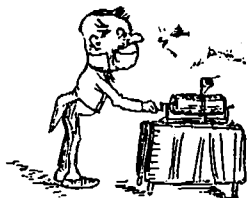


**EDISON LEFT NOWHERE!**

THE GREAT NOVELTY OF THE AGE IS THE PLETHYSMOGRAPH.

Grip's experiments with the instrument.



Professor BARKER in his address to the American association at Boston, last week, having mentioned in eulogistic terms the great merits of this instrument, Grip lost no time in supplying himself with one of the most approved specimens of the new invention. Knowing that it was intended to test and register the amount of brain force expended in the solution of intricate questions, Grip resolved to subject a few of his most intimate friends to its operation. The method of its working is thus described:—

The forearm, for example, being the organ to be experimented on, is placed in a cylinder of water and tightly enclosed. A rubber tube connects the interior with the recording apparatus. The recorded result on the register of the instrument is caused solely by the imagination, blood passing from the body to the brain in the act. The recorded curve shows very distinctly how much blood the brain takes to perform any given operation. Hence the plethysmograph is capable of measuring the relative amount of mental power required by different persons to work out the same problem.

The first to be subjected to the instrument was the Hon. E. BLAKE. Having removed his spectacles, and placed his forearm in the requisite position, he was asked in solemn tones by Mr. GRIP—"Why is ALEXANDER MACKENZIE like the Encyclopedia Britannica?" The register showed only the slightest perceptible curve when the reply came—"Though shelved, yet often consulted." Grip gave Ed. a good mark for that answer. The query was then put—"Where is Sir SAMUEL TILLEY's surplus?" There was no appreciable curve registered, as Mr. BLAKE replied, "In his mind." Another good mark.

"Why," again enquired Grip "is that river in last week's Grip, like letter T?"

This was a clincher. The register ran up among the nineties, and Mr. BLAKE fainted. On his recovery he was gradually told that it was because he ought to cross it. "T's ought always to be crossed you know" said Grip soothingly. Then we are sorry to say Ed. came very near using profanity, for he said with a frown on his usually open countenance "Dot your eyes, Grip!" A bad mark recorded.

Mr. CROOKS was then invited to submit to the test and he did so cheerfully. His appearance, however, was a dismal failure. The first query propounded floored him. Grip, with a malicious twinkle in his eye asked him whether he really—on his honor now—could explain the long-winded defense of his course of action (in the matter of the classical professorship) that appeared in the *Globe*. The curve shown by the instrument was terrific, but Mr. C. did not reply. He was clearly demoralized, so Grip mercifully released him.

Vice-Chancellor BLAKE next submitted to the test with very satisfactory results, until, with malice aforethought, a clerical friend of Grip's suggested the question "Did the Provincial Synod treat you with the respect due to you as SAM TORONTO?" The V. C. indignantly withdrew his forearm from the instrument before any curve was registered, and left the office apparently in high dudgeon.

GORDON BROWN dropped in on a friendly

visit just at this moment and submitted to the test—but the curves registered by the instrument were so fearfully irregular, that the experiment had to be abandoned. It was afterwards discovered that GORDWIN SMITH, en route to the Grange, was passing at the time, four blocks away, and this caused the excitement. The extreme sensitiveness of the instrument is thus established beyond the possibility of question.

A good many more were present including the editor of the *Evening Telegram*, Mr. Maclean of the *World*, the Mayor, Alderman Ryan and Harry Piper, but none of them could be induced to trust their forearm in the apparatus and they, one by one, slipped out, leaving Grip to meditate on the old saw that it takes all sorts of people to make a world.



A Card From May Frisk.

To the Managers of Moral Blonde Shoes, and all others whom it may concern:

LADIES AND GENTS:

I feel as though I'd oughter give you a little buzz about Toronto. I advise you to jump that town; it's a snide place. There ain't no sort of chance for a good moral entertainment; they sit right down on anything in the Blonde line, though shows like *Kerry Gow* and *Galley Slave* do big business. There ain't no bald-headed men to speak of in the hull place, I calculate; leastwise they didn't show up worth a cent. I struck that town lately, but I didn't do no biz, 'cause I wouldn't give a loose exhibition. I'd rather bust up my combination than go back on legitimate performance, so I left. I would also warn you agin the hotels; the landlords is a bad crowd; they want money. I never see such sharks after money. If they can't git the cash they don't mind takin' your trunk and fixins'. My professional brethren and sistern better take my advice and give Toronto the G. B. Yours in distress, MAY FRISK.

LIKE the Liberal party in England, the Grip party of Canada is composed of men of many minds.—*Belleville Intelligencer*.—How many minds to a member, brother? We have heard of a man who owned up to having "half a mind" but—many minds!—oh, come!

**More New Books**

*The Ethics of the Publishing Trade*, by J. ROSS ROBERTSON, Esq.

*Piracy on the High Seas,—its analogy to plagiarism*, by an eminent Toronto publisher.

*Hackmen*, by the author of *Carmen*.

*Rolling stones flock together*, by the author of *Birds of a feather gather no moss*.

*Happy as a Clam*, by the Author of *Infelice*.

*The Hittites, reminiscences of the prize-ring*, by the author of the *Danites*.

*A blood-curdling conundrum*, by the author of *A Terrible Secret*.

*A Backhander, or a slap in the fare for Gordon Brown*, by the Editor of the *Bystander*.

**A Way out of It.**

(FROM AN OLD LOG.

In a tight little schooner there went to sea Three Jack-tars:—(there were more than three If you reckon the whole ship's company.)

But the vessel it came to grief, d'ye see, On a Friday night, as it might be, And on Saturday morn there were left but three.

In the terrible storm they could hardly float In the small cockleshell that was called a boat; Still manfully with the gale they fought.

But a storm will shatter the staunchest barks, When a stiff Nor'-wester up to its larks, And the crew will be meat for man-eating sharks.

So our tars in their boat were well aware That death,—that spectre, grisly and spare,— In each of their faces did grimly stare.

Small blame to them then, if, in a scare, They thought they might just as well prepare, And get, if they could, to "the land over there."

"Can you pray?" says Jack, "'cause I can't," says he. Says Bill, "That's hexactly the case with me," And Tom groined, "I guess we're a graceless three."

"Mayhap if we sang a hymn or two," Says Jack, "'a morsel of good 'twould do;" But, alas! not a line of a hymn they knew.

Their faces grew pale, for affairs looked blue, Since nothing like worship could one of them do, And they looked a most woe-begone, broken-down crew.

At last a light on their gloom did break— It was Bill from the stern-sheets that cheerily spake—"I have it—by Jove!—A COLLECTION WE'LL MAKE!"

MORAL.

This moral I draw, after careful reflection— If 'tis wrong I am open, of course to correction, But the clergy, I know, will endorse the direction— Though you can't pray or sing, don't forget the collection.

**Typical.**

Amongst the art exhibits at the fair is a "model of Bond street church in cork," by ARTHUR NEIL. We are glad to observe that the judges have awarded a prize of \$5 to the unique article, as we may take this to indicate that its symbolical as well as artistic merits are duly appreciated. The intention of the artist was no doubt to express the idea that Bond street church under its present happier auspices is bound to keep its spire above water.



Going Home From the Fair.

A SEQUEL TO OUR DOUBLE-PAGE CARTOON OF LAST WEEK.