

CITY GAS ASSOCIATION.

A number of the members of this honorable body being absent at the last meeting when GRINCHUCKLE was present—as the *belle lettered* people say—in *propria persona*, desired to have an opportunity of seeing his, perhaps, not lovely but to be beloved phiz, and, therefore, petitioned for a special congregation, which was duly held on Wednesday night, but GRINCHUCKLE was not there—only his representative. Amongst those who had come to do him honour were Aristides and Forceps, Rotten and Value, the Son of Jesse and Old Ireland, together with Manho, Employer and Servant, and Hold-him-down. These were, as has been said before, of the first rank. The second rank were represented by Plankit, William-my-son, and Juliet's Partner, with Lieman, Never-told-a-lie, and Leader, besides Frederick the Small, Jawdone, Robert the Tailor, and Sanctimonious Charles. Stone, Wiseman, and the City Shoveller watched proceedings behind the scarlet judgment seat, and in front of the Workman who presided sat the grey-haired man and his diminutive assistant. With the help of the burly Cardinal, a private detective, and several policemen, Darcy kept order. The gallery was occupied by some of the "unwashed," and upon the side seats sat a deputation from the Licensed Whittling Association.

The business was opened by a letter read by the Workman from a number of gentlemen in Bytown, who desired to get up an opposition railway to the Grand Trunk. A promise was held out in the epistle of "free drinks and rides," and, as a matter of course, the Association sent three members.

Several members brought in a motion to turn the resting places of the dead into places of relaxation for the living. Some opposed this on account of the cost, but only one said it would be unseemly, whilst another said it would be unhealthy.

Never-told-a-lie did not consider it would be at all unhealthy, provided water-tight coffins were used. He referred to the great plague of London, stating that the dead had been buried in water-tight coffins just under the spot where a big school stood. If water-tight coffins were not used he would pay a good rent for the land for a garden. It must be fertile; bones were good for cabbage.

Lieman considered Never-told-a-lie an authority on all *grave* questions.

Never-told-a-lie briefly returned thanks, on which Darcy, fearing there might be an explosion of gas—so much of it floating round—turned down the light.

Lieman said Rotten was an able fellow—nay, more, he was a jolly good fellow.

Robert the Taylor happening to whisper to some one was told by Lieman to learn to behave.

Never-told-a-lie said he would instruct him for a "quarter."

Sanctimonious Charles fired a bullet made by the Son of Jesse.

Never-told-a-lie crossed the house and had a "confab" with his friend Bayard, and at the same time the Son of Jesse and Sanctimonious took positions on the floor, with their backs to the stove.

Forceps wanted taverns closed early.

Rotten entered into the discussion, citing Chitty, Mansfield, Blackstone, Archbold and Coke in support of "his pretensions."

Forceps "spurred" with Rotten about "blind drunkards."

Rotten thought taverns, even in broad daylight, full of filth and wickedness.

Never-told-a-lie said he wanted a smoke, and asked for one of McConkey's best or Davis' "Cable" cigars.

Son of Jesse asked all hands to go out and take a drink.

Rotten resumed his argument, and asked that tavern keepers might have the benefit of the doubt.

Never-told-a-lie expressed his belief in conversion.

Forceps said Rotten had never been committed since he had been Chairman of the Police Committee. [He here went into a heavy temperance lecture.]

Rotten asked him whether he was sincere?

Forceps said he was, but his was more like the case of the priest who advised his hearers to do as he said, not as he did.

Rotten referred Forceps to Molson's ledger to see whose was the heaviest account.

Forceps was doubtful.

Rotten asked if there was such a thing as getting "legally drunk."

The Son of David said, "No, sirree!"

It was announced that changes were about to be made in the membership roll, and certain gentlemen were appointed to watch over the elections, to see that no one voted twice, that no one drank too much whiskey, and that not more than twenty-five cents was paid for any one vote.

The Workman pronounced the dismissal.

CIVIC ELECTIONS.

The great day of the year has at last come, when the corner pettifogger can show himself to be of some influence, and the poorest householder can have his say in the conduct of public affairs. There are going to be some changes; but these are of general occurrence in this life, and the non-successful candidates are advised not to put themselves about, but to try again. GRINCHUCKLE will be glad to find some of his old friends in the new Council, whose interests he proposes to watch over at the Nomination and Polling days; but he has something of a desire to see some new ones, in order to have other lessons and experiences of human nature. The election cries this year resolve themselves into the "Public Park," which seems to be a case of "wait awhile"; the new City Hall, which is rather too premature a project; the extra Water Supply, a thing of the utmost importance, and improved Streets and Public Squares, which are badly wanted. The water-tight coffin business is to be reserved for next year.

Who will be rejected in the Centre Ward? Baa! Baa!

The Secretary of the S. P. C. A. Society proposes, if elected to Council, to bring up the Calf question.

When the Early Closing Tavern By-Law came up the other night, it is said that several members voted with an eye to the coming elections. Is this Bayard-like?