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Naught but the hand of God could stay thy course  
Or drive thee back to Erie's peaceful deep ;  
Then onward press with thy gigantic force,  
Till in Ontario's bosom lull'd to sleep.

Emblem of Freedom ! who would dare essay

To bay thy noisy progress to the sea ?  
Then onward press ! while bord'ring nations pray  
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Fare and One-Third

Going December 21st to 25th.  
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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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

No. 1099

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

No. 25



IN MEMORIAM—SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

CIVIC REFORM.

THE spirit of Civic Reform, aroused by the boodle revelations, has sprung up in this city and is now going through our wards with the noise, fury and dust of an electric street sweeper. It is a glorious movement, and if it had the result of giving us a new and better set of aldermanic candidates it would call for our unqualified blessing. But we are greatly afraid that when the noise ceases and the dust clears away we will find ourselves very much in the same hole, for we observe that amongst the names recommended to the Citizen's Association are those of many aldermen and ex-aldermen whose records are far from satisfactory. How do these people secure the recommendation? In nearly every case we venture to assert they are suggested as fit and proper candidates by themselves, and at the present juncture it will be a safe plan for the citizens to vote against every man who is anxious to get into the council.

THE SONG OF THE BACH.

I'LL be a bachelor—gay or grim,  
Just as it suits the passing whim.  
Gay—I'll doff my hat to the ladies fair,  
And drop little compliments here and there;  
And I'll be so nice (as a bachelor can)  
They will say: "Mr. Bluff's quite a ladies' man."  
Grim—I'll grumble and snarl and growl,  
And always wear a threatening scowl;  
And I'll chuckle and laugh in my bachelor's heart  
When the women are shocked by my manner tart.  
But I'll be a bachelor, anyway,  
With no one to boss me or to say  
That I must do this, or I must do that,  
Or that I must wear the latest cravat.  
I'll stick my feet on the highest chair,  
I'll cook my own meals and comb my own hair,  
I'll tread the earth with a careless mien,  
That my free estate may by all be seen.

W. H. R.



ABSENT-MINDED.

THE CLERGYMAN (*having completed the ceremony*)—"It is—er—usual for the groom to mark the occasion by—er—giving the officiating minister—"

BRIDEGROOM (*interrupting*)—"A drink! Why, of course, I was forgetting about that. Come along—I suppose there's a bar somewhere near by?"

IN MEMORIAM.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

H EIGHT after height achieved,  
And each new step well won,  
Now by his Sovereign royally received,  
He stands before the throne.

And gazing from that height  
Down the far slope to youth,  
He sees with kindling eye a pathway bright  
Of honor and of truth.

A course of fifty years,  
With many a scene of strife,  
Yet through it all, its work, its hopes, its tears,  
A good and worthy life.

Yonder's a trampled space  
Where he has met his foes  
In politics' fierce war, but face to face,  
With no unmanly blows.

And yonder is the spot,  
More sacred and more dear,  
Where the stern battle of his soul he fought,  
A warrior sincere.

A goodly record this—  
And yet more good in store,  
More work, more fame, more honor—Peace,  
He's dead; it's o'er—it's o'er.

J. W. B.



THE HOME MARKET.

INCIPIENT CRIMINAL—"I had intended stealin' some goods, but at them prices it would be cheaper to buy 'em!"

"You make me tired," said the road to the bicycle.  
"Yes, but you have cut me all up," replied the machine.



THE ROD.

ENQUIRER (to truant little boy)—“What have you caught, Sonny?”  
 SONNY—“Nothin'; an' don't expect to afore I get home.”

THE EDISON DOLL.

A FARCICAL TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Dramatised by J.W.B., from a humorous poem by F. Anstey.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. JINKINS, a Bachelor.  
 MRS. MCMURPHY, a Charwoman.  
 FLOSSIE FITZALTAMONT, a Juvenile Patrician.  
 BOODLES, a Shop-boy.

SCENE—A scantily furnished lodging for a single gentleman. Grate, with smouldering fire, R. table, C. Shelf on rear wall with a square parcel in brown paper upon it. A few chairs, pictures, etc.

