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MESSRS. T. P. POWELL & CO.,

67 ST. JAMES STREET,

Are the Sole Agents of this Paper. Advertising, and all other business arrangements, to be made with them.

**PINNIN
HADDIES**

Cured by
THOS. McEWAN
Portland, Maine,
and
Campo Bello, N.B.
Constant supplies
at the
Italian
Warehouse.

ALEX. MCGIBBON

Bake your
own Bread,
and use the
Cook's Friend
Baking
Powder.

Use it once and
you will take no
other afterwards.

Always on hand
at the

Italian
Warehouse.

ALEX. MCGIBBON



VOL. I. No. 3.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1869.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY J. WALKER

Just arrived, per
"Moravian."

HYACINTHS,
TULIPS,
NARCISSUS,
CROCUSES,
IRIS
SNOW-DROPS
&c., &c.

Hyacinths of Red,
White, Blue,
Yellow & Black,

(a very choice se-
lection.) Hyacinth
Glasses, Dried
Moss and Dried
Grasses, &c.

The Subscriber is
also Wholesale
and Retail
Agent for Harry
Lewis' Carbolic
Disinfectant Soap
and
Dog Medicines.

JAMES GOULDEN
DRUGGIST,

(Near the Market.)
177 & 179

St. Lawrence St.

DEVINS & BOLTON'S PURE MEDICINAL COD LIVER OIL

Prepared with great care from Selected Fresh Livers. Large Bottles, 50 cents; Sample Bottles, 25 cents.

DEVINS' VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES

Are now acknowledged to be the safest, simplest and most effectual remedy for Worms. 25 cents a Box. Try them and be convinced.

DEVINS & BOLTON,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, NEXT THE COURT-HOUSE, MONTREAL,

NOTICE.

IT is the intention of the Publishers of this paper to make it, in every respect, a first-class COMIC ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL. They believe that 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 526½.

COLIN CAMERON & CO.

Auctioneers & Commission Merchants
For the sale of all kinds of
MERCHANDISE, REAL ESTATE,
FARM STOCK, FURNITURE, &c.,
431 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

Advances made on Consignments.
Sale-rooms large and commodious
for the display of Furniture and all
kinds of Merchandise.
Sales at Private Residences carefully
attended to, and returns of proceeds
made on day of sale; trusting, by strict
attention to business, to merit a share
of public patronage.

COLIN CAMERON & CO.

WE NOW HAVE THEM.

Only Thirty-six Hours out of the Sea.

SHELL, CAN AND 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. BUSS,
17 Place d'Armes,

"THE BISHOP,"

OR

ST. JAMES STREET,

Inform us that his "SCRIPLES" of
RESTIC INITIAL PAPER is fast disap-
pearing. 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,
204 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Artists' Colours and Materials of
every kind.

HAND-MADE
BOOTS & SHOES

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

We are now prepared to furnish our
friends and the public with Boots and
Shoes sewed by hand, of the best ma-
terial 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, Gentle-
men and Children entrusted 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 Fall Stock.

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

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

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.

"Once Used Always Used"
'THE COOK'S FRIEND'
Baking Powder,

For making without Yeast, and by a
more wholesome process, all kinds of
Bread, Cakes, Buns, Tea Cakes, and
Pancakes; also, Pie-Crust and other
Pastry.

This valuable preparation entirely
dispenses with Yeast in the making of
Healthy and Nutritious Bread.

In making Pie-Crust and Pastry, the
aid of a small quantity of the Cook's
Friend will enable thrifty housekeepers
to save three-quarters of the usual quan-
tity of shortening; and Pastry made
with it is lighter and more healthy
than when made with Butter alone.

Full directions for use are on each
packet, also the registered trade mark,
without which none is genuine. Partic-
ular attention is asked to this, as the
great success of the Cook's Friend has
called forth numerous imitators, but
not one rival.

It needs but a single trial to secure
its further and constant use, and verify
the quotation at the head of this:
"Once used, always used."
The Cook's Friend Baking Powder is
manufactured only by

W. D. McLAREN,
MONTREAL,
And is for sale by respectable Grocers
and Druggists throughout the Provinces

F. X. BEAUCHAMP,

(Successor to D. SMITH.)

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. PHRAYNE,

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,

PITTSBON,

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.

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

OFFICE AND SALEROOM—OTTAWA HOTEL
St. James Street.

THE TWO GREAT MORAL EXHIBITIONS.

