

which did make her feel exceedingly proud, and did poke me in ye ribs, and tell such stories as to make me quite jolly. Did open one bottle of ye Brandy; did pass it all round; ye friends did say it tasted nice; did pass another bottle round; ye friends did say it was good, but could not say if it was the superfine. Did pass ye bottle round again; ye friends did say it was *very good and superfine*. Did arrive at Bell Ewart. Put on board ye steamer. One of ye young Burstfuls was unfortunate enough to drop ye basket with ye Brandy into ye Lake. Did curse him righte heartily and pound him unmercifully; did in return receive an unmitigated tongue-thrashing from Mrs. Burstful, and a scolding from all ye ladies. Did retire with a whole pile of ye "Merrie" men into ye Bar-room, to console ye self; did console ye self, and did break ye tumbler into ye bargain, for which I had to pay righte hard. Did make friends with Mrs. Burstful and all ye little Burstfuls, and in return did receive two "busses" from ye former, and have my whiskers pulled by ye latter; did like it. Did go up stairs; was introduced to two of ye Misses Jumperton; did escort ye Misses Jumperton all around ye boat; ye Mrs. Burstful was in a great heat in consequence thereof; did get some Ice Cream for ye Misses Jumperton, and did spill one of ye glass-fulls over one of ye dresses. Miss Jumperton did get into one of ye greatest passions, and did threaten to get her big brother to fix me. Did slope backwards, and fall down ye stairs; did faint, but could hear my wife say that it was good for me; did say that she told an untruth; my wife did pull out my hair by ye roots to ye great amusement of ye by-standers; did ask what they meant by laughing, and they did laugh still; I sat down. Did arrive at Jackson's Point; did leave ye wife and ye children to do as they liked, and did join ye "merrie men" under ye trees; did imbibe constantly, and have a confused idea of padlocks, &c., and of having got on board of ye steamer; did look over ye side and did see a monstrous big fish; did get ye fishing tackle ready, and did try for ye monster; did see ye monster make a desperate bite at ye bate, and ye line did pull like blazes, instead of me pulling ye line, ye line did pull me overboard. My hat did fly off with ye wind; did sink; did rise and did kick for ye hat; great consternation on ye shore; all did cry "look at ye great Burstful, he is drowning." Did kick and kick, and make ye noise with ye hands till I did get ye hat. Scarcely had ye hat been put on ye head when one of ye men on board did holler out "take care of ye Shark." Did strike out with all ye might for ye shore; could not move one of ye legs; did sink; ye wife who now perceived me from ye shore with ye children, did screech out, "Oh poor daddy, oh poor daddy;" did resolve as I did lie on ye bottom of ye lake, never to go to any more excursions. Ye men did come in ye boat and grapple for me with grappling irons; did haul me up, and did tow me into ye port with a rope. Did go on board ye boat, and did put on one of ye sailor's suits. Ye sailor did say, "never go crab hunting again;" did resolve I never would. Was very sick and did remain so until I arrived at Barrie, and until seeing ye dinner, (being an Englishman) my sickness did vanish. Did get near the President at ye table, so did fall in for plenty of ye champagne; did drink myself drunk; ye dinner did break up, and we did start for ye Railway Station, where we did arrive after passing through many bogs; did go into ye Bar at ye Station, and did imbibe, how much I cannot

say; but ye wife says I was carried on board of ye cars, and when I did get to bed that night I did kick ye bedstead down, dreaming of ye sharks, &c.; did resolve never to go to an excursion again without having one of ye Life Preservers.

The College Avenue.

Mr. POKER.

It appears that your worthy friend the *Grumbler* has cause to grumble at the misdeeds of the present "Corporation Blowers," for "blowers" there are undoubtedly in our City Council this year as well as last. Probably "Othello's occupation's gone," and the once vigorous, humorous and caustic *Grumbler* is indulging in the lap of ease, luxury and indifference, and thus preparing the way for that death which is sure to follow such a course. However, Mr. *Poker*, if such is the case be it your aim to try to prevent the present Blowers from perpetrating acts of spoliation and wanton destruction; and this brings me more immediately to the subject of this epistle, as Councillor Sterling would say, viz:—

