



MANITOBA'S EMPTY STOCKING

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the land  
St. Nicholas was travelling with generous hand,  
The Provinces hung up their stockings with care,  
And Man-i-to-ba too, expected a share.  
St. Nicholas came down like a lamb on the fold  
With a bag-full of surplus of treasury gold  
He filled all the stockings—that is, all but one,  
Little Man-i-to-ba, the starveling, got none.  
Now wasn't St. Nicholas a shabby old cheat  
To neglect the poor Province that can't make ends meet,  
For her minerals and timber and lands and so on  
Are all in the merciful hands of Sir John?

## A Talk about Christmas

BY DICK DUMPLING.

To begin with—this is Christmas; and in case that all should not know it, I repeat this is Christmas. Some unenlightened individual who has been asleep ever since he was born may ask, "What is Christmas?" To him I reply: Christmas generally comes in the winter, on or about the 25th of December, sooner or later, and is that joyful time when a man hangs up his socks, not on the floor as he is wont to do every other night in the year, but on the wall, mantel, or bedpost. When he arises in the morning he finds the above-mentioned articles filled with slippers, pipes, dressing gowns, —hideous, to scare the crows away from a hundred aced farm—and a smoking cap embroidered with a wreath of yellow ivy and four green roses. He makes good use of all his gifts, but in a fortnight, when the usual half-yearly bills come in, he is disagreeably surprised to find some asking payment for pipes, slippers, gowns and caps. Several chills run races down his spinal column; he has vague suspicions, but thinks it best for the peace of the neighbourhood to hold his tongue, metaphorically speaking. He enjoys satisfaction by resolving to be deceased and clad in a wooden Ulster with four sides, next Christmas.

And again, Christmas is the season so joyfully anticipated by a man with a family of fourteen growing sprigs of himself, to say nothing of scores of more distant relatives, everyone of them expecting a Christmas box from dear John, "to remember him by, you know." Oh, yes! and dear John wants them to remember him; John would take a cat-fit, combined with mumps and small-pox, if he once thought that those affectionate relatives did not think of him.

And this is the season of good things. What piles of turkeys, mince pies, doughnuts, pumpkin pies, and "other delicacies of the season," too numerous to mention, rise before my visionary organs, and make me wish I were a boy again. Well do I remember when in the days long lost in the misty past I used to hover around my mother's kitchen table at Christmas

tide, and by scraping the batter from the pans, thereby do away with the necessity of washing them.

'Tis now that the American or Canadian who treats himself well, is filled with roast turkey and plum pudding, while the Englishman revels in roast beef and the tame dessert which he calls "jolly plum duff," and if the English, American, and Canadian indulge in roast luxuries at Christmas, why should not all the other nations eat their favourite food in roast condition? Of course they will, they must do as we do, for are we not the foremost and most civilized people in the world? Of course we are, and the others must follow our example. Therefore the Scotch will eat roast haggis, the Irish, roast potatoes; the Welsh, roast onions; the French, roast salad; the Germans, roast bologna; the Italians, roast macaroni; the Chinese, roast rice; the uncivilized barbarians in the heart of Africa, and the cannibals of the Fiji islands, roast missionary.

But beware! Feed not thyself too well. After the joy of the day cometh on the gloom of the night. Gorge nor thyself—bast ever had the nightmare? Beware, I say, and at Christmas dinner eat sparingly of those toothsome dishes, or thou wilt awaken during the night and find a seven-headed Santa Claus dancing hornpipes on thy bed, and with two leg—lim—no, branches of a turkey beating music out of a plum-pudding. Thou wilt see two witches pouring red-hot brandy sauce down thy safety valve.

What is the most suitable thing to give as a Christmas gift? Well, that depends. If some one, charitably inclined, wants to give something to the United States, let him give them a court capable of trying Giteau—one that will not turn the court-room into a circus-ring; give Giteau, first clown, a cap and bells, and if there is any change left give the same to those in charge of the trial; give the Hon. Ed. Blake a platform—he wants one; give the long-winded M. P.s something to talk about at the forthcoming session; give O'Dynamite Rossa a few thousands for "skirmishing purposes;" give a certain preacher a subject for a sensational sermon; and last, but not least, give Grip a hearty support and a long subscription list for 1882.

## "The Hoss."

A COUNTRY TAVERN IDYLL.

(By a Wayfarer.)

"At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,  
And the streets are all dark in the absence of gas,  
I sit in the tavern, gloomy and chill,  
And wonder what way the long evenings I'll pass.

I view in the bar-room the rustics. A grove  
Of them sitting, and all of them spinning long yarns:  
While showers of tobacco-juice light on the stove,  
And the air is suggestive of stables and barns.

I list to the topics that, on the *table*,  
Seemed each of their bucolic minds to engross:  
They touched upon dog-fights and on the last spree,  
But the favourite subject by far was the "hoss."

They talked about trotters and of their condition—  
This one was a "daisy," the other was "boss";  
They argued so long that I couldn't help wishin'  
That each one was tied to the tail of his "hoss."

I visit the "settin' room," still all the talking  
Of "racers" and "rackers," and brood mares, and colts;  
How "Fau" could beat "Nell" if it wasn't for baulking—  
How "Jack is a 'rattle,' except that he bolts."

They know all the horses that's bred in Kentucky,  
For their weights or cognomens they're ne'er at a loss;  
How this one is "sure" and another unlucky:  
I believe while they're sleeping, they're dreaming of "hoss."

Oh, why don't they change it to mules, say, or asses!  
I'd as soon get a blow from the fist of Geo. Goss,  
That would knock me as high as the heights of Parnassus  
As slowly die under the horrible "hoss!"

## A Prominent Actor's Belief.

Mr. Tony Pastor, of New York City, the great humorist, and actor, was signally benefited by the Great German Remedy, and felt constrained to testify to its efficacy for the benefit of others suffering in the same way.



PAUL PRY TILLEY.

(AT THE DOOR OF THE BANKING FRATERNITY).

"I'm not at all curious, but then I'd like to know, you know, all about your customers, and credits, and discounts, and securities, and so forth et cetera."



REFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

D'ye know, it strikes me that the pwesent wun upon the lands in Manitoba and the pwewawies is one of the most absad and ridiculous cwases that eveah, so to speak, stwuck this country. Some yeahs ago a similah glamourh came ova people's minds wegaard-ing Towonto lands, and fabulous pwices weah given faw them. It is of caus twoo that the anticipated values of the pwopalties weah realized, but not for yeahs aftah; and mostly all the then speculatahs sold shawt. The—aw—Manitoba—awangement is somewhats, as a wule, in this way. A speculatah owne a certain numbah of acabs of land, situated someweah on the pwewawie, and someweah neah the line of the C. P. R. He pwocceeds to get an engineah and stakes out a pawtion of it into small lots. He leaves a space faw a Cawt House, City Hall, Opewa House, Collegiate Institute and—aw—a Pawk, &c., in fact leaving woom faw ewvery awchitectual attribute of a city. He takes the engineah's notes and bwings them, say to Towonto, and gets a clevalh dwafst-man to plot them out on a map. The dwafst-man makes a vewy pwetty picthah of them, colowing it in all mannah of gawgeous tint, making it as attwactive to the eye as possible. The map is then emblazoned with the unnie of —aw—something—city—a pwetty name, of caus—such as "Diamond City," "Amethyst City," "Emewald" or "Wuby City," and the like.

The pwetty map of the imaginawy City is then pawaded in the auction woom, and the lots go off like hot cakes, and at compawatively high pwices, even if the places weah wealities,