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Managing Director

Toronto, 19th April, 1901.

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A reference to the contents of any of the late numbers will more than confirm the foregoing statement.

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GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1065

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

No. 17.



THE SHEPPERD PLAYS A NEW TUNE
AND THE SHEEP ARE AT ONCE INTERESTED IN THE MUSIC.

TEN MINUTES IN MATTAWA.

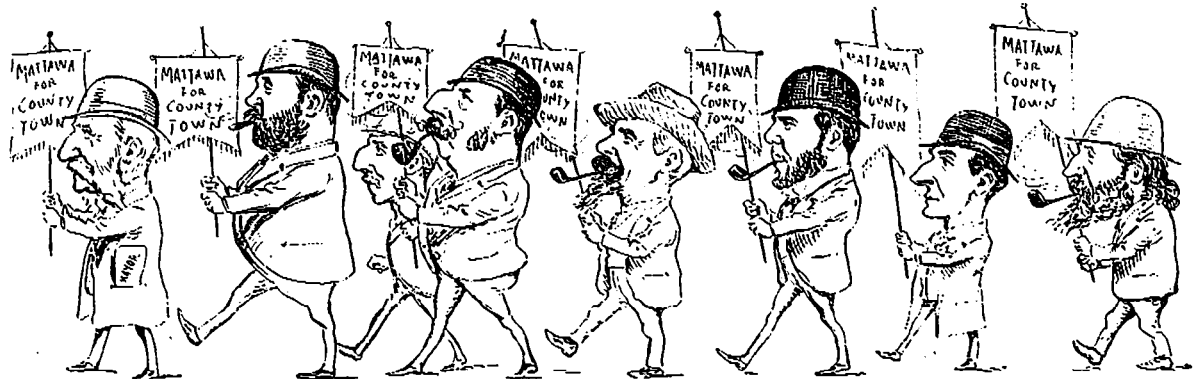
BY OUR UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.



THE Canada Pacific train running on the Grand Trunk track—a neighborly and amicable arrangement which is worthy of note—carries the Toronto passenger to North Bay, the thriving town which sits enthroned upon the north shore of Lake Nipissing, something more than two hundred miles due north of the city which is honored as Grip's publishing place. At North Bay, a Canadian Pacific train running on its own track—Port Arthur to Montreal via the north shore—

carries the traveller to Mattawa, a point about forty miles to the east. This sounds expeditious, but it may as well be mentioned that you arrive in North Bay about 7.30 a.m. and lie over all day, unless you can get a permit to travel on a freight train. Arrived at Mattawa, you of course go up to

Peter O'Farrell's hotel, and on the way the proper thing is to admire the scenery and express your admiration in positive terms. Unless you do this you may be justly regarded as a person with no sense of the beautiful. The town will justify a good deal of exuberance in the use of complimentary adjectives, as it nestles amidst the towering hills at the junction of the Ottawa and Mattawa rivers. It monopolizes about everything the north shore possesses in the way of scenery, though I am told the country a few miles further north, at Lake Temiscameng is a veritable Paradise, much patronized of late by American summer tourists. As the base of supplies for the numerous lumber camps up the river, Mattawa is a brisk place of business, especially in the fall and winter seasons. Just now things are quiet, and the citizens have more time for general conversation. As a matter of fact, however, it is not very general—it is nearly all on the subject of the County Town question. The Nipissing district, be it known, has been raised to the dignity of a Judicial District by the Ontario Government, and now it must have a County



Town. There are three contestants for the honor, Mattawa, North Bay and Sturgeon Falls, and a great deal of canvassing, wire pulling, etc., is going on. This is unfortunate, but it is all the fault of Mowat and his wicked partners. Had they left the matter to a vote of the Mattawa people, (as they might have done) the difficulty would have been solved long ago, and North Bay and Sturgeon Falls would have been saved a lot of mental worry. Mattawa is of the opinion that the county buildings, and the dignity appertaining thereto, will give the finishing touch to what is already the finest place in northern Ontario. If Sir Oliver takes the same view all will be well; if not, I can imagine that the folks up there, notwithstanding their natural hospitality, might be capable of taking a horrible revenge upon him if he ever ventured inside the corporation. He might for example, be cornered in Peter O'Farrell's sitting room,