The following report, from our irrepressible Special, was crowded out of our last impression, through the pressure of special necessity:—

September the 27th.—Went in the afternoon to the great moral show in St. Catherine Street. As there were no vulgar clowns to mar its morality, by bandying stale jokes, and the "free list was (not) suspended;" there were a number of divines in their ministerial capacity to give a claw (*clât*) to the lionizing of the lion; the monarch of the forest not being hungry, gave incontestible proofs of his appreciation of the excellent reproductions of Gustave Doré's Biblical Illustrations by which he was surrounded. The hyæna checked his risible propensities, as he saw nothing to laugh at, though it was evident he was tickled by the shew of some handsome, juicy, juvenile limbs, that had not been marred by the Leggotype process; still, as he looked at their fresh and chubby outline with a longing eye, he seemed by his restless manner by no means reconciled in his cage, by distance lending enchantment to the view. The tiger, knowing he was in respectable society, did not venture to wink, or look lovingly at his mate, as he had not procured a license to permit him to indulge in connubiality; he, therefore, assumed a virtue if he had it not. The leopard, that in his native state may be presumed to have somewhat confused notions of the rights of private property, looked as honest as a city-missionary collecting funds for benevolent purposes, with no check on his proceedings to render him accountable. And as he looked at his keeper with a somewhat sinister expression, one could not help indulging a lurking suspicion that he was honest, not so much from the abstract love of the thing, as from the practical fact that honesty was the best policy. And the elephant imbibed a Puncheon—not Morley,—of pure water, and although a grainivorous animal, abstained from rye, acting on temperance principles, much to the edification of the *Witness*.

We left the Great Moral Show with our morality considerably elevated, and proceeded to join the other happy family, at the other Great Moral Exhibition—the Flower Show at the St. Lawrence Hall, where only one solitary Rose exhaled its dewy fragrance. But then, it was such a Rose, that no "Rose by any other name could smell as sweet;" and although it was about being transplanted, it did not cease to blow, and well it might, seeing that so many shrubs of minor merit had come to testify to its value. A sturdy flower, remarkable for its tenacity, and that in stirring times has been known to Holdon to principle, was there, but took no interest in the proceedings. This flower would have felt no reluctance in lauding the private virtues of the Rose, had it been left to "blush unseen;" but as a financial flower it was not the Rose for his money. Moreover, it had bloomed so luxuriantly on both sides of the fence, that it was difficult to find when it was wanted, and as this did not tally with his idea of morality, and as he could not, like the flower of the evening, speak for, and vote against, he was silent, on the principle that least said was soonest mended. There was a sprig of Penny Royal in the collection; but as that flower is known to be of retiring habits, it had no desire

to be *Heralded* to the world as an admirer of the odor of the Rose, in its public capacity; and as its private virtues were never called in question, it took no part in the drama of "Much Ado about Nothing." After a few of the small plants had displayed their flowers (of rhetoric); the great Rose itself rose and shewed itself equal to the occasion. It was refreshing to behold its variegated tints, with its blushing honors thick upon it, as it gave out, in feeble and feeling accents, that it was not like—

"The last Rose of Summer, left blooming alone,
For its lovely companions were still holding on."

While it was budding it was rather independent of atmospheric influences; but it had long since discovered that it would not pay to be rooted to one view. In its *habitus* it was somewhat versatile; and, although it was not a creeper, it had clung to other branches, without much regard to their quality, so long as they were strong and vigorous. The fact was, that its own branches had to *bough* to suit circumstances. It was so variable in its hues, that it might be called a monthly Rose. When free trade was in the wind, it bent before the blast, and when protection was in the ascendant, it crouched like a tender exotic beneath its sheltering influence; and when it was difficult to tell which was which, it bloomed one way and blossomed another. This drew sympathetic tears from some of those who had been a thorn in its side, and brought to his feet Field-Marshal Sir George the Carter, who had so lately been made a Baron Knight by his fond and forgiving Sovereign. He, with much sentiment, sang the following stave amid rapturous applause:—

Air—"Gentle Mother Dear."

"Though in my youthful folly, I used to jeer and scoff,
Yet gentle Mother England, she has not cast me off;
I was once a shrinking rebel, but I now have pleasant pay—
Ah! I was not in the clover, when I hid amongst the hay,
I shrunk from Independence. The *Times* has made a stand
Against my calling Albion my own Dear Mother land,
But now my bread is buttered, my loyalty is clear,
And I shall call Old England my gentle Mother dear,
My Mother dear, my Mother dear, my gentle Mother dear."

This effusion from the Military Chief of our standing Army, with a very imperfect understanding, caused so much sensation amongst the assemblage, particularly on a very respectable French plant, that it began to wilt. (As a public flower it had long been in the sear and yellow leaf.) It no doubt thought, if consistency was a jewel, it was one of small value; it, therefore, threw consistency to the dogs, and in its praises of the public career, which it formerly condemned, laid it on so thick that the remaining guests were sent to sleep by that, and other soporific influences, long before the conclusion of the speech, and we, who were wide awake, left the happy family and sauntered home, ruminating on the great moral lesson we were taught, by seeing two collections of otherwise wild animals, that in their natural state fight for their prey, softened and tamed into unwonted tenderness by the interchange of kindly sentiment and good feed.

A MARRYING PARISH.—A country paper, lately received, contains the following advertisement:—"Four joiners wanted." A capital chance for clergymen, we should think.

NON-COMMITTAL LOVE LETTERS FOR
YOUNG MEN CONTEMPLATING MATRI-
MONY.

