

SKATIN' RINKS.

DEER GRINCHUKUL.—It wud bee hunggrateful of me, to bore you with anuthur greevunce, hif I did not think, that hin this won, his mikst up, sum valuable suggestshuns. Wot I komplan of, his the want of a Skatin Rink, were Ladiz, as his eds of familis, mite go with thur childrun, as his lost sometimes, poor things, fur sum place to pass a hinosent our hin. The wintur afore thus, I tuk litul Fredy and Zurksees, to skate, and me and Nurce ad won too. We was that made fun of, as nokt Nurce hup fur a week aftur, and made me feel that onkomfurtible, as asent bin sinse, all throo sum yung felurs as tuk to and laft, and komposed remarks on us, that rude, as kompeld Nurce to lode Zurksees, heers with wul, as ad to be kut out of the linin of Fredzs kap, to prezurv his moruls; and won time hin partiklur avin okashun to fall, throo wearin kut away skates, I lay fur a minit or too, avin urt my ankul, wich was the signal fur a genrul laf, and brot the Rink man up, as pounct on me that wishus like, as to hindooce Fredy to say, ah! He sed a ole ud be the konseekwence of a ot thing like me sitin, meltin thur. I ad no sooner riz hup miself, than I was atraktid by the emoshuns of Zurksees, whood fel, and was surroundid by too felurs, himposin a himpidunt katikism on Nurce, as to who ad mad a hinsishun like that, him-pudently aloodin to is mouth, and hif is ma was in poseshun of a Fak. Simily, all of wich was so tryin to Nurce, as ad won, just such anuthur as Zurksees, wot dide, poor thing, too ours aftur it was born, of roomurtiz, and that, to, when she was just getin to hydulize the deer thing. Now, wot I wud suggest, wud be for the Korpurashun to ave a ose turnd into all the bildins as ave flat roofs, wich, wen fludid, kud stand till frozen, and then used fur Skatin Rinks; and to prezurv order, all the Pleece as is hof dooty, kud bee distributid by the Korpurashun all over the Rinks, and mite bee hemployed hin sweepin the hicc, and fiks in the chill druns' skates on, thereby hindoozin sirkulashun and ekonimisin thur time. The slantin parts of mansard roofs, mite be fludid to, fur those wot desire novulty. Op in you will use your hinfloonnce, in the propurgashun of so much appines,

I Remain

Deer Grinchukul,

Your trooly,

ILYZA PELYKAN.

Montreal, January 24th, 1870.

CITY GAS ASSOCIATION.

GRINCHUCKLE understands that the City Gas Association were so well pleased with the result of the last meeting that they have resolved on holding another next week. The subject of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" is to come up.

DANGER!

An official has expressed his fear about the safety of the Recorder's Court. He says, in one hour there is enough perjury committed to lift the very roof off.

THE ORGAN OF COMBATIVENESS.

Historians, of more or less credibility, say that when Rome was in flames Nero amused himself by fiddling. Possibly the Scotch fiddle was not invented in these days, but evidently the example has not been lost on a parcel of Scotch professors, doctors, divines and dominies, who have been holding a pow-wow in the neighbourhood of Cote Street. One of them, from Indian Lands, possibly a half-breed, positively half or at least ill-bred, has been drumming violently against the use of an organ; another, who is said to write anonymous letters to newspapers, and who has a conventicle somewhere about the back of the Mountain, stands on his dignity and says he cares nothing for the Montreal press; another, a "Professor," insists on having a stand up fight with the Methodists. Does it ever occur to these saintly people how inconsistent their official words are with their fighting words and conduct? They prove scripture false, and enable the enemy to blaspheme. The Good Book says that from the same fountain cannot proceed sweet waters and bitter. Well, we have these same G—ll—s and G—rd—ns and McVeys exhorting to live at peace with all men; vowing they have come to deliver a "world lying in wickedness;" denouncing the Scarlet Lady as the Mother of all Abominations, from whose grasp the victims must be plucked. As a matter of fact, there are thousands round them in vice and misery, and for three days these ministers of peace have torn at each other's throats, about whether a bag-pipe or an organ gives the sweetest music! Oh! Habakkuk Mucklewrath! Oh!! Guse Gibbie! Oh!!! Mause Handrigg! Oh!!!! JENNIE GEDDES! where's your three-legged stool to drive these brawlers into the street. Is it possible men can be guilty of such folly and absurdity in the face of danger—if they believe there is danger. Gillies and Gordon—Goose and Gander. C. P. C.—Couple of Poor Creatures.

COUNCILLORS AND RAILWAYS.

Two of the "Fathers of the City" are said to be at loggerheads,—one of them having, some days since, moved for leave to consider the propriety of aiding and abetting the Canada Pacific and other railways. Another, not being clear as to the "truth" of the report, made a second motion. Hence the difficulty.

THE MAYORALTY.

Money being rather slow at the East End, the "free and independents" have determined to bring out an opposant to the Mayor.

"The Rev. G. G. Wait of Elora takes revenge on a mean bridegroom by publishing the amount of the fees paid (\$1!), along with the marriage notice."—*Strathroy Age*.

GRINCHUCKLE fancies Mr. Wait should have given due weight to his little joke before he put in type so terrible a warning to impecunious young men. *O dii immortales* only think of what they have to bear now; but the Rev. Wait will have to wait a long time before he finds another sweet opportunity to reap so sweet a revenge.