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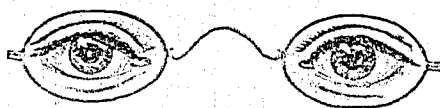
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OUR POLICY.



WITHOUT a well defined policy even a comic paper cannot be successfully carried on. It is sometimes inconvenient for journalists to give

a candid statement of their policy; but there is no need of concealment in our case. Our designs are few, and may be stated in a few words. They are:—

1. To extract as much money out of people's pockets as we honestly can.
2. To furnish, in return, as much fun as our collective wits can produce.
3. To expose every folly and sham which decency will allow to be dragged to light.

Object No. 1 everybody will understand. We promise to keep it steadfastly and constantly in view.

The same remark applies to Object No. 2. We do not intend to confine ourselves to criticism of public men and public questions. Our work is to amuse,—to make long faces broad, and to set sober sides shaking; and we feel ourselves at liberty to do this in any and every way we find convenient. Whatever is ludicrous or mirth-provoking in the Cabinet or the kitchen, a Royal Speech or a street-cry, a Dominion Minister or a skunk, is at our command in the performance of the task which we have undertaken.

Our plan of action in regard to Object No. 3 is equally simple. All persons or things not fulfilling, or, at least, attempting to fulfil, the purpose of their existence are *shams*, and to all such we promise an unsparring exposure.

A politician who flaunts his patriotism, while he holds his itching palm behind his back to receive a bribe; a journal which professes to be religious, and is only sanctimonious; a charitable institution which glories in annual reports of much spent and nothing done; a fallacy which struts the world in the fair attire of Truth, will each receive a share of our notice, proportionate to their deserts.

In carrying out such a policy as this, we expect to raise up a host of enemies. Human shams are very thin-skinned; a casual remark sometimes makes them writhe with pain and rage. And every sham not human has one or more human beings responsible for it, and they are as sensitive to the least exposure of the sham in which they are interested as if the scourge were being applied to their own backs. It is a comfort to know that if we confine ourselves to our appointed task we shall not incur the hatred of one honest,

truth-loving man, and that the odium which we bring upon ourselves is only that which Virtue herself has to bear.

JONATHAN TO PRINCE ARTHUR.

Come, Arthur, my lad, have a care, now,
A King-fisher soon you have grown;
The joke's clear as mud, you're out there, now,
Just angling to fish up a crown.
Our eagle looks down from his eyry,
While whetting his beak for a meal;
His eyes all indignant and fiery,
His scream makes the Continent reel.

Jove's bird sees a young British Lion,
Where no British Lion should be,
And it shrieks, "Why, the varmint is spyen,
Without a *diploma* from me!
Never here can he set up a kingdom,
For, what says the shade of Monroe?
Were I in Grant's place I'd have winged him,
Or turned the boy round, and said, 'Go!'"

It took us just forty-eight hours
To squash out Jeff. Davis's crew;
Make Canada one of the "Powers,"
Five seconds will *demolish* you.
The hull boundless Continent's our'n,
Ev'n then we've not half enough room,
For our nation's to go on a flowerin'
Till Earth is all ours with the Moon.

Proceed, then, with playing "Dominion,"
We've no great objection to that,—
Our Eagle would not lift a pinion,
To frighten the dear little brat;
But treat us, young man, to a Kingdom,
Some mornin', my royal young buck,
We'd make your fine country sing dumb,
And skiver each fawning Canuck.

But, stay, where's the use being frantic?
Why talk about powder and steel?
We don't have to cross the Atlantic,
To hob-nob with courtly Brazil.
Republican ways though we nourish,
One fact cannot well be denied,
Wherever a court-suit can flourish,
The Yankee is there in his pride!

Come on, then, my royal boy, Arthur,
And bring all your brothers out, too,—
The shoddy swell mob might go farther,
And meet with a worser nor you.
We'll take to you kindly, depend on't,
And never grow sick of the sport,
For we'd save quite a sum in the end on't
By living next door to a court.

Bring all your great lords and fine ladies,
Your markeezes, dooks and all that;
Your lordlings, and all those whose trade is
To eat up the poor and grow fat.
We'll lay by our primitive notions,
Our Jack-Brags we'll pin to the wall,
And don all your darned British fashions,—
Swallow-tail coat, brass buttons, and all.

Motto for a kitchen—"No spitting allowed here."
The tree of knowledge—the birch.

