

OUR PRIZE TALE.



FEELING himself equal to anything, and having a decided taste for dollars, GRINCHUCKLE intends to compete for the premium offered by the proprietor of the *Illustrated News* for the best Canadian tale. He flatters himself that his first chapter is far ahead of anything hitherto attempted.

CHAPTER I.

The November sun was shooting amorous glances at the silvery countenance of the queenly St. Lawrence, as a middle-aged man pensively passed and re-passed the noble monument consecrated to the memory of Nelson. There was nothing remarkable in his features, except a hole in his trousers.

He stood.

When he was tired of standing, he went on.

Meanwhile the orb of day had risen higher and yet higher in the heavens. Throngs of business-men hurried to the Temple of Pluto; the equipages of millionaires rolled through the arteries of the Canadian Babylon, and the clear air rang with the cries of multitudinous news-boys,

"Sweet heralds of the morn."

Our hero was too much absorbed in thought to heed the idle bustle around him. Some mighty fact was moulding itself in his brain,—some heroic purpose nerving the fibres of his soul.

Great and commanding is the majesty of man,—even with a large hole in his extremities.

But what had brought him thither, and why did he linger within the shadow of that magnificent memorial of naval gallantry?

Nobody knew. Still further, nobody cared.

To us, who know something of the man's history, there was in his conduct a significance which those who knew him not failed to perceive. He had seen happier days, when——. But we anticipate.

The man—the hour—the spot were fruitful of conjecture. Was he planning the restoration of that somewhat decayed work of art, or his own destruction, or merely the assassination of a City Councillor? It might have been the first, for he was ragged enough to be a genius; or the second, for there seemed to be no special reason why the world should continue to give him board and lodging; or the third, for he looked like one who would have benefited mankind had he had a fair chance.

Conjecture at this stage is vain.

The crisis had arrived; the moment for action had come!

Pressing his storm-beaten beaver upon his brows, and inserting the digits of his right hand in his trousers pockets, he produced——

We dare not divulge it yet.

He then cast a furtive glance around, as one might

who contemplated a desperate deed, and hurried into the shop which stood nearest.

The pale youth at the counter shook in his seedy habiliments.

There was a moment's pause.—then from the lips of our hero came forth, in sepulchral tones, the words,

"One cigar, please, and a box of matches!"

(To be continued, indefinitely.)

METEOROLOGICAL.

Our apparatus is not yet in full working order, so we give our predictions this week with a certain amount of diffidence. We think some dependence may be placed on the following prognostications:—

Snow may fall, and if it freezes foot passengers will be liable to fall too.

If it should rain, as it probably will if the weather does not hold up, bosom friends will be solicited for the loan of their umbrellas, the majority of which will not be returned.

The new moon, in consequence of exposure to inclement weather, has gone into a decline.

Jack Frost will soon have cut the last leaves of the Book of Nature.

To the Editor of Grinchuckle.

SIR,—Before commencing a poem, which, I believe, is destined to astonish the world, I beg to submit, for your approval, a sample of its versification.

The changes upon rhythm, rhyme, and style having been so many and various, it has been a matter of great difficulty to adopt one which shall be entirely new.

That difficulty, I am proud to think, I have overcome in the enclosed sample.

Pending your approval, I am,

Your's truly,

BYRON JONES.

"AVENGED."

Raptur'd, the monarch clutches at his prize;
Captur'd, thou monster! triumphantly he cries;
Cease, raging torment—care for ever end—
Peace, once again your soft influence lend;
Sleep, long unknown, your sovereignty maintain,
Sleep, in your limpid tide, my soul again!
Crushed by my vengeance, see, the traitor dies;
Hushed in the dream of death, no more to rise.
Shine, Star of Freedom, the world at length is free!
Mine is the triumph—I've caught and crack'd that flea!"

B. J.

Calendar for the Week.

NOVEMBER

19	Friday	Gratuitous Exhibition of Nelson's Monument.
20	Satur.	J. Smith's birthday.
21	Sund'y	Feast of Tabernacles.
22	Mon.	Prince-baiting at the Crystal Palace.
23	Tues.	Triumphal procession of City Cars.
24	Wed.	Navigation closed at the North Pole.
25	Thurs.	GRINCHUCKLE in the ascendant.