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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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Pastry Cook
—AND—
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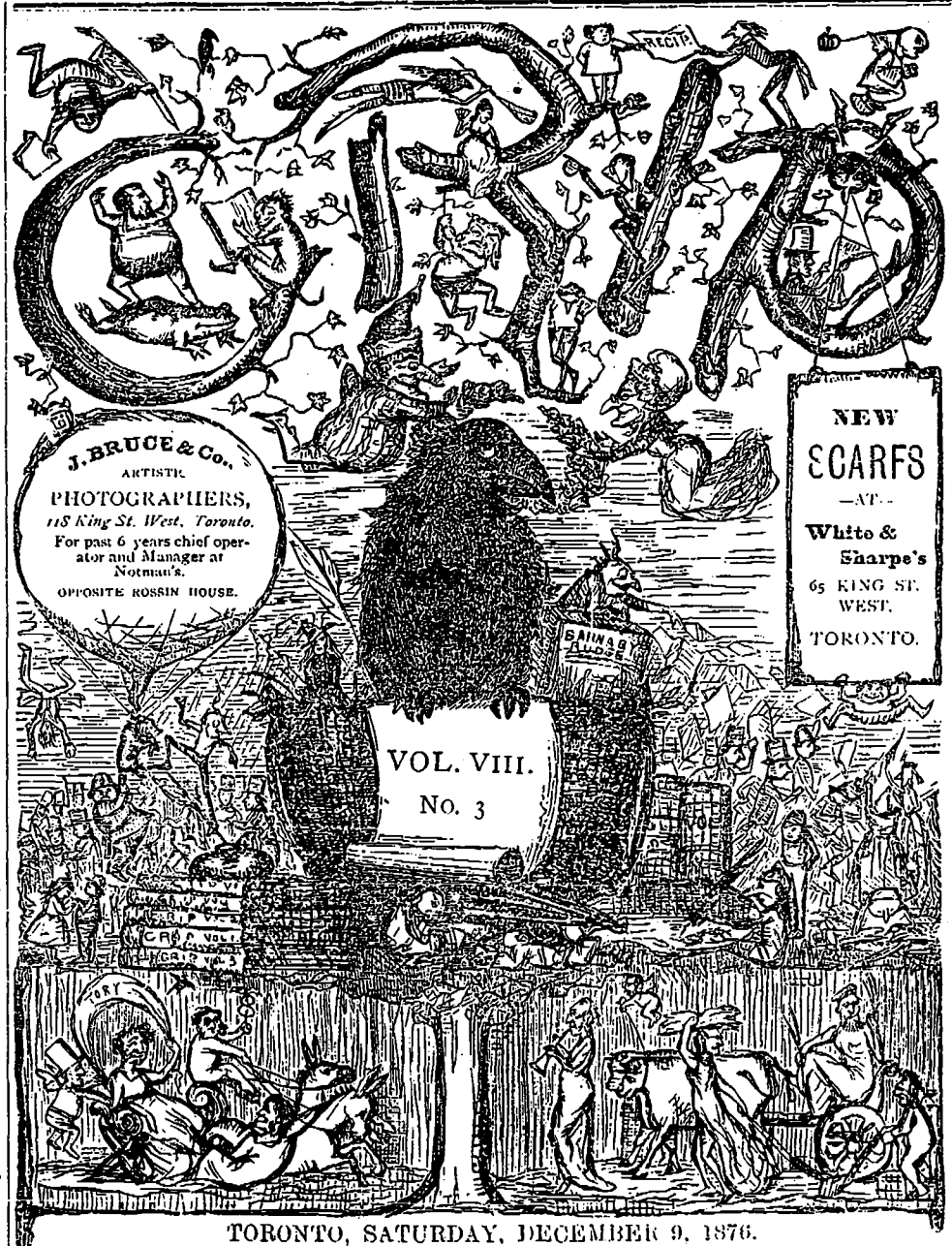
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LUNCH SERVED. TEA, COFFEE AND MEATS AT ALL HOURS.



GRIP OFFICE, (20 ADELAIDE ST.) The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. 5 CTS. EACH. \$2 PER ANNUM.

By Telegraph From Philadelphia.
TO THE SINGER MFG Co., TORONTO.
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,
(LATE 49 KING ST.)
Gents own material made up in good style.