The inaction of marrying men at the present day is such as to cause the greatest anxiety and alarm to the fairer sex, who find with this horrible fact, the no more consoling one staring them in the face, that as the world grows older so does their per centage steadily increase over that of the sterner sex; their chances of marrying thereby being still more lessened. How to check or in some way remedy this disastrous state of affairs is a subject that now engrosses the attention of numbers of the gentle victims, and we have received numerous communications urgently requesting us to make some suggestion or devise some plan of conduct, whereby the growing calamity may be alleviated. Should GRINCHUCKLE succeed, he will unhesitatingly consider the fair sex under a lasting obligation to him. First, then, the cause of the diffidence on the part of the male or advancing parties may be found in the fact that they are thoroughly intimidated. The fair sex have themselves, at any rate, many of themselves to blame for this. It is the direct result of their want of co-operation. Each as it were goes on her hook, preferring to advance her individual interest at the cost of the common weal. In their haste so to do they forget that one Breach of Promise Case, while it may be of pecuniary benefit to one of their number, ruins the chance of a hundred others. Nothing is so frightful to the opposite sex as the horrors of a Breach of Promise Case; the most terrible feature of which, is the reading of the tender love epistles, so peculiar to the blissful engagement season, to a gaping, vulgar crowd in a Court Room, only to be read next morning in every newspaper in the city. Aye, rather than run this mortifying risk 'twere better to die a thousand deaths of single misery. For instance, Charles William is engaged to the fair Wilhelmina Jane. Charles William is at first all love and sentiment, then he turns cool and finally false. Is it a wise policy then for the fair and injured Wilhelmina Jane, under such circumstances, to seek redress in a Court of Justice? No, her sex should combine, and by every possible means prevent her from adopting so fatal a proceeding. They should state to her that while she might be solaced in the shape of a few paltry hundreds of dollars, they would suffer from such conduct to an incalculable amount. Their chances of matrimony would be destroyed for years to come, at least. Their policy should be to say to her, "dry your tears, bestir yourself like a true woman of the period—that you are—and look about for another opportunity!" All Charles Williams cannot be false, but thousands of Charles Williams can be "scared" from the proposing point. The logic is plain. Women must be disinterested and combined. Surely no woman, angelic creature, that we are taught she is can be found so indifferent to the interests of her sex, as to decline sacrificing her own feelings and a handful of dollars for the common good? The male being the advancing agent, everything should be done to encourage him, not intimidate him.

It is with the object of putting it in the power of the matrimonially intending young men of the city to enjoy

all the bliss of a correspondence during the engagement period, without giving a jury the slightest ground for a verdict, that GRINCHUCKLE submits to them the following letters.

No. I.

Specimen letter from an engaged young man to his intended in the country:—

MY DEAR BERTHA,—The weather to-day has been beautiful; the mountain looking to me as it never looked before. You know the last time I saw you, you kindly lent me twenty-five cents, and I know you are anxious to know what I have done with it. Well, just as you would say, I bought a pipe and tobacco with it—"naughty fellow," I think I hear you say;—but that's honestly what I did with it. I went to the Negro Minstrel troupe the other night, and enjoyed a hearty laugh. I would like to say something affectionate, but then— Hoping to have a letter from you soon, full of the most tender compliments,

I remain, yours affectionately,

JOHNNY JONES.

Now, what could be more affectionate and unpromising than the above. The fair one has the satisfaction of not only knowing the movements of, but also sharing in her lover's joys—his joys, of course, being hers—for he tells her, with true lover's devotion, that he had a hearty laugh at the Negro Minstrels, in order to afford her an opportunity of laughing also.

No. II.

From a young man, a day or two after proposing to his betrothed, in Quebec:—

DEAR JANE ANNA SOPHIA,—I got up this morning at nine o'clock, shaved myself (economical you see I am getting), and went down town. While I was going down a big dog bit me on the leg. You need not be alarmed, it did not hurt me; and the dog, I am certain, was not mad. It was a very little dog, and had hardly any teeth. There has been a great deal of weather here, and I hope you are enjoying the same in Quebec. I broke a tumbler at Mrs. Jenkyn's the other night, and felt so ashamed of myself that, like the Ostrich, I could have buried my head in sand, but there was no sand near. Write to me soon, and tell me how much you love me.

Yours sincerely,

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

P.S.—I have since heard that the dog had no teeth.—F. W.

What love! what sentiment! Remark the opportunity given to the fair girl to sympathise with her lover, and share his pain, the result of the dog having bit him. What more lovable could be desired?

No. III.

From a facetious young man to his intended:—

DEAR MARIA,—I found out a splendid conundrum to ask you, and I have waited impatiently all day for the mail train, so that I could send it you. I have been told it is very good. Here it is: "Why is a paper hanger a cruel man?" Ans.—"Because he hangs paper." It's a good one, isn't it? I was thinking of sending it to the *Witness*. Talking of the *Witness*, I have another good conundrum I made up to-day.—"Why would the *Witness* make a splendid fire engine?" Ans.—"Because it is continually throwing cold water on things." Write a long letter next time.

Yours affectionately,

THOMAS JAMIESON.

The love of the writer is plain, without the slightest danger, in the above letter. For he has him puzzling

his brains to make conundrums for the amusement of the beloved object. Devotion, and yet safe from a jury.

No. iv.