"The College Avenue," that beautiful promenade, the only one in the city, the prettiest in British North America, the admiration of visitors, the place of enjoyment for the youth of our city is about to be destroyed. The beginning has been made, who will say how far off the end may be, and the Corporation of 1859 will be handed down to posterity as the spoilers of that which was so tastefully and nobly intended for the health, recreation and benefit of the inhabitants by its founders.—Would any one credit that such an act would have taken place with Councillor Pell as the Chairman of the Walks and Gardens Committee! There must surely have been some overpowering force brought to bear or he never could have assented thereto. Steam power must have done the deed; that power which is so close at hand and so good a servant is evidently here become the master; but is it not possible yet to let the fires out, to open the valves and thus to reduce it to subjection. Will no one move in the Council ere the trees are cut down, or if not, is there no "Hope" that will move the citizens ere the spoiler's axe goes forth. Valiant Alderman Sherwood will you not stand forth erect and denounce the deed; noble Councillor Finch will you not "resign" rather than have your name associated with such an act; portly Alderman Spruatt will you not reflect and think a little upon the subject; Alderman McCleary will you not say or do one thing during your one year of office that will be some credit to you; gallant Capt. Taylor, thou genuine British Tar, will you not "spare those trees;" for the fair one's sakes, Councillors Griffith and Wiman, come forth—where will you meet your own true lovers when those stately bowers are gone?—and thou, Alderman O'Donohoe, thou son of Erin's Green Isle, wilt thou say nought in such a cause? remember thy own dear laud so famed for its verdure and freshness, and let not

"The emerald gem of the western world
Be spoiled by the hand of a stanger."

And to whom else of the City Fathers shall I appeal, if to those I appeal it is in vain, unless

it be to Councillor Sterling, (ahem!) that sturdy British Oak, who never bows before the breeze, will he allow me to suggest to him as the basis of his discourse, the following lines:

"'Twas in a shady Avenue,
Where beauteous trees abound,
And from a tree there came to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground.

The scene is changed; no green arcade,
No trees all ranged a-row,
But scattered like a beaten host
Dispersing to and fro,
With here and there a sylvan corpse
That fell before the foe."

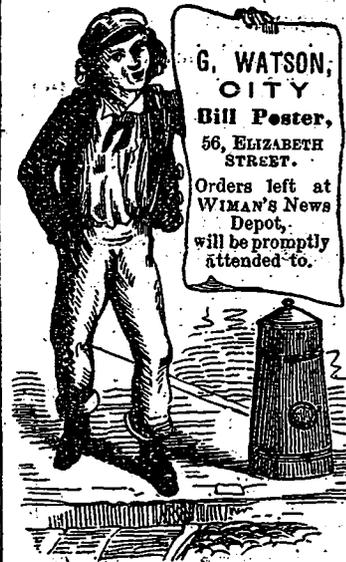
But, Mr. POKER, there is an idea occurs to me, may this question not be considered as one between the lovers of trees alive, and the users of trees when dead, for the present act of spoliation was brought about by an architect, and the carpenters, builders, *et hoc genus* of the Council, not forgetting that His Worship had a finger in the pie. But, perhaps, Mr. POKER, I am getting too lengthy, therefore, I will simply add, that I hope you will take the matter up and raise such a breeze about the Blowers ears as will tear the fences down, and leave the trees firmly rooted in the soil, up.

I am, Mr. POKER,

Yours truly,

A LOVER OF GREEN TREES.

Toronto, July 22, 1859.



Toronto, July 23, 1859.

IN this great advertising country, where every Merchant advertises his goods by large Placards, it is of great interest to know where to get

A GOOD BILL POSTER.

If you want such a one, we can safely recommend

GEO. WATSON as such.

He uses his Brush in an artistic style; He is a Student, give him one trial.

2-2t

PUBLIC DINING ROOM!

AT the FOUNTAIN RESTAURANT, No. 67, King Street East. Lunch every day from 11 to 4 o'clock. Soups of the choicest kinds always on ready. Game, Oysters, Lobsters, &c. &c., always on hand in their season.

Dinners and Suppers for Private and Public Parties got up in the best style, and on the most reasonable terms.

JOSEPH GREGOR.

July 23, 1859.

2-2t



MR. G. L. ELLIOTT,

DENTIST, No. 29, King Street East, between Church and Yonge Streets. Mr. E. begs to say that in all cases of partial sets of teeth, the roots do not require to be extracted.

Teeth extracted with chloroform or electricity.

July 23, 1859.

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