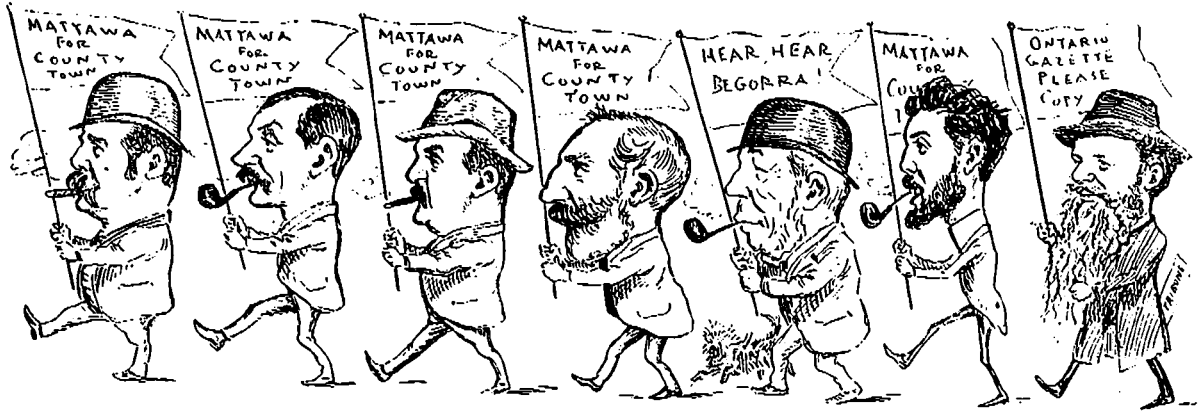
and while the ferocious "Fairy" kept him prisoner, Mr. Shanks might force him to consume burnt oysters of his own cooking while de Sousa played the piano at him, and

meanwhile he was slowly suffocated by fumes from all the tobacco pipes in town. For my part I sincerely hope Mattawa will be made county town, if North Bay or Sturgeon Falls does not get the honor. I spoke to some of the North Bay people on my return and they did not seem to see any particular fitness about Mattawa. They were decidedly of opinion that North Bay was the place for a county town.

It was pointed out to me that it was situated most centrally; but I distinctly remembered that on the map I was shown in Mattawa that town was more central still. I want to see a Sturgeon Falls map before I come to any conclusion on the geographical point. But North Bay certainly has its good points, even although the Council sat down rather brusquely on the W.C.T.U.'s recent proposal for the erection of a drinking fountain. It rejoices in some excellent citizens—specimens are herewith submitted—and there are few towns



of the size that can boast three preachers of the ability



of those now occupying the pulpits of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches of North Bay. This ought to count for something with a Christian Statesman like Sir Oliver.

AS-THE-CROW-FLIES.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

WORK of all kinds was suspended on the Milicete Indian reservation away down at Ap-ol-og-neck in the eastern provinces when a reporter passed that way a few days ago. The whole population, with one solitary exception, was massed on the hillside and the fence beside the highway. The solitary exception was the venerable sagamore, Tommy Sock, who sat apart, at the door of his wigwam, scornful of visage and frowning on the idle throng.

"Is this a holiday?" the reporter queried. "What are all those people doing yonder?"

"Waitin' for next man comes along, see if he kin tell 'um what them prize fighters said last time they opened their mouth," responded Mr. Sock.

"You mean Corbett and Jackson?"

"Ah-hah."

"Well!" ejaculated the reporter. "They are rapidly getting civilized, surely."

At this moment a commotion in the crowd attracted attention, and the sagamore and the reporter paused to note the cause. A man was coming down the road. In a twinkling he was surrounded by the whole swarm of Milicetes, and evidently plied with questions. Then a series of wild yells arose. One kinky redskin turned somersaults, another tried to gnaw the bark off a tree and ended by climbing it; several others joined in a furious war dance, and a detachment attended by a howling mob of squaws and papposes pranced madly up the hill to the wigwam of the sagamore.

"Jackson scratched his head!" yelled a dozen voices at once.