(CONTINUED.)

MRS. McM.—Excuse me, Mистер Jinkins, sor, av I may be so bould. Let thim wait a while.

MR. J.—This is terrible! (he struggles violently but in vain.) Hello! What's that—?

MRS. McM.—Which?

[Another rap at door.]

MR. J.—That parcel on the shelf yonder. Isn't that what you were looking for?

MRS. McM.—Be the holy shmoke av it isn't that very same! An' now I remember puttin' it there. I beg yer pardon, Mистер Jenkins, sor, a thousand toimes. Whurra, whurra, lave me get out av this quick or I'll blush meself to death, so I will!

[She has got the parcel from the shelf and hastily donned her jacket and bonnet while Mr. Jinkins has arisen.]

MRS. McM.—Good mornin' Mистер Jinkins—I beg a thousand good mornin's,—good pardon, Mистер Jinkins, sor.—[Exit.]

Another sharp rap. As Mrs. McMurphy exits enter Flossie Jinkins has barely time to drop into an easy chair.

FLOSSIE—I came to see if you have seen anything of my doll.

MR. J. (aside)—Her doll. Ah! I see it all!

He hastily conceals the Doll beneath the cushions of the chair and sits on it, trying to compose himself and look natural.

Er—I beg your pardon. Won't you be seated?

FLOSSIE—Thanks. (She sits down, pruning her parasol.) I am Flossie Fitzaltamont. I live down on the ground floor, you know.

MR. J.—Ah, yes, to be sure. I'm very glad to see you, my dear, very pleased indeed. How is your papa?

FLOSSIE—Oh, he's very well, thank you. But have you seen anything of it?

MR. J.—Of which? I beg pardon.

FLOSSIE—Of my doll. The shopkeeper person promised to send it, but they're so awfully stupid, those shop people. It hasn't come, and I thought perhaps they sent it up here instead.

MR. J.—A doll, did you say?

FLOSSIE—Yes. A doll about so long (illustrating) with large eyes and yellow hair.

MR. J. (aside)—This child comes armed with a legal claim, but how can I give up my darling? (aloud) Quite a pretty one it must have been?

FLOSSIE—Yes, she was rather pretty. But they're perfect idiots, those shopkeepers, don't you think so? Always sending things to wrong places.

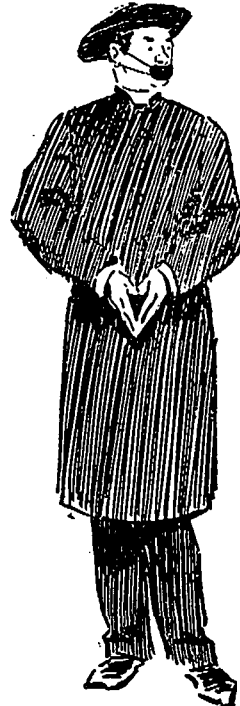
MR. J.—They do sometimes make mistakes quite stupidly, I believe. Er—did you love your dolly so very much, then?

FLOSSIE.—Yes, I loved her rather—at first.

MR. J.—Then has your love died out, or turned to some other object?

