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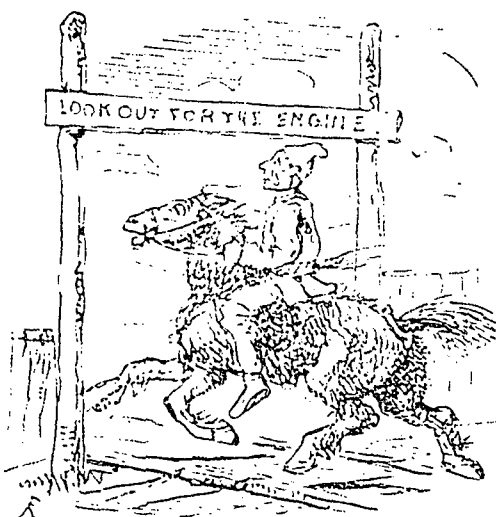
THE OCEAN.

BEST WINES AND LIQUORS.

433 *Corner of Notre Dame & Dollard Sts.*
A. F. SAVAGE.

GRINCHUCKLE'S non-appearance during the past three weeks has, we know, caused profound regret to thousands upon thousands of intelligent Montrealers. [To the Printer—On no account omit this; it's rather indefinite, but sounds well]. Rumours have been rife as to the cause of the stoppage, and the chances of GRINCHUCKLE'S again appearing on the stage of action. One young man of fervid imagination suggested that G. having found an original joke in *Diogenes* had died of mortification, but this idea was in every way so wildly improbable that no one entertained it for a moment. It was next hinted that GRINCHUCKLE had been invited to a seat in the Cabinet, and had snatched the interval between the invitation and the public announcement of his appointment to have a political creed made to measure. Then came ominous whispers of financial embarrassment; but the general feeling was that if this was the case there was everything to hope for, as a suspension—still better, a bankruptcy—is indispensable to commercial success in Montreal. It is infinitely amusing to GRINCHUCKLE to find that the real cause of the stoppage has not been guessed by the most ingenious; and now that the fit is over, and G. is "himself again," he candidly confesses that for three long weeks he has been a victim to the tender passion. Yes! GRINCHUCKLE has been in love. As his bewitchment is now a thing of the past, he can afford to be merry over it, but it was no joke at the time. His system was so entirely out of order, that the editorial apologies of the *Witness* had none of their usual brilliancy; the *Herald's* announcement that "Lard—Keith-rendered," was dull and declining awoke no responsive chord in his bosom; and he did not even notice the absence of the bard's effusions from the pacific columns of the *Daily News*. When he has said this he feels that he cannot better depict his woe-begone state. Every upward wrinkle in his jovial face took a downward direction; his vigorous pen was unequal to a pun, and drivelled love ditties, and his faithful goblin would have committed suicide, had he not been made of indestructible materials.

— LE BEAU SENE. —



the quarrel can be made up."

A profound knowledge of woman kind is involved in

ORACE WALPOLE was once told that two ladies of his acquaintance had quarrelled desperately, and called each other very hard names. He appeared anxious, and asked, "Did they call each other ugly?" On being assured "No," his face brightened and he declared, "Then,

his seemingly simple remark. Women forgive anything, rather than the imputation of ugliness. As a rule, indeed, they obstinately refuse to believe in their accidental want of charms; and even a lady, who (like the famous one described by Sir Anthony Absolute) possesses "a skin like a mummy and the beard of a Jew," has more than a suspicion that there is "something rather taking" about her.

