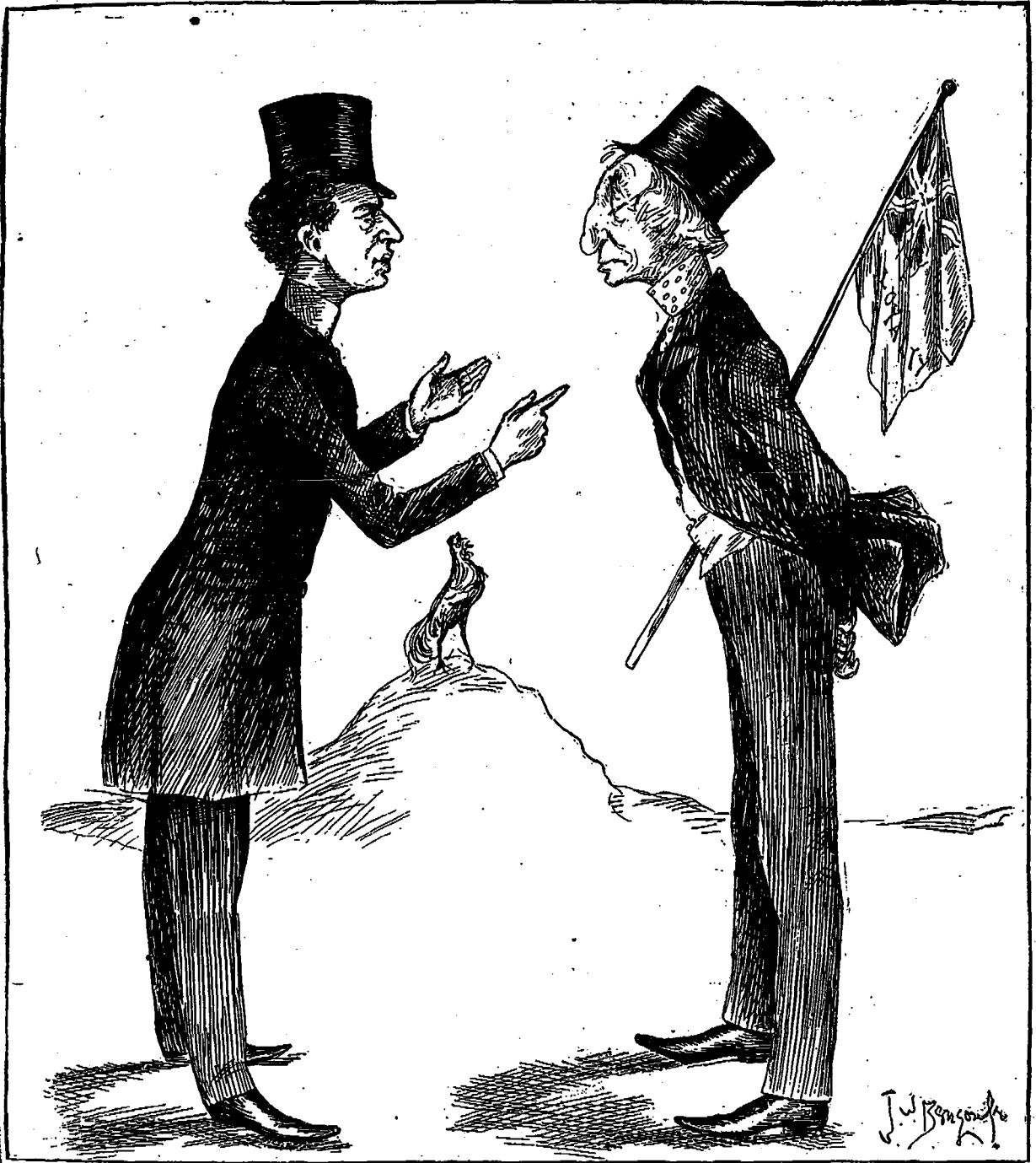


GRIP

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LAURIER'S CHALLENGE;

OR, THE ONLY ARGUMENT AGAINST RECIPROCITY ANSWERED.

"I will make this bargain with the Conservatives. If they can guarantee that they will be ready not to be captured by Yankee blandishments, I will answer for the Liberals. If the Conservative party will promise that they will not be led away by any unpatriotic motives I will venture to say that the Liberal party of Canada will never be swayed by mercenary or unpatriotic motives, either."—
Laurier at Halifax.

GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND
CARICATURE.

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Manager

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.

RIGHT PAST OUR
NEIGHBOR'S DOOR.—

The Hon. Geo. E. Foster is back from his pleasant holiday trip (*alias* important commercial mission) to the balmy islands of the West Indies. In due time we shall hear from his own lips an account

of his remarkable doings among the Islanders, black and white, and it will give us unfeigned delight if he is able to inform us that, as a result of his visit, our farmers and manufacturers are to have a paying market for everything they have to sell hereafter. Already rumors of a pleasant nature have found their way into print—mere exhalations from the minister's grip-sack—but we await with interest the full disclosure of a glorious success in diplomacy. Even in the exuberance of our anticipation, however, we can't quite close our eyes to the fact that both going and coming Mr. Foster passed right by the door of our near neighbor, Uncle Sam, without so much as a glance at that worthy, who is able to do more trading with us in an hour than all the West Indies can do in a year. Why, our Uncle has fifty or a hundred cities any one of which contains as large a population as the whole island of Jamaica. And, notwithstanding McKinley and the handful of desperate, fat-lying corruptionists who are for the moment in charge American affairs, Samuel is as willing as he is able to trade. If Mr. Foster had been the emissary of a Government gifted with common sense, he could have accomplished more for the manufacturers, farmers and people generally of Canada, and at less cost in money and wind, by visiting Washington, than he has been able to do, in the tropics, whatever his success may amount to. We verily believe that an earnest, business-

like talk to the authorities at Washington—even the Republicans—is all that is needed to bring Reciprocity within hailing distance, and if it could not be actually secured in a short time the fault would not lie in any essential difficulties of the question itself, but in the fact that our Government, by its crack-brained policy of irritation and bluster, has stirred up needless animosities in the Yankee breast. Meanwhile, the spectacle of Hon. Geo. E. Foster travelling to the far distant isles of the sea in search of trade, and studiously ignoring the great nation beside us, may perhaps be accounted for by the consideration that, as a pleasure resort at this season of the year, with one's expenses paid by a good-natured public, the West Indies is to be preferred to the District of Columbia.