From a man of few words to his affianced :—

JENNIMA,—Yours received. I am well. Went fishing. Caught a cold. Saw James. Looks well. No more. Yours,

RICHARD J.

Although curt, we have evidence of affection in the above, in that the writer saw James, probably a relation of the young lady, and he mentions the circumstance in order to afford her the gratification of knowing that he is well.

No. v.

From a sentimental young man to the woman he has pledged his word to :—

DEAR ANGLINA,—The sublime rays of the moon yet dazzle my eyes, as I dwell on the sublime scene I witnessed from the balcony of my boarding house the other evening; and as I write through the medium of pen and ink, I address you as it were by word of mouth. I had the pleasure of witnessing the large Corporation roller, weighing several tons, at work yesterday. The wonderful mechanism that permitted of such enormous weight being drawn over the rough stony ground with such ease, was truly a triumph of man's skill over that of all others. I live in fond anticipation of receiving a loving epistle from you at an early date.

Your subscriber,

ADOLPHUS DEMENTED.

There is certainly not much sentiment after all in the above; but it would be so much the more safe in the hands of a jury.

No. vi.

From a not over well educated young man, to the choice of his heart :—

MY DEAR MARY,—I write for to tell you I did not write before, for I was sick, that I am better I am glad to say. John and I went to see your aunt yesterday, she was well but looked pail. yesterday I bought some pails and they have not agreed with me. you must be careful in eating unripe fruit. right soon to me.

Yours, so long.

JOHN PERCIVAL.

In the writer's solicitude that the young lady should not eat unripe fruit, love may be detected. Profiting by his own experience, he warns her not to be guilty of the same foolish act.

These letters GRINCHUCKLE is certain will be found to answer the purpose admirably. They are really safe, and the style is so thoroughly non-committal that a jury may be defied. GRINCHUCKLE hopes to see them at once adopted.

A HINT TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MR. MACKENZIE TO THE RESCUE.

By the Cross of St. George, Sir, but there is horrid cruelty to animals practised under your very nose, Sir. We call upon you to save the Judges on the Bench the infliction of fearful torture, in being made the subjects for young barristers to practise on, every term of the Court of Queen's Bench. These young men themselves do not know what they talk about, and how do they expect either Judge or Jury to interpret them?

Mr. Secretary, look to this, Sir, and do your duty.

TO MRS. H. B. S—E.

The Ghost of Byron loquitor.

Mrs. S—! Mrs. S—!
From the realms of—yes
From the realms of—elsewhere I've wandered,
To ask why my name
You have held up to shame,
And your own reputation have squandered!

Know you he who bespatters
With mud and such matters
His friend, or his foe, or his neighbor,
Should betimes recollect
That the common effect
Is to soil his own hands for his labor.

My fame is so high,
That whate'er you might try
Would not harm it or reach it,—in short, madam,
Though a little the worse,
I must own, from the curse
Bequeathed us by old Father Adam!

And I say without platitude,
It is of ingratitude,
The blackest and foulest in Hades,—
For I always, on earth,
Praised the land of *your* birth,
And, moreover, was fond of the ladies!

I know that when here
I was thought rather *queer*,
And my faults I am ready to own 'em;
But there is, ne'ertheless,
An old adage which says,
De mortuis nil nisi bonum!

SENT TO THE WRONG SHOP.

A correspondent (whose initials we omit for obvious reasons.) has sent us an epigram so diabolically cynical, that we are persuaded it was intended for one of our neighbours. It is entitled—

"ON THE DEATH OF MY WIFE."

Two bones of my body have taken a trip,
I've buried my *wif*, and got rid of my *Hyp!*

The following extraordinary advertisement appeared in the *Witness* a few evening's ago:—"WANTED, Six or Eight strong Boys for Strawing Earthenware." We know of one boy, although not very strong, who is a capital hand at *destroying* the brittle substance: but, of course, he is not the party wanted.

Why is a News-agent like a Colonial Corporation? Because the first pulls the prints, and the second the Prince. (Our contributor asks us to insert this to please a fond mother. No other consideration would have weighed with us.)

Colossus of *Rhodes*.—The two-ton roller.

Checkmating.—Locking out a bacchanalian husband.



NATURE AND ART.

MARY—"Here, you artificial creature, is something for you to make a chignon of,—better, I fancy, than wearing other people's hair!"
 MATILDA—"Good gracious! it's a horse's tail!"

JEMIMA'S CHIGNON.

Jemima Makewig was a maiden fair,
 And a maiden of high degree;
 And she would not wear that horrible hair,
 That came from a foreign coundree, coundree!
 That came from a foreign coundree.

She said,—and the saying was wise of course,
 As wise as wise could be,—
 That her wig should be made from the tail of a horse.
 As from strangers it then would be free, free, free,
 As from strangers it then would be free.

She went to a horse-race—the sport to view,
 And she thought her chignon she would wear;
 But when the nags started the tails started too,
 And Jemima was 'rest of her hair, hair, hair!
 And Jemima was 'rest of her hair.

Jemima stared with a vacant stare,
 While the boys enjoyed the spree;
 And now she sports only her own auburn hair,
 Though it's brighter than it should be, be, be!
 Though it's brighter than it should be.

