

OMNES.—“ Stop! stop! If you go on in that style you will frighten half the people out of their wits. What you want is something novel, spicy, and to the point.”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ Oh, something spicy! Very well, here goes. ‘ Ladies and Gentlemen,—From the earliest days of my childhood, when I could first recollect my respected and departed Uncle, who was a grocer—’ ”

OMNES—“ Hold on! Hold on, you blockhead. You don't expect to get into decent society, do you, if you begin to tell everybody that your Uncle was a grocer?”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ Come, now. Don't they say Great Britain is a nation of Shopkeepers; and who can beat her on land or sea, eh?”

OMNES—“ Oh! I see you are bidding for the advertisements of the storekeepers. That's your policy, eh? But go on with the address, and don't forget you have to circulate among all classes.”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ It's all very fine for you to be ordering and criticising, but just try it yourself, and see how you like it. Well, here goes to embrace all classes. ‘ Ladies and Gentlemen,—I love you all—!’ ”

OMNES—“ Now that's a pretty thing to say. Single ladies might have no objection! but d'ye think any married man would permit of such a protestation being made to his wife?”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ I forgot all about that. It's hard, I say, to do the thing in a novel way, eh?”

OMNES—“ Try again. Tell them who you are, and what you intend to be.”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ I ain't going to be one of your stale, heavy ones, at any rate!”

OMNES—“ Well, tell them so.”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ All right. Here goes for who I am. ‘ Ladies and Gentlemen,—My name is Grinchuckle. I sprung to life in the City of Montreal. I am going to be a tip-top Comic paper, if I can get enough advertisements to support me. I am glad to meet you—!’ ”

OMNES—“ That's better; but be a little freer in your style. You are talking as if you were giving your evidence at the Recorder's Court!”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ There hasn't been a Comic paper of any kind, ladies and gentlemen, that has appeared in the history of Montreal, but has told you that it would not be personal; its object was only ‘ to cause the smile of pleasure, not the smart of pain,’ &c., &c. Well, I can assure you that I am not such an old fool as to commit suicide by indulging in personalities; but I shall keep a sharp look out for snobs, political and corporation jobs, and similar delightful family compacts, or rather contracts. My best endeavors will be made to furnish you with plenty of fun, in the shape of genuine nonsense, roaring burlesque, and sometimes sober truths. But I think I hear you say, ‘ let your actions prove you,’ and I agree with you; so hoping to meet with a cordial reception, and soon to make many friends,

“ I am,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ GRINCHUCKLE.”

