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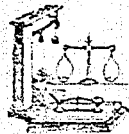
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101 BLEURY STREET.

A LETTER FROM A FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTOR OF RENFREW.

"Honesty is like wit,—much talked of, not to be defined;
He that pretends to most, has least share in't.
'Tis a ragged virtue.

Honest men are the soft, easy cushions
On which knaves repose and fatten."

OTWAY.

It must have been Ottawa, and the poet didn't know how to spell his name. He knew a great deal about the ways of our section. Now, Mr. GRINCHUCKLE, I am determined that no knave shall impose on me through that failing, and as I think you are honest, because you make no large political professions, I am going to repose upon you. When I saw some of my simple neighbours running after the so-called honest candidate, I felt pity, mixed with contempt, for them, because I believed he would soon rank with Rankin, and sell himself, if elected, to some seedy superannuated governor out at the elbows; and if he could sell himself after procuring our confidence, why could not we sell ourselves, who have no one's confidence? The fact is, although, in politics, I am an Anythingarian, I am always loyal to the man who boasts of his loyalty; and when I heard that Sir Francis boasted that the Queen had honoured him with a title,—not that such things are of much value here,—but when I hear a man parade his friendship for our Monarch, to whom no one is unfriendly, I know his principles are nothing to boast of, and that he is only throwing the dust of loyalty in our eyes till he can come down with the "dust" for our sweet voices; and when I heard that my neighbour Tompkins had returned the fifty dollars which had been left with the partner of his bosom for his vote and influence, I thought of the curtain lecture he would have to listen to from his sleeping partner for his disloyalty. I saw Sir Francis smile upon me from the hustings—(I knew it was me that he smiled upon).—so I saw him at his own place,—the place where the *Daily News* says he sacrificed himself by sleeping,—and besides giving me something to drink his health with, he promised to have a ditch made at the bottom of my garden by a "drain" from the Treasury. I don't know that the ditch will be of any service, but then it will be of as much use as that larger job, the Intercolonial, and it will cause the money to be spent amongst us while the work is going on; and what's the use of raising taxes if we don't have a portion spent amongst ourselves for what they call material improvements? When Sir Francis sent word that he was coming to honour me with a visit, my wife had all the children cleaned except our little Mary, and he stooped to kiss her, saying he had no objections to the unwashed when he could turn them to account; and when I complimented him on his condescension, he remarked that he had never been above stooping to a dirty job, for if he had been an upright minister, he would not be in his place. The worthy knight then hinted about a situation for young Tom in his own department; and oh! it was delightful to hear him talk. When I had returned from handing the dear old gentleman to his carriage, we looked upon Tommy as an embryo minister, or, what is more respectable, the incipient head of a department; and when I saw the now-defeated candidate

trying, without treating or bribing, to climb to the head of the poll, I said, "Ah! vain endeavour,—honesty is a useless ingredient in a contested election, where you have the Ministry to oppose you!" In fact, under any circumstances, in Canadian politics, it is but a "ragged virtue." It was not for honesty that McDougall was sacrificed and sent to the Nor'-west to look after the Red Indians; neither was it by riding such a stupid "hobby" that Howland was made Governor of Ontario. Joseph Howe saw that, and started a "hobby" of his own, or, rather, a velocipede, to ride into power,—and he succeeded; while big George, who, when he saw he had put his foot in it by stepping into the Cabinet of curiosities, and tried to retrace his steps, was ejected from Parliament altogether by the grateful Grits, and is now a solitary recluse, moaning over the one false step. Hard-headed Cameron is compelled to plead the cause of malefactors for a living. Holton is resting on his oars, watching how the wind blows, so that he may discover the current of opinion; and John Young, after all his honest exertions, is even refused a channel for his enterprise and patriotism;—and when I saw the discarded pensioner at the head of the poll, I rejoiced that Canada was true to her antecedents, and that Renfrew had profited by the bright example set it by Canadian statesmen.

HECTOR HOMESPUN,

THEATRE ROYAL.

