

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE**

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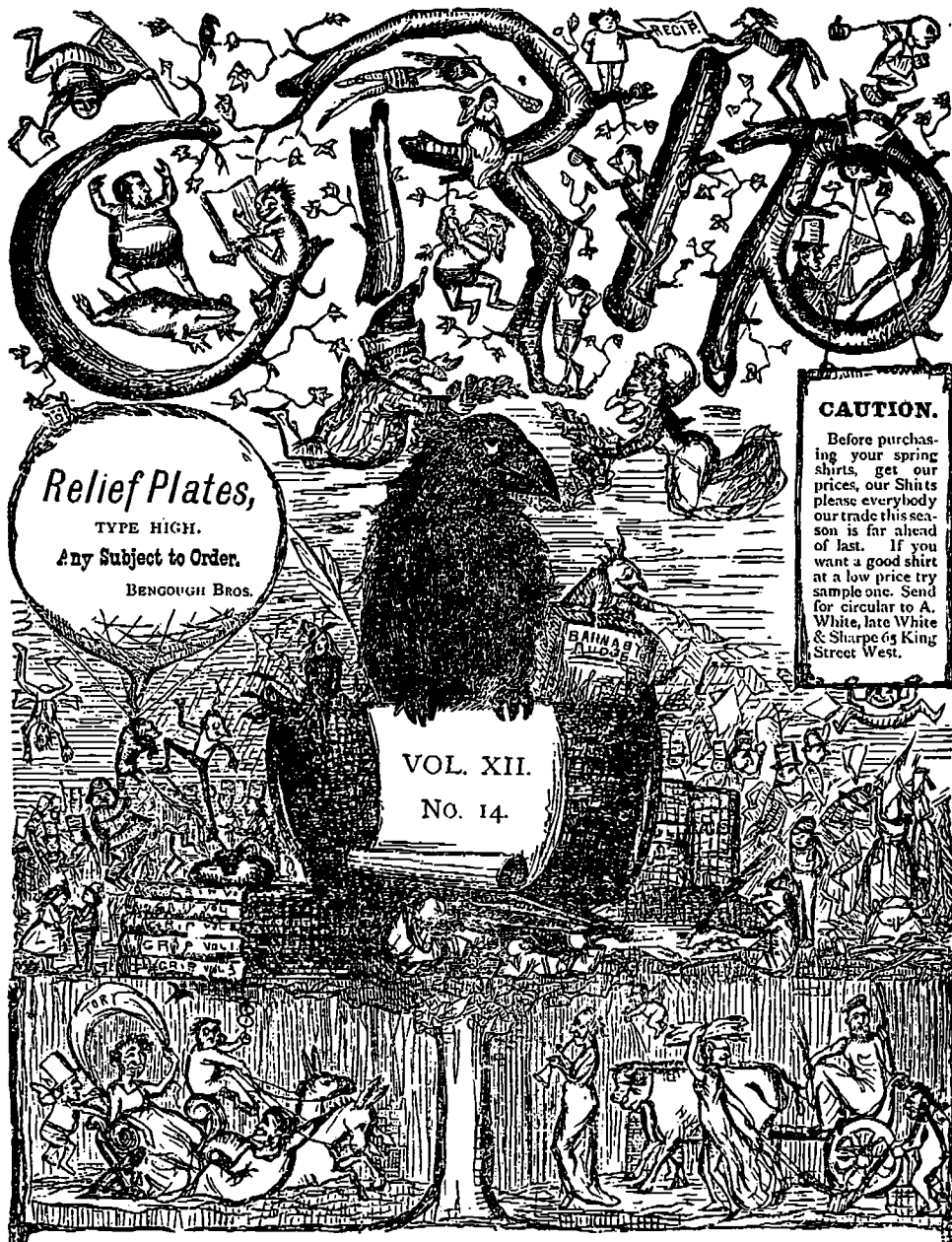
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. - Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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## 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.