W. BREALEY,
ANATOMICAL BOOT MAKER,
171 YONGE ST.,
A select stock of Boots & Shoes always on hand.

WRIGHT'S
Shell, Can, Count and Bulk Oysters Received Daily. Oysters served in ivory style. Fruits in season.
101 King Street West
The most elegant Oyster Parlors in Toronto

"When could November's surly blast lay's 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 & Sherbournes.)
DEALER IN
PURE CONFECTIONERY
AND
CHOICE FRUITS.
A select supply of Canned Fruit, Fish, &c., always on hand.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

The grabest Beast is the *Jas*; the grabest Bird is the *Owl*;
The grabest Fish is the *Oyster*; the grabest Man is the *Fool*.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 9TH DECEMBER, 1876.

The First Gun.

1ST TORONTO CITIZEN.—Why, here's furniture coming in from Osh-awa to undersell Toronto stuff!

2ND DITTO.—Why not? First thing you'll see, Jacques & Hay will be moving away from our city taxes to some country village. They can get water power and cheap labour, and have just as big a warehouse here still. Then at one slap five hundred houses are empty. That's where we are drifting. Like it?

The Aldermen of Timbuctoo and the Local Premier.

Scene.—A study in Premier's house in Timbuctoo.

PREMIER.—(to Secretary)—Isn't there a deputation coming?

SECRETARY.—Yes, Sir; six aldermen, they're here now.

PREMIER.—Let them in (*exit Secretary*) I know what they must want. Their conduct this year has been perfectly frightful—such extravagance and corruption were never heard of. Some of the citizens must be about to indict them as we did BOWES some years back, and made him pay smartly too. No doubt an action for malversation of funds might be brought. There's the Avenue, and York street—why it's like TWEED and TAMMANY, and those chaps. Well, they're come, no doubt, to beg me to let them down easy—get an Act, suggest an Order in Council, or something. But I shall do no such thing. They deserve all they are likely to get. No, I shall show them no mercy whatever. (*Stamps on floor and looks magnificent. Secretary ushers in six aldermen*)

1ST ALDERMAN.—Good morning. There are some things we wish you to do, which you will be kind enough to attend to at once.

PREMIER.—(*His eyes manifesting an opening tendency*)—Bless me! What's that?

2ND ALDERMAN.—We require the water commission business transferred to us at once, with additional powers.

PREMIER.—(*Gasping for breath*)—You—you—you impu—(*recovering himself. Aside.*)—We'll see how much they would ask. I was going to say, you impute to me influence more than I possess. What additional powers?

3RD ALDERMAN.—The charter has a clause by which all who don't take the water can be made to pay for it whether they need it or not. The commissioners won't do it. We want Parliament to compel it to be collected.

PREMIER.—(*Aside*)—An unjust clause which the commissioners naturally disliked to enforce. Yes. Anything more?

4TH ALDERMAN.—First, can we get that?

PREMIER.—(*Aside*)—Wouldn't you like to get your claws on another half-million?—Gentlemen, all I can say is we will consider it.

5TH ALDERMAN.—We want power to make citizens pay for all sewers and fixings we fancy to put in their streets, whether they want 'em or not. Want to make 'em pay all—no city allowance as now.

PREMIER.—(*Aside*)—Cool; that's to say, the folks who have been helped by others are not to help in return. And you're to say what's to be done! Well, of all—(Gentlemen, have'n't laws like those you ask played the deuce in the States?)

6TH ALDERMAN.—Oh, certainly—Chicago—rings—rascals—very different here—never heard corruption talked of here. Oh dear no!

PREMIER.—We will consider it. Anything more?

1ST ALDERMAN.—We want power to tax all churches and other exempted things. We want MORE MONEY. (All the Aldermen—Hear, hear!)

PREMIER.—Very common wish—very natural. We shall consider it. Anything more?

2ND ALDERMAN.—This is all we want done at present; if we think of anything more we'll let you know. Good-day.—(*Exit deputation.*)

PREMIER.—(*solus*)—Too bad! Squander people's money, and come here to be enabled to force more from them! Make improvements which are the laughing-stock of the country, and have the face to demand that they shall make such wherever they please! Well, if they've lost the citizens' confidence, they've plenty left of their own.—(*Scene closes.*)

THE NEW PAVEMENT ON YORK STREET.—(*observation of rustic*) Ah, they do have a proper big sty in Toronto. Where be the pigs?

The New Drinking Fountain.

GRIP has viewed the new fountain the Mayor has donated
To the city—the fountain all yellow and blue.
That the blue's for Conservatives need'n't be stated,
And the yellow's the old Oppositionist hue.

He shall not be forgot: future ages perspiring
Shall preserve his remembrance intact and unlost,
In July when the cool pouring streams they're admiring,
And recalling the cooler half thousand it cost.

