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Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. ATNOTE.—When remitting please say whether you are an old or new subscriber. This will ensure despatch.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THE premium plate of Reform Political Leaders will be ready about April 1st, and will be sent to all who have asked for it as a premium. We want every one to understand that a copy of this plate, or of its companion plate, Conservative Political Leaders, is given FREE to every one paying \$2 for one year's subscription to GRIP.

BarSeparately these plates are sold for 25 cents each.

AT In remitting stamps to GRIP send one cent stamps only.

\$27 We still have a few Carnival and Election GRIPS on hand. Price to cents each.

Comments on the Cartoons.



A CABINET MEETING—We may as well admit that our sketch is slightly fanciful, and perhaps not absolutely accurate in some of its details. This isnot, strictly speaking, our fault, however, as the rules of procedure do not permit any outsider—even a representative of GRIP — from being present at meetings of the Council. Our artist has accordingly been obliged to compile his picture from rumors which are floating in the political atmosphere. The main idea, that the chief end of Council deliberations in general is to devise ways and means of benefiting the Party, and making its position solid in office, is extremely near the truth. Of this we feel pretty certain.

INFINITESIMAL SPITE. — Ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, having become convinced by long years of experience that the Republican party was simply a branch of the Rum machine, and that it would

never adopt the Prohibition idea in its national platform, did the only thing an honest and brave man could do—he left the rumdefiled party and joined his fortunes with the straight-out Prohibibitionists. As everybody knows, Mr. St. John was nominated for the Presidency by the Prohibition Party, and one result of the large vote he polled was to leave the Republican candidate, Blaine, in a minority. This has inspired the Blainlacs with a fury and haired against St. John, which they have displayed in the characteristic manner of people who have a bad cause—vilification, effigy-burning, and other contemptible tactics. It remained, however, for the Legislature and Senate of Kansas to illustrate the full depth of meanness to which the once great Republican party has fallen. By a vote of both houses the nume of St. John County, Kansas, has been changed to that of Logan ! Thus does the party of Sumner, and Lincoln and Greely answer the logic of the ex-Governor. It looks as if all the real Republicans were dead, and a race of political insects were now carrying on the business.

A NEW LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.—Sir Alex. Campbell is shortly to succeed Hon. J. B. Robinson as Lieutenaut-Governor of Ontario. Sir Alexander is well-known in Toronto, and possesses in a high degree the qualities that fit him for the office to which he is now called. For the retiring Lieut.-Governor nobody has anything but praise. Hon. Mr. Robinson has been perhaps the most capable and popular gentleman who has yet presided over Government House, and his accomplished wife has undoubtedly been a great factor in the success that has marked his administration.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Now that the season of Lent is here this "Fish Question" ought to be settled. I don't want to be considered officious, but I think that Canada's sole object just now should be to beat Uncle .Salmon this question. Make him "come down off his perch" so to speak, and let him understand we can whale him any day in the week. To allow the Yankees to net a nice little profit by hooking our fish on such a grand scale is a reel mistake, and we ought to stop it if we have to fight it out on this line all summer. Give your valuable advice, MR. GRIP, and the matter will soon be finished. Yours muchly, TOMMY COD.

St. Catharines,

A PARAGRAPH before us calls Bartholdi's act in taking his mother's face as a model for the face of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" honoring his mother. One would say, on the contrary, that he was making light of the old lady.--Boston Transcript.

HER LOVE AROSE.

A ROSEBUSH grows beside my portico, And wondrous thorns develope on each stem, Which sometimes cause me to exclaim with woe, And all the tribe of roses to condemn.

One moonlit evening on the porch I strolled, With one who loved me faithfully and true, And listened to the story which he told— Although its import, ere he spoke, I knew.

Though I had never loved him much before, I did before the conversation's close; For when he took a chair beside the door Whereon there lay a thorn, my love arose!

w.n.t.

