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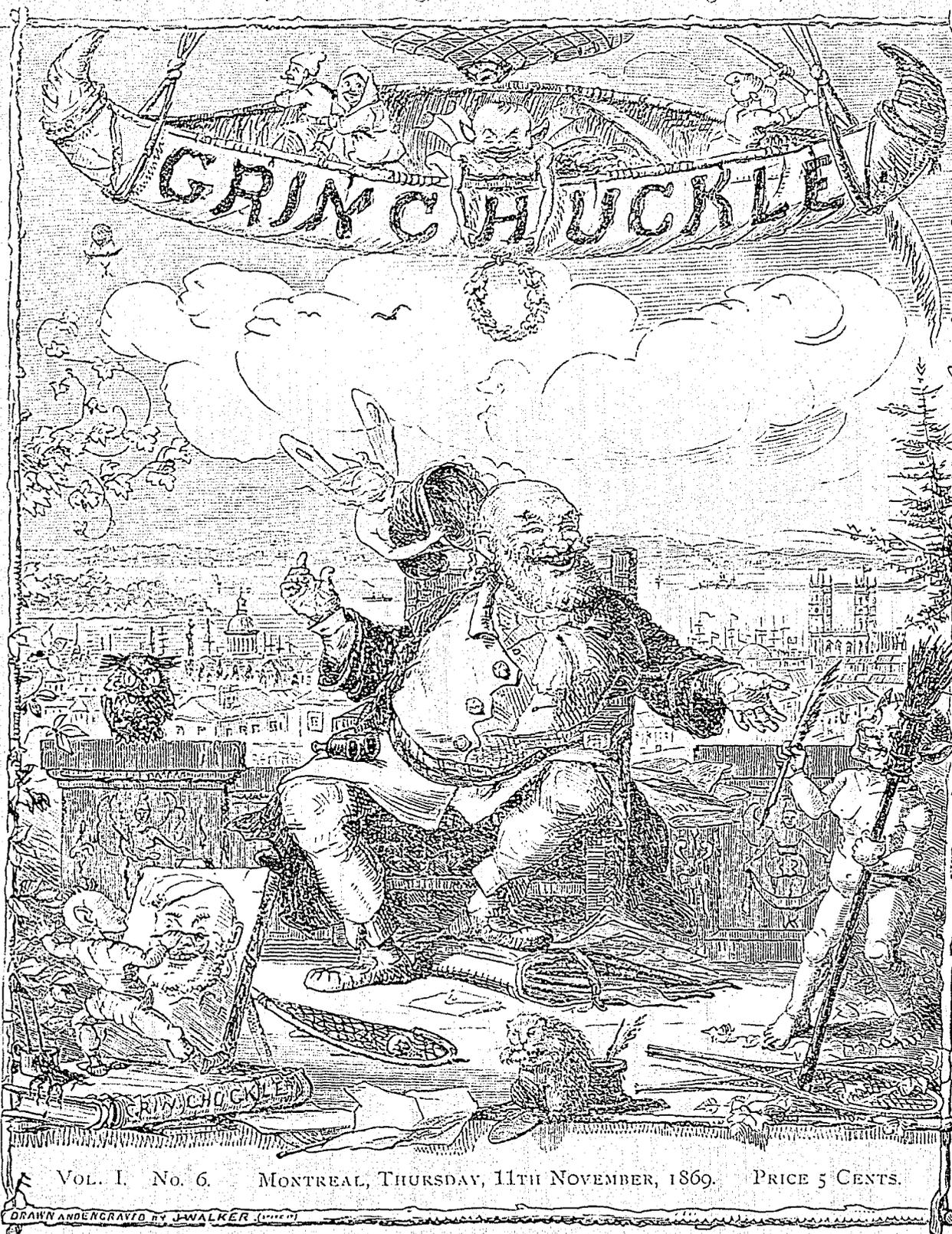
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101 BLEURY STREET.