THE NEW SEALS.

MRS. BRITANNIA'S LETTER TO HER SON CANADA.

MY DEAR CANADA,

Though you are so far away, you must not think I have forgotten you. I must say you are sometimes peevish; perhaps that is because you are so young, but I know you are not ungrateful for my kindness to you as far back as you can remember. To many proofs of this, I now send you another in the shape of a small parcel of very curious seals, which will prove both amusing and instructive. They have been made expressly for you, and are far better than the set which you have hitherto played with, and which, in your childish simplicity, you have, perhaps, thought very pretty. The toys which I now send you are intended to excite your curiosity.—they are the greatest puzzle I could get the ingenious Mr. Herald to invent, and if you can understand them—why, it's more than your mother can. The designs are peculiar; but Mr. Herald assures me that every line means something. Perhaps so, but the poor man, whose business has of late years been going down rapidly, has a fancy for sketching things which would drive *Œdipus* mad. I send you the toys, however, and if you can make nothing of them, you will have the more sport in trying to. As soon as the parcel arrives, you will please pack up the old seals very carefully, and send them to me. Do not omit this, as I cannot let you have two sets lying about the room at the same time. It is a bad thing for children to have too many toys at once, and these might get mixed, so that you could not tell which was which. I must give you another caution: don't burn your fingers with the sealing-wax. I hear that you and your cousin Jonathan do not get on well together. I hope that my present to you will not give him any offence; you must be very careful not to boast much about your new toys.

Now, good bye, my dear boy. Take great care of your cold, which I sometimes fear you will never get over; but this, perhaps, is only a fond mother's anxiety.

My best love to you,

BRITANNIA.

MIXED MATHEMATICS.

If there are ten mile-stones on a road ten miles long how many stones are there in a pound of raisins?

If a woman gives ten dollars for a bonnet this week, how much will she give for a pound of suet next year?

Suppose a wheel makes thirty revolutions in a minute, how many will the Mexicans make in a year?

"Time is money." Calculate how long Somerville's next letter will be.

If a barber shaves William for five cents, for how much will a broker shave a bill?

Estimate, at market prices, the value of the cloak of hypocrisy.

If one cwt. of flour yields 36 quartern loaves, how many will a man weighing fourteen stone eat in a week?

If a sixpenny loaf costs sixpence, what constitutes a well-bred man?

TO MASTER JAMES LOVEBOOK,

SWISHTAIL ACADEMY.

My Dear James,

Your last letter was very neatly written. I was pleased to notice that your *i*'s were all dotted, and all the *t*'s crossed, and that the loops, in such letters as required them, were properly made. A little more India-rubber, or bread crumbs, might have been used to take out the pencil marks from the ruling; but on the whole your progress, my dear boy, is satisfactory, as far as mere penmanship is concerned.

You do not, however, I regret to remark, use the more modern words which have been introduced by fashionable writers. The want of these gives a pedantic appearance to your compositions. It is true you may not always know the meaning of them; but that is of no consequence. There is a very nice, pleasant-sounding word, "eliminate." It is a good word to use, even when not properly applied. It originally means to expel or throw off; but it may be used in a variety of ways, and, as the general public is very ignorant, you may use it frequently in different senses. You can always trust to the want of education of those to whom you write, and a long word invariably gives an appearance of learning.

Such another word is "transpire." Of course, my dear James, I need not tell you it means something that has become known. But it is a pity to confine it to that. Some of our best commercial writers (and they are models for correct writing), use it in a variety of ways. Instead of saying something has taken place, say "transpired"—it sounds much more elegant. Or a certain time has elapsed, "transpired" will do much better. It is not correct, but that is of no consequence. Always use a word that sounds well, or at least out of the common. Never use a short word if you can get one of ten syllables. The longer the word, and the more incorrect its application, the greater credit will you get for learning.

There are some words that do not sound well, but which you should always use, because they are neither elegant nor English. There are words not long introduced which you should drag in whenever you have an opportunity. Such, among others, is the word "donate." If one of your schoolfellows has *given* you some marbles, be sure to say, "he has *donated* them." If a quiet benefactor of the poor sends an order for a few cords of wood do not, I beseech of you, neglect to write "he has *donated* them." There is no such word in the language; it is a wretched Latinism, without sense or meaning, but it has gained currency among the half-educated. Use it, therefore, my dear boy, be sure you use it. I donate you this advice. "Locate," "collide," "excuse," and similar words, should all be used in the same way: you will find the use of them to be to your advantage.

