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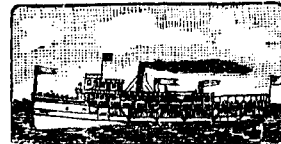
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The Railway and Steamboat Times, December 11th, 1893, says: "Science has only begun. Many things undiscovered up to the present date, one in particular being a cure for baldness or falling hair."

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GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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

No. 1088

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

No. 14.



POLITE AND OBLIGING.

McCARTHY—"It's quite unnecessary for you to trouble yourself about a rig of your own, Mr. Patron. I'm going your way, and you are entirely welcome to ride with me!"



MR. PIPER MARTYN.

THE standard-bearer of the Labor-Patron party in East Elgin, starting off on his grand march to victory.

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

IX.

YOU hear a lot here in the city 'bout people's hired girls. Seems to me there's somethin' dreadful wrong, and I aint one that sets the fault all on one side. Most folks blame the girls up and down and crosswise. It aint fur me that's jest got sot down in the city, so to speak, to start lectering folks whats older than me in most ways, barrin' age. They're used to this servant girl question an' I aint, an' glad of it. Seems to me some of 'em aint human. They shove their girl off into attic rooms that aint got a smell of fire nor comfort of any kind. They aint never expected to be tired nor sick. The idea ain't never born to some women that mebbe the hired girl's got a mother or a grandma she'd like to go an' see. They're made to work holidays same's ever, late an' early; their meals is skimped, an' they're drove worse'n slaves. Ef they're sassy they've got to go, an' that's proper enough, but I b'lieve there's as much jedgment waitin' fur those what provoke 'em to bein' sassy, as the sass 'll hev set agin it.

I've seen women folks git on their old clothes an' pitch in, when the girl left, an' they'd growl harder'n they'd work, about her dirty dish cloths and musty bread, the table napkins what got used for dusters, an' the wasty way she had of peelin' taters. It's all right fur a while. You'd think they wuz born with a whole receipt book in their heads, an' that they could give the blessed angels profitin' lessons in sweepin' the sky and trimmin' the stars. But it don't last. They're just playin' that new broom game, you heard tell on, an' I'll wager ef their next girl told how she found things when they'd got down to average mussin' round, from bein' tuckered out an' sech, that the people on their street wouldn't call on 'em any more.

The way some folks blame their girls fur everything that goes wrong side up, minds me of how there's cooks that'll always talk of the oven not bein' right. Ef hired girls forget half what some women say they do, the women haven't no right to have 'em around cumberin' up the ground; but I most think the mistresses forget to tell 'em their work, or they mix the tellin' up with so much bad temper an' bad grammar that they'd hev to be mind-readin' machines 'fore they could do it to suit.

I ain't defendin' some of 'em, fur there's some mussy things that go to doors to let people in. Why, they aint fit to be seen, no clean apron, nor nothin', an some of 'em aint perlite enough to listen to what a body says, an' they look hard an say "Miss?" in an enquirin' way, that's meant to be reproachin' to us spinsters over twenty-five.

Oh, they aint all angels, but I can't believe but what they're mixed good an' bad and that most of 'em have streaks of bein' tidy, an' ef the streaks is pretty good-sized and reg'ler they'll be as easy to git along with as bacon is when it's jest that way.

I aint no Puritan father nor nothin', but it does seem to me's ef some folks just fizzed off into a real frothy time Sundays, eatin' an' drinkin' past rememberin' the commandments an' where their church is, an' keepin' their hired girls slavin'. Twouldn't hurt 'em to have kind of cold vittles one day a week, an' give the cooker person a little breathin' spell.

When mistresses git things evened up so's they kin say their prayers 'thout chokin' their conscience black in the face it'll be time for them to go round tellin' what a time they do have with their hired girls. Till they do that 'ere, they don't get no sympathy from

SUSANNAH.

WE APOLOGIZE TO GLADSTONE.