The sagamore frowned and said nothing.

"What's that you say?" demanded the reporter.

"He—he scratched his head!" howled one of the papposes, "Man said so."

"Did Mr. Jackson scratch his head?"

"Um-m."

"His own head?"

"Um-m."

"Sure about that?"

"Um-m. That's what man said."

"And is that what all this racket is about?"

"Um-m."

"Where did this thing happen?"

"In New York."

"Lately?"

"Um-m."

"Is Mr. Jackson likely to get better?"

"Git better! He ain't sick."

"Then who—what—when—why—where's the reason of

all this rumpus? What are you all howling about?"

At this query the crowd all stared at the reporter, and then at each other.

"He's crazy!" muttered one.

"He thinks it ain't nothin' for Jackson to scratch his head," gasped another.

"He's drunk!" growled a third with a contemptuous shrug. "Come 'way from here."

On the instant they all turned their backs in disgust and marched down the hill.

"My brother," said the reporter, when he and the sagamore were once more alone, "am I to understand that we have got civilized up to the point where, if a prize fighter scratches his head in New York the redskins away down here in Ap-ol-og-neck are instantly thrown into convulsions of ecstasy?"

"We are," replied the sagamore.

"Don't you think it's time somebody said something?" the reporter ventured to inquire.

The sagamore shook his head.

"When Injuns owned this country," he observed "we fight good 'eal—kill good many—but we never had any prize fighters. White man worse than Injuns—no use talk to him—he do anything for money and to get his name in the papers. White man heap smart—heap good Christian—send out heap missionaries—but I'm mighty glad I ain't white man."

The reporter wrapped his chin in his bosom and wandered on.

A. M. Belding.

THE ART EXHIBITION.

THE annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now on and everybody who is anybody will go and see the pictures. Many of these that will worthily attract attention are in the frames, others are in dainty spring hats and fixings, loitering about the room, or sitting upon divans and gazing critically at the Sherwoods, Bell-Smiths, Reids, etc. (we don't mean the artists, of course, but their works.) The cause of Canadian art is making sure and steady headway, and although none of the members are doing anything that can be compared to the work of certain other members (these latter themselves being the judges) yet the general advance must be quite apparent to all observant outsiders. All that is really wanted now is a home market for the products of these industrious brush-workers. "Art," we know, "is long," and the prices to be obtained for pictures ought to be of proportionate length. This is where the great N.P. has a glorious opportunity which it has not yet improved.



THE MOWAT IN MISS ONTARIO'S EYE.

(WHICH HER BEAMING FRIENDS AT OTTAWA WOULD FAIN REMOVE.)

THE LAST OF THE CHEESE.

THE mammoth Canadian cheese which was made at Perth, Ont., in September 1892, and astonished the World's Fair visitors and excited the envy and admiration of United States cheese-makers, has at last been cut. Forty or more guests, including two or three ladies, accepted the invitation of Mr. Jubal Webb, of Kensington, to inspect, cut and test this 22,000 lb monster on Monday last. —*Can. Gazette, London.*

Farewell, oh, mitey monster,
 (Though as a solid fact
 They're and thee free from jumpers,
 sound, sweet and quite intact).
 Farewell, thy reign is over,
 No more thou'lt cross the seas,
 The grandest of thy species—
 The great Canadian cheese!

Vast crowds from every country
 Who saw thee at the Fair
 Acknowledged that of all Big Things
 Thou wert the biggest there;
 And thus our country's praises
 Were flung upon the breeze,
 As the land that beats creation
 For making first-class cheese.

Thou mad'st a great impression
 By thy unexampled bulk,
 But thou wert something better
 Than a great unwieldy hulk:
 Thy quality they tell us
 An epicure might please,
 Though thou wert made in '92,
 Oh, most distinguished cheese!

Farewell! thou toothsome morsel
 For Johnny Bull to munch;
 Thou'rt cut and subdivided
 To make a London lunch:
 Farewell, thy place in history
 Thou'lt hold with grace and ease.
 A symbol of our Dairy Trade,
 The great Canadian cheese!

MEM. FOR GILBERT & SULLIVAN.

