

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDER.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 30TH DECEMBER, 1876.

From Our Box.

Manager GORAY is giving his holiday visitors a very fine spectacular piece at the Royal Opera House. The performance is enlivened with specialty acts by well known artists, dancing and music, all of which is nightly received with great applause.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—A pretty and amusing Christmas piece, entitled the *Palace of Truth*, is now being acted here. A king and his court are represented as visiting an enchanted palace, within the precincts of which all who enter lose the power of falsehood, and even of dissimulation. We know how the ancient harper objected, when offered "the tongue that never can lie."

"My tongue is my ain, quo' good Thomas
A goodly gift ye wad gie' to me,
I neither might gang to market nor kirk,
Nor ask for grace frae fair ladye."

The troubles the Rhymers anticipated follow thick and fast in the course of the piece. Lords, knights and ladies involuntarily express the opinions they entertain of each other, and as each, though incapable of deceit, retains full sensitiveness to the plain speech of others, violent quarrels break out in all directions, and a number of ludicrous incidents occur in consequence, while the monarch himself, who only ventures thither confiding in a preserving talisman, finds to his horror that it is imitation, and that he has involved himself rather worse than the rest. Some songs are fairly sung, and—an agreeable relief—clearly and audibly, and without being drowned by over-accompaniment. The two leading ballet-dancers are excellent, and the numerous ladies who support them appear, in points of youth, face, and figure, better fitted for the purpose than many troupes Toronto has witnessed. Their military evolutions show considerable proficiency in drill, which, combined with their brilliant accoutrement of helmet and hauberk, shield and half-pike, all new, flashing, and apparently gorgeous, enable them, with the assistance of colored lights, real fountains, and fresh scenery, to present several very pleasing spectacles. One soothing feature must not be forgotten. The walls are pierced with so many fire escape exits, indicated by lettering, as render New York horrors impossible.

Mr. Cartwright as a Debenture Pedlar.

I have goods of price to sell.
Sound debentures—paid up well.
All who seek for paying ventures,
Come and buy my choice debentures.

What should now the market give?
Ninety-four, sir, as I live,
You will wonder that I'm telling
I at Ninety all am selling.

Why such stupid things I do
Is no matter, sir, to you,
Their look-out, who, distant dwelling,
Colonists, sent me a selling.

What, you've bought 'em all, and would
Buy much further if you could?
This is something like—I'm feeling
Jolly at such rapid dealing.

True, the Province loses; yet
We've the cash, and had to get
It at once, and do the spending,
For our terms draws to an ending.

In Season.

Last week the weeklies overflowed with seasonable hints. The *Globe* tells us how to preserve autumn leaves. The *London Advertiser* gives the best plan for exterminating Canada thistles and other weeds. The *Detroit Free Press* furnishes a first-rate receipt for making ice cream, and all the other journals are bearing down on us with valuable information about plowing, weeding, preserving strawberries, making lemonade, and sunstroke preventatives; while the public yearns for knowledge on the subject of getting firewood without leaving tracks from a neighbor's yard, and long editorials about women's duty in putting on fires in the morning.

The New Year.

Here's Eighteen Seventy-seven! Alas!
The years go sliding by,
As fast as sleighs on King-street pass
When no police are nigh.

This year can't be a quiet one:
Prepare for fuss and din.
No year an even course can run
With three odd figures in.

It didn't need; we've just been through
Sufficient row and strife
To worry quiet people who
Delight in easy life.

The angry Turks were in the East
All busy cutting throats;
The nearer Yaukees haven't ceased
Their furious fight for votes.

'Mid cannon-roar, and shouting loud,
Through India Wales did go.
Each country thronged with clamouring crowd
The great Centennial show.

Our ships, by force of frost and fate,
Have from the Pole been hurled;
And GRIP is now in volume eight,
Astonishing the world.

But though in turn these startling things
Caused wonder, joy, or pain,
They're nought to what the New Year brings
Enfolded in its train.

It seems no European land
Can keep out of the fray,
And England's got to take a hand
Or lose her right of way.

A second Indian mutiny
Will be in order then.
And here the South all seems to be
Prepared to fight again.

One universal warlike shout
Shall rise from everywhere;
But GRIP will bring his' numbers out,
For him they cannot scare.

Grip's Programme.

In accordance with the time honoured and admirable usage, GRIP will do himself the pleasure of making several calls on Monday, the First of January, 1877. He is anxious that it shall be distinctly understood that these calls are not to be of the fashionable, orthodox kind, as GRIP has something loftier in view than the mere demolishing of fruit cakes and wine. Indeed, that will form no part of his proceedings, as he intends eating a currant loaf before starting out, and will steadily decline all offers of edibles during the day, and as for drinkables, he has made up his mind just to take the merest sip of coffee or cold water. The business (combined with pleasure) he has on hand will be best transacted with a cool head and clear vision. Among the distinguished persons likely to be favoured with GRIP's company for a short time on the auspicious New Year's Day will be Mr. GEORGE BROWN. After the customary compliments of the season have been very cordially passed on both sides, and the weather probabilities have been fully discussed, the conversation will take a turn in the direction of Short-horns. (At this point wine will be graciously declined.) As the principal business GRIP has in view is the accumulating of knowledge from distinguished sources, he will proceed to elicit a little information on the subject of Farming, adopting the old Grecian method of conundrums. The questions Mr. BROWN will be expected to answer briefly and intelligently will be: Can a mooley cow be a short-horn? What do you understand by the expression, "a bull in a china shop?"—Has it any reference to any proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench? Couldn't you adopt the contrivance you use for curing breechy cattle to certain members of the Reform Party who are a little too fast? Kindly explain the use of a LYNCU-piu. Allowing time for Mr. BROWN'S answers, the five minutes will have expired.

When extradition was announced as fixed up again, the papers should have issued an extra-edition to let us know about it.