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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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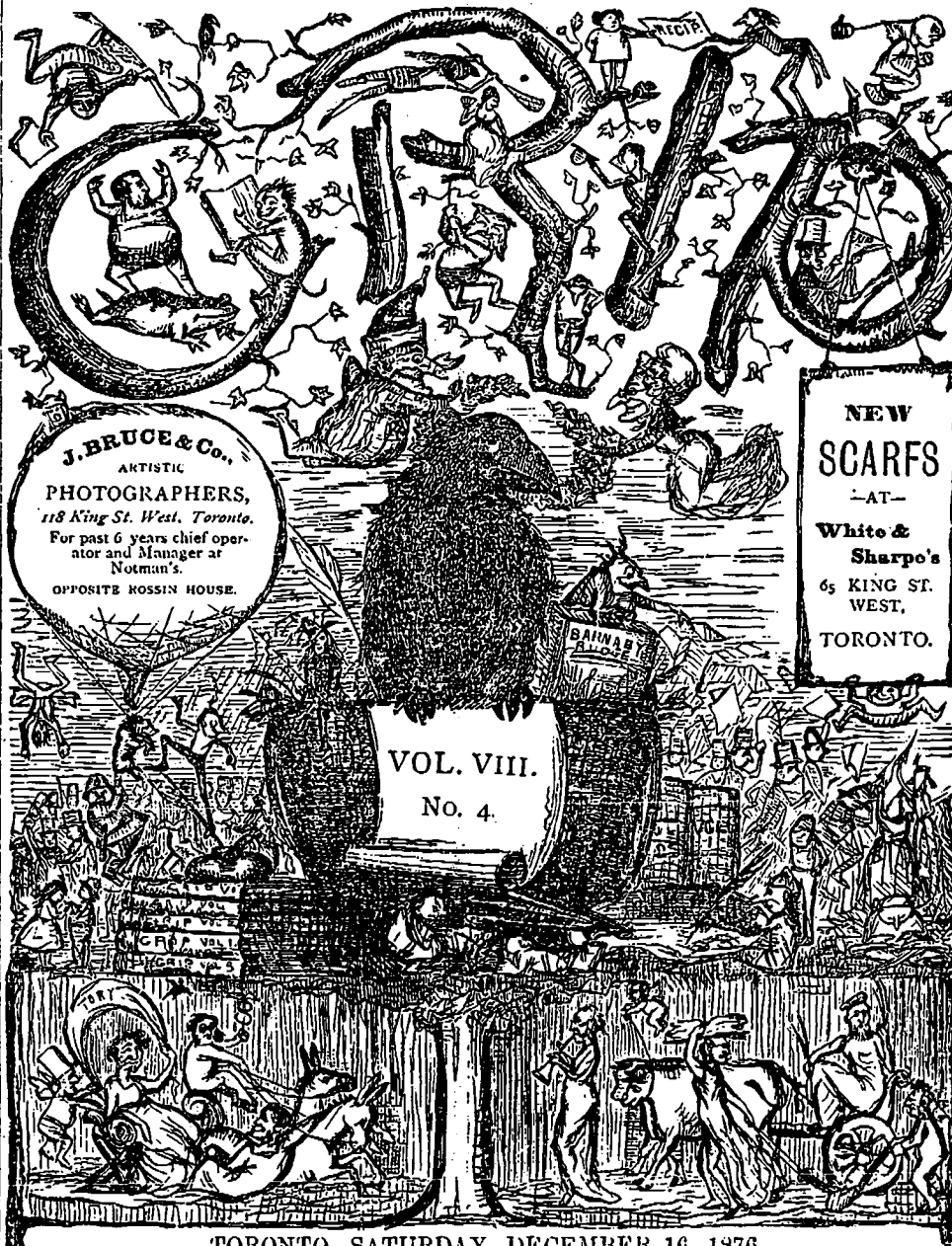
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The world renowned Singer carries off the highest honor which the Centennial Commission could give to any competitor at this fair. Two Medals of Merit, two Diplomas of Honor, and the special commendation of the judges have been awarded to The Singer Manufacturing Company, for Superior Sewing Machines.

TORONTO OFFICE, 22 Toronto St.,

R. C. HICKOK, Manager.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

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 cannot be returned.

THE MAYORALTY

Your Vote and Interest

are kindly requested for the re-election of

ANGUS MORRISON
As Mayor.