In those far distant days, when our borders are going
Far beyond Humber's bounds, and the Don's marshy flat,
Folks shall say, "When our town was from infancy growing,
They'd a Mayor of some spirit, and he gave them *that*."

Ever firm may it stand, joy and comfort diffusing,
While old Time rolls his cycles successively past,
And our greatest grandchildren are calmly perusing
Its tablet, which is'n't, but will be, stuck fast.

And the gift's got expression, which now GRIP's begun, he
Will point out, that its pipes and its unfilling cup
Demonstrate that the more you give aldermen money,
All the more they'll unsatisfied still gobble up.

And a yet deeper moral its presence arouses.
It is useless, if empty its pipes underlay.
Just as useless a city—as useless its houses,
When taxation oppressive drives business away.

What the large soup tureen high surmounting was meant for,
Puzzled GRIP, who had dubbed it a funeral urn,
But his devil explained—he had just then been sent for—
"That ere shows the presenter's convivial turn."

And when GRIP, joyful leaving some late dinner party,
Leads his jolly companions past City Hall Square,
They shall wake the night's echoes with cheers loud and hearty,
For stout Angus, who reared the great thirst-queller there.

Praise to whom Due.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I am a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, at present settled in Canada. These are, to many people, hard times. I do not know what I should have done were it not for the kind efforts of certain praiseworthy individuals, who throw business in my way. In fact, they cut out work for me—a great deal of work. I may remark that I am also a Coroner, get a commission on recommendations for artificial arms and legs, and am in excellent repute with a couple of undertakers.

To all these mills of mine, sir, the kind individuals, or rather companies, to whom I alluded, send a constant stream of remunerative grist. I have so far explained myself, that I need scarcely say I allude to the railway corporations. Scarcely a day passes but these estimable people's operations fracture skulls, cut off arms, remove legs, crush hands, or divide human bodies into a greater or lesser number of parts. If near, of course (for I never think of travelling to interfere with my professional bretheren who all along the lines reap similar harvests) when a brakesman, a conductor, a track-layer, or a passenger, has been operated on and left to one side for me, then is my chance. If dead, there's an inquest and a funeral. If living, amputations (\$20 at least) medical appliances, drugs (commission at drug store) attendance to re-establish general health (long doctor's bill) crutches, chairs, mechanical legs or arms—I assure you, sir, it is a very good thing indeed, and leaves very little of the unfortunate's railway insurance money, if he be an employee. I don't mean that I am over grasping, but some one must, indeed has to, and the regular fees, even with a little deduction for very pitiful cases, pile up in the course of a year.

What I particularly admire is this, that these railway benefactors of mine give me six times the work they are obliged to. They might use handrails, patent safety couplers, covered frogs, slides to prevent falling between cars—lots of things. But they don't, and I must say, it does good—to us surgeons. To what extent you may suppose, when I assure you there are few streets in our cities but have their dozens of partly artificial people—cripples, in fact—and few grave-yards but have their hundreds of tombstones testifying to the railway blessings.

