

The Holiday Play.

THE holiday spectacle at the Grand Opera House is, as everybody already knows, GILBERT'S *Palace of Truth*, one of the most original and amusing conceptions of that clever author. The success of the piece is due very largely to the accomplished brush of Mr. W. P. DAVIS, a young gentleman who, if he at all realizes present promise, is destined to have a professional future as glorious as one of his own transformation scenes. Not only Toronto but the whole Dominion is under obligation to the management of the Grand for producing this play, for it has suggested a cartoon to GRIP. We are sorry that, in our own version of the *Palace of Truth*, want of space compelled us to omit the scenery, though, if the figures are critically examined from an artistic standpoint, it will be seen that we have introduced not a few mechanical effects. Our greatest trouble in producing the piece was to find a sufficiently strong cast, but we flatter ourselves that that difficulty has been entirely overcome. It is not our intention here to explain the cartoon; all who have seen the spectacle at the Grand will understand it at once; and those who haven't ought to. Some captious persons may perhaps suggest that nearly all the characters in our picture have a talisman concealed about their clothes, by whose power they have escaped from the spell which compels them to speak the absolute truth: all we can say is that to our knowledge, they hadn't when we put them on. Besides, is it likely that Politicians would speak anything but the truth under any circumstances?

On Second Thought.

SCENE.—Store in King Street.

MRS. FLASHAWAY (*to proprietor*).—I think this silk will suit; cut off twenty yards, please. Five dollars a yard, you said?

PROPRIETOR.—Yes ma'am. And the fur jacket and cap; shall we send them in the same parcel? Only \$150; and the only set of the quality sent to town this year. No lady here has their equal.

MRS. FLASHAWAY.—You think they harmonize with my general style?

PROPRIETOR.—Worth himself, ma'am, could not have chosen anything more exactly suited.

MRS. FLASHAWAY.—Send them home—Flashaway Hall, you know. (*Exit.*—Next day, enter MR. FLASHAWAY.)

MR. FLASHAWAY (*to proprietor*).—Sir, what the devil do you mean? I repeat it, Sir—I demand to know your meaning by encouraging my wife in such extravagance?—\$250 for one afternoon's shopping, and of the very same things she has oceans of—wardrobes of—boxes of—trunks of—

PROPRIETOR.—But, my dear sir—

MR. FLASHAWAY.—Don't dear sir me! You shall find it a dear bargain for you! I shall transfer my custom elsewhere!

PROPRIETOR.—I beg a thousand pardons. We'll take them back.

MR. FLASHAWAY.—Take them back! Do you think she'll let them go? No, sir; it's the last—

PROPRIETOR.—I really thought, Mr. FLASHAWAY, the purchase was suggested by you, as it was the very same silk and same quantity you instructed us last week to send to the young lady on Adelaide street, and mentioned she might want some furs. You paid cash, you remember.

MR. FLASHAWAY.—The deuce! Was that here? I meant to—I mean—I thought I bought that at another store.

PROPRIETOR, (*who has him*).—Oh, please yourself, Mr. F. Shall we make out a closing statement, and send it to Mrs. Flashaway?

MR. FLASHAWAY.—By no means, my dear fellow! I'm rather hasty sometimes. Mrs. FLASHAWAY's purchase is, on second thought, just what she wanted. By the bye, we shall want a lot of house furnishing stuff next week. Your goods are always the thing. And—the other parcel needn't be mentioned, you know. Mind!

PROPRIETOR.—Rely on me, sir. I understand. (*Scene closes*).

The Real Eastern Position.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY AND MIDHAT PASHA, REPORTED BY OUR OWN BASHI-BAZOOK.

MARQUIS.—Your Highness is distinctly to understand that England cannot assist you if you reject the proposal of the Conference.

MIDHAT.—God is great; also the sword of the Prophet is very sharp; and the weapons you send us are excellent.