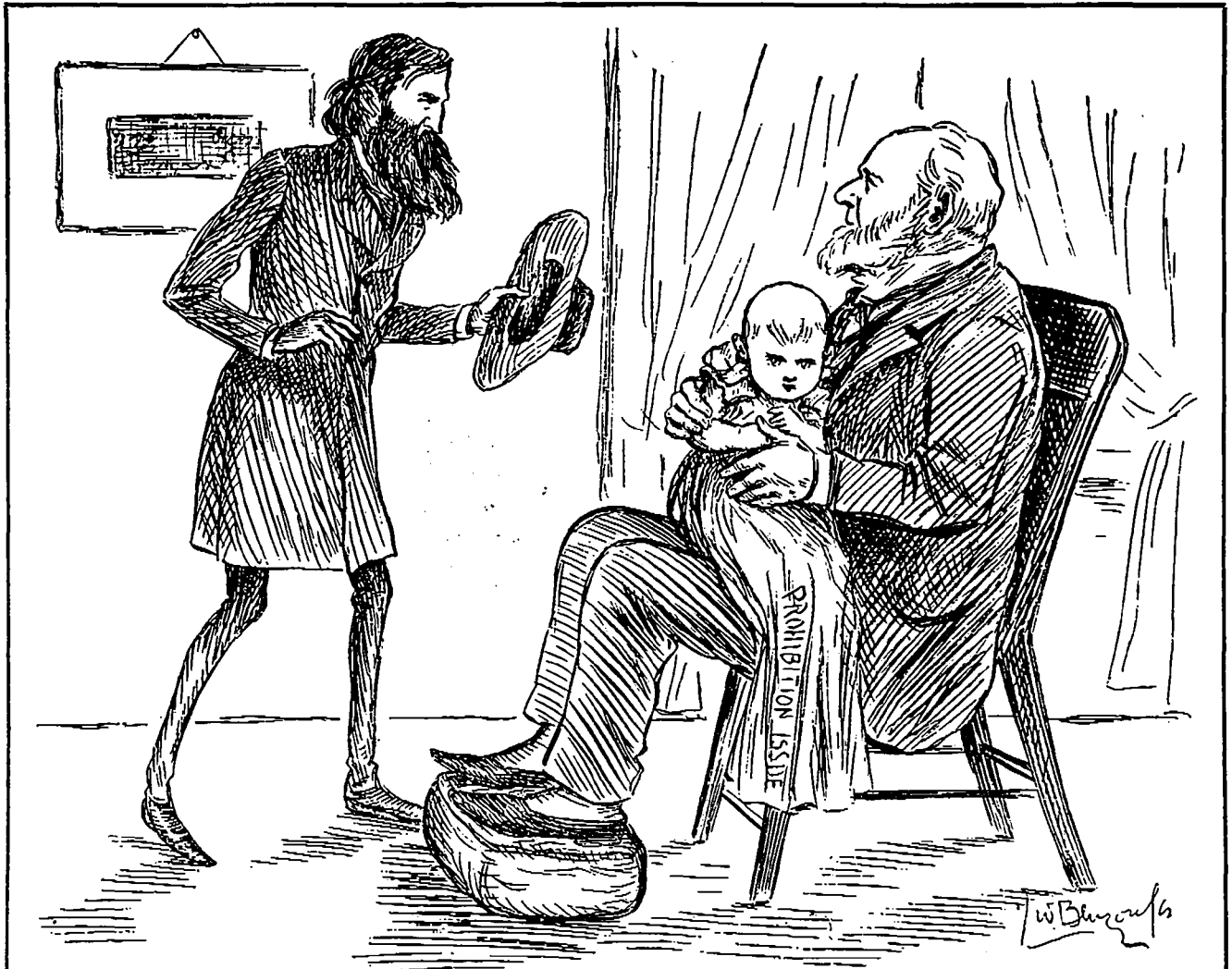
FLOSSIE—Well, I've seen something I would like better than the doll, and as soon as she comes I'm going to ask the shopkeeper if he won't exchange. I guess he will, don't you think so?

MR. J.—No doubt he will. (aside) Then if I give her



THE RESPIRATOR.

VULGAR LITTLE BOY—“Si, Mистер, my mother wears one o' them things on 'er heye!”



**A FALSE REPORT.**

BUCHANAN—"Oh, this is *such* a relief! I was told that you had given away the precious che-ild to a baby-farin!"

MARTER—"Nothing of the sort; it was all a cruel slander. I will never desert the baby—never!"

[*Vide Interview with Marter, in last issue of "Templar."*]

up I may regain her! We would not be parted for long. But no—I dare not buy a *doll*. It's not to be thought of. (*aloud.*) Er—so you think you'll exchange Dollie for something else?

FLOSSIE—Yes! dolls are going out anyway, you know. You scarcely ever see any about. They are rather stupid things, don't you think?