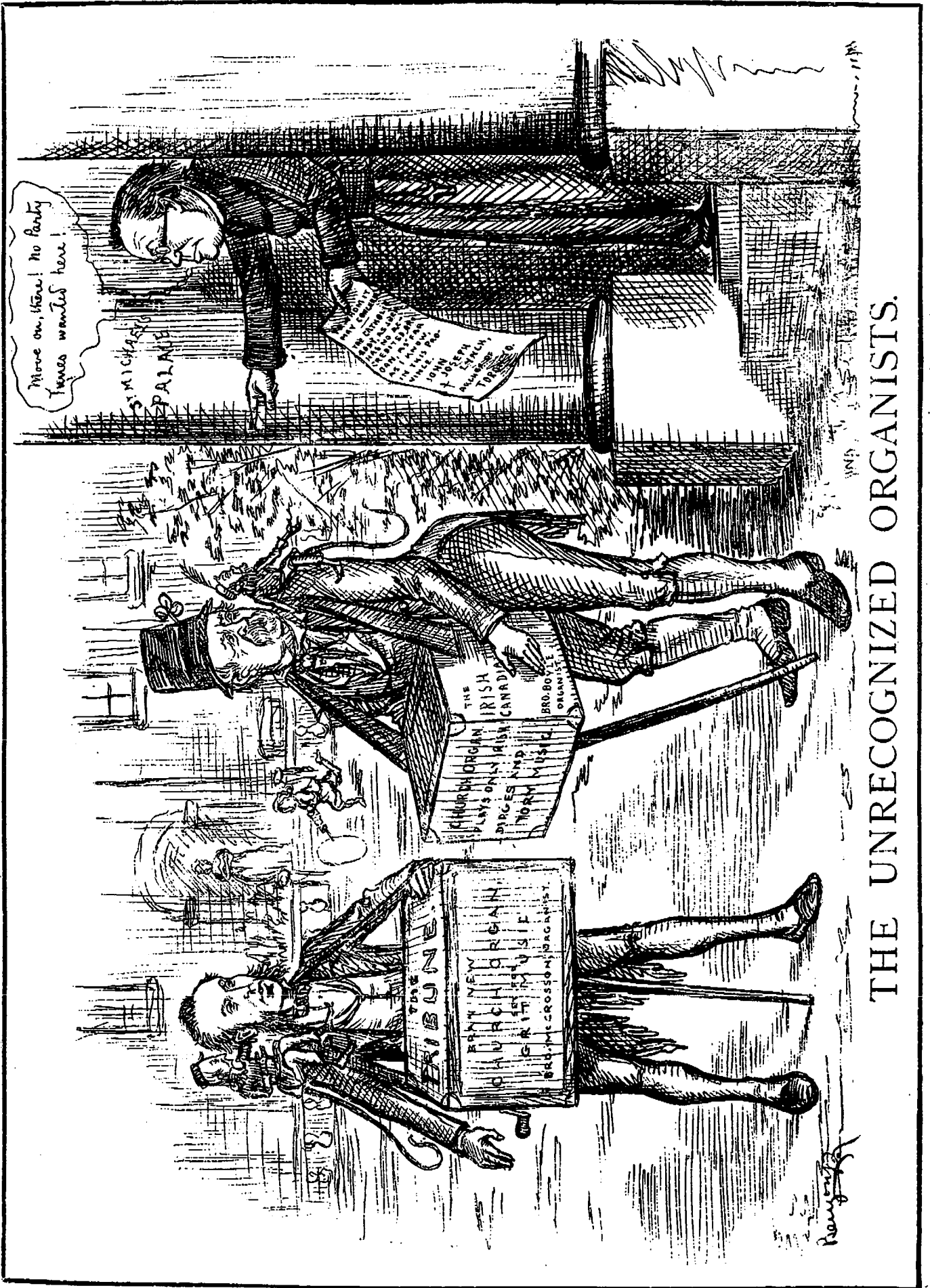
Yours gratefully,

(To the railways)

SIMON SLASHEM, F.R.S., M.D.

Toronto, Dec. 6, 1876.

THE IRISHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF AN ATTACK.—If it wasn't that the inimy had'n't our range at wanst, ivery shot that missed us would have hit us; but as soon as they got it, becaul, our boys saw that they were all dead men.



THE UNRECOGNIZED ORGANISTS.

The Medical Tennyson.

Take, take, take
All my physic and pay my fee,
And you may pull through; if you don't, why you
Will never return to me.

And some of my patients are gone
To the graveyard under the hill,
And oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
With the money to settle their bill.

And it's well for the fisherman's boy,
As he sings with his sister at play;
And it's well for the sailor lad,
For they never need travel my way.

The Possibly Coming Duet—Sir John and G. B.
Il Penseroso.

BOTH.—Oh how dear to the mind are the times long departed,
SIR JOHN.—When I grabbed all the fat.

G. B.—And my party I led,

BOTH.—And alas, what proceedings have lately been started,
SIR JOHN.—Under **CARTWRIGHT** I'm flat.

G. B.—**BLAKE** has knocked me quite dead.

BOTH.—Shall we e'er see once more former glories appearing,
SIR JOHN.—When the Treas'ry I had?

G. B.—Testimonials I?

BOTH.—We're apart; but if joined, all would then be plain steering,
SIR JOHN.—Wouldn't **BLAKE** just be mad?

G. B.—That inclines me to try.

BOTH.—We have coalesced once, with results that were splendid,
SIR JOHN.—To Protection he led.

G. B.—What's Free Trade to revenge?

BOTH.—With discriminate duties our war might be ended,
SIR JOHN.—**BLAKE** and **MILLS** 'twould knock dead.

G. B.—As the rocks of Stonehenge

*They weep, embrace, draw up scheme of Tariff, and keeping step
badly go arm in arm to dinner.*

The Forthcoming Novelty.

