

# GRIP

EDITED BY JAS BERGOUGH

GRIP ENG

UTILITY - ARTIST

MUSIC

ARTIST

PROBATIONER

PAYABLE IN

ADVANCE

The gravest beast is the Ass.  
 The gravest bird is the Owl.  
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
 The gravest man is the fool.



### UNCLE SAM GOES A-WOING.

U.S.—“ Mr. Bull, I want to open negotiations with you for the hand of your beautiful darter.”

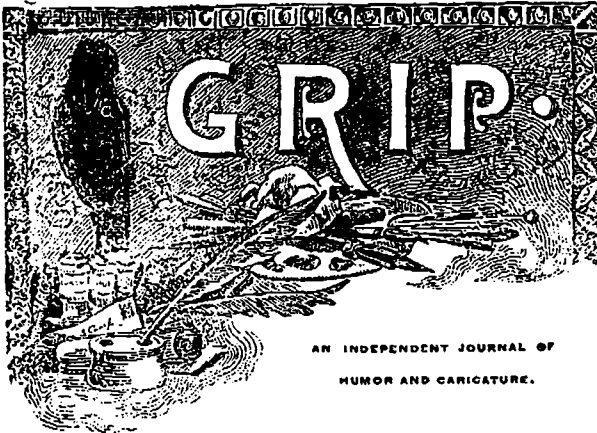
J.B.—“ Mr. Samuel, I don't control either her 'and or her 'art ; she's over twenty-one, and will 'ave to speak for 'erself ! ”

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By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.





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BY THE

*Grip Printing and Publishing Co.*

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President . . . . . JAMES L. MORRISON.  
 General Manager . . . . . J. V. WRIGHT.  
 Artist and Editor . . . . . J. W. BENGOUGH.

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### Comments on the Customs.

A LITTLE LECTURE TO LAURIER.—  
 The Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, in the course of his Oakville speech, said this:—

"But, sir, there is a criterion which we can always resort to in order to ascertain whether the population is as prosperous as it ought to be. Real estate, in our state of civilization, is a pretty fair criterion of the prosperity of the people. If the value of real estate is going up, that is a fair evidence of prosperity; if real estate is going down, it seems to me there must be something wrong somewhere."

Fluctuations in the value of land may be a fair criterion from which to ascertain the increase or decrease of population, but it is never a measure of the prosperity of a community, unless it be applied inversely. Dear land means prosperity to nobody but land speculators, and it never will mean prosperity to the people until the people



get the benefit of the rental value by taxing it into the public till. It is an axiom of political economy with which we should have supposed every schoolboy acquainted, that people are wealthy in proportion as they have access to the source of wealth, which is land; it is certainly rather startling to hear the leader of the Liberal party practically assert the contrary of this, namely, that a community is prosperous in the degree in which it is forbidden such access, or, in Mr. Laurier's own words, in the degree in which "the value of real estate is going up." Mr. Laurier went on as follows:—

"I venture to assert this much, and I assert it without fear of successful contradiction, that in the Dominion of Canada, apart from the large railway centres, real estate for the last eight years has not been advancing; in a great many places it has been retrograding. I do not know how it is in the county of Halton, but I say this for the Province from which I come, that there is not in Quebec a single farm which would sell for the price it would have sold for eight years ago."

This passage was uttered by the orator with an inflection of sorrow, no doubt, but we see no cause for tears if the land is just as good as ever it was for supplying human wants. Mr. Laurier seems to forget that God did not make land for buying and selling purposes; He made it as a storehouse of wealth for His creatures. It was man, in his Satanic selfishness, that made it a commodity of speculation, and thus made it possible for some to live upon the labor of others. A thickly settled population, the speaker went on to argue, would always enhance the value of land, and Canada is not thickly settled because of the numbers who leave our shores to make their home in the United States. What the orator wanted to prove was that there is an exodus from Canada, and he was right, of course, in pointing to the decrease in land values as indicating—under our present unjust conditions—a decrease of population. What we want to bring to his attention is the wrongness of present conditions. Mr. Laurier wants the expatriated Canadians to come back. This may be patriotic on his part, and it is quite certain that if they did come, land values would go up. But what would that mean? Simply that rents would increase, and landowners would grow richer. What has driven people away from Canada and will continue to do so, notwithstanding our magnificent soil and climate and resources, is dear living. The dweller in Canada is taxed until he can't stand it, and he flies to the neighboring Republic, where he hopes to find the conditions of life a little easier. And of all the taxes the Canadian has to bear none are more fatal than those that go, not into the public till, but into the landlords' purses. There is plenty of good land—more than enough for fifty times our population within our borders, but to get a piece of it anywhere within the bounds of organized society, you must buy it. And the price is just about what it will take you the best years of your life to save over and above a bare living. If Mr. Laurier wants to see Canada filled up with prosperous and loyal citizens, let him turn his brilliant talents in the direction of making the land cheap. Let him join with the rising host who advocate the single tax on land values as the source of national revenue, and the abolition of all taxes, direct or indirect, now levied on the products of labor.

UNCLE SAM GOES A-WOOLING.—Senator Blair's motion now before the Foreign Relations Committee has attracted very little notice on either side of the line, probably because there is a general impression prevailing that nothing more will ever be heard of it. The motion, as our readers are aware, suggests the opening of negotiations with the British Government for the political union of Canada, or certain portions thereof, to the United States. It is gratifying to note that, in the terms of the resolution, Canada is to be represented in the proposed negotiations. It is not likely that even Senator Blair anticipates that such a union could possibly be brought about at the present time; if he does it only shows how little he knows of Canadian sentiment. While we believe a decided majority of the people of this Dominion are in favor of a business union with our neighbors in the nature of Free Trade, not a prominent man could be found in the country who would take his place on the commission and vote for political union. As to the British Government, it is hardly likely that any pressure would be brought to bear on Canada from that quarter in favor of annexation, strong as may be the Imperial desire to oblige our republican kinsmen. On the other hand, it is equally unlikely that Britain would seek to withhold us if we wanted to go into the Union. We are big enough and old enough to shape our own destiny, and if Uncle Sam wants us he will have to woo us directly, and not through the good offices of our respected parent across the water. For the present his chances are poor.

AN admirer of Mr. Mercier is reported in the Montreal *Star* to the following effect:—

"It is stated that the Government at Ottawa will prevail upon the Governor-General not to sign the Jesuit Bill. In the event of this taking place Mercier and his Cabinet will hand in their resignation to the Lieut.-Governor and appeal to the Province, and be returned to power by an increased majority.