The "Saturday Reviewers" for the last few years have revelled in saying hard things about modern women. But even they, in their most reckless tirades, have refrained, with instinctive prudence, from calling them ugly, and are, therefore, not yet beyond the pale of woman's forgiveness. It was reserved for a French novel-writer,—a favourite author of the "politest nation of the world"—to utter the following malicious libel on the gentler sex. The hand of GRINCHUCKLE trembles with emotion, as he translates, for feminine execration, the shocking assertions of a coxcomb, who is the hero of a notable romance: "I went into the streets, and 'eyed' all the women,—looking more closely at those who seemed to be worth the examination. Some of them assumed a sublimely virtuous air, and passed by me without deigning to lift their eyes. Others appeared, at first, a little astonished, and then smiled—if they happened to have fine teeth. Some turned round after a little time to look at *me*, when they thought I was no longer looking at *them*, and reddened like cherries when they found themselves face to face with me. Nevertheless, I must confess—notwithstanding all the respect that I entertain for this interesting portion of the human race—that what we have agreed upon calling the 'fair sex' is most abominably ugly. Out of a hundred women there was scarcely one that was even passably good-looking. One had a *moustache*—another, a bluish nose. Others exhibited red spots in place of eye-brows. One, again, was not badly made, but her face was speckled like a turkey's egg. The head of a second was charming, but she could scratch her ear with her shoulder. A third would have shamed the work of Praxiteles, for the roundness and softness of certain outlines, but she marched along upon feet that were like Turkish stirrups. Another displayed the most magnificent shoulders that we could wish to see; but, to counter-balance this advantage, her hands, as regards form and size, resembled those enormous scarlet gauntlets that are hung out as a sign at a glover's. And, generally speaking, what fatigue on their faces! How their features are faded, tarnished, and ignobly disfigured by petty passions and petty vices! What an expression they too often wear of envy, curiosity and shameless coquetry! Assuredly, a woman who is not beautiful, is far uglier than a man who is not handsome!"

An Ottawa journal says, "Lord Derby is dead, having expired."

We are informed that a newspaper, called the *Zinn*, has just started at Embro, County Oxford. It intends to star in the Provinces.

When is Scotch snuff at its best? At a pinch.

When a candidate is defeated at the poll, can he be said to be knocked on the head?

Repeal of the Union—A divorce.

A large corn has lately been extracted from "the light fantastic toe."



JOHN BULL TO HIS SON, YOUNG CANADA—"You don't mean to say you're afraid of the Fenians? That will never do, my boy. You must take care of yourself, and give your dad time to think of his own affairs!"

OUR UNIMPRESSABLE "SPECIAL" ON THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE.

We went with the crowd, brimfull of loyalty, to welcome the Prince: to be present at his landing, and, as the representative of GRINCHUCKLE, to bow low to his Highness, and receive him with a friendly grin. While passing along Notre Dame Street, we were delighted to see its commercial appearance. The various tradesmen along the line had turned their loyalty to practical account. The line was lined with furs and flannel, to give him a warm reception: and, no doubt, in some measure, with the notion of selling their loyalty at so much a yard. Our dutiful heart was taxed to its utmost capacity,—it thumped against our loyal ribs, as we gazed upon royal flannel. When the booming of the civic cannon announced that the great gun had arrived, we were in ecstasies with the report, and darted off like a shot to salute the illustrious stranger: but when he came forward we were taken aback by his plain appearance. Instead of finding him dressed in tunic, and trunks trimmed with ermine, as we had seen Princes dressed at the Theatre Royal, or even with a hat and cock's feathers,—which is, we suppose, the reason why it is called a cocked hat,—he did not look so much like a Prince as a Captain of our own Volunteers. We had even seen a musical Prince more in harmony with our ideas of what a Prince should be: and until he put his foot in the Mayor's chariot, we had no idea that one of the blood Royal could be a Prince and a private gentleman to boot. After the first blush of disappointment, occasioned by his not dressing in tawdry trappings to attract the astonished gaze of ourselves and others, which he, no doubt, thought was "more honored in the breach than the observance," as we stood on the "tip toe" of expectation (we were behind two men of gigantic proportions), and saw the noble bearing of the kindly young man, we were forcibly reminded of that couplet of Alfred Tennyson's, which says—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

The Prince's deportment was any thing but of the

"Turveydrop" order; and although calm in his demeanour, he soon took all hearts by storm, and it became evident, as the cavalcade advanced, that he progressed in favour with the crowd, or, in other words, the mob on its best behaviour.