THE theatre managers have great pleasure in informing their kind patrons that they have arranged, at immense expense, a new piece for the holidays. It is called the Holocaust, and is replete with the most startling effects. The feature of complete freshness on which they pride themselves is thus carried out. At a given signal, the whole inflammable mass of wings, flies, drops, painted scenery, wooden machinery, canvas, oil and cotton employed in mechanical effects, will burst into flame. The audience will then rise *en masse*, and rush frantically towards the doors. Those in the centre will be unable to leave. The masses of burning machinery will be precipitated among them, igniting their dresses, and fracturing their limbs. The shrieks of tortured hundreds will fill the air. The wildest confusion, the most appalling incidents, will accompany the entire progress of the piece. Men, women and children will be hurled promiscuously down flights of stairs, and piled in masses at the foot. The citizens in the streets surrounding are expected to heighten the effect by the most animated actions and expressions. To conclude with the burning of the entire theatre. The managers believe that they can confidently state that in sensational histrionics this piece has never been equalled outside of Pandemonium, and to it they confidently call the attention of their patrons.

A Butcher for Mayor.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

SIR,—I am a butcher. It is proper that we should have one for Mayor. Yearly, you let a Corporation of amateur butchers loose upon the city resources, and the shameless way in which they haggle the business shows you need the professionals. Let us in. We will undertake it jointly, skin your ratepayers, cut up your streets, seize the stakes you have in the country, dress your policemen, carve the salaries, chop up the finance, manage the scales of justice, and send the bills in regularly. If we couldn't every year make a better Christmas show than the present managers, sell us out for offal.

Yours puffingly,

Toronto, December 6, 1876.

HARRY HEAVYCHOPS.

The Question of the Day.

But stay, through the fast flashing mud of the street,
Who is he that towards me comes frantic and fleet?
'Tis an alderman, oh! most prodigious of cheek,
Who approaches, and unto me ventures to speak;
Wants to know, as he's only half ruined me yet,
If he won't get my vote—and he won't, you just bet.

The Unhappy Cartoonists.

Is there no law in Canada to protect the innocent? Even into private life does the barbed arrow of journalistic vengeance penetrate, and transfixes the unhappy victim who vainly thought to escape from publicity. No sooner did **GOLDWIN SMITH** retire from Canadian Politics, than the *Weekly Globe* seizes the occasion to print a villanous portrait of **GOLDWIN**. If **MR. SMITH** looks half as bad as the picture represents him he ought at least to be banished for life, and if the Minister of Justice ever sees the engraving he will never commute his sentence. Ever since **GRIP** became so popular, and its cartoons so celebrated, the *Globe* has been jealous of it, and last year commenced a series (very serious indeed) of cartoons, to which no one can see any point. They always consist of one figure, and no one could tell what is meant, but for the sign in large letters, as in the present instance "**GOLDWIN SMITH**." We assure the *Globe*, in a friendly manner, that its cartoons lack point; but what they require on that head is more than made up in maliciousness. **G. SMITH** should get a "writ of attachment" or *habeas corpus* or something on **G. BROWN**, and stop this work of hatred. Prose sufficeth not to express our feelings at this outrage, and we breaketh fourtheth into rhyme.—

G. BROWN, why can't you let your old
Dislikes at rest remain;
And ne'er revenge yourself on **GOLD-**
WIN SMITH, M. A., again?

Croaks and Pecks.

(Not) **BLAKE'S** Byword.—"Oh, hang it."

Building railroads is very de-grading work.

Getting into a Scrape.—Purchasing Road-Scrapers.

When people swap horses without boot, are they Free Traders?

What the Government says to the British Mail.—"Go to Halifax."

They should *shove* business in that Big Push letter case, or else letter alone.

GEORGE BROWN had better be *chair-y* how he uses the *Bench*, before it is *stool* late,

Many persons think that **VENNOR**, the Canadian weather prophet is a *Vennor-able* fraud.

This cold weather makes even Free Traders come out strong for Protection.—Overcoats and such.

IT is better to be a horse than a man of genius. **GOLDSMITH** made less money than *Goldsmith Maid*.

Victoria village desires annexation with Fort Erie. We told you so. This is the result of **MILLS'** election.

The reformers have won **Bothwell** and now they are after **Cardwell**. Well if they play their **Cardwell**, they will be **Both-well**.

Haldinand would rather have many **D(r)unkin** Acts than one **Dun-kin** Act. It seems they *Hal-dimand* whiskey in that country.

ONLY one Pope at Rome, while we have *two* Popes in the Dominion Parliament!! On, Ghost of **GUIDERD**! whither are we drifting!!

