

## NEWS FOR THE MILLION.

Mr. Jack Frost has arrived.—*Gazette*, Jan. 7.

What a nice, comfortable time the *Gazette* man must have lying around the stove, when every body knows that the water pipes burst three weeks ago. If the *Gazette* man ever saw a frozen water pipe on the burst, he could write out a graphic description of Niagara Falls in winter without going outside the door. And yet some men are so slow to take advantage of an idea.

## THE HARBOUR COMMISSION.

Hon. Mr. Mitchell is spoken of as the the probable Chairman of the new Harbour Board. Altho' we should like to see the Blue Peter elevated, we should be sorry to hear of him being hoisted. The Harbour Commission business has generally left a handsome margin of profit—especially on steamboat excursions, when there is ample testimony of the Commissioner's fondness for their Port.

## Correspondence.

## LANCASHIRE INDIGNATION.

Mestur Yedditor,

SUR,—Aww sum an' fain, mon, to tell yo' how dazed aw am—gradely gawmless loike—to think that yo' shud ha' yore vallyooable papper daubed ore w' Koknay slang bi such a mon as that as caws hissel' "A' Art o' Hoke" a week or so ago. Yo' dunno thooz Lunnoners, Mestur Yedditor. Woi, mon, thay'l loi like stayshun an' stare yo' reight i' th' face, as brazen as brass.

This chap that's jus' bin ritin' to yo' tawks about faythur Tems becin' a Bull wurk o' libburti, jus' because they wense rosted a oks on him (p'r'aps it wur a bull) when he wur frozzen up. But yo' no', Mestur Yedditor, thur ar' moor than won soort of a bull: thur's th' Kretan bull, thur's th' Pope's bull, thur's John Bull, an' thur's a Irish bull: an' yore korrispondent duzna tell us witch o' theez he refers to.

He gooz on, heawever, w' a furthur proof o' his assershun by puttin' for'erd Owd Magny Karty; th' Towre o' Lannun; th' Bar'ns o' Runnineed, an' Kij. John. Neaw, yo' no' varry weel, as weel as aw no' misel', an' so duz any lad or wench i' eawr publik skooz, if they've nobbut getten as far larn't as thur Kattykiss'em,—that that owd raskle, that plunderin' sea pirat Willyum thu Konkerur, wen he coom ore to England fro' Normunday, bilt up that varry Towre for nowt i' th' world else but to tyranyze ore Aun Glow Sacks' sons, and to yoozerp an' tak' away thooz varry libburties awlus aforetoime enjyed. An' Magny Karty, Mestur Yedditor, wur nuthin' at aw' i' th' world but a givin' back o' thooz libburties; an' if it had'n' ha' bin for See Rovin' Bill bildin' up that Towre o' Lannun thur'd ha' bin no' yoozerpayshun ov eawr libburties, and thur'd ha' bin no' need of a Magny Karty to get um back. Thur's moor boggarts, mon, an' moor gohsts, an' sperrits o' murdered men an' murdered wimmin, an' smutthured childur nockin' abeawt that theer Towre o' Lannun, an' ore Lannun Bridge, an' up an' deawn faythur Tems, than 'ud fill Bedlam three toimes ore. Woi, mon, it mak's a chap's blud run kowd to look back ore faythur Tems' history. Gooin as far back as th' A B C' (or maybe aw owt to say th' B, C,) o' this world's history, wot do wi' foind i' *Julius Sævo's Commentories*? Wi' foind theer that, that greight tip-top genneral o' th' Rum-mens, after leavin' his Gall content ore th' watter, londe'd i' Kent, an' marched up to th' Tems w' his leggins, an' theer, on th' opsit soide o' th' river, he found a strung encampment o' Kasi villuns. Neaw wot duz he mean bi that? Woi, if aw no' owt about latin, an' aw owt to do, wen mi faythur were a skoomester, he meons that faythur Tems, even i' his toime, wuz inhabited bi a gradely set o' villuns; for, wot do eawr lawyurs meon wen they tawk abeawt a kasi bankruptsy? Dunno' thay meon a gradely bankruptsy. On'y thay set it off loike w' a bit o' lattin pollish.

Neaw, wot duz that Billingsgatt korrespondent o' yores meon bi his insinyooytin' slurs upo' th' Markis? He wants to no' wheer would th' Guvner-Generul be iv it wur no' for England. Aw shud loike to know, Mestur Yedditor, iv yore Lannun korrespondent con tell us wheer England would ha' bin, and wheer aw thooz British libburties would ha' bin, iv eawr Guvner-Generul's great-great grondfaythur hadn't held um up w' his noble arm, an' if he had'n' ha' coom for'erd an' joined us i' partnership w' bonny Scotland? An' till he ansers that, aw'l rest mi pen a bit.

A LANKISHUR MON.

