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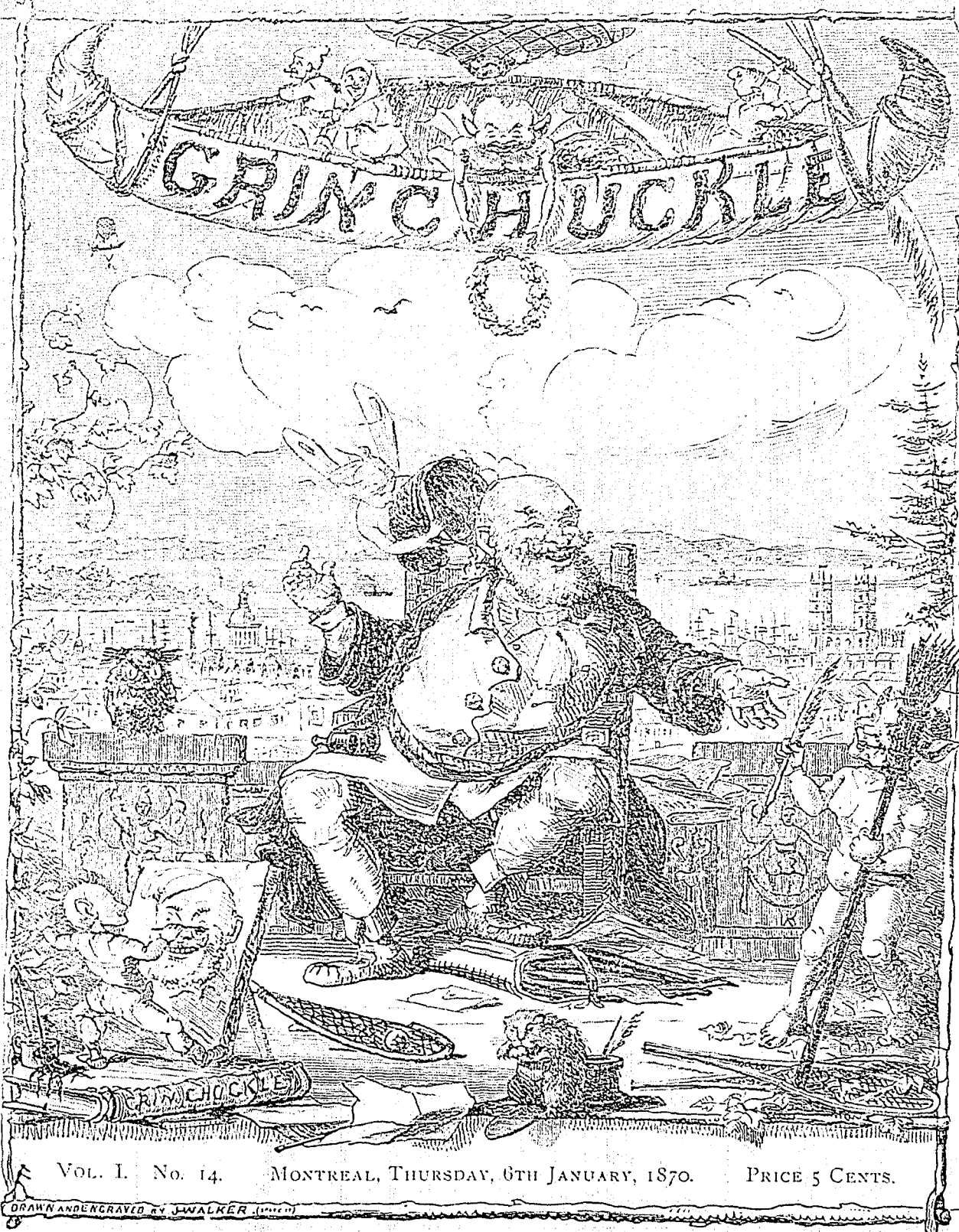
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VOL. I. No. 14.

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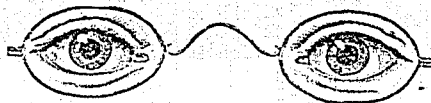
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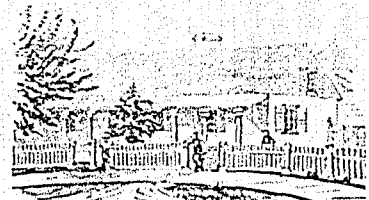
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Every delicacy of the season will  
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Private Rooms for Dinner Parties.  
 Fresh Oysters received daily by  
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The COSMOPOLITAN makes no  
 display of real or sham viands in the  
 window: the display will always be  
 found in the larder and on the table.

A. M. F. GIANELLI,  
 Restaurateur to H. R. H. the Prince  
 of Wales.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.