There are some phrases which sound sacred, and should always be introduced into religious essays and reports of Dorcas Societies. Such is that useful vehicle, "in this connection," which is, it is true, one of the most unmeaning in the language. Ministers, however, and writers in religious magazines use it fre-

quently, and it must, therefore, be correct, for are not all men who, whether as class leaders, deacons or evangelists, are endowed with a gift—I should more correctly have said donation—possessed of more than human learning? What though they may have been taken from behind the anvil, or raised from the cobbler's seat from hammering on the lapstone, their being "located" in the pulpit, from whence they can "excuse" to other "locations" and hold forth "in their midst," amply makes up for any deficiencies in mere human learning.

And the last phrase must on no account be omitted. If you want to speak solemnly of little boys playing at marbles noisily, be sure to say, "riot runs rampant in our midst." It is true that those who have been well educated, may have the idea brought strongly home to them, that whoever wrote the sentence had a severe colic "in his midst"; but never mind, it sounds solemn, and that is the main point.

In literature of a more playful character, very considerable use may be made of the termination "ist." If you feel very dull and stupid, and write something without any point, the judicious use of "ist" will make your article or essay very amusing, and be sure to prove attractive. For example: A poor wretched drunken creature, who is breaking his wife's heart, reducing his children to beggary, and covering himself with disgrace, is not a cheerful object to contemplate. But call him a "drinkist" and pass a few stale jokes on him, and the whole scene changes; the public is amused,—the public laughs. Never mind if the family drain the bitter cup of misery. What have you to do with that? The "ist" covers it all up, as the white snow covers the new-made grave.

Or again, you write a dreary account of a walking match against time, which nobody would care to read. Call the poor fellow, who is trying to make a few shillings, a "walkist," and you have at once the greatest fun. I might enlarge upon this, but to a boy of your quickness of perception these two examples are sufficient. You may multiply the use of the "ist" indefinitely.

If you seek to write for the daily press, although I fear, my dear nephew, your taste is too fastidious for such employment, you will require to begin at the lowest round of the ladder, and be obliged to go to the Police or Recorder's Court. Above all things be philosophical. If a poor shivering wretch is brought forward, and sent to gaol as a vagrant, note every rag, every quiver of the lip, every attempt to conceal the starting tear, and make fun of it. Or if an unfortunate girl, ruined and outcast, attempts to appeal for mercy, note all her actions, and the dim shadow of some almost-forgotten gracefulness. Turn them into ridicule. The public demands it, and have a right to get what they pay for. Never mind if it does harden your own heart, or if it should induce a callousness in the public mind to the misery passing "in its midst." You will get a name for being "spicy"; you will be called a "droll dog," a "humorous writer," and other names of a similar kind. It pays, my dear James. What if it should add a fresh pang to a widow's heart, or give another pain to the family of the poor degraded creatures. You have nothing to do with that.

Give my acknowledgments to Dr. Ableboddy for his

attention to your education. Now that Christmas is approaching, you will be eagerly looking for your holidays. I shall be pleased to see you, and meantime send you a few nice cakes.

Ever your affectionate Aunt,

SAMUELINA JOHNSON SCRAGGS.

Acacia Villa, 23rd Nov., 1869.

MRS. DOCTOR.

Miss Matilda McPhee, that delectable fair one,
Was seized with a fit, and a not very rare one,—
A sort of hysteria, that treats with such lenience,
That Matilda had summoned by way of convenience,
'Cause ma said her sister, the darling Miss Emily,
Was the pride, and the hope, and the flower of the family.
Matilda flew off like a crazy patrician,
And John, too, flew off for the family physician.

He rang at the bell with a vigour spasmodical,
When Susan replied,—'twas an answer methodical,—
That master was out; and she said,—so admirable,—
That Missus could come if he thought it desirable.
She was call'd Mistress Doctor,—he thought it "accessional"
To send his young Mistress a female professional.
She was put in the carriage, and John touch'd his hat a bit,
Then went in with Susan to whisper and chat a bit.

