



RIVAL NEWS AGENTS.

BILL.—“Eres yer Grinchuckle agin. Yer picters aint in a i style o' hart.”

JACK.—“Does yer call machine picters with sign boards to um a i style o' art? Stich a lot o' names aint a sign o' modesty, anyhow—if yer have a patent process.”

BILL.—“Go long. Ourn's all original, 'cause we copies um. We've got lots o' brass, too, and will smash you fellows.”

### THE MOSCOW OF BEAVER HALL.

DEAR SIR,—On Sabbath morning—you may know I am a Presbyterian by my Sabbathleanings,—I was in a comfortable state of mind for my hebdomadal devotions. On Saturday I had done a large business in the way of shaving the noses of needy tradesmen, and at night I shaved myself, so as not to break the Sabbath by unnecessary labour. My pious partner, Margaret, had prepared her Sabbath gear, including her best bonnet, with her other fashionable finery, so that we were in a state of preparedness to parade our devotions with the usual degree of external sanctity, when I was roused from my calm and peaceful slumbers by the alarm of fire. But as this has become a very usual thing in Montreal since the establishment of the Fire Marshalship, after having learned that it was not my own dwelling that was in danger, I left the devouring element to pursue its ravages, and composed myself once more to rest; but when I was informed by Bridget, our servant, that it was our own St. Andrew's that had fallen a sacrifice, I was by no means surprised, as I knew it had been a long time in a state of chronic combustion. My first impression, however, was that it was the work of an incendiary, or some poor fellow who was cold, and wanted to warm his hands by his own fireside, and who had arrived at the conclusion, seeing the way that inflammatory persons are treated by Montreal juries, that wilful fire-raising is a meritorious action. Another supposed it was caused by some one stealing the plate, and who was in want of the siller. Some judge that it was a judgment sent to punish the Caledonian Society because they intend to have a “flare-up” at the theatre. I presume the editor of the *Witness* favours that opinion, as he fears the attractions of the old shed may induce the thoughtless to indulge their depraved tastes by going to look at its seedy splendour. Some hinted that it was St. Zeno, in revenge for their parading his old bones through the streets of Montreal, who made a mistake, and fired the wrong edifice. But I have arrived at the conclusion that the fire origi-

nated with the organ. That instrument, seeing that it has been instrumental in causing a disorganized opposition to its notes, had determined to put a stop to it. The “kist o' whistles” has been in a bad way ever since the “Whistler” blew upon it, and it's my opinion that it went off in a fit of spontaneous combustion, because it felt it a burning shame that it had got into such company. However, as it will enable us to move to a more fashionable quarter, and further from ordinary people, the catastrophe is no calamity. It will give us an opportunity of moving away from the immediate neighbourhood of the Unitarians, who are so inconsistent as to have views of their own, and so absurd as to proclaim them. Although I don't know exactly wherein they differ from us,—still they do differ, and that is enough for me. Well, it's a great comfort, and one that we ought to be thankful for, that they had a share of the fire,—we were not left alone in our glory. Then the Baptists got a small touch of the flames, although they always have a supply of water on hand. Well, that was a providential thing; it gave the minister a text from which to preach a sermon, in which he extolled the merits of Mr. Perry, and gave that gentlemen an opportunity of appearing in a new character, in which he exhibited his blushing modesty, and gave the public an opportunity of appreciating that wise saw, which says “wonders will never cease,” and gives us a modern instance of a bad fire that burns nobody good.

I. CASTWELL.

Does it require skill in carving to cut capers?

It is proposed to call the Grand Stand at Mile End “The Grand Break-Down.”

A maid of all-work complains that her life is all made of work.

Be resigned. No snail ever complained because his was a hard case.

GYMNASIUM.—Fencing fields.

SEE-COSTLY.—Ladies' boots.

SILVER NEWS.—Presentation plate.

A COCK-FY wishes to learn the address of Hettie Mology.

What comes of “cocking” accounts? A stew or a broil.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to receive short, original contributions, on the understanding that if rejected they will not be returned.

All communications are to be addressed, pre-paid, to Box 467, Post Office, Montreal.

The temporary stoppage of GRINCHUCKLE has caused delay in acknowledging the communications of several of our friends.

B. S.—Your verses are welcome, and will have early insertion.

LORR.—It did not come to hand.

COLUMBUS.—Twenty pithy words are worth more to us than twenty folios. Your “Sketch” is good, but would be better if it were a little more sketchy.

A. S. S.—Bray again.

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