CONSIDERING that Governor McDougall is on his way home, it is very desirable that there should be no delay in the preparations for a grand public reception of the illustrious exile. It is to be hoped that these preparations are already in a forward state, as His Excellency is returning by forced marches, and there is no knowing how soon he may gladden our eyes once more. The following suggestions may be of service :

MOTTOES FOR TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

Reductio ad absurdum,  
 Veni, Vidi, non vici,  
 Dulce et decorum est patriæ currere.  
 "Nay, if you get it, you shall get it with running."  
 The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.

MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

"Will ye no come back again?"  
 "The Rogue's March."  
 "The Royal Galopade."  
 "Wandering Willie."  
 "Coronation March."—*Slow Time.*

MODEL ADDRESS.

*May it Please Your Excellency,—*

We welcome you on your return from the realm which you have so ably tried to govern. It is a matter of thankfulness that you are not preternaturally bald, as according to most authorities your subjects have a fancy for locks of hair, and sometimes insist on these material guarantees. Your Excellency has achieved for yourself a name to which history furnishes no parallel. Your self-denial in resigning a lucrative office at Ottawa to assume the sovereignty of a county so remote from Washington; the agility with which, when stopped by the ragged half-breeds, you made for the lines, thus showing yourself a *lineal* descent of the Macdougall's ForLorn; your generosity in sharing your bed with your nine able bodied attendants; the heroism which you displayed in hoisting the Union Jack at midnight, by the help of a horn lantern and a bottle of rye; above all your audacity in returning to face the ridicule of all are matchless. Permit us to express a hope that your next attempt at sovereignty will be under equally happy auspices, and that you may speedily be appointed to some office of honour and emolument similar to that which you have so gracefully resigned. Terra dei

Fuego, like yourself, wants a sovereign. May Your Excellency speedily have your brow graced with the fur cap of a Fuegan monarch, and as a sovereign may you obtain no less than a crown.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

GRINCHUCKLE's curiosity to see the biggest fool extant causes him to rejoice with great joy over the announcement that the irrepressible Train intends to visit Canada. So far from meeting an uncourteous reception, there is every reason to believe that the distinguished agitator will find himself so much at home that he will fix on this as the paradise of fools. Should he visit Montreal, the Corporation ought to present him with freedom of the city, and vote him the free use of the Drill Shed for the mass meetings which he will probably convene. As he has had considerable experience in street car business, the Superintendent of the City Passenger Railway Company might do him the honour to appoint him to the tail-board of one of the sleighs for the usual term, *i. e.*, a week, which would introduce him to a large number of simple-minded citizens. There can be no doubt that, in the event of Mr. Train's taking up his residence in this city, he will be elected to a seat in the Council. Should this merited honour be done him, GRINCHUCKLE suggests that he and Councillor G. W. Stephens be appointed a select committee on the purchase of cigars for the use of their hard-working colleagues. But there are numerous ways for utilising this fervent genius, which has heretofore wasted itself on Irish wrongs, woman's rights, and similar trifles.

LEXICOGRAPHICAL.

CORNUCOPIA.—A plentiful supply of corns. The state of being "corned."

CORN.—A horny substance having painful effects on the feet. Hence, a man seen staggering is said to be "corned," or to have a "horn" too much. Under the name of Chiroprudists, Temperance Societies have been formed to extirpate such "corns."

SMITH.—A somewhat uncommon name, now nearly obsolete. To be found in the list of names in the old Domesday book. The name SMYTH would appear to be remotely traceable to it. The family are supposed to have come into England with William the Conqueror. The root may be found in the name TUBAL CAIN, as so ingeniously shown by Max Muller, who merely altered all the letters in the original and made the change very simple.

BUFFER.—Something soft to break the force of a collision. Hence, "old buffer," a term disrespectfully applied by impecunious young gentlemen to soft relations who interpose between them and their justly irritated creditors. It has been supposed, but improperly, that the word was derived from the old parties wearing buff waistcoats. This is an error.

STREET.—A piece of ground for trying experiments on the patience of the public. Supposed to be derived from the *straits* to which people are reduced before they will venture to complain.

## THE WAY THEY MANAGE IT.

*Scene:* BAYSWATER, 1869. HANDSOMELY ARRANGED BREAKFAST ROOM. TIME 10.30 A.M.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Raffles have been married six months.*)

Mr. Reginald Raffles, a rising young Barrister, engaged in reading the *Times* at the Breakfast Table.

Enter MRS. RAFFLES.—What, buried in that stupid paper again? I really wish, Reginald, you would take some other opportunity of reading it, for I can scarcely say a word to you before you leave for town.

R. R.—Yes, my dear. Consols 92½; great bank failure; death of a pauper in Lambeth; extraordinary assault by a nobleman; a—

MRS. R.—Mr. Raffles, I must beg that you desist, as I—

R. R., (laying down the paper).—I will, my dear. Do you feel fatigued after the ball of last night?

MRS. R.—Of course I do, with my delicate health; and if not fatigued, I should certainly feel grieved at your neglect, as you never favoured me with one dance for the evening.