Fair maidens! from this pray a lesson learn,
 For Grinchukle's teaching is true;
 If you the respect of the world would earn,
 False hair and pretences eschew, chew, chew!
 False hair and pretences eschew.

MEDLEY.

By Scott and one another.

Hail to Frank Hincks, who to triumph advances,—
 Honored and blessed by the dotting Sir John!
 Long may he live,—but God grant our finances
 May not all be expended before he is gone!

Francis Hincks is come agen!
 Francis Hincks come agen!
 Do ye our misfortune ken?—
 Francis Hincks is come agen!

Francis Hincks can write and sing,
 Paper bullets at ye fling,—
 Drink at dinners till he's blind!
 And his homeward way can't find!
 Give a lecture,—that he can,—
 Crack a pow wi' ony man;
 Do ye our misfortune ken?
 Francis Hincks is come agen!

From the Windward Isles they've brought him,
 From a land both dark and deear;
 To replace a Rose, they've sought him,
 So a surplus dinna fear!

Blow! organs, blow! for the king of those islands
 That extend to the windward, has come to our shore;
 Oh! that the Rose bud,—removed by some vile hands,—
 Might flourish and bloom 'mong our statesmen once
 more!

DARIUS WINTERTOWN.



THE BITTER PILL.

OLD LADY COALITION GOVERNMENT (*very ill*)—"Oh! don't, Dr. Holton, give me any more of your horrid doses."
DR. HOLTON—"You must, Madame, swallow this little Reiffenstein Pill, if it should kill you!"

POLITICAL BALLADS.

No. 1.

"THE MAN FOR YOUR MONEY, MY BOYS."

Air—"The Exile of Erin."

There came to us late from the Isles called the Wind'ard,
A wily Ex-Governor, hungry and thin ;
And he said to himself, " If my schemes are not hindered,
I see a big prospect of coining some tin."
'Twas a fine vacant office that stirred his emotion—
He scented fat contracts and jobs, I've a notion,
As, steeped to the lips in corruption's dark ocean,
He cried, " I'm the man for your money, my boys !

" Though I'm now out of place," said the impudent stranger,
" I have strong predilections for office and fee ;
" Galt and Rose are played out, and there can be no danger
" In handing their precious portfolio to me.
" Once more I will shew you my sleight-of-hand powers,
" And tickle your ears with rhetorical flowers—
" My brethren, I like this Dominion of ours,
" And—I'm just the man for your money, my boys !

" As Premier, in Canada once I made money—
" Twelve years have elapsed—I revisit her shore—
" And, unless my whole nature is changed, 'twill be funny
" If I juggle less skilfully now than of yore.
" Sir John ! my old foe ! it was handsome to place me
" In a berth, out of which I won't go till they chase me—
" Sir George ! *mon ami !* with effusion embrace me,
" For—I'm just the man for your money, my boys !

" But where is the place will return me as Member ?
" I suppose, for my office I *must* have a seat—
" Don't ask me 'to stump it' in dreary November,
" Secure me against the least chance of defeat ;
" For it really will be both an honour and pleasure
" To gain my election without wasting treasure,
" So find me a seat at your earliest leisure,
" And—I'll be the man for your money, my boys !"

UNCLE WORLDLY'S LETTERS TO HIS NEPHEWS.

No. 3.

MY DEAR BOYS,—I promised you some advice as to your general conduct as business men. In the first place, it will be well to connect yourselves with your own national society, and be careful that your names appear in the subscription list ; but be very careful not to take active parts in it. Sam, at least, ought to subscribe to the Montreal General Hospital ; and I suppose that it would be right for him to belong to the " Drug-gists' Association." But beware of making your names prominent in any way excepting in connection with your own business. In Montreal especially, if a man makes it evident that he knows something else besides his own trade, people always imagine that he knows nothing of the latter. If he takes an interest in any outside matter, then, of course, he is put down as neglecting his own business. I do not know whether either of you is fond of drink. I am. If you are, be very careful to drink nothing, or next to nothing, during the day. Get-drunk at home in the evening—as I do. Not that you must look seedy in the morning. That is vulgar. A little practice will soon correct you of this weakness.

Be very particular in your choice of a church to

attend. The denomination does not much matter, but take sittings in a church where you can be seen by a large number of people. This is a matter of great importance. Do not spend Sunday afternoon in velocipede riding, visits to Guilbault's, or drives round the Mountain. Sabbath-breaking is most unbusinesslike. There are many ways of spending a Sunday afternoon, in reading a French novel, or taking a sleep for instance. You may also drink then, if you like, only mind and be out to anybody calling. Do not, at the same time, declaim vigorously about the proper observance of the Sunday. This might give offence. Sabbath-breakers in general wear a great deal of dry goods, and require a good deal of medicine. Reserve all declamation for your own business. On this subject—*blow*. Try to impress on other folks that every body else in the trade is a fool, and that you alone know every thing about it. Even if you fail of conviction, the effort is sure to be admired. Stick, however, to generalities, for details are dangerous things, and might expose you.