MR. GRIP hastens to assure his esteemed friend, Mr. Gladstone, that the little cartoon published last week, in which Mr. Gladstone's attitude on Local Option was misrepresented, was due to a misapprehension of the facts. We regret thus to have hurt the feelings of a grand old man, and hope he will overlook it. The mistake would not have occurred if the Bishop of Chester had forwarded to us in the first place the letter which Mr. Gladstone wrote to him, and in which it now appears he did *not* denounce Local Option as "an imposture," but, on the contrary said, "I am friendly to Local Option, but it can be no more than a partial or occasional remedy." What he really denounced as "little better than an imposture" was the mere limitation of licences, and in this he simply tells the Grand Old Truth. Our misconception of the case was due to the crooked press reports that were going the rounds. We take it all back, and hope Mr. Gladstone will reconsider his intention of stopping his paper, if he was thinking of taking that extreme step. We apprehend that he is really on our own platform, that the radical cure for the liquor evil is total Prohibition.



A MYSTERY SOLVED.

GUARD (showing visitor through lunatic asylum) - "This is our most distinguished patient. Imagines himself a poet, and gets big money from the great American magazines for the stuff he writes."

GRIP'S CALENDAR.



OCTOBER.

THAT RIDICULOUS WAR IN THE EAST.

LATEST ACCOUNT OF THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AT YALU.

THE proximity of the hostile fleet was apparent. For some days buttons had been observed floating on the surface of the placid water.

At sunset a faint odor of tea and bric-a-brac was wafted on the breeze.

The admiral gave orders for all to be in readiness.

At noon on the third day a seaman who had been sent to the mast head to scan the horizon, fell and reported that the Japanese fleet was in sight.

Admiral Ting was seated in the sunny corner on the promenade deck, perusing the "Chinese Handbook of Naval Warfare." He coolly marked his place and gave orders to clear the ship for action, to move the tea-things off the deck and take the mosquito-netting off the martello tower.

All was done.

Ting furtively re-opened his handbook at the chapter, "Naval Anecdotes."

"China expects every man to do his duty on tea," he read aloud.

Then, turning to his boson,

"Write that on a plank and nail it up in the laundry."

"Yi, yi, sir," answered the tar.

By this time the decks of the huge ironclad presented an imposing appearance. The men had been beaten to their quarters. The officers conversed eagerly in knots, or untied themselves and lay on the floor of the opium room.

Mrs. Ting, with her daughter, Miss Wing-Ting under her wing, had retired to the binnacle with a nervous headache.

Loud over all rose the roar of the steam-laundry which occupied the entire forward part of the vessel.

At two in the afternoon the two fleets lay side by side. A terrific conflict began. The destruction of vessels on both sides was appalling.

So rapid was the firing that the gunners frequently stuck to their guns, and had to be licked off.

The Plum-Pigh went down with all on board.

A torpedo struck the Jee-Bang and she went up with all on board and washing.

Other ships went up and down alternately, and the crews were dreadfully ill.

Vice-Admiral Kiang-si-Quantang was fatally wounded by a shell in the pit of the stomach. He leaves a glorious name behind him, having unbuckled it and put it in a box before going into action.

Throughout the engagement Admiral Ting displayed the utmost coolness. He stood upon the bridge of his flagship, directing the action from his Handbook. From time to time he was seen to hold the barometer up to the light and shake it. Occasionally also he dipped the sextant in a bucket of hot water and marked its indications on his cuff. Only once he hesitated, when looking up from his book he asked his mate—

"Which is starboard?"

At about five o'clock Rear Admiral Jim-Smith emerged from the main laundry hatch with a face as white as starch. He announced that a ball had struck the laundry and upset the marking ink over Admiral Ting's clean things. The intrepid commander was equal to the occasion.

"Stop the laundry," he called, "make out the bills."

"Stoppee launree, makee bill," repeated the bosun,

Shortly after a signal was flown by the Japanese Admiral.

"Tea-time; we have to go."

Ting signalled back,—

"All right, old Jap."

As the ships steamed away Ting beckoned the Associated Press correspondent to his side, and slipping a small coin and a piece of gum into his hand, "Don't forget to mention," he said, that this battle was chiefly interesting as the first naval engagement fought under modern conditions."

"I'll mention it," said the young man.

Stephen Leacock.