The Nomination takes place on Friday, December 22nd, 1876, and the Voting on Monday, January 1st, 1877.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

J. Gordon Sherriff,
MERCHANT

TAILOR,

96 QUEEN ST. WEST,

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ANATOMICAL BOOT MAKER,

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A select stock of Boots & Shoes always on hand.

WRIGHT'S

Shell, Can, Count and Bulk Oysters Received Daily. Oysters served in every style. Fruits in season.

101 King Street West

The most elegant Oyster Parlors in Toronto

"When could November's surly blast, lay field and forest bare."

It is about time my dear friend, you were finding comfort in a suit of those

WARM & STYLISH FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Just received.

CHEESEWORTH & FRASER,

United Empire Club, King Street west.

W. P. Williams,

134 Queen St. East, Toronto,

(Between George & Sherbourne.)

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PURE CONFECTIONERY

AND CHOICE FRUITS.

A select supply of Canned Fruit, Fish, &c., always on hand.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beasſ is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Gnat; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 16TH DECEMBER, 1876.

Harry Piper on the Stump.

"ELECTORS OF THE NOBLE WARD: I ſcarcely need to ſtate That for your valued ſuffrages I am a candidate, Your ſufferages—yes, that's the word—for where's the Ward but ſuffers From the blunders of the preſent lot of Aldermanic duſfers! (Cheers).

"I tell you, boys, there's no miſtake, it is a ſcan'l'lous pity That a ſort of little Tammany ſhould rule this blooming city; A-jiggering with our contracts and a-tapping of our till— I ſay, boys, clean 'em out—(Loud cries—You better bet we will!)

"I know you will—this Noble Ward is made of ſolid men, Who ain't agoing to ſend thoſe Council jobbers back again! You don't want any played out hack—you want a young and ſtout 'un, Then, hearties, vote for PIPER! (Loud cries of "Now your ſhout-in!")

"Thanks, Noble Ward—you'll vote for me, Ah! HARRY knew you would, Elect me—I'm juſt what the City Council need—*young blood!* They've had *old Harry* long enough in our finances civil— *Young Harry* goes to bounce him out. (A voice—"Your head is level!")

"Now, Gentlemen Electors of St. John's moſt Noble Ward, I thank you for the favour with which my ſpeech you've heard; Time's up—but I'm your choſen man, what ſay you, boys, that's ſquare!

(The audience—"Rah for Piper! that's the ſort of a crowd we are!")

(Addendum chorus of newsboys, bootblacks, &c., on the window ſills.)

"Hurrah for HARRY PIPER, the cove wot runs the Kitchen; When he gits in the Council, you bet he's bound to pitch in! He'll be elected certain, don't you forget it—*Whoop!* We vote for HARRY PIPER—that's the ticket for Soup!

What Can be Done.

WHAT complications will occur if the Hon. "Big Push" is condemned to durance vile! What a number of applicants to ſee the priſoner! Here will be the Hon. ALEX. MACKENZIE imperatively demanding an audience of Z. 396, or whatever the number of his cell may be. There, at another grim iron-studded door will be, pounding frantically, the Hon. Miniſter of Juſtice, with the Hon. Mr. MILLS ſobbing plaintively in the rear. Here the English Cattle Breeding Company, intereſted in Bow Park, will be battering an archway; there an Irish Association for the Propagation of Bulls will thunder at the gates. Now we may ſee the Credit Railway Co. offering caſh for admittance; now whole waggon loads of the captive's correſpondence arrive at the entrance road. Myrmilions of the Pairty will attempt every window; active politicians will ſcale every wall; all the devils of the *Globe* office will try to creep down the chimneys. Then what an uproar will, perchance, follow the gruff announcement from wicket port-hole, that Z. 396, having obſtreperouſly committed a contempt of turnkey has received thirty laſhes that morning, and will not be permitted to ſee any one for a week. Fancy the uproar! This will be the reſult of our One Man Power, if the One Man has committed himſelf and is committed! Obviously the Government muſt immediately ſummon Parliament, and paſs an *ex poſt facto* Act comprehending the caſe. Much as we object to retroſpective legiſlation, it is here imperatively required. Not for worlds, ſhould the Court think fit to impriſon the Honourable Push, would GRIP have the country loſe the example. Yet the inconvenience—the ſtoppage of legiſlation—of buſineſs—nay, it is doubtful, ſo much of our affairs has he kindly taken charge of, whether we could breathe without the ſuperviſion of the Honourable Push. How, if neceſſary, ſhould he be confined, and yet allowed that free communication with all and ſundry which is ſo vital to our good? GRIP humbly ſubmits to the Parliament convened to conſider the caſe that, unleſs the priſoner paſs the term of his ſentence ſuſpended in an iron cage in the market place, there is no way in which he, confined, can ſtill carry on the buſineſs of the country. If this mode be conſidered conſtitutional, it would answer every purpoſe, and GRIP has not the ſlighteſt objection to ſeeing it carried out.

