



THE RECEPTION OF A PETITION.

"Zeke Trimble" gets up a petition against the return of the Mayor, to which he obtains two names, seemingly taken from some Ledger, and not veritable signatures. He presents this to O'Flaherty, who says to him,

"Be off, ye thavin' Trimble, or I'll be afther softenin' yer head wid this bit of a shtick!"



A COLD SCARE.

The above represents the fright of a new arrival in Canada, who, in crossing the ice from St. Lambert, is told that his nose is frozen.

CANADA CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Some of the delegates have returned from the Great Railway Meeting at the Capital, and now congratulate themselves upon the good stroke they have made by hitching themselves on to Richardson's coat-tail. One of them says there is money to be made at it. It is to be hoped so.

AHEAD OF TIME.

The *Ottawa Evening Mail* came out, the other day, dated the 31st of February. GRINCHUCKLE understood February has only 28, or, at most, 29 days. The extension of the month, perhaps, has been made in anticipation of the millenium.

PAYING WITHOUT TOO MUCH PRAYING,

versus

TOO MUCH PRAYING WITHOUT PAYING.

The leading incident in the following doggerel dialogue is an absolute fact:—

J. S., a notary noted as a prompt-pay, and, therefore, pretty popular, "confabbereth" as follows with J. D., who "daily witnesseth" that he is widely if not *well* known:

J. S.—Chief of the holders-forth, J. D. of the saving ilk,
Surely this bill, long overdue, you do not mean to bilk?

J. D.—I am really very sorry at being compelled to say,
That although *it is for bibbles*, the bill I cannot pay.

J. S.—You roarer of morality, I now can see slap through
Your style of doing others, as you would not they'd do you.

J. D.—Thou awful man, who dost imbibe like a lost Baal's son,

Tremblest thou not to thus address a well-known praying one?

J. S.—Tremble?—not much; as I am not a bird of the *trimble* feather:

Liar's are trimblers—bilks also—that's why you pull together.

J. D.—I must admit, though it comes hard, that, on this occasion,

I'm acting with the liar's chief and his foul association.

J. S.—Acting has been your game, J. D., for many and many a day;

Less acting and more working would help your debts to pay.

Believe me many think, J. D., it's a thing was never meant

That even the *unco guid* should pay a dollar with a cent

J. D.—Forbear, forbear! I humbly crave—I now give up the fight;

Your speaking out so plainly shows me in my true light;

Other people's peccadilloes to the public I have shown

In so many editions, daily, that I quite forgot my own.

POLITICAL.

Galt's leaving the Government is said to be owing to a personal "pique," he took against Hincks in 1854. With sixteen years' accumulation of ill-feeling, Sir Alexander Galt's hate ought to have assumed almost gigantic proportions, and, certainly, should have induced him to array himself, without scruple, in the ranks of the Opposition, in the same bold manner McDougall has done.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND?

There's a screw loose somewhere. The officers of the Mount Royal Rifles threaten to resign on account of their men not having received their pay. Some of them are charged with having "wormed" the money from the Government, and "screwed" it in their own pockets. This, GRINCHUCKLE understands, is not the case. Then there must be something rotten in Government affairs.