AMONG the list of testimonials published in support of a certain patent "Bitters," is one from an alleged "Toronto gentleman," who is said to solemnly aver, that "It cured my wife of Chronic Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint after Doctor upon Doctor had failed to even temporarily relieve her." The charge that "Doctor upon Doctor" had failed to cure the disease is one that bears its own offset on the face of it. The proverb, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," is twin to the maxim, "Too many doctors kill the patient." The patient took the patent stuff and got well. In taking the stuff, you see, she got rid of the doctors. But it doesn't necessarily follow, as the testimonial reads, that "Every family should use the Doctor's Bitters." On the contrary—— But no matter. No gentle reader of this paragraph has to get up on a step-ladder to perceive that I am no strong advocate of doctors or patent medicines.



THE accompanying cartoon represents the

PLANATION.

leader of the Reform Party in New South Wales, and was drawn by an artist on the spot. We reproduce it from the Bulletin of Sidney, and submit it to our and submit it to our readers for what it may be worth. (In consc-tion with the other at-tractions of this issue, it is certainly worth five cents !) To render it more interesting to our Canadian readers, we have made a very slight alteration in the features of the Leader who is of the Leader who is here seen in the act of Leading his Party. The gentleman in question is Sir Patrick Jennings, and not the gentleman the picture looks like. Sir Patrick Jennings is a bickly afted man of a highly gifted man, of fine character, but on hne character, but on such great issues as pro-hibition, etc., he hangs back, and requires to be pushed along. We hope nobody will sup-pose that the Reform t. acdar in this country Leader in this country is of that sort.

THE LEADER OF HIS PARTY!

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THERE could be but little doubt that Bramley was slowly but certainly succumbing to the charms of Miss Douglas; when not engaged in what appeared to be most confidential conversation with that young lady, he would sit and gaze into her face in a manner so totally unlike himself that Yubbits whispered to Coddleby, "I hope Bramley is not one of those fellows who go crazy and suicidal when they get spoony. Just look at him; there is a wild look in his eye that I don't like."

"That's nothing, Yubbits; if you could have seen yourself when you were talking to Miss Fannie Dawson, in Ottawa, you wouldn't wonder at Bramley," replied Coddleby.

"By ged! old fellow," Yubbits retorted, "and if ever I saw such a complete picture of an imbecile lovesick swain as you when piling on the agony with Fanny's sister, I'll be jiggered."

The sound of Mr. Douglas' violin ceasing at this moment, the "chaffing" conversation was dropped, and Toronto being now fully in view on their leebow, that gentleman caused Mr. Bramley to start and color sud denly by addressing him somewhat abruptly at the moment when he was uttering some beautiful sentiment in a low and impressive voice to the fairy under the spell of whose power he was rapidly becoming helpless.

"Bramley, my dear fellow," said Mr. Douglas, "now you have an excellent view of Toronto. There it lies, sir, spread out before us like a map. I should like to hear your opinion of the city, and what you think of her chances of future greatness and prosperity."

"Well, Mr. Douglas," replied Bramley, respectfully, for he already began to see in his host a possible future relative, "I am fairly charmed with your city, and I must say that Toronto is, in my opinion, the city, as far as I can judge, of the Dominion, though, of course, I have only seen Montreal and Ottawa as yet, of the latter I need say little, but Montreal reposing in her stately grandeur on the banks of the magnificent St. Lawrence, with her mountain back ground and her historical associations, as it were, a double page of the history of the two greatest nations, stands unsurpassed, for modernized antiquity has its charms. But Toronto, with her youthful energy, makes herself felt to the borders of Canada. Her hand is everywhere seen in art, literature, politics, commerce, thought. Her press is metropolitan, her sentiment is national, her spirit ambitious and progressive, so far as these things may be in a nation but yet half unborn. She is, and is destined to be, the brain and heart of Canada; so far as I have yet observed, and judging from what I read about her, and from a merely material point of view her sovereignty over the lakes is unquestionably assured.

"Very finely expressed, indeed," said Mr. Douglas, as Bramley ceased speaking, and his daughter glanced admiringly towards him, "and I agree with you in every respect. I hope, gentlemen," he continued turning to Coddleby and Yubbits, "that you are as favorably impressed with our city as your friend."