Opening of the Mechanic' Inſtitute Billiard Room.

VICE CHANCELLOR' BLAKE:

I open now this room, and eke my mind,
To think of billiards ill I was inclined;
Thought the game bad. I find it is not so,
Why should it then unto the devil go?
It shall not; though he has one end, yet I
Will tug away at this, till, by-and-bye,
I jerk it loose; and meantime all of you
Who watch the fight, give the old chap his due.
I, your Vice Chancellor, by heaven sent,
Will win his game for this establishment.
Suppose their godly fancies run that way,
Why should not clergymen come here and play?
They shall, and learn, while round the balls they roll,
The state of the opposing player's soul.
View his unorthodoxies great and small,
And plan a sermon which shall fetch them all.

PROF. BUCKLAND:

Of being here the pleasure's great,
Of seeing you 'tis greater,
Your triumph I prognosticate
Of which I am a stater.
So let the public billiards learn,
And chequer tables play at,
And from the taverns they will turn,
And our amusements stay at.

REV. D. J. MACDONELL:

I this have advocated; and I say
That you have rightly done, in that you so
Have followed out my lead. Oh, brothers, I
Spy jolly times, and happy days ahead.
Ah, golden hours! The ministers shall come,
And lawyers too, and doctors with them fetch,
And play away dyspepsia; merchants here
Ill health shall feel no more, and headache be—
A long forgotten vision of the past.
What do I see around me?—tables here,
And there—and everywhere—for bagatelle,
For chess, for billiards, and for other joys
Which drive dull care away. Ah, recreate,
Be happy, take your ease, surroundings here
Are good and pure—and in the coming time,
What games we all shall have! The theatres
We'll purge the evil from, and all shall go.
And I must go; for an appointment calls.

DR. CANNIFF:

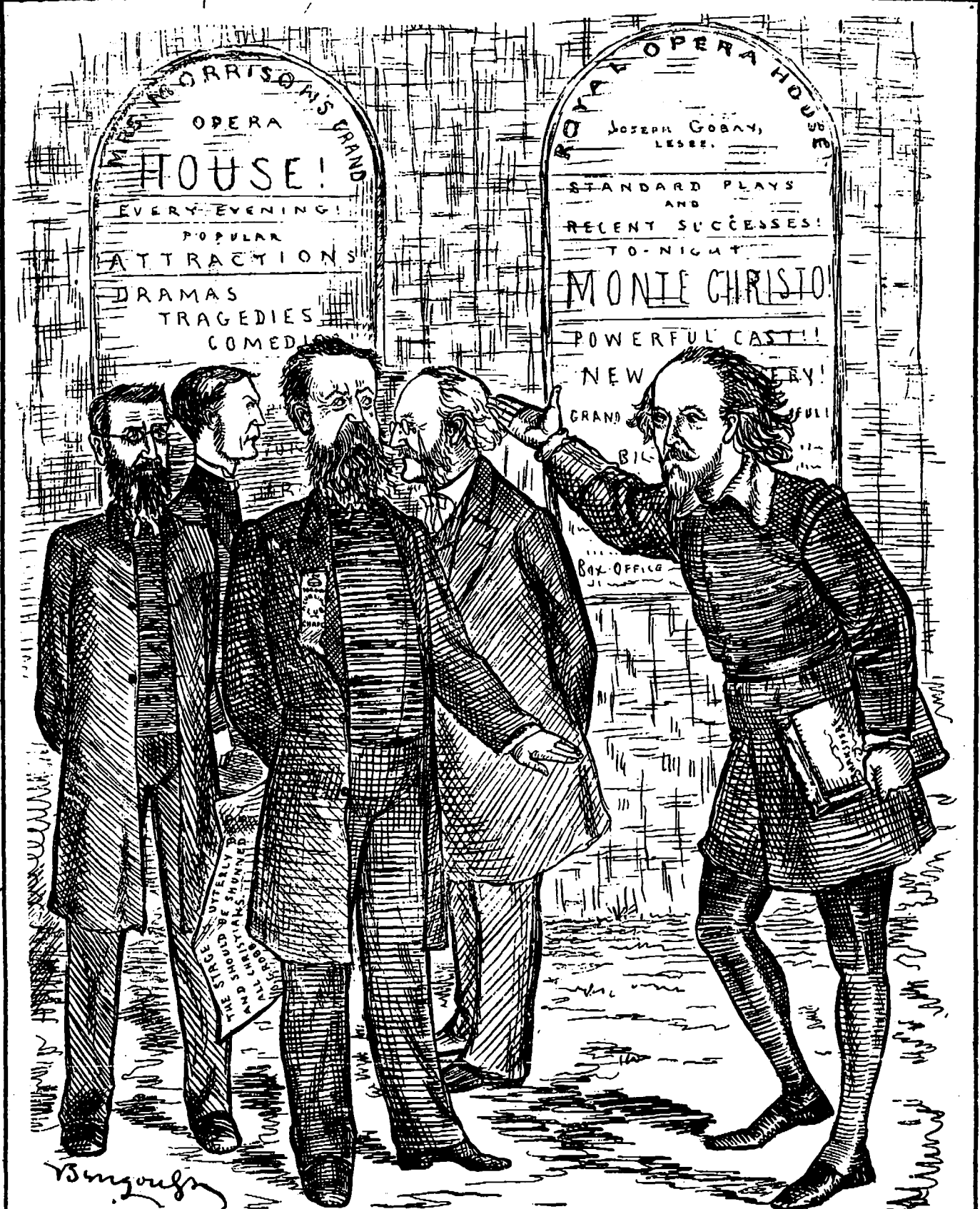
I don't see why I'm brought along,
Except to say that croakers
Do sometimes come it over strong
Against my class—that's snokers.
But drinking's quite another thing,
Which I take no delight in.
And proof, I am prepared to bring,
It does't help in fighting,
All Arctic voyagers deny
It helped their undertaking;
Success attend continually
The efforts you are making.

