

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.



CONSIDERING that Governor McDougall is on his way home, it is very desirable that there should be no delay in the preparations for a grand public reception of the illustrious exile. It is to be hoped that these preparations are already in a forward state, as His Excellency is returning by forced marches, and there is no knowing how soon he may gladden our eyes once more. The following suggestions may be of service :

MOTTOES FOR TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

Reductio ad absurdum,  
Veni, Vidi, non vici,  
Dulce et decorum est patriæ currere.  
" Nay, if you get it, you shall get it with running."  
The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.

MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

" Will ye no come back again ?"  
" The Rogue's March."  
" The Royal Galopade."  
" Wandering Willie."  
" Coronation March."—*Slow Time.*

MODEL ADDRESS.

*May it Please Your Excellency,—*

We welcome you on your return from the realm which you have so ably tried to govern. It is a matter of thankfulness that you are not preternaturally bald, as according to most authorities your subjects have a fancy for locks of hair, and sometimes insist on these material guarantees. Your Excellency has achieved for yourself a name to which history furnishes no parallel. Your self-denial in resigning a lucrative office at Ottawa to assume the sovereignty of a county so remote from Washington ; the agility with which, when stopped by the ragged half-breeds, you made for the lines, thus showing yourself a *lineal* descent of the Macdougall's ForLorn ; your generosity in sharing your bed with your nine able bodied attendants ; the heroism which you displayed in hoisting the Union Jack at midnight, by the help of a horn lantern and a bottle of rye ; above all your audacity in returning to face the ridicule of all are matchless. Permit us to express a hope that your next attempt at sovereignty will be under equally happy auspices, and that you may speedily be appointed to some office of honour and emolument similar to that which you have so gracefully resigned. Terra dei

Fuego, like yourself, wants a sovereign. May Your Excellency speedily have your brow graced with the fur cap of a Fuegan monarch, and as a sovereign may you obtain no less than a crown.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

GRINCHUCKLE's curiosity to see the biggest fool extant causes him to rejoice with great joy over the announcement that the irrepressible Train intends to visit Canada. So far from meeting an uncourteous reception, there is every reason to believe that the distinguished agitator will find himself so much at home that he will fix on this as the paradise of fools. Should he visit Montreal, the Corporation ought to present him with freedom of the city, and vote him the free use of the Drill Shed for the mass meetings which he will probably convene. As he has had considerable experience in street car business, the Superintendent of the City Passenger Railway Company might do him the honour to appoint him to the tail-board of one of the sleighs for the usual term, *i. e.*, a week, which would introduce him to a large number of simple-minded citizens. There can be no doubt that, in the event of Mr. Train's taking up his residence in this city, he will be elected to a seat in the Council. Should this merited honour be done him, GRINCHUCKLE suggests that he and Councillor G. W. Stephens be appointed a select committee on the purchase of cigars for the use of their hard-working colleagues. But there are numerous ways for utilising this fervent genius, which has heretofore wasted itself on Irish wrongs, woman's rights, and similar trifles.

LEXICOGRAPHICAL.

CORNUCOPIA.—A plentiful supply of corns. The state of being " corned."

CORN.—A horny substance having painful effects on the feet. Hence, a man seen staggering is said to be " corned," or to have a " horn" too much. Under the name of Chiroprudists, Temperance Societies have been formed to extirpate such " corns."

SMITH.—A somewhat uncommon name, now nearly obsolete. To be found in the list of names in the old Doomsday book. The name SMYTH would appear to be remotely traceable to it. The family are supposed to have come into England with William the Conqueror. The root may be found in the name TUBAL CAIN, as so ingeniously shown by Max Muller, who merely altered all the letters in the original and made the change very simple.

BUFFER.—Something soft to break the force of a collision. Hence, " old buffer," a term disrespectfully applied by impecunious young gentlemen to soft relations who interpose between them and their justly irritated creditors. It has been supposed, but improperly, that the word was derived from the old parties wearing buff waistcoats. This is an error.

STREET.—A piece of ground for trying experiments on the patience of the public. Supposed to be derived from the *straits* to which people are reduced before they will venture to complain.