

than twenty-five cents. The lie is useless and unbusinesslike, and you will only be despised for it.

In the druggist's trade labels are the great essentials of business. Lying, in this respect should be scientifically done. I have, lying by me a box of Seidlitz powders. The label informs me that they are "prepared from a recent analysis of the celebrated German spring." Now, there is no such spring in all Germany, but what does that matter? When you sell a new quack medicine, always attach to it a label of your own of a different color to the others. If this preparation should be a tincture made up in alcohol, state that the great merit of the compound is, that it contains no intoxicating stimulant. Should it be some compound of mercury, announce it as perfectly free from all "mineral poisons." Another good plan is to append to the drug a certificate of its efficacy from some doctor with a long name. You can easily invent a name. Do not use a real one, that would be forgery, and forgery is always discreditable when found out. It is not a bad plan to call the certifying doctor, Professor of Therapeutics in some German university. Allow me, my dear Sam, to make you a suggestion. Get some odd-shaped bottles made, and fill them with some dark colored liquid, very harmless, but extremely nasty; advertize it as "Professor Stinkwasser's invaluable remedy for Heart disease."

"DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—For an adult, seventeen drops is the proper dose. This to be taken twice a day in two table spoonfuls of water. During hot weather the addition of a very small quantity of the best table salt will much add to its efficacy.

"As an external remedy, it should be used as follows: On a piece of soft chamois leather spread a layer of 'Worldly's refined beaver tail unguent,' (large boxes \$1.00, small do. 50c.) On to this drop fifty drops of the liquid and apply to the minor dorsal region of the spinal chord. Renew night and morning."

I think this would sell. I have seen patent remedies by the dozen, for consumption, dropsy and other incurable diseases, but I never remember one for heart disease. Now, about every fifth man you meet imagines that he has heart disease. This is true in about two cases out of a hundred. The remaining ninety-eight per cent. are lies. Now, lies must be medically treated by lies. If a man with nothing the matter with him takes seventeen bottles of Dr. Stinkwasser's preparation and finds that it does him no harm, a very little persuasion will convince him that it has done him a great deal of good; in fact, that he has only to take seventeen bottles more to be cured of a disease which he never had. Thus, you become richer, and the patient happier, and all through the wonderful power of lying. It is true that somebody with real heart disease may take your medicine and die after all. But what of that? you do not profess to cure more than ninety-eight per cent. of suffering. If that be apparently accomplished, it is more than any physician in town can really effect.

I will write to you again on this all-important subject.

Your affectionate uncle,

EBENEZER WORLDLY.

A "party" that is always popular—An Evening Party.

### HORRIBLE CASE OF SACRILEGE.

ROBBING A DEAD CLERGYMAN!

"DIOGENES" TURNED RESURRECTIONIST.

The sands of the miserable Cynic's existence are well nigh run. The brains are out, and the man must die. But he dies hard—very hard—hard and impenitent. What a melancholy sight, to be sure, does he present! Even with one leg in the grave, he has been guilty of an act of sacrilege, and has committed a bare-faced robbery on a poor dead clergyman!

He has been very weakly of late—poor old creature!—just like a piece of washed-out calico in a tub, and the end cannot be far off. Well, well! death, after all, will be a happy release for him. His dotage has been pitiable, but his criminality is now revolting. Driven to desperation by intellectual poverty, he has at length turned THIEF! Yes, Sir, ACTUALLY TURNED THIEF! and here's the evidence.

In the last number of his dreary journal, he printed thirty-seven lines of verse, which he called "Tale of the Tub" (*after Béranger*). The verses were undoubtedly good. Of course, therefore, they were *not his own*. At page 223 of "The Reliques of Father Prout," (*Bohn's* edition,) in an article on the Songs of France, a poem will be found, entitled "Good Dry Lodgings." This poem (incredible as it may seem) was body and bones stolen by DIOGENES last week, and appeared in his columns (like a patch of good cloth on a seedy old coat) under the title of "Tale of the Tub."

Fie, fie! old man! Shame on your grey hairs! What! use your lantern to pry into a grave, and rob poor dear dead Father Mahony? We all know you are poor—miserably poor,—but surely there is such a thing on earth as honest poverty. Burns, the Béranger of Scotland, seems to have believed in it. Degraded old Cynic! when next you regard yourself in a looking glass, you will assuredly not see the HONEST MAN of whom you profess to be in search!

### A MISTAKE.

It is an error to suppose Mr. Driscoll, Q.C., is the Editor of this paper. We have also been requested to state that neither Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Geo. Cartier, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Galt, Jeff Davis, Gen. Grant, or John Smith, have any connection, editorially or otherwise, with GRINCHUCKLE. As we were going to press, the following communication was handed to us.

GREENVILLE, TENNESSEE,

18th September, 1869.

To the Editor of Grinchuckle:

SIR,—I take advantage of this, the first sober breath I have drawn for several days, to desire you to contradict a foul slander which has reached me here, to the effect that I am one of the principal contributors to your paper, about to be published. So delicate is my political situation here, that a rumour of the nature referred to above reaching the ears of the United States Government, might result in some frightful political convulsion. Hoping you will at once make the contradiction, I am, your obedient servant,

ANDREW JOHNSON, ex-President United States.

We have also several letters from clergymen, and others, to the same effect, but have no space for their publication in this number.

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