

ambition is to live to see his beautiful boy an auctioneer or army surgeon, what he thinks of placing such mental pabulum as this before the rising generation? Can a lad who goes through life under the impression that it is only rocks a goat can feed on, ever expect to lead a political party or be on speaking terms with the policemen at his corner? Cast the horoscope of the miserable boy who never knows anything more about the gastronomic capacity and preferences of the goat than that it eats rocks, and you would never dare reveal the result to his girl or to the groceryman who trusts him for his tobacco! Since this questionable theme has been introduced into our School Primers, let it be treated fully and freely. Let us do our children justice, to say nothing about the goat. Give us a new Reader with full returns from every polling place on the goat question, or else substitute a sheep or a cow or a mule duly labelled, and the essay left out. Have our innocent lambs understand at the very outset of their checkered career that instead of simply feeding on rocks, the goat will eat anything, animate or inanimate, it can get. Let them be gently but firmly assured that the goat dearly loves custard pie and milk toast, but will take a horse blanket, a length of stove-pipe, a wash-board or an old straw hat, if the other dishes are not on the menu. Impress on the susceptible minds the cold fact that a goat, if tethered by a 40 feet rope, will first lurch pensively on the rope and when it has regained freedom will proceed to make a full meal off the door mats, washing down the repast with the contents of the lye-pot. If tethered to a post by a chain, he will climb to the top of the post and eat downwards till he comes to the staple and get loose. Fix indelibly on the young intellect that a goat, after a short fast, will dine sumptuously off a baby carriage and afterwards be seen with genuine tears of regret in his poor eyes at the reflection that the baby wasn't inside at the time. In the name of the parents of this young land I demand that a new Primer issue with a goat lesson duly authenticated and approved by the thousands of indignant fathers and mothers whose finer feelings are ruthlessly lacerated by the careless work of an elementary school book author, who fondly fancies his duty to youth and the animal done when he dismisses an important branch of natural history with the brief and unsatisfying observation: "The Goat Feeds on Rocks."

THE TWO PROFESSORS.

GRIP has never set up for a censor. He is a simple follower of Democritus mirth, and laughter producing is his peculiar province withal.

It grates harshly on his sensitive organization when he is obliged to assume a severer role. But he is conscientious and will not flinch from a duty. He had rather it had been the reporter of any other "esteemed contemporary" who had witnessed the occurrence here chronicled. But hard fate willed it otherwise, and GRIP has nothing but to submit.

How sad when those of tender years are led away by ignoble instincts to imitate insensate brutes that "bark and bite." But what shall we say when we find this belligerent spirit manifesting itself in those who are appointed to be the directors and instructors of youth? GRIP, in common with the rest of our community, honors the two learned professors whose researches have resulted in reflecting a common glory on our city and Province. But when these grave and reverend signiors fall to loggerheads and abuse one another—shocking! gentlemen, shocking! GRIP does not think the general public would fully comprehend the details of the discoveries made by these learned gentleman if he explained them—so he won't—but will simply state that on of the discoveries amounts practically to th

solution of the problem of thick lenses. In fact, by an ingenious adjustment of these lenses, accompanied by a careful observance of the laws of transcendental imagination, the learned Professor Powdon has succeeded in perfecting a machine which enables the operator to see round corners. This, it will be obvious, cannot fall of being of incalculable practical benefit to our race.

GRIP understands the constabulary force of this city has already offered to patent the invention at their own expense, foreseeing in it a very valuable means of avoiding dangers at present incident to their profession.

GRIP desires to state, in justice to the learned gentlemen and in palliation of the offence, that his reporter admits that the colloquy was carried on in well-chosen and in fact highly classical language, and this the reporter has endeavored, to the best of his ability, to transcribe.

In conclusion, GRIP thinks it only right to add that the reporter thinks, but of this he is not certain, but he understood the learned Professor Laxton to mutter—by way of a Parthian shaft—as he turned on his heel, that Professor Powden had been operating so long on *thick skulls* that it was small wonder he had found out something at last about *thick lenses*.

Says Saxton to Powdon  
 "Your feat you're too proud on;  
 You think you deserve an ovation,  
 While here am old I,  
 Who didn't half try,  
 Yet solved a tough quintic equation."  
 "You solved it! The fashion,  
 You stole it from Glashan  
 My innermost innards quite frenzies.  
 No—'Twas air't Meus;  
 So—'Creol'at Jul'aus—  
 My cranium not quite so dense is.

A FLOWERY COURTSHIP NIPPED IN THE BUD.