MR GILBERT, the librettist, who is popularly supposed to be always on the look-out for topsy-turveysisms, ought to keep a representative stationed in the Toronto Police Court, an institution he would find prolific in ideas suitable for use in comic opera. If Gilbert could be personally present to make a little study of the Colonel who presides over this famous court, he might add a character to his list who would put the "model Major General," or the "Ruler of the Queen's navy" quite in the shade. Had he been present the other day, when Dunsford and Taylor were tried, he would probably have felt disposed to transfer the whole episode bodily without alteration into his next libretto, and nobody would have suspected it of being borrowed. The "scene" was about to this effect:

MAGISTRATE.—"What is the charge against these men?"

POLICE OFFICER.—"Murderous assault and highway robbery, your worship."

MAGISTRATE.—"Call the witnesses."

The witnesses come forward and testify that the prisoners, who had concealed themselves behind a tree on Richmond street at night, suddenly pounced upon a passer by, brutally assaulted him, rifled his pockets, and made off, leaving him dead, so far as they knew or cared. They were followed by an eye-witness who gave information to a policeman, who arrested them.

MAGISTRATE.—"A pretty clear case. Most judges would give you five years and a flogging for this, gentlemen, but observe my method. Call a witness as to character."

WITNESS.—(being sworn) "I know these men. They have heretofore born good characters."

MAGISTRATE.—"Quite so. Gentlemen, I let you off with the lightest sentence it is in my power to pronounce."

We scarcely see how Gilbert could improve upon that!



THE LATEST ATTACHMENT.

HE—"Yes madam, this clock will tell you the time of day, the moon changes, the date, and—"

SHE.—"Well; will it tell me when my bonnet's on straight?"



THE KNOWING CANINES.

TEMPERANCE—"Wonderful! But how is it they obey you, while they don't mind me a bit?"
LIQUOR—"Cause they understand the difference between this club and that switch."

[From the Evening Star.]



THE PIE DIVIDED.

LIBERAL PARTY, Ont.—“Ma, can I have two pieces?”
 MA MOWAT.—“Yes, dear; I hope so. That was the intention!”

THE NEW SLICK.
 CHAPTER V.

MR. SLICK COMMENTS ON A CANADIAN SHORTCOMING.



FEELING the benefit of my outing, I was back again in my editorial harness and doing my best to make the *Emancipator* a first class family journal.

One day, about a week after my last meeting with Mr. Reuben Slick, the door of my sanctum opened after a preliminary tap, and before I had time to make any response, and the gentleman just named stepped in. I expressed my pleasure at seeing him; he reciprocated, and we were soon in the midst of an interesting chat—interesting at all events to me.

“Yes, sir,” Mr. Slick said, by way of rounding off a dissertation he had just delivered on the results of his observations in business circles since our last meeting—“things seem to me to be a lookin’ up. Money’s gittin’ a leetle bit looser, an’ if the folks in this Province on’y had as good an opinion of themselves and their country as they have a right to claim, I shouldn’t wonder if things would fairly hump.”

“You think the Nova Scotians are too modest for their own good, then?” I queried.

“Well, I don’t know as they have any very pertickler lack of conceit, sech as it is - but it don’t seem to me to be

the right sort. It’s too much like Huldy i Huckins’, down our way. Huldy is all the while a runnin’ down her own cookery when she has visitors sayin’ the pumkin pie is not real first class, an’ the bread hain’t so good as she could wish, an’ so forth. But old Elder Perkins gin her a terrible turn one time when he happened to be visitin’ thar’, by jest fallin’ in with her idees. ‘That’s so, Miss Huckins,’ says he, ‘I have et better pie,’ and ‘you’re right’ says he ‘about the bread—I believe its a little too sour.’ The Elder knowed the vittles was all right, but he jest meant to rebuke the lyin’ spirit that was in Huldy Huckins. That’s somethin’ like the sort of modesty the Nova Scotians have ‘bout ‘em, an’ I b’lieve Canadians all over the Dominion air troubled the same way. What I mean is you never hear ‘em express any confidence in anything that’s Canadian.”

“I’m afraid your remarks are only too well founded,” I observed.