## REGULATIONS FOR CITY SCHOOLS.

We have received a copy of a pamphlet issued by the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, in which the last page is devoted to the "Duties of Care-Takers." Every care-taker should get a copy, for it is of absorbing interest to that class of persons. After setting forth certain propositions in the science of sweeping and dusting, which, so far as we have observed, is yet in its infancy, it lays down the fixed rule that the study of scrubbing be illustrated once every month. Well, we have seen many "scrubby" boys in our time; but a scrubby care-taker is almost something new in our experience. Each teacher is to get a hand towel washed and ironed, all to himself, at least once a week. But as for "towel" the boys, nothing is said. We should like this omission to be explained. While the Commissioners permit song birds to warble in the care-taker's apartments, they also allow him to keep a dog and cat. We thought the use of the cat in public schools was forbidden ages ago, and we set our face against the introduction of this practice with dogged resolution. Dog gone if we are going to let our boys run the risk of hydrophobia for any care-taker's convenience.

The premises are also not to be left without some responsible person in charge. Wouldn't it be a capital notion, say in the event of a fire, to fix the responsibility beforehand? For general experience shows how difficult it is to establish the question of responsibility *after* the damage is done.

## Various Matters.

According to latest reports sugar is better than arsenic to commit suicide with. It doesn't do the work so suddenly, but you have time to say good-bye to friends.—*Rochester Express*.

A telegraph operator at Holly, Mich., stepped out for a scuttle full of coal, when thieves stole the stove. Nothing is safe in Michigan except the Rock of Ages, fastened down.—*Peck's Sun*.

Demosthenes indulged himself in a free feed of pebbles. We have often wondered whether it was not possible, with the pitch of his voice, to have constructed a patent roof to his mouth. History is very niggard about details.—*N. Y. News*.

An observing person says that seventy-five per cent. of the ground-hog's predictions are verified. What the country most needs now in the way of prophets, is a species of ground-hog that will foretell the complexion of the next administration at least two years in advance.—*Norristown Herald*.

Popular superstitions:—That butter is made from butternuts. That you must plant eggs if you would raise egg plant. That you can print what's a curd in the dairy. That there was something of an electoral character in the Count of Monte Cristo. That a tramp will refuse a trade dollar.—*Utica Observer*.

## Ground Colon.

Off the track—A baffled detective.

A long-suffering martyr—Saint Just.

Popular tramps—Snow-shoe tramps.

The United States has again reached the Golden Age.

Penny wise—but bound to be foolish. Mayor Beaudry.

There are few steamboats which do not carry a euchre deck.

When can a dead letter be called a form of black mail? When it is in mourning.

The prisoners who were fed so bountifully on Christmay Day, are now enjoying their desserts.

Most of the *Herald's* articles, are, or were, printed in copper-faced type. The reason is obvious.

We hear Mr. Lighthall is on the *tapis* for Alderman. The more light the better in our City Hall.

Mr. Edward Blake wants a Parliament all to himself, with no Opposition, and until he gets it, he wont rest.

Why not make Lord Dufferin Agent-General for Canada? He is the best immigration agent we have had, so far.

"Thos." has gone through a second edition. We are glad to hear that so many people are going through "Thos."

Hon. Mr. Joly, whose dealings in rods and poles have been so liberally criticized by the *Gazette*, still perches at Quebec.

The *Star* in reporting a robbery of a watch, says Detective Cullen "has the case in hand." Yes, but where are the works?

There have been so many births lately that some doctors are determined to do their business strictly on C. O. D. principles.

Mr. Brandt is one of the very few singers in Montreal who can preserve the even tenor of their way, so evenly or so sweetly.

"Piano Charley" is a very appropriate name for a thief, because thieves are supposed to be light-fingered, while their sense of "touch" is cultivated to a science.

There is always a certain class of people who enjoy the misfortunes of others. They surely must be the Assignees, since their number is constantly on the increase.

Mr. Beaudry is a member of some Order, we forget which, but it isn't of the Legion of Honour. At least, if it is, it must have been conferred upon him by mistake.

It is true that while the Glasgow people bought up the Hungtinton Copper Mines, the shafts were furnished principally by the *Gazette*. Those who cannot see this joke should apply at the *Herald* office for an explanation.

The *Canadian Spectator* has condescended to notice *Puck*, a paragraph from which is termed "coarseness of the coarsest kind." Then, why notice it? We thought the *Spectator* was exclusively high-toned in everything.

A reporter of a daily paper being hard up for an item, got frost bitten for the occasion, and made a "local" of it. He is now minus one finger. Moral: Always compose your items over a warm fire. You'll never then get frozen up for "copy."

A contributor suggests that the Montreal School Commissioners should not be permitted to enter upon their official duties until they have first been grounded in the rudiments of the English grammar. In that case some of them would have to parse—out.

There was a conflagration on St. Antoine street, last week. A grocer, thinking highwines a good substitute for *aqua pura*, as a shampoo, after completing the cleansing process proceeded to dry his head over the stove. The result was a blaze; an energetic stampede, a hunt for a wig-maker, and a liberal use of sweet oil to allay the pains of burns on a greatly disfigured head. Finally, he succeeded in getting a bottle of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, and he now struts around like a newly-fledged peacock.