"I think it's a very jolly place and that there are some very jolly people in it," replied Yubbits, enthusiastically, "If they're all like you, Mr. Douglas, they're—they're regular bricks"—"Ha! ha!" laughed the host, "an honest compliment, indeed, eh, Elsie? No nonsense about that speech. Thanks, Mr. Yubbits ; I'm glad ycu appreciate those jolly people—but I fancy your clothes are dry, and unless you care to be driven up to your hotel in those you have on, you had perhaps better get into them."

"Happy thought," exclaimed Yubbits, "I had quite forgotten I hadn't my own toggery on—and so I fancy has Bramley, eh, old fellow—you seem rather oblivious to ordinary matters this afternoon. What's the matter?"

"Be quiet, Yubbits," interposed Coddleby, "If Bramley chooses to busy his mind with things which you cannot understand, you needn't interrupt his meditations with your common-place chatter."

"Thanks, old chap," responded Yubbits, gaily,—"But I'm going down to change. Come on Bramley, you look like a retired professional cricketer or a miller out of work in those flannels," and, laughing, he disappeared down the companion stairs, followed by the more sedate Bramley.

"Hoy! ahoy! ahoy! Timbs!" lustily shouted Mr. Douglas as the yacht, under reduced canvas, neared the boat house, and came within hailing distance. "Timbs, I say, Timbs."

"Aye, aye, sir," came the shrill pipe of the redoubtable Timbs, as the boat shot out from behind the house and was propelled by him with an oar dexterously worked, by a process called in *sea* phrase "sculling," at the stern.

"Let go the anchor," cried Chambers, and in a trice the *Elsie* lay once more at rest and at home.

"Now Elsie, now gentlemen," said Mr. Douglas, as Yubbits and Bramley reappeared on deck, "into the boat you go; hold her in close, Timbs; there, that's right," and he stepped in, handing his daughter after him and followed by the rest of the party, and bidding Chambers and the crew "good evening."

"Have the hamper sent up in the morning, Chambers, and do what you please with what is in it—that is with the edibles and drinkables I mean !"

"Thanks, sir, we'll find some use to put them to," replied the master. Good evening, sir, good evening, Miss Douglas," and he took off his hat and bowed with great gallantry.

"Now, Timbs, get us ashore," cried Mr. Douglas; "here, give me an oar," and in a few moments the entire party were being driven rapidly towards the Rossin House in Mr. Douglas' carriage, which was waiting at the boat house for their return.

"Now, gentlemen, I must insist on no evening costume," said Mr. Douglas, as they neared the hotel; "come just as you are; there'll be no one to dinner tonight but Mr. Burgoodle, an old politician; we'll call at the Rossin and pick up your poetical friend and then proceed straight home."

"Just as you say, sir," returned Bramley; "but here we are at the hotel; Yubbits, kindly jump out and tell Crinkle we are waiting."

Yubbits accordingly alighted and entered the hotel, whence he presently emerged with the tidings that Crinkle had not returned since he set out in the morning.

"Dear me; I hope nothing has happened to him," exclaimed Bramley.

"Oh! I've no doubt he's so wrapt up in his composition that he takes no heed of the flight of time," suggested Coddleby.

"You have a telephone at your house, Mr. Douglas," said Coddleby, "have you not?" We will send word down here when we get to your place, and if he has returned by that time, why we can—"



AN AMERICAN VIEW OF SENATOR INGALLS.

British Lion-ITS FORTUNATE FOR ME THAT THE OCEAN IS BETWEEN US !

"Good idea, excellent ! yes, we'll tell the clerk to telephone to my house as soon as Mr. Crinkle returns ; send the carriage back for him," said Mr. Douglas. "Very well ; jump in Mr. Yubbits ; drive on, Adams," and away the handsome equipage whirled, the portly, well-fed coachman, Adams, and the grave, even supercilious footman, Huggins, seated with folded arms by his side, greatly adding to its imposing appearance.

(To be continued.)

MOTTO FOR HOUSE CLEANING SEASON.

" Women must work and men must weep."

-Kingsley.

A CIRCULAR-TO THE LADIES.

ALAS! It is whispered about that our day is over, that in a short time we shall be relegated to the cold shades of things that have been—to the old-time styles that create a laugh, to be used only at future masquerades as parodies on the follies that feminine vanity formerly lent itself to.