We sincerely hope the attitude of the Dominion Government is correctly stated here. Sir John will deserve

the applause of the whole country if he takes this firm stand against the Jesuit bill. And what if the Mercier Government is returned with an increased majority? The Dominion of Canada cannot afford to establish and endow an organization which no Catholic country in Europe will so much as tolerate to oblige any possible majority of any one Province.

\* \* \*

NOBODY need be told that in GRIP the managers of the Toronto Exhibition have a warm friend—one who fully appreciates and duly applauds their enterprise in connection with the great show. But a real friend is one who offers sound counsel as well as encouragement, and we therefore take this opportunity of pointing out that the gymnastic exhibitions heretofore given in front of the grand stand before throngs of people, old and young, have not always been free from serious objection. Indeed, to be quite frank, the costumes and postures of both male and female performers, especially in combined acts, have often been positively indecent. We call attention to this with the hope that it may be "reformed altogether" this year. If the performance cannot be given without having, as in the past, a tendency to demoralize the spectators, it had better be omitted. In any case it would be as well to dispense with the "lady" performers, if they can't be induced to wear clothes while exhibiting.

\* \* \*

IT may surprise some of our readers to know that the Anti-Poverty Society is simply an organization of tax-reformers who are advocating what we hope will, in the near future, be endorsed by a majority of the people as a very sensible and much-needed change in the present system. As the reader knows only too well, the revenue needed for municipal, provincial and general governmental purposes is now levied on labor and labor products, to wit, incomes, houses, and wealth in other forms, as well as on land—the last item being taxed low if held out of use—just as if the man who kept his land idle deserved reward instead of punishment from the community. The reformers in question hold that it is neither wise nor just to burden industry with taxation, if that can be avoided, and they are very emphatic in declaring that it *can*. You can learn all about their proposed plan by giving any one of them a chance to talk to you. But meantime, they have taken the practical step of petitioning the Ontario Government for an exemption of \$600 on all houses.

\* \* \*

THIS ought to meet the approval of all who believe that houses are good things. If they *are* good, people ought to be encouraged to build and beautify them, and one way to encourage them is to remove a portion of the fine now levied on all who own and use houses. If this exemption results in a shortage in the revenue required, let the deficiency be made up by increasing the tax a little on something which does not cost anybody the sweat of his brow—such as the speculative value of land, for instance.

\* \* \*

A PARAGRAPH like the following, which we clip from the Chatham *Planet*, is well calculated to make a Canadian blush:—

Dr. F. B. McCormick, Pelee Island, has been prosecuted again for practising without a license. The case was tried Tuesday at

Kingsville, and was appealed to the County Judge. It is one of peculiar hardship. The doctor is owner of the greater part of the island, and custom-house officer there. There is not practice enough on the island to support a regular licentiate, the advent of whom the doctor would gladly welcome, and resign his practice to him. Meanwhile he does not feel like leaving the people of the island to die, fifteen miles in Lake Erie, for the want of medical advice, and his work has been very successful from a medical standpoint.

The law that consigns the people of Pelee Island to death if they can't afford to send abroad for a regular certificated doctor will be denounced as tyranny even by Protectionists, and yet there is far more to be said in its favor than can be said for the N.P. statute. Its intention is to protect the people from unlearned practitioners who might injure them; but the intention of the N.P. law is simply to prevent you from buying and selling goods in such a way as would, in your judgment, benefit you most.

ZOOLOGICAL.

At a public meeting held in preparation for the Centennial at Cincinnati, it was proposed to bring over from Venice a genuine gondola and to put her on the lakelet in Lincoln Park. Some of those present manifested opposition, but a Don-Cossack of some standing in the "Cin'ti" community, jumped up and said, "Gintlemin, its mesilf that is in favor of importing not wan gondolia, but at the very laste two gondolias to put in the lake beyant, for don't yez all persaise that if we have a pair of them *they will probably propagate their species!*"

CRICKET AT PICKERING.

1888.

THE morning of the Toronto Civic Holiday dawned about the time indicated in the Canadian almanac, and a certain Toronto cricket club took train for Pickering, whereon the college grounds they faced the Pickering club, who proceeded to deface the visiting club in wonderful style.

Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty runs were recorded by the scorer; then the bell rang for a cessation until he borrowed another fence rail to cut the notches on. Sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred, and another rail had to be procured.

Then after a while the Toronto men got their innings—and pretty soon their outings.

More rails were procured as the Pickerings took the bat for the second innings, and laid handy to the scorer, so that he would not have to lose time running to the fence for one every few minutes.

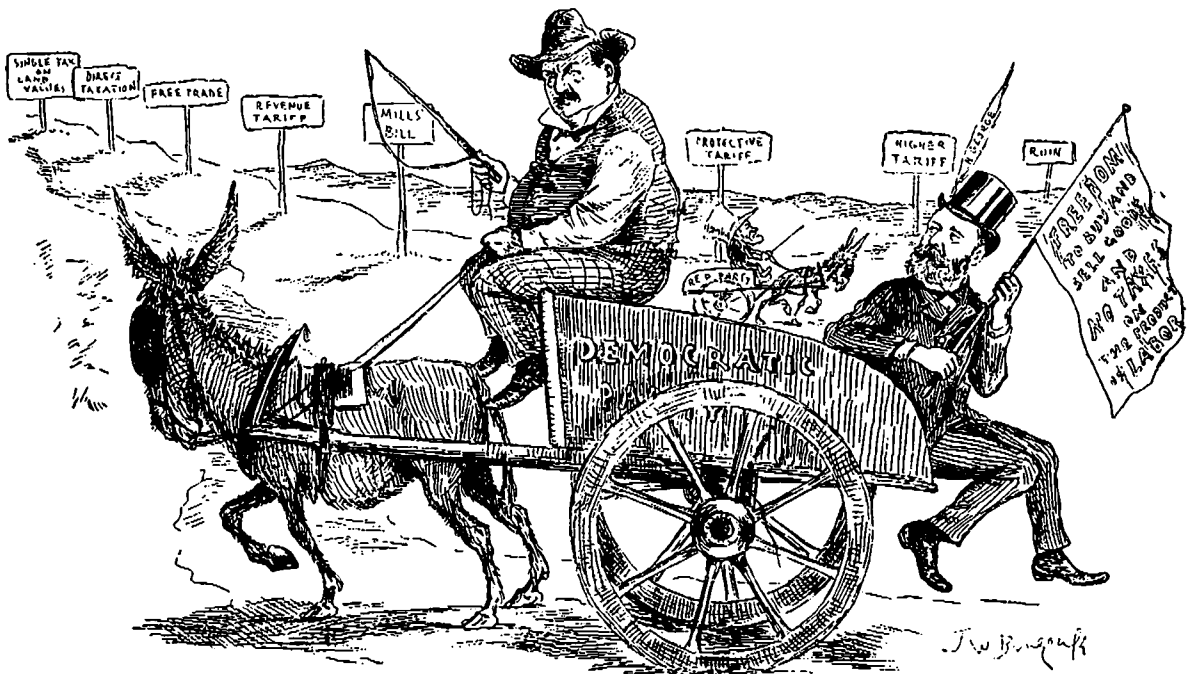
When the game was over the record was something like this:—

Pickering..... 342  
Toronto..... 61

and night and silence fell on the men of the Queen City, the fame of whose Industrial Exhibition never sets.

