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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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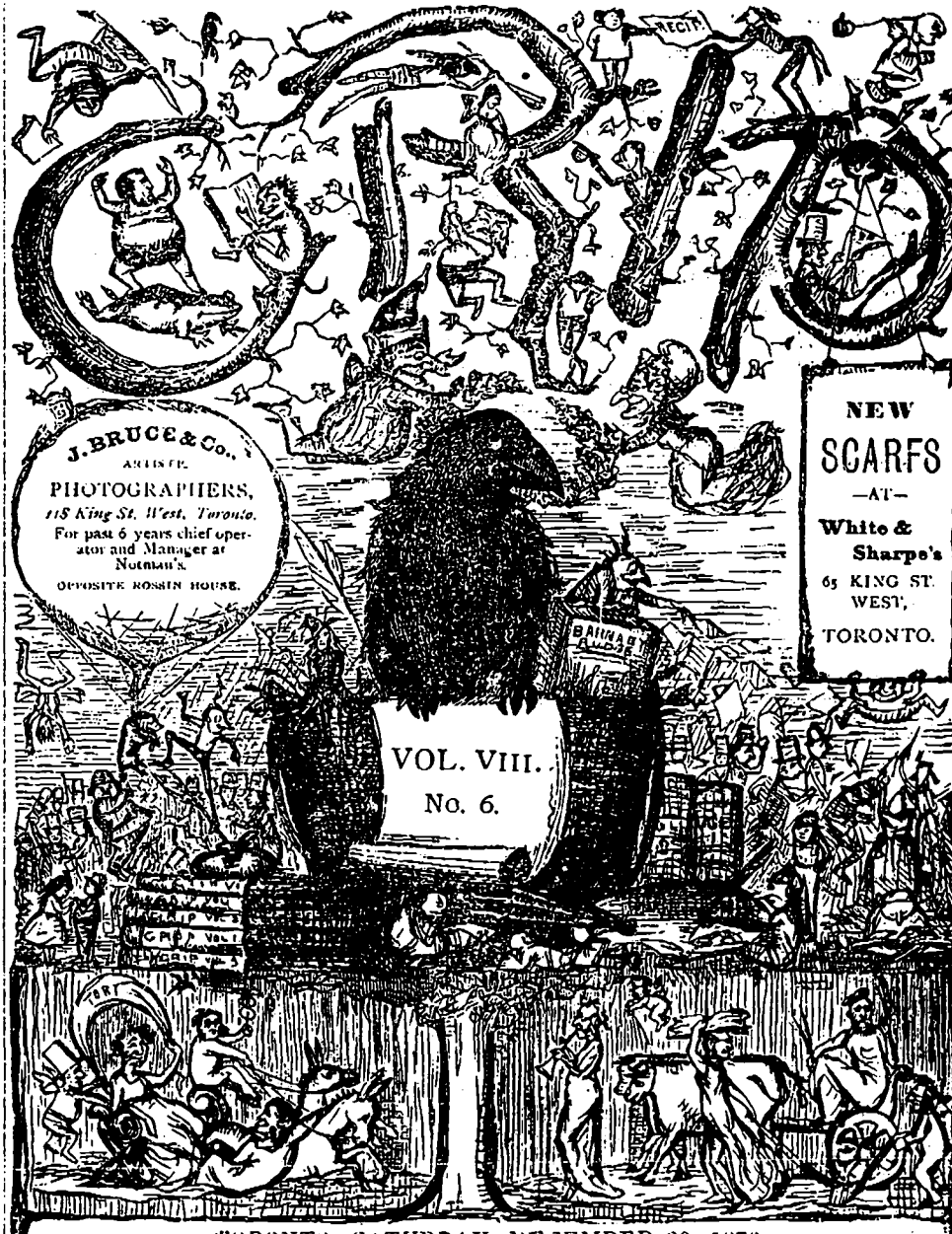
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 LUNCH SERVED. TEA, COFFEE AND MEATS AT ALL HOURS.



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 20 ADELAIDE ST. } The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

By Telegraph From Philadelphia.

TO THE SINGER M'G 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 our 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.

WRICHT'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's field and forest bare."

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

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 St. & Sherbourne.)

DEALER IN

PURE CONFECTIONERY
 AND
CHOICE FRUITS.

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

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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.