LAURIER'S CHALLENGE.—This whole page, and many more of equal dimensions, could easily be filled with quotations from speeches by Conservative leaders, from Sir John Macdonald down, in which the benefits of Reciprocity of trade between Canada and the United States, are eloquently portrayed. The glorious N.P. itself was in the first instance invented as a cunning device for squeezing Reciprocity out of Uncle Sam. This good purpose has not been accomplished, unfortunately, but meanwhile the machine has been found useful for coining dollars for a favored few out of the earnings of the many, and a liberal number of these dollars have been found very handy for election purposes. Hence the Red Parlor, in the rosy atmosphere of which the authors of the N.P. quite lose consciousness of their original design; and hence the barefaced continuance of the policy of "shaking down the chestnuts for the hogs." But the people do not forget about the Reciprocity-of-Trade design, though it has failed. They didn't count on a Reciprocity-of-Tariffs except as a means to an end, and now that they begin to feel the pinch of Restriction, they are becoming restive. Something must be done to stop the mouth of clamor. The Old Flag is stuffed into it. The gentlemen who made the speeches we have alluded to, now protest, in the name of loyalty, against the proposal to adjust our trade relations on this continent in accordance with the laws of God and geography. They are dreadfully afraid that Free Trade with the States would lead to Annexation. That is really the only objection to Reciprocity, and it's a great pity. But the people of this country cannot be trusted—that is, of course, those of them who are Grits. Nothing could possibly impair the triple-plated loyalty of Conservatives, but it's different with Grits, who do not truly love and cleave to the Old Flag, you know. So runs the "argument" of ministerial speeches. Well, Mr. Laurier has condescended to deal with the "argument," and it seems to us he has done it effectively. In his recent speech at Halifax he issued a challenge in these words:

"I will say here, as I have said elsewhere upon this question, that I will make this bargain with the Conservatives. If they can guarantee that they will be ready not to be captured by Yankee blandishments I will answer for the Liberals. (Applause.) If the Conservative party will promise that they will not be led away by any unpatriotic motives I will venture to say that the Liberal party of Canada will never be swayed by mercenary or unpatriotic motives either."

Some other excuse will have to be invented by the apologists of monopoly now.



URIOUS man, this Erastus Wiman.

He is an Annexationist, you know.

The anti-reciprocity papers keep saying so, and it must be true.

We have seen it in cold type several

times that the one object of

Wiman's life is to bring about a

political union between Canada

and the States. And yet he goes

on doing things that cannot be

easily reconciled with this view of

him. Here, for instance, in the

current number of the *North American Review* we find

an article signed "Erastus Wiman"—the very same,

identical man, no doubt—in which the people of the

United States are told that the Canadians not only do

not favor Annexation, but that they are most bitterly and

determinedly opposed to it, and are likely to remain so

for generations yet. Furthermore, he goes on to point

out that it would be the basest sort of traitorism for the

Canadians to desert the Union Jack for the Stars and

Stripes, as Great Britain has always treated them gener-

ously. This does not sound much like the talk of an

Annexationist, does it?

THE trouble is that some people are too stupid to distinguish between commercial unity and political union; or if not too stupid, they are too dishonest. Mr. Wiman, while regarding Annexation as a wild and impracticable dream, very properly looks upon the removal of the barbarous double row of custom houses along the Canadian-American frontier as something perfectly feasible within a comparatively short time. The article to which we have referred ably illustrates this idea, while it forcibly assures those American politicians who hope by McKinleyism to coerce Canada into Annexation that they are doomed to certain disappointment.

WHILE we wouldn't positively set ourselves up as more learned in the law than Mr. Justice Rose, we may gently intimate that that excellent jurist's decision in the case of Fleming vs. the Temperance Reformation Society strikes us as being too much of a "good thing" for the defendants. When Jesse Ketchum bequeathed the Temperance Hall to the cold water public of Toronto, and vested its management in the above-named society, it is not likely he contemplated merely providing a soft snap for a few individuals. Yet Justice Rose has decided that the Directors of the Society have the power to make and enforce rules to regulate their own affairs, and by virtue of one of the rules which they have made, which provides that four blackballs will shut out any applicant for membership, the Directors, it appears, are regulating affairs very much to their own liking. It would interest the temperance public to know just what becomes of the annual revenues of the property Mr. Ketchum bequeathed, but under the ruling of the judge, it would seem that nobody can get in to find out, unless the directors see fit to kindly grant permission.

ABOUT this proposed swap of a magnificent piece of the city's property on Front Street for a piece of park land up behind the University, we say emphatically to the city authorities, don't do it! It is not a trade which any sensible man would make for himself, and therefore not one which a sensible City Council should make for the people whose property is in their management.

ANOTHER thing which is utterly wrong in principle is the selling of the monopoly of market fees to private individuals. The right to collect taxes in the Western cattle market was disposed of by auction the other day for over \$15,000. Why can't the city appoint an officer to collect the fees direct for the public till, if fees are indispensable? This thing of the community giving away its valuable franchises to private parties has either gone too far or not far enough. If it is really more profitable for public functions to be performed by private speculators, then the management of all the departments of the civic government should be auctioned off; if, however, it is manifestly safest and best that the community should manage its own affairs directly (as has been decided in the case of the waterworks), we see no reason why market fees, street cars, etc., should be made exceptions.

"If Canadians fail to make this country great, powerful, free, a blessing and wonder to the world, history will write them down as dastards, such as never before have proved themselves unworthy of high opportunities."—Nicholas Flood Davin in *The Week*.

Good, Nicholas! But if Canadians who are gifted with intellectual powers of a high order, possess all the advantages of culture, and are placed in positions of

influence, are content to chain themselves to the chariot-wheels of Barty, and to do the bidding of small-beer politicians as mere lackeys, they will keep Canada just where she is in the opinion of the world. The eminent Regina journalist can afford to do some "searching of heart" over this.

WHAT becomes of that stirring British song about the Union Jack being the safe refuge of every fugitive from tyranny, in the face of this cable item, which appeared in our papers the other day:

The British Ambassador at Constantinople has delivered to the Russian authorities Prince Zatscharky and six friends, including a lady and child, who were arrested recently for complicity in the accident to the Czar's train near Borki, but who escaped and took refuge on a British steamer.

It is bad enough for Great Britain and the other civilized powers to passively tolerate Russia, but it is a great deal worse for British ambassadors to actively aid that Government of savages in its despotic proceedings. So long as Russia continues the system of banishing suspects to the Siberian mines without a trial, no refugees should be given up, however strong the presumption of their guilt may be. This ambassador has simply disgraced the British name.



THE OBLIGING POLICE MAGISTRATE.

(A joke on property owners and the respectable public.)

Toronto Telegram.—August Lawlor admitted having already spent seven terms in the Central Prison for larceny and vagrancy. He pleaded guilty to the charge of stealing a pair of boots from the Toronto Shoe Company. Upon being asked whether he would prefer Kingston Penitentiary or the Central Prison he chose the penitentiary. "I guess I would be better off at Kingston," he observed. The magistrate then committed him to penitentiary for three years.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

DISTINGUISHED men share with their less conspicuous fellows the almost universal weakness of attempting to compensate for the mistakes and faults of the past by starting the New Year with a crop of good resolutions. The following are some of the vows for future guidance taken by prominent individuals at the opening of the year:

Lord Stanley—To live within his income.

Sir John Macdonald—To allow his followers considerable latitude on the Reciprocity question when required by local exigencies.

Premier Mowat—To avoid rash and hasty legislation by giving every question his serious consideration.

Mayor Clarke—To run for a fifth term unless elected to Parliament in the meantime.



XMAS IN FLORIDA.

CROCODILE (*singing*)—

Some prefer the breast-bone
Others like the wing,
But I never could digest bone
Or any such a thing.

Some go in for white meat,
Tastes differ so, you see,
When I am asked I always say
Dark meat for me!

Ald. Hallam—To overcome his bashfulness and speak oftener in the City Council.

Ald. E. A. Macdonald—To go to law sometimes rather than be put upon, and run for every office in sight.

John Ross Robertson—To criticize the civic administration more fully.

Col. Denison—To show up traitors and annexationists on every occasion, and try and convince the Yankees by argument that they are a cowardly and treacherous lot.