REV. DR. ROBB:

Man who is born of woman, it appears
Must be amused; and then the question leaps
Suddenly up before us, what shall we
Allow him to amuse himself withal?
Why not with these around? and echo wide
Does answer, why?—and no one answers why.
But not with dramas should he himself amuse,
No; nor with dramas either, which are most
Abhorrent to the soul; proscribed and vile,
Surrounded with temptations, hedged with snares,
Traps they and spring-guns—if Macdonell had
Not dodged out of this crowd, I should have rung
A lesson in his ear. Said he, he hoped
That all might yet go unto theatres?
Alas, my friends, he is too prone to hope.

MR. T. W. HANDFORD:

I am in favour of amusements; I,
But not of those from the distillery.
There are who think that no amusement's sound,
There are who think the world cannot be round.



THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.

SHAKSPEARE.— * * "SEE THE PLAYERS WELL BESTOWED. * * USE THEM AFTER YOUR OWN HONOUR AND DIGNITY. * * TAKE THEM IN."—HAMLET.

Toronto on its young men does depend,
Let us to them a helping hand extend,
Teach them to shun the tavern's poisonous walls,
And here in safety roll their billiard balls.

REV. MR. SMITH:

Take an old smoker and wash him,
The water will turn into lye,
And throw it out on a 'tater bed
And the 'tater bugs will die.
Take an old smoker and roast him,
For a cannibal dinner or ball,
And the cannibals will turn up their noses,
And they won't eat the smoker at all:
So send 'em out to a 'tater farm,
And very great good they'll be;
Or ship 'em off to a foreign land
To be used as a missionary.
Why should 'nt ministers go, sir,
Unto the theatre too?
Equally proper you know, sir,
For them, if proper for you;
Proper for neither in fact 'tis,
And now let us hope that your plan
Will be successful in practice.
Good-night, I'm a regular man.

Currod Ebouds.

Mein Leiben Grip.