Belfords' Magazine starts out with the story "What he cost her," by **JAMES PAYN**. If **JAMES** has ever had any *Pay'n* to do, he would have the title, "What *she* cost him."

They are getting out a writ of attachment against **GEORGE BROWN**, for what he "writ" about Judge **WILSON**. He must be a strange person who has an "attachment" for **GEORGE**.

Belfords' Magazine. Shake. We hope that unlike your namesake, a powder Magazine, you will not "blow up" and end in smoke; but like a powder Magazine you will "go off" well, and be of good "report."

LAST week the *Globe*, in an editorial headed "The Insanity Craze," says:—"We are apparently in a fair way of having it established that we are all as mad as March hares." Now **GRIP** admires such frankness.

The Central Committee of education has had its color changed, as the Government has added new **HUGHES** to it, and as **MR. HUGHES** is a champion at Lacrosse, the Government, fearing that he would lack-**ROSS**, kindly appointed **MR. G. W. ROSS** of Lambton also.

Dear Mr. Grip.—I notice in your last issue that you are at a loss to know why the London papers are divided in their opinion on your last cartoon. You ask "Why do they Vary?" might I suggest, for *Vari-ous* reasons?
A SCOTCH READER.

"British Columbia ships hops to Europe."—*London Advertiser*. Where's your grammar, Brother *Advertiser*? you should say "British Columbia ships *hop* to Europe." Rule.—Plural nouns require a plural verb. We never heard of ships hopping before; but strange things hop-pen now-a-days.

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.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
His Honour the Lieut. Governor.

Rev. Charles Clark's
GRAND

DICKENS MATINEE,

In SHAFESBURY HALL, SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
December 9th, for convenience of Schools and families.
Tickets at Novdheimer's. Commence at 2.30.

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

NOW OPEN!

CALEDONIAN
SKATING AND CURLING
RINK,
MUTUAL STREET.

DIRECTORS.

W. D. McIntosh, President; R. Malcom, Vice-President;
Wm. Christie, John Ritchie, Hugh Miller, James Pringle, James Rennie, R. H. Ramsay.

FEES, &c.

Curler's Fees for Season, 1876-7.....\$4 00
Do and Family Skating Ticket..... 7 00
Skating, Family, Season Ticket..... 5 00
Do Gentlemen, do..... 3 00
Do Lady, do..... 2 00
Do Child (under 12 years) do..... 2 00
Single Admission..... 0 10
Season Tickets can now be procured at the Secretary's Office, corner of Adelaide and Jarvis streets.

WILLIAM RENNIE, Sec.-Treas.

Marlborough House,

UNION RAILWAY STATION,
Cor. Front and Simcoe Sts., Toronto.

The above commodious and centrally located house combines all Modern Appointments, Steam Heating, etc.

Affords Excellent Accommodation at Moderate Rates.

Having reduced its figures from \$2 to \$1.50 per day.

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F. HIGGINS, and A. M. CARIBGAN, Managers.

N. B.—Ombus Free.

R. WILKINSON,

Successor to A. S. Irving, corner TORONTO and ADELAIDE STS., TORONTO. P. O. Box 136.

Bookseller, Newsdealer,

AND STATIONER.

Can supply any Book, Newspaper or Magazine published.

POSTAGE AND BILL STAMP EMPORIUM

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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

P I A N O S.

Until further notice we are offering the

Celebrated Mathushelk, Fischer and LaBelle Pianos,

—AT—

LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.

SQUARE GRAND,
\$700 OFFERING AT \$275

SQUARE PIANO,
Seven-octaves, Rosewood case. Serpentine Mouldings and Carved Legs.
\$350 OFFERING AT \$190

PRINCE ORGANS

AT ABOUT HALF-PRICE.

All instruments warranted for Five Years. Send for Price List.

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P. C. RYAN,

DEALER IN

New & Second-Hand Furniture,

Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Var-nished, &c., Furniture taken in exchange.

Hair, Mixed and other Mattresses, ready-made or made to order.

399 YONGE STREET,

Near Gerrard St., Toronto.

"PATS,"

NO. 67 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MESSRS. HANLON & BREEN, PROP'RS.

The bar will be found to be furnished with the very best brands of Liquors and Cigars obtainable. Headquarters for gentlemen interested in aquatic sport. Mr. ED. HANLON, the CHAMPION OARSMAN, will be pleased to see his friends at his new home.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, October 13, 1876.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON American invoices until further notice, 5 per cent.

I. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

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