

But it is the Chicago "lady journalist" who "tips along the primrose path of her profession with a refined and gentle elegance, and yet with a firm step and steady nerve, who will command the applause of thousands yet to be.

The Chicago "lady journalist" carries a sandbag, and Mrs. Page, of Garfield avenue, who was interviewed by one of them, is expected to be able soon to testify that she wields a trenchant and vigorous bag of sand, though her pen may be dipped in honey.

The Chicago dispatches are not profuse in details regarding the affair, but it seems that the female reporter called on Mrs. Page under the shrewd pretence of collecting society news for her esteemed newspaper.

It also appears that Mrs. Page was greatly charmed with her visitor and, after yielding up what information she had regarding pink teas and approaching weddings in stockyard circles, sat down to the piano to entertain her with "the food of love" as extracted in Chicago from that instrument.

We are absolutely in the dark as to what happened immediately before the blow was struck. The "lady journalist" may

not have been pleased with Mrs. Page's "touch" or "technique." Possibly Mrs. Page attempted to sing.

Be this as it may, the "lady journalist" drew forth her trusty sandbag and dealt the woman a stunning blow on the head, after which she quietly gathered up her notebook and things and took her departure.

That Mrs. Page's skull was not crushed is thought to be due entirely to the luxurious profusion of her "back hair."

This great journalistic stroke occurred Friday afternoon last, and we shall scan the Chicago Sunday blanket sheets of to-day for a full account of it, penned by the gifted and graphic sandbagger herself, under some such fetching headlines as these: "Brilliant Feat of Our Lady Sandbagger She Successfully Sandbags a Society Woman on Garfield Avenue The Only Newspaper in This Town That Has a Lady Sandbagger on Its Staff What have Our Comatose Contemporaries to Say to This Enterprise? We Strive to Please, and Get There Every Time," etc.

Unquestionably Chicago journalism is on the jump. Morning Advertiser.



SOME MORE NEWS ON CLUBBING.

JOBING is an interesting topic just now, judging from the numerous communications received during the month. Still the clubbing goes on, perhaps because, as one writer put it, one man starts it and the opposition paper in that town "has to join the procession of fools."

Another writer says: "If the Press Association were any good they would put a stop to this ruinous practice." Here is a hint for the president of the C. P. A., when making his selections of subjects for the annual meeting in February. There is no doubt something to be said on both sides, and it would be a grand opportunity to have it said.

Brother Fawcett, who publishes The Toronto Junction Leader, a paper printed on toned paper, with half-tone illustrations, is in it, too. Here is his extraordinary offer:—

**The Leader,
The Ladies' Journal,
The Canadian Annual** **For
\$1**

From Belleville comes another brilliant array of offers, beneficial to the acceptors, but showing that publishers somewhere are getting small prices.

LOOK AT OUR OFFERS:

Weekly Sun, per year	\$1 00
Weekly Sun and Weekly Globe, both for	1 25
Weekly Sun and Weekly Empire, both for	1 35
Weekly Sun and Canada Farmer's Sun	1 25

This should have been accompanied by the warning: "You will lose money if you accept Offer No. 1."

The Belleville Chronicle has the same offers, as has the Intelligencer. But the Chronicle has another "drawing card" in that it gives "a choice of two from a large selection of beauti-

fully executed pictures of Canadian public men, a group of "magnificent views of Niagara Falls, another of the Dominion Parliament Buildings, and a very beautiful picture in colors 'My Heart's Delight.' These are all large pictures, about 27x34, and each of them is well worth a dollar. They are all triumphs of the lithographic art and would be a beautiful adornment to any home. The likenesses are of Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir John Thompson, etc."

The Acton Free Press refuses to club with any other paper, and sells to no one who will not pay in advance. Is its publisher satisfied? Read this:

"Acton, Ont., Nov. 26, 1894.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR, I read with much pleasure and satisfaction your article in last issue on 'Clubbing.' I hope it will give weeklies generally more backbone. The Milton Reformer is not representative of the position of Halton county papers. There is a little paper published up in this corner of the county which refuses to club with any other paper. Yours, etc.,

"H. P. MOORE."

What strikes one as being ludicrous is the fact that a weekly usually depends on the merchants in its town for advertising support, and it then turns around and tries to undermine these merchants' businesses by getting subscriptions for the organ of the Patrons. This is shortsighted policy.

But there is at least one man who thinks that if The Globe and Mail are willing to sell their weeklies at 35 or 37½ cents, the "weekly" publisher should take advantage of it. He is the publisher of a live weekly west of Toronto, a young man and a hustler. He says

"Have not both you and your correspondents confounded the clubbing business of other days with the totally different state of affairs that exists to-day? Five years ago I quit entirely 'clubbing' other papers with mine, but I continued to accept