



A LESSON IN RHYMING.

NO 1 STAGE.

Take some word, for instance, we'll pitch upon *extraordinary*,
Think of something then to end your second line, say
gone;
Then a rhyme to line the first: quite easy, here 'tis,
sword in airy,
Then a winder up, and nothing suits as well as *John*.

NO. 2 STAGE.

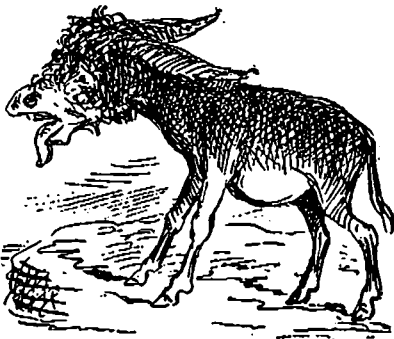
Above you have your terminals—he was a most *extraordinary*
That line's advanced a step or two—and off his head
was gone
That line's a little more complete—he waved his heavy
sword in airy,
Good again—the atmosphere, decapitating John.

NO. 3, COMPLETE.

There was a gallant captivng, and he was a most *extraordinary*
Swordsmen, he could slash a foe, and off his head *was gone*;
He loved not little Johnny Smith, he waved his heavy
sword in airy
Passes through the atmosphere, decapitating John.

PROSE FINALE.

There it is: easy as A B C. Further instruction in this art will be given from time to time, just as the instructor may feel like it or not. Fee, reasonable. Any buyer of the GRIP-SACK, now for sale, price 25 cents, taught free.



A WORD ABOUT A CRUSTACEAN.

A SCIENTIFIC ESSAY.

Material for this column is very scarce just now, but it (the column) has got to be filled, even though we show that we don't understand a word of the subject of which we treat. Suppose we say something on the subject of lobsters. What put this into our head was the fact that we are in agonies of torture from indigestion, brought on, we believe, by making a light supper of lobster, cucumber and milk, three articles that medical men will tell you form a combination of sufficient power to slay a jackass in ten minutes. But bah! What do doctors know, anyhow? We still live to disprove their absurd theories. We've

laid ourselves open for something to be said by other smart men in those last sentences—but let them say on: we shall laugh them to scorn. When we remark that we have laid ourselves open, we do not mean the words to be taken literally. We feel that the horrible and ghastly, nay, even weird sight that would meet our gaze, would strike terror to the stoutest heart, under which head comes ours. But how we are rambling from our discourse, which was to have been about lobsters! We must pitch in and get this essay written, so we will commence by saying that we have always lived on the seashore, twelve years of them having been in the heart of Canada, where the briny breezes blow soft o'er C-y-lon's isle, and we have remarked that a lobster never comes on shore unless he is carried by force. He is afflicted with but one disease that we know of and that is boils.

There is more real excitement in harpooning a whale or in having the measles than there is in catching lobsters. The latter luxury we have indulged in. The stock of whales we have laid low wouldn't fill an old fashioned seventy-four. The thushness of pursuing the lobster in his native lair is as follows: The fisherman provides a small hen-coop and places in it, as enticers, several dead fish. He then rows his boat to the lobster ground—which is water—and sinks his coop to the bottom, and anchors it to a small buoy—one from eight to ten will do—and then goes home. When he feels like it again—say in the course of a week or so—he goes back and pulls his poultry house, and if he has had any decent kind of luck, he will find the game inside the coop.

As an article of food the real goodness—or badness—of the lobster is in the pith.

Very few people relish the skin, and physicians say it is almost as hard to digest as the interior. We shall not indulge in any lobster peel.

Though the following statement is antagonistic to a preceding one, we venture to remark that nothing is better for colic than boiled lobster. The raw article is crude, not to say unpalatable.

Eaten at the right time and in proper quantities, lobster stands second to no fruit known.

We give this valuable information ungrudgingly to our readers—for when we are in pain we desire sympathy.

THE TENDER TENOR.

"Kiss me not; my mother's sitting
Close beside my husband's stall,
And the thought of any wooing
Would his inmost heart appal.
Every night, behind the footlights,
I'm the cynosure of eyes;
But the ghost of stage carresses
Makes my breast in anguish rise.

Do not warily press my fingers
Drop them as a lighted coal;
Only aim your tender speeches
At the vision of your soul.
But if stage effect demand it,
When your heart with love is big,
Do not even touch my forehead—
Kiss the parting of my wig."

She was middle-aged and *passee*,
He was handsome, bright and young;
And he had enough discretion
To know when to hold his tongue.
Nought he answered. In the evening,
Just her forelock did he press;
Not a middle aged grandmother
Would have blushed at his caress.

Had he been the least ungallant,
Thus he might have made reply:
"Aged flutterm, do not fear me,
But your scenic lover I.
Scarcely to my silk-clad shoulder
Would I press your powdered face,
Creme de l' Imperatrice
Scarce my dresser could erase."

But the opera passed off quietly,
For he did as he was told;
Though the critics said next morning,
That his love was rather cold.

And the middle-aged Othello,
Who was tiring of his wife,
Thought he never saw a wiser
Juvenile in all his life.

THE TELEGRAPH STRIKE.

DEAR GRIP.



YOUR desire to give the latest news to your readers, you will no doubt be pleased to know how the telegraphers' strike strikes us who live beyond the limits of the great Queen City whose rapid strides towards fame, wealth, and Parkdale are seen and known of all men whose business or pleasure takes them in the direction of the flowery suburb. The 'keys' of the situation are held by the companies, for if the strikers had taken them there would have been charges of larceny at the Police or "Circuit" courts and the companies would have "wired" into the operators in a "shocking" manner.

This shows us that after all said and done, the Companies have more "brass" than the Brotherhood, the members of which are in a fair way to be "cut out"—if the officials are to be believed. Whether Russian operators would be of use is very doubtful as there are wonderful numbers of "Poles" in the service, but they remain perfectly passive and are not able to operate at all.

One pleasing feature in Canada is that though "battery" is very common in the offices there has been no assault recorded—the dictionary to the contrary notwithstanding—and this although fresh "relays" of pickets are frequently put on guard. If the pickets were fresh there might be trouble, and the pickets aforesaid might in such case have to do what every operator dreads—"lo(ose) their grip," if an objectionable officer came within reach and was captured. This is emphatically a war of wages. The wagers war whether the war wages or not, and no one outside the camps, cares to wager that the wages will be what the wagers wish.

The Western Union is a great cold-water(ed) institution. This accounts for the moderate—even strictly temperate—salaries it pays its operators.

The Great North-Western, like the land from which it takes its name, is a company of "magnificent distances"—between the figures its servants want and those it pays.

J. A. MESAG.

31st July, 1883.

The Long Branch bar-rooms are now in full blast. We arrive at this conclusion from reading a despatch telling how, on Wednesday, three ships were seen, one above another in mid-air, by sojourners at that watering place.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

Is it a young man? It is a young man. He is dressed in fine style. Yes, because he is a fashionable young man. What are those white things at his wrists? Those are cuffs. You thought they were white bulletin boards, did you? Oh, no, they are only cuffs. Why does he deep his fingers spread out so wide? He does it to prevent his cuffs dragging on the ground.—*The Drummer*.