'Tis hard to relinquish life, even when creeping age with its powerlessness has taken away the usefulness and its following necessity of being, but how hideous when one is in the full tide of strength, of beauty, of activity, to be ordered to vanish, to be cut off, to be brushed away as so many cob webs, to be thrust aside as if out of date, or to be caught up and pinned to a circumscribed space when we have been wont to ramble in untrammelled freedom, and to luxuriate in a thousand fantastic forms, here long, there short, smooth, soft and round, tangled and entangling and curling like unto the spiral corkscrew. It is enough to make each separate capilliary rise on every cranium and protest against a wholesale doing-away of us, this death in vigorous life.

Our origin is lost in the records of the past but we became the rage some twelve years ago. Nature and art alike came to our aid, in some cases from the very first we grew with a rotundity that resisted all the efforts of wind and rain to destroy our spherical shape, but even when our condition was long and lank we struggled to meet the demands of our millions of patrons and calling to our assistance the service of curling tongs, of pipestems, crisping pins, and slate pencils, triumphed over the inherent tendency to straightness. A thousand qualities recommended us, we were beautiful, and beautifying, what need to further specify our merits? We sprang into propularity and were welcomed from east to west, by the princess in her palace and the factory girl in her attic, the female portion of the world unfastened their locks for us gladly, enthusiastically, and if the masculine members of society were slower to admire us, in time every individual one of them adored some special head of us, and came to begging countless times for a hair of us to treasure as precious love locks. Yet we are told we must go, that a decree has been sent forth that we must vanish from beauty's brow, and leave bare the wrinkles we have hidden so successfully, unkind and cruel to the fading charms of the passic we are no longer to leave them even an echo of the youth our softening effect lent to faces that now will show plainly the ravages of every passing year.

Must we depart? Shall every head bow to one law. Shall the low, broad classic forehead say in her prid: to the ugly, high and narrow one, "Mine is beautiful, a joy to every beholder, unveil yoars, too, that mine may show to greater advantage still by the contrast." Or shall we bangs accept a compromise, and, resigning ourselves to the inevitable, give up half our kingdom, content to still hold sway where we prove ourselves becoming.

We throw ourselves (in a *figurative* way only) on the mercies of the fair sex, beings who, without the privilege of a ballot, can vote for or against us, and in asking for their influence to keep us still in office, would with all modesty draw attention to our past usefulness, our present necessity. Our record is well known to the ladies and we would ask them, before the final vote is given, to consider deeply and well if we have no claim on their gratitude, and to pause ere they allow the Autocrat Fashion to doom us, faithful and clever servants, to the utter oblivion of the old. THE BANGS.

THE PROFESSOR REMARKS PARENTHETI-CALLY.

YES, Ethelinda, more in number than the sands on the sea-shore are the organizations that have been formed on the face of the earth, ever since the serpent entered Eden jauntily with his spring overcoat thrown over his left arm, and proceeded to organize himself into a committee on fruit-trees, right down to the able performances of the Conservative organs in these later days; to say nothing of an estimable Italian count who honors me with his acquaintance—the illustrious foreigner is a political refugee, my dear, the present scene of his exile being St. John's Ward—and who has already made arrangements to have airs from the "Mikad)" pegged in his organ, and a new mauve monkey sent him from New York, for the spring campaign.

But what I started out to say in answer to your question, Ethelinda, was that of all the remarkable organizations which have figured in the pages of History, the Knights of Labor are certainly the most striking.

w. ј. н.

A TALE OF A TOBOGGAN.

By hills that flame and blaze With sumac, in the haze Of au umn's drowsy days, The Androscoggin Doth loiter on at will, Doth ripple past the mill. But when from every hill Near Keewasoggan,

October's red and gold Have fallen ; when the wold Is bleak and bare and cold, Without a dog on ; When winter cometh nigher, And the price of coal is higher; When roars the farmer's fire With many a log on ;

(It's the proper sort of thing These artistic strokes to sling Deftly in. be'ore I sing Of Keewasoggan; My poetic vein might flow With bright fancies on the snow,— But to my story now, you know, I must jog on.)