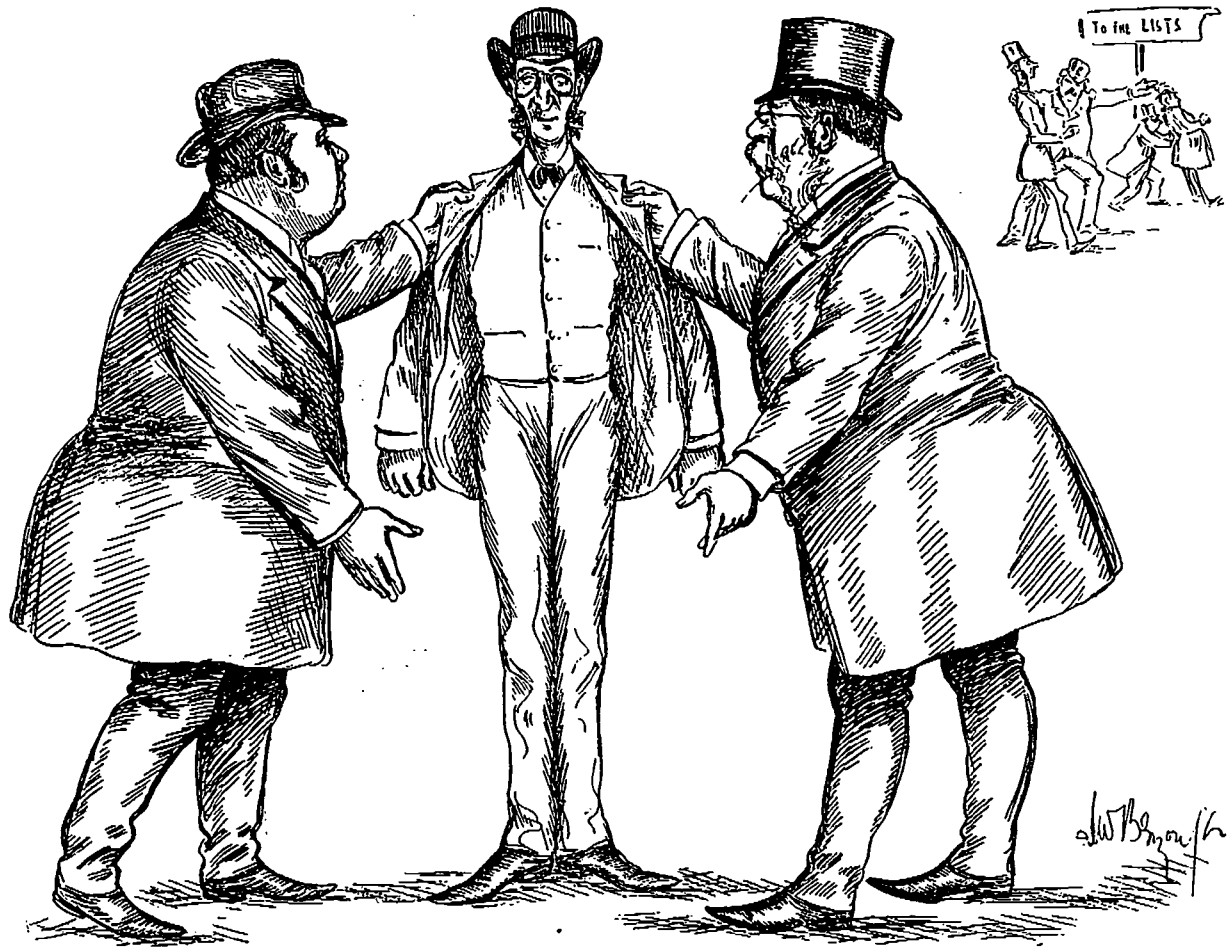
THE Japanese bull has got into the China shop, now look out for a terrible smashing of crockery!



1 TO 0.

CHAPPIE—"On what score do you criticize me, Miss Caustic?"

MISS C.—"What score? One to nothing!"



IS YOUR NAME ON THE VOTERS' LIST?

UNAPPRECIATED—A FACT.

