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GODES-BERGER has been highly approved by Her Majesty the Queen of England's Medical Advisers, also by numerous leading Physicians in London and throughout the world.

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The 11 a.m. and 5.15 p.m. boats from Toronto call at Oakville.
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NO BAD SMELL

CHEAPEST AND BEST

THE NAME TELLS

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To Dye and Clean all kinds of Men and Women's wearing apparel. Household Curtains, Draperies, Real Lace, Crape, etc. We have spent eighteen years at nothing else but this business, and the result of our experience is, that the best work pays and is the most appreciated by our customers.

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Don't miss the Popular Wednesday, Saturday, 2 p.m. trips to St. Catharines, up the old Welland Canal. The finest scenery on the line of excursions, and Return Trip only 50 cents.

After July 1st a 7-hours outing to Wilson Park every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, leaving Toronto at 11 a.m., returning 6 p.m. Then boat leaves Toronto for St. Catharines at 6 p.m. Family Book Tickets at all principal hotels and ticket offices. Book tickets good to either Wilson Park or St. Catharines. For full particulars apply Garden City Ticket Office, Geddes Wharf, East Side.

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A BONA FIDE CHALLENGE

NO - CHARGE - IF - NOT SATISFIED.

The Railway and Steamboat Times, December 11th, 1893, says: "Science has only begun. Many things undiscovered up to the present date, one in particular being a cure for baldness or falling hair."

I assert positively that I possess that cure, and guarantee to produce an entire new growth of hair. Any person (extreme old age excepted) can be treated at

MME. IRELAND'S

Toilet and Shampooing Parlors,
Next to office for Toilet and Shaving Soap, second floor, 3 King St. E., Toronto.



EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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

No. 1080

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

No. 6.



SATOLLI, THE NEW RICHELIEU.

"Mark where she stands! Around her form I draw the sacred circle of the Church; step but within that space, and 'gainst thy head—yea, though it wear a crown, I'll launch the curse of Rome!"



THE MODERN CLAUDE DUVAL.

The people are said to have loved Claude Duval, the highwayman, because he took from the rich to give to the needy, but they jailed him all the same.—*Empire*.

[Times have now changed. The Claude Duval of the day in Canada robs the poor to give to the rich, and he isn't put in jail, either. The *Empire* helps to keep him in the Cabinet.]

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

II.



'VE been so privileged sence I come to Toronto to live. I mean in meeting improving persons. There was a woman's-righter, what was a man, who told me several things I hadn't hearn tell of, about us women bein' so down-trodden. Seem's to me a woman that's bent on having a vote is pretty sot in her way, but a man that's up in the argument, he's terrible persuading. I can't say I can go with this one all the way, but just after he'd done talkin', I could a' took any oath it was

all as gospel as could be. Ain't it queer how clear things do be, when you're fresh frum hearin' them, and how, bimeby, they fade away like the purply shades in your Sunday dress. This man must a been what they would call a combinster. 'cuz he patched to-days' doins 'longside the ancientest scripture he could remember. But now I come to reckon 'bout that myself I see he skipped a good many plain verses telling women's duty in them days, which ain't ours, of course, but he drug them wayback ones in first.

My nephew Tom took me to see the summer opera in the Pavilion, which is a big place with a good deal of glass in it, and sot right in a flower garden.

It was pretty hot for skitten' around like them actor folks did, but Mikado was a nice coolin' play with lots of fans in it, which was summery-like.

We've been over to the Island, too—Centre Island where the Park is, and where people go when it comes time to be fashionable and shet down your blinds and give up calling and all that. It's purty nice over there,—dreadful flirty, I've an idea—but that goes with the summer, I guess. Tom wuz dreadful sot on having me go paddling with him, but that one time I went seemed to last me right till now. The day he had sot on fur going up to the Humber, I

wanted to see High Park. So we went there in the street cars which have a very 'commodating sort of way of running right inside the gate. Seem's to me that's a proper kind of way to do - you mostly have to walk so fur to git to places that you're too beat out to walk 'round the place when you've got there. It ain't no use paying your street car money and getting tired too. There was a lot of women with babies there. The babies had a big time, and their ma's got tuckered looking at them do it. The way some women ease off their tempers slapping their youngsters make me wonder who they knowed that was little enough to slap before they had any babies. That's a puzzler.