Mistress Doctor arrived, and the servant presented her;
Matilda grew worse, and the mother resented her
Intrusion, when grief struck the whole of the family,
Except the vivacious and sparkling young Emily.
The mother demanded, in accents so thundering,
The cause of this stupid, astonishing blundering.
Mistress Doctor replied,—while the query was firing her,—
That she learn'd from John they all were desiring her.

John was summon'd instanter, but echo said fie to them;
He had not return'd, and could not reply to them.
At length he came in, and answered, with dizziness,
That he thought Mrs. Doctor a partner in business.
Mrs. Doctor's reply was an earnest and sweeping one,—
She was truly a partner, but only a sleeping one;
And "Till" had a right, if her feelings were hurt, to fly,—
Still she was Mrs. Doctor, though only by courtesy.

John never had seen Mrs. Lawyer Prigginson;
Nor ever had heard of Miss Councillor Tigginson;
Nor had he beheld Mrs. Shoemaker Dobinson;
Nor yet Mrs. Tailor or Carpenter Robinson;
Nor ere came across Mrs. Lord Bishop Sandison;
Nor yet Mrs. Cabman or Shipowner Grandison;
John was English, and once had seen genuine nobbiness,
And was not quite *au fait* with American snobbiness.

A fined juryman wishes to know whether the Court House belongs to the Labyrinthine Order of Architecture. It is a satisfaction he was fined.

We learn, from a recent *Telegraph*, that Mrs. A. W. Oglivi has been elected to the Provincial Legislature. From our knowledge of that estimable lady, we can congratulate ourselves on this accession to the Quebec happy family.

Which is preferable, a vessel in port or a port in a vessel?

"Truth lies in a well"—"Let well alone."



JANE—"Have you been invited to the Es—to meet the Prince?"
 ARAMINTA—"La! no! They're not in our set."
 CHARLOTTE—"And, besides, the Prince has refused, because they wanted him to dance only with rich old frumps."
 CHORUS—"Oh! the poor darling!"

A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Sound the loud tin-pans from mountain to wave,
 Sir Francis has triumphed,—North Renfrew's his slave!
 Twang,—for the word of a Murray is broken,—
 His speeches, addresses, all ended in froth:
 How vain was his boasting,—Sir John had but spoken,
 And Murray and half of his county is bought!
 Sound the loud tin-pans from mountain to wave,
 Sir Francis has triumphed,—North Renfrew's his slave!
 Wail for the conqueror,—groan now a dirge,—
 His word is an arrow,—his breath is a scourge;
 He was returned to repeat the old story
 Of the times when, alas! he was first in the land:—
 Let the *Newsance* now call this his pillar of glory,
 'Tis the only sound leg upon which he can stand:—
 Sound the loud tin-pans o'er mountain and wave,
 Sir Francis has triumphed,—North Renfrew's his slave!

DARIUS WINTERTOWN.

Can a person who accidentally falls into a barrel of egg-shells be said to be deep in conchology?

Insulting—Taking an oyster by the beard.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

SCENE.—*An Extensive Prairie.*

Enter KING MACDOUGALL and PROVENCHER, an Attendant, both mounted and muffled.

King. Would I could find my kingdom! Two long weeks

Have I been jolting on this bony hack;
 Each muscle of my royal person craves
 If but one moment's respite.

Prov. May it please—

King. It does not; never has royalty been brought
 So near the verge of utter degradation.
 I have a realm,—at least they told me so,—
 But where on earth it is I know not.

Prov. You have my crown all right, Provencher?
King. May't please your Majesty, 'tis in
 The bandbox.

King. And my sceptre?

Prov. Oui.

King. So far so good; but 'twould rejoice my soul
 To set my eyes upon a single subject:
 For—in your private ear,—my trusty friend,
 I sometimes tear my sovereignty—

(Enter INDIANS in full equipment of feathers and paint.)

Indian Chief. Come, now, you ragamuffins, pull up smart,

For I have sworn, by every shrunken scalp
 That dangles at my girdle, no pale face
 Shall leave his trail in these my hunting
 grounds.

I'm the great Scallawag, and here am chief.
 Now, who are you?

King. The King—

Prov. (aside) Stop! that will never do.
 He looks a rascal; please your Majesty,
 The Knave, and not the King, is the best
 card to play.

King. I can dissemble. Mighty Scallawag!
 Your Honour,—Highness,—Excellency,—or
 Whate'er you are,—speaks to no pale-face;
 I am a chief like you—chief of the Ottawas.