Ladies, whose roses were touched by the relentless finger of time, would have liked to "Kiss him for his Mother;" and ladies whose roses were in bud, would have liked to kiss him for himself: as they showed by graceful pantomime, that if they loved him much for himself alone, they would have loved him more for *themselves alone*. However, they did not strew his path with flowers, although the royal visitor was very dear—that piece of extravagance would have made him much dearer. They therefore contented themselves by pelting the object of their admiration with the choice gifts of Nature's treasury, so that he was soon in a state of most "admired disorder"; and at the end of his journey he was more like a "Jack in the Green," on May-day, than a Royal Highness. And although his Highness may have thought the proceedings rather low, he bore the pitiless pelting of the floral stream with unruffled countenance, and smiled upon his fair persecutors with kindly equanimity. When his Royal Highness returned to his quarters, he got into another *mess*. If he thought he had got through his day's work he was mistaken. We, with hundreds more, were anxious to see how a Prince would *eat*, so we, with excellent taste, surrounded the windows in every quarter of his quarters, to see the *Prince* attend the *diet*, and watch if at the table he was well bred, never thinking that if he was so he had the advantage of some of his admirers. We were delighted when—after waiting for a considerable time in anxious, nay, breathless, expectation in the dense crowd—we saw the Prince feed himself, and immediately sent up signal rockets, to let others, who were not so persistent as ourselves, know that His Royal Highness did not feed by proxy. After the burden and heat of the day, we returned at the eleventh hour to our own humble domicile, partook of our own bread and cheese in private (we should have resisted intrusion); and in the quiet enjoyment of our domesticity, we compared notes, weighed evidence, and arrived at the conclusion, that if the situation of a Prince was more lucrative than many others, it had its drawbacks and its crosses: and we, making a virtue of necessity, were thankful we were not born a Prince.

On the following Saturday, the poor young gentleman was made to do duty at the gladiatorial display in St. Catherine Street, and to behold the miniature bunting, presented by a prince of the commercial order, who is reputed to be too honest to do good by stealth: but who is unflinching in his generosity, where there is a field to flaunt his benevolence. He was likewise trotted out to see the other feats of physical cultivation for which Montreal is remarkable, including the tame-wild Indians in their war paint. We did not hear that he had been invited to examine the Free Library—established for the cultivation of the mind—the Public Park, or the Horticultural Gardens; or even that mild promoter of taste and refinement, the Picture Gallery, established and fostered by the patrons of the Fine Arts. We think we hear some one say, Why? Echo answers—Why?

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

After Longfellow.

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest,
 Who with such talent blest,
 Drinks with the drunkard's zest,
 Till thou dost show it.

Think that this nation fair
 In thy disgrace must share:
 Why not the cup forswear?—
 "N—not if I know it."

Thou who so long hast sate,
 Honoured 'mid wise and great;
 Guiding the barque of State
 Safe on its road.

Why on this regal day
 Cast all respect away?
 What will the papers say?—
 "Papers be blowed."

Think when across the line,
 One, who, with lust like thine,
 Filled high the ruddy wine,
 Was made dictator:

Think with what scorn and pride
 We did their choice deride:
 Put then the cup aside,—
 "Here, I—I say, waiter!"

Think then how soon we'll learn
 They can our scorn return,
 Spreading the whole concern
 Farther and farther.

'Twas not for this, I ween,
 That thy most Sovereign Queen
 Cast round thy name the sheen—
 "Rah! for Prince Arthur."

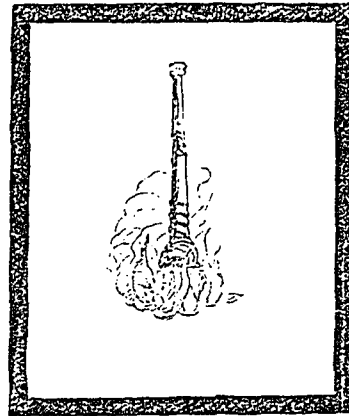
Right hand of justice, thou,
 What an example, how
 Do thy own laws allow
 Such conduct? say!

But of what use to talk?
 Thou canst do nought but mock,
 "Tight" as a prison lock—
 Take him away.

"Who was his father?
 Who was his mother?"