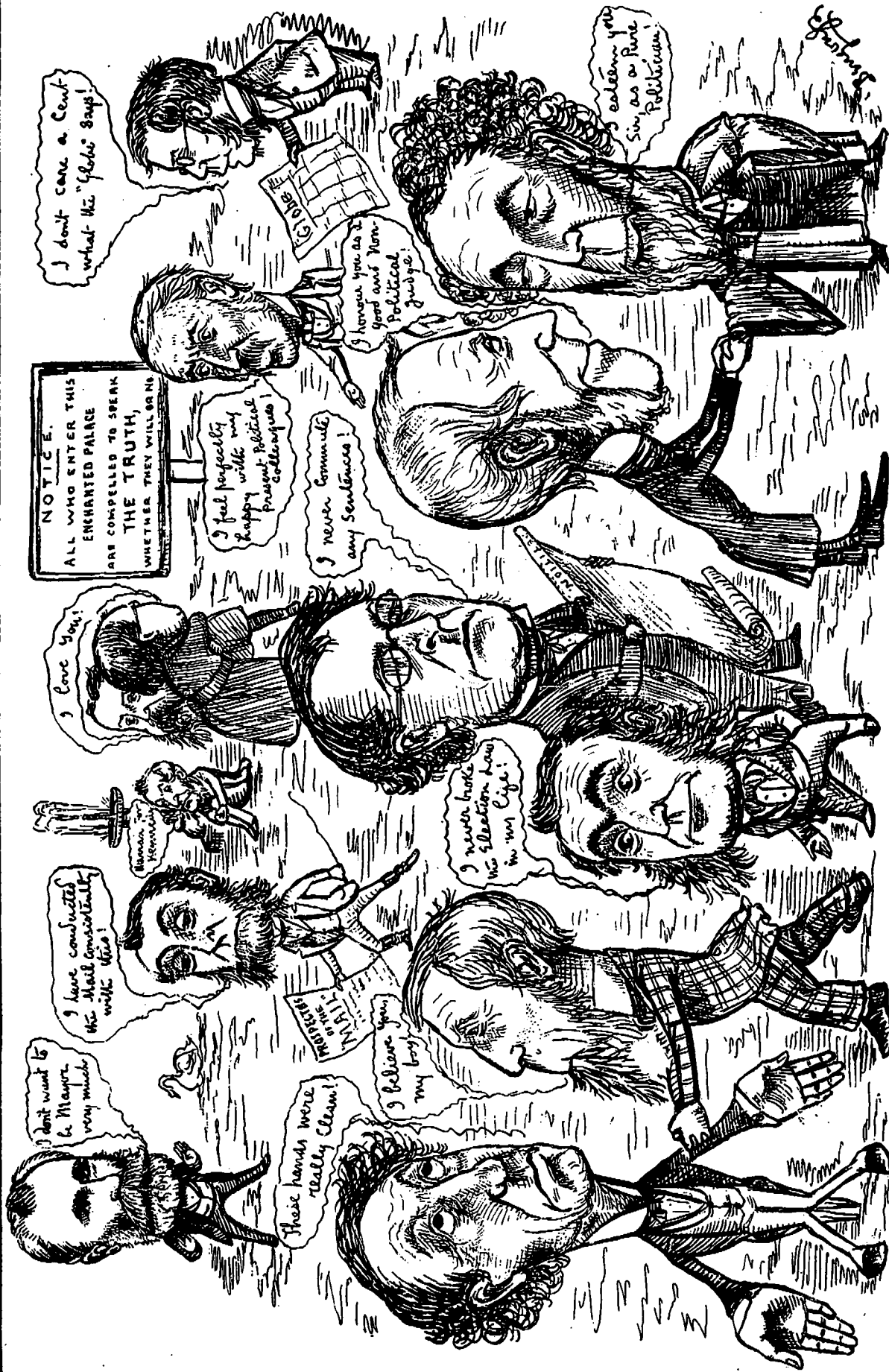
A second Indian mutiny
Will be in order then.
And here the South all seems to be
Prepared to fight again.

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 LYNCII-pin. 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.



GRIP'S PALACE OF TRUTH.

AS (NOT) PLAYED AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

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-BAZOUK.

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 excretions, 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.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

THE
MAYORALTY, 1877.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto:

GENTLEMEN,—

It is with feelings of deep regret that, owing to an unforeseen and sudden attack of illness, I am compelled to ask your permission to withdraw my name as a candidate for the honourable position of Mayor of this city, a position to which I was encouraged to aspire by the cordial support tendered me by all classes of my fellow citizens.

I have, however, no alternative, but must bow to circumstances which I cannot avert, but in doing so I venture to hope that on a future occasion I may be honoured with your confidence and support.

With my best thanks to those who have laboured earnestly to secure my election.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,

JOHN TURNER.

St. George Street,
16 Dec., 1876.

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**.

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.

Nov16-31



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, November 7, 1876.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
American invoices until further notice, 7 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-4f

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

ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST
are respectfully requested for

WILLIAM BURKE.

As Alderman for the year 1877.

The election takes place on Monday, January 1st, 1877.

ST. GEORGE'S WARD.

Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited for

PATRICK HUGHES,

As Alderman for 1877.

ST. JOHN'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully solicited for

GEO. L. TIZARD

As Alderman for 1877.

ST. JOHN'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

are respectfully requested for

HARRY PIPER

THE PEOPLES' CANDIDATE,

AS

Alderman for the year 1877.

The Election takes place

Monday, January 1, 1877.

ST. LAWRENCE WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are respectfully solicited for

G. C. PATTERSON

As Alderman for 1877.

R. WILKINSON,

Successor to A. S. Irving, corner TORONTO and ADELAIDE STS., TORONTO. P. O. Box 189.

Bookseller, Newsdealer,
AND STATIONER.

Can supply any Book, Newspaper or Magazine published.

POSTAGE AND BILL STAMP EMPORIUM.

PIANOS.

Until further notice we are offering the
Celebrated Mathushek, 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.

NORRIS & SOPER,

8 ADELAIDE-ST. EAST, TORONTO.

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

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Manager

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