Chief. The plague you are! Then take a pipe, my boy:
 We'll puff the peace-cloud. Still I have my
 doubts

About you! Come, give the Ottawa war-whoop.

King. Hear, hear! Question! Ecoutez! Divide!

Chief. I thought so; now, you shameless rascal,
 Begone! for, if in half an hour, by my Geneva,
 You are in sight—

(The KING here sticks his heels into his steed, and scampers off the stage, exclaiming:—

*Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;
 Far worse the fools that goes in search of one.)*

Can a business man meet his obligations and at the same time not recognize them?

Why is *Grinchuckle* liable to imposition? Because everybody's trying to take him in.

Cutting a Swell—Operating on a tumour.



MACDOUGALL'S SOLILOQUY.

"THERE IS NOT MUCH FUN IN THIS GAME, BUT A MOVE MUST BE MADE WHEN THE KING IS IN CHECK."

THE NEW GOVERNMENT AT FORT GARRY.

We have been favoured with exclusive and late despatches from the scene of the rebellion in the North-West, and hasten to give our readers the benefit of the startling intelligence:—

FORT GARRY, 10th November, 1869.

The half-breeds of the district, determined not to be done a worse brown than they are already, are in a state of rebellion. The well-bred portion of the community show no inclination to *rise* as yet. The rebels taunt them with the insinuation that, of course, owing to their colour they could not but be expected to show the white feather. You may naturally expect all despatches from the rebels to be highly coloured.

A Republic has been formed, and a President, in the person of John Brown, appointed.

It is a base fabrication to state that "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the dust." Nor is his whiskey bottle on the shelf. Both John Brown and his bottle are in active operation.

Owing to the fact of all the half-breeds being named either Brown or Jones, great difficulty was experienced, after the appointment of a John Brown to the Presidency, to find the right man, but, with great exertion, he was at length discovered.

The danger of a repetition of this difficulty has been got over by numbering the Browns and Joneses,—the President becoming Brown No. 1, his high rank entitling him to this distinction. There is no doubt that he is fully capable, like others of his name, of looking after No. 1.

The following is the Cabinet formed until such time as an appeal to the people can be made:—

Hon. Chief Doler of Pennmican.....	John Brown,	No.	5
Hon. Protector of Muskrats.....	John Jones,	"	3
Hon. Secretary of Buffalo Skins.....	John Brown,	"	110
Hon. Keeper of the Rum Bottle.....	Thomas Jones,	"	375
Hon. Secretary of Prairies.....	Thomas Brown,	"	113
Hon. Keeper of Copper Coin.....	John Brown,	"	17
Hon. Secretary of Rebellion.....	Jimmy Jones,	"	40

The National Anthem of the New Republic, as might be expected, is the martial strain known as "John Brown's Body."

The Indian Department is not yet organized. Due intelligence will be sent you of its formation.

The Fenian Government in New York have recognized the rebels as belligerents, and profess their willingness to be hung with them.

LATER.

FORT GARRY, November, 1869.

A serious difficulty has occurred at the conference for the formation of the Indian Department, owing to a short supply of rum being provided by the Minister of the Rum Bottle. Chief Hookitwhenhecan, of the Indians, insists upon the Minister giving up his portfolio.

LATEST.

FORT GARRY, November, 1869.

Hon. Thomas Jones, No. 375, has resigned his

position as Keeper of the Rum Bottle, and Thomas Jones, No. 318, has been appointed instead.

LATER THAN THE LATEST.

FORT GARRY, November, 1869,

The difficulty in the formation of the Indian Department still exists. No less than ten thousand chiefs, claim their right to the head of the Department. Further despatches will be forwarded in the event of anything occurring.

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION.

It costs so much to conduct a daily paper, that in making a suggestion for greatly diminishing the expenses, GRINCHUCKLE feels that he is doing a very charitable thing. There are innumerable phrases which might be stereotyped, and kept for use as occasion requires. Take the following:—

For Snow Items.—In some place the snow is—feet thick; thrown out, but only slightly hurt.

For Reviews.—This ably conducted magazine has come to hand; its contents are. We have received copies.

For Fires.—The alarm was rung from box—; the devouring element; good head of water; with their usual courage; the property is insured in.

For Concerts.—The bill of fare; small, but fashionable; finely executed; delighted with the evening's entertainment.