Preparations for the re-opening of this delightful place of resort are being made on a large scale. Three of the scenes have been re-painted at a lavish expenditure, and the grooves have been liberally greased. The most recent additions to the "property" are two chairs, in an antique style; a brass candlestick; a deal table, which, if judiciously placed, may stand on its three legs; a tomb-stone—"Sacred to the memory of Sarah;" and a pair of tights, which, being small but elastic, will fit any one. The enterprising manager has also formed a dramatic corps, which will bear comparison with any troupe west of the Rocky Mountains, and which includes Mdme. Eleonora Stikphast, Mr. Alphonse Buffa, and other distinguished actors. The "Royal" will re-open on Tuesday, weather and treasury permitting, when the heart-harrowing five-act drama of *The Blood-thirsty Baronet, or Exposed at Last*, will be presented. It is hoped by all well-wishers of the Thespian art, that the performance *will bring down the house*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is rumoured that Mr. G. W. Stephens has been engaged for some weeks in the preparation of a curious collection of by-law motions and amendments, which he will shortly read for the diversion of the learned Society of which he is so distinguished a member. It is believed that these recent productions of his fertile pen will display all the originality of conception and elaborateness of execution which characterize all that emanates from him, and we have no doubt some of them will lead to animated discussion. It is to be hoped that the friends of the author will secure the valuable MSS., and if they can do so before the evening of the meeting—so much the better.

OUR PRIZE TALE.



FEELING himself equal to anything, and having a decided taste for dollars, GRINCHUCKLE intends to compete for the premium offered by the proprietor of the *Illustrated News* for the best Canadian tale. He flatters himself that his first chapter is far ahead of anything hitherto attempted.

CHAPTER I.

The November sun was shooting amorous glances at the silvery countenance of the queenly St. Lawrence, as a middle-aged man pensively passed and re-passed the noble monument consecrated to the memory of Nelson. There was nothing remarkable in his features, except a hole in his trousers.

He stood.

When he was tired of standing, he went on.

Meanwhile the orb of day had risen higher and yet higher in the heavens. Throngs of business-men hurried to the Temple of Pluto; the equipages of millionaires rolled through the arteries of the Canadian Babylon, and the clear air rang with the cries of multitudinous news-boys,

"Sweet heralds of the morn."

Our hero was too much absorbed in thought to heed the idle bustle around him. Some mighty fact was moulding itself in his brain,—some heroic purpose nerving the fibres of his soul.

Great and commanding is the majesty of man,—even with a large hole in his extremities.

But what had brought him thither, and why did he linger within the shadow of that magnificent memorial of naval gallantry?

Nobody knew. Still further, nobody cared.

To us, who know something of the man's history, there was in his conduct a significance which those who knew him not failed to perceive. He had seen happier days, when——. But we anticipate.

The man—the hour—the spot were fruitful of conjecture. Was he planning the restoration of that somewhat decayed work of art, or his own destruction, or merely the assassination of a City Councillor? It might have been the first, for he was ragged enough to be a genius; or the second, for there seemed to be no special reason why the world should continue to give him board and lodging; or the third, for he looked like one who would have benefited mankind had he had a fair chance.

Conjecture at this stage is vain.

The crisis had arrived; the moment for action had come!

Pressing his storm-beaten beaver upon his brows, and inserting the digits of his right hand in his trousers pockets, he produced——

We dare not divulge it yet.

He then cast a furtive glance around, as one might

who contemplated a desperate deed, and hurried into the shop which stood nearest.

The pale youth at the counter shook in his seedy habiliments.

There was a moment's pause.—then from the lips of our hero came forth, in sepulchral tones, the words,

"One cigar, please, and a box of matches!"

(To be continued, indefinitely.)

METEOROLOGICAL.

Our apparatus is not yet in full working order, so we give our predictions this week with a certain amount of diffidence. We think some dependence may be placed on the following prognostications:—

Snow may fall, and if it freezes foot passengers will be liable to fall too.

If it should rain, as it probably will if the weather does not hold up, bosom friends will be solicited for the loan of their umbrellas, the majority of which will not be returned.

The new moon, in consequence of exposure to inclement weather, has gone into a decline.

Jack Frost will soon have cut the last leaves of the Book of Nature.

To the Editor of Grinchuckle.

SIR,—Before commencing a poem, which, I believe, is destined to astonish the world, I beg to submit, for your approval, a sample of its versification.

The changes upon rhythm, rhyme, and style having been so many and various, it has been a matter of great difficulty to adopt one which shall be entirely new.