“Yes, I’ve noticed it all over the country. Why, a Canadian can’t git properly appreciated till he goes to the States. An’ you don’t very often have to find fault with *our* folks for bein’ backward about tootin’ their own horn, do you?”

“Not usually, I believe,” said I. “But it doesn’t strike me as a very commendable custom.”

“It hain’t jest to say commendable, if you go right into the perticklers on it,” said Mr. Slick, philosophically, “but I tell you what, Mr. Quiller, it’s done a powerful lot to make the United States a first class nation. It’s the patriotic spirit workin’ out, that’s what it is, an’ what Canada needs most of anything as I see it, is that very thing—a patriotic spirit. You want to boom yourselves. If you don’t think a pile of yourselves you can’t expect other people to. And you don’t need to be silly a-doin’ it. You’ve got men here - lawyers, writers, orators, poets, statesmen, fit to put alongside any *we’ve* got, but you don’t begin to whoop ‘er up for your fellers like we do for ours. I can’t stay any longer jest now, but I wan’t to make one closin’ remark, which it is this—Canada will never be a full grown nation till she learns to blow her own trumpet.”

So saying Mr. Slick bade me good morning and retired.

IMPORTANT CABLEGRAM.

WE learn by special cable from London that Mr. James J. Corbett’s bag-punching skill is a revelation to the British public. His appearance at Drury Lane theatre caused great enthusiasm, and they made him do the bag-punching act over twice. The main object of the gentleman’s visit is to punch a hole in the bag Mr. Bull keeps his money in, and he is likely to succeed in his mission.



HE DON'T HAVE TO GIVE VALUE.

When the cobbler wants clothes,
 And the tailor wants boots,
 They exchange work for work
 And both parties it suits.

When the landlord wants goods
 He just holds out his hand,
 And exchanges—permission
 To live on the land!



WHERE IT WENT.

THE CHARMING WIDOW. — "My little girl said an awfully cute thing the other day, but I felt dreadfully embarrassed."
 MR. SOOTER (*who has been hanging on for a long time, but hasn't yet declared himself*) — "Er - what did she say?"
 THE CHARMING WIDOW. — "A friend asked me whether my child would call my second husband 'papa'—in case I got married again, you know."
 MR. SOOTER. — "And - er—what did she say?"
 THE CHARMING WIDOW. — "She (blush) said (blush) No : I'll call him Mr. Sooter!"

"CHEESE IT."

EDITOR GRIP, SIR :

I SHALL never cease to thank you for the inestimable privilege of perusing your presentation copy of poems by Canada's greatest living Bard, Jas. McIntyre, of Ingersoll. Nothing but the fact that just at this date my rent, tax, gas, water, insurance and other bills happen to fall due, prevents me from mailing a dollar to Ingersoll for a copy. No well-regulated family can afford to be without these poems, so rich in form, in sentiment, in patriotism.

Many of the pieces are most affecting. At a church social last evening I read the "Tiger and Elephant," the "Prophecy of a Ten-ton Cheese," and the "Providential Escape," and I am within the bounds of truth when I state that there was not a dry eye in the whole basement. These poems are not at all composed in the ordinary humdrum, hifalutin style affected by the average poetaster; they are natural, breezy, uncramped and inspiring, and an admirable trait in McIntyre's character is his perfect freedom from jealousy. He freely acknowledges the genius possessed by other grand singers on both sides of the ocean. Of course your space is too limited for long quotations, but really you must regale you readers with a few couplets. Take for example this on Whittier :

"Others seek for music in the twitter
 Of the sweet charming notes by Whittier."

and this on Lowell :

"With pleasure we would love to dwell
 On the charming themes of Lowell."

and lastly, this on Bryant :

"Some in front rank will defiant
 Boldly place the poet Bryant."

Those who would so rank Bryant have surely never read McIntyre.

Although I have never published a volume myself, I have frequently contributed sonnets, epics, lyrics, etc., to the columns of leading magazines, and I cannot refrain from

begging that you will be good enough to print the following lines on the *Sweet Singer of Ingersoll* :

Hail ! welcome thence ! thou Bard, James McIntyre,
 Thou Prince of Poets, kindled with celestial fire,
 Who sings of woods and lakes and clouds and breezes,
 But better still of our Canadian cheeses.