"Oh! love," sighed young Strephon, "thou art cruel to me,  
 Thou hast brought me to nothing but woe and disaster;  
 I loved fair Miss Rose; I proposed; alas! she  
 Refused me with scorn when so fondly I aster."  
 She said I was poor; 'twas the story of old,  
 'Twas so in the past; in *fu-chia* 'twill be  
 The same, for she said that she *must* *marigold*,  
 And that I should not do without *anemone*.  
 Oh! seared is my heart and no *balsam* can heal it,  
 I prayed for one kiss but she scornfully laughed—  
 "What! kiss you!" she cried with such scorn, I still  
 feel it;  
 So the dew from her *tulips* I never have quaffed.  
 Ah! how she did sneer when I urged my devotion,  
 And pressed her my heart and affection to share;  
 She gave me a look that deprived me of motion  
 When I said, "Ah! When, *pet-u-n-ia* a pair"—  
 "That never can be," she replied, "I have sworn it,  
 I must marry a man who has riches; my oath  
 is in *violet*—take off your love for I scorn it,  
 Your *celery's* far far too small for us both.  
 You *dahlia* boring me; pray, now, sir, leave me—"  
 "But think of my poor *bleating-heart*, miss," I said.  
 "How could you so lure me, so falsely deceive me?"  
 "Begone or my poppy will come!" and I fled."

A SAFE CONFIDANT.

When a West End merchant's store was burglarized the other night, he refused to tell anybody the particulars, and received all expressions of sympathy with a stolid indifference that indicated he didn't want any commiseration.

"A reporter told me about the little affair last night," said a big man who dropped into the store after the excitement had subsided. "I came to hear particulars. You might be able to track the thieves, you know."  
 "I won't give any particulars, and I don't want to track the thieves," exclaimed the victim.  
 "It was my own fault in not guarding my premises properly. The burglars simply took advantage of a good chance, and they are welcome to what booty they secured. Not one

word of mine shall be uttered with the object of tracing them up. But may I ask the reason of your interest in the case?"

"I am a Toronto detective."  
 "Oh! Is that so? Well, come into the office and sit down. I guess I can safely tell you all about the business."

SONG OF THE ESKIMO.

BY THE MAIL CORRESPONDENT.

Softly falls the flaky snow,  
 Soon we'll have the charming ice;  
 See, the glass is falling low,—  
 Bless me! won't it then be nice—  
 List'ning to the joyous gale;  
 List'ning to the loud waves' war;  
 List'ning to the tuneful hail  
 Beating on the frozen shore.  
 See the fine snow sifting through  
 E'en the smallest crack or chink,  
 Where the gale so gaily blew  
 It upon us. Don't you think  
 That just now you'd like to go  
 And be a jolly Eskimo;  
 Wear a pair of bear-skin socks,  
 And be a blooming Esquimaux?

OTTAWA GAILL.

At half past three o'clock this afternoon a deputation from the City Council waited on a committee of the Privy Council. The committee was composed of Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. Messrs. Bowell and McLellan. Mr. McCuaig, chairman of the deputation, represented to the committee that owing to the fact of this being the seat of Government, the Corporation has gone to extra expense in the city embellishment, and that the large quantity of expropriated lands upon which there was no taxation had depreciated the revenue of the city, therefore it was thought for these and other reasons that the Government should make an annual grant to the city. The Ministers promised to take the matter into their earnest consideration, and that an early answer might be looked for.—*Montreal Gazette*.

A PETITION.

To the Right Honorable Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Hector Langevin, Members of the Privy Council of Canada.

HONORABLE SIRS,—Your petitioner, a citizen of the City of Montreal, commercial metropolis of the Dominion of Canada, humbly submitteth that owing to the fact of the corporation of the City of Ottawa having laid claim for remuneration for extra expenses incurred in the embellishment of their city, and for other reasons, said to have been necessary through the City of Bytown having been selected for the seat of Government, wherefore your petitioner demandeth that the City of Montreal be also remunerated out of the public purse, by an annual grant from Government, not in excess, however, of what may be supplicated for by the said City of Ottawa. This request is based on the ground that the feat of Government was not put where nature intended it should be, that is, at the foot of Mount Royal, and that through this injudicious act our fair city is deprived of all the benefits of the enhanced value of property and the eminence derivable through the City of Ottawa having a monopoly of the illustrious presence of the Federal Government and its grandfather, the fossiliferous Senate, in their midst *tout le jour*.

Your petitioner, therefore, prayeth that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and dependeth upon you for justice in the premises, and particularly to this injured community.

I have the distinguished honor to remain, Honorable Sirs,

Your obedient servant,  
 DAVY JONES,  
 And 200,000 other citizens of Montreal.