That difficulty, I am proud to think, I have overcome in the enclosed sample.

Pending your approval, I am,

Your's truly,

BYRON JONES.

"AVENGED."

Raptur'd, the monarch clutches at his prize;
Captur'd, thou monster! triumphantly he cries;
Cease, raging torment—care for ever end—
Peace, once again your soft influence lend;
Sleep, long unknown, your sovereignty maintain,
Sleep, in your limpid tide, my soul again!
Crushed by my vengeance, see, the traitor dies;
Hushed in the dream of death, no more to rise.
Shine, Star of Freedom, the world at length is free!
Mine is the triumph—I've caught and crack'd that flea!"

B. J.

Calendar for the Week.

NOVEMBER

19	Friday	Gratuitous Exhibition of Nelson's Monument.
20	Satur.	J. Smith's birthday.
21	Sund'y	Feast of Tabernacles.
22	Mon.	Prince-baiting at the Crystal Palace.
23	Tues.	Triumphal procession of City Cars.
24	Wed.	Navigation closed at the North Pole.
25	Thurs.	GRINCHUCKLE in the ascendant.

LO! THE PENNY-A-LINER.

One of our contemporaries can now boast of the possession of a real live penny-a-liner on its reportorial staff. The penny-a-liner is a vulgar pest our city has heretofore been free from, but since he has at length appeared among us, we must cry out to be spared the infliction. To this peculiar individual the occurrence of a fire in a stable or a large sized pig-stye is a grand opportunity for the wholesale slaughter of the Queen's English and Lindley Murray in a string of words nearly half-a-column long. If an unfortunate workman falls from a roof, we have nearly a column devoted to the occurrence of what did, what might, and what did not, happen. Not to be behind our neighbours in enterprise we have procured one, and give the following specimens of his wonderful ability in that line:

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

A PARROT COMMITS SUICIDE BY FLYING AGAINST THE FRENCH CHURCH.—THREE ATTEMPTS BEFORE THE AWFUL ACT WAS CONSUMMATED.—THE SCENE, INCIDENTS, ETC., ETC.

On Tuesday morning last, while the silent frost was slowly but steadily insinuating its downward course through light and heavy clouds, the face of King Sol appeared over a heavy cloud and a flood of light—joyous life-giving light—was disseminated on all things around. The air was chilly, but in the interior of the leading hotels, particularly near a stove, the atmosphere was genial. It is beyond all doubt that the chilly atmosphere of the morning was entirely owing to the fact that it was the month of November; had it been July greater warmth would surely have prevailed.

THE PLACE D'ARMES.

The scene in the Place D'Armes Square on that morning was one of singular eccentricity, if the term may be used. The towers of the French Church towered more than usual. In a yard hard by, Mrs. Mc-Hinsey quarrelled vigorously with a neighbour, and in the telling language of her country remarked, "Dere is no tilling what an' hoord mout bring fort." From the language used it would indeed be difficult to say from whence the lady hailed, but no matter. The neighbouring buildings rose up to the skies like a very modern tower of Babel, while down St. James street limped a dog on three feet, evidently lame. On one side of the Square a cart rumbled past, making more than ordinary racket, which, perhaps, may account for a Court being called "a Racket Court."

THE TREES.

The trees of the Square were leafless. On one tree chirrupped a bird, whilst on another tree another bird chirped to the first mentioned one. It was an affecting scene.

THE TRAGEDY.

Suddenly a parrot flew rapidly across the Square. Horror! it has struck one of the French towers. It lies on the hard pavement dead as the stones against which it so madly plunged but a few moments before. It lay with its bright eye dim, its gorgeous plumage ruffled, and its whole body rather *distorte*. Upon

enquiry the reporter discovered that the action was that of determined suicide, the unfortunate being for days before in very low spirits, having suffered exceedingly from dyspepsia. The poor bird leaves a sorrowing mate, master and mistress to bewail its fate.

FINISH.

Several days previous to the fatal act the servant girl of the next house heard the wretched bird say three or four times, distinctly, "I'll do it." From this there can be no doubt of the suicidal nature of the act. The occurrence has cast a gloom in the neighbourhood of the once residence of the now dead bird.

We submit the foregoing to the penny-a-liner of the paper before referred to, and ask him if he has the moral courage to rival the above effusion of our new man.