The *Witness* of Tue day mentions a man whose name was given as "Michael Fatner drunk in Colborne Street." Curious nomenclature for the nineteenth century.

According to the New York *Telegram*, one of the belles of that city is a "Miss Colin, daughter of the wealthy hoop skirt manufacturer in a white satin, with costly diamond ornaments." There's a *ferre* to be proud of!



DRISCOLL.

Aias! his light is extinguished.

THE PIANO'S LAMENT.

MR. EDITOR.—My sorrows have reached such a pitch that I cannot refrain from sending you this note, though I am in a decidedly minor key. I am more than an average instrument—7 octaves—and, though of long standing, can boast all the latest improvements. Thus I feel qualified to speak on behalf of myself, and of others lower in the scale. What we complain of is, that while human beings can protect their own rights, we are liable to be practised on daily. Not that we suffer in silence—that is not our wont—but our most thrilling shrieks and deepest groans are alike unpitied by our tormentors, who congratulate themselves on their skill in extorting them. What grieves us most—it sometimes makes our very heart-strings snap—is the consciousness that we are capable of better things. Surely it is against nature, which made mankind for our use, that we should be so degraded. If we were only tables, sofas, chairs, &c., to whom the noble faculty of speech has been denied, and who are incapable even of discord, it would be different. This is not all our grievance. The family with whom I at present reside, and who should be respectable, for they live on Beaver Hall Hill—I noticed this when I removed last May—actually grumble at the expense of having me tuned. Now, as you know, Mr. Editor, tuning is essential to our well-being, and it is the extreme of meanness to grudge us our tonic. I wonder whether they grumble at having their hair cut. They ought to know that, like Canadian statesmen, we can't do anything decent until we are properly "screwed." Till this is rectified, I, for one, will not give them anything beyond what they can shake out of me.

A STEINWAY.

My friend the Music-Stool, a respectable little fellow, though he has only one leg to stand upon, advises a strike. We might strike our hammers off, I fear, without exciting the sympathy our cases deserve.

The man who deserted his principles has since been apprehended. He is more guarded now.

Any one having a ten-horse power engine for cracking jokes, is requested to apply at this office.

Latest style in Grand Trunk suits. Strait-waistcoats for new shareholders.

THE PIPE *versus* THE BOTTLE.*By a Witness.*

Sir John, this winna do, man, this fudlin' winna do,
 You maun eschew the bottle, an' another course pursue;
 You're gi'en yer freens a scunner, an' a' the world would think
 Ye must hae been in liquor when ye chose auld Francis
 Hincks.

I cured yer ireen an' playmate, frae gangin on the spree—
 I mean the late respectit an' sainted Tam McGee;
 Then tak' the pure an' limpid, yer brain it winna dottle,
 An' I'll tak' a pipe mysel, man, gin you'll objure the bottle.

Ye ken my freen, Sir Johnny, sic habits to evince,
 Is na a good example to set afore a Prince;
 Then brak' that ugly bottle,—I canna bear its smell;
 An' though I hate tobacco, I'll tak' a pipe mysel.

A FAIR DEDUCTION.

The following singular "testimony," given by a clergyman, is published in the "Report by the Committee on Intemperance, for the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury:" "My own belief is, that men go into the public-house more to get away from their wives than from any other cause."

If we assume this statement to be true, the abolition of matrimony, and not that of public-houses, will effectually cure the intemperance of the working classes. Wives are the main cause that the dram-shops are filled. Abolish *them*, and the evil will cease. Probably the clergyman in question would not wish to see his argument carried out to this conclusion.

THE VISION.