Some people resort to opium to induce sleep, others recite the Multiplication Table, but I always use a copy of the *Trade Review*, which never fails. It is an unhappy night for me (and, I may add, for every one in the house) when my soporific has been misplaced or destroyed. Being disengaged the other afternoon, I indulged in the rare luxury of a "nap" on the sofa, having first composed my spirits by applying an editorial on Breadstuffs. As I calmly slept, a venerable form rose to my mental eye, and was instantly recognized as the shade of William Caxton. But the dignified calm had departed from those familiar features, which now wore an expression of extreme displeasure. I asked, in astonishment, the cause of the spirit's annoyance. It replied, with a sigh of intense grief, "I am no longer the benefactor of mankind. Howard's memory is fragrant; the name and deeds of Wilberforce are deathless; but what am I? With what enlargement of human knowledge and comfort is my name associated?" "The printing press," I replied. "Bah! but I thought so too, when my cloister-retreat faded on my sight, and the musical clanking of my dear old press died away on my dulled ear. Vain hope consoled me, in the hour of dissolution, with prospects the most flattering." "And have they not been realized?" I asked: "think how mighty is the influence of the *London Times* and the *Montreal Telegraph*; of a shilling *Shakspeare* and the *Canada Scotsman*." "True," the shade replied, "these results—" "Are your noble monuments; and yet you are not satisfied. Caxton, you are unreasonable." The spirit shook his grey head sadly, as he replied, "I have seen 'The Trade and Manufactures of Montreal!'" (I was silent,—for to have attempted consolation would have been mockery.) "I have seen it,—the world has seen it,—and my hopes of immortality are blasted utterly. The greatest kindness men can now do my memory is to let it die." "But," I remonstrated, "the men who make such—such books, do it for a living." "Is it at all necessary that they should live?" he asked, indignantly; "they are not fit to live who can drag literature by the hair through the mire of puffery. If merchants wish to advertise their wares, there are surely newspapers enough, without creating a sham literature offensive to every person of good taste." "But, Caxton," said I, "reflect how many are thus enabled to live; they cannot dig, but to beg they are not ashamed, and so manage to provide themselves with the necessaries of life." "It is useless to talk,—the whole system is bad and demoralizing. Those who take it up have the meanness to snatch the bread from each other's mouths. To go no further than the present instance, had the 'Whistler' done this wretched job, I and mankind would have groaned and forgotten it, for he is a nuisance which we have agreed to tolerate; but why should he have imitators and rivals, and can they expect to share the world's clemency? O! would that I had never cursed humanity with printing, which is bringing, daily, fresh punishment on my head! Tupper troubled me, the 'Whistler at the Plough' angered me, but this last persecutor torments me." Convulsively wringing his wan hands, the shade departed.

STILETTO.

A FACT.

Two friends from a funeral once were returning,
For their servant, poor *Tulip*, they felt great regret;
And still o'er their loss were silently mourning,
When upon the road-side a lone beggar they met.

By the cast of his eye, and expression of face,
In him they at once recognized an old foe,
Who had tried, in their youth, to heap on them disgrace
By opposing their progress where'er they would go.

"Oh! pity the sorrow of a poor old man,
Who in search of Dame Fortune has roamed the world o'er,
Who's obliged now to end where erstwhile he began,
And to beg for his bread at his enemy's door!"

Dear John, my offences towards you have been grievous,
But now I am repentant, and humbly confess
That in days that are gone I was rather mischievous,
And attacked you and George with too much wickedness.

But you with magnanimous hearts will forgive,
Henceforth all your dirty jobs give unto me;
To you I'll be faithful as long as I live,
Whatever our neighbours' opinions may be!"

John and George acquiesced to the old beggar's prayer,
And installed him in place of the *Tulip* decay'd;
In their gains he was promised a liberal share,
And the past in oblivion was quietly laid.

Months and years roll'd along, and Frank's power increased,
Till he felt his poor friends were within his firm grasp;
'Twas then those repentant appearances ceased,
And he hurled his old foes to his feet, there to gasp!

There he kept them, nor deigned to their tears a reply,
But crushed the fond couple beneath his proud hoof;
Had they read Esop's fables, as you, friends, and I,
From a penitent *snake* they'd have kept far aloof.

