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MORSE'S SOAPS CAN'T BE BEAT!
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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 bar thy noisy progress to the sea?
Then onward press! while bordering nations pray
For strength and wisdom to be great and free.

Nearly 400 pages, neatly bound in cloth and gold, sent post free for \$1.00.

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Monday, Jan. 7th.

C. E. BOLTON, The Celebrated Illustrated Lecture, "London, The World's Metropolis."

Monday, Jan. 21st.

Rev. DR. J. M. BUCKLEY, Editor of "The Christian Advocate," New York.

Tuesday, Feb. 5th

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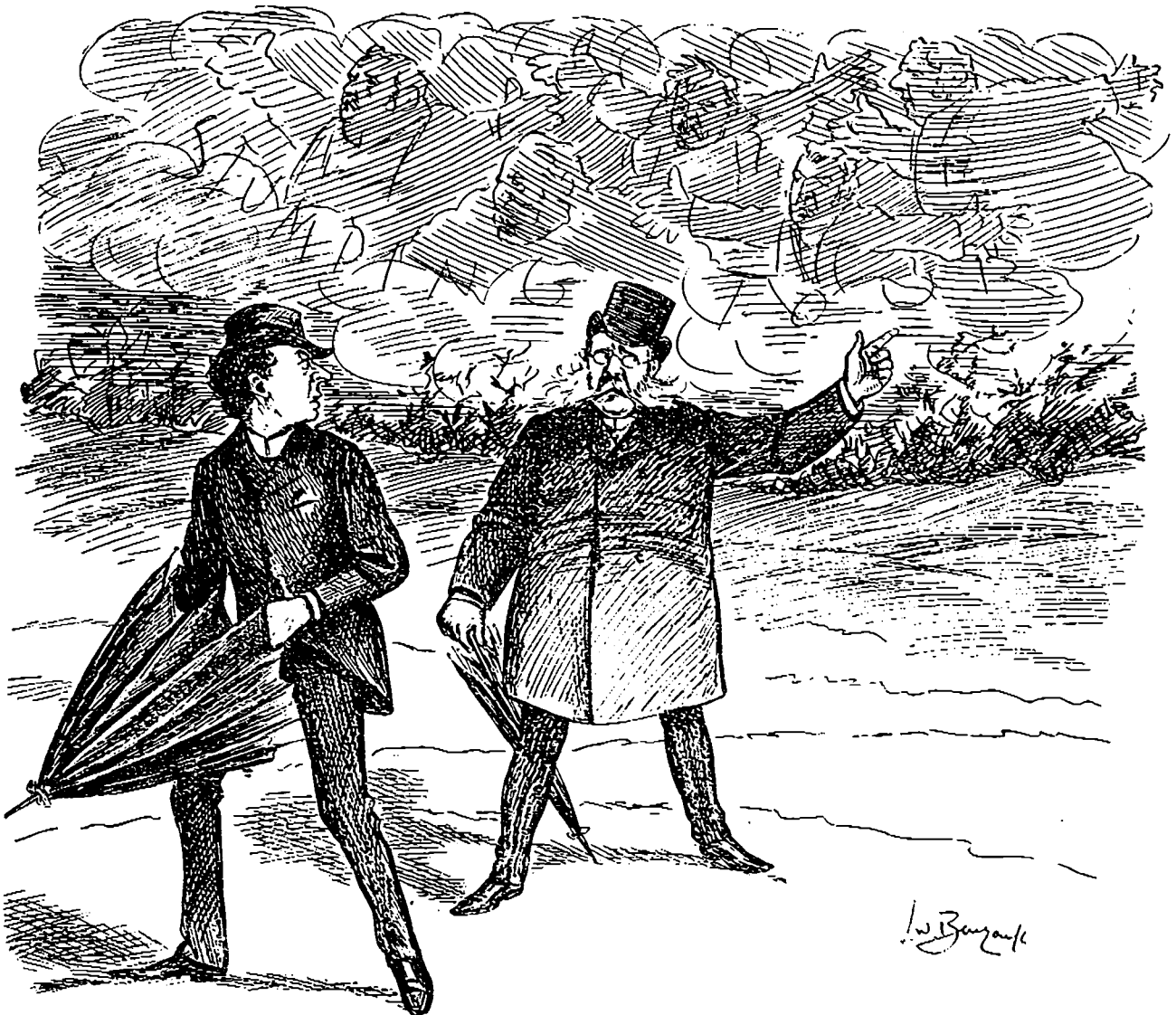


EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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

No. 1097

The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion. No. 23



PROBABILITIES.

CARTWRIGHT—"Hustle, Laurier! See those scurrying clouds? That means a General Election almost immediately!"



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

RAFFERTY (who has accidentally tumbled from the third story)—Begorra, it's lucky for me, sor, that I fell on somethin' soft!"

ESSAYS ON THE PERFESSIONS.

By Little Tommy.

v.—MUSICENS.

Musicens has long hare and plays fiddles and pianose and everything like that, but Mr. Forrington don't ware his hare very long speshelly on top of his hed. it is hard work to lern to play the piano cause i am taken lessens an i no it is tuff. you have to get up erly and practis or you can't get thare an it ain't no fun. you got to count one 2, one 2 and so fourth and i tell you it is dry—i woud ruther saw wood. and then the teecher specks you to pay him but i think he ott to pay a boy like me for goin without play and peggin away. he always tells me if i don't stick to it i wont be a Paddy risky or somethin like that, and i tell him i dont bleeve i will and i dont want to. i bleve thare is moren a million of music teachers in toronto and i gess near all of them has got a college now. there is music socities till you cant rest and they can sing perty good too you bet. i like to go to the orytorys cos thare is about a thousand men and girls all yellin at once and a lot of fellers playin fiddles and so 4th. it is jes immense. but the best musicen i like is the feller that comes round and plase Margerete with a orgen. He is a good player. My pa says it is jes plade by a crank but i dont care if he is a crank he is a bully plare anyhow. No more at present from yures truly,

TOMMY.

MAIDEN SPEECHES.

THERE is many a newly elected member of the Assembly full of deep anxiety these days on the subject of his maiden speech. Are you a newly elected, my dear sir, who are reading these lines? If so, confess:—

That since your return you have scarce thought of anything but your oratorical display.

That you have frequently locked yourself up in the solitude of your chamber and proceeded alternately to smile at and grow passionate with the walls.

That when walking the streets you have often found yourself breaking into an unconscious harangue (much to the

surprise of the passers-by) on—say the Bill relating to Sheriffs' Fees.

That time after time you have cudgelled your brains in the endeavor to construct happy epigrams and alliterations.

That you have read all about Demosthenes a thousand times, if not more.

That you have written speeches *ad infinitum*, and torn them up again in despair.

That when picturing to yourself the solemn moment of your getting on your legs, you have grown hot and cold by turns.

That you are determined to give up the use of everything exciting to the nerves—such as tea, tobacco, &c.—at least a week before the event.

That you dreamt (one night) that you had electrified the House—caused the hon. member for Snore to wake up, and the Speaker so far to forget his office and dignity as to cheer in a burst of enthusiasm.

That you dreamt (the next) that after uttering a few words your tongue stuck to the roof of your mouth, and your limbs suddenly refusing to support your body, you collapsed amid a storm of hoots and yells.

That consequently a special act was passed banishing you from Parliament, upon hearing of which your constituents determined to have you hanged for the deceit you had practiced on them.

Will every newly elected M.P.P. pretend to say that his anxiety on the subject of his maiden speech has not led him to think, act, and dream in a manner similar to that which I have here set forth?

I repeat, will he?

If so, I tell him flatly (regardless of consequences) that I will not believe him.

Pat.

CONSIDERING the extraordinary ability lawyer Nesbitt has displayed for nosing out the schemes of the boodlers it is proposed that hereafter his name be spelled *Nesbitt*.