MR. J.—Undoubtedly—yes, they are rather wooden. (*Aside.*) Oh, how can I utter such heathen words!

FLOSSIE—This doll makes a speech; it's got something inside of it, you know, that works with a spring.

MR. J.—It must be an unusually intelligent doll.

FLOSSIE—Oh, I don't know. It's just machinery. Besides, though the speech is something new it would grow very tiresome after a while, don't you think so?

MR. J.—Yes it would be sure to pall. (*Aside*) Base wretch that I am to say such a thing! But I cannot let my darling go where she will never be loved! (*aloud*) Er—I suppose you won't mind so very much if you never get your dolly, will you?

FLOSSIE—O, dear me, yes. I want her. I've paid for her, you know, and I'm sure I couldn't get my money back, and it was my own money, too. And then I can't get the

—I mean the other thing, if I don't get the doll to exchange.

MR. J.—Quite so. (*aside*) This child has a cold, unsympathetic nature. She is not worthy of my darling. Besides, I dare not produce her now—it would look too queer. (*aloud*) Quite so—yes.

FLOSSIE (*rising*)—Then you haven't seen her?

MR. J.—Er—er—(*aside*) What can I say? Has it come to lying with me? There is no escape. I cannot, will not let my Dolly go—(*aloud*) Er—no, I may say, I haven't seen anything of her.

FLOSSIE—Many thanks. I'm sorry to trouble you. I will have to speak to that stupid shopkeeper about it. Good-bye.

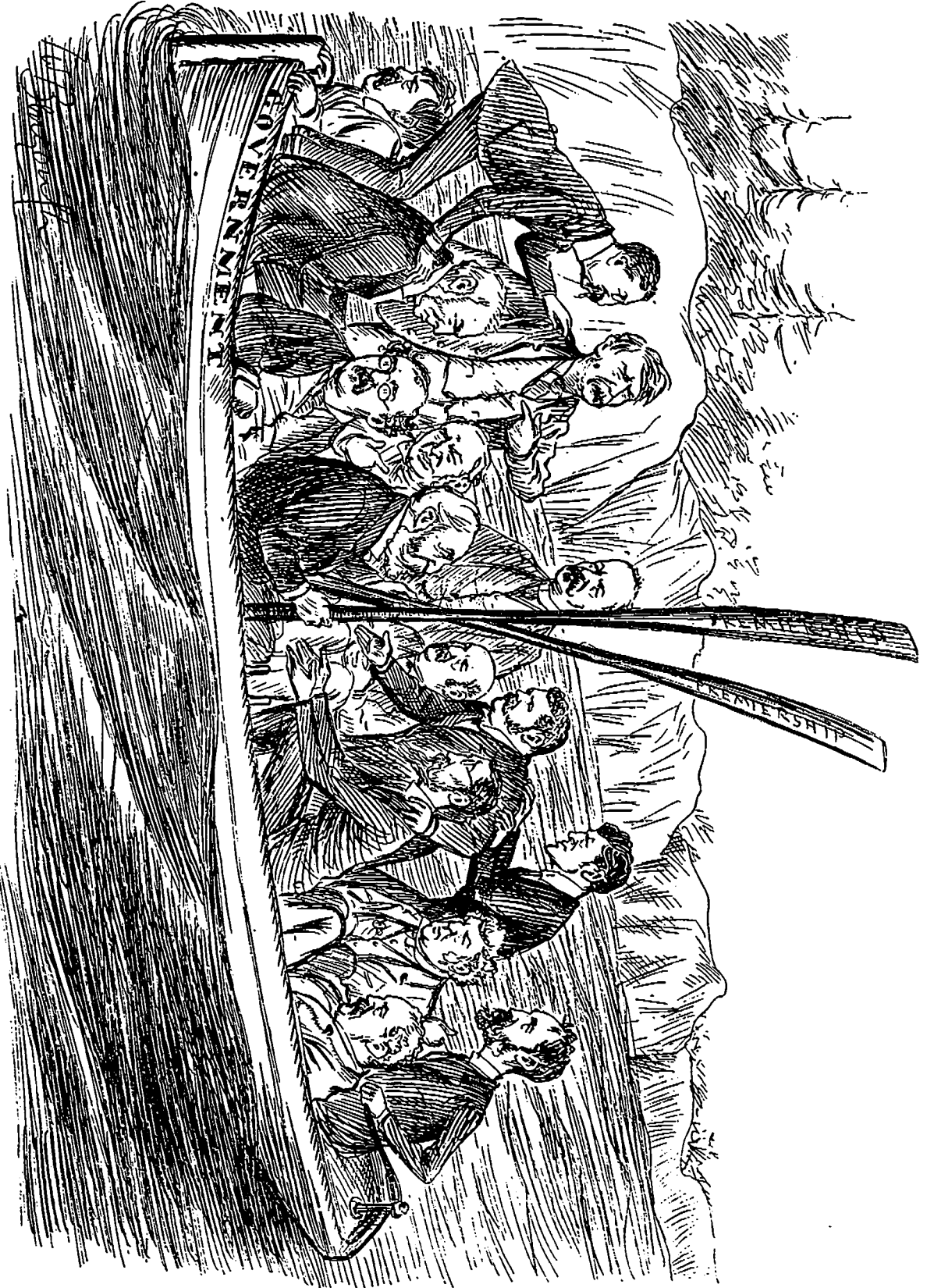
MR. J.—Good-bye, dear. No trouble at all, I assure you. I'm sorry I haven't—I mean I'm sorry you have lost your doll.