The way people ride on those bicycle wheel things is funny to me. The carpenter man comes jiggling along to the house on his wheel, the man what comes in the morning and unscrews the 'lectric light that fizzes right afore my window all night, he comes on his wheel. He leans it agin' the post, hists himself up, tucks in the new black things, cleans the chimney, slides down, and is off on his wheel before I've settled his doins in my mind. I watch him through the slats every morning when I'm doing up my back hair. But the women ride, too—that's the queerest thing. Some folks is awful down on them. I was out on Yonge Steet to-day, and a girl and a man went by riding beside each other, and two women what was rididg in their carriage turned up their noses till they most lost their false teeth. I've noticed it's mostly women like them that make the most fuss. I ain't been brung up to seeing women whizzing along, and having folks stare at 'em and know they've got ankles, but, land sakes, I aint got nothing agin them. Let 'em ride, I say. You can ride out a stare about as well's you kin hide from it, and I kinder mistrust that riding a bicycle comes in with the higher eddication of women which I'm after, but for the sake of my relations I hope I won't have to come to it—they'd take it hard, and there's such a crowd of 'em, and things like that is so ketching.

SUSANNAH.

WE PAUSE FOR REPLY.

Special cable message to London *Advertiser*. London, Aug. 6th.—Lord Rosebery went to Osborne House this evening to visit the Queen.

Well; what happened?

LADY HENRY SOMERSET and Miss Francis Willard, the international chums, being devoted heart and soul to the weal of humanity, have naturally enough become enthusiastic bicyclers.



TROUBLE WITH HER OWL MAN.

MRS. OWL—"Now, see here, sir, this dissipation has got to be stopped, This is the third time within a week that you've been up all day!"



A SUMMER IDLE.

(WHICH, HOWEVER, POETS GENERALLY SPELL "IDYLL.")

[The gentle reader will please supply his own joke to this sketch. We publish it because such pictures are now in season, and GRIP is determined to be up to date.]

UPON MEETING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN CHICAGO, BOWED DOWN BY GRIEF AND MISFORTUNE.

IT once was mine, attracted by a grunt,
To watch you sometimes in your cheerful sty,
Exchanging courtesies ere passing by
As people will, intending no affront.

But nevermore shall you with patience hunt
For delicacies there, and well you sigh
Thus to your evil planets in the sky,
"Men's knives are sharp—why are their souls so blunt?"

But little heeds the lean dog on the street,
Or cat preoccupied, the tricks of men;
You were not friends (exactly) yet 'tis sweet
To gather solace from the restful thought
That, some day soon, in "chicken salad" caught,
Ye three shall meet (familiarily) again.

Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

E. H. Stafford.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the dead-lock at Washington is at present a very live issue.

KIT'S RETURN.

GRIP is pleased to welcome home the brilliant *Mail* female correspondent, "Kit," from her outing of some five months on the Pacific coast. Readers of the "Woman's Kingdom" department of our contemporary have been kept fully posted on the sights and scenes and doings of the California country in a series of articles which have sustained Kit's reputation as the cleverest descriptive writer on the Canadian press. The lively old girl (we venture to accept her own description of herself) seems to have had a high old time, especially on the return trip across the mountains, where, according to cold type in Saturday's issue, she was at one time 5000 miles above the level of the sea! Kit is great on flights of fancy, we know, but this bears all the appearance of a hyperbole by the intelligent compositor.

We read in the *London Advertiser* that "Winnipeg Roman Catholics will now turn over their children to the public school board." We were not aware that it was one of the functions of the public school board to use the shingle.



QUITE A CURIOSITY.

Col. G. T. Denison's recent bellicose speech in London has attracted some attention.

A DARK DISASTER.

THE colored people of Muncie, a town in Indiana, were holding a religious camp meeting, when, in a moment of weakness, they copied the example of some white-trash managers of similar affairs, and engaged a professional quartette from a neighboring city. Like the white managers aforesaid, they took no particular pains to assure themselves that the quartette was composed of pious people, whose hearts would be in the work. They could sing, and their engagement called for sacred songs; that was all the managers thought it necessary to bother about. But, it unfortunately happened that the visitors were not religiously inclined, and in the temporary absence of the Rev. Mr. Bundy, the director, they changed the programme and started in on minstrel songs. The effect was instantaneous. Half the audience were on their feet dancing jigs, and the other half were groaning and protesting against the levity. It ended in a rupture between the old brethren and the gay young folks, and the revival was declared off.