DARIUS WINTERTOWN.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Montreal has many things to boast of, but it has especial reason to be proud of the vigilance of the reporters engaged on the morning papers. No nuisance escapes them. If a nail sticks half an inch above the level of the sidewalk the fact is duly chronicled; a dead cat has an obituary as long as the conscience of a Provincial M. P.; while the carcass of a horse yields honey to the Samsons of our contemporaries. We call special attention to the following, which displays extraordinary powers of condensation:—

NOTICE TO THE CITY SCAVENGERS.—Without enumerating numbers of smaller game, there is a dead horse on St. Constant street, a dead cow on St. Dominique street, and a dead pig on Aqueduct street. The City Council meets this evening.

The reporter who particularized these various nuisances deserves great praise. Less gifted mortals would not have thought of coupling a dead hog and the City Council as injurious to the public health; it required a philosophic mind, able to take a wide view of things, to trace a similarity. As it has been traced, we trust that the city scavengers will do their duty, and remove every corrupt body out of the way.

AN ARTICLE WHICH NEEDS NO HEADING.

Reporters cannot always be relied on. GRINCHUCKLE who watches anxiously over the interests of the Dominion, specially over those of Montreal, on seeing Professor Stone's advertisement in the papers, took the necessary steps to give the public a faithful report of the entertainment. A promising young man, who professed to be equal to the graphic, having applied for a vacancy on the staff, he was allowed to try his hand on the Professor. GRINCHUCKLE has since found reason to decline his services, but his report on the occasion referred to having been paid for there is every reason why, true or false, it should be made use of. The reporter did his utmost, but, being a stranger in the city, it is possible he has not given correctly the names of the persons who came up for examination. The report, however, is as follows:—

One of the first who responded to Mr. Stone's invitation was Patrick O'Toole. The lecturer had some difficulty in operating on this specimen of humanity, who, on being told to shut his eyes, said they always shut themselves without his interference. When O'Toole had been reduced to the passive state, the Professor proceeded to experiment on his organs of speech. "Now, do what you will you can't utter a word." "Bedad, but I can," was the answer. "I defy you to do it," said Mr. Stone. "No more I can at all at all." This proof of the power of animal magnetism was greeted with loud applause.

The next subject was Cousin Sandy. The experiments in this case were very diverting, and showed how completely the senses of the person acted upon were at the Professor's command. Having placed a large haggis before his subject, Mr. Stone assured him that it was eatable, whereupon Cousin Sandy inserted his knife and fork in the—[I wish I could find an epithet for it]—and commenced eating. The Professor, fearing to carry the joke too far, suddenly broke the charm, and the poet's feelings on coming to himself may be better imagined than described—as *one* has said,

A man named John A. Macdonald next presented himself, and was required to deliver a lecture on Natural History, which he did as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, the spec'men which—hic—I have the honour now to present to—hic—you—is of the genus Politician and species Canadian. It is not—hic—rare, and in appearance is nothing—hic—attractive. It is a bird of prey, and is remarkable for its voracious appetite and the size of its stomach. The places which it principally frequents are canal banks and projected lines of railroad, where it picks up an ample subsistence. It is not gifted with song—except after a gorge of carrion, and then is noisy rather—hic—than musical. Formerly it was migratory in its habits, but Ottawa is now the only place where it can be secured. It submits to confinement if fed well, and looked after, but"—Here the lecturer kindly tapped his subject on the back of the head, and Macdonald hastily retired, evidently feeling that he had said too much.

The City Surveyor was next introduced to the audience. The Professor having first intimated that he could compel persons to do what was exactly opposite

to their inclination, persuaded his subject that the platform was St. George's street, and ordered him to inspect it. Instantly the City Surveyor seemed to be wallowing to the neck in the mire of ages, and called loudly for assistance. The scene was painful in the extreme.

Next a Mr. Irvine appeared on the platform, and in answer to Mr. Stone, avowed a decided preference of vocal over instrumental music. The only objection he had to the former was that the singer was obliged to use the organs of the voice, but if this could be remedied—as doubtless it would be at the General Assembly,—all would be quietness. He then sang a few stanzas of "Holy Willie's Prayer," and was allowed to come to himself. He hadn't far to come.