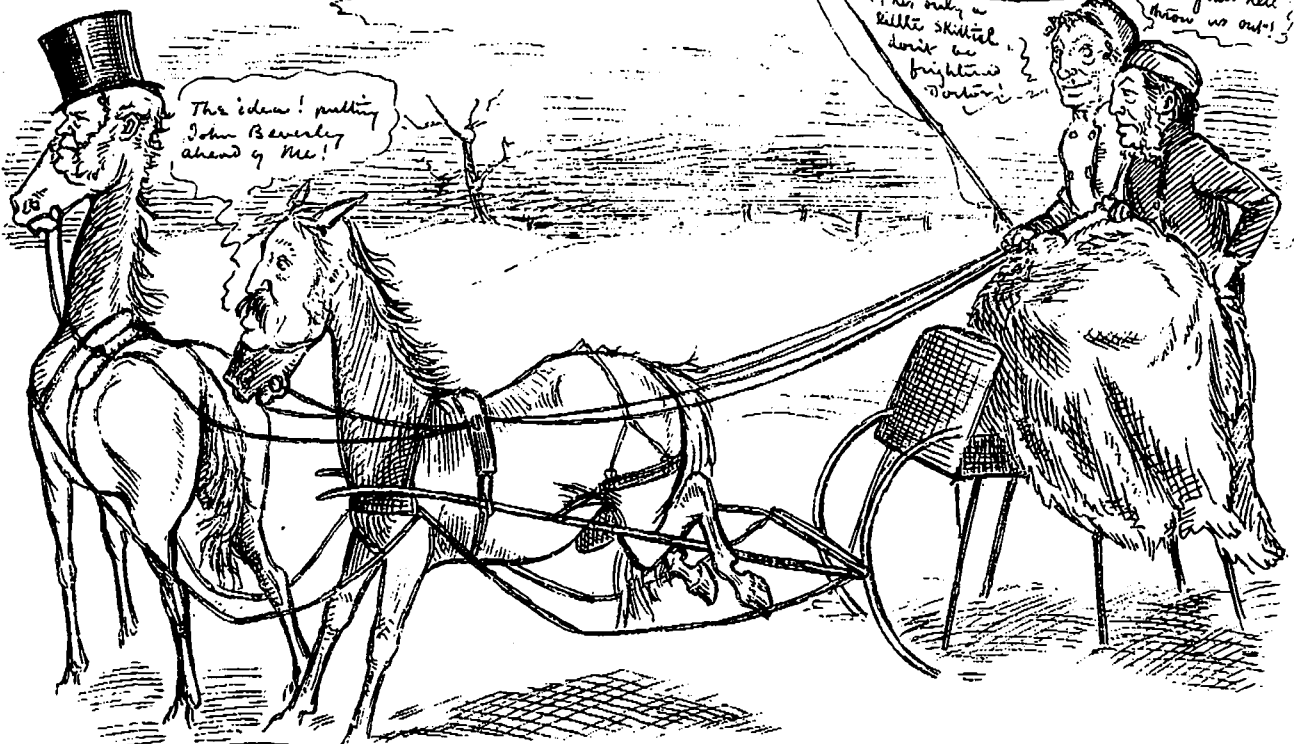
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Kicking over the Tracks.



Benjamin. The Depressed Manufacturer's wife at Ottawa.

CURRENT TOPICS.

### Soliloquy of the Hon. Wm. MacHamlst. (Shakespeare.)

While such powerful legislators as Mr. Rufus Stephenson, Mr. Rochester, Mr. Haggart and Mr. T. White sit cheek-by-jowl with the Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Macdougall is kept at arms' length.—*Hamilton Times*.