MARQUIS.—I am also to press upon the attention of Your Highness that the finances of Turkey are in no condition to endure the demands of war.

MIDHAT.—It is the will of Allah. The Turk is no expensive soldier; he eats little; his uniform is cheap, his accoutrements and ammunition come from other lands, the money to purchase them comes from a small country called England, which possibly His Excellency has heard of. I believe His Excellency is aware that, so long as we form the barrier against Russia, the supply is not likely to cease?

MARQUIS.—Ah! well, personally and privately, perhaps, I fancy you

will get as much money as you need—on bonds, of course. But in my official capacity it is my mission to warn you of the powerful foe you challenge, and the impossibility of obtaining help from Britain—publicly, that is.

MIDHAT.—With the help of the Prophet, there are and will be men enough in Turkey to keep out Russia for years as the sand in number, if food and arms fail not, so that whether the money to bring them is sent openly or secretly, Allah be praised, it matters not.

MARQUIS.—Personally, I have my reason for not contradicting Your Highness; but officially, I am to inform you that it is the desire of the British Government that you yield to the wish of the Conference, and grant the Russian demands.

MIDHAT.—Officially, my dear Marquis, I beg to assure you that in defence of their autonomy and independence the sons of Islam are prepared to die scimitar in hand. Personally and privately, I am happy to assure you that with the money English bankers are prepared to furnish, the Russian unbelievers are likely to see Jehanum long before we get to Paradise.

MARQUIS.—I am also to acquaint Your Highness with the fact that in case of war, you will have in all possibility more assailants than one.

MIDHAT.—It is fate. Also, Marquis; *sub rosa* (you know I studied of classics in France) we shall, thanks to your subsidies, have more defenders than one; is it not so written?

MARQUIS.—Privately, I believe you will.

MIDHAT.—Well, at all events, you will allow no blockade?

MARQUIS.—Officially and personally, I believe I can assure you none will be suffered.

MIDHAT.—Well, I have then the distinguished honour of informing His Excellency the British *charge d'affaires* that it is part of the true religion that no Turk yields the spoils of war to aught but war, and that the land we so won we will hold till we so it lose. Privately, my dear friend, we can and will hold the territory intact with the help of the secret assistance we are to get from Britain. (*Scene closes*.)

In Memoriam of the Forgotten B. B.

There was a man, now dead and gone.

Mayor of Toronto town,

Who sal'ry never looked upon.

'Tis now four thousand down.

When Elgin came the folks to see

That Mayor then here, I say,

At home received him splendidly:

Nor asked the town to pay.

But now nor Mayor nor Councilman

Will Dufferin invite.

It seems no modern Council can

See things in ancient light.

And rich men here, with brazen lung

Ask thousands lavished, when

They know that many a tax is wrung

From well-nigh starving men.

Toronto Equalization of Voters.

MERCHANT'S OFFICE, ELECTION MORNING.

VISITOR.—(*to merchant*)—Won't you vote this morning? Good votes were never more needed.

MERCHANT.—Sir, I would gladly vote if I could do any good. My assessment is \$3,000 yearly. I have fifty men at work who pay \$10 yearly. My vote counts but as theirs. They will vote for any one—it's little or nothing to them how the city finances are managed. It is a very great deal to me. But my vote—nay, the vote of the whole class of men like me, can do but little. Give us votes on city affairs in some fair proportion to interest, and we will vote. But now it is useless.

VISITOR.—Too true; sorry for it. (*Scene closes*.)

A Lamentable Case.

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR.—I am a dog. I am very thirsty. The frost binds up every stream and puddle. If I try to drink from the water-pail, the cook beats me away with execrations, but does not give me any chance of otherwise quenching my thirst. I eat snow, when there is any; but it produces a horrible burning in my throat. A sickness is coming over me, and I feel a wish to bite some one. Perhaps I am going mad. Do, my friend, speak a word for me, and save me, and others.

Yours,

Toronto, Dec. 27, 1876.

CANIS.