For H.R.H.—His affable demeanour; acknowledged the courtesy; his royal mother.

The *Daily News* of Tuesday, states that the cells of one of the Stations was *almost empty* on the previous night. We have since ascertained that the "solitary prisoner mentioned in the item was *quite full*", which may be taken as compensation.

The *News* wishes to find the owners of two walking sticks left at that office. The public will appreciate the facetious way of intimating the addition of two city reporters to the staff of our contemporary.

Latest from Fairie Land.—Mr. James Fairie has intimate that he has opened his new oil and lamp depot at the old stand. Some striking novelties are now on view, among which we may mention several "iles" of Greece, Aladdin's lamp, the light of civilization, the lantern of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Eddystone lighthouse.

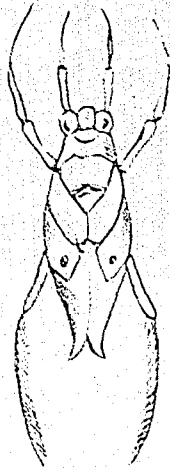
SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—The evidence given at the Recorder's Court establishes the fact that every man found drunk in the street has a large black bottle in his pocket.

Railway Notice.—Ladies should be in readiness with the needle when the train starts at the gathers.

RUSTIC is informed that what he calls "animal biology" has nothing to do with purchasing beasts at a cattle show.

The individual who took to his heels has since lost his relish for them.

Why is Erin loftier than any other land in the world? Because its *Ire*-land.

THE *NOTONECTA UNULATA*, OR WATER BOATMAN.*From the Canadian Naturalist.*

[In order properly to understand this species, you must turn the paper upside down.]

NUMISMATICS AGAIN.

The first lecture, under the auspices of the Numismatic Society, was delivered last Wednesday, by the Rev. Dr. DeSola, whose subject was "The History of Jewish Coins." This, the public will bear in mind, is the first of a series, the topics yet to be taken up being:—

To what extent, and on what terms, did the Israelites borrow of the Egyptians; and did the game of cribbage arise out of this transaction? The receipt delivered on the repayment of the money borrowed, if it can be obtained in time for the meeting, will be exhibited as a curiosity. Can we not also trace to this the origin of the game of grab?

The philosophy of fifty "per shent."

The true intent and meaning of the phrase "Vill you discount my little bill?"

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that His Royal Highness has positively declined to preside at a concert in the Arctic Circle. This must not be taken as evidence of a disobliging disposition, or a cowardly dread of cold. No one can suppose so who was present at a concert recently given in that "thing of beauty," the Crystal Palace.

Calendar for the Week.

NOVEMBER

26	Friday	Rearrangement of the Post Office doors.
27	Satur.	Doors of the Post Office rearranged.
28	Sund'y	Opening of City Churches. Tintinnabulation of the bells.
29	Mon.	Human Race. Adam, starter.
30	Tues.	Total Abstinence Convention of St. Andrewites.

DECEMBER.

1	Wed.	Frost general. Fall and consequent smash of the Thermometer.
2	Thurs.	GRINCHUCKLE rises as the Mercury goes down.

OUR GALLANT *CHASSEURS* UNDER DRILL FOR RED RIVER.

"EYES RIGHT!"

TASTE CULTIVATED BY MACHINERY.

Dear *Grinchuckle* :

In reply to the question, What is a cartoon? let me answer, it is the rough sketch or design made by the great masters, ancient and modern, from which they afterwards worked up their picture. The artists of the *London Punch*, in imitation of the bold, free, and masterly outlines of the old masters, were the first to *elaborate* their sketches, for the purpose of giving them a rough appearance, and their full page designs, are called "cartoons." In this country we have flaming advertisements about the "first style of art," etc., and other *hifalutin* announcements setting forth as their only object to "improve the taste of the people," etc. It would be well for these self appointed apostles of the fine arts—some of them honest, and having the very best intentions, but others mere humbugs,—to consider what they are doing. The inhabitants of Canada are not so benighted (notwithstanding the puffs of the puffers behind the scenes), as to recognize the so-called cartoons, etc., on the one hand, and caricatures of our public men, in a national portrait gallery, on the other, as "works of art." A cartoon should be, at least, original in design, not a bad copy of what any one can have in an illustrated Shakespeare; and in a portrait gallery, we should be able to trace *some* resemblance to the men intended to be represented.

