

NURSERY RHYMES.

Like our older brother Punch, THE GRUMBLER doth proceed to compose rhymes until every city and town in British North America is immortalized.

There was a young lady in Galt,
Whose father made money by malt,
His end drawing near,
She embalmed him in beer,
And added a sprinkling of salt.

There was a rich maiden in Guelph,
Whose daddy had plenty of pelf,
She had suitors galore,
Fully twenty or more,
But all she cared for was herself.

There was a fair maid in Niagara,
Whom "bloods" called a regular staggerer,
She, while walking one night,
Met the "Woman in White,"
Which frightened this feminine swaggerer.

There lived a braw Inssie in Ottawa,
Of porter she could put a good pot awa',
It doubled her chin,
So she changed it to gin
From which she could never be got awa'.

There was a young lady in Barrie,
Whose name, for a better, was Carrie,
She loved a Surveyor,
Renowned for his hair,
But the fellow declined her to marry.

DIALOGUES OF POLITICIANS.

NO. 1.—HON. G. B. AND HON. W. M'D.

"If thou best be; but O how fall'n how chang'd!"

G. B.—Welcome, McDougall, to the pure atmosphere of Upper Canada; the pestilential air of Quebec seems to have paralyzed your wits and blunted your moral sense; you are not the great McDougall that you were. That fold apostasy of yours has quite unnerved me; I shall never be the man I was. But say, McDougall, all is not lost; there is still place for repentance, and you will be welcomed as a lost sheep to the Clear Grit fold again. Throw up your office, be yourself once more.

McD.—Well, come, that's pretty good. Throw up my office, go into the cold shade of Opposition again. Excuse me, I'm far too comfortable where I am. A big salary and pickings are not to be passed heedlessly by in these hard times for any foolish scruples about consistency. I intend to hang on like a barnacle to a ship's bottom, I can tell you.

G.B.—O Mac! my faith in human honesty is well nigh gone. I thought in my simplicity of soul, whoever else proves false, McDougall's certain to be true. Nature seemed to have marked you out to be the Grittiest of the Grits. The narrow, long, Puritanic face, the short, thin hair, sparse whisker, lack-lustre eye, compressed mouth, long frame and laughterless temperament seemed to stamp you as born a Grit. Ah! how have I been deceived.

McD.—Come, now, none of your nonsense. Grits like office as well as any other men. You were just as ready to take office as I was, Mr. George.

G. B.—Yes, to save my country—

McD.—And fill your pockets.

G. B.—Do not interrupt me. But not at the

expense of honesty. To be a traitor to U. C., to vote against Rep. by Pop. and yield to Separate Schools, to cringe to Johnny Crapeau and the Papist clergy—never, never, never!

McD.—Oa, tell that to the marines. That may do very well for the people; but you and I who have been behind the scenes know better.

G. B.—Did I not stipulate for Rep. by Pop. with checks and guarantees?

McD.—Bah! you said so, I know; but we knew better between ourselves. What did Dorion, Thibaudeau and Loberge say? The fact is you left the matter in *nubibus*, or rather in a Scotch mist; and it wouldn't take much guessing to tell which part of your crew would have come out right. Why did not you reduce your programme to black and white as we did?

G. B.—Had not the treachery of Sir E. Head thwarted our noble designs for the regeneration of Canada, there would have been a political millennium.

McD.—No doubt, for when once you get firmly seated in power, your demagogisms, like mine, would have vanished. You benighted oppositionists are at liberty to rant as you like, but we ministers must be more circumspect and conservative.

G. B.—But, Mac, consistency is a jewel.

McD.—It may be, but I fear it is not in your *boutique*. We have not forgotten your dealings with Hincks yet. He was a saint one day and a scoundrel the next; and if Sicotte had only taken you into the cabinet, rep. by pop. would have slept for a short time at any rate. You have not forgotten that he refused to shake hands with you in Toronto. You have a good memory for slights. *Hinc illa lachryme*.

G. B.—These are all weak inventions of the enemy. But here, Mac, let me intreat you to return to your allegiance; all shall be forgiven. Sandfield is a reprobate; Foley is a ranting Irishman of unsteady principles; you remember how he abused the Scotch over his wine at Inimittou; Wilson is a pretence hand, very unstable and as useless as green wood; but McDougall you may yet be of use.

McD.—Because you can't get a snug berth, is that any reason why you should make every body else uncomfortable? I can't see it in that light. I'll vote for Separate Schools, Popish monasteries, Jesuits, Credit Foncier, or any other thing, but by George, (I don't mean you,) I'll stick to office as long as office will stick to me.

G. B.—Must I then give you up. I cannot leave you thus in political slavery and blindness think how it would harrow up my very soul, freeze my heart's blood, and make me shed tears the finest cambric could not stop, to pillory in big black block letters, thy once honoured name.

McD.—You may fill your *Globe* with black or blue McDougall's till the type runs short, for all that I care. I've squatted on the Crown Lands, there I'll try to stay.

G. B.—Well, I must leave you now; next week I'll talk with you again. Meanwhile, McDougall, think on what I've said. We'll speak when next we meet of the convention, joint authority, and reminiscences of happier days.

McD.—Well, good-bye till next we meet, but don't think you can bully me, "or any other man." *Au reservoir*.

POLITICAL NURSERY DITTY.

BY J. B. MACDONALD.

If I had a Clear Grit what wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd flatter him—no, no, no,
I'd just crack my party whip, and say gee, whoa,
Get up, Noddy.

Potato Rot.

—People need not charge the vapourings of the President of the Hibernian Society to the account of the Emerald Isle. Ireland has suffered from rotten *Murphies* before.

A Parliamentary Showman.

—Why was Mr. Langevin in the Kierszkowski case, like Barnum exhibiting a bear? Because he stirred up the House with a long *Pole*.
Hope Yet.

—Mr. Street, the member for Welland, shows signs of relenting towards the Government. This might have been expected; for every body knows that "it is a long thoroughfare that has no turning."

Query.

—Why was the Grand Jury so convulsed at their last presentation? Do you give it up? Because a hot Murphy stuck in their throat.

New Publication.—"Sketches (in pencil) of Country Justices of the Peace," by Hon. A. Wilson, Editor of the "Policeman's Guide."

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

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Let a gentleman be ever so well dressed, his coat of the best broadcloth, his shirt of irreplaceable linen, his vest of the most delicate texture, his unmountainous cut in the highest style of art, his boots of patent leather—let him be the beau ideal of a well-dressed man, his attire incomplete, his appearance unfinished, his toilet faulty, unless his head is surmounted by a good hair-such a one as our friend G. M. KELLY, of 101 King Street East (Salt's Old Stand) manufactures and sells at his establishment. We cordially recommend him and his wares to our million and one readers.

Eating and drinking are among the commonest circumstances of life, and a man who eats a good dinner may be prepared for any event. To enable our friends to provide themselves with the means of battling against the ill effects of his appearance unfinished, his toilet faulty, unless his head is surmounted by a good hair-such a one as our friend G. M. KELLY, of 101 King Street East (Salt's Old Stand) manufactures and sells at his establishment. We cordially recommend him and his wares to our million and one readers.

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[Excerpt.]