And speaking of the Industrial Exhibition, let me remark in the same figurative manner employed with reference to the scoring, that a yoke of oxen and two men worked half a day on Wednesday repairing the fence, while the care-taker of the college gathered up the notch chips for next winter's kindling.

All he hopes for is a stock of such matches to keep him supplied through the same season with ready means of ignition.



### THE SENSIBLE TRAVELLER.

CLEVELAND—"No use your getting into this cart; I'm only going as far as the Mills bill."

HENRY GEORGE—"All right; I'm going all the way, but I'm thankful for even a slight lift on the journey."

### THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

He sat him alone in his *laboratoire*—  
The grim-faced sage and old;  
With the forces of Nature he'd been at war,  
And no day for him had been cold—  
For through book and through scroll,  
In a miserly dole,  
The Dame had reluctantly yielded the whole  
That the Sage had been seeking after.

He had worked at the vagaries of Old Probs  
Till he had 'em all down real fine;  
The toughest old meteorological jobs,  
He would hew at right close to the line—  
And finish each one,  
Almost soon as begun,—  
And you'd think he had simply unlimited fun,  
If you heard his hearty laughter.

A bran new almanac he had made;  
He'd dissected the mounts in the moon;  
And scraped the sky thin in spots as he played  
With his telescope nights in June.  
How to cross the equator—  
The best eyes in a tater—  
The puzzles that vexed when with *alma mater*,  
Were unravelled as clean as a whistle.

But the sage this night wore a gloomy look,  
And "*sic gloria mundi transit*,"  
He muttered, and cast aside the book—  
"Twere a theme for fairy-tale Hans!"  
Though vast was his store  
Of mystical lore—  
He felt that the reign of his power was o'er,  
It had vanished like down of the thistle.

The problem he vainly had sought to solve  
Was a something beyond his ken,—  
Or tome or brain could ever evolve  
The why, or the how, or the when!  
He was sore distressed,  
He could get no rest,  
He was sick of puzzles—had lost the zest  
He used to have to gobble 'em.

'Twas a subtle tangle he vowed t' unwind,  
Oh, the task was so fraught with pain!  
"What becomes of the blot-sheet you never can find  
When you want to use it again?"  
"An—idle—boast!  
Without—my—host—  
I've—reckoned—give up!" He gave up the ghost.  
And 'tis still the Unsolved Problem.

T. T.

### THE EDITORIAL ALEMBOIC.

IN thermal climes where man has naught to do  
But fan himself, and mope the long day through;  
Where slaves assiduous mix the cooling ice,  
And minister with zeal to each caprice;  
Where languid hours woo with lustrous eyes,  
And valets brush away persistent flies;  
'Tis sweet to think on sublunary things—  
Each passing hour some new deliverance brings;  
The heated term no Sirius aspect wears;  
Life ekes with ease the burden which it bears.

But to the man whom anxious cares distress,  
Preparing "copy" for th' insatiate press;  
Whose duns are fierce, and printers' bills unpaid—  
Thermometer full ninety (90°) in the shade,—  
*His* work is one excruciating grind!  
Fused in the hot alembic of the mind,  
Devilled and grilled, like kidneys crisp *encore*,  
His tortured brains the captious public core.  
This plastic world seems but one torrid zone,  
And Tophet well may claim him as his own.  
CHARLES HALLOCK.

I HAD an old pal, named Cholmondeley,  
Whose form was uncommonly colmondeley;  
He cut quite a dash,  
Made many a mash,  
But now he's got spliced and lives glolmondeley.

WHY is the Sea Serpent always seen off the *Port* bow?

## SANCTUM SKETCHES.

No. I.

AN APPRENTICE WANTED.



"WILLIAM," said the editor to the foreman in a coldly resolute voice, "I guess we shall take on a new apprentice. That other boy has had the *entree* about this establishment until it has become too much for his impressionable nature, and we must promote him.

"Six months ago, William, as you may remember, our present boy was admitted on probation at one dollar a week and the Christmas carrier perquisites. I have some reason for believing that he has counted the time himself, for

only yesterday, as he swept out the sanctum, he mildly recalled to me that I had promised him a half-dollar raise at the dawn of the second six months; and as I regarded him with a benign and fatherly expression, but in silence, he proceeded to intimate that he had in contemplation an engagement as freight conductor for a grocery and provision house, and it would be necessary for me to avert the catastrophe of his loss by prompt measures in the line of promise indicated. Briefly the conversation was this:

"Say, didn't you say you'd gimme one-fifty when I'd put in m' first six?"

"Perfect repose on my part.

"Yes, y' did, an' y' know y' did, darn well!"

"Sublime quiescence so far as I was concerned.

"N' if y' ain't agoin' to gimme th' raise, I'm agoin' t' quit, an' take a job drivin' Sugarson's grocery wagon."

"Still I maintained a profound and beautiful dumbness.

"Bin dev'lin' long 'nuff, ennyhow, an' I want to get a hack at the case and job work, too."

"Not wishing to enter into any painful controversy with the boy, I waited until he had fully explained the situation from his standpoint, and then I spoke to him in slow and measured tones. 'James, I have been occupied lately in studying both your hereditary and acquired characteristics. The result has not been a disappointment to my pre-conceived notions of apprentice printer boys. But it is not in the most eminent degree creditable to yourself.

"The boy manifested such deep attention to what I was observing that I could see the chew secreted in his left cheek.

"James, I have noticed that in inherited attributes your career bade fair to bring you into prominence as a prize fighter, a professional politician or a cab driver.

"The interest of the lad grew so keen that he upset the spittoon with his broom.

"You should be devoutly thankful, James, that I have been the means of rescuing you from such a life and calling you into a higher sphere of action.

"The way James was devouring the title page of that novel that came by mail for review last week, made me feel certain he was listening closely.

"Many of the first men of the land, my lad, have graduated from the printing office!

"The boy's emotion was so great as I said this that he carelessly pocketed a bunch of matches lying on my desk.