The entertainment closed with an examination of GRINCHUCKLE'S goblin. This was the feature of the evening. To save time, the lecturer talked to his audience while passing his hands over the goblin's head. "This gentleman"—the Professor calls them all "gentlemen"—"is largely gifted with benevolence." "Stop it," ejaculated the goblin, "you've got hold of my left ear." "Ah! bless me, so I have. As I was remarking, this gentleman is largely endowed with benevolence; he would not even correct a proof. His appetites are well under restraint. ("They'd need to be on GRINCHUCKLE for they don't half feed me.") "and his intellectual faculties are well developed. Pray, sir, what is your age?" "A cycle before the first Olympiad," answered the goblin, with a grin. "You will remark that his regard for the truth is great; he would not diverge from the straight line to a venison pasty to save the life of his step mother."

Unhappily the lecturer's voice here became so indistinct that our reporter did not like to risk his character for accuracy, but made his way to the head of the stairs, having, however, promised (for a consideration) to say that the Professor had had a *bumper* house.

PAVEMENT MOSAIC.

The disgusting thaw put an end to—my conscience! what a nose—for Thanksgiving Day—he fell on his back—the ground plan is more to my fancy than the elevation—what's your dog's number?—twenty next birthday—if she curls—his fingers are never out of—5-20's—my darling—the mummy—said nonsense!—and he cried like a baby—such a duck of a schooner for Quebec—pigs, you know, ain't pleasant neighbours—for a Recorder—say what you will—shut up!—the House of Correction—is good enough for a tea meeting—turn off the water, and—you're ruined for ever—so far as girls go—they squint too much—the bonnet which I trimmed with—shavings burned splendidly—the Intercolonial has—got into my furs and eaten—a splendid haunch—of Cæsar, that lovely black and tan—broke his arm—and pleaded Guilty—which made him cough—till her skates were ground—to a fine powder—mixed with cream—kept three years in the Penitentiary.

According to the Quebec papers, Berkshire pigs are short-horns.

Not a Free Mason. The whiskey detective.

HIGHLY COLOURED CORRESPONDENCE.

MR WHITE HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH SIR FRANCIS HINKS.



AH,—De interest dat all de Provinces am takin' in de 'lection ob de Finance Minister is sich dat de least 'telligence from dat quarter am interestin'. Besides, de Finance portfolio habin' bin promised to dis chicken I gits reddy, and proceeds to hole a konversashun wid him.

On gettin' to de town ob Pembroke I goes to de hotel, and was puttin' me cognomen on de registrar, wen de host he kummed and seizin' me by de kuff, he says,

"Wot is your bissness heah; we dus not permit ob niggahs kummin' to dis house."

"My bisness is wid Mr. Hinks, de kandidate fur yer sufferins."

"He is no kandidate ob ours. He kummed here hissself, an you am insultin', you brack tief."

"Who is a brack tief?" ses I.

"You is," ses he.

"Dus yer know who I is?" ses I, drawin' meselb up.

"I dus not," ses he.

"I is de kullered korrespondent ob de new papah, GRINCHUCKLE, de people's papah."

"Den you is mos' welkum. I taut you was anudder ob dem kandidates,"

"Where kin I see de kandidate?"

"He is scourin' de kuntry."

"I hope, den, dat he will make it clean wen he's at de job."

In de arternoon I meets de kandidate, when he says, "Hillo, White, wat dus yer heah. kum to gib us a hand, eh?"

"Kin I hab a few minits konversashun wid yer?"

"You kin," says he; "kum dis way."

Wen we gits into de house, I ses—"Mr. Hinks, I was promised de offise ob Finance Minister long before you kummed, and fur dat reason I tinks dat I hab a right to axe yer a few questions fur de sarsaparilla-fraction ob de kuntry and meselb."

"Axe away," says he, "I am sure ob dis 'lection, an' can 'fford to hab tings spoken ob me."

"Mr. Hinks," ses I, "you is like meselb, a perlitikal man, an' you mus take de questions dat I axes you in good part. Wat am yer views about de poletics ob dis kuntry?"

"White, I will anser you faitfully dat de poletics ob

dis kuntry hes bin fur ebbery member ob Parlment to make as much as he kud out ob his sitwashun."

"Wat am de Finance Bert ob dis Gubberment?"