By way of punishment for some official blunder the Emperor of China has divested Li Hung Chang of his Yellow Jacket. This is in accordance with ancestral custom, only that in this country the removal of the jacket is but preparatory to the humiliation to be administered.

MR. GLADSTONE says that he cannot at present see his way to visit America, but the American committee expect a favorable reply when the Grand Old Man's eyesight is quite restored.

LOVE IN A FLAT.

TUNE.—"Love in a Cottage."

LOVE, in course of evolution,
Very much like minor passions,
Gets the mind in a confusion
Of antagonistic fashions.

Dieting on herbs and pottage
Without any ceremony,
Maidens quite prefer a cottage
And abhor the thought of money.

While they brood upon this fable
Of contentment in a hovel,
Charles becomes for verses able,
Or may even write a novel.

But the time draws on when marriage
Disenchanted all that future,
Chloe, who renounced a carriage,
Stoops to mollify a butcher.

Gone is the bucolic vision,
And they presently discover
What a change is the position
To the husband from the lover.

In a flat, and worse the pity,
Chloe, weeping, pines with Thyrsis,
"Cottage love" tried in the city
Sharpen's wit, but shortens verses!

THE *August Review of Reviews* pays a good deal of attention to Canada, but not more than we, ahem, deserve. The Editor himself writes on "Toronto as a Municipal Object Lesson." This doesn't mean that we are perfect in our civic government, but simply that, with all our faults, we are away ahead of some other cities. Let us be thankful, but don't forget that there are many things we want and ought to have that we do not yet possess.

THE *North American Review* has a series of learned articles on "the Lesson of the Strike." It is gratifying to know that there is a lesson to be got out of the unfortunate affair. There was certainly nothing else of a valuable character resulting from it.

EDITOR Nicoll of the *Hamilton Herald* is worrying his brain making puns on the names of the Japanese and Chinese boats, towns, officers, etc. This is dangerous work for hot weather. We Kow Shung Nick against it.

JAPAN has apologised to Britain for having sunk a Chinese troop ship which carried the British flag. It strikes us that some apology is also due to the Chinamen who were on board at the time, and were drowned.

THE *Globe* asks, in the shape of a displayed heading, "Has Canada a hard race problem to solve?" And it has sent a special correspondent to Quebec to find out. But why to Quebec? The managers of the Bicycle Association ought to be consulted on the subject. They would probably answer in the affirmative.

SOME German Catholics, being scandalized by the spectacle of priests riding bicycles, appealed to Rome, and the Pope has sent them a letter in which he practically gives the Wheel his blessing. The good old gentleman is pretty well up to date in everything. We suppose this document will be known in history as Pope Leo's Bicyclical.

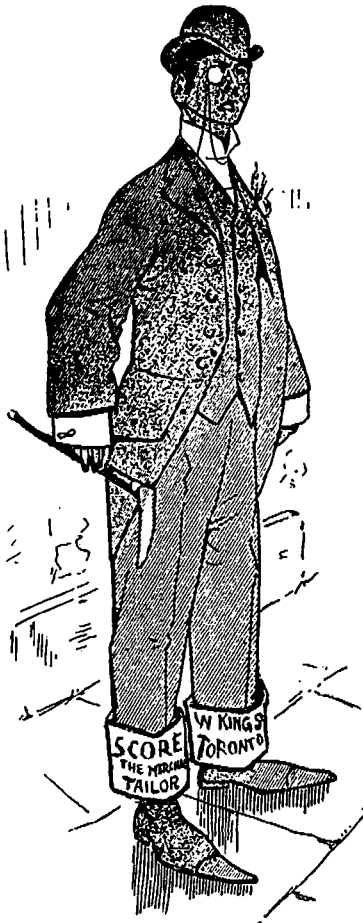
AND now we hear Wales from the Britishers, who yacht to know how to take a licking. Britannia isn't ruling the waves quite so much this week.

MR. JOHN A. EWAN has gone to Quebec to represent the *Globe*. He ought to be a good man to do interv-ewan.



COREA IS "VERY LIKE A BEAR."

THE CZAR APPEARS TO HAVE AN EYE ON COREA AS A CUB THAT WOULD DANCE SPLENDIDLY TO RUSSIAN MUSIC!



A BUSINESS HINT.