I do not know whether either of you boys is thinking of getting married. I never was married, and, am sure, got on all the better for it. Women are excellent creatures, but, in a business point of view, are a nuisance. They always want to know all about their husbands' affairs, and generally contrive to do so, more or less. This is bad enough ; but they *will* speak of their husbands' affairs to other people, which is abominable. Now, I am not such an old fool as not to know that, if you make up your mind to get married, it is of no use my saying anything against it. Marriage is a point on which young men never will take the advice of their seniors. But still, a wife may be utilized. Now, for instance, if I were Bill, I should make my wife an advertizing medium. Spend plenty of money on her dress,—she will not object. Let her walk about the streets with all the newest fashions on her back. People will say, " Did you see Mrs. W. Worldly ? What a lovely mantle she had on ! Such a sweet thing," &c., and then women will come to your store and buy similar ones. But, be careful. There are some goods which look very well in a shop-window, but anything but well on a woman's back. Take care that your wife wears none of these.

My dear Bill, there are some women, and those not always the best looking, who are so peculiarly graceful by nature, that anything looks well upon them. Try and marry one of these, Bill. Whatever else you may wish your wife to be, one thing is indispensable,—she *must* be a show-block. Children, too, will do very well for the same purpose. Always dress your own children well. By the way, I have always observed that children are always considered well-dressed when they look most uncomfortable. Make your own uncomfortable accordingly.

Your affectionate uncle,

EBENEZER WORLDLY.

A ZEALOUS OFFICIAL.

We have it from a private and reliable correspondent, that Van Amburgh's menagerie was detained in crossing the line by a Custom-House officer, who persisted in examining the elephant's trunk. Surely this is carrying the thing a little too far.



A BOUQUET FROM CANADA TO THE BANKERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

TUFT HUNTING.

Among the many manly and elevating sports indulged in by the subjects of "Rule Britannia," tuft hunting holds no mean place. As nothing concerning it will be found in the Sporting book to be published, we propose making a few remarks, and throwing out a few suggestions for the benefit, more especially, of our male readers. Though adapted to both sexes, the ladies—bless their little hearts—know it, like everything else, by intuition; nor would GRINCHUCKLE presume to give them any advice on the subject.

This species of game, unlike most others, is to be found chiefly amid the centres of wealth and civilization, where, as a consequence, the sport is best known and appreciated.—hence it has hitherto been but little known in Canada. But it is being rapidly introduced here; and we venture to predict that, in a few short, rolling years, when we have become the first maritime power in the world, with an almost boundless territory,—when our trackless forests shall have become the home of countless and contented millions,—when our broad rivers and pathless lakes shall bear on their generous bosoms the wealth of half a continent,—when, in short, all these things shall have come to pass, as they assuredly will,—we say we venture to predict that Canada will rival in its facilities for, and love of, this manly sport the imperial cities of the old world.

As fox-hunting, deer-stalking, duck-shooting, and other sports benefit the physical part of the being, by expanding the lungs, hardening the muscles, strengthening the digestive organs, &c., &c.—so this magnificent pastime benefits the mental and metaphysical part of the being, by expanding the soul, enlarging the ideas,

strengthening the organs of self esteem, creating a contempt of honesty and common-sense, and all such as possess such absurdities, by which you can go through your tailor, shoemaker *et hoc genus omni*, and leave foot-prints, if not on the sands of time, at least on the sands of your tradesmen's books, which is infinitely preferable.

To be pursued effectively, it is necessary to wear such clothes, and conduct yourself in such a manner, as will disguise your real nature and intentions, as the bushman wears the skin and imitates the manner of his intended victim.

Should you start your game at a hotel, stare at it fearlessly; bully the waiters, curse the fare, criticise the wine, &c. This has an appearance of breeding and spirit, and may be called "getting on the leeward side of your game." If at the opera, discuss, with an air of profound wisdom, the merits and demerits of each performer as one thoroughly *au fait* with those things, and level your double-barrelled lorguon—which you shall be sure to have with you—wherever there is a chance of an effectual shot.

But it is during our peerless Canadian winter that it can be pursued with greatest pleasure and effect. Then is the time when it can be tracked on snow-shoes for miles across our snow-clad country; then is the time when, clad in impenetrable and unpaid-for fur, it can be followed in carioles along our beautiful winter roads, to the merry music of the sleigh-bells, or run to ground in a skating rink.

We will not pursue the subject further at present, but let each ambitious mind prepare itself, as the coming season, it is fully anticipated, will be an unusually auspicious one. The season will open in a day or two, when the Royal Lion and suite return from the west.

LEGAL QUERIES.

BY D. WINTERDOWN.

What would a RAM SAY TO A LAMBE, if they both saw a CROSS WELCH BULLOCK COYLE himself up, and play the DEVIL IN A GAIRDNER'S ROSE plot, with an ABBOTT and a MONK (the latter with a CARTER'S HATT ON his head) trying to HOLT ON to his tail, while a large CUR RAN at the animal's head?

What lawyer is that whose name gives the usual occupation of the profession? *Rob I doux.*

Biddy asks whether pearl-barley is used in the preparation of pearl-hash. We never heard of the dish.