[*He shows her out with a courtly air and returns.*]

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.)

BOWSER—I see that Charley has returned after running away with old Miser's daughter."

CYNIC—"Yes, he discovered he had made a *miss-take*."  
H. E. B.



THE DRIFTING BOAT.  
LET THE STRONGEST MAN TAKE THE OARS, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!



**NO THOROUGHFARE.**

JENKINS (*sotto voce*)—"I should like to get past, but how'm I to manage it, I wonder?"

**UP TO DATE VERSES.**

AS promised last week, I send you some other specimens of the *fin de siècle* poetry. This poem "Regrets" touches a deeper cord than the one I sent you last week. It is more highly characteristic of its species, having neither beginning, middle nor end.

**"REGRETS!"**

"Ah me! Ah, me! Ah, woe is me!  
 "I moan like the drone of a bumblebee!  
 "I feel as if bit by a rattlesnake!  
 "The man I love's gone back on me  
 "He's giv me the cold shake!  
 "He's took the money I saved for years,  
 "And skipped by the midnight train!  
 "And now he's "setting up the beer,"  
 "While I lament in vain!  
 "If I but had him by the ear,  
 "I'd make him yell with pain!"

S. S.

The last poem, written immediately before her departure to the asylum, though unfortunately incomplete, is the most admired of all by "the illuminate." It hasn't any name.

"'Tis merry when work is over  
 Beneath the summer skies,  
 To frolic and fluff in the clover  
 And swallow the dragon flies!  
 To sing with a musical bellow  
 While cows come trooping around,  
 Cropping the dandelions yellow,  
 Attracted by the sound!  
 Then come! let us sing on the light-house top,  
 Where the fleecy lambkins play,  
 And chase the pigs from the turkey crop  
 And hunt for oysters in the hay—Whoop!

Reginald Gourlay.

**HAMILTON'S GLEE.**

THE editor of the *Hamilton Times* cannot repress a chuckle of superiority while reading the boodle investigation reports in the Toronto papers, and he takes pains to make these chuckles audible in his paper. He does not seem to be aware that the good book admonishes us against "rejoicing in iniquity," and furthermore he does not consider that the only difference between Toronto and Hamilton is that one is having an *investigation* and the other isn't. Wait till the County Judge gets to work in the ambitious city, and it will be St. Catharines' turn to point the finger of scorn.

MR. NESBITT has succeeded not only in getting at the substance of the boodling business, but at the shadows also.

