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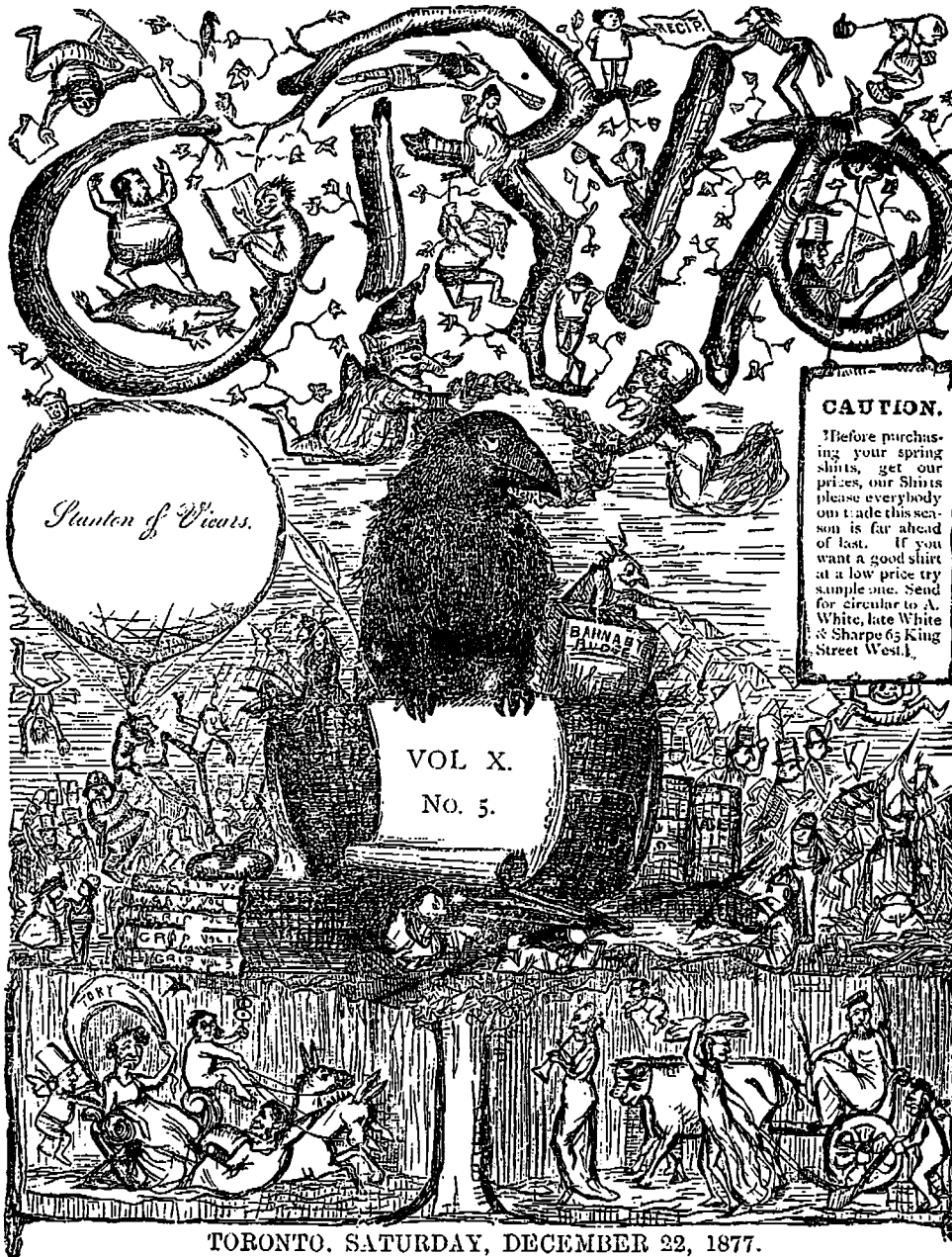
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts not returned.