A Fig for those who choose the lofty theme !
 Give me the man who knows what is in cream :
 Who talks of cows and sheep and rocks and treeses,
 And as I said before, who writes of cheeses.

He is the man in whose great, brawny breast
 The "milk of human kindness" has its rest.
 Unlike the cows, it curdles not nor freezes,
 And thus inspired he singeth of our cheeses.

Oh, Ingersoll, how happy is thy lot !
 To be a dairy town, and own a Scot
 Who courts the muse, and everybody pleases
 By poetrying our Ontario cheeses.

Apollo and Minerva grant him many a day
 To sing of snowy milk, and curds and whey,
 Which with rennet, salt, and many powerful squeezes
 Produce most excellent cheeses.

Abraham Threngmorton.

THERE seems to be no end to the frauds and failures involved in the building of the U. S. navy. MR. GRIP is a sympathetic bird, but he finds it difficult to feel sorry for Uncle Sam in his troubles, because that gentleman has never yet answered Mr. George's question — "What do you want with a navy, anyhow?"

One of the leading dailies of Chicago has opened a department for the discussion of the Single Tax, under editorial auspices leaning strongly in the direction of that reform. This is literally a sign of the *Times*.



"PARTING" ADVICE.

MR. BAREPATE, (*parting with his nephew, Bangs of Trinity College*) — "There's one thing I want to say, William, if you'll excuse me—I wouldn't wear *my* hair like that for anything!"



SIGNS OF "SPRING."

MRS. CASEY. — "Oh, jisht listen till the frogs croakin' in the swamp, beyant? F'what an early spring we're gettin', to be sure!"

(But what she heard was Mr. Casey winding up his patent back-action Waterbury watch in the adjoining field).

THE KISS THAT FAILED.

"I DO not like large hats," he said—
"When we go out to-night,
Pray wear a smaller one, my dear,
One that is out of sight."

"I know," she said, with blush and smile,
"You mean one minus rim."
"That's it," he answered, and the world
Seemed very bright to him.

But cruel Girlic, laughing, coy,
Made all his plans to fail;
She wore the smaller hat, all right
But, with it, wore a veil!

BELLE WEAVER.

DOUBLE.

WE learn from the *Canadian Gazette* of London, that Sir Charles Tupper, replying to a deputation of tea merchants the other day, "assured them of the earnest wish of the Canadian Government to foster trade between Canada and the United Kingdom in every possible way." The deputation went away highly pleased, thinking no doubt that Sir Charles meant "encourage" when he used the word "foster." The unsuspecting gentlemen did not dream of the double meaning the word contains, but if they had been as familiar with our Finance Minister and his policy as we are, they would know that "fostering" trade sometimes means putting obstacles in its way for the benefit of political friends.

A CONSCIENTIOUS COMPANY.

THE agent of the Union News Company came through the car with his armful of books.

"Have you Stead's book about Chicago?" asked the clerical passenger.

"No, sir," replied the agent, with a reproachful look at the reverend gentleman. "Our Company refuses to handle that work as it considers the title blasphemous and the contents unfit for family reading. But I can let you have 'The James Boys, or a Romance of Outlawry'; 'The life and Battles of John L. Sullivan'; or any of Zolas' works. Look 'em over, sir."

And depositing the armful of choice literature on the

passenger's seat he departed to open up a trade in peanuts and oranges.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE DISAPPOINTED "WORKERS."

AT five o'clock on Election-day two good Citizens entered a Polling Booth to learn the Result of the Voting. They stood by while the Officials proceeded with their Work and as it Progressed they became Excited when they Observed that the Candidate of One or Other of the two Liquor Parties was likely to be declared Elected. (There had only been Two Candidates in the Field, and neither Represented the Prohibition Sentiment.) At length the Good Citizens lost Patience. "This is an outrage on Decency!" they cried. "We are here as the Representatives of the Sober, Virtuous and Respectable section of the Community—the Churches, the Homes, the Women and Children—and we protest against their Opinion on this Awful liquor Curse being Ignored. We have made Thousands of Fervent Speeches and passed Hundreds of Ringing Resolutions—!"