**THE CABINET.**

WE regard the Premiership of Hon. Mr. Bowell as a temporary arrangement. Mr. Bowell takes the position because he happens to be entitled to it by seniority in the Cabinet, but in view of an early appeal to the country the Conservative Party requires its strongest man at the oars. Mr. Bowell is a fine old gentleman but he never was and never will be a leader of men. We incline to the opinion entertained by many, that the greatest head in the cabinet is that of Hon. John G. Haggart, but unfortunately it happens to belong to a man who is for other reasons scarcely available. With Mr. Bowell as Premier, however, the issue between the parties is clearly defined, as he is a straight out and uncompromising Protectionist, while the Liberal platform is as specifically committed to tariff reduction.

**A SUGGESTION TO MESSRS HOLLAND.**

EDISON'S latest marvel, the Kinetoscope is on exhibition at the corner of King and Yonge Streets under the management of the Messrs. Holland, of Ottawa. Visitors are regaled with a series of literal "living pictures," that is to say, photographs endowed with life, and to say that the thing is wonderful, marvellous, astounding, and—but that brings us to the suggestion we were going to make to Messrs. Holland, viz: that they could save their patrons a good deal of mental worry by providing a phonograph loaded with the strongest English adjectives expressive of admiration, and keep it going all the while. It is really impossible for the average citizen to express himself or herself adequately after going through the exhibition, though anybody could say amen to a really competent phonograph.

**A WESTERN WELCOME.**

AT the Denver labor convention, John Burns, the English labor leader, made a red hot speech arraigning the American constitution. On that subject, it appears, John Burns boils over with indignation. While he was speaking Governor Waite could scarcely possess his soul in patience, and as soon as he got a chance he went for the visitor without gloves, using such strong language that many ladies fled from the audience.



**OUR XMAS WEATHER.**

SANTA CLAUS—"Good gracious! I thought this was Canada and mid-winter!"





**OBLIGING.**

MR. SLIM—"Could you let me 'ave the price of a glass o' beer, boss?"  
 MR. PODGE—"No, Sir. I regard beer-drinking as a dangerous habit."  
 MR. SLIM—"I ain't perticler, boss; gimme the money an' I'll get whiskey, then."

**PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.**

NO. IX.

**PERSONS WHO NEVER KEEP QUIET.**

**T**HEY don't believe in silence whether they are awake or asleep, they talk all day and snore all night, when they are at home or on a Pullman car. They have been given tongues and noses and they prefer letting those organs of the body wear out instead of rusting. Still-life they abhor and they would rather talk about the weather any day than watch you read or let you take a nap.

Of course they have never anything interesting to talk about. They don't give themselves time. They are shallow streams for noise, and like great rivers in that they go on forever. They'll do a great many things for you, stand up or sit down, share your seat, offer you half their lunch, ask you a thousand and one questions and cheerfully give you the names of all their relations, and the history of the family quarrels, but they won't keep quiet.

I doubt if they can. Should you ever screw your courage up to the point of asking them politely to "shut up" it's an open matter of opinion whether they possess the physical power to oblige you, and you run the risk of offending them without gaining your ends. As you seldom are the only two people in the room or car, your easiest way would be to get out of it should you be seized with an unconquerable desire for silence. If you don't want to be perpetually disappointed in life, don't demand the impossible. You'd better keep a supply of cotton wool in your pocket and apply it to your ears. Never under these circumstances be tempted to play being deaf, it is only in one case out of a hundred that you get any relief, and in all the rest the loud

pedal is put on and your sufferings are quadrupled. Besides, even if they stopped talking to you, they've nearly always got a baby or a chum with them, and even when unaccompanied by these, they can converse with themselves or get a book and read the words out in a maddening undertone, that keeps your acoustic apparatus terribly on the alert, for elusive "he said" and "said shes" which strains your nerves to the point of beginning a conversation for the purpose of breaking up those exasperating reiterations, and you find yourself in your original position. You have two weapons that you can use to defend yourself from the inflictions of "persons who never keep quiet." You can become one of them yourself. Of course you run the risk of becoming a bore to other people, but you probably won't find that as trying as being bored; if you feel that you are unable to do this, like the ordinary individual, cultivate the gentle art of not listening, absence of mind, telepathy, or take lessons in hypnotism, combine all these things together, and go on your way rejoicing in the fact that you can defend yourself against your enemies even if you are unable to give them their quietus.