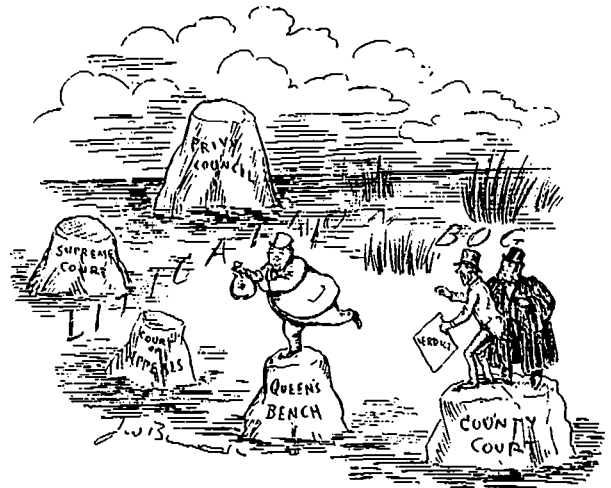
DUDES might be put to some practical use, after all.

BOERKLESTEIN THE PHILOSOPHER.

PROFESSOR BOERKLESTEIN has at last decided to give the world of turmoil and strife the benefit of his life's profound meditations. Born in a small village in Germany, he was brought out to this country before he had learned that he was not a quadruped. His parents settled in British Columbia among the mountains, and there carefully taught their child what usually is learned at school. The father was somewhat of a philosopher, and his accumulated pile of facts and observations were eagerly imbibed by the young prodigy. At the early age of 15 he was better versed in philosophy both mental and natural than most men of 80. He could discuss some of the profoundest metaphysical questions, but showed a greater love for natural philosophy. The question of evolution took a stronghold upon his mind, and deep philosophical researches, together with imaginations, have at last enabled him to pierce the hitherto hidden mysteries of the future, and with telescopic clearness he reveals to us the future man. It was only by dint of much persuasion that I managed to obtain permission to read the stack of manuscript which contains the gist of Prof. Boerklestein's long and almost hermitic meditations, and thus give a brief sketch of his wonderful Evolution of Man.

Man now, says Prof. B., has passed the meridian of his physical life. The dawn was when tiny unicellular globules of protoplasm refracted the rays of the rising sun into its prismatic hues. The forenoon was the gradual development from the monad up to the prehistoric man. The noon of life has just passed, and we have yet some traces left in the

more chivalrous heroes of romance. But now the afternoon of life sets in. The man is becoming less in height and strength. The average height is some inches less than it used to be. The chest is of smaller compass, and lastly, now the little toe shows signs of degeneration. It will shrink as our ears have shrunk. It will disappear as our tails have done. But is that all that will disappear? Think. Why is the little toe gradually becoming an extinct member? What does reason tell you? Reason and observation say it's because we have no longer use for it. What does that suggest? It makes us think of inventions, of electricity, of all modern improvements, one thing suggests another and we are suddenly carried into a new world. We see inventions discovered and utilized. Inventions make inventions. Electricity is the great motive power. Manual labor becomes a thing of the past. All we have to do is to touch the button. "We no longer see men walking; by a single touch of a spring the dinner table disappears and our dining-room is our office. Another touch and our seat has taken unto itself wings and we are enjoying the fresh air of the country. Another touch and we are at the theatre. But it is changed. The actors resemble the men of the times and electricity conveys them around. We look at the men and lo, what do we see? The feet are the size of baby's feet; the muscles of the legs are shrivelled and powerless. The lower part of man has become as naught. We look at the arms and chest of the man and we find the left arm to consist of a few rudimentary bones near the diminutive clavicle. The whole body has greatly deteriorated, but the head has grown larger. Still further we gaze into the future. The lower limbs have disappeared. The body is a mere bunch of rudimentary bones, the right arm is still of use to touch the button but it has shrunk to a mere piece of cartilage. The head, however, has increased in size. All this time there has been need of inventions to perform the work, but as time hurries swiftly along the physical man has shrunk to merely a skull containing the brains necessary to work out the inventions. But now what little food is required is made and masticated mechanically. The brain is so gently moved that there is no longer need of bone. The bony skull disappears and we have only the brain left. But soon no brain work is required. All necessaries are provided for, and gradually the bumps of inventivity



THE LEGAL DENTIST OUGHT TO PULL THESE STUMPS.