"De Finance Bert am a plase where an' honest man kin do grate good to de 'Minion, an' a dishonest man grate good to hissself."

"Dus yer kno' ob eny who has ebber made anything out ob his persishun wen Finance Minister?"

"I dus not," ses he, blussin.

"Golly, I guess sum pusson has bin tellin' equivocations, den, Kin you tell me ennyting 'bout de tirty thousand dollars dat am sed to hab bin sent you by de Gubberment fur de 'lection?"

"White, dey nebber sent me sich a sum, fur I don't tink dey likes me well'nuff fur dat."

"Ise gullad to heah dat. Kin you tell me wat perlitikal honesty am, Mr. Kandidate?"

"Excuse me, White," ses he, "but I sees a man dat I mus hab a talk wid," an' he russed ob.

I taut dis strange, as I kud see no man, but dere mite hab bin.

Dese poletics hab so meny frends dere is no sayin' wen dey mite see wun.

De 'lectors heah am in a bad fix, as dey am berry poor, an dey dus not want to vote fur de Gubberment kandidate. I will dwell on dis subjeck agin.

Yours Kullured,

JOHN WHITE.

A lady was asked at the bazaar last week to purchase a bamboo cane, but declined on the ground that she did not intend to be bamboozled! Will she oblige us with another?

What a pity there is not a board of health for the Carpenter to cut up!

"Like cures like,"—therefore take a nip of brandy when the frost has nipped you.

The fatness of the earth,—Petroleum.

The Revolution remarks that "the rising of woman is the movement of the day." We find it so when we have to wake Bridget.

"Simplicity" asks whether it is right to describe Calcraft as a noose-agent? Consult Mr. Beaty.

Why is an industrious boy in a chemist's shop like a brick? Because he sticks to the mortar.

When one leg is amputated, why is it always the right? Because the other is left.

By our Epicure.—The bile, like the Nile, has been traced to the sauce (source).

By our Cockney.—Why is my garret like my chin? Because it's an 'airy place.

Do you get the cream of a book by skimming it?

Why is an apple-tree like a trapper? Because the one bears shoots and the other shoots bears.

A sportsman asks, What sort of birds are found on the Moor of Venice? We can't say.

"A Friend" wishes to know if *DIAGENES* died of tubercular disease? No; of *cutaneous*.



EXCLAMATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ON SEEING HIS "CUT" IN THE *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*:—

"EGAD! IT'S A CAPITAL LIKENESS OF JONES,—HA! HA!"

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Alderman Rodden, of a few words of explanation.

A. Foole, Esq., to Miss Carry, daughter of X. L. C. Orr, of Bumbletree Hall.

R. Cana to Miss Tery. No cards.

After a long period of debility, endured with exemplary patience by the public, *DIAGENES*, late of the Tub. Other comic papers please copy.

A *RUM* CONUNDRUM.

What *cruise* are sailors most predisposed to?
Santa *Cruz*, of course.

There is no saying how far the art of manufacturing pictures may be carried, but the Leggotype representation of H.R.H. Prince Arthur is not promising or flattering. It looks as if it had passed through the Styx in the process.

PEABODY.

Man of great heart and life sublime,
The largest soul of all the time,
Who loved his fellow mortals well;
Who made his resting place secure,
In that he loved God's honest poor,
Far more than pen can tell:

Who made himself a mighty name,
Who dying, died not, for his fame
Is on a sure foundation laid;
Greater than princes; greater he
Than greatest Kings of Chivalry
That ever flourished blade.

Who lived a mere sojourner here,
That travels to some distant sphere
Above the awful Hills of God;
Who for himself no honours sought,
But life's grand lesson humbly taught,
In every path he trod.

Who knew no country but the one
Above the circles of the sun,
The highest in the spheral plan;
Who in his every act and deed,
Knew neither race, nor kin, nor creed,
And proved himself a Man.

Who, like some vast Colossus stood,
High o'er his human brotherhood,
Looked up to in his honoured place;
Scarce knowing why, to greatness wed,
From his exalted height he shed
A glory on his race.

