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Editor and Proprietor.

[illegible]

THURSDAY, [illegible] 20 1888.

CHRISTMAS TREE MARCH.

When the children are safe in the Land
of Nod
All sleepy and snug in their places,
Then over the chimney-tops jolly and
rosy
Old Santa Claus rushes and leaps.

Chorus

Then in come and sing the welcome we
bring,
Our love he will always command,
Hurrah for Santa Claus, long may he live
At his castle in Somewhereland.

When Christmastide comes with its
laughter and glee,
Our hearts shall keep green as the
holly,
If there in the pale with smiles we may
see
Old Santa Claus merry and jolly.

Chorus

Then round the glad Christmas tree
roll with joy
Let love's happy sun shine in gladness
Sing out, every girl, sing out, every boy,
Old Santa Claus banishes sadness.

When we come before our readers again another Christmas, with its attendant joys, will [illegible] missed. This is essentially the season of joy and merry making. Why should it not be? Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight years ago the wise men of the East saw when they saw the star, rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh. That was the first Christmas; that was the first day of rejoicing at the birth of our Saviour, and the rejoicing was coupled with gifts. How the traditional custom has been preserved down the past ages until the present time! Who would care to do away with dear old Christmas, the one day of all the year that is held sacred by every Christian race on the face of our earth? It is our wish that the patrons of this paper may each and everyone enjoy a merry, merry Christmas, and endeavor to make their neighbors merry too.

There is war among newspaper men in Toronto. The World enriches its columns every day at the heels of the Mail ever since it came into existence, and now they have turned upon it. The Mail will prosecute it for libel, and Mr. H. A. Massey has also entered a libel suit against his little dog. The World revels in sensations, and it, too, does not delight with this turn of affairs. "The king has designed to lead upon a scaffold." But history tells us that in several instances of this kind the book was the signal for a severing of head. Perhaps History may repeat itself here? We are pleased that for unexplained reasons, and lack of principle, a man who is looking for a secured post cannot extend his search beyond No. 1 King street east, Toronto. The manager of this concern is never happy unless he is libelling someone, casting insinuating slurs upon church officials and everything else that pertains to a manliness and gentlemanly instinct which he has never arrived at. Although we have no sympathy with the Mail or Globe, yet it is nauseating to read the World's personal attacks upon gentlemen connected with both papers. It is hoped they may find a means of silencing this blatant bragadocio.

A rumor which appears to have gained considerable credence in official quarters, is to the effect that Stanley and Emin Pasha are prisoners in the hands of Osman Digna. Osman has forwarded a letter, which Stanley was the bearer of for Emin Bey, to Suakim, together with some cartridges similar to those which Stanley carried, announcing that he would deliver the prisoners provided he were left in undisputed possession of Southern Egypt. There are doubts as to the truthfulness of this report.

1888-1889 Illustrated.

The year 1888 is rapidly drawing to the bar. In this respect the years all draw in the same direction. It is a habit they have. Each new year that enters upon the race of time gradually loses its grip, while we jump aboard the next and whirl along towards eternity. It is a habit we have of "getting there," irrespective of the years that follow along behind.

This year has been noteworthy in several particulars. A large number of people have died. Some have been killed. Others have been buried without dying. Hon. Edward Blake, for instance, who interred himself in his law books once more. The country has grown considerably, too, during the past year. No less than twenty-five immigrants have arrived from the United States, all of them capitalists, and the heads of one family in this vicinity had triplets.

This reminds us that 1888 was leap year. The old time-honored privilege accorded to the ladies of proposal during this paragraph of time has fallen somewhat into disfavor. Only one instance has come under our observation. In that instance the man died under the mental strain. Our illustration gives a vivid picture of him.

IN HIS LAST HOURS

His dying words, it is said, were:

"I am not sure I die the death I want to live."

His appearance proves that he died. Observe how convulsively he grasps the situation, and the numerous beads of fear that are oozing out through his hair! Note the bilious expression of his eyes! Now a girl don't look that way when she is being proposed to. You can't disturb her equanimity worth a cent.

It will be but two more short weeks until 1889, when the Sphinx house will once again come into prominence of comparatively cheap (?) the "divine" form in his overgrown fists and dandling upon his knee the demure yet satisfied maiden. In this case even the club foot shows a glowing satisfaction in the

RETURN OF THE GENTLEMAN YEAR.

An observer will see, by comparing our two illustrations, that the man's position in the first case is an unnatural one. This leap year business should be nipped in the sere and yellow leaf. What do you think about it, Bro. Mitchell of the Durham Chronicle?

Grip.

With the new year Grip enters upon its thirty-second half yearly volume, a fact which speaks eloquently for the merits of this unique and favorite Canadian journal. No former attempt in the field of humorous journalism in Canada was ever successful, because in no former case was there the happy combination of elements essential to the success of such a venture. In the first place, an uncommon fertility of invention is required to keep a comic paper abreast of the times, and this must be backed up by an artistic ability equal to the task of interpreting the happy thoughts evolved in a popular manner. Secondly, there must be the sound basis of right principle upon which to build. Truth, honor, fairness, and good taste are all as essential to the success of a comic journal as of a magazine of the highest class. All these features have, from the first number, distinguished Grip in a high degree. It stands to-day alongside of the very best productions of its kind in the world, and engages a connection beyond the bounds of Canada. For Canadians it ought to be more, and it does in effect of patriotic pride, and certainly it ought to call for the patriotism of any Canadian who prefers to cultivate, and can afford the price, whose name is not found on Grip's subscription list. The subscription price is almost ridiculously low, when the rates of similar and for equally as good journals are considered. It is only two dollars a year, although the paper contains sixteen pages filled with right original humor, pen and pencil, and always gives without stint, political cartoons on passing events, which for point, power, and humor are certainly unsurpassed in any humor paper of the day.

Inistioge.

The anniversary in connection with the Methodist S. S. here will be held on Dec. 28th. The programme will consist of music, vocal and instrumental, readings, dialogues, and recitations. A grand time is expected as there has been great pains taken in getting up the programme.

The Rev. J. W. Manard, of the Idaho conference, delivered a lecture here on Saturday, 15th inst., at seven o'clock in the evening, subject, "The man of the 20th century."

Miss Elliot, of Dundalk, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

The Inistioge Division sons of temperance was represented at the Grand Division, which met last week in Toronto, by the following delegates, W. Haines and J. E. Hutchinson.

How is it Mr. Editor that the Advance does not reach here sometimes before the following Monday after it is printed? Whose fault is it?

[With reference to the query we would say that the paper has never yet missed being mailed on Thursday before noon. It seems strange that the mail service cannot deliver a bundle of papers seven miles in less than four days. It is a knotty question that we can't explain. Ed. Advance.]

Manitoba.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Editor: Perhaps your readers would like to read a few weather items, etc., direct from an old Ontarian, now a "drop" as it were in the "human sea" of this once Great Lone Land, of which Whittier, with almost prophetic vision, wrote as follows about a quarter of a century ago.

"I hear the tread of pioneers of a nation yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon shall roll a full tide sea,
I see the future broad and fair, the hopes of years in part fulfilled,
Where Dakota's prairies stretch away, with the sunset gold and red,
Where Superior's waters, Huron, Michigan and Erie, and Ontario, and Ontario, and Ontario