NOT long ago a certain upright and downright character, a man highly respected for his erudition, presided over a second-hand book-shop on Yonge street in this city. The establishment was the rendezvous of many eccentric people, and it is safe to say none of these had ever seen the proprietor really out of temper. Nevertheless there was a limit to his endurance, and it was reached one day in the case of a young Englishman, who strolled into the shop in quest of a book. The visitor was attired in a suit of rather aggressive pattern, cut in the shooting jacket and knickerbocker style of architecture, and his *tout ensemble* was intended to give the impression of the travelled man—the fellow who had seen rough life in wild sections. Before proceeding to the business of his intended purchase he took occasion to mention that he had been living in the great Northwest, and was now on his way home to the Old Country. Some appreciative comment from the friendly bookseller still further broke the ice, and the bronzed young man launched out on the ever attractive subject of Indians.

"But it's wather queah, don't you know," he said at the close of a comment on the characteristics of the red men,—"it's deuced queah that I never could succeed in drawing a bead on a wed skin."

"Drawing a bead on one?" repeated the bookseller. "You don't mean shooting one?"

"Yaas," drawled the visitor with the air of a disappointed sportsman. "I see you understand what drawing a bead means. Have you evah been out west?"

"No, I haven't," replied the shopman; "but you don't mean to tell me you've ever tried to shoot an Indian?"

"Yaas. I remembah once I was coming across the pwairie on the way to camp, when I saw a wed skin sneaking along in a coulee—you know what a coulee is, I suppose?"

"Well, I thought it was a good chance; there was nobody about, so I pulled my gun and let drive, but I missed him. The rascal got away."

"And you mean to say you really meant to hit him?" queried the shopman, as he regarded the Western hero with what the latter evidently took for admiring amazement.

"Certainly. We don't think anything of potting an Indian up in that country," replied the "Westerner."

"Then you get right out of here quick, you miserable hound. There's the door. Get right out!" shouted the bookseller as he pointed to the exit.

"But—but I came in to buy something."
 "I don't care if you came in to buy the whole stock, you low-down murderer. Get out of this place or I'll throw you out. I don't sell goods to any such vermin as you. Get out of here!"

And the visitor got.

THE *Evening Star* being written
 Expressly for to sell,
 Says nothing in particular,
 And says it very well.

STRIKES should be avoided—especially those made by silly girls on Yonge street.



LAURIER IN THE WILD WEST.
HE MAKES A GALLANT EFFORT TO RESCUE THE "MAIDEN IN DISTRESS."



TRANSFERRING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

FATHER DEWART (to the newly appointed guardian of the "Guardian.")—"But, my dear young friend, are you quite sure you are strong enough for the position?"

PRESTO!

MR. Gladstone declines to express an opinion upon the House of Lords question because of his retirement from the leadership, and this should have been an equally good reason for his keeping silence in other government issues, one would think. But the Grand Old Logician does not hesitate to deliver his mind strongly on the subject of Local Option, and this in a sense violently opposed to the policy of the Cabinet. In a letter to the Bishop of Chester he says that for years he has considered Local Option an imposture in so far as it pretends to be a remedy for the drink evil. This expression has thrown Sir Wilfred Lawson and many other followers of the G. O. M. into convulsions of amazement, as it was chiefly on pledges to secure Local Option that Gladstone last came into office. He appears to be something of a Grand Old Flopper, does Mr. G.

AN ANTIDOTE.

WHEN a fellow's sweetheart arrives at an adverse conclusion, and the "thundering 'No' point blank from the lips of a woman" has been fired into his cardiac region, instead of going and drowning himself in a place like Toronto bay and spoiling a lot of good water, we advise him to read the following extract from Rilot on Diseases of the Will, and find out how she made up her mind:

"The mechanism of will action seems to be as follows: The incitation starts from the so-called motor regions of the cortex (parietofrontal region) and follows the pyramidal fasciculus called by some authors the voluntary fasciculus. This fasciculus which is formed by the grouping of all the fibres coming from the motor convolutions, descends through the oval centre and forms a small part of the internal capsule, which as we know penetrates into the corpus striatum like a wedge into a piece of timber. [That is, humanly speaking, the idea starts in the upper story, in which there is, of course, something lacking in the case just supposed, wanders round among the bundles till it drops through a hole into a dish stuck in a beam on the next flat.] Then it follows the peduncle (the uncle rather than the aunt, observe) and the medulla, where it undergoes more or less perfect decussation and passes to the opposite side of the cord (it's all up with a fellow after that) so forming a great commissure between the motor convolutions and the gray matter of the cord, from which are given out the motor nerves."