SUITOR (to his lawyer)—"I've won the case, but he's jumped to the next court, and if I follow and beat him, he'll jump again."

LAWYER—"Exactly, but your only course is to follow him. It's merely a question of which of you has the most money."



THE BEST POLICY.

FIRST BRITISH WORKMAN—"Well, after readin' this 'ere stuff, I says wot's the use of tryin' ter be honest?"
 SECOND BRITISH WORKMAN—"I dunno. I never tried."

disappear and at last one part only of the brain is left, that is the philosophical bump, and man is a monad with a tentacle to touch the button. But now man is only a philosopher. He wonders what he is and whence he came. Reason and imagination become lost as they try to retrace the dark pathway of time, and nothing is learned. Man then looks ahead. Imagination and reason grope further and further into the limitless void urged on by blind hope until they sink exhausted without finding a footing on which to proceed. Behind there is no ground for philosophising. Forward he cannot go, Man finds himself confined to man. But what is man? He gropes around, but has again begun to shrink, and the lurid sunset gazes sadly on a dried up piece of time—the last relic of man."

Sober Sarah.

SUPERSTITIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

MASCAGNI, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" is exceedingly superstitious, so we learn from the *Musical Record*. When he crosses the street he always walks on the very edge of the crossing, if possible, believing it to be bad luck to walk as ordinary mortals do. He also carries two watches, - one extremely valuable, and the other a simple silver one, which he says always bring him luck.

It may not be generally known that many of our own distinguished public men are the victims of queer superstitions. We append a few examples that happen to occur to us at the moment:

Sir John Thompson has a peculiar dislike for oranges, or for anything presenting the color or smell of that fruit. His want of real cordiality with Hon. Clarke Wallace is believed to be owing to this fact.

Mr. Laurier would not strike one as a superstitious person, and yet if put to it he would no doubt confess that he

is trusting more for political success to the magic power of a charm he carries about with him than to anything else. This talisman, which he is never without, he is believed to wear in the vicinity of his heart.

Mr. Foster, who is certainly a clear headed man of affairs, entertains a perfect horror of prohibition resolutions, and would anytime willingly walk around the block rather than face one. This is a decidedly curious matter, as it is well known that in earlier life he made a regular hobby of them.

Mayor Kennedy never enters City Hall without putting his best foot foremost. He cannot be convinced that his success in the civic chair is not chiefly due to this habit.

The Earl of Aberdeen, although a sound Presbyterian, is a firm believer in lucky days, namely, those upon which he has not to listen to loyal addresses read by wheezy officials in stuffy town halls.

Sir Richard Cartwright's weakness is an unconquerable repugnance to going down hill. This is why he never feels comfortable while a Conservative government is in office.

Mr. Charles Durand has a superstitious belief that if he ever passed by the door of a newspaper office without stepping in and leaving a letter for publication, some terrible calamity would be sure to happen. It would probably be as difficult to argue Mr. Durand out of this belief as it would be to convince Mr. John Laidlaw that the world could still continue to wag if he went abroad without his small valise. Mr. Laidlaw has for years carried the valise in question as a protection against evil spirits. There may be something in it.

Mr. E. A. Macdonald is an exceedingly superstitious man. Nothing would induce him to shake hands with Alderman Frankland on a Friday, nor to tell the names of the members of the Aquaduit Company on any other day of the week.

Hon. David Mills, though not exactly superstitious, is a profound believer in signs and omens. He says that lavish subsidies always betoken a general election, and he can tell that his party will be beaten again by the way his corn feels.

HYPNOTIC EPITAPHS.

IN the near future, when the sciences of hypnotism and thought reading are fully understood and developed, one remarkable result thereof will be, that we will always be compelled to tell and write the exact truth on every occasion. It will be quite useless to do otherwise, when by a simple scientific process, our inmost thoughts can be laid



DON'T JUDGE BY —

POMPEY—"Dat's a berry sho't pipe you'se a-smokin', haint it, 'Rastus?'"



OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

UNCLE 'RASTUS—"Whad's de matter wid de pipe?
Long as dey gen'lly make 'em."

open to the scrutiny of any observer. Among many other things, this will have a remarkable effect on the epitaphs on our tombstones. I enclose two or three specimens of what epitaphs will be in the early hypnotic period, when an attempt will still be made to combine politeness with exact truth telling.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF

BOODLE SOAPY, ESQ., M.P.