If thou hadst sins—and who has not?
Thy world-wide charity would blot
Their record from the scanty page,
And in their stead, with pen of light,
Write thee in Heaven's admiring sight
The Exemplar of the Age.

The memory of the good and just
Will never perish with their dust;
Thine, Prince of Givers! will be most
Like a bright sun by nature sent
To light some higher firmament,
And lead its starry host.

Then, let his virtues grandly shine,
As beacons on that height divine,
The few have climbed by native grace;
His memory to the ages wed,
Blessed and blessing, still shall shed
A glory on his race.

Can a candle be described as a *wicked* thing?



An Memoriam.

PEABODY.

MRS. SCROUGH'S TRIBULATIONS.

(No. 2.)

"That girl will break my heart, that she will! A whole morning wasted sorting the dirty clothes, and smashing a cut-glass cream-jug, the like of which never was seen! The idle hussy goes strolling about the house with her eyes staring in her head like a herring's. Everything she does is provoking. Of late she has contracted a habit of walking to the top of the house exactly one minute before the door-bell rings. Now that's enough to try a saint, isn't it? Then, as I can't always go to market myself, I sometimes send her. She might be making splendid bargains by the time she's gone. Last Friday I told her to fetch some fish, and what do you think she got? Why, an eel nearly two yards long, as I'm a sinner! Her face beamed again when she drew the slimy, disgusting thing to light. She was proud of it. I turned giddy, and leaned against the stove-pipe, which, of course, came down. Luckily an errand boy brought a six-pound salmon,—as pretty a one as I ever handled,—which he should have taken to Mrs. Brigg's, next door. Wasn't it a special providence? She has no sense at all. Only yesterday, when the water-rate man called, she asked him to step into the drawing-room, when a girl with any brains would have told him that I wasn't in. I didn't inquire into her religious character before I engaged her,—so much the worse for me, for you know I can't leave the house if I don't know whether my servant is to be trusted. Talk about trusting her, indeed! My poor Johnny's head shows whether it's safe to trust her,—it's a miracle it wasn't reduced to a pulp long ago. If I leave my sweet darling with her, a thousand to one he gets the chopper to play with, or is put on the top of the dumb-stove for safety's sake. And then what she eats is enough to make you open your eyes almost as wide as she opens her mouth when she's at it. She'd eat a pyramid if you'd butter it for her. Till she crossed my door-step, I could keep a little grease to make soap and candles of, but it all goes down her throat now; I reckon two pounds of candles to her board every week, which is rather too much for human patience. We gave each other notice once a week, but it's no use, for she sticks to me like a leech, and sucks me as hard.

JOSIAH GIBBY.

pro ELIZA SCROUGH.

Calendar for the Week.

NOVEMBER

12	Friday	Some dog's day. Commercial editors read poetry for relaxation.
13	Satur.	Public sale of the tolls on the road to ruin.
14	Sund'y	Exhibition of H. R. H. at St. James'. No charge for admission.
15	Mon.	Free admission to the Drill-Shed. War-dance by the Corporation.
16	Tues.	Mare's-nesting begins. Several balls at Dion's.
17	Wed.	Edinburgh Review. Parade of great guns.
18	Thurs.	GRINCHUCKLE appears. News-boys' jubilee.

THE DREAM OF OUR "UNIMPRESSIBLE SPECIAL" CONTRIBUTOR.

We regret to say that, although a respectable *Witness* bears testimony to the gratifying fact that we are a moral and religious people, notwithstanding the feeble flickerings of the Literary Club, we are not an enlightened city. We had occasion the other night to visit a respectable friend in a benighted neighbourhood, where no city councillor resides, in consequence of which there is no gas, or only enough to make "darkness visible." As we could not see our figure before us, we had to feel our way, and, in avoiding the Scylla of the projecting door steps, we fell into the yawning Charybdis of mud, that makes "night hideous" in St. Urbain Street, beyond St. Catherine's; and as we were in mud—

"Stept in so far that we could make no move,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

We crawled on all-fours to the side-walk, there to repose, with bed and board *gratis*, till the distant lamp had begun to pale its "ineffectual fire." Knowing that the present Mayor has not the same reasons for "keeping dark" as a former incumbent, whose property in that quarter is not occupied with *foolish* virgins, and believing the "top-sawyer" of the Corporation to be a respectable workman, we wished he would display his handy-work in furnishing a "lamp to our path." But before conveying ourself to the arms of Morpheus (this is strictly original) we exclaimed—"Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Mayor!" To sleep! perchance to dream; in this case our dream was the reflex of our waking thoughts. We dedicate our recollection of it to the Secretary of the defunct Literary Club. He will see it is hopeful, and we beg of him not to intimate again to the public that he wishes to put an extinguisher on us.