Now I am alone,  
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !  
Is it not monstrous that this Mr. PHIPPS,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of office,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That at his letters all the Cabinet paled,  
*Globe* in his hand, distraction in's aspect,  
A caustic pen, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his chagrin? And all for nothing !  
For Policy!  
What's Policy to him, or he to Policy  
That he should weep for it? What would he do  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would upset the Government,  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
Make mad the burkers of the great N. P.,  
Confound the Cabinet and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears !  
Yet I,  
A dull and wandering politician peak,  
Like JOHN A.'s slave, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing ; no, not for myself  
Upon whose services and most dear hopes  
A dam'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? gives me a back seat,  
Shoves me aside and snickers in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives ROBINSON and WHITE  
And STEPHENSON my place? Who does me this?  
Ha !  
Why, I should take it, for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon livered, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the vulture Grits  
With JOHN A.'s scandals ; shiftless, tricky villain,  
Remorseless, treacherous, heartless, scheming villain !  
O, vengeance !  
Why, what an ass am I. This is most brave,  
That I, a statesman known as *practical*,  
Prompted to my revenge by everything,  
Must take this slight, and swallow down my wrath,  
And 'fore the gathered wisdom of the land  
Be sat upon !  
Fie upon it! foh! about, my brain. I have heard  
That guilty creatures, who have done sly tricks,  
Have by a pamphlet setting forth their sins  
Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They've done the handsome to the writer on't ;  
I'll write a pamphlet ! That's the very way  
I'll catch again the conscience of JOHN A !

### Parliament Boiled down.

*Thursday Feb. 13.*—Her Majesty's faithful Commons of Canada assembled in the Senate Chamber, and were informed that as soon as they had elected a Speaker they would hear of something to their advantage from the Governor General. The members bowed and repaired to the Commons Chamber.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved, seconded by the Hon. Lieut. TUPPER, that Dr. JOSEPH BODERIC BLANCHET take the chair and the salary.

Hon. WM. MACDOUGALL merely winced.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE said he had expected that Mr. ANGLIN would have been reappointed, as Sir JOHN had on a recent occasion blarneyed that gentleman's abilities, and declared his admiration for the British system of making the Speakership an office dependent on health or good behaviour. He was not surprised, however, at the summersault of the Premier.

Dr. BLANCHET was then assisted to the chair, being overcome with the weight of unexpected honour thus thrust upon him.

Hon. Mr. MACDOUGALL winced again, and the House adjourned.

*Friday, Feb. 14.*—The Commons assembled in the Senate Chamber (those who could get through the crowd of native aristocrats and small boys) and listened to an eloquent speech by the Marquis, specially written for him by Mr. TILLEY. Mr. W. H. FRASER occupied a position behind the Throne. After reciting a few paragraphs about the Fishery Award and other things, copied from back numbers of the *Mail*, the eloquent Governor said it was the intention of the Government to aid in removing the commercial depression by a readjustment of the tariff with a view to developing and encouraging the various industries of Canada. He also remarked that the Government proposed to resolve itself into a Life Insurance Company.

After returning to their own chamber the Premier moved that the sun do commence on Monday. Carried, and the House adjourned.

*Monday, Feb. 17.*—Mr. BREKEN moved that the Speech from the Throne be considered satisfactory in every respect. The motion was seconded by Mr. TASSE. Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE with singular originality said the bill of fare was very meagre. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD said it was no such thing, and if the Grits would hold on a little they would find that the Government would carry out everything they proposed. The motion was carried and the House adjourned.

*Tuesday, Feb. 18.* Mr. ANGLIN moved for returns to show why certain clerks appointed by him as Speaker, had been dismissed by the Government. He declared this to be an outrage on his own dignity and that of the House.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD advised Mr. ANGLIN to keep cool, as the Speaker of a defunct Parliament had no right to make such appointments, and the Government had done the correct thing in kicking the clerks out again. Mr. COCKBURN said Sir JOHN was sound in his ideas. Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE said he was doubtful, but he would say more about it when the returns were brought down. Hon. Mr. MACDOUGALL said he knew something about the powers of a Speaker as he had almost been one himself, and he was inclined to think JOHN A. was acting crookedly.