E. E. Sheppard—To become the Ward McAllister of Toronto "society."

Ald. Frankland—To explain after each of his speeches that it didn't mean what his hearers thought it did.

W. A. Douglas—To mention the Single Tax occasionally in conversation with his friends.

D. J. O'Donoghue—To introduce the immigration question into the Trades and Labor Council.

Hon. Frank Smith—To lay low and put his money where it will do most good.

Sergeant-at-arms Glackmeyer embodied his resolution in flowing metre thusly:

"I will wield the mace
With an easy grace
Which shall dignify the motor
So that folks shall say,
'Well, he earns his pay,
If he does live in Dakota.'"

Prof. Goldwin Smith—To start a new *Bystander* one of these days, as soon as his indignation against Woman

Suffragists, Home Rulers, labor men, prohibitionists, etc., has accumulated near to the bursting point.

GRIP—To eschew mule, goat, mother-in-law and stovepipe jokes, unless in cases of absolute necessity.

TO STYLUS.

A MODERN LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

DEAR Stylus, don't you think it time
To dam your stream of turgid rhyme?
Although it flows with great pretence,
'Tis not of crystal eloquence.
Out of a cavern dark 'tis brought
To belch abroad its mud of thought.
The Muses, as your soul can see 'em,
Exist but in your brain's museum;
You travel like a minstrel show,
And leave behind, where'er you go,
Poetic posters telling us
You are a very clever cuss;
No sane man will deny the same,
Or grudge your self-awarded fame;
But, boaster, why not bid adieu,
We've had enough—too much of you;
Return to that poetic ground,
Where first your jingling gifts you found,
Go back and write new books a score
And post them through the world galore,
But be they bound in paper, vellum,
Boards, parchment, calf, you cannot sell 'em,
Your verses have gone forth before you,
And surely they're enough to floor you.
Go home and haunt your own Parnassus,
We do not want you to surpass us;
We have a breed of poetlings
To soar and sing; fold up your wings;
Direct your luggage; shut your mouth;
And take the organ with you South.
Why did you start this starry rôle?
To advertise abroad your soul?
Your fire of genius should not roam,
But ought to be kept close at home,
Lest straying sparkles should ignite
The lunacy of fools and light
The path that every rhymster passes
Unto the crowded bridge of asses,
Whence into black oblivion's tide
Each leaps—a happy suicide!
Enough there are without your aid
Who swell the poetaster's trade
In Canada; old rhyming hacks
Whose volumes bear upon their backs
Sure symptoms of the senseless mind
That dulls each drivelling page we find;
And many, smelling yet of schools,
Who take the grammar's golden rules,
Construct in blank both thought and verse,
Chop off the ends, and rhyme them worse.
We have them, Stylus, of both sexes,
Ah! that's the thought that always vexes;
'When lovely woman stoops to folly'
Her verses are most melancholy,
And yet there are a precious few
Can stoop to verse and conquer too;
Ah! Stylus, make your best excuse
And go—for you we have no use.
We raise up poets by the score,
They sing in chorus by the door
Of great McGill;—they play the flute
Near to the Fraser Institute;—
They chirp in club, or clique, or class;—
And if on certain nights you pass
Our Natural History Museum
There by the dozen you may see 'em,
Wrapt in that conscious pride of self,
Like dummy books upon a shelf.
Stylus, you might have lectured there
And shown the laurels that you wear
Upon your very classic brow,—
Ah! yes, methinks I see them now,—
Laurel? A poet's eye deceives!
They are but common cabbage leaves;
But call them laurel, you will find

That fools who worship fools are blind,
 And just as good as Dante's crown
 Is cabbage on your head, we own.
 We like you as a man, you know it,
 But never, Stylus, as a poet.
 You've miss'd your proper avocation ;
 Got off, in fact, at life's wrong station ;
 You tell us that aloft you soar,
 We see you crawling on the floor ;
 You ask us to admire your verses,
 We cannot give them aught but curses.
 When at the highest mark you aim,
 We, who can watch your little game,
 See that your frenzied eyes are shut
 And of yourself you make the butt ;
 Farewell—or *vale*—take this gift,
 If you are bound to send adrift
 Your paper boats on every stream,
 Don't call them ironclads,—the dream
 Is food, no doubt, for your stage fires ;
 But names deceive and dreams are liars.

VANCOUVER, Sept. 27, 1890

B. C.

THE NEXT CITY BALLOT.

The ballot paper of the next municipal contest will, we understand, be about as follows :

FOR MAYOR

E. F. CLARKE (5th term),
 Printer.

E. A. MACDONALD,
 Real Estater.

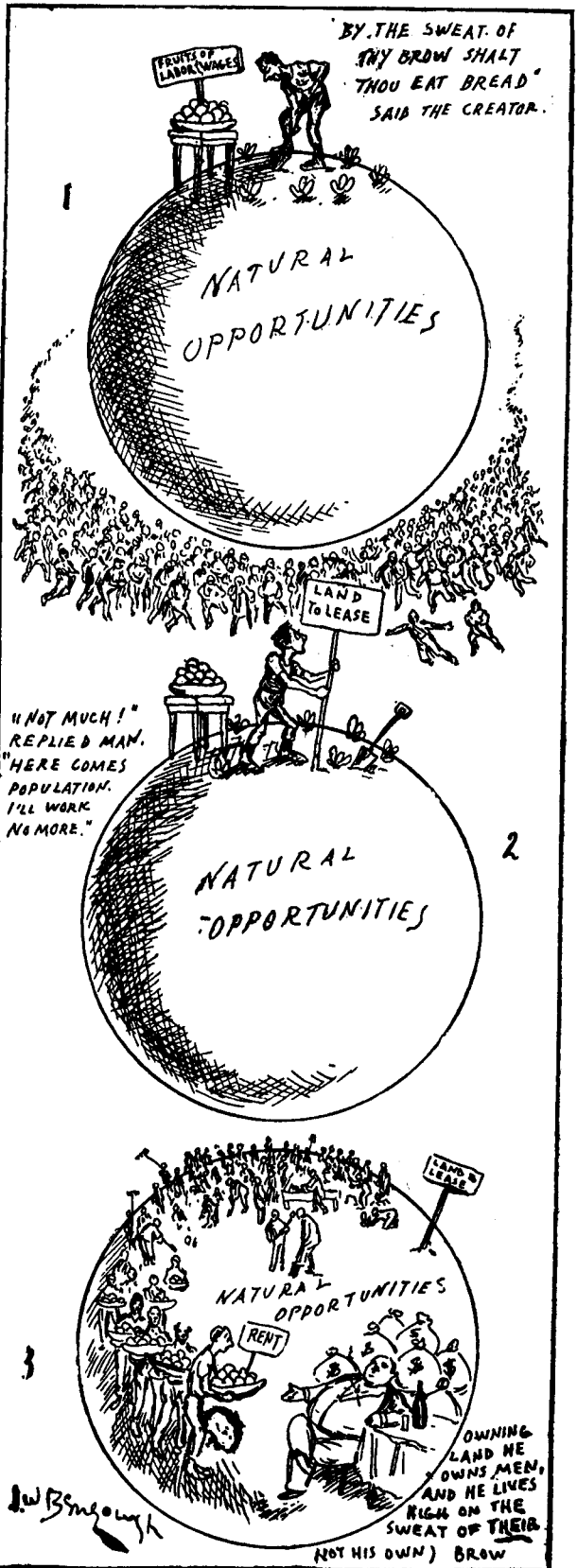
HARRY PIPER,
 Gentleman.