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## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs: the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 22ND DECEMBER, 1877.

### Answers to Correspondents.

QUILP—Good; ſhall be glad to hear from you again.

J. S. F.—Thanks; call when convenient.

### Our Book Review.

VENNOR'S WINTER ALMANAC, '77-'78. Montreal, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 136 pp. 8 vo, paper.

At a time when ſo much intereſt is taken in the Eaſtern War and the ſettlement of the Fisheries Diſpute, this work is exceedingly *apropos*. This almanac is ſuperior to that of Mr. J. BILLINGS in orthography, which is accounted for by the fact that Mr. VENNOR makes it a buſineſs to look out for ſpells. It will alſo compare moſt favourably with the ſtandard work of Dr. AYER, although it doesn't expreſs itſelf ſo unreſervedly as to the merits of certain pills. The ſubject matter of the book is well ſet up and diſplays much learning and type. The book is filled with valuable information, contributed by the adverſiſing community, and excellent weather predictions, from the pen of the famous Prophet &c., are thrown in *gratis*.

### Christmas Stanza.

Round and rounder ſtill expanding,  
See the Christmas pudding ſtanding,  
Crammed with richeſt fruit and ſpice,  
Wooing to a ſecond ſlice—  
Eggs and ſuet, can they bring  
Indigeſtion? No ſuch thing.

Beef; if inches four of fat is,  
Mutton quite as good as that is—  
Pie of pork from country ſent—  
Fiſh might grace a Biſhop's Lent—  
Beſt of ſauces—can they call  
Slight dyspeſia? Not at all.

Wine—to-day we muſt be merry—  
Brandy, whiskey, port and ſherry,—  
Christmas punch-bowl we muſt fill,  
Sweet, and ſtrong, and hot, but ſtill,  
Feverſ, apoplexies—ſuch  
Could they cauſe? Oh, no—not much.

No. But ſtill it needs explaining,  
Can it be defects of draining?  
Is it ſomething in the air?  
Is that ſeaſon ſickly? Where  
Is the cauſe that all next week  
People will for doctors ſeek?

### A Capital Thing.

"Capital puniſhment has been aboliſhed in Italy."—*Exchange*. The puniſhment of Capital, unfortunately, ſtill continues. Men who otherwiſe might be happy are weighed down with gold and the care of wealth. How they linger in the weary dungeon of life, reading penances in monſtrous day-books and ledgers! How their brains are racked by bank accounts and loſs and gain columns! How the glittering piles in the vaults, and phantoms of jimmies and crow-bars haunt their viſions! How they bow beneath the load and become ſilver white in the ſervice of mammon! And, finally, how they ſigh and groan when the ſands of life are run, and they find that they cannot take even a ſhining ſilver dollar with them to pay their railway fare in the dread beyond! Nay, with its great advantages over all this, poverty is a capital thing, a moſt deſirable thing, and GRIP nearly feels tempted to exclaim "give me poverty or give me death." But a lot of anxious heavy creditors in the background will not allow it.

### Ye Den of Ye Bachelero.

Far above ye citey noiſes, ſtorieſ fyve above ye ſtreete,  
Does ye bachelere repoſyng ſmoke while paſſe ye moments fleete;  
There ye mightye hookah bubbles; there perfumes ye mille cigarre,  
Never femayle mandayte fearinge, drivinge them to diſtance farre.

Never there ye ſharpe faced ladye, who ye boarding manſionne keepes,  
Layeth oute ye butter rancydle, or ye weak infuſionne ſteepeſ  
In ye tea-potte in ye morninge; nor wyth deepe deceptive prayſe,  
Carveth up ye rooſterre anciente nor ye beefſteake toughe diſplayeſ.

There ye coffee hotlye ſteamethe, redolente of rich perfume;  
There ye ſmelle of kidneyes fryinge odorouſlye filleſ ye roome;  
There ye rolleſ ye bakerre bringeth froſhe or woe betydeh hym;  
There ye milke-manne filleſ ye pitcherre wyth ye milke he dare not  
ſkymme.