FOR MANY YEARS MEMBER FOR
THIS COUNTY.

He maintained this seat by the expenditure of large sums of money, which he extracted from the pockets of confiding friends and relatives, and in resigning his seat, which he did in consequence of a threatened prosecution for perjury, he became

REGISTRAR OF THIS COUNTY

AND DID WELL.

He died leaving most of his relatives in various government offices, and leaving his creditors to make what they could out of a heavily mortgaged property, some battered office furniture and a keg of brandy, about half full.

"GONE TO HIS JUST REWARD."

UNDER THIS STONE
LIE THE REMAINS OF

HIGHROLLER JENKINS, ESQ.

FOR SOME YEARS A
CLERK
IN THE
ONE HORSE BANK
IN
THIS TOWN.

While still among us, he kept a yacht, drove fast horses, and gave

MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENTS
on a salary of about eight hundred dollars per annum,

obtaining thereby the respect and admiration of all our citizens, (especially of the gentler sex).

He left us for a while on a trip to
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
but soon returned, accompanied by
DETECTIVES GRAB AND GIMLET,
and, after a few preliminary ceremonies,
PROCEEDED TO KINGSTON,
Where he passed the remainder of his life,
engaged in

SEVERE MANUAL LABOUR.

"HE HATH DONE WHAT (OR WHOM) HE COULD."

The above examples of hypnotic epitaphs will suffice to show how the inscriptions on our tombstones may in the near future be made to serve a more moral and salutary purpose than they do at present.

Reginald Gourlay.

CHRISTIANITY is awaiting an apology from the city of Quebec for the outrages of those "religious" hoodlums. A little hanging is what those fellows need.

THE USES OF IMAGINATION.

MY neighbors are fuming and fretting,
And also perspiring and sweating,
And grumbling sore of the heat ;
While I, as a rule,
Feel airy and cool—
And I'll give you my simple receipt.

I've got a most powerful mind,
Which I have under perfect control,
And when to great heat the weather's inclined,
I pretend it's delightfully cool ;
Yes, when it's so torrid and close
As to make most white people faint,
Myself I deceive—I just make believe
It's lovely—and hanged if it ain't !



LATEST FROM PUMKINVILLE.

COUSIN JOSH (on a visit from Pumkinville, relating the local news)—"An' we're gettin' a new English Church built."

GLADYS—"Indeed? High Church or Low?"

JOSH—"Can't say, yit; they're only puttin' in the foundations, so fur."

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THE JUDGE'S STORY.

Hon. John M. Rice Tells How He Was Cured of Sciatic Rheumatism—Crippled for Six Years.

The Hon. John M. Rice, of Louisa, Lawrence county, Kentucky, has for many years served his native county and state in the legislature at Frankfort and Washington, and until his retirement was a noted figure in political and judicial circles. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who, in the following words, related the history of the causes that led to his retirement: "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism. Slight at first, but soon developing into sciatic rheumatism, which began first with acute, shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet. My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys and bladder, and, in fact, my whole system became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians, but receiving no lasting benefit from them I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months stay there, when I returned home. In 1891 I went to the Silurian Springs, Wakeshaw, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement. Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that I felt, gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate.

"I lingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1893. One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could do no harm, I was prevailed upon to try the Pink Pills. The effect of the pills was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the Pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50,) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

MR. A. ANDERSON, of this city, who is making a business trip to the towns along the Canadian Pacific Railway between Toronto and Victoria, B.C., is authorized to represent GRIP and to take subscriptions and grant receipts in our name. We trust he will receive a cordial reception from GRIP's friends and be able to add many new names to our list.

GRIP is always glad to hear of anything being done for the good of the boys, and he therefore welcomes "Night and Day," for July, which tells of Dr. Barnardo's work among the waifs of the great cities of England. Whatever opinion may prevail as to the wisdom of bringing this class of immigrants to Canada, all must rejoice to see the boys rescued from lives of idleness and shame on the streets and given a chance to grow up useful citizens. Dr. Barnardo has had to do with 14,000 waifs last year, and we are satisfied has accomplished much

good. He asks his friends to practice a self-denial week for the benefit of his charity. In addition to "Night and Day," which tells all about his work, he is about to publish a new magazine, "Our Bubble," all the illustrations of which are to be chromo-lithographs.

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