"Since your bright presence first dawned here you have been treated with princely indulgence. William,

the foreman, has let you imitate his language on heated occasions as though you yourself were the coiner of the words. I have never enquired of you as to who stole my tobacco regularly; who got away with the story-paper exchanges before I had read them; who devoured large pieces of new roller composition; who threw pi into the cellar; who lit the fire with job ink and kindling formed of packing boxes belonging next door; who spent his day in my chair, in my sanctum, smoking my office pipe, while I was away fishing; who emptied slush water into our neighbor's rain barrel; who told the apprentice in the other office that our circulation was decreasing and that I owed two years' rent and never paid my hands in anything but store orders.

"By this time James was so intently engrossed with my address that he picked up his broom and watering can, and enquired in muffled tones, 'Goin' to gimme a raise?'

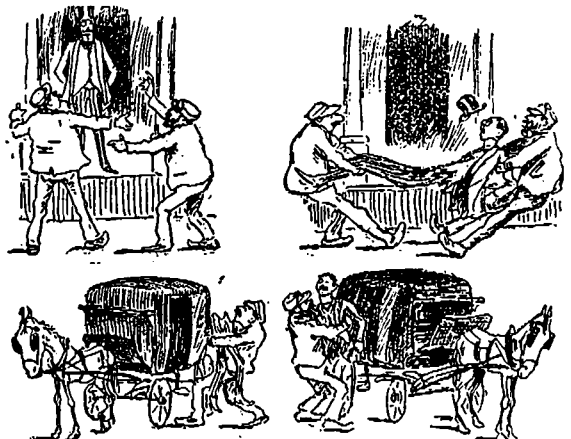
"The complete and assured victory I saw I had won over that boy absolutely surprised me. I unhesitatingly agreed to increase his salary from next week, and added that I would expect him to set not less than a column a day. I think we can safely do it, William, and hire a fresh boy. This week I obtained four new subscribers, two of whom paid cash; Holler, the auctioneer, has agreed to give us all his sale bills in consideration of twenty-five per cent. commission; there's a bankrupt store opening up in the village next week; it's about time another Government advt. loomed up on our horizon, and I am thinking of getting up a register for the Budger House; that'll bring in a few dollars."

Then the editor sat down and wrote the following advertisement:—

## APPRENTICE WANTED.

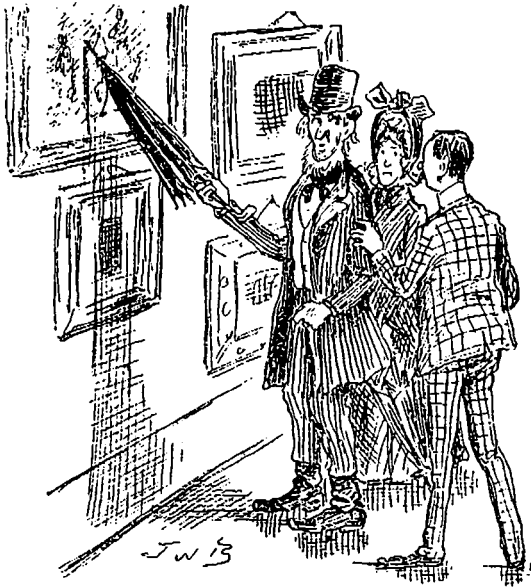
Wanted, at once, at this office, an intelligent, well educated, willing youth, to learn the art of printing. To one boasting the requisite qualifications a good chance will be given. It is unnecessary to add that, as in the case of all our apprentices, his moral as well as material welfare will be carefully looked after, and he will constantly be surrounded by the best influences calculated to bring to the fore his higher instincts and most useful capacities. Apply, stating references, etc., to

THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER.



## MONTREAL PROBABILITIES.

Manner in which the guest of the Windsor will go for a drive in the near future if something isn't done to abate the rivalry of the cabmen now raging round the door of that hostelry.



### NO INSTRUCTION NEEDED.

JANITOR (in art gallery, to Uncle Josh)—“Now then, sir, be careful of that umbrella.”

UNCLE JOSH—“You bet I will, young man. I won't let that brella out of my sight till I git home!”

### THE CANADIAN CLIMATE.

If the attempt had been made in Canada to establish our present system of seasons and allotment of  $365\frac{3}{4}$  days to the year, the work would have proved a super-human one, and would have resulted in the complete demoralization of every mathematician and astronomer undertaking it. Instead of the orderly system now prevailing, it would have been left a disputed question whether winter should begin on the 17th of September, or thirteen days before Christmas; whether winter, once inaugurated, should cover a period of one hundred and twenty-four days and nights, or discount eleven and a half days to the credit of spring. There would have arisen a far-reaching schism as to whether dog-days begin on the 29th of June, or on the 41st of August; and the more ardent supporters of one faction would have written abstruse text-books to prove by inductive logic that dog-days begin theoretically on the first-mentioned date, while the equally enthusiastic supporters of the other faction would have proved by deductive logic, the fashions regulating bathing costumes, and the hypothetical history of all exhumed mastodons that it is *ultra vires* and high treason to maintain that dog-days ever did or ever could begin on any other date than the 41st of August, at 2 o'clock p.m. The faction of the “great unwashed” would have split off from these latter, holding that, in the fitness of things, dog-days come in with the advent of the dog-catcher, freeze off and on indefinitely, co-existent with his career, and finally leave us abruptly just ten days after the sea-serpent appears at Newport and the first tramp-laden freight train starts for Texas. The heated disputes occasioned by all this uncertainty would have led to the rise and fall of republics, the dynamiting of Cæsars, the conversion and extermination of the cowboy of Arizona, the premature discovery of revolvers, of Ignatius Donnelly's key, of messenger boys, of subscription books, and of mind-reading.

If a Rip Van Winkle should awaken in our midst, he could only approximately fix the season and the month. But there are in this country four special and immortal days on which Rip Van could always and infallibly fix not only the month, but the exact day of the month. The first in order is the 20th of February, on which date the grimy gamin celebrates the initial game of marbles of the season. (The peaceable, respectable, and less warm-blooded public-school boy plays his first game from four to seven days later, and so is less to be depended on in fixing a date.) The second date is that of the 3rd of April, on which auspicious day the first-patriotic Canadian tramp and the first impetuous *Globe* robin revisit the land of their birth. Both are a little previous in their calculations, both suffer considerably from cold feet; but they are too proud to acknowledge their mistake by any retrograde movement. Our next epochal date is the 29th of May, when the small boy—irrespective of the condition of the weather; the impurity of the water, his own temperament, his susceptibility to the quinsy, or the social position of his grandfather—takes his first “swim” in the creek. On appointed holidays the small boy may or he may not point the vivacious fire-cracker at the hired man; he may or he may not gorge himself with stuffed turkey on Thanksgiving day, and so cease to be tormented with Dr. Bugbear's pills and other worthy remedies that he has so often dutifully choked down; but he will go in swimming on the 29th of May, or the heavens will fall. And now we come to the red-letter day of the Canadian calendar: the glorious 10th of June, in the afternoon of which day the United States circus poster makes its annual appearance on the board fences and dead walls of all inhabitable places in the land.