There ye bulledogge in ye cornerre cropped of eare and round of eye,  
There ye fatte Malteſianne felyne cloſe beſyde on rugge dothe lye.  
There ye gunneſ and roddes ſuſpendedde in their glorye on ye walle,  
Telle of deedes of meritte wondrous which in huntynge dyd befall.

There ye innayte on ye ſofa, heedyng notte how tyme doth goe,  
Reads ye yellow covered pamphlette, tellinge tayleſ of diſmalle woe—  
How ye hero from ye Rockye Mountayne Injunſ fiercelye tooke  
For hys bryde a lovelye ladye, which ye ſayme dyd meane to cooke.

Howe he off in triumphe bore herre, ſtrewyng bodyeſ alle arounde,  
Wyth extremelye ſavayge perſonnes coveringe their natyve grounde.  
Thencewarde down the Miſſiſſippye how their path they dyd purſue.  
Scoopyng halfe an alligatorre oute to forme a large canoe.

Till hys onlye brother ſpyng hym in paſſage from ye ſhore,  
Formeſ affectionne for ye ladye, halfe a myle offe then or more.  
Them decoying, hee dothe cooke there for the twaine a poiſonned dyſhe;  
They partaking, hee hys brother ſtraighte dothe throwe untoe the fiſh.

Then untoe ye mayden ſayeth, "Madamme, knowe you cannotte live,  
But, if you with mee will marrye, I an antidote wyll give."  
Awfulle truly the conditionne of that payre of loverſ deare,  
Muche enjoyed on ye ſofa by ye readinge bachelere.

But ye poiſonne badlye workinge, beinge contracte arſenyc,  
He who murdered had been comethe madly wyth uplyfted ſtycke,  
Fiercelye ſavynge—but ye deeplie intereſtyng ſtorye maye  
Nowe be purchaſed at ye booke ſtores, if you ſteppe in anye daye.

There at nighte ye merry ſtorye paſſeth gleefullye arounde,  
There acroſſe ye rooſe-toppeſ poureth from the windowſ high the  
ſounde  
Of the ſonges uproariouſ lyfted by ye partyeſ there withinne,  
Other partyeſ with them addinge noiſe of laughter to the dinne.

There no wyfe ye innayte ſcoddeth if hee tarrye oute too layte.  
Nor at dinnerre childrenne worrye hym to fylle ſucceſſive playte,  
Free from billerſ and dunneſ hee may bee, if he prudentlye dothe live.  
Nor need Christmas anye feare of creditorreſ untoe hym give.

Sad to thinke, although ye ſquirrelle to ye toppe of tree may runne,  
It maye happe to grounde he droppeth, ſlaine by fowlerre's ringyng  
gunne.

Woe is mee, to higheſt atticke though ye bachelereſ may go,  
Everye daye they downwardſ tumble, ſtruck by Cupidde's fatalle bowe.

### An Innocent.

"Unsophiſticated" writes: Pick up the *Mail* when I will, I find the firſt thing in its "City Matters" column readſ as followſ: "The Houndſ will meet at the kennelſ at 3 o'clock ſharpe." I have long been trying to find out what this could mean, but have at laſt concluded that it is a call to a Tory meeting of ſome ſort, for does not the great G. Brown tell uſ that Tories are "baſe houndſ"? But why the *Mail* ſhould concur with him and adopt the name for its party I cannot fathom. Will thou enlighten me, moſt honoured GRIP?

### The Difference.

The Mayor, the Mayor and the Aldermen,  
They yearly demand to be put in again.  
The people at that time make regular ſhout  
To put the old Mayor and the Aldermen out,  
And whether they're put out or whether they're not,  
Not a bit better pleaſed have the populace got.



"GRIP'S" CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



### 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 enjie 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 wudther 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 Chieftain—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!