Waked from my sleep, by shrill and clam'rous cry
 Of sprite attendant, who, with wakeful eye,
 Watched while I slumbered in repose profound,
 The skies my canopy, my bed the ground.
 Starting, I gazed aloft, and in the dawn
 Saw, in the clouds, by airy fingers drawn,
 A golden crown, bathed in a flood of light,
 Towards which an eagle stretched in upward flight,
 And thus I spoke: Oh! Demon, who by spell
 And witchery the future can foretell,
 Unfold the mystery of these portents strange,
 Do they forebode disaster, war or change?
 "Friend," said the demon, "in your own control
 "You hold your destiny; can you, on the roll
 "Of nations place your name, or will you lower
 "Yourselves as vassals of some greater power.
 "Have you the manhood, courage, and brave mind
 "To grasp the sceptre, on your brow to bind
 "The emblem of true greatness, wear the crown
 "Of empire, spite of men or devils' frown?
 "Calm and majestic can you take your way,
 "In your own course, grow stronger every day,
 "With the new strength born of the patriot fires
 "Which burned within the veins of your brave sires?
 "Look from the rock on which your feet now stand
 "On that rich heritage, that noble land,
 "Bestowed upon you for a noble end,
 "To love, to honour, cherish, and defend.
 "What though your cousins hold their fair domains,
 "Which southward lie with rich and fertile plains;
 "Show them that love which neighbours ought to feel,
 "Live kindly, justly act, no hate conceal.
 "To all your duty do, 'tis wise, best,
 "Then leave the case to God of all the rest,
 "Purge your own land of every loathsome sin,
 "That peace and union may exist within.
 "Let John and Jean Baptiste, Sandy and Pat,
 "Join hand in hand, exhort them well to that;
 "So CROWNED and free, o'er your own land supreme,
 "You'll soar on EAGLE'S wings. Behold your dream."

PAVEMENT MOSAIC.

(BY OUR GOBLIN.)

Lettie, my dear, is my back hair down?—If he takes it up he'll make a good thing of it, that's sure—she's good for nothing but—potash, man!—there never was a worse bargain than—that girl with the high-heeled boots will be the death of me—she's as lovely a beast as ever stood on four legs—marriage is like—bankruptcy, one never recovers—his balance on the tight-rope—when green suits your complexion—he'll come in to terms—he died last week—and went direct to the dancing-school—she's far too fat for—robbing a barber's shop—and if he were only hanged for it—with illustrations—talk of a waterfall!—patent rat traps—pinch my feet dreadfully—but, love—he's the dearest butcher in the city—eleven hundred and fifty-three dollars is too much for—a pinch of snuff, my hearty—I never read the Star—it's righteous overmuch—to make a cat laugh—in the Protestant Cemetery.



GRINCHUCKLE TAKES A SURVEY OF THE HORIZON FROM THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

“BLESS ME! WHAT A SIGHT! THEY SAID I WAS DEAD, BUT I LIVE TO BEHOLD THE RISING SUN!”



AN ADVOCATE OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

HIGHLY COLORED CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. WHITE DELIVERS A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

SAM.—As dere is nutting stirrin' in de perlitical horizon wurdy ob komment, I will make de subjeck ob dis 'pistle de relashun ob a lecter on temp'rance dat I gabe in de kuntry las week. I was axed by seberal readers ob yer papah to kum an gib de lecter—"for," says dey, "a man wid de 'perience dat you mus hab in perlitical matters kin surely gib a good temp'rance lecter." I ripplies, after konsultin' wid Julius, dat I wud hab de greatest pleasure.

I den goes out, an' meets wid a berry good recepshun, de people krowdin' round and sayin', "Dat is Mr. White, de kullured korrrespondent,"—"dat is de kandidat for de portfolio ob de Finance Min'ster." In de ebenin' de large log wood house was jammed to de dore, menny habin' to go on de roof, an' listen troo de chimley.

De chairman kumm'd forward an' introduced me in de followin' feelin' words:—Ladies and Gen'lemen.—I habs mutch pleashure in introduchin' to you Mr. White, de Kullured Korrrespondent, who benev'lently 'sented to kum an' lecter to you on de grate subjeck ob Temp'rance. I am certin sure dat you will lend him yer ears, and applaud de lecterer mos liberal for his 'couragement an' satisfashun. Gen'lemen, I introduches to you Mr. White. (Cheers.)

