

Christmas.

1.
Christmas' coming gives one joy.
2.
No; just what it don't, my boy.
1.
Every heart with pleasure fills.
2.
Does it?—read my Christmas bills!
1.
Who could now for money pine?
2.
Who—some creditors of mine.
1.
Well, 'twill pass, so don't be sad.
2.
Then comes New Year's, just as bad.

Letter from a Farmer.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I wants justice to farmers. Here has I lived and slaved all my days. What has I got for it? Why a farm and stock as wouldn't sell for more than twenty thousand dollars, and maybe a few thousands in the bank. And you rolls in carriages and luxuries, and I as the snow sweep off your streets, and water fetched by steam from the island, and bread baked for you, and nothing to do but come out and buy all you want from one of us oppressed farmers as grows it for you, and keeps you from dying of starvation. You axes what I wants? I wants you city folks as lives on the sweat of our brows to build more railroads for us. What business has we to build roads? Let the towns as wants our trade make tracks for it to come. Then what right has you to want us to build you a new Parliament House? If Toronto wants it let her build it. Farmers will not be starved. Farmers owns this country, and the sooner townspeople knows it the better.

Yours,
CLODHOPPER.

P.S.—We has just resolved in our township council that Toronto ought to pay our taxes, as all our trade goes there. This must be attended to at wunst.

Figsville, Dec. 13, 1876.

Centennial Auction.

The Centennial buildings were sold by auction to the highest bidder, and GRIP thinking the main building would make a good office for him if removed to Toronto, sent a reporter to Philadelphia to bid on it. Here is his report of the affair:—

"Now gentlemen, I offer you a first-class exhibition building—warranted sound in all respects—good as new, has only been in use for six months, and is not damaged in the least. How much am I offered? Start it at something, gentlemen—shall I say \$10,000? \$5,000; thank you, sir. I'm offered \$5,000 for the Main Building! Why, gentlemen, it's worth double that for kindling—\$5,000 I'm bid—any advance on 5,000? 6! bid I hear you say 6? ah; thank you. 6 I'm bid, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, going at 6; and a half. The bid's against you sir; shall I say 7? \$7,000, thanks—bid lively gentlemen; 7 is the figure. All done at 7? 8, 8 1-2, going at 8 1-2—\$8,500 for a building that—9. Thank you, sir—\$9,000 is what I'm offered for the Main Building—and a half, and a half—do I hear 10? \$10,000, \$10,000 is all I'm offered for one of the grandest and most—and a half; 10 and a half, a half. The cost price of this article was \$1,600,000 wholesale, and I'm only bid \$10,500 for it. Only \$10,500 for a Crystal Palace whose equal the world has never seen—warranted genuine—and all I'm—11, 11, 11, going at 11. One of the noblest edifices and a half, a half; 11 and a half—make it 12. Shall I say 12? \$12,000 is offered—any man and a half, and a half—might be proud to possess—a half, a half, all done at a half, this fine—\$13,000, going at \$13,000—all done at \$13? going at 13, once!—Never have nother opportunity like this again—going at 13, twice! going 13, third and last time—\$13,000 for the Main Centennial Building—Last call! going, going, gone! and sold."

GRIP.—"Here's your \$13,000. Deliver the article at 20 Adelaide street East, Toronto, Canada."

AUCTIONEER.—"Sir, we never deliver materials sold."

GRIP.—"You must stand and deliver, or I don't want your old junk top."

AUCTIONEER.—"Gentlemen, this sale begins over again—How much in I offered, &c., &c., &c. Q.E.D."

Seasonable Presents.

GRIP is forwarding the following Christmas gifts, neatly packed and directed to their proper addresses, and will be glad to be informed of their safe receipt:—

To GEORGE BROWN.—Judgment of Court, disqualifying him for new-paper business during life.

To the Bank of Montreal.—An Auditor.

To the City Council.—A walking ticket (not good for return.)

To the Water Commissioners.—A cow-bell to tie to their Engineer.

To the Ontario Legislature.—Verse printed in gold letters "Be content with your wages."

To the Dominion Legislature.—Citto. "This do, and ye shall live and not die;" accompanying small statuette of Canada putting on the armour of Protection.

To the MACKENZIE Government.—A looking-glass, illuminated by a Cardwell lamp.

To Mayor MORRISON.—Engraving of a Year of Plenty—underneath written "Too Jolly to Last."

To MR. MEDCALF.—Brazen allegorical figure of Pertinacity, represented by a ram trying to butt down a stone wall.

To Lord DUFFERIN.—(From the citizens of Toronto)—Statue of the Spirit of the Air, inscribed "More heard of than seen."

To the Clerk of the Weather.—An order on the Fuel Association.

To the caretaker of the Parliament Houses.—A bundle of props.

To the American Nation.—A big wedge, engraved, "You've got to split."

Horrible Depravity.

For many years there has been a quiet old party who lived on King street, in the employ of GEORGE BROWN. Every month regularly this harmless individual used to issue forth and visit a number of acquaintances, and tell them all sorts of yarns on agricultural subjects. The old fellow was dry and prosy, and was known among his friends as the *Canada Farmer*, as he was born and raised in Canada and loved all things pertaining to a farm. Now the said G. BROWN has advertised that "after January 1st the *Canada Farmer* will cease to appear" thinking thus to detract public attention from the missing man; but it has been discovered that the aforementioned GEORGE B., intends to deprive of life and utterly destroy the peaceable *Canada Farmer* and bury the remains on the face of the *Globe* (weekly edition)!!! Will such an enormity be allowed? Is an innocent agriculturist to be throttled by those gaunt BROWN fingers and none of his Canadian brethren attempt his rescue! Never!

Croaks and Pecks.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.—What will you take?

THE NEW TERM FOR EXTREME LENGTH.—As long as BROWN'S affidavit.

The Canada Southern Railroad want Parliament to let them tunnel the Detroit river. What a bore!

Now the melancholy days have come when "froze" rhymes with "nose" better than at any other season.

No more is heard the sound of the romantic gay lute played by a romantic ga-lout. The music of the catarrh takes its place.

THE DRESS CIRCLE.—When a person catches his foot in a lady's train and describes a curve before striking the pavement.

It looks as if that RY-KERT were going to be upset and his opponent NEEL-ON him after each Lincoln the chain of evidence is completed.

GOODERHAM & WORTS have five thousand cattle and hogs fattening on swill, and this will be the result:—Gooderham & Worts beef than any firm in the city.

THE DEPTH OF MALIGNITY.—G. B. "My Lords, I will lend the 30 year's files of the *Globe* to my opponents"!!!!!! Fancy the horror of GEORGE'S opponents.

The *Irish Canadian* won't run so well now that its LYNCH-pin has been taken out. As our journalistic friend is mad about the Archbishop's letter, why not change its name to the *Irish Canadian*.

THEY say Chief Justice DRAPER is going to resign, and that Judge MOSS will take his place, then Justice will Drape'er walls justice soon as he leaves, and unlike a rolling stone will gather Moss. At least we Judge so.

ALMONTE manufacturers held a meeting a while since, and said if they didn't get protection their factories would shut up. The *Globe* pokes fun at them. We dislike Al-monté men, we suppose as they own carding mills they are the 3 card monté men so often denounced in the papers.