"My dear Sirs," said the Returning Officer cutting them Short, "We are counting *Votes*, and *Votes* only!"

Moral. The liquor Traffic is in Politics and can only be effectually Attacked through the Ballot Box.

A LITERARY SWELL.

JINKS. — "Wasn't that High Constable Jones who passed us just now?"

BINKS. — "Yes; why?"

JINKS. — "Hoity, toity! What's he putting on such a painful amount of style for? Has he come into a fortune, or what's up?"

BINKS. — "Fame, my boy. He's one of the literary swells now. Haven't you heard of his new book and the tremendous hit he's made with it?"

JINKS. — "No; you interest me. What is it, novel, poem, or what?"

BINKS. — "No; something more solid—the title is 'The County Constable's Manual or Handy Book, new edition with additions and improvements.'"

JINKS. — "Oh, ah! ahem."

TYPOGRAPHICAL.

The lady who said she saw a comma in the sky is a near relative to the man who said he had given up buying soda water by the bottle and now drinks it out of a hyphen.



"SELF-HELP."

Jarkins began life as an humble Letter-carrier, but secured a liberal education by reading the postal cards and newspapers he had to deliver, and at length rose to a position of eminence in the Post Office Department.

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THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.

The Case of a Young Lady Whose Friends Thought Her Going Into a Decline—After repeated Efforts She Finds a Cure.

Among the remedies whose healing powers have won great fame, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People easily take a foremost place. This conclusion must force itself upon those who read the numerous well authenticated cures made public through the press. A reporter of the Montreal Herald recently learned that Miss Sarah Dillon, cashier in the establishment of J. J. Hamman, had been restored to health by the timely use of Pink Pills. Calling upon her she was found willing to make known the benefits she had received. Miss Dillon stated that last year she was seriously unwell. She was just on the point of giving up her situation, when, providentially, she came across a leaflet describing the curative effects of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She made up her mind to give them a fair trial, and before the sixth box was finished felt as well and strong as she could wish for. What Miss Dillon complained of chiefly was complete loss of appetite, sick headache, indigestion and mental depression. Besides she was easily fatigued, almost incapable of the least exertion. Her friends thought she was going into a decline. She was pale and anemic looking and lost weight considerably. She tried many medicines but without avail. She felt herself rapidly getting worse. A doctor was called in and the treatment prescribed carefully followed, but there was no change for the better and nothing seemed to be of the least benefit until she began using Pink Pills. She is now the picture of health, and the languor and depression she suffered so much from, are no longer there. Dr. Williams expressed the opinion that if Miss Dillon used Pink Pills more universally, much of the sickness and consequent wretchedness and unhappiness, unfortunately so common amongst us, would be entirely unknown. The gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this case, prove that they are unequalled as a blood purifier and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls, pale, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers, or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made with a high-class art school whereby any readers of this journal of the age of fifteen up to thirty can receive free tuition by sending their name and address to the editor, with a reference as to character.

THERE are a good many subscribers who still owe for GRIP. Our terms are strictly in advance, and we would take it as a great favour if those who are in arrears, especially for subscriptions previous to 1894, would settle their little bills. We do not send individual receipts for subscriptions—the postage stamps would ruin us—but we acknowledge them by change of date on the red address label.

SOME people admire red-headed girls; and others don't; but public opinion is unanimous in favor of red-footed girls. We mean, of course, girls wearing those dainty, stylish red shoes. Not many girls wear them, however, because they are usually very expensive, and this is why there is a rush of fair ones to the old establishment of H. & C. Blachford, 83 to 89 King St. E., where a large stock of these unique goods, bought at a special bargain, are being sold at half price. The stock also embraces all the new designs in Women's Spring and Summer wear, and men's fine ready made foot wear. In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of boots, as the poet says, and Blachford's is the place to go for them.

THE views of "The Dream City," alias "The White City," alias "The World's Columbian Exposition," which the Toronto Star has been supplying to its subscribers, is now complete, No. 17, the last part, containing views of a number of the state buildings. Those who have received them can have them bound in a variety of styles at reasonable rates, at the Star office.

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