

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 22ND FEBRUARY, 1879.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers will please observe that the date marked on the address-slip, opposite the name, indicates the time up to which the subscription has been paid.

A Typical Photograph.

GRIP extends his congratulations to Messrs. NOTMAN and FRASER on the admirable photographs they have taken of His Excellency and Princess LOUISE; as a Canadian he shares the pride the firm properly feels in the fact that the royal sitters consider the pictures the best they have ever had executed. There is one defect about the photo. of the Marquis, however, that every lover of Canada must regret, namely, an absence of chilliness. True, his lordship is standing almost knee deep in snow, and has snow carefully and artistically distributed in the wrinkles of his coat and cap, and there are several snow banks in the background. But that will not give the folks at home an adequate idea of the climate he is at present, so bravely enduring. There should have been an iceberg or two thrown in, and a thermometer indicating forty degrees below zero, and a lady in the distance in a low-necked dress on her way to be presented. It might have heightened the realistic effect still more if the artist could have photographed the Vice-regal nose of a blueish shade, but perhaps that couldn't be done. Our Old Country relatives are beginning to believe that Canada has a pretty decent climate after all, and it is too bad that this erroneous impression should be encouraged in Vice-regal photographs for want of an abundance of cold scenery.

Economy.

"It is beyond doubt, Mrs. JONES," said JONES *pater*, elevating his head, and looking stern, "that in these hard times we might save a great deal of money by doing things for ourselves, which we now hire people to do."

"That's just like you, Mr. JONES," said JONES *mater*, "you talk of such things, but you never do them. Why, now there's Mr. BROWN—" and Mrs. JONES tossed her head, to signify that compared to Mr. BROWN, Mr. JONES was in general, nowhere.

"BROWN!" roared JONES, with such explosive effect that the cat, which had been sitting on an elevated piece of furniture by his side, leaped right over his head into the hall, and rushed spitting down-stairs.

But Mrs. JONES merely said, pretending to look across the street, "Were you calling him? I don't see him."

"Pray, what were you saying about him?" asked the subsiding JONES.

"I said he could do something in the economizing line," calmly answered Mrs. JONES, smoothing down the stuff she was sewing.

"What has he done ma'am?" asked JONES, "I never see him do anything."

"Just built himself a lovely new verandah; got the boards and nails, and saved the whole carpenter's bill," answered Mrs. JONES. "And you often promised to build one, when you could afford to pay SHAVINGS' bill. Now, if you could economize, why not do it yourself? you've time enough, and I'll help you. But you can't!"

"By Jingo, I can!" exclaimed JONES, "I will commence to-morrow."

And to-morrow, sure enough, a cart came up to the door, with a great heap of boards, and a box of new tools, Mr. JONES, with great dignity bringing up the rear, and instructing the carter in a very audible voice.

"Put the clear lumber here, the scantling there, and the siding above it!" said Mr. JONES, looking proudly at his wife. "Carry the tool chest into the shed!" All right. The carter left, and Mrs. JONES asked when they would begin.

"Now!" said JONES. His look of Roman decision would have brought down any theatre. It even slightly affected Mrs. JONES. He evidently did know the names of things. But then no doubt the lumbermen had told him.

"Now," said Mr. JONES, with an air of determination, dignity, and resource altogether indescribable, "we will commence. These boards have to be planed, and sawn in two. We will plane them first. Put it on this old table, so, and hold it."

Mrs. JONES did so. Mr. J. took the jack-plane in hand with the look of REGULUS saving his country, and planed. No, he did not plane. It would not plane. It jumped and scratched, and tore up knots and made slivers, and flew right and left, and left the board worse than it found it. Mr. JONES, in a profuse perspiration, took his coat off.

"I think," said Mrs. JONES, looking at the edge of the tool, "it needs sharpening."

"Nonsense," said Mr. JONES, "it is quite new; new tools never need sharpening, for it's just as easy to make them with an edge as not. Apply Logic to the rules of common life, Mrs. JONES, and we never err. What we need is first to saw the board in two."

By their continued they now placed the obstinate board on two chairs. Mr. JONES seized a saw, took good aim, and went for the board as if he were a Chinaman condemned to sleeplessness until he had cut ten cords of firewood. Alas for the intentions of JONES, he had taken the ripping saw instead of the cross-cut, and it hung and caught, and splintered, and bent, and twisted, and at length, half way across the board, would not saw.