ENVY.

CHORUS OF UNEMPLOYED—"Lucky chap! Wish I could get a job! I'd like to be in 'is boots, etc., etc."



GRIP'S CALENDAR.

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.—Indade? Not her fault, wasn't it? Poor thing. Who was it done her out av a good, thrue husband, thin? Some divil av a scallawag, I'll be bound!

Mr. J.—It was her mother. Her thrifty and respected mother, who had preferences for a man in the lumber trade. Melinda simply obeyed maternal monitions, and took him. O, fair but lost Melinda!

Mrs. McM.—Fair, you call her? I don't think it was a fair shake she gev you!

Mr. J.—She was young, Mrs. McMurphy, she was young—and she was a most dutiful daughter. She was mindful of the injunction, "Children obey your parents;" it was the wish of her mother that she should marry this person—a man of substance who had a flourishing business in the lumber-yard way. But her heart was true to me, I'm sure, Mrs. McMurphy, and she was divinely fair!

Mrs. McM.—It's too bad, entoirely, so it is, Mither Jinkins, sor. It's loike fwat you rade about in books, isn't it?

Mr. J.—Such things have been known to happen in fiction, I believe. But it was a cruel, cruel stab all the same, though the dagger was held in an innocent hand.

Mrs. McM.—She was young, you say? And was she purty? Av coorse she was, I'll be bound.

Mr. J.—Her beauty was heavenly, Mrs. McMurphy, that is all—only heavenly. Her eyes were large and blue and surprised looking; her hair was fluffy, and of the delicate shade of the canary; her cheeks were rounded and soft and tinted like the peach, Mrs. McMurphy, and her mouth was sweet, and wore a placid, persistent smile that haunts me yet. I will never get over Melinda. Never! never!

Mrs. McM.—(wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron)—It's too bad entirely, Mither Jinkins, sor, so it is. Sure I'm sorry I axed you the question that's fetched it all back on you an give you such a turn. But there's good fish in the sea yet, Mr. Jinkins! Plenty of them! An' it's a fool you are (av I may be so bowld) to think any more about this shlip av a girrul that was wance, but is mebbly be this time the mother of sivin.

Mr. J.—Don't speak unkindly of her, Mrs. McMurphy. It wounds me. She *is* in all likelihood the mother of seven now—and the grandmother of a few.

Mrs. McM.—Thin cheer up, man aloive, an' take a friend's advice, an' find some other beautiful crature an' marry her, an' be happy loike Mither Fitzaltamont on the ground floor.

Mr. J.—It can never be. Never.

[He resumes his seat.]

Mrs. McM.—Well, that's all I can do for you, anyhow. Think it over, Mither Jinkins. Don't be an ould lunatic any longer—(av I may be so bould.)

Mr. J.—You are very kind, Mrs. McMurphy.

Mrs. McM.—I mane well, anyhow. But I must lave you now, as I have a washin' engagement up the street. Think it over, Mither Jinkins, sor, an' thry an' have some sense—(av I may be so bould). Good mornin' Mither Jinkins.

Mr. J.—(wearily)—Good morning, Mrs. McMurphy.

[Exit Mrs. McM.]

Good soul! She means well, but her poor simple mind is not competent to grasp the situation. (He rises and paces the floor.) She has never known anything of such a passion as has laid waste my life. Fitzaltamont! Yes, he *is* happy. I have no doubt of it. He looks it. But he is not—he



Dictatin' the Terms.

Mr. Bull.—"I am pained and surprised, Sir Hibbert, to read your recent remarks about me. They were only worthy of my worst Fenian enemy."

Sir Hibbert—"Well, Mr. Bull, if you wish to secure my good opinion, you'll have to drop that ridiculous Free Trade Policy."



BEWARE OF THE CRANK!

