

IN A NUTSHELL.

THE New York *Voice* is about the decentest paper in the United States, and yet it sets out to discuss the Fishery trouble in this fashion :

" Since the Washington Treaty expired, several years ago, this left us with no other treaty stipulations than those made in 1818, and on which there had always been disagreement. It was through the action of our Congress that the Washington Treaty terminated. The Canadians, to all appearance, desired its continuance, and, apparently in the endeavor to force the creation of another similar treaty, [they began at once to maltreat American fishermen, seizing their sloops upon the slightest pretence, incarcerating their crews, and in other cases refusing to sell them needed supplies, and forcing them on the voyage home with little or no provisions.]"

If, for the words we have enclosed in brackets, the editor had simply written, "they began at once to enforce the plain provisions of the treaty of 1818," he would have stated the case precisely. This is the whole head and front of our offending.

HUMOR IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

SUGGESTION TO THE COMPILER OF OUR NEXT SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

THE idea has of late years gained ground among educationists that reading-lessons, instead of being prepared solely with the object of teaching the young to read, should be made the means of inculcating sound views on a variety of questions. Thus, we have now readings on temperance, sanitary reform, forestry, etc.—calculated to impregnate the youthful mind with principles which will, as it were, blossom and eventually fructify in accordance with those great—just so—exactly—you get the idea, don't you? Well, now what's the matter with making an equally obvious improvement by working in a few easy lessons of a humorous character interspersed with suitable jokes, with the object of sharpening the perceptive faculties of the pupils and developing their sense of humor? GRIP is perfectly disinterested in making this suggestion. At first sight it might seem as though we had a selfish end in view, but a little reflection will dissipate such an impression. One of the first and most obvious results of a considerable development of the humorous faculty among the rising generation, will be to vastly increase the number of those whose ambition is to run a comic paper. We shall have a host of would-be rivals and captious critics hanging on the ragged edge of humorous journalism, and attempting to "merit a share of public patronage." Nevertheless, unswayed by sordid considerations, let us give a specimen or two of the kind of juvenile literature which might awake latent parano-masiac talent in the adolescent intellect. Let us begin with

THE MULE.



This is a mule. Will he kick? Yes, *he'll* kick.* He is a kicker from way back. The best way to twist a mule's tail is to get some other boy to do it. Mules have long ears. Let us go round to the front of him to get an *ear* view. As a Scotchman once said, there is something "awfu' eerie"

about a mule. Is a mule any good to ride? Oh yes, nearly as good as a toboggan or a roller-coaster—but

*The teacher will here explain that the joke is on the *heel*.

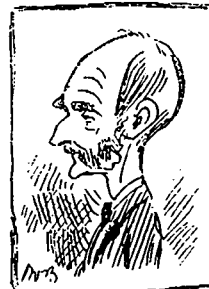
the ride don't last quite so long. It is sometimes hard to get on a mule's back, but then it is very easy to get off. The mule is soon tired. But he is not nearly as tired as the man who rides him. The mule is beginning to scratch his north ear with his left foot. Let us go away.

Do not fool
With the mule.
AT A PICNIC.



Here is a picnic party by the Lake—*Water* good time they are having. A picnic party is better than a Grit party or a Tory party. The fun is in full swing. If you look close you will see the swing under the trees. There is lots to eat and a vacant lot to eat on. Only the fat man has sat on the custard-pies and spoiled his clothes. Did he say anything? He did—*cussed-hard*. See that young man and his girl going off arm-in-arm—they *seek-westward* for a sequestered spot. Now they are seated on a grassy knoll—why do they rise so suddenly and dance a wild fandango? The grassy knoll is an ant-hill, which accounts for their ant-ics. Some of the boys have gone off along the lake shore for a swim. The dog which ran after the wagon has also gone into the water and divested himself of his pants. Now it is beginning to rain just as another crowd arrive from town. They will find the *bank-wet*, though the grub is mostly gone. Why does that portly person glance about and bend his ear to the ground? He is listening for the boom in real estate and the growth of the unearned increment.

GOLDWIN SMITH.



Who is the wisest man? Solomon? Well, yes, he is a solemn man, but that isn't his name. Goldwin Smith! Right. Mr. Smith knows more than anyone who ever lived. Ask himself if you don't believe it. A few years ago he started in to bust up the British Empire. He could have done it easy if he had kept on, but he changed his mind and determined to save it. He devotes most of his time to saving the Empire by writing letters to the papers and calling the Irish hard names. Contradiction arouses his ire. He is somewhat *ire-ish* himself. He lives at the Grange, but he is not a Granger. Is it not kind of good Mr. Smith to stay here and show us how to run the country.

We have no doubt that the project thus imperfectly sketched out will commend itself to the Educational Department, and that the next series of authorized readers will have a few easy jokes adapted to the youthful mind scattered here and there among their more serious