R. R.—And with reason, considering that on each occasion I sought such favour your card was full, and you engaged to dance with young Simperton.

MRS. R.—He is a divine waltzer.

R. R.—He is an empty-headed coxcomb.

MRS. R.—He is a perfect gentleman, well-read and polite.

R. R.—He is an egregious ass.

MRS. R., (haughtily).—Mr. Raffles, such vulgar language is what I have not been accustomed to hear, and is scarcely becoming to you; but, pray, sir, who was that dark-eyed creature who seemed so enraptured with you, with whom you had so long, and, I presume, so pleasant a conversation on the balcony?

R. R.—Oh, that dark-eyed "creature" was Clara Frankly, sister to my old college chum, Jack Frankly, and one of the most charming and amiable girls I know. I wished to introduce you to them both, but you seemed so much engaged with Mr. Simperton that—

MRS. R.—No more of that, Reginald. I will not hear more.

R. R.—By-the-bye, Jack and his sister are staying with their uncle, Sir Richard Arding, who gives a party next week. They will send us an invite, which I have promised we will accept.

MRS. R., (indignantly).—Indeed, Mr. Raffles; I think I shall not go.

R. R.—Very well, my dear; but I should regret having to go alone.

MRS. R.—Alone, sir! you scarcely venture to say that you would go alone?

R. R.—I do, indeed, Madam.

MRS. R., (thinking).—But if I would go, I cannot; for, as Mamma was saying only yesterday, I have scarcely a dress fit to go out in.

R. R.—I wish the old woman would mind her own business.

MRS. R.—Old woman! Mr. Raffles; is that the way in which you speak of my Mamma, the daughter of a Baronet?

R. R., (reading his paper again, and almost inaudibly).—Accidental Baronet.

MRS. R.—What did you say, sir—accidental Baronet? I beg to say that my grandfather, in his time, had the honour of entertaining his King, Princes of the blood, most of the aristocracy, and—

R. R.—Yes, I know,—and all the ambassadors from Cochin-China to California, as I've heard you say a thousand times,—but only in his capacity of Lord Mayor. You know he was only a retired tallow melter, and, if it had not been for the auspicious birth of a royal Picaninny, he would never—

MRS. R.—I beg your pardon, Mr. Raffles; I will not have my family thus insulted. He was the most extensive oil broker in the city of London.

R. R.—Ah, I knew it was something in the grease way!

MRS. R., (in tears).—Oh, Reginald, you never used to treat me thus.

R. R.—And, lovey, you never used to be such a little goose.

MRS. R.—You make me quite wretched.

R. R.—No, my dear; you make yourself wretched. I must be going, as I have an appointment at Chambers.

MRS. R.—Oh, yes; any appointment to get away from me. You don't love me, Regy, as you did!

R. R., (ringing the bell, and ordering a cab).—I do, lovey, and a great deal more, but you are at times so very foolish.

MRS. R., (coaxingly).—Oh, Regy! Mamma is coming this morning, and she wishes me to go shopping with her. May I get a dress, as I am really wanting one; and Florence McKay has just had such a love of a bonnet, and so wants me to have one like it!

R. R.—Florence McKay's husband is a wealthy man. Any fortune for which I may hope I must work hardly for; and, as for dresses, it was only a week since you told me your wardrobe was quite overcharged with them.

MRS. R.—But they will not cost much, Reginald; may I not get them?

R. R., (half satirically).—Certainly, my love; if you and your dear Mamma are bent on my absolute ruin, by all means. Good morning, my dear!

(Kisses Mrs. R. hurriedly, and departs.)

## THE SCRAGGS' CORRESPONDENCE.

To Mrs. Tuttlewell,

THE PROSPECT, MONTREAL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have seen his Serene Excellency! He has spoken to me!! He has graciously allowed me to reply!!! He has, Oh! so benignantly invited me to his ball!!!! Be still my beating heart!

How angelic is His Supreme Excellency. How he is adored by his people. "My people," he says, with that divine simplicity for which great men are so distinguished, "love me dearly. My Province is the abode of happiness. I should wish to live in retirement, but my subjects delight in pomp, and wish to see me in the kingly trappings, that they think so well become me. I consent to their wishes. I don the purple for them, I wear the gold lace, with which