There's a light about to break,
To illuminate the wake,
Of those who choose to raze
When the night comes on.

By our Council's wise decree,
Enlighten'd we shall be,
And their movements we shall see
When the light comes on.

Each lass shall then attain
Admiration from her swain:
Her charms will be so plain
When the night comes on.

And those who shun the right,
And in darkness take delight,
Shall be brought into our sight
When the light comes on.

Our burdens won't be heightened,
When our ways are thus enlighten'd,
And our children won't be frightened
When the night comes on.

We shall see to pick our way
Through the mud and miry clay:
And our night will be like day
When the light comes on.

May success attend our Mayor—
He's endowed with wisdom rare;
And we'll be his special care
When the night comes on.

With a light to guide our feet,
As we walk along the street,
And our joys will be complete
When the light comes on.



DIOGENES ON HIS LAST LEGS.

The old dotard, with a Burden on his back, after vainly searching, for twelve months, for an honest man, now seeks to dispose of his effects.

the weight of which is so out of proportion to their worth, that no one will think of removing them; the tub, which may serve as a dog-kennel, and the lantern, which should be handed over to the Antiquarian Society, as soon as it is incorporated.

"Farewell to one whom a giddy world could ill spare."

We understand that a few of the Cynic's last remarks are to be published for the use of a small circle of friends.

NOTICES 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.

R. W., JAMES. ALTER EGO, Q. Z.—Accepted.

M. R.—In future we shall appear on Thursday morning without fail.

PAN.—Much too long. Could you give us it in small instalments, say at intervals of two months?

CLARENCE H.—Do you think it witty? Think again.

J. S.—By all means publish it, in the form of a tract.

MAKEWEIGHT.—Not light enough for us.

Y. Z.—Your familiar handwriting does us good; we are happy to put your name on our list of contributors.

The accompanying cut represents the late lamented **DIOGENES**, as he last appeared in public. The fact of the philosopher's decease is too generally known to call for more than a passing reference. **GRINCHUCKLE**'s spirits are so depressed by the sad event that he can scarcely nerve himself for the effort of detailing to the public a few interesting facts connected with the calamity. For some months the friends of the deceased had anticipated his death, and every effort was made to avert it, but the disorder was of so malignant a nature that newspaper puffs and even more violent remedies, were applied without giving relief to the sufferer. His last words—few and feeble, as may be supposed—displayed an excess of kindly feeling towards **GRINCHUCKLE**. Claspings his *confre* to his bosom, the philosopher said: "**GRINCHUCKLE**, my boy, you have began nobly; may you shun the errors into which your poor friend has fallen. Don't mistake your mission; be inflexible in your hatred of shams and follies; never write essays; laugh, and grow fat. Farewell." With this the vital spark—if ever there was any—fled, and the flickering flame in the greasy, battered lantern, expired.

The body was decently interred in the graveyard of oblivion; and the only memorial of **DIOGENES** will hereafter be found in the recollections of those who have wept under his solemn instructions. It is well known that the philosopher was so superior to worldly considerations as to put the amassing of a fortune out of question. The only effects left by him are two volumes,

W.—Prune it somewhat.

ABEL.—Accepted, but held over. We wish our friends would send their contributions in time. Many a good thing is lost by unnecessary delay.

Received and accepted with thanks—"Dulce est pro patria mori;" Loop Revil's Letter, &c.

AVENGED.—Novel and charming; the writer may send us the remainder if it is as long as "Paradise Lost." Will he favour us with his address?

The poem on the late Mr. Peabody is excellent, but our own verses were in type when the former came to hand.

The Patriotic Song will appear in our next.

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

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.

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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.
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