F. MOSES,
 Stove Dealer.

	Yes	No
Do you like wet weather for New Year's day ?		
Do you approve of the project of building a rail fence around the Island ?		
Should the Garrison Creek sewer be reopened ?		
Are you in favor of making the Mayoralty a permanent thing for Mr. Clarke ?		
Do you approve of the social teachings of the "Kreutzer Sonata ?"		
Have you subscribed for GRIP ?		
Do you approve of the City Council swopping the Front Street property for a building lot in Mimico ?		
Do you think Toronto has enough dogs ?		

THE ALDERMANIC SHAKE.

I MET him upon King Street,
 He wore a brand-new tile,
 Oh, hearty was his greeting
 And friendly was his smile ;
 He said "a drop of something hot
 Would be quite nice to take,"
 And almost wrung my fingers off
 So cordial was his shake.
 We drank, and laughed, and chatted
 In a pleasant way and free,
 He said that he had always had
 A great regard for me ;
 Election day was drawing near,
 What difference could that make ?
 I promised him my vote, of course,
 As hands again we shake.
 And once again I met him,
 The day after the poll,
 While taking at the dinner hour
 A quiet little stroll ;
 I said "good day," but on he went,
 No answer did he make ;
 And quickly hurrying away,
 Again gave me the shake.



THE GENESIS OF LANDLORDISM.

WHISKEY is strongly condemned, but it often comes in *Pat* just the same.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE AT THE CONCERT.

HEATHER HA', December.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—



HO' reportin' is no exactly in my line, yet I've taen it upon mysel to send ye a report o' the Grand Edinburgh Concert I gaed till on Saturday night, for the gude reason that I dinna think onybody could report it half sae weel, an' even if they did, they would likely be leavin' me oot o't, a thing I've nae intention o'. When Mrs. Airlie an' me an' the wee laddie gaed in, I sees a crood roond a square hole in the wa' at the tap o' the stair, an' in the hole a young man's head lookin' oot. I just began to speculate hoo he ever got in there

when I noticed he was sellin' tickets for the concert.

So I shoves in an' tells him I wantit twa tickets—ane for mysel' an' ane for my wife.

"What part of the house?" says he.

"Whaurever I'll see best," says I.

"But I mean what price—reserved, gallery, or up among the gods?"

"Oo! up among the gods, of course," says I. "When I come to honour Auld Reekie folk wi' my presence, I want to sit in the tip tapmost place in the hoose. Gie me a masculine an' a feminine ticket for me an' my wife an' a neuter ane for the wee laddie here. Faith, Mrs. Airlie, ye'll be a goddess for ance my lass; ye see what it is to be marrit till a man o' mark like me."

Wi' that I planks doon seventy-five cents, an' awa' up-stairs we gaed, as direckit by the man at the door. Up we gaed, an' aye the farther up, but deil a thing could we see but stairs abune stairs. "Aweel," says I, sittin' doon on a stap an' dichtin' the sweat frae my broo, "this is the first time I've tried to climb Olympus, an' I swear it'll be the last."

"Eh, na, Hugh," says Mrs. Airlie, pechin' an' blawin' like a porpoise, "it's far up an' sair wark nae doot, but ye maunna swear, it's Saturday night ye ken, an' the morn's Sunday."

Weel, after I had gotten my breath, we tries it again, but it got waur an' waur, for the farther up we got the hiecher grew the steps—sae heich that we had to lift oor knees to oor chins to get our feet on the next stap, an' I began tae think they maun be gaun to haud the concert in the mune, when I sees a man's head lookin' ower the tap o' the landin', an' oor weary journey was ended.

"I want a seat for me an' my wife here among the gods," says I, with as muckle dignity as I could command in my diswinded condition, an' the man, wi' a wave o' his hand, pointed till a roond aboot row o' seats up near the roof.

I took aff my hat an' lookit roond, but there were nae gods that I could see—only naething but decent Scotch folk, sittin' crackin' quietly to ane anither. At every fitfa' I turned to see if I could see a god comin' in—Jupiter, or Mars, or Vulcan, or some o' thae auld world billies I've read sae muckle aboot, but no ane put in an appearance. At last a sandy-haired man, wi' a sealskin cap on his wrinkled broo, his hair stickin' oot like tufts o' tow roond aboot, an' a white muffer, cam' in an' sat doon ahint me an' Mrs. Airlie, an' anither man, wi' a grey overcoat an' a grey felt hat, came in an' sat doon aside him. They were he only twa heathen gods in the place.



The man wi' the white muffer opened his mooth an' swore, an' the folk within hearin' lauched. This encouraged him a wee, an' he swore again, this time waur an' mair o't. Mrs. Airlie's face tuk on a prayer-meetin' expression, an as for me, I twisted my back an' neck tryin' to transfix the idiot wi' the wrath in my e'e, but I micht as weel hae tried to transfix a puggie on a hand-organ. In fack the man was no onlike a puggie noo when I think o't, a' the difference was in his tow hair.

Then he opened his mooth the third time, an', wi' anither swear, began to tell his ain personal history. He left Aberdeen an' cam' to this country in 1868, an' was as braid as ever. He wasna a whistler, not he; he was never north o' the Firth o' Forth, an no man could say that he was a blank!—blank!—volley o' oaths Fifer. He was never farther than Auld Reekie—hooray for Auld Reekie!

Aboot this time the folk in the gallery began to rap wi' their heels, an' the tow-headed puggie sings out, "Fetch her in. Blankety—blank! fetch her in!" An' wi' that the man beside him begins his discoorse, an' lets the audience hear hoo very cleverly he can speak Hielant whatifer. "She'll pe tak aff her head whatifer," says he to the puggie, an' the puggie took aff his hat wi' anither appropriate oath.

My attention was at this meenit arrested wi' Mrs. Airlie pykin' oot the cotton batten oot o' the linin' o' her muff an' stuffin' up the wee laddie's lugs wi't. "In a' the earth what are you doin', woman," says I, in consternation.

"Whist," says she, "it'll keep oot the roughest o' the swearin' frae the bairn, it'll a kind o' sift it like afore it gets to the drum o' his ear."

I had only time to gie my wife a look o' adoration when the thunderin' o' feet began again, an' twa gude lookin' lasses an' twa men in swallow tails cam' oot an' stood up in a raw. I was very sorry for the twa lasses, for the dress-makers had forgotten to put sleeves in their goons, an' there they were, pur things, wi' their bare bosoms an' naiket airms, an' nae doot thinkin' sair shame to hae to come oot afore sae mony strangers in sic a condition o' dishability. But, eh man! when they began to sing a thochts o' the rascally dressmakers vainished in the saft, waesome strains o' "My Nannie's Awa'." That's to say, I think they maun hae been sae, for no a word could I hear for thae twa born idiotic cuddy-asses sittin' yatterin' an' swearin' at my back. The folk sittin' oot o' earshot o' the illbred galoots seemed to be extraordinar weel pleased, for they a' clappit an' daddit till I thoct the hoose was comin' doon.

After that, a brisk, wee fellow skippit in on the stage an' danced for a' the world like anither Maggie Lauder. The very tongues ahint me forgot to wag watchin' the feet flashin' in the Hielant Fling. It was grand, man, grand! an' I wondered hoo it cam' aboot that a people wi' sic music in their heads, an' sic quicksilver in their tae, wha laugh an'



greet baith at ance when the auld songs are sung, should be considered a nation o' morose Auld Kird elders. Believe me, the sedateness o' a Scotchman is the sedateness o' a smoulderin' volcano—a calm outside wi' a heart o' fire.