It vos now more as several veeks dot I don'd write some ledders in GRIP, ober I vos too busy mit der saussages making peeznis yust now, as I expose you know dot dey been hating up by der United Umpire Glub, House Dinners bretty many of dem ladely, und I got der contract voz der sausage department. I oxept your apologize, aboud dot, onahow, und go on mitout odder oxuses. Id seems to me dot it aint bolitness dot I dolt you und der general public oferydings I hear by dot Glub House, fon der many of great bollyticians vot I am in der habit of shpokin to ofery day. Berhaps you would like to been dolt, aind it? Vaul, I don't reconember all dot I have heard since I wroten my last ledder already, und I presumption dot you are aware oferybody vot gots admission to der Glub dook a solemn shwore dot he don'd vill efer in his lifedimes as long as he lifes blap to der ousides of der world vot goes in der Glub. Yah, dot's so. Ober, I don't guess it vill been some harm, dot I dolt you I haf sawn Mein Herr VILKINSON, der feller vot runs der Vest Durham *Newspaper*, bretty often in der inside room vere der secrets vos kept, fadely. He has Sir JOHN und DR. TUPPER und more like dot mit him vaunking arount arm in arm, und shpokin about GEORGE BROWN all der while. I join myself into their conversation und am dolt dot it vos der contentions of der above mentioned peoples dot GEORGE BROWN shall go MACNAB before und got sixty days. Dey have got dot all fixed. Dey dolt me it vos a grandt movement und would been a "Big Push" to der Conservative Reaction vot I dolt you about—I expose you haf forgot about dot Reactions, aind it? Vaul, dot VILKINSON vos a bretty nice mans, onahow, und I hope dot Sir JOHN und der Doctor von't got him in a droubles about dot peesnis. Mein Herr VILKINSON vos a innocent kind of a yondleman und looks like he is in bat company amongst all der demptations vot surrounds a large city more bigger as Bowmanville. He shakes hands mit me ofery dime ven he gomes in der Glub. He has got a nice soft hand—it vos yust so soft like a cat's paw, und I don't vould like id dot he shall got dose fingers burn mit der law. Vaul, I don't say noddng about dot case, else I got mysaulf dook up for showing contempt of court, und been sentence to make a speech for two days like GEORGE BROWN.

How do you like dot meeting vot ve haf in der Saint Lawrence Hall on der kvestion of Antyprohibition? I expose you vas of course present. I am one of dem. I belong myzaulf to der Lager barty, und I fight mit FAHEY. Ve don'd belief in dot cold vater foolishness, but ve intend dot ve shall put down liquor in der old fashioned vay long vot ve like. Der liberty of der subject vos der dings, in der Constitution of der Consolidation Statues von Upper Canada, handit down, und setra. I haf got dose foregoing expressions fon my friend FAHEY, und I shtick to dot, by jiminey gracious, dot so, for efer! Vot I am going to do mitout my lager, I vant to been dolt? Bah! dot's all nonsense about dot DONKEY Act vot dose fellers vos blowing about! I vos spoken mit Mr. CARLING—dots Honest JOHN CARLING—about dings, und he says der DONKEY Act makes der peoples hypocrisy und secrecy. Vaul, dot aind right. JOHN CARLING don'd vos some hypocrisy himsaulf, und of course he feldt bad about dot. He has got der moral character of der goundry at heart und also a brewery at London, und I wish ve haf more tellers like him. Dot Mr. FAHEY vos a smart mans, too, I bet you. He dolt me dot der lager makes der Germans, beat, France, und also its viskey dot makes der Vaterloo. "Viskey und Vater-loo!" FAHEY says dot vos now his pattle-gry. I belief dot. Der army must haf some grog ven it is going to fight. I give you here some verses dot Mr.

FAHEY makes fon his own head up, bud forgot to reat ven he makes his speech dot dine:

WHISKEY:

A POEM BY RUPERT FAHEY, ESQ.

O Spirit of Erin, thou sorrowful maiden,
Whose business it is for to weep and to cry,
Strike the chord that with woe is most heavily laden,
For they're goin' to shtop us from drinkin' ould rye!
Av they do, it'll spool us entirely I'm thinkin',
Sure the *skifits* will quit your brave bosoms as well:
Our fame as dragoons will depart wid our drinkin',
And the Fanyians may yet have a sad tale to tell!
For where is there annything so elevatin'—
That so fires a man's blood from his hat to his shoe,
Fwhiniver a wife or an army wants batin',
As the broth av ould Ireland—distilled mountain dew!
Fwhin business brings two peaceful neighbors together,
And quiet discourse wud set all matthers right,—
'Tis whiskey can loosen their tongues for to blather,
An' wind up affairs wid a brave, bloody fight!
Fwhat! bigots an' fools, wud yez give to destruction
The glorious records of Donny rook Fair!
The shticks and the shtones, an' the curses an' ruction
That whiskey alone can perpetuate there!
Yez may do all yez likes av foine talkin' and writin'
Av the virtues av cowld wather bein' so great—
But whin yez wud mention the subject av *fightin'*,
Yez must mix it wud whiskey or take whiskey straight!