PATRON—"No, thanks; the stuff will only muddle my brain, an' I've got all the load I can carry just now as it is."

cannot be—so happy as I would have been now, had not my loved Melinda—but no, no! I must think of it no more. I will take this simple soul's advice and banish her from my mind and heart forever! Ah! Easy to say that, but she won't go. (*He stops before the fire-place.*) There, in that smouldering fire I see her well remembered face even now confronting mine! I see the fixed smile upon her ruby lips, and the steady gaze of the innocent, guileless eyes beneath her fluffy golden hair. Love another? 'Twere sacrilege to think of it with that dear image burned upon my heart. No, no! it cannot be, Mrs. McMurphy! I can never love anything but the image of my lost Melinda, never, never!

[*He relapses into his chair. A knock at the door.*]

Did I hear a rap? (*another rap*) Ah, it was. Who in the world can it be? (*another rap*) Come in!

[*Enter BOODLES with a box covered with brown paper.*]

BOODLES—A parcel, sir, from Toyman & Co. [*Mr. J. receives box doubtfully.*]

MR. J.—For me?

BOODLES—Ain't this No 474?

MR. J.—Yes,—but—

BOODLES—Then this is the place I was told. Good day, sir.

[*Exit BOODLES in a business like hurry.*]

MR. J.—H'm. A parcel for me! A box, apparently. Strange. I haven't purchased anything of late, that I recollect. (*Weighing the box in his hand*) I've no notion what

it can be. I'm quite sure I've made no purchase of late and ordered it sent—quite sure. Then—the alternative conclusion is—it must be a present. Which is still more absurd. From whom, if it's a present? I can't conjecture. Must be some friend of the olden time whom I've long since forgot, which is highly unlikely—very unlikely, indeed. Well, let us get the scissors and solve the mystery. But where are they? Ah, here. Now for the revelation—and I really don't know when I've been so interested in any operation as the snapping of this thread. The nearer I get to it the deeper the mystery grows.

[*During this he has cut the string, and removed the covering and lid, and stands astounded at what is revealed. Astonishment is followed by rage.*]