THE COOK'S COMPANION.

As our valuable paper may sometimes find its way from the parlour to the kitchen, we shall exert ourselves to make it a welcome visitor to the lower regions. With a view to this we shall devote a portion of our space to original recipes, of which the following will serve as a sample:—

Jugged Hair—Put your head in the ewer.

To dress a calf's head—Having carefully washed the head, rub it till it is perfectly dry. Scrape off what hair remains about the mouth; apply a flat brush to the upper part of the head, and pour a little melted butter—oil is even better—over it. It is usual to envelope the neck in a band of stiff paper, and a roll of tobacco or other leaves inserted in the mouth gives the head a very finished appearance.

To fry soles or eels—Place your feet firmly against a hot stove.

Cold Shoulder—A dish generally prepared by indignant wives against the arrival of their convivial lords. No woman requires instruction in its preparation.

Sucking pigs—This is an unprofitable way of getting a subsistence.

Melted Butter—Take a pound of fresh butter, place it carefully in say a gallon of boiling water, stir it gently for an hour or so, and then, if you can find it, serve it in a boat.

To bone a fowl—Go to your poulterer's; select the finest bird within reach, and when the owner's back is turned, put it in your basket. You may bone anything in the same way.

To stuff a goose—If young and tender, send him to the High School.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

Would it not be cheaper, and better for the public morals, if candidates for Parliament settled the matter by a fistic fight? No abuse would be necessary, promises would not be made with the certainty of being broken, and, so far as the merits were concerned, fortune would almost always side with the man of greatest weight.

Should a judge be allowed to make an *example* of a pick-pocket?

JACK FROST.



ROMANCE.



REALITY.

Among the recent arrivals, we notice our honoured friend, "Jack Frost," whom, with gloved hands, we heartily welcome. Though one of the most influential personages here—perhaps more-so than Sir George, Sir John, or Sir Francis, and the "oldest inhabitant" to boot,—very little is known about him. This may be because, through oversight or prejudice, he has not found a place in the category of Canadian Worthies. But though partial biographers have thus passed him by, his coming is hailed with joy by most; and even Nature, to do him honour, flings her spotless mantle over Autumn's withered leaves. Hail, then, burly old friend! with thy boisterous laugh and thy ever new delights; and while thou causeth the life-current to flow more swiftly through youthful veins, deal gently, we entreat thee, with the aged and poor.

"I shall depend on you," as the man said to the rope which was to hang him.

WEAKLY ISSUE—Consumptive children.

A DOMESTIC GRIEVANCE.

DEAR GRINCHUCKLE:

As it is nachewral for a pursun to put there greevances hin the paipers, as it is for thum to ave thum, I think the libherty I ave took hin a dressing mine to you, needs no hapology, seein as how u may ave chill-drun as is a sufurin from the greevunce in qwestyun. I shud like to no, mister heditur, if sumthin cudunt be dun to put a stop to thos there travulin minaggeriz, as stiks big bills on the wals as indoocis peepole to go and take thur childrun. Thinkin as how it was a hinosent bit uve amosmint, I was begild hinto takin the chill-drun, and as riphentid of it hevur sense, seein as how I avunt ad a our's peece with them chilldrun sinse, seein as how thur heverlastin plain minaggeriz, and fanseing thur broots, as a getin to troo, sein as how the heldust is seven yeers old cum neckst, as as bin refoosin sum uve is wituls daly, as kumi to a klymaks this mornin, kiverin hof is nurce, as is a mild wummun, for a peece uve raw meet, as is not the wurst, as litul Fredy, wich is neerly siks, as is hindooed to himagini self a rangy-tang, wich no coks in ul haltur, as is forced in karaktur with that beest to have a tale, wich appropriate mi best kloud for that purpus, as is karyin on thur game, at this momunt, hin the firegard, and grins oribly thru the bars, as is wire, hin himinent danger uve setin theirsels afire; an it a blesin, as nurce ses, no komoonikasbun egsists with thur tales, wich, in thur windiktivnes, thay mite rest on the ot koles, with maludy ekstends even to Xerxes, wich is fore nekst burth-day, as as bin diluded hinto bein a umin-burd, wich is sertinty more redikulus than feeroshus, ony that e maks a dredful noyse with his mouth, wich the rangy-tang ses is made by thum things, as durty's a kleen piny, after hetin a gud diner, by goin down on is ands an nees an skrachin for hinseks, as givs the results to the parot, as is neerly pisend with them.—Thur par is kummin om nekst week, as ad to be away on bisness, an I liv in opes uve is bein abul to eradikate the dizese; hin the meentime, deer GRINCHUCKLE eny remidy u may ave to rekumمند shal be dilyguntly aplide by,