On any one of these dates an almanac need not be referred to in Canada by any one who has eyes to see and ears to hear; at any other time an almanac is as vital a necessity as a chart at sea.

BRUCE W. MUNRO.



### SELF-JUDGMENT.

BROWN—“Can you lend me a V., Jones.”  
 JONES—“I suppose I'll have to.” (Produces roll of bills.)  
 BROWN—“You seem to have lots of cash, old man.”  
 JONES—“Yes, I seem to have more money than brains.”

TERRY FINNEGAN.

MURRAY HILL, N. Y., August 15, 1888.

TO MISTHER M. O'GRADY, Toronto, Kinnada, or elsewhere.

DEAR MIKE,



THERE'S no use in lamintin, now. I'm glad, howsomdever, that it was n't the coff that did it.

You axe me about Misther Blain. Well, I called on him, of coorse, at the Fifth Avenue, after he landed.

"Terry," sez he, after I managed to get mehand extricated from him, "I did 'nt see you down at the

Hook; and it's a pity, for I'd like that you harde that little speech of mine."

"You're welkum back," sez I, and shure I red it in the papers."

"And how did you like it?" sez he.

"Very well;" sez I, "all of it that was throe."

"And how much was that?" sez he, redenin' a little about the gills.

"The devil a sintince!" sez I, takin' currage, and being always used to the thruth, "and beesides," saz I, "I raaly bleeve you're in lague wid John A. over in Kinnada, there."

"It might be Sir John A. in your mouth!" sez he, very sharp like.

"Ho! ho!" sez I, brisslin' up a bit, "you 're jest back from England, I see!"

"And I thought, besides," sez he, "that you were always a frind of his."

"And so I was," sez I, "till he turned Baptist!"

"Baptist!" sez he, starin' as if the hed was off me. "Niver!" sez he.

"That's what his body sarvint says any way," sez I.

"He's a liar!" sez he, "he'd niver jine a relidgin wid so much wather in it!"

"That wouldn't make a haporth of difference," said I, "for he'd flavor the Pacific Oshon if he could only swim across it."

"Wondherful, intirely!" saz he.

"But why are yecz both," sez I, "thryin to keep up the prices on everythin' a poor workin' man and his family aits, dhrinks, or wears, or that they can make themselves nate and tidy wid?"

"You don't undherstand it," sez he.

"There's no undherstandin about it," sez I. "The workin man wants chaper goods and higher wages than he gets now; and if he gets them is 'nt it the nashun that gets them? All the rest is bladderskite, savin your presence," sez I.

"You're as bad as Erastus Wiman or Gooldin Smith—two thraitthers to the great manufacturin' intherists," says he, gettin' quite angry.

"Thank God, for that," sez I, "and more power to their elbow!"

"Misther Finnegan," sez he, jumpin' to his feet, "I'll wish you a very good mornin'."

"So you may," says I, followin his example, "and some one will be wishin you 'a very good mornin' next fall, when you're sint home wid a flay in your ear, to publish another knothonin journal, instead of being med Sacrey-tary of State."

He could'nt stand me any longer, so jest as I was slammin the doore after me, I saw him staggerin to a sofa in the next room.

So there's no dout of it, I hear, that the Plumed Nite, Sir John A. and Ginneral Harrison work the mails now together, in the intherests of the manufacturers on both sides of the lines—*thrio, junkto, and you know*, as poor I'ather Tom used to say. Yis, Mike, you do know, and I know that they won't succeed; as any one wid an eye in his hed can see that the Dimmocrats, and some of thim are mane enuff, are sthrivin after cheaper goods, highr wages, and their natshural outcome—increased manufac-turers.

I have now done, Mike, and you wouldn't bleeve that wid all me jokin, I have worn a bit of crape round my heart through all this letter. You would n't guess who it is for. I'll tell you—Ginneral Phil. Sheridan. How is Patsy? Let me know in your nixt. In the manetime, I am your tindher-harted blood relashun,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

THE RUSH FOR THE REGISTERED.

AN IDYL OF THE WEST.

'Twas in the town of Paris—Paris, On-tay-rue-o,  
It happened in the August month, not many years ago.  
'Twixt you and me, we'll let it be not more explicit, oh!

The times were tight and money scarce as ever it could be—  
A man would run across the street a dollar bill to see;  
In truth, a great financial drouth was on—ah me, ah me!

This morning that I tell about dawned bright, and calm, and cool  
The P. O. loiterers lingered round—as always is the rule—  
The P. O. lobby, which, when mobby's the local gossip school.

They jibed and jabbered, joked and jawed, in customary style;  
Some would whisper, and some would blow, and some get in a  
smile,  
And now and then a "haw-haw" send you'd hear off half a mile.

But suddenly, bang! up she goes, the little wicket door—  
The signal for the crowd to come and wait around no more.  
The pensive clerk, adroit in work, he scanned the faces o'er.

A soft, sad smile he smole on them—or half in fun or joy—  
And almost there was on his lip a "What-is-that-you-soy?"  
As up he took the Record Book with girlish grace and coy.

That Record Book you knows records the little *billets doux*  
That say: "Enclosed please find"—so much "I am yours very true,"  
It helps to bluff the sheriff off to get just one or two.

Most every man about the place had got his ticket for  
A "registered." What glee there was! Oh, Lor'! oh, Lor'! oh,  
Lor'!  
You'd hear 'em say, "My, my!" "ho, ho!" "by gracious!" and  
'b'gor!

The signatures went flopping down upon that Record Book;  
Each lucky man would cast abroad an anxious, longing look,  
As his turn came to sign his name, and as his "reg." he took.

They opened them, and, guess just what each simply did relate?  
*A notice from the bank about a lowered interest rate!*  
The kinds of word that then were heard—'twerc better not to state

T. T.



### ART IS LONG!

MRS. L—NCTRY—"Yes; I am a little weary of the stage. I think this will be my last season as a dramatic artist."

DRAMATIC CRITIC—"Too bad; I was in hopes it would be your first."