Dots my sentiments, also, by gracious; ober id vos wroten by a Irisher und I took always lager mysaulf. It don'd make some difference about dot! Der Kegs of lager, und der London pale Ale X. X. X., und der Demijohnny of Viskey,—ve all join hold of hands, und mit JOHN CARLING—dots Honest JOHN CARLING to lead us to victory or death, ve make a grandt shtand und Big Push or perish in der attempt. Dots der citizens ve are a kind of! Oxouse me for der present, more next dine.
Yours drooly,

YAUCUP SCHWACKLEHAMMER.

COLD weather--but its snow matter.

TEMPERANCE good cheer—(Pro) hip-hip-hip-hibition.

OLD toppers ought to be good jokers, as they are quick to see the "pint."

GUELPH is to have a Street Railway, and Guelphites now say "Let us street."

THE KNAVE OF CLUBS.—G. B., who having abused the inauguration of the United Conservative arrangement as a piece of snobbery, now backs up the proposal for a similar institution in the Reform interest.

The Engineer's Report on York Street.

"The wood is white oak, I can tell you
As good oak as ever was seen.

But yet—ah, of course—oh—why—well, you
Are aware it was rather too green.

Indeed, it was rather too green,
Though it should have been dry, when it was'nt, then why,
Then it certainly had to be green,
Oh, indeed, it was rather too green.

"But I view such a fault of construction
With composure extremely serene.
As you see when I draw the deduction
That no ill from it will supervene.
Though the wood I'll allow is too green,
And perhaps you may think that the sun will it shrink
As it has done with wood that is green.
With wood that is rather too green.

"And it *had* laid some time in the water,
And therefore it quite wet might have been
Yes, a thing which perhaps had'nt oughter,
And made still worse the wood which was green.
Oh, yes, it was rather too green,
And with wetness as well, why perhaps it might swell,
And might shrink, when quite dry and not green.
For at first it was rather too green.

"But unless we'd delayed a year longer
Oh, no better the thing could have been.—"

GRIP would ask; and he could put it stronger,
What this style of reporting may mean.

Do you think, like the oak, we're all green?

If you owne York street way, for such work would you pay?
Would you not say—"You're rather too green?"

"Oh," you'd say, "that's most extremely green!"

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

THE

MAYORALTY, 1877.

Your Vote and Interest

are kindly requested for

**JOHN TURNER,
AS MAYOR.**

The nomination takes place on

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1876

and the voting on

Monday, Jan. 1, 1877.

1877. THE MAYORALTY, 1877.

Your vote and interest are kindly requested for

**JAMES BRITTON,
AS MAYOR!**

The nomination takes place on **Friday, Dec. 22,**

1876, and the voting on **Monday, Jan. 1, 1877.**

ST. JOHN'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully solicited for

GEO. L. TIZARD

As Alderman for 1877.

TO THE ELECTORS OF
ST. JAMES' WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Respectfully solicited for

JAMES BEATY, JR.,

FOR

ALDERMAN FOR 1877.

Elections on **New Year's Day.**

**VOTE FOR WISE ECONOMY AND REFORMED
ADMINISTRATION.**

Nov 16-37

CIVIC ELECTIONS—1877.

ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

To WM. BURKE, Esq:

SIR,—We the undersigned Ratepayers within St. Andrew's Ward respectfully ask that you consent to become a Candidate for election to the Council as Alderman from our Ward for the year 1877. We promise to make every legitimate effort to place your election beyond cavil or question.

- | | | |
|--|----------------------------------|---|
| Samuel Davison, Alexander Shields, George Lewis, Walter Grant, Taylor & Wilson, P. Higgins, S. Meadows, W. King, John Manless, Arthur Crawford, Thomas Davison, J. Workman, Mark Bowman, D. S. McCallum, John Edwards. | Geo. Parker, Fred. R. A. Lee, | Robert Shields, John Wilcock, Thomas Campton, Alexander Purse, J. C. McMillan, S. J. Pollard, E. Kupitz, King & Vorston, Kent Bros., D. O'Connor, James McMullin, James Stark, Charles Ruse, Walter Fischer, And many others. |
|--|----------------------------------|---|

GENTLEMEN,—

In reply to your request I place myself in your hands as Candidate for Alderman for the year 1877, and if elected I will do my utmost to serve the interests of St. Andrew's Ward and the city generally.

Your obedient servant,
WM. BURKE,
Sheppard St.

" CRIP "

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F. HODGINS, and A. M. CARDIGAN, Managers.
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AND STATIONER,

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\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, November 7, 1876.

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J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

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