Ure's, in truble,

ILYZA PELYKAN.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

We are astonished at the ignorance of one of our correspondents who enquires the meaning of the titles M. F. P. G. and M. G. C. W. G., which appears in the City Directory after the name of one of our leading citizens. They are not cabalistic, nor do they describe a geometrical figure, but are simply a contraction of the alphabet. We know of no remedy for so violent an eruption of initials.

GENT.—"Waitaw!"

WAITER.—"Yessir."

GENT.—"Waitaw, what is there to-day, aw?"

WAITER.—"'Ashedmut'nprimeroastofbeefmoosesteak 'aricot—"

GENT.—"Aw! yes! I think I'll take—aw—a spittoon."



MR. HOLTON—"Drat the cat! I can't do anything till I see how she jumps."

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE HAREM.

A TALE OF REFORM.

The Turkish Sultan, with feelings benign,
Said, "I'm losing all relish for this Porte of mine ;
There's a rock ahead,—it's a fatal mark,—
On which has foundered many a bark.
I have slaves, male and female, who come at my call ;
But my Porte is not a Sublime one at all.
Of wives, I have a magnificent sample,—
But then it isn't a good example ;
And not by any law, written or oral,
The very clean thing to point a moral.
So my fair Circassians,—I must spare 'em,—
I'm going to emancipate my Harem ;
And never more shall your Sultan seek
To fret the bloom from the lovely cheek,
And the fairest part of creation doom
To a gilded cage in the Harem's gloom ;
For if a man wishes to save the "dimes,"
One wife is enough,—and too many at times.
Then your Sultan's Polly, when free, will sing
That Polly-gamy is not quite the thing.
The word Reform made the Vizier grieve,—
A magnificent old Conservative,—
Who opposed the scheme with all his might ;
He believed in the rule of "might and right ;"
For the Turks the institution prized,
And all his ideas were fossilized
To the form that, in calm or storm's disaster,
Woman's the slave and man's her master.
He abominated such fancy flights,
And would not consent to such "woman's rights."
He'd always gone where his master led him,
But would resign if the Sultan didn't behead him.
The Reformers,—readers, pray do not stare,
There were even a few Reformers there,—
Bawl'd out, with the prospect of a lodgment
At Court, "A Daniel has come to judgment,
And our monarch through his trials we'll bear him."
The Harem, with joy, was harum-scarum ;
And never a Grand Turk, in all the land,
Was ever before a Turk so grand.
The girls, with the prospect, were delighted,
For each felt she soon would be united
To a man whose wife would be all his store,—
For the law would not give him any more ;
Their hearts palpitated with freedom's glow,
And "love in a cottage" was all the go.
The Reformed Vizier made his salaam,—
A real reformer, and not a sham ;
Then the Sultan said, in accents tender,
That each his seraglio must surrender :
And he wished it plainly understood,
'Twas all for their own and the public good.
This made the new Vizier feel rather strange,
And he said it was "too sweeping a change ;"
But he begg'd, in candour, to freely state,
That the matrons they might emancipate,
But the girls would certainly misuse their freedom,
And many young men that couldn't feed 'em.
They might in the sunshine of freedom bask,
If they only would wear a veil or mask ;
But to show their faces, he plainly stated,
Would be wrong, before they were educated.
And the small reformers said in their rage,
It was spoliation and sacrilege
On a gift from Allah, to soothe their cares,
And the beautiful female slaves were theirs.
The Sultan was touching their vested rights,

And they still would retain the lovely sprites ;
It was breaking up the constitution,
And would terminate in revolution.
In this, we see, a coincidence ran,
'Twixt reformers here and reformers then,—
From the man who reigns to the man who delves ;
We are disinclined to inform ourselves,
And while for reform we rave and foam,
Few like to begin with—Reform at Home.

COMMERCIAL.

GRINCHUCKLE OFFICE,
18th November, 1869.