Now my friend, it is perfectly plain how it all happened. You must find a girl that decussates more perfectly. As to

the past calmly reflect that the whole thing is "like a wedge in a piece of timber" and go joyfully on your way.

Charlie Wanderson.

THE JUBILEE OF KNOX COLLEGE.

GOOD old Knox College, greetings!
 Mister GRIP, robed in black plumage looking clerical,
 Would take his stand amongst the ministers,
 Who doff their soft felt hats and bow their heads
 To do thee homage at thy jubilee.
 'Tis fifty years since first thy open door
 Invited students to thy learned halls,
 There to be fed, not on fantastic doubt.
 But on plain, Scottish common sense,
 And honest brose of Christianity.
 And what a noble record thou hast made
 Through all that time!
 Session by session thou has calmly sat
 And taught the sturdy Presbyterian faith
 To earnest men, who have more manly grown;
 And tho', perchance, few pulpit orators
 Of golden tongue have learned from thee the trick
 Of tickling groundling ears with pretty words,
 Thou has a splendid brood of solid men
 Who preach and teach to-day throughout the world,
 And help to move things onward!
 Fifty years—thou hast but come of age;
 To-day thou art in glorious strenuous youth,
 With all thy course before thee stretching far
 Up the celestial hill to'rds shining heavens
 Of noble things and great accomplishments.
 We, standing each within his little life,
 May hail thee as thou passest on thy course,
 For we are but a moment here to say
 Hail and farewell—thy life is made of lives,
 Thou growest old but with perpetual youth!

MAJOR Kennedy is going in for a second term. This is simply a statement of His Worship's intention, not a prophecy as to the result of the contest.



A TOUGH CONTRACT.

THE PRESS.—"Miss Canada says she's got important work for you at home, and hopes you are through with this Irish job."

BLAKE—"Through? Go, darlint, an' tell her I don't seem to be as near started at it yet as before I begun."



HIS MEASURE.

HIS REVERENCE (*Treating Pat, who has brought him a load of wood*) - "Say when, Pat."

PAT. - "Go on, yer riverince, the top on the glass 'll stop you."

NEW STORIES.

OUR friend, Mr. David Boyle, who was lately called to the precincts of classic Cambridge to give his opinion as an expert, upon some question of Indian archeology, has returned with a couple of good, original stories. One day he accompanied a Boston friend on a visit to the house of the late James Russell Lowell, at present the residence of that distinguished author's daughter, Mrs. Burnett. With characteristic diffidence, Mr. Boyle, upon being introduced, apologized for his intrusion, saying in extenuation that he was a foreigner. "You do not speak like a foreigner," replied Mrs. Burnett, "from what country do you come?" "From Canada," replied David. "Oh," laughed the lady, "we do not regard Canada as very foreign." "Then I may mention that I came originally from Scotland, which is perhaps foreign enough, and moreover I don't suppose that coming from Scotland gives me any claim whatever to visit this house, as I am not aware that there is any Scottish blood in the Lowell family." "There you are wrong," retorted Mrs. Burnett, "my father would have been much grieved to have heard you say that. My great-grandmother, who lived at the time of the Revolution, was a Scotch woman of the real Calvinistic, covenanting, uncompromising stock. She was a loyal Briton to her last day. When the Declaration of Independence was issued and the new Republic set up, she would have none of it. On each recurring fourth of July to the end of her life, she retired to her bed-room, locked herself in, attired herself in deepest mourning, and spent the whole day in reading her Bible!"

