

half the strength of the body back to the Grit camp. The Tory leaders must be very desperate even to propose such a compromise.

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THE nomination of Mayor Clendenan, of West Toronto Junction, as Opposition candidate for West York, is an attempt to catch the Third Party vote. Mr. Clendenan favored Mr. McCrae's candidature in West Lambton, and objected to Tory organizer Birmingham's opposition to the latter. But he now takes the field as a follower of Meredith. In addition to the straight Tory vote, he expects to rally the Third Party, the Equal Rights and the Orange vote, and is not without hopes of a share of Catholic support. If there are any other class "votes," exclusive, of course, of the straight-out Grits in his constituency worth conciliating, it will go hard if he does not try to secure them.

THE FLY KID

WRITES A CHRISTMAS STORY TO ENABLE "GRIP" TO BEAT THE "SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBERS."

DEARE MISTER GRIP—The Montreal *Star* and *Saturday Night* has been wantin' me to write storeys for theyre Cristmas numbers. But Ide sooner write for GRIP which has allways acitid square So I send you the inklosed an you will have the chance to publish it before the other papers git there editions out. Rush it in an head 'em off—Their aint much plot to it But then there never is to Cristmas story's—so long as you work in the Yule Log & the Wassale Bole & the waits an' Santer Claws that's all that is necessary. I think Ive got all the regular Cristmas fixins in.

THE FLY KID.

OLD PUDDICOMBE'S CRISTMAS.

It was Cristmas Eve. 1000's of Happy families was gathered around the Yule Log wile the Wassale Bowle sirculated sheddin its chearful influents & listenin too the waits wich waited outside. The Holly trees was covered with snow & the lays of the robin was herd no more. The kids was thinkin' of Santer Claws and wonderin how he coud git threw the stove-pipes an if he woud bring them a wrocking horse an sum candy. The chimies woked the silence of the nigt mingled with the stranes of a youth of 37 summers wich had been boling up & galy carolled 4th

Whare did you git that hat
Whare " " " " tile, etc.

In a suburban residence valued at 12000\$ sat a old man; his hed was boughed between his hands & he was panefully mediatin on the cruel manner in wich the Cort of Revishun had increased his assessment to 8100\$. He did not have no Yule Log nor Wassale Bole—he was a miser. Had the Cristmas spirit power to softin his cold and shelfish bosom?

Suddintly there come a wring at the dore—an the footman entered in his gorgous livery (let not the reader suppose that the old man kepted a Livery stable—joke) says he feller wants to see you sir.

Sho him in says the miser whose name was Puddicombe—I thought of this name myself.

There come in a young man with a inteligent feature But shabberly dresed says he This is the Merry Cristmas time when the hart should overflow with symperthy an so forth. Merry Cristmas to you.

Old Puddicombe replide with a Curse—becaws it allways makes a miser Mad to see other peple hapy.

Then says the young man Things was not allways thus 40 years ago you loved a winsome blew-eyed maiden says he. Dost not remember Elenore—she rests into the Silent tomb.

The old man thort reflectively. Yes says he—there was several. I was young & foolish. Elenor—eyes. I kind of remember her. But she became the bride of another.

She did she did said the youth, of several others I am her ofspring by her 4th husband.

An what is your'e Business with me & why dost recall the memeries of the dead Past? says Puddicombe.

Why replide the young feller. This is the Merry Cristmastide when mens feelins is softined by the flow of universal harmony an such—you are old an' childes. I come to be as it were a nephew to you. Let the blew-eyed Elenore be a link between us. Do you not respond to the yearnin' for a fuller symperthy with humanity in your lonesomeness? Recklect what the poet says—

An Cristmas gambles oft would cheer
The poor man's heart for ½ the year.

Let us gamble.

Did the old miser say yes I yield. Cristmas an' the memeries of the past are too much for me & henceforth Ile quit bein a Miser & share my gold. Come an live with me.

On the contrary—says he Get out. I know you not. Then he wrings for the Footman says he John sho this person the dore an if you see a pleeceman tell him to keep a eye onto him.

The Cristmas racket didn't work the old bloke worth a cent says the young man as he Dug out.



IN ST. DAVID'S WARD.

EMMA—"I've got such a cold Ma thought I'd better not go to school to-day. Was you there?"

JANE—"Yes."

EMMA—"Is there anything new?"

JANE—"Oh, yes. We've all had papers given us asking us to get our fathers to vote for Ephraim P. Roden as school trustee."