The weather during the past week, like the Money Market, has been unsettled. Clouds for the past few days were low.

Late advices from the Penitentiary state stocks to be firm. The inmates of the institution corroborate this.

Money on the street was scarce, the most picked up by the news-boys being a bad copper.

Doctor's bills, payable on demand, were plentiful, but were not asked for.

Draughts at sight were pretty freely asked for in all the principal saloons. For a short time they were high, but quickly went lower, holders taking prompt action. The scarcity of money, we are told, is entirely owing to the fact of the market being tight. A while ago money was reported plentiful, no doubt owing to the market being at the other extreme, "on the loose." This determined unsteadiness on the part of the money market has been the source of much uneasiness, and steps were taken one day last week to urge the interference of a leading Temperance Society, the President of which on learning the nature of the effort became so intoxicated with delight as to be actually useless. A spirited effort, however, will be once more made during the early part of next week, which it is to be hoped will be so far successful as to result in the sobriety of the dissipated money market.

Provincial notes are plentiful in North Renfrew, the result, of course, of the rich harvest reaped there lately by the farmers.

The doors of several of the leading Dry Goods establishments were closed on Saturday at one o'clock, but were opened again on Monday morning after some effort. The large majority of retail stores suspended business on Saturday night—until Monday morning.

GRAIN MARKET.

Oats, we are sorry to see, are dull. When ground the difficulty is *ameliorated*, and oat-meal is the result.

Rye-Flour,—transactions *spirited*, and the article in consequence inclined to rise.

Corn.—in the beginning of the week, high, but was afterwards was low, owing to the large quantities being put in cellars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ice—Firm.

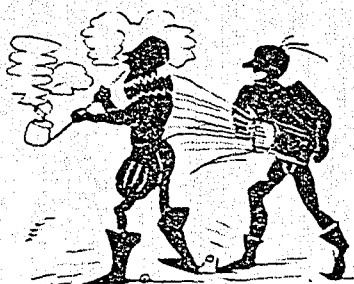
Stones—In great demand for Bonaventure and other streets.

Clay.—Inclined to remain on hands.

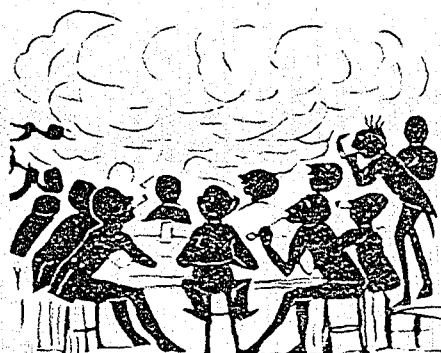
Railroad directors—Signal-posts.

THE TRADE AND MANUFACTURES OF MONTREAL.

(The accompanying "cuts" were, unfortunately, omitted from the able volume lately published under the above heading.)



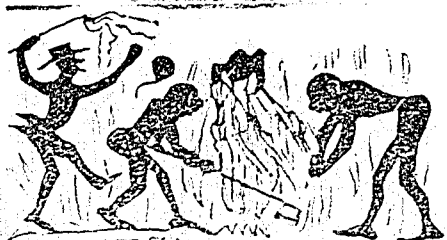
How little did the first European who experimented on tobacco



Imagine the extent to which it would, in after years, be used.



And the enormous sums which would be expended upon



Its cultivation and manufacture!

Canadians can afford to boast of their literature,—at least, some departments of it. We need specify only the art of "puffery." We have got far beyond the bald announcement that "Castor Pollux, & Co. have received a large consignment of tobacco, samples of which may be seen at their warehouse." The fact of the arrival of a barrel of bad herrings must now have a gorgeous setting of prose-poetry. The art has made rapid advances of late, but is susceptible of further improvement. In "puffing" a tobacco-shop, why cannot we have elegant "cuts" similar to those which adorn this page, accompanied with a notice such as the following:—