I heard, after I cam' hame, frae a freend that wasna sae unfortunate as I was in the maitter o' a seat, that it was the finest concert o' the kind that he ever saw or heard, an' judgin' frae the way the folk a' cheered at the end o' "Auld Langsyne," I could see they were extra weel pleased, but puir Mrs. Airlie an' me heard only the bummin' o' the voices o' the twa idiots ahint us, an' the next time I gang till a concert I'll sit doon among ordinar folk an' let a' sic gods haud forth oot o' my hearin'.

Yours musically,
HUGH AIRLIE.

MISS CANADA AT HOME.



MISS CANADA kept open house on New Year's Day, and graciously received a great many callers, including everybody who is really anybody. All the afternoon the scene presented in front of the hospitable mansion was one characteristically Canadian—that of a procession of celebrities clad in mackintoshes and carrying umbrellas, some of them emerging from wheeled vehicles which stood in three inches of mud, while the beautiful rain pattered down with unceasing patter.

Mr. GRIP, arrayed in official toggerie, assisted the beautiful lady in the function of receiving, and hence his ability to supply the following jottings.

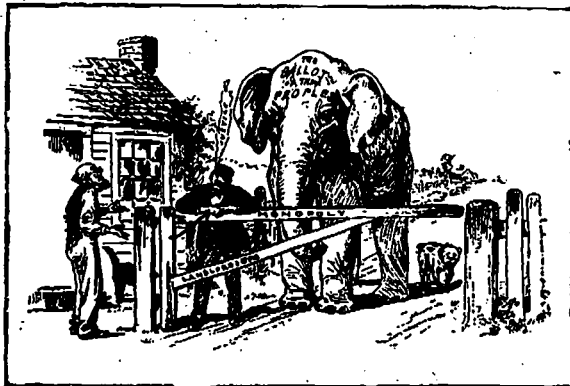
The first to arrive was Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., who had on his tip top regalia, including the red breeches. Advancing towards the hostess with a grace which only long familiarity with court etiquette could impart, the Premier uttered the startlingly original phrase, "I wish you a very happy New Year." Miss Canada, though outwardly radiant as usual, was, I fear, in an ironical mood. In reply to Sir John's greeting she said, "Thanks. I expect it to be happy. You have got the finances into such a nice state, you know. With tall chimneys springing up in every hamlet, and the farmers enjoying a home market and high prices for all they have to sell, why shouldn't I be certain of a happy New Year?"

It was GRIP's especial duty to look after the side-board, and just at this juncture he proffered the distinguished visitor a glass of raspberry vinegar and a sample of pound cake. Sir John declined the liquor saying he had quite reformed, but he genially swallowed the pound cake to the health of Miss Canada.

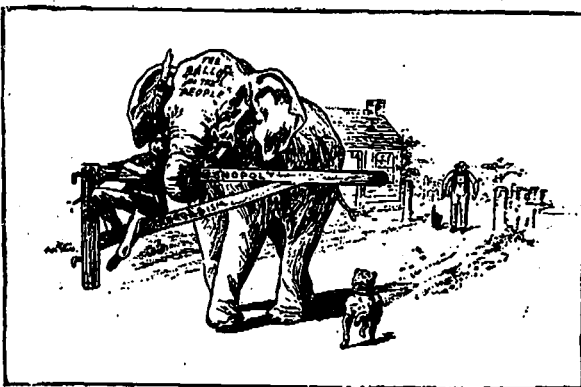
On the heels of Sir John came a bevy of cabinet ministers, including Hon. G. E. Foster, just returned from his trip to the West Indies. These had scarcely been shown in before a crowd of opposition statesmen and celebrities in general arrived, and the stately apartment was soon brilliant with the wit and worth of the Dominion. The function really took the form of a *salon* instead of the three-minute call in vogue on New Year's, and what *Saturday Night's* young woman would describe as a real nice time was spent. Perhaps an idea of the lively buzz of conversation may be imparted by giving this account dramatic form:

HON. E. BLAKE.—"Oh, yes, I'm still a member of the

(Adapted from St. Nicholas.)



A DISPUTE ABOUT THE TOLL.



THE DISPUTE SETTLED.

House, but the law pays better, and I never had much heart for politics, anyhow."

MR. COCKBURN, M.P.—"It's quite different with me, now. Schoolmastering was my profession, and I've thrown it up for politics. I don't think you'll be much missed, Blake, if you drop out altogether. I'm coming to the front fast.

HON. A. S. HARDY.—"But you're built to shine in the House of Lords, Cockburn; or at tremendous wedding functions. Ah, Archbishop, how are you?"

ARCHBISHOP WALSH.—"Very well, I thank you. Have you seen the *Kingston Freeman* of this week?"

HON. PETER RYAN (*coming up*)—"No; what's in it, your grace?"

ARCHBISHOP WALSH.—"Hello, Ryan. The most beautiful, grovelling apology you ever saw in your life. That education editorial, you know. Cleary has squelched it completely."

HON. P. RYAN.—"And when are they going to change the name of the paper? Aw, good morning, Mr. Mowat. Permit me to introduce His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto."

HON. O. MOWAT.—"Not necessary, Peter. I know Dr. Walsh very well. He comes up to dictate my policy for me every day, hey, your Grace?"

ARCHBISHOP WALSH.—"Why, of course. I just drop in to (Episcopal) see you. But here's my dear coadjutor, the Bishop."

BISHOP SWEATMAN.—"Delighted to meet your Grace. May I have a moment's private conversation? I wish to find out when it will be convenient for you to arrange



THE ADMINISTRATION HANSOM.

MISS TORONTO IS IN FOR ANOTHER YEAR OF FURIOUS DRIVING.

for the joint evangelistic service you suggested to me the other day." (*They go aside.*)

MAYOR CLARKE.—"Yes, they tried to down me but the scheme didn't work. Jack, let me thank you for your able services in my behalf."

EDITOR OF *Telegram*.—"My services. You're welcome to 'em. If I could see the Big Three of the administration hanged to a lamp-post I could die happy. I'm laying for you, and don't you forget it."

POET SHERWOOD.—"But your egg will be addled. Clarke is the best man for mayor. Look at the symmetry of his figure, the lines of beauty, the *chiar oscuro*, the breadth, the color in nature of him. As an artist, I'll vote for him every time."

E. A. MACDONALD.—"As a *what*? Hello, here's the Minister of Finance, isn't it?"

HON. GEO. E. FOSTER.—"Right; but you have the advantage of me, sir."

ED. FARRER.—"Everybody has, in fact, when it comes to finance."

E. A. MACDONALD.—"Don't mind him, sir. You don't recognize me? I'm the Earl of Chester, sir."

HON. G. E. FOSTER.—"Ah! the redoubtable Earnest Albert."

E. A. MACDONALD.—"Quite so. Redoubtable is good. My chances for mayor were more than doubtful."

ED. FARRER.—"But, say, Foster, how about that West Indies trip?"

HON. G. E. FOSTER.—"Well, I had a very jolly time of it."

ED. FARRER.—"And as to your mission. What are the prospects of trade?"

HON. G. E. FOSTER.—"Oh, as to trade, they said they would like to trade, you know, and I told 'em so would we."