I den kums forward an' begins de lecter by sayin',—Ladies and Gen'lemen.—De subjeck ob temp'rance am one dat hes okkipied 'tention ob menny ob de human race since dey ebber knowed demselves. De only ting dat I ebber knowed drunkness good fur, was bekasin' it gabe de chance to so menny temp'rance lecterers to lecter agin it. If dere was no drunkness, what wud dey hab to preach agin,—dere okkipashun, like dat ob my dark brudder, Othello, wud be gone, an' dat wud be a berry bad ting fur dem. De grate plank in de platform ob temp'rance am water; an' de ting dat mos 'stonishes me am dat, wid so mutch water in dis kuntry, dat ebery

wun am not temp'rance. Water is wun ob de gratest blessins dat we habs. Widout water, our vittles kud not be kooked, nor kud de tea-urn hiss, or de kittle sing on its 'customed plase in de family fire-plase. Widout water our pussons kud not be cleaned; de heds ob families kud not be shabed,—I means de fadders, de figer'tive heds, nut all de heds ob de wimmen an' chillun, fur dat wud be drefful. In de sitty ob Montreal, widout water, we wud be choked ded in one day wid de dus,—an' more so dan dat, widout water dere kud be no temp'rance, fur dey wud hab nuttin' den to drink but 'toxicatin stimulants. Widout water dere wud be no steamboats, an' de kars wud charge dubble fare. De mos 'nebriate plase in de hole kuntry am Quebeck, fur dere de higher klasses am elevated de hole time. (Cheers.)

Den I went on to gib de statistikal 'kount ob de fines an' 'prisonments fur drunkness in de Rekorder's Court fur de las tree years, which was berry interesting, an' showd de fac dat drunkness was a grate source ob rebenue to de Korp'ration, which, I said, was mos disgracin', but troo. De way fur to remedy dis, was fur de Temp'rance Sowcieties to hab plases where de masses kud git good gingerbeer, an' sich temp'rance derrinks. My listeners, dere is not 'nuff good temp'rance derrinks old. Dere am menny ob de masses in de heat ob summer dat wud galladly take good gingerbeer if dey kud get it, but as dey kud nut, dey tuk sumting more stimulatun. Habin' said dis, I konkludes by quotin' frum Shakspair an' odder grate autors on de same subjeck. De meetin' was mos interestin', an' much cheer-in' greeted de konklushun, which was mos gratifyin'.

In ref'rence to de applikashun fur de Finance Portfolio, I hab herd nuttin'. I libs in hopes:

Yours, kullured,

JOHN WHITE.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

Now that you have a little time at your own disposal, you will do well to attend to the following hints:

Prepare your seed potatoes. Remove all the sprouts but one: potatoes are best when planted with a single eye.

Cut down your expenses.

See that every thing about your dairy is safe and snug. As a first step, bring your cat.

Never miss an opportunity of attending a harrowing scene.

In this climate, it is necessary to *force* your way: it grows straighter and richer, though somewhat shorter than when left to itself.

Drill a good many holes in the bottom of your watering cans: the ordinary ones are liable to get stopped up, and there should be some in reserve.

Why is every historian an auto-biographer? Because he writes his story.

WAXED.—An item, in a certain contemporary, in which the accident, or whatever it is, does not happen "therein," "thereat," "therewith," and "therely."

An anxious housewife, whose pans are out of order, wishes to learn the address of the Bedfordshire Tinker, as she has heard his work highly recommended.

FIRE WORKS WONDERS.—The respected pastor of the First Baptist Church now holds that that edifice was saved by sprinkling on Sunday morning last. Though a staunch teetotaler, he is known to have returned thanks for Perry.

Why should schoolmasters be rich? Because their ba(t)hs are crammed, and they thrash all the year round.



RIVAL NEWS AGENTS.

BILL.—"Eres yer Grinchuckle agin. Yer picters aint in a i style o' hart."

JACK.—"Does yer call machine picters with sign boards to um a i style o' art? Stich a lot o' names aint a sign o' modesty, anyhow—if yer have a patent process."

BILL.—"Go long. Ourn's all original, 'cause we copies um. We've got lots o' brass, too, and will smash you fellows."

THE MOSCOW OF BEAVER HALL.