"The custom of smoking is of great antiquity, for Homer calls Jove the cloud compeller, and describes the king of gods and men sitting on Mount Ida, and pouring a dense haze around him,—the meaning of which is evident. The credit of introducing the weed into the British Isles belongs to the valiant Sir Walter Raleigh, in whose person the practice had cold water thrown upon it. King James objected to the weed, and is supposed to have been the author of the ingenious epigram, "No smoking allowed." It is an error to say that tobacco, like cheese, is found in strata, in the neighbourhood of quartz. It is a vegetable product, and, by some botanists, is incorrectly supposed to bear an affinity to the beautiful lettuce plant. The proper way of using tobacco is to insert a small quantity—more, if necessary,—in a hollow clay ball, to which a stem of the same material, also hollow, is attached. The small end of the latter has to be placed between the lips of the experimenter, and a small torch having been applied to the aperture of the bowl, celestial odours will begin to float upon the air. We close this somewhat imperfect notice by remarking that the largest tobacco manufactory in this noble city,—the metropolis of Canada, the Koh-i-noor of Victoria's crown,—is that of Messrs. Tompkins, Jenkins & Hopkins, to whose urbanity the writer is indebted for one dollar fifty cents, cash.

STILETTO.



No article in common use has caused so much discussion.



Lecturers have lectured against it;



Bigots have denounced the men who traded in it;



Clergymen, even, have preached against it,—but all to no purpose!!

NOTICE.

IT is the intention of the Publisher of this paper to make it, in every respect, a first-class **COMIC ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.** He believes there is a good field and an abundance of encouragement to be found for such a paper in Canada; and they have determined to make the attempt to place a paper in the hands of the Canadian public worthy of their support. An able **Literary Staff** is in the course of organization, and as soon as it gets into harness the paper will be filled with matter of a literary character not to be excelled, while there will be a still greater improvement in the engravings, and more of them given.

The public can do their share in the establishment of such a paper by bestowing a liberal advertising patronage.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Canvassers will solicit advertisements not only in Montreal, but also in Quebec, Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, and all the principal cities of the Dominion, and in which every exertion will be made to obtain a large circulation.

AGENTS.

The Agents for the sale of *Grinchuckle*, in the city, are Messrs. **POWELL & Co.**, Advertising Agents, 67 St. James St. Arrangements for Advertising can also be made with them.

Quebec, - - - C. E. Holliwel.
Toronto, - - - C. A. Backus.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Contributors will please address, at present, to Box 467, Post-office.

All suitable contributions will be liberally paid for.

Advertise in Grinchuckle.

WE NOW HAVE THEM

Only Thirty-six Hours Out of the Sea.

SHELL, CAN, & BULK OYSTERS.

Large, Fat, and Sweet, - direct from our Beds.

We are the only direct Shippers of Oysters in the City.

Leave your orders at head-quarters.
AMERICAN OYSTER CO.

J. B. BESS,
17 Place d'Armes.

"THE BISHOP,"
OF
ST. JAMES' STREET.

Inform us that his "SURPLUS" of **RUSTIC INITIAL PAPER** is fast disappearing. Parties wishing a supply are respectfully requested to call at

65 ST. JAMES' STREET,
from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M.

PEAVEY & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FRUITS.
No. 40 St. John Street,
MONTREAL.

Choice Grapes, Apples, Pears, Peaches, Plums, &c., received daily.

F. COLLIN,

ARTIST PAINTER,
3001 NOTRE DAME STREET,
Artists' Colours and Materials of every kind.

Advertise in Grinchuckle

HAND-MADE BOOTS AND SHOES

CONSTANTLY KEPT ON HAND
AT **BRODEUR & BEAUVAIS,**
27, NOTRE DAME ST.

We are now prepared to furnish our friends and the public with Boots and Shoes sewed by hand, of the best material and workmanship, so that we can guarantee our work as first quality. We will also make to order all kinds of Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, intrusted to us, at the shortest notice. We have selected a few lots of Ladies' Balmoral Boots, that we will sell at cost to make room for Full Stock.

Please to favour us with a call, and examine for yourselves.

BRODEUR & BEAUVAIS,
Successors to J. & T. Bell,
273 Notre Dame Street.

Advertise in Grinchuckle.

F. S. BARNJUM,

Gymnasium Establishment
19 UNIVERSITY STREET.



J. H. WALKER,
ARTIST

AND
ENGRAVER ON WOOD.
13 Place d'Armes,
MONTREAL.

Illustrations made for Books and Periodicals.

Advertise in Grinchuckle.

S. DAVIS,

Manufacturer of the
CABLE CIGARS,
And Importer of
FINE HAVANAS.

