



Vennor's Wintor.

VENNOR—Here friend, my Almanac calls for Roller Skates!

'Twas ever thus!

I ne'er have hung up skates to sell,
Trusting to fickle Nature's law,
But when I'd advertised them well
And puffed them—it was sure to thaw.
Yes, it was ever thus! The Fates
Seem adverse to the trade in skates!

Year after year in winter's hours
I see my fondest visions crossed.
Skates clearly have some mystic power
Antagonistic quite to frost!
Their presence in my window-pane
Turns ice to slush, and snow to rain!

Current Ebints.

Me Darlint GRIP:

I thought it wud be too bad entiorely av I let the Christmas time be goin pasht widout sinding yez the compliments av the saison, so I take me pin in hand wanet more. Begorra, I wuddn't harly know it was Christmas toime at all av I hadn't lucked in VENNOR'S Almanick this mornin, for the loikes av this kind av weather in Canada in the middle av winter I niver seen befor. Sure it's warrum enough to go fishin, an I dunno swhat's the raison Misther JACKMAN doesn't be gettin out the *Wetherstown* an givin us all a thrip to the Humber some av these moonlight nights. Av he wud make up an excursion to go for a thrip on Christmas Day, I wud be glad to buy a ticket fur meself and NORAH, an plinty more that wud enjic a bit av a picnic at Mimico these warrum days. Sir, I luck down wid contimp on the man that wud thry to make political capital out av an almanick, and sorra a wan av me wud be the man to blame MICKENZIE'S government for the mixin an muddlin av the saisons (though CARTWRIGHT does that same wid the finances) but, sur, I wud jist call your candid attintion, av yez plaze, to the undisputable fact that swin JOHN A. was in power yez niver saw the month av April comin in the middle av December. An another fact I wud beg lave to pint out, widout mainin to draw anny base inference fwhtasomdever, is, that Misther VENNOR, who makes up the weather improbabilities that causes people to wonder, *holds a situation as a civil engineer wadther the prisint Government.* Yez can putt this and that together av yez plaze, but, as for meself, I think its only a coincidence.

It's delighted I am, me darlint, to observe the wallop in yez give thim bonus-grabbers. More power to yer elbow! Make it extramely hot for the shpalpanes that wud be squazin more money out av us for their fly-away schames av railroads, an us near choked now wid high taxes. You give thim no quarther, an av the rist av me fellow citizens is loike meself, we'll give thim no quarther aither, nor anny ten cent bit even.

Av course I'm goin to vote for Misther BARTIE, for Mayor. Thim is the kind av min we want, an I hope yez will give him a gud worrad. Av yez do, he is as gud as elected, an Toronto will have a mayor she can be proud av.

But it was to wish yez a Merry Christmas an a happy New Year that I tuck up my pen, and I mushn't wandther away from me subject. I hope yez'll call round at me humble abode swin yez are out on New Year's day. I don't expect to be at home on Christmas. It was me original intintion at furst to go for a slay dhrive, but av the prisint weather holds out, mebbly it'll be for a shwin I'll go insstead.

TERRY TIERNEY.

To His Friends.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I wish it made known to my country cousins, this Christmas, that I will not be at home to any cousins more than five times removed, who come to spend Christmas in numbers greater than sixteen, or who

bring with them more than seven aunts or five grandfathers. Also, I have no accommodation for more than twenty-two horses, and if more than seven dogs are tied up in my yard at once, it is disagreeable at nights, especially if, as at present, there is a moor.

I wish also to suggest that I cannot, on Christmas morning, accompany my different relatives to the Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, Presbyterian, New Jerusalem, and other churches.

I should like it also remembered that my family cannot well sleep in one garret room, which will only hold half of them, more than three weeks, and that the cook and housemaid object to sleeping for a longer period on a pantry shelf.

It might also be well to remark that in town we do not bring in (at once, on an average) more than seven pounds of clay on each shoe. Hoping these things may strike the eyes intended,

I am, yours truly,

ONE WHO DREADS CHRISTMAS.

Toronto, Dec. 21, 1877.

Letter From a Martyr.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR:—I am a martyr—a martyr to tramps—in other words, to itinerant salesmen. Every day not less than thirty ring at my door, call one of us from the other end of the house, and want to sell us washing machines, sewing machines, brushes, handkerchiefs, blacking, tea, soap, shirts, matches, combs, and nineteen hundred other articles, none of which we want. Now, Sir, we walk a mile a day up and down stairs, pay for bells, knockers, carpets, outside doors always left open. Am I these people's slave? Are there no laws? Is there no police? Could they not be flogged or something? If I shot one or scalded a few am I legally right? Is it a free country, or am I doomed to the stair and door treadmill for life, or compelled to pay for a substitute? Are there any aldermen? Could they not be put into Penitentiary? Can nothing be done?

Yours

A SLAVE OF THE BELL.

Toronto, Dec. 21, 1877.

Parkdale—John on the War-path.

Up then rose CLARKE the Chiefstain—CLARKE of proposed municipality of Parkdale,
In his eye was the light of battle, under his arm the *Globe* tucked.
All his committee stood round him, equally furious and valiant—
Everyone on the war-path—everybody in paint and feathers!

“Toronto extend its limits!” Not a bit of it! not if we know it!
Parkdale absorbed in Toronto! Ha! ha! wish they may get it!
Most tolerable and not to be endured, high-handed insult!
If we enjoy city streets, institutions, and side-walks,
Don't they enjoy those of Parkdale? Question superfluous!
‘Streets?’ Fough! *bogs* rather—filthier than rural side lines!
Police doing nothing to burglars: always not catching them!
Six or seven steals every night—nobody ever apprehended!
If we use things don't we pay for them? You may just bet on it:
Toronto gives nothing for nothing—never did, nor will, Sir-rees!
We've helped to build up Toronto—now we will build up Parkdale.
We want a municipality: more nor that—we intend to have it!

Filthiest of cities, avaunt! ruled by big Pushers and similar!
Wretchedly misgoverned mudhole! Parkdale owes you nothing!
Grinding enormous taxes from the pockets of your noodle people.
But disreputable exhibit of general tumble-down-ness!
Parkdale won't have more of you! Snaps her fingers at you, does Parkdale!

Washes her hand of you. If you don't mind will annex you!!

Dirty, tax-ridden, dimly-lighted, burglar-haunted squash-pit!
(*Bravo John! Go for them!*)

Great Expectations.

Why doth the youth expectant stand,
And gaze intently at the door,
With throbbing pulse and trembling hand,
As forth the congregation pour?

Behold his joy! the maid he seeks
Approaches now, with graceful tread—
Long lashes swept her blushing cheeks
As thus, in accents low, she said:—

“Fain would I linger at thy side,
“Home now returning—vespers o'er!”
“Oh thanks!” The maiden soft replied,
And sweetly—bade adieu—next door!