you see me bedizened, for you know," he said smiling sadly "it is expensive and I am not rich, nor my people. We have not heads for accounts. Our *pauvre, petit, mince ami, cet cher* Dunkin was a good little man, but he could only talk and knew nothing of figures. What a droll little figure his own was! How Ch——veau and I used to laugh at his nose, when he walked in at the balls in his little military uniform. For Pierre is so *spirituel*, and always admired the cut of his *redingote* with the grey fur collar near to his arm pit, and asked him who was his tailor, who fitted him so well. *Ah! le moqueur.*" What a benignant air His Royal Highness King Belleau has when he smiles. But when His Majesty frowns! Oh! my dear Mrs. Tattlewell may it never be my fate to be so frowned upon. You are aware, my darling friend, that His Majesty before his elevation to the throne, which he now fills so worthily, and when occupying a lowlier position, kindly advanced money to unfortunate people, even at rates so low as six per cent., when those horrid laws were in existence which prevented gentlemen with money from making the most of it they could. Some lewd fellows of the baser sort, accused our dear sovereign of making thirty or forty per cent. by ingenious evasions of the law, but who could look in that beloved countenance, and believe such scandal? Serene in conscious virtue, our noble hearted ruler, risen like other for-the-time-obscured potentates, like the late lamented king Louis Philippe, who was once a schoolmaster, could not see his subjects in want of money, and yet, as wise as benign, would not encourage them in extravagant habits, and so charged them—purely in the nature of a fine for carelessness in money matters—a large sum for the use of the spare capital he had. It was a noble, a kingly act. How has he been rewarded? A villain trafficking on his good nature has imposed on his rightful monarch, and defrauded him out of his lawful money. Our sovereign has at his own personal risk advanced money to unworthy government clerks, on the credit of their salaries, and has been cheated. My virgin blood boils when revolutionary tongues have dared to say that our good King Belleau is but a miserable note shaver, and that his gold lace covers the heart of a petty village *avocat*, and that the \$12,000 he has lost (His Majesty was too much affected to tell me the amount himself,) but served him right for his mean trickery. Vile, vile, horrid, ungrateful world. Thus is open handed liberality combined with the pure commercial principle of nothing for nothing, regarded by vile demagogues. What a gloom was cast over the palace for a time, cheerfulness fled, and His Majesty and sorrow reigned!

The palace itself is not a fit abode for so magnificent a monarch. I rejoice,—how deeply none can tell, who does not know my burning love for my sovereign—that a fitting royal castle is to be built. The amount yet proposed is mean—only \$150,000,—but we know that is only the first estimate. His Majesty's trusty, and well beloved Councillors, and beloved Commons are liberal. There is still a balance unexpended in the Treasury, and in spite of the brutal language of that impracticable man Wood, and the person McDonald from Cornwall, the settlement of ac-

counts can be kept off a long time, till all the money to pay off the claims against the kingdom of King Belleau is spent. His Majesty has then only to show a bold front to the enemy, and in spite of that pedantic person Blake's resolution, and address to the Queen, not to allow any further financial *disturbances* (he calls them) between the Provinces, good natured Sir John, and *cet indomptable* Sir Cartier, will let him have all he wants, because it would be awkward not to have a pacification accomplished.

You see, my darling Mrs. Tattlewell, what a great politician your volatile friend has become. But when one lives among the roses, one must acquire some of the perfume.

Your beloved friend,

SAMUELINA JOHNSON SCRAGGS.

QUEBEC, 28th January, 1869.

#### REFLECTIONS OF THE DUNNED.

I don't profess to be an eccentric—at least in Montreal. I know a good many in my circumstances, which, generally speaking, are not brilliant. "What's my business?" you ask. Is that yours? Well, I don't mind being frank. I can't say that I follow any business in particular, and I can't say I've any wish to. How can I with my tailor's awful example before me? If he has many customers like me, his calling may be lively, but it can't be lucrative. He keeps an active young man who, if he bothers him as much as he bothers me, must be a sad plague to him. I don't like that young man, whose experience is far beyond his years. He seems ubiquitous, with a special fancy for cross streets. Now, I happen to prefer retired places; the bustle of leading thoroughfares is so distracting. There is a pleasure, too, in worming one's way to a place; or rather there would be if it were not for that disagreeable young man, who insists on a personal interview when he has dogged one into a gateway. Of all days of the week I prefer Sunday; it is a day of rest. I would go to church regularly if it were not for the plate; it seems so much like what vulgar people call dunning. Still I go sometimes to see how other people like the operation. Why, bless me, people in church do just as I do myself. I don't see a collector even if he is only a few feet from me; they don't see the plate when it's right under their noses. If I can't get off in that way, I smile and pass on; they smile and let the plate go by. If I must pay, I give as little as I can, and see that it goes down to my credit; they give as little as they can and are quite sure it goes up to theirs. Yes, I look upon myself as a public benefactor. I encourage native industry,—that needs no proof whatever. I stimulate the faith of my fellow creatures, for if I tell a man his bill will be settled to-morrow, when I know it won't, he is a happier man so long as the delusion lasts. Then I help to give the city a lively appearance. Strangers would have a poor idea of the traffic of Montreal if one-half of the citizens were not running after the other half for payment of their little accounts.

Why is a horse which declines to be shod like a man who insists on his friends draining their glasses? Because he objects to heel-taps.



