

Further Particulars.

"Two men in Ohio claim to have discovered perpetual motion, and have sent a model to Washington for a patent. The machine consists of a large iron wheel containing a number of slides, inclined planes, etc. It will start itself."

Mr. GRIP,

SIR.—I suppose many of your readers have noted the above paragraph in the papers, and I am sure they will all be pleased to hear some further particulars about this triumph of mechanism. I happen to be in a position to furnish this information, and submit the following brief account, which may be relied upon by all who see fit to rely upon it.

The motive force of this machine is now utilized by one of the inventors in doing the domestic work of his house, and has enabled him to dispense with the services of all his servants. When the first rosy tint of dawn gilds the front window, the machine with the aid of various ingenious automatic contrivances, turns out the electric lights in and about the house to which it has during the night supplied the electricity, shakes down the coal fires and heaves in several scuttles of coals. It then proceeds to build the kitchen fire, put on the coffee to boil, the beefsteak to broil and the bread to toast; dusts about and puts upon the breakfast table all the necessary dishes, and in fine performs in a perfect and satisfactory manner all the duties incidental to the preparation of the matutinal meal. A gong is now struck which summons the sleeping family to the smoking and delicious viands. Breakfast done, a touch by the lady of the house on something like the button of an electric bell sets in motion the machinery, which removes the dishes and makes everything straight again. In a similar manner are the other meals of the house prepared and disposed of, all that is necessary for human hands or head to do being to select and place upon a table the raw material for the feast. The inventors expect to render even this unnecessary after a time and to make the machine so perfect that it shall also select—and keep up a varied programme of—the necessary dishes. It is needless to say that it does the washing and churning, rocks the cradle and performs all the household drudgery. When a caller rings the front door bell the door is automatically opened and a neat tablet inscribed with a request to step into the parlor meets his eye. If a tramp, however, knocks at the kitchen door he gets such a terrific electric shock as prevents his return for ever and for aye.

Any further information that I can furnish concerning this remarkable and useful machine I shall be most happy to do.

Yours truly,

VERITAS.

"More of it."

"EDWIN" said MUNDOCHINA McCHANTER the witty lovely and only surviving daughter of old McC. as she rearranged her bright glucose auburn "bangs," while he brushed a few specks of pearl powder off his coat sleeve with his aromatic *mouchon*. "EDWIN," I am not going to be bored with Professor WARMINGPAN'S instructions any longer and keep on practising "The Beautiful Daisies" for ever—I am going to learn the part of *Josephine*, do you know why?"

"Well dearest," replied EDWIN, "I hardly know what to think about it. I know the neighbors say that your 'beautiful daisy' is rather too self asserting, and as it were loud, for such a modest flower, and that they would like a change, even if they have to ask your "poppy."

"That's pretty good (for you)" said the charming girl. "The neighbors may go to

Muskoka for all I care—now listen. The reason I am going to attempt the part of *Josephine* (here she playfully placed her taper finger on which glistened a superb Lake Superior amethyst, the gift of EDWIN, on his Albert chain of the purest goldine purchased at WILKES', while her lovely olive tinted eyes sparkled with vivacity) is, that all "Pinafore" music is so easy to a *choir*.

EDWIN for a moment reflected and then—"Easy to acquire—easy to a *choir*—church choir of course! ha! ha! Come again." Oh MUNDOCHINA! (Tableau—more disturbance of bangs, and more distribution of powder). And EDWIN on his homeward way, as he gently whisks the superfluous "bloom of youth" off his coat to the cold bosom of the unsympathetic night winds, murmurs to himself, "Dear girl! You are too clever by far for the home circle. Yes, dearest MUNDOCHINA you should be on the lyric stage!"

Idyls by Our Own Idylor.
NO. 5. A MEDIEVAL EVIL.

Sir GASPARD was a valiant knight
Who had a sword and loved to wave it,
He also had a "ladye brighte"
Who stirred him up a *stir-rup* cup and gave it.

His ladye had a tender heart,
And wept because it did so grieve her
To think her *fortiun* lay *as-here*,
And that her noble lover had to leave her.

Sir GASPARD was a warrior bold,
And though his eyes with tears were swollen,
He managed to appear controlled,
And tried to *steel* his heart that she had *stolen*.



And then he hid him to the fight.
Alas! 'tis much to be deplored,
That though his foes were in the right,
That right they *waited* when'er he *waited* his sword.

He slashed him here, he slashed him there,
(The foe was *hurt* as well as *netted*)
Till *twenty* knights of valor rare
Had bit the dust and then the *score* was settled.

He wiped his blade and sheathed it, then
He dug a grave, and in it rolled
His vanquished foes; he'd found them men
Of metal so he cast them in the mould.



Meantime at home, his ladye fair
Being much concerned about her dear,
Consulted an astrologer
And begged he'd try and make her *knight* a *peer*. (appear)

A weakly man this seer wise,
With shaking limbs and withered hair,
(He'd been more used to *ex'rcise*
Th' immortal spirit than his body spare.)

A dwarfish man, and not the sort
Of man at all for wedded life,
But tho' he was so very *short*,
The lady made him *long*—to take a wife.

For ladies fair are really so
Inclined to coquetry, the while
She *measured* him from top to toe
She managed to *engage* him with a smile.

And then he had a *charming* voice,
And charnted incantations grim
So sweetly, she had ne'er a choice
But fall in love both with his *chant* and *him*.

And when the knight returned so wan
And travel stained, to claim his bride,
He found she'd bolted with that man
Of magic, so he smote his *breast*—and *sigh'd*. (side.)

Sir GASPARD fell upon his sword
And pierced his bosom in the fall,
No eye observed his life-blood poured,
Because the "(K)nigh't's dark mantle cover'd all."

A Capital Agitation Killed by a Seventhly.

The city of St. John, which dwells on the edge of the Bay of Fundy, has the capital fever.

It has had the plague, the small-pox, and the biggest fire the Dominion can boast of, and, thinking that all of these calamities have not been sufficient, it offers to receive the House of Assembly! The people not only cheerfully assent to the infliction, but offer to provide a residence for the Lieut.-Governor, and a site for the Legislative building.

It is urged, in favor of the change from Fredericton to St. John, First, that the chronic atmosphere of fog which envelops the latter city, makes it a peculiarly appropriate place for Legislative deliberations.

Secondly, that the prohibitory liquor law which prevails in Fredericton, is highly detrimental to Members of the Assembly, who are obliged to use an inferior quality of liquor, or go without.

Thirdly, that neither JOHN BOYD nor ROBERT MARSHALL will ever accept the Governorship while Fredericton is the capital.

Fourthly, that St. John ladies are much more beautiful and attractive than their Fredericton sisters, and would save the Members from dissipation by drawing them into absorbing flirtations.

Fifthly, that WM. ELDER or EDWARD WILKES can take the office of Provincial Secretary without neglecting their papers.

Sixthly, that the corporation of St. John would be saved the annual drain on its resources for the expenses of Common Council lobbying delegations to Fredericton.

Seventhly, that the debates would be reported *verbatim* if the session were held in St. John.

Everything went on swimmingly for the change until the seventh argument in its favor was announced, and then the managers of the "boom" suddenly discovered a falling off in the popular enthusiasm. People who had signed the petitions began to get up counter petitions, and speakers in support of the movement began to hear groans mingled with the cheers. "Seventhly" is too much for the St. John people. They are long suffering, but *verbatim* reports of the House of Assembly carries the joke a little too far.

And the capital will probably not be moved, and the unlucky mention of *verbatim* reports is responsible for the stopping of the agitation. If the leaders of the movement had only stopped at sixthly they might have succeeded.