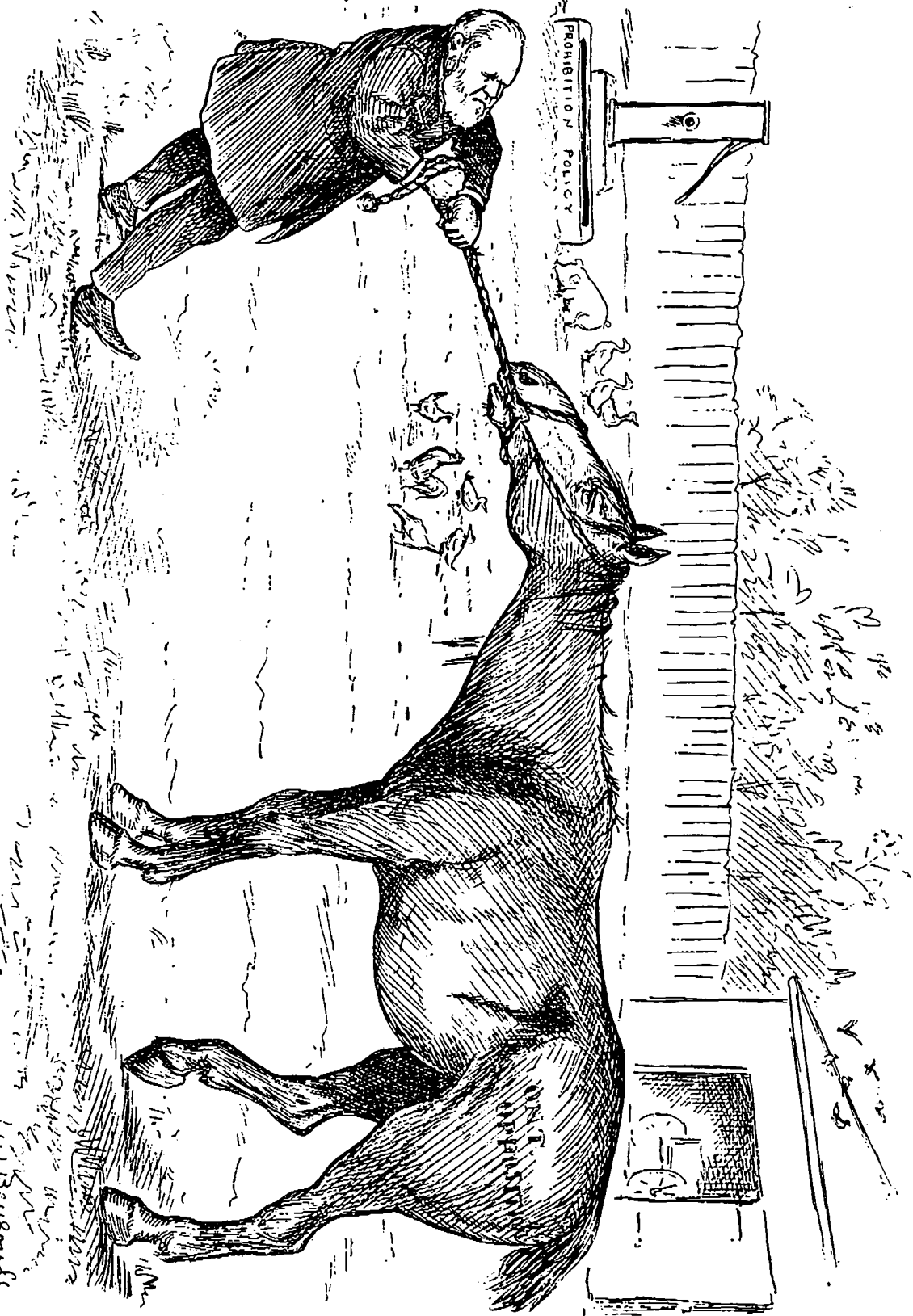
What hidden hand has dealt me this blow? What fiend—for it could have been no other than a fiend—has invented and carried out this so-called joke—I suppose the wretch did it for a "joke." (*Bitterly*) How funny, to be sure! How exceedingly witty and humorous; how very laughable! No one but the most gifted being—a person of the most delicate good taste would ever have thought of such a very humorous thing as to send to a childless man a—

[*He lifts a Doll out of the box.*]

Doll!! Whether a joke, or a piece of malicious meddling, I treat it as it deserves, and I only wish it's author could be here to see how very successful his trick has been!

[*He huris the Doll from him to a chair.*]

The miscreant! Who could it have been? I would



MARTER—"You'll either follow me to the pump, or get somebody else to lead you!"

NOT AN ENTHUSIASTIC ANIMAL.



SIFTING OUT THE BOODLERS.

like to know—not that I care, but—let me think. (*He walks about in deep consideration.*) No! I can't for the life of me make it out. I have no friends—and if I had I would not look in that direction. And I have no enemies that I am aware of—not one—not one. (*He has come round and is in front of the doll.*) After all, isn't this weakness? Am I becoming such a dotard as to bother about a thing like this, and, most of all, to wreck my vengeance on an inanimate object—on the *doll*, who at all events, is innocent in the matter. It is too bad of me! I must curb my passions and be reasonable. The doll has done me no harm, and now that I come to look at her—

[*He starts back in amazement and delight.*]

What! those eyes! That mouth! That hair! That complexion! Am I dreaming? Her very image. My Melinda come back to me in miniature! My little love; forgive me, dolly, forgive my hasty and cruel deed! Come, Dolly, tell me I am forgiven! Let me touch your little hand in token that you do not repulse my advance and that you will be reconciled. (*He raises the Doll's hand.*) She looks into my face with the round, blue guileless eyes of yore. She smiles that same placid, persistent smile. Come to my arms, dollie darling! I know if you could but speak you would tell me that my brutal conduct is forgotten and forgiven and that you—

[*He lifts the Doll, and as he does so she speaks.*]

"I'm oor Dolly, oo must be
Always velly kind to me,
Vike me me best of all oor toys
Keep me thafe from naughty boys;
Never yeve me near the fire,
In ye wain or in ye mire
And I'll 'peak when 'poken to,
You yove me and I'll yove oo."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.)