THE MISSES McM. RECEIVING THEIR LAST BATCH OF NEW YEAR'S VISITORS. TIME 11.55 P. M.

Mr. Bacchus.—I shay, Fred, can't you hold your—hic—head up, when you talk to—hic—ladies?

#### THE COUNCILLOR WHO PUFFS.

George was a good boy. All the other boys in the Cit-y Hall did wrong things. One sold i-ron to it; one mend-ed the roofs. One had his broth-er over the men who did work on the drill shed, and got pay for him from the Cit-y. But George did none of these naught-y things. He joined a club to put an end to such bad acts, and said to every one to see how good he was. But good boys should take care not to go with bad boys. George learned to smoke, and as it was dar to smoke nice ci-gars, and he did not like bad ones, he sent to a far off place called Cu-ba to see if he could have any cheap, and they told him he must buy a great lot. But George did not need them all and he got a man who had a large shop, to try to sell some for him, and to charge him for do-ing that. So George, who had been so good, got some bad men to help him, and he told the man in the big shop to send down ci-gars to the Cit-y Hall, and he would make the Cit-y pay for them, and he would smoke them. And he did this three times be-fore it was found out. And all the time he was call-ing other boys thieves and bad names. But it was found out, and George did not like it. And some of the boys said that the law was, that no one should have a seat in the Cit-y Hall who sold things to the Cit-y. So be-cause George sold things to the Cit-y, through the man that he gave the ci-gars to, and smoked the ci-gars he had got from Cu-ba for no-thing, and made mon-ey on the price be-sides, he was put out and went cry-ing to his pa-pa, who whipt him for be-ing found out, and then turned out.

Lit-tle boys should not smoke, or if they do, they should pay for the ci-gars with the pence their pa-pas give them, and not make the Cit-y pay for them.

#### NEW YEAR'S NOTES.

Mr. Timothy Snubbins, having fortified himself with a substantial breakfast, set out on his complimentary tour, accompanied by his bosom friend, Jim Clark. Being of methodical habits, Mr S., of course, keeps a diary, thanks to which we are able to give our readers a summary of the day's doings:

Called on Mrs. Simpkins.—Five daughters, all apparently the same age—simultaneous, I may say. Suspect I have commenced a little too early, as they had to bring in the wine; almost certain I heard the cork drawn in the next room. Sherry.

Mrs. Thompson.—Catch a glimpse of my tailor as I go in; fortunately he doesn't know me; probably knows me by name. Hope they won't announce me—hang it! I never heard a name announced so distinctly. Feel hot. Thinking of my tailor I forget myself, and promise Mrs. F. to settle with her next week. She looks astonished.

Miss Jones.—New aquarium. What's that—a tad-pole, as I'm alive! Some wouldn't touch it to save their lives. If I were sure Miss J. wouldn't come in I'd take it up and examine it. I will. Ah! Miss J., compliments of the season. [Dear me! what shall I do with the beast? Put it into my coat pocket]. Port.

Mrs. Figgins.—Objectionable woman. Suggested that I might have wiped my boots in coming in. I'll take care to shake off the dust when I go out. That last glass of Port disagreed with me; take brandy to put me straight. Will keep to Sherry in future.

Mrs. McGonner.—Keeps a Scotch terrier, with a decided antipathy to trousers. I had to give back-kicks while Clark did the compliments. My right trouser leg is torn into fringe. Mrs. McG. says the animal is playful. I give a ghastly smile. Coffee.

Mrs. Smith.—My darling Emily hasn't got down yet. Forget myself, and call Mrs. Smith "lovey." Clark guffaws like a hippopotamus in convulsions. Could wring his neck. For the first time in my life I'm in a hurry to get out of the house. Ginger Wine. Yes, there's my angel at the window. I'll throw her a kiss. Do it from the top of the step. Suddenly find myself on my back at the bottom. Painful conviction that Emily is sniggering.