MALCOLM GIBB.—"But weren't you sick at heart in Jamaica seeing so much rum on every hand?"

HON. G. E. FOSTER.—"Well, in a general way I may say I probably was, but do you know that since I became a member of the cabinet the rum question doesn't seem to trouble my mind a bit."

ROBT. MCLEAN.—"But do you think you have much to be troubled?"

Etc., etc., etc.,—all the afternoon.

"ENGLISH AS [SHE] IS [SPOKE.]"

THE controversy which has been raging for some time in the columns of an esteemed contemporary, as to whether the best English is spoken in Canada or the Mother country, has excited a good deal of interest. In order to settle the matter conclusively, GRIP determined to interview a few gentlemen conversant with the linguistic peculiarities of the two countries. The results of this undertaking are given below:

Mr. Cholmondeley Perkins, late of London, England, on being questioned on the subject said: "Wy, of cawse we speak the language bettah at home, yah know! The discussion—aw—is perfectly widiculous. It's only to be expected that the bettah clawses of English society should converse maw cowwectly than Canadians, don't you know. You weally couldn't imagine that the people of a blawsted colony could acquiah the accent wich is only obtainable by constant intercawse with the highest circles. Wy, you've no aristocracy in this country. How should you know how to speak English when you haven't got the models of excellence before you that every well-bwed Englishman lives up to?"

Mr. Isaac Brock Secord, school teacher of Memphramagog township, said: "What yer givin' us? I'm a native Canadian, of Canadian descent, begosh, an' I'm givin' it yer straight when I say that there ain't no place where the English language is spoke better nor in Canada. No sir, Canadians ain't no slouches when it comes to cor-



RIGHT PAST OUR NEIGHBORS' DOOR!

UNCLE SAM—"Whar' ye be'n, Mr. Foster?"

HON. G. E. (*distantly*)—"Down to the West Indies to try and work up trade for Canada."

UNCLE SAM—"What's the matter with trading *here*? You won't find no better customer anywhar than *I* be."

HON. G. E.—"Perhaps so, but the Old Flag forbids! We must be loyal (*aside*) to the protected monopolists who provide us with 'soap.'"

rect pronunciation and grammar. These here English fellers can't speak the language worth a cent. Their accent fairly knocks you silly, the way they misplace their haitches and draw out their words. You bet, their ain't no flies on young Canadians when it comes to pronouncing correct.

Mr. 'Arry 'Olborne, was next called upon. He said, "It's all a bloomink lot of rot discussink of sech a question. Were *should* the Hinglish langwidge be spoke proper hexcept in Lunnon, Hi shed like to kneaw? There's where you get it fust chop. If yeou want to 'ear it real proper go out to 'Amstead 'Eath on Bank 'Ollerday an' mix free with the craoud, and you'll never awsk sech a jolly silly question again. 'Ow should people in Cenedy know 'ow to speak proper? They ain't got the toime for anythink but 'untin bears an' wolves, as I hunderstands. In Hingland we 'ave the Hoxford and Cambredge colleges to teach us wot's wot, and so we can't 'elp speakin' proper, don't you see."

Mr. Timothy O'Mulligan, whose name sufficiently indicates his nationality, was the last person interviewed. He remarked, "Do I t'ink that the English or the Canajins sphakes the English language wid the greatest purity? 'Pon me sowl, then, I do not. Av coorse as ivery ejuccated man knows, the besht English in the world is to be harrd in me native city av Dublin, fwhere they have jist a 'bewtiful accint—like mesilf for instance. We sphake the rale ould ancient English, jist as it was spoke in the toime of Shakespeare and Spenser an' thim, in all its purity and swateness, with divil a wan av the corruptions and alterations wid wich thim Cockneys—bad luck to them—have defoiled it. Its only in Dublin the home av min av shuparior intelligence and janius that ye'll foind the true and genuine English accint, d'ye moind that now!"

NOTES FOR A GREAT WORK.

MR. GRIP,—Sir: I don't know whether, at your club or elsewhere, you have heard of any great forthcoming work on "Toronto the Intellectual Centre." Perhaps not, as I am not an obtrusive literary man and I have not mentioned to more than a select few that I have such a *magnus opus* under way. I have been at it, however, for a considerable time. It is to be a three volume affair and quite exhaustive. As yet I have not settled down to the actual writing of the book—excepting the preface, which is finished. I think I may claim this last word as an adjective, also, describing the character of the writing. I have thrown my whole soul into it. Meanwhile my work on the book itself is in the *omnium gatherum* stage, that is to say 'I am making notes for it. With this end in view I went the other day to the Musee theatre to see for myself the sort of thing the Intellectual Centre enjoyed in the dramatic line. I confine my observations to the theatre itself just now, though I will have something rather spicy about the wax figures there displayed under the head of Art, in my great work. I will only incidentally remark here that they have apparently got John A's head on some other smaller politician's body. It is a manifest misfit, though the Intellectual Centre doesn't seem to notice it. But to the theatre. It is a pretty little auditorium as could be wished for, brightly upholstered and brilliant with mirrors. The curtain is distinctly good, represented a scene from "Othello." On the afternoon of my visit the place was comfortably filled with the intellectual, and after an overture by the orchestra, which involved a wood-wind solo, contovlions—or is it variations they call it?—on a familiar air, the

curtain rose, and out stepped Jennie.—the McAdoos—Dick, as stated on the programme. Jennie—the McAdoos—Dick were set down in the bill as the popular comedy artists, and they were going to give us their celebrated sketch, including songs, dances and witty sayings. The young lady had a voice which I fancy she had borrowed *pro tem*, from the Punch and Judy man up-stairs, and she delivered not only her songs but such "witty" dialogue as came in her part in the same high, strident tone. An experienced person who sat near, assured me that this was the ideal variety-actress' voice. Miss Jennie was also unfortunate in the author of her song, who had used very bad grammar in his verses. The same remarks apply in a general way to Richard. His heels had evidently been educated at the expense of his head, though, I must say his tumbling in time to the music pleased the Intellectual Centre very much. If Jennie had announced her song as an imitation of an Edison talking-doll it would really have deserved applause, for it was mechanical to a degree. And when, at a certain point in the last verse, she turned and walked straight to the exit. Keeping her eyes fixed before her and the song still going, the "imitation was perfect." After making his first exit, Richard returned in a plug hat and carrying a cane. He announced (in a song) what we all could see at a glance, that he was "an earl and a regular millionaire." He also lost a golden opportunity. Had he said a cab, it would have been a possitive artistic triumph. The "witty sayings" took the catechism form, and they were, perhaps as funny as the catechism. They were also very, very wooden—being made out of the heads of the artists—such as were not from ancient almanacs. The Intellectual Centre enjoyed this performance. I will go into an analysis of the phenomenon in my book, and will endeavor to discover *why*.

Meanwhile I remain, dear Mr. GRIP, yours etc.,

SIMON SNODGRASS.

P.S.—The other performances on the occasion were saltatonial and gymnastic, and really deserved all the applause they got. S.S.

FROM THE WRONG COLLEGE.

"WELL, sir!" said the wholesale merchant, decisively, to the young man with the high collar, budding moustache and eye glasses, "What can I do for you?"

"I was told, sir," replied the visitor, "that there was a vacancy for a clerk in your establishment, and I thought—"

"Ah, yes, just so;" interrupted the merchant, "Think you can fill the bill, eh? Ever had any training?"