### A VIEW OF QUEBEC.

THE old city of Quebec attracts many tourists. And deservedly, because Quebec is old—and gives satisfactory proof of it, so much so that it has been asserted that it is dead. This is a calumny however, and the financial records at Ottawa show that Quebec is a very lively corpse. It has new demands at every session on the public purse, and Sir Hector and Sir A. P. have hitherto met these somewhat fully. In fact, if it were not for these grants Quebec would have starved long since and disappeared, leaving naught but a memory. And now they want a bridge over the St. Lawrence. The citizens of Quebec are short-sighted—they do not need a bridge—what they are really in need of is a spacious cemetery, and in this they would do well to inter the Ship Laborers' Society and the numerous political leeches with which the city is infested. These latter seem to think the Provincial and Federal governments owe them a living, and they get it, and the country pays for it and gets nothing in return, if I except the services of the two doughty knights above mentioned.

The historical interest centering around Quebec is very great, and the tourist, who has usually read no more of Canadian history than have Canadians themselves, will find his driver a valuable vade-mecum and compendium. The most ancient object in Quebec is what is known as a "caleche"; the origin of the name I have been unable to discover, though I believe Benjamin Sulte claims the merit of the invention for his native town of Three Rivers. But then some have been mean enough to say that he claims everything for the trifluvian village. One guide book says that the mysterious caleche resembles somewhat the English gig (You will remember Carlyle's word "gigmanity"). The caleche is on springs, or was when originally made—there is now no spring about it, naught but the sere and yellow leaf of autumn. Even the carters in Quebec are old and are proud of the distinction. The one I had did not know whether he was ninety-three or one hundred and three, and he was not born in Quebec. But then everybody ages very fast

in that city. They are so slow there the years pass before they know it.

They have a very curious fountain in Quebec in front of the new parliament buildings; it has recently been made at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. It is unique and certainly curious as there is none at all. But Quebecers do not really need water except to mix with other liquids.

The drive out to the plains of Abraham is a very pleasant one; all the prisoners going out to the jail enjoy it. The jail has been built quite close to Wolfe's monument and is a noble pile of buildings. It is really remarkable it was not built on the site of Wolfe's death, thus, combining the useful and commemorative. A prominent Quebecker informed me that the jail had already proved itself more beneficial to the district than the new parliament buildings and did not cost the country nearly so much. He had a vague idea of making some kind of a substitution, upon which he, however, absolutely refused to enlarge. A martello tower is not far distant and still "puzzles posterity." And another ancient relic is the adjacent toll-gate.

The gates of Quebec are historical, or rather were. All that is left of the old gates are the original sites. The present gates are new, and seem out of place; but the local historical authorities do not lay any particular stress upon this—the fact is overlooked unless direct questions are put by the inquiring traveller. And the buildings in Quebec are very old, very old indeed. It is strange that they have all been repaired or rebuilt so often that the original buildings have disappeared. But they would have been very old if this had not been done, which is the same thing to the American who is not told the difference. And modern buildings in Quebec all look very ancient any way. The building where the body of General Montgomery was laid out still remains, and candy and spruce beer are sold in the front portion of the house; should the traveller partake of these he will run an immediate risk of being laid out also. A visit to the citadel will surely be made and the impossibility of scaling its heights be pointed out; then always follows the remark: "General Wolfe did it." This statement is slightly incorrect; Wolfe never even attempted it; he came up to the plains by way of Wolfe's Cove—an easy approach, and gave battle on the plains. Montgomery attempted to scale the precipice and failed. The citadel is chiefly useful in these modern days as a resting place for a battery and a buffalo. A fire last summer burnt a large portion of the men's quarters; these have not since been repaired. The Minister of Militia is a Quebecker and dearly loves a ruin.

In conclusion, let me state that the views about Quebec are magnificent—they are free from humbug and can not be tinkered with by politicians and others. What Quebec really needs is more public spirit, more enterprise and more independence.

H. B. S.

### A QUERY.

FIRST STUDENT—"I say, George, what part of arithmetic best describes the Triumvirate of Ancient Rome?"

SECOND STUDENT—"Give it up, Frank. Enlighten me."

FIRST STUDENT—"The Rule of Three."

It takes nine tailors to make a man, but one tailor can turn out nine dudes without exhausting himself.





### A LITTLE LECTURE TO LAURIER.

Young man, you mean well, but you don't go deep enough. This statement of yours is very common, but it is nonsense. High and alues are *not* an evidence of prosperity, unless you mean the prosperity of landlords. As you say, "A thickly settled population will always enhance the value of land," as it has done in the east end of London, but as that value goes into the private pockets of the owners of the earth, in the shape of rent, the community gets no benefit from it. Meantime, all the expenses of government are met by taxes on the products of labor. You complain about the exodus from Canada. If you will make every man who holds or uses land in this Dominion pay annually into the public treasury the fair rental value of such land, you can cancel all the taxation you now levy on commerce and industry, and bring back all the Canadians who have left their country and millions of good settlers with them. It is *dear living*, through high tariffs, which breed rings and combines; and through private ownership, which puts land values into private pockets, that makes the exodus. What Canada demands is equal justice to all and special favors to none. And if God made this country for the people who dwell in it, why isn't it perfectly fair and right that each individual who appropriates a portion of it to his exclusive use should pay a fair rent to the community for it? Just think that over, Wilfrid.

## A FLYING VISIT FROM THE FAKIR.



THE calm serenity of the atmosphere necessary for the successful elaboration of jokes, which usually prevails in GRIP'S sanctum, was considerably ruffled the other day by the sudden entrance of our old and esteemed friend, the Fakir. The editorial corps were seated at their respective desks hard at work, the silence only fractured at intervals by a muffled groan betokening the intensity of celebratory action, when a hasty footstep re-echoed along the corridor, the door was suddenly flung open, and the Fakir entered, slinging his gripsack down

carelessly upon a grist of freshly-baked humorisms.

"Hello, fellows!" he exclaimed. "Here I am—how are you all, anyhow? Don't hardly seem two days since I bid you all a fond adieu—and now I'm back again."

"Like a bad quarter," muttered the cashier, who has a long memory in money matters, as a cashier ought to have.

"Well, and what's the game now?" said the assistant editor, laying down the monkey-wrench, which he had been applying to a rusty joke to make it work smoothly.

"Big scheme, you bet!" said the Fakir. "Have taken out a patent in Washington, and am going to put it through at Ottawa. Greatest invention of the age—the Noiseless Hand-organ."

"Noiseless *which*?" asked the advertising man.

"The noiseless hand-organ. Can you imagine a greater boon to the community? What are all you fellows laughing at? Serious? Of course I'm serious. It's only fools that are funny without being paid for it."

"Noiseless hand-organ! Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, I never. Oh, Fakir, that beats all," said the political humorist, who had laughed himself red in the face.

