



ENTER GRINCHUCKLE—"So here am I, and the Dominion before me."

PRINTER'S DEVIL—"Please, Sir, the foreman wants the copy for the opening address."

GRINCHUCKLE—"Bother the address. I forgot all about the stereotyped thing."

OMNES—"Then, old fellow, if you are going to make an address, don't make it one of these stale, dry prospectuses, as they call them, which they always shove into a paper about what they won't do, and a great deal they can never do. By the way, what sort of hand are you at that kind of thing?"

GRINCHUCKLE—"It's not much in my line, I confess; but I can do my best,—so here goes. Just give me a hint or two, will you? 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—You see before you one who—(ahem)—on this occasion—(ahem)—comes before you for the first time, as it were—(ahem)—to—to—that is—(ahem)—to say which—'"

OMNES—"That won't do. That won't do at all. You are making a fool of yourself. That contradictory, stuttering style won't do at all."

GRINCHUCKLE—"Well, I'll try again. 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—The art of making an opening address is at all times a difficult one. To—'"

OMNES—"Too stale, too stale and hackneyed,—too practical, man. You are not replying to a toast at the baptism of your fifth child."

GRINCHUCKLE—"Well, how will this do? 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—Never before, in the whole course of my existence, have I had so much pleasure in appearing before any public—'"

OMNES—"That's downright nonsense. Why, your existence is only beginning, and how can you 'have appeared before any public before?'"

GRINCHUCKLE—"That's a fact. Will something of this kind take? 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—As the adamantine rocks of time split asunder, and from the dark crevices issue the loud rumblings of the internal volcano—!'"