THE new Czar of Russia has a golden opportunity and there is some slight indication that he is aware of the fact. The choice is plainly put before him—whether he will accept the love and devotion of his subjects, and take his place as the greatest of all the Czars, or whether he will take a dose of dynamite. He looks to be a sensible young man in his picture and the choice ought not to be a difficult one for a man of sense to make.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

PERHAPS the queerest people encountered in my tour around the world was a tribe I sojourned with in the utterly inaccessible regions of Thibet. I arrived as a perfect stranger, of course, and the enquiries made by their officials duly disclosed the fact that I was nobody in particular, and yet I was entertained right royally by what they called the Council. The function consisted of a drive around the city in camel-vans, and a big banquet in the evening at the leading caravansary. I felt uncommonly flattered until I learned that this was the regular thing with every stranger who arrived, and simply signified that the councilmen were fond of free drives and had huge appetites for dinners paid for out of the public till. The chief magistrate was a worthy old gentleman with a peculiarly long head, which was quite innocent of hair. He took great pains to impress upon me the attractions of the city, and hoped I would be inclined to say a good word for it as occasion offered. He told me *sub rosa* that he was going in for a second term of office as he found the job very much to his taste, as it gave him the entree to all the tea meetings and other society events in which he gloried. At the time of my visit all these public gentlemen were unusually busy, a fact which was explained by the near approach of what they called the municipal elections.

On further enquiry I learned that at regularly recurring periods the people were given an opportunity to change their rulers if they saw fit, or to continue them in office if they so wished. I was struck with the peculiarity of this, and observed to one of the solid men of the town that such proceedings must give rise to considerable trouble and unrest in the midst of the people. "Well," he admitted, "there certainly are drawbacks to our system, but, after trying many others, we have concluded that the present plan is the best evolved up to the present time. You see," he added confidentially, "it's just this way: If these men held their positions for life they would never do any thing, and the country would suffer, but as it is, we get at least a short period of activity just preceding election times." And then my informer hastened on, leaving me to ruminate over the many peculiar, often obscure causes that make things thus.

C. Campbell.



TOOK IT OUT IN TRADE.

JIMSON—"What's the matter with your mouth, Thompson? Had your teeth knocked out?"

THOMPSON—"Not *knocked out* exactly. I've had 'em all pulled. Dr. Yankem, the dentist, owed me a bill. I couldn't collect the money, so I made him pull my teeth for it."



DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

TOASTING THE PRESS.

FORASMUCH as the press considers itself licensed to toast individuals and institutions at its own sweet will, it is fitting that upon every banquet occasion the compliment should be returned, and the toast of the press "honored in full bumpers." (Just how honor is conferred upon any person or thing by the peculiar method of helping oneself to a drink is a question we may leave to the philosophers. It is probably in accordance with the mysterious law by which we acknowledge the Divine goodness on Thanksgiving Day, by treating ourselves to an extra good dinner.) But while the toast of the press is always in order at a public banquet, it was peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of the medical dinner at the Rossin House on Thursday evening, where it was duly proposed and responded to. In fact, doctors might very well recognize the press in connection with the toast to "Sister Institutions," for the editor may be fairly regarded as a Public Health Officer, with functions corresponding in many respects to those of medical practitioners, his services being devoted to the body politic.