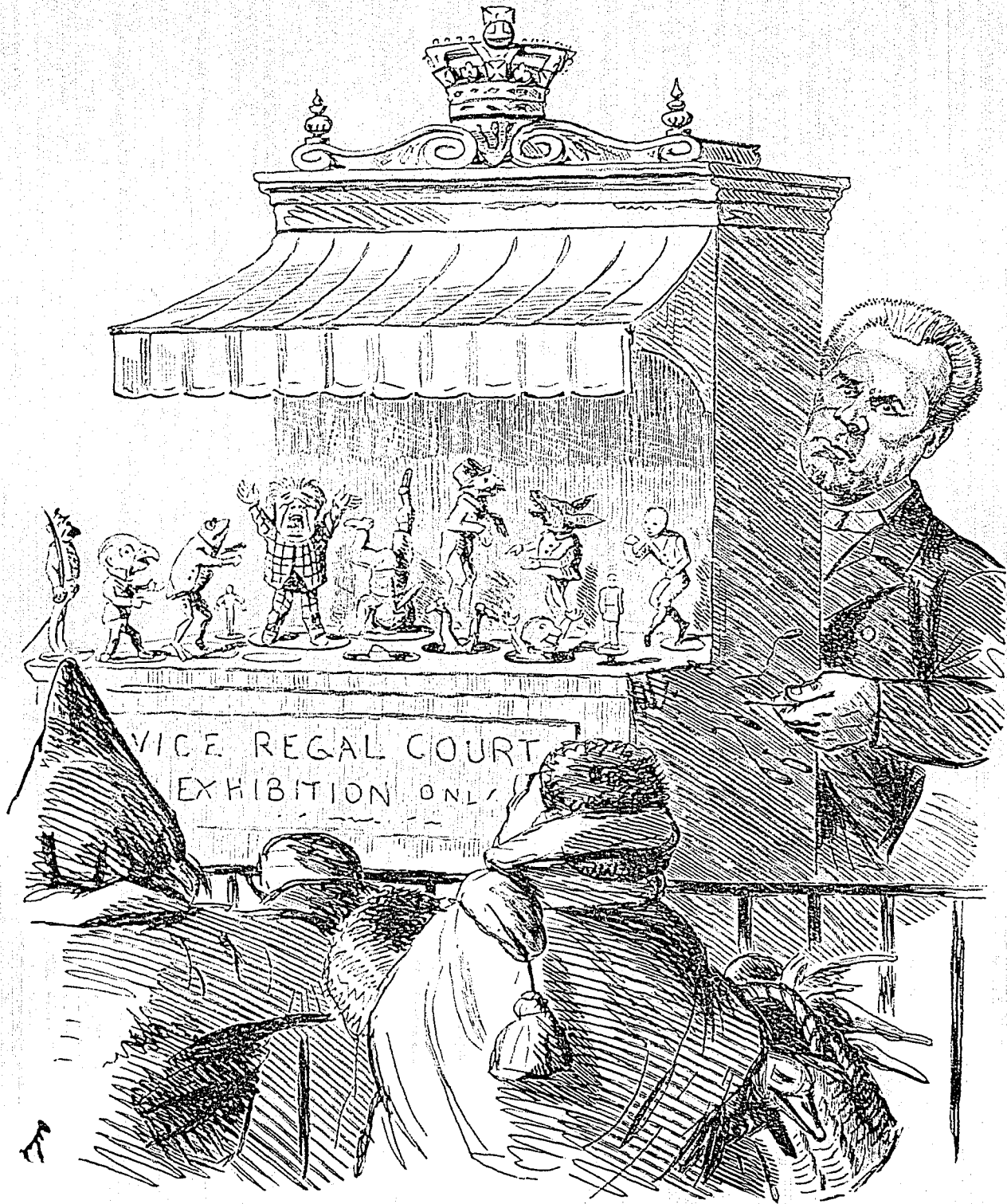
Here follow about forty names of ladies, on whom, to judge from the liquor memoranda, Mr. S. called. The handwriting gradually becomes indistinct, and at length almost illegible.

Mrs. Henderson.—What a cur'us way Clark has of saying comp'men's of seas'n. I feel ashamed of him. Do comp'ments myself. Wish my necktie wouldn't slip round. Queer habit, isn't it? Oh, thankee—yes; I thought my hat had slipped off. Does sometimes.

Well, one call more. Let's see.

Mrs. Pompous.—C'men's of—brandy hot and lem'n. Think I'd better go home, do you? Hap-new-cars to you. Queer furniture. Clark—all goes—let me see—yes—goes round.

Jan. 2.—"O, horrible! most horrible!" To think of having slept in my boots, and finding my hat under the bed! To the end of my days I shall be harassed with the vague recollection of having insisted on fighting the carter for refusing to pay his fare. A Happy New Year! Ha! ha!



THE CANADIAN BARNUM NOW EXHIBITING AT QUEBEC.

[C—r.—Here you see de leetle creatures performing some of dere amusing—what you call it?—feats.





THE PLEASURES OF LEGAL EXPERIENCE.

TU DOCES—"La Coste."