*Wednesday, Feb. 19.*—JOHN A. said he hadn't any idea of pardoning RIEL at present. The day was spent in propounding conundrums to the Ministry.

THERE is going to be a fancy dress carnival at the Temperance Street Roller Skating Rink on Thursday, 27th. Members of the Manufacturers Association may appear as log-rollers.

### The New College.

THE new Protestant Episcopal School of Divinity, about to be erected on Yonge street avenue, will be a handsome edifice. It is to be in the strictly Evangelical of style architecture—neither High nor Broad. It will be constructed of regular bricks, and will be very unlike Trinity College, which resembles Knox a Little too much. The acoustic properties will be carefully attended to, so that the lecturers on Reformation Principles will give forth no uncertain sound. The seats will be very comfortable, but rather Low for certain sorts of Anglicans. The doors will be so contrived that they will slam shut unceremoniously in the faces of Ritualists and Puseyites, but will open politely before Protestants. Provost WHITTAKER will probably not be appointed the first Principal.



THE Government is sweet on the sugar interests.

SALLIE HOLMAN looked nice in the new *Pinafore*.

NOTICES OF MOTION.—The calling off of the dances.

THE inhabitants of Quebec are plowing already,—with a snow plow.

THE KNOX-LITTLE controversy Knox-little controversies all to one side.

THE National Policy when once in force will change the customs of the country.

DID you ever know a country to be duped by N. P. promises? Never. What, never? Well—hardly ever.

THE *Globe* admits the Pacific Scandal is dead. Then why not bury it? What's the use of trying to adopt the mummy business in Canada.

A "PROFESSOR" of Etiquette is teaching ladies how to back with a train, for two dollars a head, which is just one dollar a foot. On the R.R. they back trains by reversing the engine.

PATTESON, PATTESON, my little man,  
Stamp all the letters as fast as you can,  
Fix 'em and sort 'em and mark them with T. (oronto)  
And try and be useful as Less-e-lic-E.

As a practical joke some young men locked teachers and pupils in St. Mary's School, London, the other day. Now, as a joke of course, these young men should be locked in either of London's institutions, the Jail or the Lunatic Asylum.

JOHN A. appointed Mr. PATTESON Postmaster because he has had experience in managing the *Mail*. GRIP hopes the new P.M. will not adopt "stabbing under the fifth rib" as one of the principles upon which he will conduct his new business.



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Over 50,000 Copies.

It is published simultaneously in London and New York, and the transatlantic recognition of it is almost as general and hearty as the American. Although the progress of the magazine has been a steady advance, it has not reached the editors' ideas of best, because her ideal continually outruns it, and the magazine as swiftly follows after. To-day ST. NICHOLAS stands

Alone in the World of Books;

The New-York Tribune has said of it: "ST. NICHOLAS has reached a higher platform, and commands for its service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries." The London Literary World says: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Scribner's press."

**Good Things for 1878-79.**

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys,

**"A Jolly Fellowship."**

Will run through the twelve monthly parts,—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume,—and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The scene of this story, like that of the very successful one, "What Might Have Been Expected," published in ST. NICHOLAS, is laid in the South. For the girls a continued tale,

**"Half a Dozen Housekeepers,"**

By Katherine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederick Dellman, begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy-tale called

**"Rumpty Dudget's Tower,"**

Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of ST. NICHOLAS, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps to let her five volumes already issued, prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and lore of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "letter-box" and "Riddle Box."

**The November Number.**

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Throughout are seen evidences and fruit of the editor's recent travel across the continent, and Mrs. Dodge's inimitable touches everywhere show the heartiness and zeal with which she resumes active editorial management. One long article and two poems in this number bear the signature, and in the Letter-Box she talks pleasantly with the young folks about her delightful journey to California.

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