*J. M. Loes.*

**FOOLS.**

**R**EV. DR. HENSON'S lecture on "Fools" in the Massey Hall Course last Monday night, was a great treat—one that ought to have been enjoyed by at least five times as many people as were present. He enumerated many varieties of the *genus* Fool, and commented on each with delightful wit and wisdom, but of course he made no attempt to exhaust the list. That is why he made no special reference to the witness who goes before Judge McDougall's court, and after kissing the book and denying all knowledge of any boodling operations, winds up by admitting the whole thing.

Some of the Young Liberals at the banquet on Monday night, regaled their near neighbors with accounts of their personal experiences in Canada in the stirring times of 1837.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT is a hard man to please. He is not satisfied with the Ottawa Government in its new shape, and there is reason to fear that even with Osler as Minister of Justice it will not meet his cordial approval.



**POETRY.**

MISS FREEZER—"Mr. Brown says that from a distance I greatly resemble you."  
 MISS COUSTIC—"Indeed! Then the poet must have been right when he said 'distance lends enchantment to the view.'"



**A SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.**

JOHN BULL TO RUSSIA—"Don't you think it would be a good idea for us to make a Christmas dinner of this unspeakeable bird?"

**MURDER, NOT SUICIDE.**

THE coroner decided that an inquest was not necessary in the case of poor Eddie Houghton, the newspaper artist. The facts seemed perfectly plain. The young man went up into the editorial room of the *Star* in an intoxicated condition, sat down in a chair, drew a revolver and shot himself in the head. Nothing could have been added to this by any enquiry, and the verdict would have been—suicide.

But was it suicide? Did *Eddie Houghton* shoot himself? No. It was a case of Mr. Hyde killing Dr. Jekyll. There never were two more distinct or dissimilar personalities than Houghton sober and Houghton drunk. The one was a modest, kindly, quiet young fellow, the other an unreasoning fool. The question for the coroner to investigate is—How came there to exist the second personality, the one by whose crazy act this young life was cut off? *He* was the creation of liquor. Whence came the liquor? From the saloon. And whence the saloon? "Gentlemen of the jury," says the coroner, "listen attentively to this answer for it will reveal the real slayer of this wretched young man." Whence the saloon? It exists by virtue of the votes of the citizens of Toronto, many, perhaps a majority of them, members of Christian churches! The enquiry is done, and the verdict is rendered—We find that Edwin Houghton was murdered by the citizens of Toronto for the sake of the money that there is in the license system.

**JIMMIE FAX.**

GRIP is glad to hear of the rapid convalescence of Jimmy Fax, who has for some time been the solitary occupant of the small-pox hospital. He has performed the character of patient (without accompaniment) with his customary ability, but we trust he will not be called upon for an encore, and may soon enjoy an entire change of costume.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, poor chap, is having a hard time of it. He has a Republican Congress on his hands and gout bandages on his feet, and never in his life before experienced such unpleasant extremities.

As one conclusion from the boodle investigation we gather that there are many highly respected citizens who have an idea that it is not perjury to say you don't recollect, or you are not sure, or you have forgotten, or you can't say, with reference to matters that you know quite well and could explain fully.

**TRUTH IS MIGHTY.**

SCENE—A court room. Enquiry going on into alleged boodling practices among aldermen. Ex-Ald. Slippery-elm in the witness box, being examined by Mr. Noseit.