Shakesperian quotation by a first-year man.—"Bid me do anything but that sweet Greek."

Why is a bee like a grocer?—Because they both cell (sell) honey. Hum!

By our Philosopher.—The milk of human kindness, like that of a cocoa-nut, is often found within a rough coat and a hard shell.

Can a servant girl be said to know her place when she is seeking a situation?

SCENES IN COURT.

THE GARRULOUS WITNESS.

The garrulous witness is a source of terror, alike to the Court, Clerk and audience. When she appears, every one knows what to expect, and, accordingly, brace themselves for the trial. She moves with hurried gait to the box, and, without waiting for the administering of the oath, is off at railroad speed.

WITNESS—"With my own two eyes I saw the woman no longer than the day before yesterday, which, as I says to Mr. Wintertown, is——"

CLERK OF THE COURT—"Stop, stop! You must be sworn."

WITNESS—"It's a shame and a sin, so it is,—with a family to support——"

COURT—"Will you hold your tongue, woman, and take the oath?"

WITNESS—"And none to do it, but——"

CLERK—"Here, take the book. In your right hand. There now, repeat——"

WITNESS—"And I will, sir, for a burning shame and disgrace——"

CONSTABLE—"You must be quiet, and take the oath."

CLERK—"Repeat after me." (Administers oath.)

COURT—"Now, say——"

WITNESS—"Yes, sir; as I says to Mrs. Wintertown, it's not meself I care for, but the boy must be looked to——"

COURT—"Now, my good woman, let me tell you, once for all, that you must confine your evidence to what you saw, and nothing more."

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION—"Relate the facts of the case; not what you said to Mrs. Wintertown, or anybody else"

WITNESS—"And that I will, for a burning disgrace it is to have the likes of me dragged into Court, as I said to Mrs. Wintertown the other night——"

COURT—"Now, I will just tell you once again, to relate what you saw. We do not want to hear what you said or thought."

WITNESS—"As I said to Mrs. Wintertown, sirs, no longer than the day before yesterday, the boy wants lookin' to, with much care,—as my husband, now dead and gone, used to say, 'spare the rod and spoil the child'; and so it is, which should be looked to by others than the weak, forlorn mother, scarce able to put one foot before the other. Three-and-fourpence he brings home out of a week's wage of fifteen shillings and more, which is not enough to keep body and soul together, leaving out the water rates, the taxes and house-rent, and the clothes he wears,—more than enough to bring tears to the eyes——"

COURT—"Will you hold your tongue, woman. You must not say one single word but in relation to the case."

WITNESS—"Yes, sir, as I says to Mrs. Wintertown, take him to the Court of Justice to receive punishment which can't be given, for deserving he is of it, and more, to——"

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION—"This is dreadful, your Honor. We can't stand this."

COURT—"Now, my good woman, I will tell you, once for all, if you say one word more of what you said or heard, I will send you away."

WITNESS—"Yes, sir, punishment he is deserving of, and should get, which, as I says to Mrs. Win——"

COURT—"Stop! Stop!"

CONSTABLE—"Hold on, I say. Hold on."

WITNESS—"As I said, punishment he is deserving of, and should——"

COUN.—"Hold your tongue, woman; hold your tongue."

WITNESS—"As the twig is bent, so it will grow; and young boys need correction, as the good book says——"

COURT—"Take that woman away as fast as you can."

CONSTABLE—"Come away. I say, come away."

WITNESS—"Justice to them as deserves it, and punishments meted out to those that work for it."

COURT—"Will no one take that woman away?"

WITNESS—"Four new suits of clothes his hard-working mother gave the boy within no less than four weeks——"

COURT—"Take that woman away, I say. Take her out of the Court."

CONSTABLE (dragging the woman)—"Come out of the place, will you?"

WITNESS (going)—"Two pair of boots and three neckties, costing thirty shillings——"

And at last her voice is heard dying away in the distance, as she is forced out of the room, and breathing a sigh of relief, the Court calls the next witness.

STATE OF TRADE IN MONTREAL.

GRINCHUCKLE has a Special Commissioner hard at work in obtaining some valuable statistics about the various trades of the city. In a short time he hopes to lay these notes before the public. Meanwhile, he presents them with a few interesting *items*.

Bed Manufacturers.—These men complain bitterly of the hard times, and declare that they have to *bolster* up their business by getting *tick* wherever they can.

Undertakers.—These tradesmen, also, are extremely dissatisfied. They are unanimous in declaring that their trade is *dead*. They are certainly an obliging set of men, and every *body* at some time or other meets with attention at their hands. Their position is undoubtedly a *grave* one.

Cabmen.—The prospects of this civil body of men are far from bright. Enquiries that we have made all over the city only serve to confirm the fact, that the business of the cab-driver is literally *at a stand*.

We add no more at present, but purpose recurring to this question of trade at our earliest possible convenience.

