

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1876.

1875.

Let '73, record with glee,
How scandals greatened up SIR JOHN,
And '74, gain credit more,
In floating safe DICK CARTWRIGHT'S loan;
I, '75, my fame derive,
Because with "Big Push" I did strive.

From Our Box.

I'd choose to be a fairy
And with the fairies stand:
A paper crown upon my head,
My toe within my hand.

Such was the sentiment that came naturally to our lips as we gazed upon the supernatural occupants of the Grand Opera House stage on Monday night. We are always glad to see the fairies when they display their pink legs at Christmas time. It was doubtless owing to the universal hard times, the general contraction of things, that the pink-legs were even a trifle more attenuated than usual. Miss DAVENPORT, who was a mortal and not open to the above charge, made as pretty a *Kate Kearney* as one could meet in a long day's journey. Mr. GRISMER is evidently a travelled Irishman. He has a brogue to suit every county in Ireland. Mr. SAMBROOK'S songs were well received as they deserved to be. We thought he was going to die in the middle of some of them, but he pulled through bravely. We must not forget Mr. SEMBLAR'S dancing. It was the best thing we have seen for a long time. His "get up" alone showed that he has a general sense of humour. NICHOLAS NICKLEBY was promised for Thursday night. Such a constellation of Dickensian characters as SQUEERS, Mrs. NICKLEBY, Mr. MANTALINI, and the VINCENT CRUMMLES family ought to fill the house.

Advice to New Year's Callers.

Don't begin your calls before 9 a.m. You are liable to have your ring answered by a young lady whom, up to this, you respected. She will be clothed in her brother's dressing-gown and slippers, and that portion of her hair which she wears in the morning will be done up in selections from a *Globe* editorial. She has mistaken you for the milk-man.

Be sure the horse you have hired for the day does not balk. There is nothing more annoying to a man of culture than to have his horse lie down in front of an aristocratic house, where he has just made a successful call. If this thing does happen, your best way will be to ring at the door and tell the butler that if this is his horse he had better look after it. Or you can if you like quietly throw the buffalo-robe over him (that is the horse, not the butler) and call again in half-an-hour. By that time he (the horse, not the butler) if he has not been stolen by somebody will perhaps have recovered his geniality.

Strive to be cool and self-collected when you enter the presence of a number of ladies. The man who sits down on his own hat is looked upon as deficient in social tact. It is better to sit down on another man's.

Make a point of sparkling in your conversation. In fact make as many points as you can. The most original and brilliant conversationalist we ever met was a constant reader of GRIP.

Don't drink too much. Stop drinking altogether, however much pressed, at your seventy-fifth glass. Don't vary your drinks more than fifteen times. Remember that temperance is the elderly sister of all the virtues, and a splitting headache the lineal descendant of mixed liquors.

When you find yourself shaking hands with the housemaid and pressing her for her photograph, take this as an indication that you have made enough calls. Your mind is giving way under the protracted intellectual effort of New Year's Day conversation, go home at once. People may misinterpret your conduct, and attribute irregularities to baser causes.

Don't make more than 150 calls at the outside.

Don't make any calls at all.

New Year's Gifts.

ON the evening of the last day of the New Year, GRIP will present the following New Year's Gifts. The public are invited, as the ceremony will be strictly private.

- To THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—"A happy New Year."
To THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.—"Hints on precedence, or a Guide to good manners."
To THE HON. A. MACKENZIE.—"A Windsor uniform, and how to wear it." By JENKINS, M.P.A.G.
To THE HON. E. BLAKE.—"Essay on the Pig, or how do you like it!" With a bottle of disinfecting fluid.
To THE (BY COURTESY) Honourable MR. CAUCHON.—A bottle of *Globe* whitewash
To THE HON. J. R. CARTWRIGHT.—"Hints for a budget for 1876." By Canadian manufacturers.
To THE RT. HON. SIR J. A. MACDONALD.—The opening address of the U. E. Club, and its unpaid bills.
To THE HON. A. T. GALT.—A seat in the Dominion Cabinet.
To THE HON. O. MOWAT.—An ounce of courage, and a grain of discretion.
To THE HON. ADAM CROOKS.—"Essays on Finance." By an Amateur.
To THE HON. C. F. FRAZER.—"The Catholic League, or HAWK-IN'S last howl."
To THE HON. W. McDUGALL.—Copy of the *Globe* containing nomination to Governorship of Alaska.
To THE HON. SPEAKER WELLS.—A pair of pumps. (Not to be charged to *Legislation*.
To THE MANAGER OF THE "MAIL."—"G—n Smith's compts, and how does he find himself."
To THE EDITOR OF THE "LEADER."—A happy thought, and how to use it.
To MAYOR MEDCALF.—Song, 'Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.'
To THE COUNCIL.—A fond, and (it is to be hoped) lasting adieu.
To THE WATER COMMISSIONERS.—A screaming farce, entitled, 'How not to do it.'
To W. H. HOWLAND.—"The language of flour(s), or how to make Board of Trade addresses."
To GOLDWIN SMITH.—A stake in the country. (But he is to be gently roasted about it.)
To NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.—An Imperial Crown.
To THE PUBLIC.—"GRIP for 1876. \$2 per volume in advance."

A Voice from the Woods.

Lake Nipissing, Nov. 29 1875.

SIR:

I am out here now, beguiling my leisure time in reading the published compositions on the marriage question. I have read the ladies' letters. They are absurd. I have had experience of your city young ladies. Scarcely one of them ever reads a sensible book for the purpose of gaining information. None of them possesses more than a smattering of knowledge on any useful subject. Scarcely any of them can play the piano decently. They know nothing of the science of music. They cannot sing. When asked either to sing or play, they titter and excuse themselves so absurdly that one gives up pressing them out of sheer pity. No wonder the young men in cities cluster in clubs or prefer the companionship of books. If a city man does fall in love with a city damsel, she expects her lover to fetch and carry for her, to dance attendance on her, to supply her with gossip, to submit to humiliations such as disgrace a man in his own eyes—to be in fine a compound of footman, butler and policeman. No wonder the best of young men hesitate to lower themselves to menial offices to gratify a morbid taste on the part of city belles for the display of power. The result of all this is your city is already full of old maids. Every ball-room is crowded with wrinkled and belpounded damsels of uncertain age. Every house almost is replete with girls who are in their own and every body's way. The elderly daughters destroy the chances of the younger ones, and all are mainly crying out against bachelorhood and its comforts. The fact is the city young man of education and refinement has no place to spend his evenings profitably or enjoyably unless he stay in his own den or go to his club. Hence it is that I emigrated hither, and am happy to be able to say that this "vast wilderness" secures one from the noise, folly and humbug of your city.

Truly yours,

A BACHELOR.

(Note.—We publish this letter without holding ourselves responsible for its contents. Any muscular lady who wishes the writer's address can have it without charge.—ED.)

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.—(Apropos of the question of precedence)

Oh, my offence is — rank! — *Hanlei*.