"Look here," said the Fakir. "What's the use of a hand-organ, anyway? To grind out music, I suppose you'd say. Not at all. Simply to intimate that an Italian has no other visible means of support than the coppers of the charitable public. Do people give the artiste money because they admire his alleged music? By no means. They do it to get rid of him. They pay him, not to play, but to quit playing. Consequently, I argue that if he never played at all they would pay him still more willingly, and that an organ which produces no sound audible to the naked ear will be an extremely popular instrument. We have some of the best Italian talent in the market ready to valse out our noiseless organs, as soon as we get a supply on hand. Why, it only needs to be heard—or rather, not heard—to be appreciated. Think what a relief it will be to the dwellers in otherwise quiet suburban localities, where the peripathetic harmony-jerkers are wont to excruciate at intervals from morn till dewy eve. Don't you suppose that the people who have been driven to exasperation by the strains of 'Sweet Violets,' and 'I've Fourteen Dollars in my Inside Pocket,' will be grateful for a let up?"

"Well, there may be something in it," said the cashier, dubiously.

"Something in it? Why, I should essentially pause to remark! Only wonder to me is, that so obvious an

idea never occurred to anybody before. We've got the noiseless sewing machine, why not the noiseless hand-organ? As the inventor and patentee I think I may claim to have conferred a boon on suffering humanity, which should rank me high on the list of social benefactors. But I must go—I only dropped in for a minute just to say "hello," and tell you about it, while I waited for a fellow who wants to buy the right for half a dozen counties. Adieu!

And he slung his gripsack and faded into the Hence.

## A PICK-UP.

The enclosed letter was found near the track between Wolseley and Regina:—

OTTAWA, July 1st, 1888.

MY DEAR PERLEY,—This is my tenth, and positively *last*, appeal to you in reference to the Senatorship. I have, as you urged me to do in your last, considered your objections to the position, and also your reasons for insisting that your friend Davin should be honored instead of yourself. Your devotion to the interests of N. F. is a touching proof that there still dwells in the degenerate heart of man something really God-like, and I am reminded of the story of David and Jonathan, (or is it Saul?) Now for business.

You say you have never attended college; I knew that before, and assure you that to become a Senator does not require a liberal education—in fact, if a man is not educated at all, he is eligible.

2nd. You think a man should be an orator—not necessary,—and if it were, you are solid on this head, for you are one of the greatest speakers that ever addressed the House; I think you told me that your weight is 375 avoirdupois.

3rd. You raise the objection that you have a good many cows, sheep, horses, mules and hens, besides a threshing machine—and an interest in an hotel, and very naturally fear that Senate affairs would call you away just when the hens are setting, cows coming in, sheep-shearing or threshing time. If you will furnish me the necessary dates in reference to the foregoing, I will arrange Dominion business in some way not to interfere with any important matters requiring your presence at home.

You better sell your mules. I was talking to Dewdney about mules the last time he was here; he has had experience with mules and he says they are dangerous property to own unless a man is independent. You might get kicked, and incapacitated for life. Of course, your pay would go on, but what would become of Canada? Perhaps you could trade them off for geese and turkeys.

Dewdney's friends think the higher he is put, the better. So do I. If I had power I would place him among the angels. He is a living refutation of the hymn, "Man wants but little here below."

In relation to Davin, I purpose sending him with a few mounted policemen in search of Stanley.—*Mum's the word.*

Both you and Dewdney have done a great deal more for Canada than I remember. Faithfully yours,

JOHN A. MCD.

P.S.—When you do your fall butchering send me a few pounds of lamb and some pig pork, not too fat. Don't run any risks in threshing time. You'd better hire somebody to do the feeding.

JOHN.

P.P.S.—Is the hotel business paying any better since the license for four per cent. beer?

J—.

LABOR STILL SAFE.

GROGAN—"Oi see by the paper that wan av thim Chinese bastes has been admitted to the New York bar. Aff Oi could foind out the saloon where he's wurrukin' Oi'd have the union put a boycott on it, sure as me name's Teddy Grogan!"

ROURKE—"Whisht, man, it's not so bad as that—they've only made a lawyer av him. Thank Hivins, American labor is still safe!" —*Life*.

AN ORPHAN ASYLUM.

BONNY and Flossie were playing "boarding house," with Flossie in the role of applicant.

"Have you parents?" inquired Bobby, with great stiffness of manner.

"Yes, sir, two," answered Flossie im- idly.

"Sorry, ma'am, but we never take children who have parents." —*Harper's Bazaar*.

HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT.

"SPIEGELHAUSEN," said the leader of the little German band to the trombone, "vat for you blay so loud? You drown der rest of dat music."

"Meigensteiner," returned the trombone, "ven I don'd blay so loud und drown the rest of dat music, ve lose money; so don'd you orget id!" —*Time*.

DON'T SHPOIL DOT LEEDLE FUN.

Dis world vas full of pain und care  
As efry one can see;  
Ve find der droubles efrywhere  
Vot makes much misery  
So ven some peoples sometimes try—  
To make a shoke or pun,  
Youst laff a leedle—vink your eye—  
Don't shpoil dot leedle fun.

Von leedle humor now und den  
(Dot vas a proverb old)  
Vas relished py der best of men,  
(Und can't been bought mit gold.)  
Yah, more as dot, der greatest men  
Vat efcr fame haf won  
Vas nefer happier as ven  
Dem had deir leedle fun.

I lofe to see der shildren blay  
Und make a racket, too;  
A leedle romping in der day  
Bring shleep der night all trough.  
Und so, yoost let dem make a noise,  
Und shout und slump und run,  
Dey grow oop shplendid girls und poys—  
Don't shpoil deir leedle fun.

Der days of darkness und of strife  
Dem sure come soon enough;  
Our vay down here ve find trough life  
A rocky road und rough.  
Den take all pleasures innocent  
Und ven your life vas done,  
Yoost lay you down und die content—  
You had your leedle fun.

—*Emile Pichhardt*.

"GEE WILKINS!" exclaimed young Bacon, as he hurriedly withdrew his hand from Miss Fussanfeather's waist, where he had encountered the busy end of a pin. "Now I know what they mean by saying that you have a wasp-like waist!" —*Yonkers Statesman*.

NIAGARA LANDLORD—"You look tired and thirsty. Won't you have a glass of water?"

CAUTIOUS VISITOR (*who has read about the Falls*)—"How much is it?"

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

Respectfully,

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

LADY FROM BOSTON (*on the divan*)—"You had to run after the men last night more than some of us like to do, but you certainly were the belle of the occasion."

THE OTHER LADY—"I the belle! Why, Captain Gatling said you were the belle—electric bell—always to be found on the wall!" —*[Exit with a flushed face.]—Wasp*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS HABERDASH-ERED.