The other story has to do with Lowell's distinguished neighbor, Longfellow and goes to illustrate the query "What is Fame?" Longfellow, as is well known, lived in the old historic house which had originally been Washington's headquarters, and which was on that account one of the points of interest for sight-seeing strangers in that neighborhood. One day

a party of raw ruralists from Maine called to look over the place, and were shown through by the poet himself, who was always kind and courteous to visitors. "Wal, 'taint much of a house, is it?" commented a tall, rawboned member of the party. "No," replied Longfellow, gently, "it isn't very grand, but it suits me very well." "Do you own it now?" asked another of the tourists. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And what might your name be?" asked a third. "My name is Longfellow," said the author of the Psalm of Life, modestly. "Longfellow!" echoed the Maine man - "say, be you any connection of the Longfellows of Androscoggin County, up in Maine?"

HE BROKE THE RECORD.

THE character of the "rale giniwine Yankee" is forcibly illustrated in a story they tell of a party doing the "grand tower of Yurrupe." The routine sights of Italy were being "done," and the tourists were being shown the glories of an old church, at Naples. "But say, took a-hera mister," expostulated one of the party, a typical Uncle Sam from the rural districts of Vermont, addressing the guide, "what is thair wonderful 'bout this church. 'Course its old, but that hain't very strange secin' it was built a long while ago. Is they anything else to it for folks to see?" He was informed that the special feature which attracted visitors was the lighted candle on the altar which had been burning for more than a hundred years, and soon the visitors were standing in the presence of this sacred object, which was solemnly guarded by a couple of priests. "An' you mean to tell me that thair light has be'n burnin' more'n a hundred years an' hain't be'n out in all that time?" demanded the Yank, incredulously. "Yes, sir," replied the guide. "Hain't never ben out for a hundred years, come now, honest Injun?" "It has never been out, sir. The sacred light has been tended day and night by devoted priests, and has never been out." "Not for a hundred years, did you say, mister?" "Not for a hundred years, sir." "Wall, I swow!" ejaculated the Yank; as he leaned forward to get a closer view of the candle. "Puff!" - a terrific blow of wind from his iconoclastic mouth. "Wall, et's out, *now*, anyhow!"

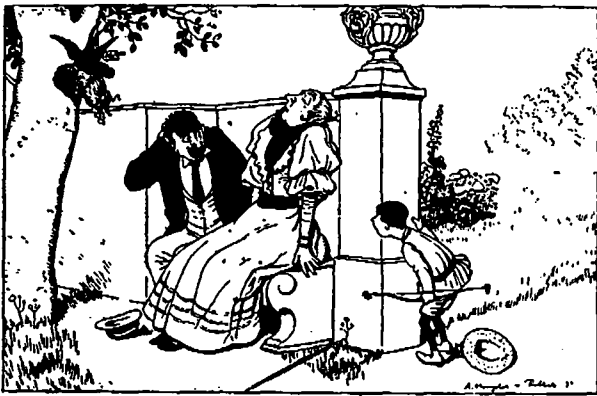
JOURNALISTIC "ENTERPRISE."

THE *Evening News*, by a piece of high minded enterprise, secured from the convict MacWherrell an article entitled "Why I should not be hanged," which it published on Wednesday. A few additional coppers went into the office till as a result, no doubt, but if the editor of the *News* had any real sense of the dignity of his profession he would feel mean enough to follow this article up by another written by himself, and entitled, "Why should I not be Kicked?"



1.

THE JUVENILE SPORTSMAN - "Cricky! there's a bird. Just see me pin it!"



II.

The bird is pinned.

THE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

A WELL-KNOWN University professor of this city who is distinguished for a profound knowledge of science and a slight stutter, had occasion one evening to engage a cabman to carry himself and a learned friend to some distant point in town, and as the friend in question was not quite ready when the cabby arrived, the professor and the Jehu casually fell into conversation. "Wot buildin' might this 'ere be, sir?" asked the latter. "This is the a-school of Prac-Practical Science," replied the professor, courteously. "School of Prac'le Science? I've h'orfen thought I sh'd loike to take a course in that theer school, sir, I've. Costs a lot, I suppose, sir, don't it?" "Oh, n-not so very m-much," replied the Professor, "from f-fifty dollars up-upwards." "I've h'orfen thought I sh'd loike to take a course, sir, but—it's apt to make a man quarrelsome, isn't it, sir?" "Q-quarrelsome?" repeated the professor, somewhat puzzled. "I've never heard that m-m-mentioned before. I don't see why it should have that effect on a student." "Well, sir," persisted the driver, "I 'ad a friend in the h'Old Country as took a course. Before that, sir, 'e was as gentle as a suckin' dove, but arfter it, 'e was that quarrelsome, sir, 'e would fight 'is own gran'mother, or h'anybody else. That's wot come of 'im takin' a course in the School of Prac'le Science, an' I'm told, sir, that this 'ere man Corbett, too, is just the same now, sir, 'im as done up Sullivan."