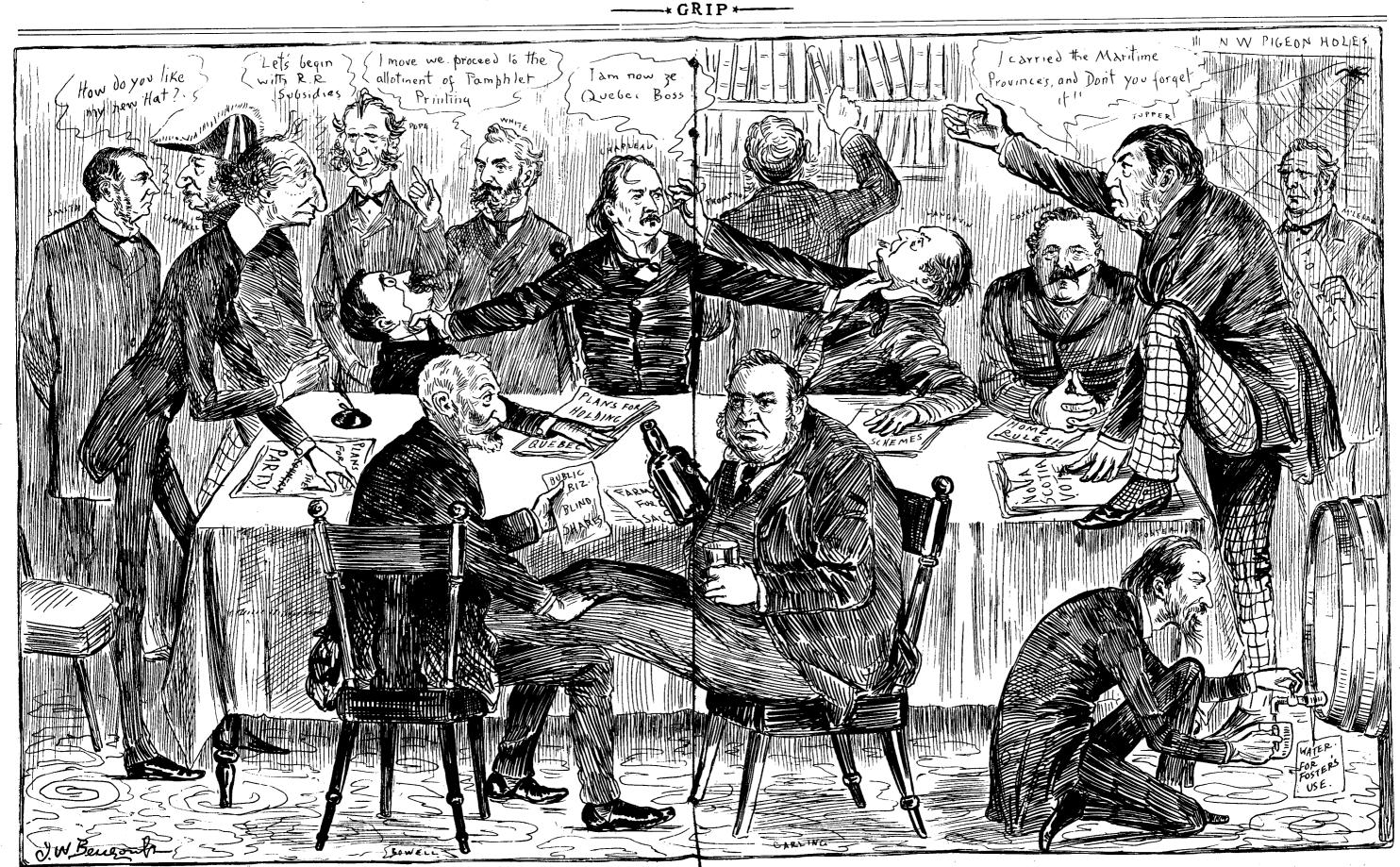
When the river's frozen well, Tinkles many a merry bell, As the nirthful folks who dwell In Keewasoggan Gather on the roadway wide By the Androscoggin's side ; And adown the hills they slide The toboggau.

There was a nice young man,—the same Was John P. Waterland by name.— Who straight from Indiana came To Kcewasoggan. He taught the school right valiantly: "An Indianabaptist, 'pears to me," Said the deacon, " but the kids git larnin', b'gee, 'N' lots of floggin'."