When you come to think of it, the parallel holds in a great many particulars. In the first place, the journalistic field is pretty fully occupied. We do not wish to discourage the young men of our medical schools by suggesting that there are already as many doctors as the country needs, for we suppose, of course, that most of them intend to settle in Toronto, and we believe there are still houses to be found in this city up around St. James' Square that are not now occupied by medical men. We are referring to the outlying districts, and it is known that they are well supplied with doctors as they are with newspapers. Again, the old adage

that "doctors differ"—which may be a mere libel in the case of the medical profession—certainly fits the journalist with great exactitude. The cordiality and vehemence with which Allopathy disapproves of Homeopathy and *vice versa*, is at least equalled by the vigor with which the Grit editor dissents from the Tory ditto, and on investigation we seem to detect a similarity in the nature of their feud. It is a fundamental difficulty. The systems are antagonistic. The Grit editor denounces his rival's theory and practice on the ground that the nauseous drugs he is in the habit of administering in the form of bribery, corruption, extravagance and bad legislation, etc., are simply poisonous; while the Tory editor declares the system of infinitesimal doses of purity, and twenty-fifth dilutions of truth an arrant humbug. When it comes to the treatment of any specific case the journalistic doctors invariably come to open and violent squabbles, while we believe this only occasionally happens in the medical ranks. Another point of resemblance is in the benevolent character of the professions. The physician's is certainly a noble task—the curing of sickness and disease; but scarcely less noble and useful is that of the editor who strives to eradicate the germs of error in the community and to build up a healthy and wholesome public opinion. And there is a further ground of sympathy in the fact that, being recognized as possessing a philanthropic spirit, both doctor and editor are expected to do a good deal for nothing, and both are regarded by the general public, with delicate flattery, as persons who care nothing for so sordid a thing as money. That is why it has passed into a proverb that everybody owes the editor for subscriptions. We suppose just as many are in arrears to the doctors, with an equally easy sense of responsibility. The parallel between these high and learned callings might be traced no doubt in many other points, but space forbids us to follow the subject further just now.



ACCOMMODATING.

WAYFARER—"Missie, will you jest run in and tell your mother there's a man here that hasn't had a bite to-day!"
 MISSIE—"My ma ain't home, but I'll sic Carlo on you if you like."



ENJOYMENT.

PORTRAIT of a Highly Respectable Person reading the details of a Particularly Atrocious Murder.

THE CZAR TO THE KAISER.

[WALES to succeed to the position of pivot-man in European politics, *vice* Hohenzollern, superseded.—*International Official Gazette* St. Petersburg.]

YOU Kaiser William, of Germany,
In your capital, there by the banks of the Spree,
I want you to listen awhile to me—
William, make room for your uncle !

You've been thinking yourself a god in a way,
Unheeding all warnings not to get "gay,"
And do, I am forced to remark, to-day,
William, make room for your uncle !

You fooled the old man while you had a good chance,
And made him restrain the bold ardor of France ;
But I, to your fiddling, by no means will dance,
William, make room for your uncle !

The balance of power you thought that you held
To take from you, William, I now feel compelled,—
You're not a nice man when your head gets swelled—
William, make room for your uncle !

Pull down your old shingle and just lie low,
Your dreibund's a fake, and no longer "a go,"
And Waleski and I will run the show—
William, make room for your uncle !

Old England and I—a most notable two—
Have settled the course we propose to pursue—
To check you and snub you and sit upon you—
William, make room for your uncle !

A. M. R. Gordon.

REV DR. MILLIGAN wants to know how we would like to see "a fire engine manned by women. We reply that the sight would be as exhilarating as to see a Scottish preacher fighting with an Irish bull.

A CONVERTIBLE CURRENCY.

CASHIER to applicant for gold at U.S. Sub.-Treasury, New York. "Gold, yes, yes ; you want gold for this legal tender ?"

APPLICANT—" I do."

C. U. S. S.-T.—" You are a citizen of the United States ?"

A.—" I am."

C. U. S. S.-T.—You have your papers to prove it, and a witness known to the officials of the Sub.-Treasury to identify you ?"

A.—" I have."

C. U. S. S.-T.—" Married or single ?"

A.—" Married."

C. U. S. S.-T.—" Got a copy of the marriage license with you ?"

A.—" I have."