At this point a light broke upon the professor's mind, but his learned friend appeared at the same moment and the scene closed.

NAMES! NAMES!

THE *News* has a story of an attempt on the part of certain aldermen to blackmail the Toronto Electric Light Co. in connection with the award of the new contract. "The sums sought," it says "would give each of the older men interested between \$800 and \$900, and leave an equal portion for the go-between, who is a man well known in the city." Since the *News* seems to have the particulars so pat, why does it withhold the names of the would-be boodlers? In justice to the honest aldermen, they ought to be made known. The whole story is probably a fake.

QUESTION.

"SARAH Thompson, better known as 'Crazy Sal,' got on a periodical drunk last night. She went down for thirty days."

The City of Toronto—City of churches, Educational Centre, etc.,—licenses one hundred and fifty saloons to tempt this poor creature, and others like her, and then when she succumbs to the temptation, charges the honest, sober citizens with her board and lodging for a month. Who is craziest, Sal or the city?

CRUEL INGRATITUDE.

THE following heart-rending despatch appeared in many of the papers recently :

MONTREAL, Sept. 18.—Mr. Anson McKim, of A. McKim & Co., the well-known advertising agents, has returned from a trip to Great Britain. He found British merchants intensely hostile to Canada's fiscal policy. Many of them had no desire to trade with this country because, in the past, when they had succeeded in building up a business, it was wiped out by a rise in the Canadian duties imposed specially to injure them.

These unthankful British merchants in their unseemly passion quite ignore the fact that the present Canadian Government is loyal to the heart's core, and in fact carried the last election by virtue of its devotion to the old flag! Does all this go for nothing with John Bull?

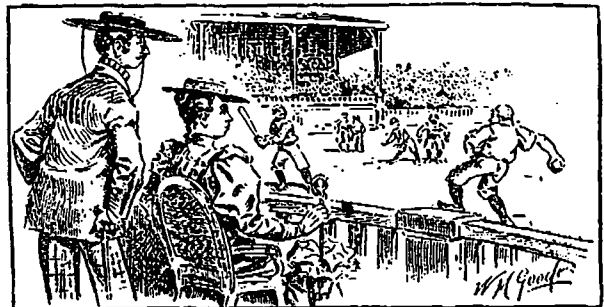
AS TO LI HUNG'S GREATNESS.

AFTER all, isn't it a misuse of words to talk of Li Hung Chang as "among the world's great men?" He is no doubt a man of greater capacity than the average of his countrymen, but compared with Gladstone, Salisbury, Bismark or even with any one of the many educated Japs at Yokohama or Tokio, is he any better than a child? Is it, in fact, possible that a man who sets great store by yellow jackets and three-eyed peacock feathers can be "great" in any proper sense of that word? There has certainly been nothing in Li Hung Chang's recent doings to prove that he is anything out of the common.

MCCARTHY'S POLICY.

MR. MCCARTHY told his audience at Creemore the other day that the two chief objects of his policy were to make transportation for farm produce cheaper, and also to make cheaper what farmers bought and used. "If you will sum up these things," said he, "you will have my policy." This is plain and understandable, anyway, and it marks a great advance in true statesmanship since the days in which he advocated Protection as a good thing for farmers. But what about the dual language and separate school questions—are they not important enough to be at least mentioned? And wherein, moreover, does this policy differ from that of the Grit Party as recently expounded by Mr. Laurier, or from that of the Patrons as set forth recently at the convention of members-elect of the Local House? Is there really any point of difference? And if not, why should not the McCarthy party coalesce with one of the others named? It wouldn't be a vast task to bring about this amalgamation. Nothing more would be necessary than for Mr. McCarthy, arm in arm with Col. O'Brien, to walk up and hand in their names.