OFFICE AND SALEROOM-OTTAWA HOTEL
St. James' Street.

Advertise in Grinchuckle.

F. X. BEAUCHAMP,

(Successor to D. SMILLIE.)
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
JEWELLERY.

PRECIOUS STONES kept in Stock Cut, Polished and Set in the Latest Styles.

WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
Carefully and Promptly Repaired.

134 St. Francois Xavier Street,
UNDER MEDICAL HALL,
MONTREAL.

J. B. PIRAYNE,

Proprietor of the
MONTREAL CARRIAGE FACTORY,

Nos. 614, 616 & 618
ST. CATHERINE STREET,
MONTREAL.

Manufactures and Repairs Carriages, Sleighs, &c.

All orders promptly executed.
Charges moderate.

FOR SALE,

LEHIGH,
PITSTON,
SCOTCH STEAM
COAL.

ARCHER LABELLE & CO.,
10 Port Street.

WHITESIDE'S

PATENT SPRING BED

Is being used extensively throughout Canada.

The most perfect Bed in America.
Sole Agents for Montreal,

H. WHITESIDE & CO.,
156 St. James Street.

Advertise in Grinchuckle.

GRINCHUCKLE.



OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS - - - - - \$5,000,000

\$100,000 DEPOSITED AT OTTAWA.

Policies issued on "ALL-CASH" Plan with Contribution Dividends, and "HALF-NOTE" Plan with Per Centage Dividends.

THE POLICIES OF THIS COMPANY ARE NOT BURDENED WITH VEXATIOUS RESTRICTIONS

Its Dividends are paid annually, after four years on half credit plan, and after one year on the cash plan. If you want a policy, you will understand you can get it in the

PHŒNIX.

A. R. BETHUNE, GENERAL AGENT.

Agents and Solicitors wanted.

102 St. Francois Xavier Street.

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

DUFRESNE, GRAY & CO
DUFRESNE, GRAY & CO
DUFRESNE, GRAY & CO

Take the liberty to inform the public in general, especially the Ladies, that they are now ready to exhibit and offer to sell, a complete assortment of DRY GOODS, consisting of the

LATEST STYLES in FANCY and STAPLE DRY GOODS just received from

LONDON AND PARIS, and very carefully selected by Mr. R. GRAY. Also, a great variety of Novelties, being recently manufactured for the FALL FASHIONS OF 1869.

454 NOTRE DAME STREET, Opposite the Ottawa Hotel.

CHEAP FIRST-CLASS BLANK BOOKS WHOLESALE

MONTREAL

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTORY.

JAS. SUTHERLAND
Late R. Weir & Co.)

Wholesale Manufacturer of First Class Account Books, MADE ENTIRELY FROM THE BEST IMPORTED MATERIAL.

The Trade and others would do well to examine the FOOLSCAP BLANK BOOKS I am now manufacturing at the following prices, which I feel confident cannot be equalled by any other maker in Canada for Quality and Cheapness:—

FOOLSCAP FOLIO DAY BOOKS, JOURNALS and LEDGERS, of fine Cream Laid Paper, paged and titled,

TO SELL AT 20c. & 25c. PER QUIRE.

All Books are warranted bound in the best English material.

JAS. SUTHERLAND, Stationery Warehouse 160 & 162 St James' Street, Adjoining Ottawa Hotel.

STATIONERY

Arrival of Fall Stock.

150 CASES OF THE CHEAPEST AND BEST QUALITIES

ENGLISH

WRITING

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Of every description.

BOOKBINDERS' LEATHERS

And other Materials.

COPYING PRESSES, INKS, ENVELOPES, &c.,

AT

SUTHERLAND'S

Stationery Warehouse

160 & 162 St. James' Street, Adjoining Ottawa Hotel.

NOTICE TO FAMILIES

X XX XXX

and Strong Family Flour, in Barrels, 1 Barrels, 1 Barrels, and Eighth.

SELF-RAISING XXX FLOUR

SELF-RAISING BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, in 6 lb. Packets.

These beautiful preparations, &c. extensively used in the best families of Montreal.

GRAHAM FLOUR, OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.

W. BRODIE & CO.,

Flour Store,

Corner of Craig and Bleury Streets. MILLS—Cote St. Paul.