Some one who describes himself as "A Constant Reader," has sent us a formidable document, for insertion in GRINCHUCKLE, threatening not to take us in any longer,—as though any one could take us in!—unless we publish it. Our circulation being already so very small, and "A Constant Reader's" grievance the reverse, we at once put it into the printer's hands. As will be seen, it is a bill sent to our correspondent by the lawyers whom he had employed to collect the sum of \$20:—

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| Consulting you on the propriety of doing nothing at present  | \$1.50 |
| Doing nothing at present, and advising you of the same   | 1.75   |
| Attending to your instructions to see Jenkins <i>in re</i> your account against him.                 | 3.50   |
| Medical expenses, consequent on being kicked down stairs by Jenkins                                  | 5.00   |
| Acquainting you with the violent treatment received by us, as above stated                           | 1.75   |
| Attending Jenkins, and not seeing him, he having changed his place of abode                          | 3.50   |
| Use of sleigh round the mountain, on your information, that he had been seen in that neighbourhood   | 6.00   |
| Expenses incurred in said ride   | 1.50   |
| Mysterious disappearance of hat, gloves and cane   | 10.50  |
| Attending Trinity Church, for the purpose of seeing Jenkins, and listening to services, say          | 7.50   |
| Informing you that Jenkins did not attend Trinity Church   | 1.75   |
| Purchasing <i>Witness</i> for the purpose of ascertaining whether Jenkins was before the Recorder    | 02     |
| Reading the same, fourth page included   | 10.25  |
| Acquainting you, that we had consulted some one who thought he had seen some one rather like Jenkins | 1.75   |
| Acknowledging your reply   | 1.75   |
| Attendance at the Theatre Royal, for the purpose of meeting Jenkins, and consequent agony            | 20.15  |
| Fee to the scene-shifter for permission to go behind the scenes, in search of Jenkins                | 50     |
| Medical expenses incurred by being jammed between the wings  | 5.00   |
| Damage to hat  | 1.80   |
| Advising you that we had not found Jenkins   | 1.75   |
| Acknowledging your reply   | 1.75   |
| Receiving your letter, instructing us not to bother you any more                                     | 2.50   |
| Not bothering you any more   | 5.75   |
| Making out your account  | 10.25  |

\$107.47

(An early settlement of the above, will oblige).

SOMETHING NEW.

The Editor of the *Alymer Times* terms the weekly issue of his paper its "customary hebdomadal peregrinations." We wish him many happy returns of the season.

EXTREME DELICACY.

Mrs. Stowe is again levelling her lance,—more correctly her "bare bodkin,"—at the ghost of poor Byron. After shocking all decent people with her revelations of filth, she offers to show "greater abominations than these." And after raising a discussion, which either for fireness or bitterness has seldom been equalled, she prefaces her new volume with the cool statement that she has "not thought it right to disturb her spirit by reading what others have had to say on the subject." If this is not delicious, GRINCHUCKLE would like to know what is. Fancy one of the light fingered gentry, after picking a pocket, stuffing his ears with wool so that his spirit might not be disturbed with the cries of "Stop thief!" Or a clerk, who has for years been embezzling, declining to look over the books lest unpleasant thoughts should intrude upon his dreams! What a millennium for rascals of all kinds if they would follow out Mrs. Stowe's original recipe for keeping the spirit tranquil! It is some satisfaction that the lady professor of morbid anatomy has had friends who, with less regard to their peace of mind, have done what her highly sensitive nature has shrunk from. These strong minded females have gone through the voluminous controversy, and given their friend as much of it as her delicate mental and moral constitution would bear. How delightful it is to have friends to do one's dirty work! It is to be hoped that Mrs. Stowe's book, which has after due puffing appeared, will be kept out of her reach, otherwise the most dreadful consequences may be feared.

A NEW CRIME.

In the list of serious and minor offences adjudicated upon by the Police Magistrate of London, Ont., during the present year, mention is made of "two dangerous lunatics." GRINCHUCKLE has re-read the Decalogue, and not finding the crime enumerated among things prohibited in that venerable code, has referred to more recent works on indictable offences, but with the same result. It speaks well for the vigilance of the authorities of the Forest City that they have a sieve so fine that no class of offenders can escape; and it is to be hoped that the madmen in question were severely punished for the crime of not being in full possession of their wits. But perhaps the offence was treated as one of a minor character.

QUERIES

If an idea strikes a man, can it be summoned for assault and battery?

Can a man be said to love his pillow because he sets his face against it?

Who married Spinning Jenny?



A MAD PHOTOGRAPHER.

## THE MAN WHO SEIZES.

By VICTOR NOGO.

It is a Bailiff.  
A Bailiff is a Seizer.  
A Seizer and his fortunes.  
But often his fortunes are not good, although he takes the goods of other men.

It is a hall.

A City Hall.

And when he cometh to the City Hall it is to make a haul of what he findeth there.

O'Meara riseth.

Likewise Darcy.

And when he saw the Bailiff, he said to him in wrathful tones, "Avaunt!"

Truly a word of awful power, and from the lips of Darcy, full of majesty and meaning.

The Bailiff visibly trembled, but proceeded to his task, watchful of the wrathful Darcy, who majestically paced, as if on his grand rounds, under the burning skies of the Western Indies.

It was a square room, high in the roof, a parallelogram, and for ages the dust had lain thick around its borders, square as the figure so eloquently described by Euclid.

There was a flat table.

It was called a counter.

Thereon reposed an inkstand; half a sheet of blotting paper; one noseless pen.