VULGAR ERRORS.—That *Bohea* came originally from *Bohemia*, and that *Bomba-zine* is the principal manufacture of *Bombay*.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The following "Curiosity of Literature" is extracted from the *Canada Scotsman*, of October 2nd:—

To the Editor of the *Canada Scotsman*:

SIR,—I am not given to hypercriticism, but pretentious ignorance is always offensive, and everybody seems inclined to have a fling at it. Your *correspondent* DIOGENES, after quoting and misquoting the line "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind," attributes it first to Shakspeare, and, in a subsequent number, to Garrick. Now, almost any schoolboy could tell him that its real author is Dr. Johnson. It is from an address ~~of 1747~~ by Garrick on, I believe, his last appearance on the stage. Verily, if old DIOGENES has arisen from his classic tomb to make such a literary "Guy" of himself, he had better go back to it again.

PUCK.

The facts are these: DIOGENES, with strange inaccuracy, attributed the line in question to Shakspeare! GRINCHUCKLE, in drawing attention to the *lapsus*, pointed out that the line was Garrick's; and DIOGENES subsequently adopted the correction, disingenuously alleging, at the same time, that "the line had been attributed to half the authors in the English language."

"Puck," by his interference, has not mended matters, and is, beyond all doubt, wrong in asserting that Dr. Johnson is "the real author." Johnson's celebrated Prologue (to which, we suppose, "Puck" alludes,) was spoken by Garrick at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1747. The line does *not* occur in this Prologue, but is found in a Prologue *written by Garrick*, and also spoken by him at Drury Lane, on quitting the stage in 1776. On that occasion he played Don Felix in the *Wander*, and the performance was for the benefit of the "Theatrical Fund." This accounts for the words that he both wrote and then recited:

"Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind,—
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."

Lord Byron quoted the last line very amusingly in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, substituting (like DIOGENES) the word *us* for *one*.

Facts are stubborn things; and we assure "Puck" most positively that Garrick, and *not* Dr. Johnson, is "the real author."

Canada Scotsman, please notice.

P.S.—Those who are curious about these verbal trifles, will find the phrase "wondrous kind" in one of Helena's speeches at the close of "All's Well That Ends Well."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GRINCHUCKLE is informed that a Montreal Editor, horrified at the large sums of money which are spent during the winter on Balls and Dancing-Parties, has written an eloquent discourse on the subject. It is styled: "*An Essay on the High Price of Hops*," and will probably be published in the *New Dominion Monthly* before the commencement of the Dancing Season.

SEVERE.

Our readers are aware that several mad commentators of the Baxter stamp have discovered in the Emperor of the French the Apollyon of the Book of Revelation. We hardly expected such fanatic absurdity, however, from such a writer as Mr. Kinglake; but, after reading that gentleman's "History of the Crimea," we cannot fail to see that he considers the Third Napoleon to be veritably Abaddon (a bad 'un).

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

GRINCHUCKLE'S OFFICE.

MONTREAL, Oct. 5, 1869.

Arrangements have been made to furnish the readers of GRINCHUCKLE with the latest and most reliable commercial intelligence that can be got together from all points of the Dominion. The staff for this department is a large and experienced one. We proceed to give our report for the past week:—

All the markets during the week have been remarkably quiet, with the exception of the Bonsecours Market, into which a drunken man managed to make his way, and created a horrible disturbance. He was immediately arrested, and taken before a magistrate.

Gold was scarce, to judge from the quantity we saw. However, it is to be hoped for our own, if not the public, good, that a reaction will soon take place.

The Stock Market in New York has been unusually active, —the bulls and bears having a lively time of it, owing to a serious break-out among them. The infuriated animals, however, seem more composed now, and will likely, in the course of time, return to their usual state of equanimity.

BACON was inclined to be high,—no doubt owing to its *ambitious* nature.

BUTTER of all kinds was difficult to hold, and a quantity in the hands of an old lady, returning from market yesterday, fell. On being taken up, it consequently rose, and, subsequently, remained steady.

WHEAT is reported steady, although, in the face of this, we saw a quantity *carroted* on the canal bank yesterday.

ROCKETS are inclined to go up, particularly if bidding is over hot.

BARLEY is quiet,—after having kicked up a terrible row.

OATS are unsteady (these are wild oats), which must be a source of anguish to the family.

IRON—Stocks light.

FEATHERS are heavy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. T.—We must unhesitatingly decline to print the eighty-three stanzas that you enclosed us, "*On the Arrival of Prince Arthur at the Bonaventure Station*." Send them to the Prince, and see how he will like them.

UNCLE JIM'S six comic poems are utterly unsuited to the pages of GRINCHUCKLE. *Uncle Jim*, while pleading for moderate remuneration, remarks that "he lives upon his wits." We are personally unacquainted with the gentleman,—but cannot help thinking that he must be extraordinarily thin!

E. S.—Your "*Philosophic Reflections on seeing a Hottentot in Top Boots*," are far too long and dull. Besides this, they have been printed before. Send them to DIOGENES.

MAID MARIAN.—The paper that you sent, on "*Mermaids, Unicorns, and other small Deer*," will probably appear in our next number.

CANINE.—Dog poisoning begins about the 1st September. It is not likely to become a popular pastime in Montreal, the game being now scarce, and really not worth the trouble. Sportsmen do not seem to consider the game worth anything, to judge from the quantity of it to be found on the streets.