C. U. S. S.-T.—" Do you make oath and swear that you will not use this gold in the purchase of U. S. Government bonds, or knowingly present it so to be used by others ?"

A.—" I do," kisses the book.

Applicant receives his gold and goes out wondering how many millions of greenbacks there are in the country for every gold dollar there is to redeem them and how much richer the government will be when it gets through paying out gold for stamped paper (worth nothing to it) at one wicket and paying out stamped paper (representing both capital and interest) for the same gold at another.

S. J. Robertson.

"Hew to the line," the saying goes,

"Let the chips fall where they may,"

And Nesbitts' been a-hewing it

Right smartly day by day :

But Hewitt couldn't stand the thing,

And so he's run away !



A LEGAL INFANT.

UNCLE PELEG—to his niece, who has just been expressing some rather advanced opinions on a social question—"Ha ! You're one of the "New Women," I suppose, then !"

NEICE—"Yes, comparatively new ; only about twenty."

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Poverty of the blood is the plain English for what medical men term anamia and it is a condition that destroys the happiness of thousands and hurries many to an untimely grave. "Going into a decline" is an expression frequently heard in reference to those suffering from languor, heart palpitation, headache, loss of appetite, etc. and it is but another method of saying that the trouble is poverty of the blood. To those thus suffering the following statement of Mr. Chisholm, of North Tyrone, P. E. I., in reference to his daughter Lizzie, will point the way to renewed health: "About a year ago," says Mr. Chisholm, "my daughter took sick and wasted away until she was a mere skeleton. We tried the ordinary remedies at first but no help was had from them, and the family physician was called in. He treated her for about six months but without any apparent benefit. At this time she was confined to bed most of the time, her appetite was almost gone, and she was so weak that death seemed not far distant. To add to our sorrow and discouragement the doctor said he could do no more. We had often read of the cures following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but up to this time had not thought of trying them. The doctor's opinion was asked and he said by all means give the Pink Pills a trial; there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by doing so. We then began the use of the pills and by the time the second box was gone we noticed a slight improvement, and slight as it was it renewed our hopes and encouraged us to continue the use of Pink Pills. From that time the improvement was constant and rapid. Lizzie is now the picture of health and no one looking at her would think she had ever been sick a day, to say nothing of having been almost at the brink of the grave. There is no doubt in our minds that had our daughter not taken Pink Pills she would not be alive to-day, and it is with feelings of gratitude that we recommend them to others." If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the company at Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Remember that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail, and do not be persuaded to take either a substitute or an imitation.

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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350 Gilmour St., Ottawa.

P.S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail will confer a favor by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purposes, then it will save us the rush of P.C. stamps.

GRIP has a number of subscribers who owe him for various periods previous to July 1893, as well as for 1894. In order to induce them to pay up he makes this offer. To all who forward their arrears before 1st January next, together with \$1 additional, he will send a portfolio in 12 parts, of beautiful half tone engravings, of Canadian scenery, with short letter press description of each view, and printed on highly finished paper. This is a very fine work, and dealing as it does with our own country, it is well worth having and preserving. To those who object to purchasing such a work without seeing it, we will, on receipt of 10 cents, with the arrears of subscription, send one part, and if it meets with approval, the remaining 10 cents can be sent for the other eleven parts. This offer is only made as an inducement to subscribers to pay up arrears, for the views are well worth far more than we supply them for. How many will take advantage of our offer?

ONE of the musical events of the season will be the concert of the University Glee Club, to take place in the Massey Music Hall, on the evening of Friday, Dec. 14th. The Club, in addition to being worthy of encouragement on its own account, has arranged to give those who patronize its concert an opportunity to listen to some music of very high character. Not the least attraction will be Miss Street, daughter of Judge Street, who as a violinist has won an enviable reputation, which must become enhanced as her playing is better known. The name of Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes, of Buffalo, a favorite with Toronto audiences, also appears on the programme, as well as other popular singers and players.

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