THE WAR correspondents are not allowed to send out news from the Japanese headquarters unless it is carefully edited by the authorities. Japan insists on "strained relations."



ON ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAINING.

SHE (at the ball game)—"What a slow delivery that pitcher has!"

HER ESCORT—"Yes; he used to be a telegraph messenger boy."

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THE PREACHER'S TRIAL.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE REV. W. J. CHAPIN.

In the Strain of Pulpit Labor he had Overdrawn his Health Account—How he met the Crisis and Returned to his Duties with Renewed Health.

From the Springfield, Illinois, Journal. In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill., there lives a Baptist divine whose snow white hair is the one outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten. His clear eye, keen mental faculties and magnificent physique all bear witness to a life well spent. This pioneer in God's eternal vineyard is Rev. W. J. Chapin whose 72 years are crowded with noble deeds in the Christian ministry.

To a Journal representative who asked him something of his career in the ministry, Mr. Chapin talked in an interesting strain, and said that, in spite of the indications to the contrary, his life had not all been sunshine and good health.

"As my present appearance testifies, I was fortunate in the possession of a very vigorous constitution. But as is too often the case, I overestimated my physical resources, and when it was too late learned that I had overdrawn my health account. The crisis came about eighteen years ago. At the time I was preaching the gospel from the pulpit, and I became suddenly so ill that I was compelled to stop before my sermon was finished. It was a bad case of nervous prostration, and for a time my friends and family were greatly exercised over my condition. Complete rest was imperative, and Mrs. Chapin and I planned and took a long trip. My health was sufficiently restored to resume work, but I was not the same man. I felt absolutely worthless physically and mentally. I had so lost control of my muscles that my fingers would involuntarily release their grip upon a pen, and my hand would turn over with absolutely no volition on my part. About two years ago, to intensify matters, I was seized with a severe attack of la grippe. I recovered only partially from it and had frequent returns of that indescribable feeling which accompanies and follows that strange malady. I looked in vain for something to bring relief and finally I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Something seemed to tell me that they would do me good and I commenced using them. They gave me additional strength from the start, and toned up my system from a condition of almost absolute prostration so that I was able again to resume my duties as a minister. The improvement was simply marvellous, and the credit is due Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Chapin was present during the conversation and said: "I don't think Mr. Chapin could ever have resumed his preaching after he had the attack of la grippe had it not been for Pink Pills. They did him so much good that I decided to try their efficacy on myself. I have been troubled for years with what our physician, Dr. Hewitt, called rheumatic paralysis, and since taking the Pink Pills I have been stronger and the pain in my right arm and hand is less acute. We keep the pills in the house all the time, and they do me a great deal of good in the way of toning up my system and strengthening me."

In all cases like the above Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. They

act directly upon the blood and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for 6 boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of substitutes and nostrums alleged to be "just as good."

JUST A WORD.

Within the last few weeks accounts have been sent to those who read GRIP every week but have not paid for it. A large number owe for longer or shorter periods previous to the suspension of GRIP in July, 1893, as well as for the present year. We want all these old arrears to be wiped off. The list came into our hands when GRIP was revived and we paid hard cash for it, which we would like to get back. We know times are hard, but they are hard for us as well as for you, and as "mony littles mak' a muckle," the small sums you owe aggregate a large amount. Come now, you won't miss the small sum, while it will help to replenish our coffers and make us happy. Look at your address label, and if you are not clear on GRIP's books let him hear from you by next mail.

* *

\$600.00.

Mr. H. B. Curtis, Durocher Street, in this city, won a \$600 prize at the Distribution of the 5th instant of "The Society of arts," 1666 Notre Dame Street.

Translated from "La Presse," Montreal, 10th September 1894.

\$5,000.00.

At the Distribution of Wednesday, the 19th instant, of the "Society of Arts," Mr. C. Featherstonhaugh, clerk at Garth & Co., Craig Street, in this city, won the capital prize: value \$5,000.

Translated from "La Minerve," Montreal, 21st September, 1894.

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