"The best, sir," replied the young man proudly, "an Eton training—"

"Ah, indeed, good establishment that; everything very strict and systematic there. Well, we'll try you. By the way, what department were you in?"

"I'm not quite sure that I catch your meaning, sir."

"I asked you what department in the store you were in. Was you at the ribbon-counter or gents' furnishings, or boots and shoes, or what?"

"Sir, you take advantage of your position to insult me," said the young man, indignantly. "I was at Eton college. Do you fancy for an instant that I'd stoop so low as to become a counter jumper?"

"At Eton College, eh? Oh, that alters the case entirely, and I'm afraid you'd be of no sort of use to us. Good morning!"

"I WANT ten dollars this morning," said Mrs Bloombumper to her husband, "and I want it bad."

"Sorry," replied Bloombumper, as he went out and shut the door after him, "but I haven't any counterfeit money about me."—*West Shore.*

Now is the time when chapped hands and lips are prevalent. Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses is a positive cure. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

BROGAN—O'i'm agin the Eyetalians. Oi wish the first wan o' thim had niver come to this country.

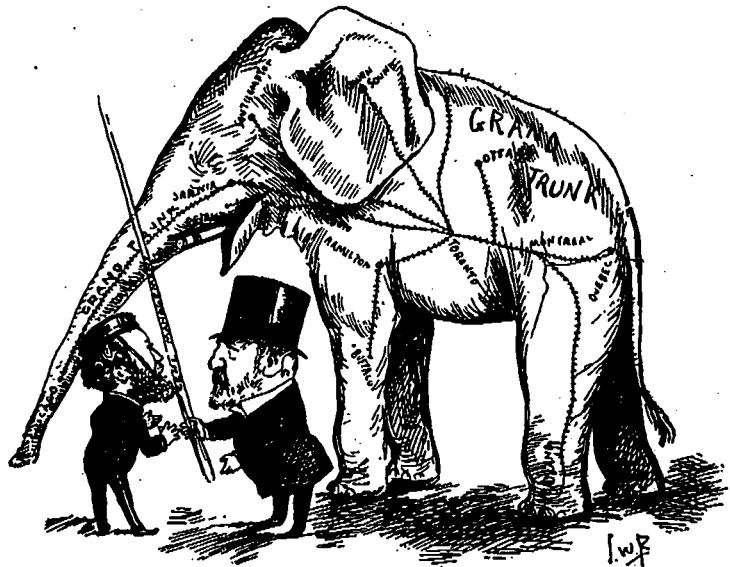
CARSOTTO—If the first one of them had never come you Irish wouldn't have come either. His name was Christopher Columbus.

A ROYAL QUILT.

A prize competition of especial interest to every lady who does fancy work, is just announced by *The Canadian Queen*. The lady making by handwork, the handsomest block one foot square, (to be, of silk, either in one piece or patchwork, and embroidered or hand-painted according to the state of the maker) for the Royal Quilt, will be presented with a pony, cart, and harness, valued \$350.00. The Royal Quilt will contain forty-eight blocks, and to each of the next forty-seven ladies sending the handsomest block will be presented with either a solid gold watch or an elegant silver tea service, valued \$40.00. Send four 3c. stamps for the last number of *The Queen*, containing full instructions as to what will be done with the Royal Quilt. Address, *The Canadian Queen* "Royal Quilt Competition," Toronto, Canada.

ROPER IN to countryman passing shooting gallery—"My friend, I'll shoot you a bout for a dollar."

COUNRYMAN with a grin—"All right, mister; when I feel like being shot about I'll call around and give you the job."—*West Shore.*



THE GRAND TRUNK'S NEW KEEPER.

SIR JOSEPH—"Here, Sergeant, I resign charge to you. You'll find the animal in first-class condition; may you both live long and prosper!"

TOM—Did you write to Cora and propose, as you intended?

JACK—Yes; but I have concluded not to marry her.

TOM—Why?

JACK—She won't answer.

SCROFULA is a diseased condition of the glandular system, a depraved condition of the fluids, resulting in bad blood, Swelling, Sores, Ulcers, etc. Cure—Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. J. G. Robertson, Toronto, suffered from general debility, loss of appetite, and says, "Life was almost burdensome" until cured by 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.

MR. MATTHEW RITCHEY, of Nova Scotia, who has made a name in the world of letters, has started a monthly journal called *Canada*, the first number of which has reached us. "Our object" says the editor, "is to create, where it is uncreated, a spirit of Christian patriotism in Canada." This is a worthy aim, and we hope the new organ will be able to accomplish it. The editor has been so fortunate as to secure the literary co-operation of Prof. Roberts, Mr. J. M. Lemoine, Mr. J. Hunter Duvar and other well known writers.



SIR JOHN'S POTENT FOWLING-PIECE.

(Adapted from *Fliegende Blaetter*.)

Two members of the Macdonald Government (Messrs. Tupper and Bowell) have recently declared that the Conservatives of Canada are ready to negotiate a treaty on the lines of the treaty of 1854, which provided for reciprocity in raw materials between the United States and Canada. Another member of the Government (Mr. Colby) tells us that this would be simply disastrous to the interests of the Canadian farmer. A fourth (Mr. Chapleau) declared that he favors Unrestricted Reciprocity in trade. A fifth (Mr. Carling) says we are all right as we are, and that everybody is well off without Reciprocity.

THE custom tailoring business carried on by the firm of R. Walker & Sons in the city for nearly sixty years has steadily kept pace with the times, and stands to-day without a rival when economy as well as fitting and stylish finish are considered. The selection of goods is probably the largest in the city, and the cutting staff are divided into English and American systems, and all garments are guaranteed satisfactory. Their terms are strictly cash so that their prices are uniformly lower than the trade generally. See their advertisement on the cover.

"ARE you working for Cabbage now, McCorkle?"

"No, McCackle. He made it too warm for me, and I quit."

"How was that?"

"He fired me."

HEADACHE is caused by disordered Stomach, nervous irritation and poor circulation. Whatever may be its cause, Burdock Blood Bitters is the best remedy.

Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Oakville, was cured of Dyspepsia and oft-recurring bilious attacks by that unflinching liver regulator Burdock Blood Bitters.

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

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

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.

A LARGE percentage of fatal diseases may be traced to their origin in the Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters act powerfully and healthfully upon Urinary Organs.

A. E. Hall, Toronto, certifies to a cure of serious lung complaint with consumptive symptoms rapidly developing. The only remedy used was Burdock Blood Bitters.

FATHER (*mopping his eyes with a yard-square dandana*)—"Well, Judge, I want to see if you can't have my daughter Lucy sent to the Reform School."

JUDGE (*in surprise*)—"What reasons have you to advance for wishing such action taken?"

FATHER (*still weeping*)—"She has commenced writing society novels, Judge."

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 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.

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.

THE question of the best kind of pavement for sidewalks, drives, flooring, etc., is a very important one. During the approaching spring many pavements will be laid, and those contemplating an undertaking of this kind should consider the merits of Bryce's Patent Pavement. This is a Toronto invention and has proved a thorough success, having given complete satisfaction wherever tried. Among those who have had practical experience of its value may be mentioned such private citizens and firms as Dr. Larratt Smith, the Davies Brewery Co., O'Keefe & Co., Ald. Gowanlock, Smith & Gemmell, Rice Lewis & Son, Kennedy & Howland, H. H. Williams, J. L. Morrison, R. N. Goode, and many others. The city has used it for the laying of twelve miles of sidewalk as well as for the Horticultural Gardens and in connection with the fire halls. This invention is unsurpassed for garden walks and driveways and while more durable than stone, does not cost half the price. It is perfectly watertight, never absorbs fluids or becomes slippery and in cellars is a preventive of dampness or foul smells. Bryce Bros., 280 King St. East, are the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

YOAKUM—"You say Slambeau is getting dreadfully bald, eh?"