This is a great country. It is to be hoped that foreigners will not look upon us as barbarians, when they read the "puffs" in our papers, and judge of the taste of our long-suffering citizens, by comparing *our* works of art with their own productions.

There are mighty "press-men" here, ready enough to "protest against, and frown down," the work of any man they dislike, but when worse things are forced upon us every day no protest is forthcoming. But kissing goes by favour they say.

LAMP BLACK.

[GRINCHUCKLE is so intelligent and devoted a patron of the fine arts, that the hits in the above letter cannot be intended for him].

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NOTICE.**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.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

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

All suitable contributions will be liberally paid for.

B. MAGUIRE.**THE METROPOLITAN****COOL, AIRY, SALOON.****NEW DRINKS UNSURPASSED.**

235 & 247 *Notre Dame Street*,
(Stephen's Block).

C. H. STEWART**Extracts**

Teeth under Nitrous Oxide, giving no pain, for Fifty Cents; Upper Sets of Teeth on Vulcanite at Ten Dollars, and all up with Gold for One Dollar.

101 BLEURY STREET.

A. MOREL.**Vegetable Medicine Manufacturer.**

113 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

Wonderful Powder for Children who are not nursing; also for adults of weak constitution.

Magic Pain Extractor, for Cholera, Rheumatism, and other Pains.

Infalible Purgative, and sure cure for Chronic Constipation.

Vegetable Mexican Bitters for Dyspepsia.

Sarsaparilla, the only true and reliable Blood Purifier.

New Dominion Salve, for all Diseases of the Skin.

Fair Sex Health Restorator Vegetable Preparation for all Diseases of the Womb.

Spanish Hair Renovator for the Growth of the Hair and Beard.

WE NOW HAVE THEM

Only Thirty-six Hours Out of the Sea.

SHELL, CAN, & BULK OYSTERS.

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

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

Leave your orders at head-quarters.

AMERICAN OYSTER CO.

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'Once Used Always Used.'

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For making without Yeast, and by a more wholesome process, all kinds of Bread, Rolls, 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.

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Full directions for use are on each packet, also the registered trade mark, without which none is genuine. Particular attention is called to this, as the great success of the Cook's Friend has called forth numerous imitations, 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

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And is for sale by respectable Grocers and Druggists throughout the Provinces

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Also the celebrated Champlain Peat.

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to CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS.

The Subscriber has now on hand a large assortment of DRY PINE, SPRUCE, and HEMLOCK BOARDS, PLANKS, DEALS, SCANTLING, LATHS, SHINGLES, &c. All descriptions of Timber, Cedar, &c., for House Building, and other purposes, on hand, and Sawed to Order at shortest notice.

Persons wanting the above will do well to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, as they will find prices very low

WILLIAM HENDERSON.

YARDS—St. Constant Street, and Oliver Street, Canal Basin, immediately above Wellington Bridge, and Long Wharf, opposite Bonsecours Church.

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10,000,000 FEET.

We have on hand, and offer to the public,

TEN MILLIONS OF FEET OF BUILDING LUMBER.

The stock is the largest and best assorted in the city, consisting of Pine, Spruce and Tamarac three-inch Deals; Pine, Spruce, Tamarac and White Wood Siding, 1, 1 1/2, 1 1/4, 1 1/2 and 2 inch, thick; Back Walnut, Maple, Oak and Cherry, in Planks, Boards, and cantings, of all lengths and widths; 40,000 feet of Cedars; 3,000 Raft-sweeps for Eave-troughs and Ladders, and a large quantity of first-class sawn and split Shingles and Pine Laths.

We keep constantly in stock a great quantity of Deals and Pine and Spruce Boards, prepared for roofs and floors.

Persons wanting Building Lumber will do well to call on us and select from our large stock, as we offer the above mentioned articles at an extremely low price which cannot be equalled in this city.

JORDAN & BERNARD.

19 Notre Dame Street near the Donegana Hotel; 362 Craig Street, corner Bonsecours, Viger Square; 295 St. Mary Street, opposite Molson's Barracks; and during the summer season on the Bonsecours Wharf.

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Manufactures and Repairs Carriages, Sleighs, &c.

All orders promptly executed.
Charges moderate.

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Agents and Solicitors wanted.

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HENNESSEY do.
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A few casks of Genuine MALVOISIE
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we will sell at cost to make room for
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Please to favour us with a call, and
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