Gloomily the Bailiff wrote these down.

Likewise a stove.

Also a desk; and on the walls were maps and plans, elaborately dotted over with the marks of last summer's flies.

Likewise a battered leaden tobacco box.

Stones too were there, specimens of the noble quarries of Mile End. Three clay pipes; but the precious cigars of Cuba were not unveiled.

As the Bailiff seized what was visible, Darcy was moved as with a transport of rage, and in almost inarticulate frenzy, stretched forth his hand for the broom, which he levelled as in a charge at the bloody field of Waterloo.

Darcy was from the Green Isle.

In Meath he had drawn his first breath, at which sad moment of beginning life he had wept, entering the

yet unknown world without a shirt to his back.

He had the fervid passionate nature of all the sons of Green Erin, and with a rush he drove out the invader, followed him to the door, and with the terrible cry which has so often carried terror to the hearts of enemies in the day of battle, he pursued him. Down the winding stairs the Bailiff fled, overturning Le Sage in his flight, who, with elaborate plans of a new wheel-house, was toiling upwards.

Together they roll down.

Darcy is triumphant.

"Hurroo!" he called.

The seizer hath fled.

And Brutus-like, Darcy smokes on till the grey shades of evening have hidden all things in dim obscurity.

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

## January.

- 1.—John Smith pays his compliments to Mrs. Brown.
- 2.—John Smith is feverish in consequence of over-exertions.
- 3.—Exhibition of celestial fireworks, by the Wizard of the North.
- 4.—Respiration difficult in diving-bells.
- 5.—Walker's Dictionary last quoted as an authority, 1850.
- 6.—Costermongering legalized. Great plague of London.
- 7.—Numerous shipwrecks on the Sands of Time. All hands lost.
- 8.—Eclipse of Uranus; visible after five glasses.
- 9.—Theatre Royal ventilated, A.D. 1866.
- 10.—Annual obstruction at the Water Works.
- 11.—Charles I. beheaded; capital remedy for King's evil.
- 12.—Little Jack Horner born.
- 13.—Exhibition of political relics at Quebec; members free, seats reserved.
- 14.—Jones publishes his immortal poem on Spring.
- 15.—Pyramids destroyed by an incendiary.
- 16.—Introduction of Godfrey's cordial.
- 17.—New plank laid in St. Catherine street.
- 18.—Young ideas legally entitled to shoot with blank cartridges.
- 19.—Will-o'-the-Wisp born; date uncertain.
- 20.—Jones and Mrs. Jones held an Economical Council; closed doors.
- 21.—The mercury in a sinking state.
- 22.—Irish stew introduced; addresses by prominent Fenians.
- 23.—Attack on the wall of China, by the Spanish Armada, 1091, B.C.
- 24.—America discovered on several occasions.
- 25.—Hinck's comet unfolds its tail.
- 26.—Our landlady presents her ultimatum; conference thereon.
- 27.—Arrival of an emigrant and his wife; they admire Nelson's monument.
- 28.—Somebody sneezed—painful sensation.
- 29.—Alarming revolution of the water-wheel.
- 30.—Multiplication table invented, B.C. 4444.
- 31.—January ends.

## NOTICE.

The Office of this Journal is removed to

No. 64 ST. JAMES STREET,

where all business will in future be transacted.

Advertising and all other business will have prompt attention.

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AND

*General Printers,*

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Wholesale.

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&c., &c.

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Oxide, giving no pain, for

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Friend will enable thrifty housekeepers  
to save three-quarters of the usual quan-  
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with it is lighter and more healthy than  
when made with butter alone.

Full directions for use are on each  
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without which none is genuine. Partic-  
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great success of the Cook's Friend has  
called forth numerous imitators, but  
not one rival.

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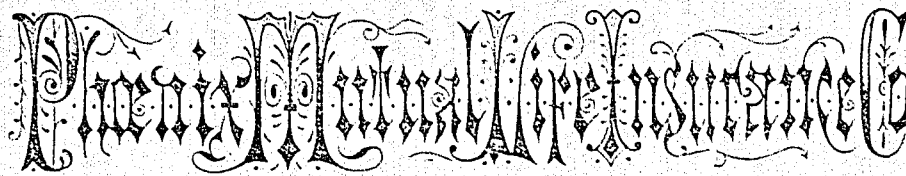
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Tan, Discolorations, and all Eruptive  
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and equally so in cold weather, when  
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and forms of beauty come to grace the  
scene. Price, 50 cents. Done up in  
two separate colours—White and  
Roseate.

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,  
Love half regrets to kiss it dry!  
So sweet the blush of bashfulness,  
Even pity scarce can wish it less.

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A few casks of Genuine VALVOISIE  
WINE—pure juice of the grape.  
100 Boxes FINE HONEY in the Comb  
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We will also make to order all kinds of  
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we will sell at cost to make room for  
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