The teacher had long poetic hair, And loved the deacon's dau_hter fair, Amanda lane, beyond compare, In Keewasoggan; And oft he swore by every star He'd with his loved one fly afar, And he a second Lochinvar, On a toboggan.

They sought the hills one moonlight night, John and Amanda Jane the bright; They gained at last the highest height, With their toboggan. All saw them stand there; lo ! anon They flashed an instant, and were gone. Some saw a distant speck Upon the Androscoggin.

They told the deacon that nevermore Should he see his daughter,—loud he swore, And round about the town did roar, "Well, I'd be doggone!" He long pursued them, but in vain. And no one e'cr beheld again The toborgan with Amanda Jane And the pedagogue on. ww



A MEETING THE CABINET. Sir John-Now, gentlemen, the first important public business is-How can we fix things for our Party?

OUR BOASTED SYSTEM.

MR. GRIP, SIR,-

NOTICE. ANY PERSON FOUND INGUREING THIS FENC-E OR TREES WILL BE PROSECUTED BY ORDER OF TOWN COUNCIL.

T. BLAIN.

The above notice is at the present moment to be found in no less than three places on the fence of a public park in the town of Barrie. I have copied it with care and will vouch for its accuracy. One great feature of this notice is that it is immediately opposite the Collegiate Institute, which prides itself on being second to no high school in Canada as regards the intellectual attainments of its alumni. I trust that Mr. Blain-who has the benefit of doing his writing in print-is not one.

What first struck my untutored mind was the depth of ingenuity thrown into the word ingureing, but this word must have blushed and hung its head when it saw how this heaven-sent architect had built his fence partly on one lot, partly on another. Again, remark the copiousness of meaning in the word this which is singular to agree with fence-a singular fence too, by the way-and plural in order to agree with trees.

The town council must have run out of stops, or they surely would have placed one after the word prosecuted, for we are left to infer that the person who is unfortunate encugh to be "found ingureing this . . . trees" will be prosecuted, not in the usual way, but by an *order* of the town council, which will pursue him to destruction, and all this from a delightful spot, where, to quote a former issue of GRIP, "Cows and ladies are to be found jointly admiring the bonnets in the shop windows of the main and where a picnic to Lake Couchiching is street," alluded to as an "EXCRUSION" or was this a facetious "devil's" handiwork? for if not, what is becoming of our boasted educational system, when such results are to be found in highly intellectual Barrie during the recent visit of a sometime resident. A. H. O'B.

----WHEN I OWNED A DOG.

.

BEING MELANCHOLY RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME VERY CURIOUS CANINES.

DOG NO. I.

I BOUGHT my first dog when he was in the green gosling days of his infancy. I do not blush at the admission of purchase. Probably I might if I had ever been guilty of it again. Yes, I bought and paid for this dog. My subsequent dogs were either got or given to me When I got them, I bore my lot in silence and with fortitude. In the cases when I was given the dogs, I used to try and get even with the original owners in some circuitous way, such as by contriving to have the dogs assessed to them, or by enticing away their hired help, or by getting off gags on them through the medium of my newspaper. My scores in this direction furnish a contract which I shall never execute in my life, but will bequeath to my children after me. I have said it !

The man who bred him said he was a cross, but a "good" cross. I shall never dispute it. There was a good deal of cross about him. Where the cross started, how it blended and where it ended, not one of the able scientists who examined him could positively say. As he grew gracefully and imperceptibly to maturity, he

developed more cross. He was cross with everything and everybody. He was cross when he hadn't anything to eat-because he was hungry. He was cross when you gave him something to eat-for fear you might relent and take it away. He was cross when he had a surfeit-because he couldn't eat any more. He was cross when he slept-from the effects of his idiosynocracies when awake. Crossness was so inherent in him that you could not get him to lie lengthways of anything. The milkman who served us would never descend from the safety point of his high seat when he called, for fear of that The baker was more bold, but always cautiously dog. approached the house armed to the teeth. The man who cut our wood used always to keep one hand on the axe while he sawed, to be prepared for an attack from the kennel. We enjoyed absolute and sweet immunity from tramps. Coming home late at night I used to enlist the good offices of the constable on that beat to see me safe within the gate, and, if need be, lend me his club.

