



GRINCHUCKLE: Come out of that tub, you young rascal. You require to be well cleansed, for the smell of your cigars taints the whole atmosphere. Let go your ear? Not till you make a clean breast of the whole matter. You'll shy a brick at me? You've been throwing dirt all round, but you've only managed to foul your own fingers. What do you mean, you young scamp, by swaggering about, with your cap on one side, insulting everybody, abusing Darcy as an old villain, swearing at honest tradesmen as swindlers, while all the time you were making the scent of your own petty priggish penetrate every cranny of the building? You saved money did you? Yes, your pocket allowance, and indulged your tastes at other people's expense. Let me know the price of the best Havanas. Thomas the Rhymer can tell what profit you got from the last lot. Be honest. Pay up. Refund to the city the price of your smoking. Wash your face; live cleanly; retire from public life for a time, and try to imitate the conduct of your namesake, as reported in the little well-known story, when he said, "Father, I'll never tell a lie." Don't wriggle and squirm. It only hurts you more. Own up, there's a good boy. You have not been a *Prodigal Son*. You're too mean for that; but, if you go on in this way, you may have to be sent off to a far country. You never tried to sell a bogus quarry? You never sold bricks to the Corporation? You never were in the ring? Boy! boy! I'm ashamed of you. If you had not the genius to make a big haul, why did you try the little business of petty hooking? Do you not know that the vilest criminal confessed his first attempt was at stealing a pin? Promise you'll join the anti-

tobacco association, and I'll let you down, and subscribe for a twelve months' issue of all the *Witness*' publications. That's right. Now, run away home like a good boy, and never let me hear more complaints about you, and don't write any more lies under the disguise of an old collar-maker. If you do, I'll collar you. Zeke Trimble, forsooth. Take care or I'll make you *trimble*, as our Irish friends would say.

### THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

I wonder who'd guess  
That poor G— W— S—  
Would be found in so nasty, so filthy a mess,  
So disgustingly bad,  
So sickeningly sad,  
It has quite turned the stomach of his cute Yankee dad.

It's more than a joke  
That just stealing a smoke  
Such a terrible row about town should provoke.  
G. S. is the man  
Cigar-smoking began,  
Yet he slipped up in trying the cute Yankee plan.

The whole City is sick,  
And means, with a kick,  
To remove the sad nuisance that played such a trick.  
The poor fellow feels hard  
At being debarred  
The very great pleasure of smoking his ward.

### FENIANISM.

There is one marked contrast between the Irish outbreaks in '98 and 48, and the Fenian movement of to-day. The former were indigenous to the soil—the outcroppings of disaffection and active treason from within. But the latter, so far as Ireland is concerned, is an imported evil.

PUBLIC DINNERS.—In answer to many enquiries we would say that officially GRINCHUCKLE attends no public gatherings. If he can only doff his *bonnet bleu*, *moccasins*, &c., &c., and get in as a private gentleman, all well and good, but it need not be inferred that he has nothing to say about these things.

United States papers speak of the excellence of marine acephalous, molluscs of the *lamelli brachiati* order of the *genus ostrea*, on the half shell. Bivalves were always first-rate under their old name, but it is not improbable that the long-winded classico-generic—ordinal nomenclature may add to their relish, as they may be continually rolled both over and under the tongue.

There is a rumour that the conduct of Alderman Bastien will be made the subject of debate before the Council. We hope so, and that the permanent orator of that body will lay the "Rod-on."