"WELL, sir," said the Imported British dealer in "gents' fancy goods," "to my mind, this pattern 'ere, sir, is by far the most swagger; but may be, as you say, sir, the other 'as the most dog to it; and w'en a gent 'as the 'eavy-blooded taste that you 'ave, sir, I don't set myself up as a criterium." —*Fuck*.

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 academical year of the Toronto Conservatory of Music will open on Wednesday, 5th Sept. next, and the directors of that institution have provided generously for the necessities of pupils. The array of teachers, including those for the piano, voice, organ, violin, orchestral and band instruments, public school music, church music and oratorio harmony, elocution and dramatic action, comprises a faculty of exceptional strength and rivalling those of the most famous schools of music in America. Mr. Edward Fisher, the musical director, has been in England during the summer holidays on important matters in connection with the Conservatory, and among others being the engagement of a noted violoncello *virtuoso*. The Toronto Conservatory of Music has been found upon investigation to possess every advantage claimed for it. It is reliable and well-managed, and now leads the van of musical education in Canada. Those of our readers desiring fuller information regarding the institution should send for a copy of its calendar, addressing Mr. Edward Fisher, Director Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

MAGGIE (*to her stepfather, who is very popular with children*)—"Oh, I wish you had been here when our papa was alive. You would have liked each other so much." —*Wasp*.

THE plea of "Portia," which got her lover out of his meat contract with "Shylock," was probably suggested by the shrewdness of Esop, who, when his master wagered on his ability to drink the sea dry, insisted that his opponent should stop all the rivers and creeks from running into it. Donnelly will, no doubt, find Esop's private marks on the play. —*Puck*.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

STORE CLERK—"A hammock, miss? Certainly. Here is one warranted to sustain a weight of 290 pounds."

YOUNG LADY (*solus*)—"Two ninety; let me see. John weighs 164 and I weigh 125—five and four's nine, with nothing to carry; two and six is eight, with nothing to carry; one and one is two; total, 289. (*To the clerk*.) Well, that's mighty near, but I guess it will do." —*Boston Courier*.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

AUGUSTIN DALY's great play, "Under the Gaslight," a drama of life and love that is still popular, will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House all the coming week. An exchange says:—"It was given at the Metropolitan last night to a fair audience. The company is a first-class one, and gave a fine rendition of the great drama. The play is well put on, all the mountings and accessories being good; the railroad and dock scenes were never better presented. In all it is a very strong combination, every member being a good artist, and the old favorite play has never before been played or produced in a more perfect manner."

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Thorough instruction in every branch of Music, Vocal, Instrumental, and Theoretical, by thoroughly qualified teachers. The New College building, will be ready early in September, and will contain every facility. Large manual Pipe Organ and spacious Music Hall. Students of Orchestral Instruments have the special advantage of practical experience in an orchestra of sixty performers. Vocal Students take part in a large chorus, gaining experience in Oratorio and classical works. All Students participate FREE in concerts and lectures on harmony, acoustics and all other subjects necessary to a proper musical education. **TERMS**—Class and private tuition, \$5 to \$30. For further particulars address, F. H. TORRINGTON, Director, 12 & 14 Pembroke Street, TORONTO.

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HON. G. W. ALLAN, President.

**OVER 800 PUPILS FIRST SEASON**  
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**FALL TERM BEGINS WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th.** There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that letters for the Conservatory be addressed

**EDWARD FISHER, Director,**

Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Ave. TORONTO.

## ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

142 CARLTON STREET, Opposite the Gardens.  
This is a private school, patronized by the best families in the city. The principal teacher, who has had charge of the school for the past four years, is a German, educated in his native country, and has had thirty years experience as a teacher of music in the United States and Canada. By our method we make good performers, practical readers and teachers in the shortest possible time. No time required for mechanical performance of scales and finger exercises. Thorough work guaranteed from the lowest to the highest grade. A few boarders can be accommodated at the school. For information and new pamphlets for 1888-1889 address the Principal, C. FARRINGER, 142 Carlton Street, Toronto.

## PRETTY WOMEN!

Genius pleads, religion entreats, wealth tempts, power commands, but beauty wins. Remember we manufacture every aid to beauty known to science and art. Our specifics are world-renowned, including arsenical complexion wafers, a specific for every imperfection of the skin, a bust developer or restorer, hair coloring in every shade, the only permanent hair remover known, and any thing you lack to make face or figure divine. The Toronto Medicine Co., 343 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rhums or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers. Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

**DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic.**  
2c. a vial, by druggists.

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GRAND RAPIDS,  
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Tickets good to return until Sept. 24, 1888

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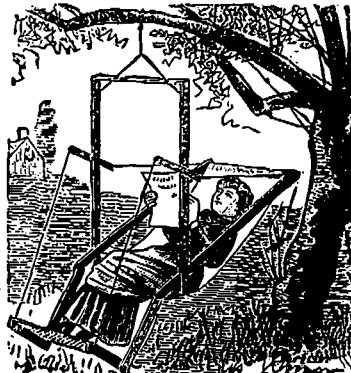
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MONDAY, AUGUST 27TH,  
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**AUGUSTIN DALY'**

Grand Spectacular Sensational Drama,

## UNDER THE GAS LIGHT

Produced by a splendid company with magnificent scenic and mechanical effects.

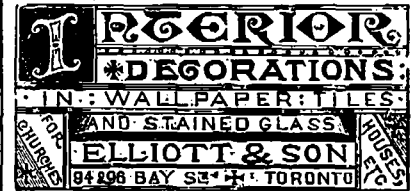
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See THE GREAT DOCK SCENE.

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THE THRILLING RAILROAD SCENE.

TICKETS, 15, 25, 35, 50 & 75 cts.



## LADIES,

When you turn your attention to HOUSE CLEANING this Fall please remember that you can have your carpets renovated without removing from the floor by the Toronto Carpet and Plush Renovating Co., 389 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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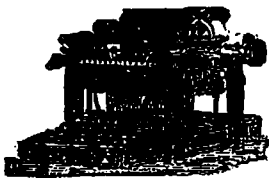
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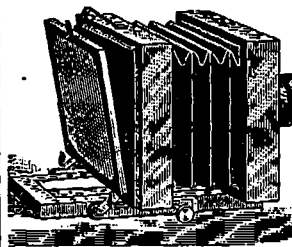


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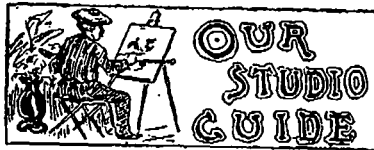
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