At last we got so that strangers in town used to be driven around to see the place where the savage dog lived. Injunction after injunction was served on me to have the dog destroyed. I cheerfully advised the authorities to execute the injunction themselves. But no one seemed anxious to act as the executioner. Everybody appeared willing to witness the last act in the dog's eventful career, but take no active part in it.

The dog never went outside to exhibit his peculiar-He contented himself with a dog-house and the ities. range of the yard. When he couldn't chaw up a strange dog or devour a portion of some caller's person, he would appease his appet te with pieces of carpet, or mats, hung out to air; he would solace himself with the clothes line and pole; he would take comfort in mangling the sawhorse or worrying the wash tub.

His mission was to destroy things or die in the attempt. One blessed, long-to-be-remembered day, he died in the attempt.

We owed our release from a state of social ostracism and domestic bondage to a neighbour's cow.

The cow got loose and inquisitively strayed into our yard. Under other circumstances I would have prompt y impounded the animal, because her owner the week before had got mad at an item in the paper and stopped his subscription in unparliamentary language.

But, on this occasion I welcomed the appearance of the cow, which I knew to be one of spirit and with a reputation for using her horns in an aggressive way.

My dog made a mistake when he undertook to dispute with that cow the possession of the back yard.

She bored an aperture completely through him, after an engagement of exactly three minutes and a half.

Two weeks later I gave a large party at our house, and was presented with an illuminated address congratulatory on the disappearance of the dog.

THE well-known Pat Rooney, with Miss Katie Rooney and an excellent company of comedians, will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House for the first three nights of next week.

THE report of the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Company in another column makes a very satisfactory showing. In the report will be found a list of the stockholders, with amount held by each, and a glance at the names will convince any one of the financial responsibility of the company. Scott & Walmsley, at 24 Church Street, will be pleased to give inquirers all particulars.



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ever compounded, for diseases caused by impure blood.— Edward W. Richardson, Milwaukee, Wis.

I have found Ayer's Sarsaparilla a more of Scrofula, than any other we possess. —James Lull, M. D., Potsdam, N. Y.

I have taken, within the past year, sev-eral bottles of Ayer's Sursaparilla, and find it admirably adapted to the needs of an impoverished system. As a blood purifier, and as a tonic, I am convinced that this wonderful preparation has no equal. - Charles C. Dame, Pastor Con-gregational Church, Andover, Me. ††

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which are plain and simple. The cures made with these Improved Batteries

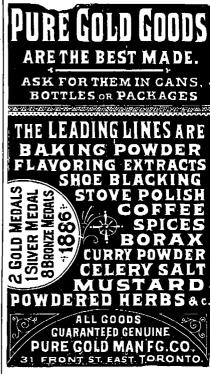
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magic in one or two applications. For which curred his by magic in one or two applications. Female diseases, hopeless cases by other means, displacements and other weaknesses-mervous debi-ity (abn-rmal evacuations in either sex) permanently curred after years of suffering with oth r kinds of treatment. Neuralgin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, head, lung, heart, liver, kidney and other organic troubles ard derangements of the system changed to a healthy state as readily as the hard frozen earth is mellowed by the genial rays of the sun by nature's means, in harmony with her fixed laws. Bad asset hus curred will inform you how marvellous the curre ts. Address given if you wish it. See the *Electric Age* with testimontals and references like the following :--Sentember toth. 1886. September 10th, 1886.

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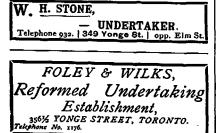
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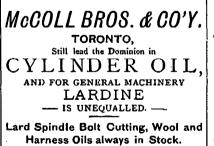
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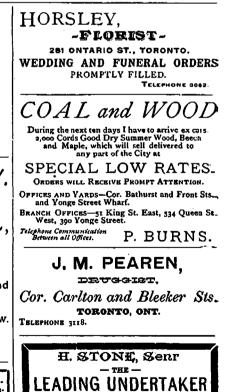


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