DEAR SIR,—On Sabbath morning—you may know I am a Presbyterian by my Sabbathleanings,—I was in a comfortable state of mind for my hebdomadal devotions. On Saturday I had done a large business in the way of shaving the noses of needy tradesmen, and at night I shaved myself, so as not to break the Sabbath by unnecessary labour. My pious partner, Margaret, had prepared her Sabbath gear, including her best bonnet, with her other fashionable finery, so that we were in a state of preparedness to parade our devotions with the usual degree of external sanctity, when I was roused from my calm and peaceful slumbers by the alarm of fire. But as this has become a very usual thing in Montreal since the establishment of the Fire Marshalship, after having learned that it was not my own dwelling that was in danger, I left the devouring element to pursue its ravages, and composed myself once more to rest; but when I was informed by Bridget, our servant, that it was our own St. Andrew's that had fallen a sacrifice, I was by no means surprised, as I knew it had been a long time in a state of chronic combustion. My first impression, however, was that it was the work of an incendiary, or some poor fellow who was cold, and wanted to warm his hands by his own fireside, and who had arrived at the conclusion, seeing the way that inflammatory persons are treated by Montreal juries, that wilful fire-raising is a meritorious action. Another supposed it was caused by some one stealing the plate, and who was in want of the siller. Some judge that it was a judgment sent to punish the Caledonian Society because they intend to have a "flare-up" at the theatre. I presume the editor of the *Witness* favours that opinion, as he fears the attractions of the old shed may induce the thoughtless to indulge their depraved tastes by going to look at its seedy splendour. Some hinted that it was St. Zeno, in revenge for their parading his old bones through the streets of Montreal, who made a mistake, and fired the wrong edifice. But I have arrived at the conclusion that the fire origi-

nated with the organ. That instrument, seeing that it has been instrumental in causing a disorganized opposition to its notes, had determined to put a stop to it. The "kist o' whistles" has been in a bad way ever since the "Whistler" blew upon it, and it's my opinion that it went off in a fit of spontaneous combustion, because it felt it a burning shame that it had got into such company. However, as it will enable us to move to a more fashionable quarter, and further from ordinary people, the catastrophe is no calamity. It will give us an opportunity of moving away from the immediate neighbourhood of the Unitarians, who are so inconsistent as to have views of their own, and so absurd as to proclaim them. Although I don't know exactly wherein they differ from us,—still they do differ, and that is enough for me. Well, it's a great comfort, and one that we ought to be thankful for, that they had a share of the fire,—we were not left alone in our glory. Then the Baptists got a small touch of the flames, although they always have a supply of water on hand. Well, that was a providential thing; it gave the minister a text from which to preach a sermon, in which he extolled the merits of Mr. Perry, and gave that gentlemen an opportunity of appearing in a new character, in which he exhibited his blushing modesty, and gave the public an opportunity of appreciating that wise saw, which says "wonders will never cease," and gives us a modern instance of a bad fire that burns nobody good.

I. CASTWELL.

Does it require skill in carving to cut capers?

It is proposed to call the Grand Stand at Mile End "The Grand Break-Down."

A maid of all-work complains that her life is all made of work.

Be resigned. No snail ever complained because his was a hard case.

GYMNASIUM.—Fencing fields.

SEE-COSTLY.—Ladies' boots.

SILVER NEWS.—Presentation plate.

A COOKERY wishes to learn the address of Hettie Mology.

What comes of "cooking" accounts? A stew or a broth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to receive short, original contributions, on the understanding that if rejected they will not be returned.

All communications are to be addressed, pre-paid, to Box 467, Post Office, Montreal.

The temporary stoppage of GRINCHUCKLE has caused delay in acknowledging the communications of several of our friends.

B. S.—Your verses are welcome, and will have early insertion.

LORR.—It did not come to hand.

COLUMBUS.—Twenty pithy words are worth more to us than twenty folios. Your "Sketch" is good, but would be better if it were a little more sketchy.

A. S. S.—Bray again.

Published by the Proprietor, J. GOSWAMI, at his Office, and Printed for him by the Montreal Printing & Publishing Company, Printing House No. 67 St. James' Street, Montreal.

NOTICE.

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