MR. N.—"Have you ever had any transactions with Alderman Slickman?"  
 MR. S.—"No."  
 MR. N.—"None whatever?"  
 MR. S.—"None whatever."  
 MR. N.—"Be careful now. Take time to think."  
 MR. S.—"I am quite sure. I swear it positively."  
 MR. N.—"You swear positively that neither when you were an alderman nor since have you ever, directly or indirectly, had any dealings, good, bad or indifferent with any person or persons in which any alderman had any concern, interest or connection, small or great. Be careful, now."  
 MR. S.—"I swear it black and blue, sir, that I have never had any such transaction big or little, direct or indirect, good, bad, indifferent or otherwise."  
 MR. N.—"You swear this without any mental reservation whatever?"  
 MR. S.—"Quite so. Without the slightest reservation."  
 MR. N. (*producing a document*)—"Is that your signature?"  
 MR. S.—"Er—yes it is."  
 MR. N.—"And is *this* the signature of Ald. Slickman?"  
 MR. S.—"Yes."  
 MR. N.—"Then it appears, notwithstanding your oath, that you *have* had some such transaction such as I have hinted at?"  
 MR. S.—"It would seem so."  
 MR. N.—"*Is* it so, sir?"  
 MR. S.—"It is."  
 MR. N.—"And you have been standing here lying like a house afire, have you?"  
 MR. S.—"That's about the size of it."  
 [*Enquiry adjourned.*]

It would appear that the late Armenian atrocities were the work of the Kurds, a set of wretches who are destitute of the milk of human kindness and have a whey of butchering all enemies who fall into their hands. The British lion now has his eye on them, and they had better cheese it.

BOSTON MAMA (*showing the new baby*)—"Just look at the dear little pink toes, and the lovely blue eyes, and such a nose for glasses!"

VERY few men live to see the time when they are no longer recipients of crocheted things from some woman.

We love a boy who makes his mother his best girl.



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THE Christmas Cosmopolitan contains Stories by Rudyard Kipling, Wm. Dean Howells, Mrs. Spencer Trask, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Albion W. Tourgee, interspersed with poetry by Sir Edwin Arnold, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and James Whitcomb Riley, while through the number are scattered illustrations by such famous artists as Remington, Toche, Reinhardt, Turner, Von Shaik, Gibson and Stevens. A series of portraits of beautiful women of society illustrate an article on the Relations of Photography to Art; a travel article by Napoleon Ney, grandson of the famous Field Marshall; one of the series of Great Passions of History, to which Froude and Gosse have already contributed, and half a dozen others equally interesting, go to make up the attractions of the number. The Cosmopolitan people say: "We might charge you more for this number, but, in all frankness, could we give you better material, better illustrated, if we charged you a dollar a copy."

\*\*\*

THE Division Courts have been well called the poor man's court, for they afford a ready means of collecting small accounts which are in dispute, at a minimum of cost. The amending act of last session still further cheapens these courts, so far as accounts under ten dollars are concerned. More use would doubtless be made of them if their procedure was better understood. To this end Mr. W. H. Higgins, of the Division Court Inspector's office, has prepared a manual, which has just been published by Hart and Riddell, within whose covers is to be found everything necessary to a full and intelligent understanding of the rules of procedure, fees, and all else pertaining to them. It is a most useful work, and fills a long felt want. Every business man who has occasion to resort to the use of the courts should have it, while to the profession it must prove a convenient work of reference. Mr. Higgins' experience in the Inspector's office qualifies him to compile such a book, and it is needless to say that the publishing firm who did the printing have done their part of the work well. It is up to date in every respect.

\*\*\*

ONE of the most artistic little books for Christmas which we have seen for a long time has been placed on the market by Hart and Riddell. It is by Prof. Goldwin Smith and is entitled "Keeping Christmas." The frontispiece is by our well known artist, E. Wylly Greer. The cover is a beautiful piece of work, and the whole reflects great credit on the publishers.

## SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an excellent mustache in six weeks. Ladies, if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and as white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whitening for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would wish to be. After the use of this Whitening, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cts. per bottle and the "Face Whitening," 50 cts. per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

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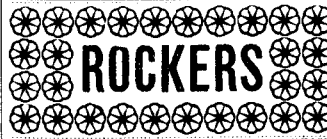
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