"Such tools!" said Mrs. JONES.

This reflection on his purchasing ability maddened JONES. He made a desperate effort. When we make a desperate effort, we either make a great success or a great failure. Mr. JONES did not make a great success. His hand, holding the board on the opposite side, slipped with the fury of his onward rush, and he fell forward, executing a very neat summer-sault over the saw, receiving its pointed handle in his stomach *en passant*, while the astounded Mrs. JONES viewed him standing inverted on his best silk hat, which unable to bear the pressure, expanded till his head went completely into it, while with one overbalancing roll his form lay on the floor, his foot went through the window. Mrs. JONES recovers sufficient presence of mind to utter an ear-piercing squall, and the saw vibrating angrily in the wood, buzzed like a reptile which had stung some one. *Tableau.*

Mr. JONES arose. He could not see, that being, with a hat enclosing one's face, out of the question. In fact, Mrs. JONES had to unhelm him with her scissors, while Mr. J. vigorously rubbed his saw-handle punched stomach. In these emergencies we have always two courses—one to get very angry, the other to laugh the matter off, the latter being invariably adopted when reflection allows. Mr. JONES' process of liberation gave time for reflection, and he laughed, laughed uproariously, and Mrs. JONES, of course, as she had not been hurt, and in fact had had a sort of free ticket to a very amusing entertainment, laughed also. The work then proceeded. "Try the other saw," said Mrs. JONES. It is a remarkable fact known only to philosophers that female advice often contains actual inspiration. They are the medium—the connecting link—not DARWIN'S desideratum, but that between us and some superior sphere. This explains the attraction their society possesses, especially for the youthful and enthusiastic, and throw light on a vast variety of endless complications. GRIP begs to remark that this explanation is patent and secured to his heirs, and goes on. The other saw worked like magic, absolutely flying through the board—going through it so fast, in fact, that Mrs. JONES, who was sitting on one end of it, was dropped with remarkable sharpness to the ground. Now this would have been of no consequence, if it had not happened that Mr. JONES, who meant to have all things ready, had had sent to him a pot of liquid glue, which reposed prepared on a window-seat by Mrs. JONES, and that lady rejoicing in a wealth of hair, this glory of woman caught the pot-handle and poured the whole adhesive deluge on her luxuriant tresses, which being at the same moment plunged by her fall into the heap of stavings, converted her instantly into a frightful object, which rose, shrieking and clawing frantically at a huge mass of shavings which seemed determined to involve her head for all future time, and rushed furiously towards the house, where BIDDY, brought to open the door by the turmoil, and seeing some altogether unexplainable and apparently terrible creature rushing towards the entrance, incontinently made loud application in choice Hibernian for the assistance of various highly respectable saints, banged and bolted the door, fled to the kitchen, seized the poker, dropped it, rushed into her bedroom, and stuck her head in the pillows, while the JONES'S had to find entrance at the back door.

Over what processes of the toilet restored them to their usual respectable appearance GRIP draws a veil, which he finds it the more convenient to do, as he is ignorant of the particular methods employed. But he knows that next day Mr. JONES employed a powerful African to split the lumber into kindling wood, and sent the tools to a second-hand store, while the topic of glue, shavings, or carpentering operations in general, is rigidly interdicted in the JONES family.

A Fable.—The Fox and the Goat.

ONCE a Fox and a Goat found themselves at the bottom of a deep Depression called Hard Times. The Goat lamented loudly because of its inability to get out. "If this had been properly Protected," said the Goat, "I would not now be here." "True," said the Fox "but I know a plan that will immediately get you out of here. Place your front feet against the side of the Pit; I will climb out over your back and as you can perceive may easily pull you out by the horns." The Goat was much struck with this brilliant proposal and did as requested. On the 17th of September the Fox leaped out of the pit by the aid of the Goat and walked leisurely around. "My dear Goat," said the Fox on being asked to perform his part of the contract, "I will give your case the most complete consideration. In February I will call together my brethren and we will deliberate on the best method of getting you out." The Goat of Trade is still in the pit.

MORAL.—Every man is at liberty to tie on a moral to suit himself.