SOAKUM—"Yes; and the doctor says that if he would stop drinking he could cure it."

YOAKUM—"Then it must be a case of rye-baldness, I presume!"

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 St. W., Toronto.

DE SMYTHE—"Have any trouble in finding names for the characters in your last novel, Mr. Wright?"

WRIGHT—"None in the least. I had more trouble in selecting appropriate names for myself."

DE SMYTHE—"How's that?"

WRIGHT—"It was a composite novel, you know."—S. F. Wash.

GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.

SOME of our readers have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this, the latest issue of GRIP'S celebrated annual. Thus they have up to date deprived themselves of a literary and artistic feast which would only cost them 10 cents apiece. The Almanac this year is, in the opinion of many, the best of the twelve issued. It is full of bright original fun and capital pictures. The double-page cartoon is a very amusing burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting 1807, in which are introduced caricatures of a great number of Canadian public men. The chronological tables are immensely funny, and in fact the entire contents are good. A few copies yet remain unsold, and we would advise our friends to send the price to the publishers without delay and secure copies before the supply is exhausted. Send now.



FOR ALL HEADACHE

USE HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS.

THEY ARE A SPECIFIC, Containing no opium, bromides or narcotics. They are not a cathartic. Price, 25 Cents. For Sale by Druggists.

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Vigoral is a *foe to fatigue*—a delicious hot drink in cold weather—a comforting and sustaining beverage for travelers, athletes, brain workers, etc.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, Sole Mfrs

New Tailor System of Dresscutting.



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(Late Prof. Moody's.)

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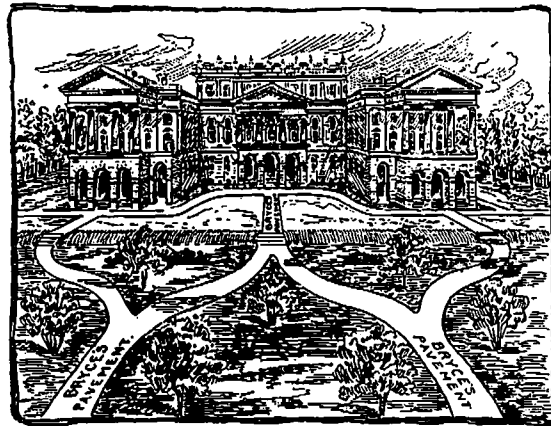
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The Queen's NATIONAL HISTORY COMPETITION.

To encourage a taste for the study of Canadian History, and to interest every intelligent girl and boy in the "Young Peoples" Department of our popular family magazine, the Publishers of THE QUEEN, offer valuable rewards to those making the best average each quarter in THE QUEEN'S National History School.

THE REWARDS.

The one making the best average in answering the following questions in Canadian History will be given one of THE QUEEN'S handsome ponies, (Sir John) value \$125.00. The one making the second best average will be rewarded with a first-class Safety Bicycle or Tricycle, value \$75.00. The one making the third best average, will be rewarded with their choice of either a fine Breech-loading English Shot Gun, or Elegant Silk Dress Pattern, value \$40.00. The one making the fourth best average, will be rewarded with a first-class Kodak, Photographic Camera, value \$30.00. Each of the next five making the best averages, will be rewarded with a Coin Silver watch of elegant design, and first-class time-keeper, value \$10.00. Each of the next fifty making the best averages, will be rewarded with either a girls or boys, A. 1. Pocket Knife, containing four blades of the best Sheffield steel, value \$1.50 each. If more than one correct answer is received, the one bearing the earliest postmark will be awarded the leading prize, the others following in order of merit.

THE QUESTIONS.

The beautiful month of September. A deep, wide, rapid flowing river, whose bank on the North is high, steep, and rocky. Perched upon a point of this high bank, is a city surrounded by walls, and defended by a brave army under a brave general. Fleets of war-ships have for months held the river below and vainly sought to force the surrender of the city. One dark night soldiers from the ships scramble up the steep bank, and with their General, gain the plain above. The morning light reveals to the garrison of the city, its enemy ready for attack. A fierce battle ensues. The generals of both armies die from wounds received. The city is captured. 1. Give the names of the river, city and generals. 2. What nations were represented by the two armies? 3. Which army formed the garrison of the city? 4. By what name is the fierce battle known? 5. In what year did these things happen? 6. What was the result of the capture of the city?

The answers to the above questions must be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN. The Young People's Department of THE QUEEN, is devoted solely to entertaining and instructing the youth of Canada. The popularity of "Uncle Joe," who has charge of this Department is demonstrated by the fact that he receives daily, from sixty to one hundred letters and puzzles for publication from young people residing in all parts of the globe.

SPECIAL DAILY PRIZE.

Each day during this Competition, either a First-class Stem Winding Nickel Watch, a good time keeper, or an Elegant Silver Desert Set, (Cream and Sugar) value \$8.00, (Candy and Sugar) value \$8.00, will be awarded to the person from whom the first correct answers to above questions are received at THE QUEEN office, and opened, for that day.

The history of our Country should interest every loyal Canadian. If you are a little rusty on this subject, take down your old school history, study up and join THE QUEEN'S "National History School."

The distribution of rewards will be in the hands of disinterested persons, and decisions will be based on the correctness of the answers. Competitors can use their own language in wording their answers.

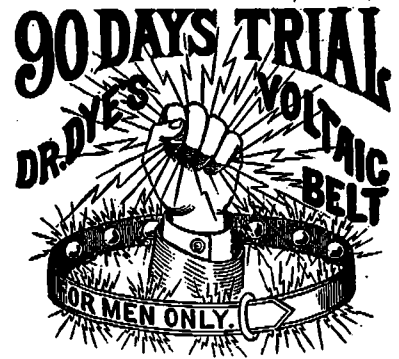
Answers may be sent in any time before April 10th, but as postmarks may count in awarding the leading prizes, it is better to send as early as possible. No correction can be made after your answers are mailed.

Every one answering the entire six question correctly, will receive a present.

If you have never seen a copy of THE QUEEN, send four 3c. stamps for a late number containing full particulars of all THE QUEEN'S Competitions, and letters from persons who have received over \$10,000 in prizes during the past year. We intend distributing prizes to the value of \$25,000 during 1891.

Our National History Competition is entirely separate and distinct from any other Contest offered by THE QUEEN, and all communications concerning it, must be addressed

THE CANADIAN QUEEN,
"Historical Competition,"
58 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.



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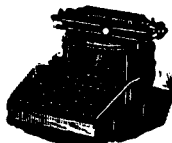
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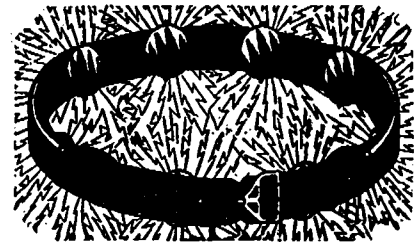
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