



A CRUSHER.

“JOBBER”—“I should think you would be ashamed to wear another woman’s hair on your head!”

MRS. J.—“And I should think you would be ashamed to wear another sheep’s wool on your back!”

THE GRANGE AT MUDVILLE.

MUDVILLE GRANGE held its usual monthly meeting last Monday, in the house of Abraham Posthole. The attendance was but meagre, owing to a dog fight then raging in the tavern opposite. However, Stephen Whippletry, David Dosey, Moses Raspberry, Joseph Klevis, with Deacon Punkin and the host, constituted a quorum, so, when the pipes had been lighted, and the spittoon shuffled into a central position, Deacon Punkin took the chair with the customary formalities.

The chairman stated that he had received a letter from a friend in Ohio, deploring the prevalence of oleomargarine. This state of things contained a solemn warning to Canadians. Unless farmers bestirred themselves, the butter of the future would come more from the steer than the cow. Things seemed to be “stearine” that way. He (the chairman) could not reflect on the possible extinction of this noble animal without emotion. She should not be surrendered to Western stock-breeders without a struggle, neither should we allow her strain to degenerate by mixture with the iron-tailed species kept by Eastern milkmen. Are the tender memories associated with the word “bossy” to be snuffed into oblivion at the command of tallow bosses? Are the allusions to this historic quadruped, enshrined in the immortal melodies of Mother Goose, to be allowed to fade into anachronisms? Should we not strive to hand down to posterity in unimpaired significance that touching and beautiful ballad which commemorates that wonderful triumph in domestic architecture, the House that Jack built? Must the “cow with the crumpled horn,” and her charming mistress, the beautiful milkmaid, become obsolete characters? He did not fear for the “man all tattered and torn.” As long as there remained one who followed the plough, that scare-crow figure of speech would be well enough understood. But the position of the cow is more *instable*.

Abraham Posthole thought that the cow would hold her own in one shape or another, but there was one time-honored institution connected with the dairy which was seriously threatened. He referred to the one-legged milking stool. A machine had been invented, combining

pail and stool, which, if generally adopted, would render archaic one of the simplest and most beautiful devices known to husbandry. Speaking of associations, what article is richer in these than this accommodating contrivance to check gravitation? Mounted on an old barrel stave, it made a noble forerunner of the toboggan down the smooth hillside in front of the little red school-house of boyhood memories. He (the speaker) deplored any attempt to reduce it into its original elements, two pieces of kindling-wood. He, for his part, would never practice sitting on a watering-can and milking in a funnel. It was a poor recommendation of this new-fangled notion, that a kicking cow could not spill the contents. When a cow kicked, the great want was something handy to hammer her with, and the one-legged milking stool filled the bill. Let us not go back on this old relic. The speaker concluded his plea for the retention of ancient forms with the remark that he was glad to know that, the price of the threatened innovation being \$1.75, placed it above the reach of the average Mudville farmer.

Stephen Whippletry said that speaking of innovations reminded him to deplore the rapid disappearance of the old snake-rail fences, their place being too often filled by barbarous wire. The latter should be made illegal. He felt a little sore on this subject, having scrambled through one of those outlandish barriers on coming to this meeting across lots. He was, in consequence, in no sort of condition to appear in public, unless it were as a fancy dress characterization of that hero lately mentioned, the “man all tattered and torn.” He mourned, like a Hebrew prophet with rent garments, the removal of those old landmarks, the snake fences. There were a few points about them, perhaps, which a progressive farmer might consider drawbacks, but such points connected with their porcupine substitute were simply innumerable.

The meeting closed without singing the National Anthem.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

A ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

THE scheme set forth in the following advertisement, which appears in several of our English exchanges, is of such general benefit that we have decided to give it the advantage of the larger and more *elite* circulation of GRIP:

UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE and INFORMATION OFFICE (founded by Lord Truro), 19 Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square, W.C. ANSWERS QUESTIONS, Makes Researches, and Supplies Information on every subject.—For prospectus, setting forth terms and conditions, address the Secretary.

Who, after such an announcement, will dare to repeat the well-worn maxim that “there is no royal road to learning?” Here it is for you. If a supply of information, cut and dried, upon “every subject,” doesn’t fill the bill, we should like to know what would. Of course we shall immediately avail ourselves of this invaluable *vade mecum*—if the terms don’t come too high—and endeavor to set at rest at once and forever a number of vexed questions and time-honored mysteries which have hitherto lacked solution. The following are a few of the queries which we propose to submit to this omniscient body:

Who were the parents of Cain’s first wife?
Where was Moses when the light went out?
Who struck Wm. Paterson, Esq.?