



### "CANADA'S CHRISTMAS."

DUNLEY—"G'd evening. Merry Christmas to you,"

GRUMLEY—"Oh, come, that sounds too ironical. *Merry*, indeed! Look at the weather!"

DUNLEY—"All the more reason for *wishing* it, isn't there?"

nuisances, which it is the duty of the sheriff to suppress. This gratifying action of the new State we read of in a special despatch in the *Globe*. The article just below it begins with the significant words, "Go and do likewise," but we regret to say *this* advice has reference to a certain hair-dye.

LET no man, however pretty or witty, get into the city council this year who is not sound on the Viaduct question. The big battle between Toronto and the railway corporations is to be won or lost in 1890. If the viaduct idea is thrown aside and the scheme of high level bridges substituted, it means that the ratepayers of this city will have to spend just about the same amount of money, while losing for all time the control of the water front and laying up for the future a stock of troubles that no man can now fully compute. Don't—*don't*, DON'T vote for any candidate who is not for the viaduct straight, square and solid!



DISCUSSION has sprung up about the propriety of allowing the civic office-holders to vote in municipal elections. There is nothing to discuss about it, so far as we can see. They should *not* vote. Being dependent for their places upon mayor and aldermen, they cannot be expected to exercise their franchise in a free and independent manner, and anything which makes it difficult to do this is out

of accord with the spirit of our institutions. When it is remembered that in this city the officials form a large proportion of the voting population, the necessity for such a reform is emphasized.

IF it were possible to spread before the people a full statement of the sums given annually for charitable purposes by New York's business men, the list would be so stupendous that contemplation of it might knock some sense into the head of the most rabid capital-hater of the Anti-Poverty Society." This sentence, from *Puck*, is as destitute of sense as *Puck* himself is of clothes. The Anti-Poverty Society has no quarrel with charity—it only says that charity will never cure the injustice which is the fountain-head of want. The stupendous sums which are given annually, as *Puck* boasts, have apparently been given in vain. It is a perpetual filling of Pandora's box,

and goes to prove the truth of the Anti-Poverty Society's contention.

THEN, again, it is a display of vulgar ignorance to speak of that society as "capital-hating." It has no quarrel with capital. It regards Capital and Labor as twin brothers, by whose joint efforts, applied to the raw material of nature, all wealth is created. Its quarrel is with a system which authorizes idleness, in the form of land monopoly, to rob both capital and labor of their just reward. We charge *Puck* nothing for this rudimentary information.

### CROAKS FROM GRIP'S BASKET.

BY P. M'ARTHUR.

A SHARP ANSWER.

MISS PRICILLA PRIM.—"Why do you say when referring to your work that you grind jokes?"

MR. JOCLAR JAGGS.—"Because I'm always trying to give my paragraphs point."

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

WINGER.—"Has Thumper's play been put on the boards yet?"

THESPIA.—"No. It has only been put before the bored."

THEY ARE PREPARING ALREADY.

MRS. SIDEROAD.—"Yeh are goin' teh town to-day, aren't yeh, John?"

MR. SIDEROAD.—"Umph, humph."

MRS. SIDEROAD.—"Well, bring home about twenty poun's of brown sugar. We'll have to begin gettin' ready our maple syrup."

MR. SIDEROAD.—"How much ole maple sugar have we?"

MRS. SIDEROAD.—"Oh, I dunno exactly. About enough to flavor thirty gallons, I guess."

A LOGICAL EXPLANATION.

PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE.—"Isn't it strange that we should be more susceptible to the passion of love in the spring than at any other time of the year?"

PROFESSOR OF METAPHYSICS.—"Not at all, my dear fellow. It is owing to the association of ideas. Everything about us looks softer and sloppier then than in any other season."

YES AND NO.

BIGBEE.—"Were you in when Snooper called to-day?"

DETROW.—"In one way I was and in another I wasn't."

BIGBEE.—"What do you mean?"

DETROW.—"Well, I was in my office when he called, but I was out ten dollars when he left."



A GREEN CHRISTMAS.