

## NORTH OXFORD.

We really grieve that our tender little Joo Morrison has listened to the songs of those syrens, the *Leader* and *Colonist*, and has seriously consented to be made a shuttle-cock of by those unscrupulous players. Surely his constitutional modesty could not have received a ruder shock than this last attack on his oft-declared intentions of abandoning a life in which at all times he was ill at ease, even during the palmy days of his Receiver-Generalship. Rightly conceiving the emoluments of office subordinate to the honors attached to it, and having already attained a position in Canadian history beyond what his abilities entitled him, he wisely determined on no more patriotic sacrifices to the public weal, but settle down to a course of honorable industry. With shadowy prospects at law, Joe had determined on a thorough development of his financiering talents, and had been assiduous in the study of the science of accounts since his expulsion from the political field. One darling object he had, in making himself an efficient President of the Northern Railway, the proprietors of which concern, at their last Annual meeting, refused to award him any more salary until after passing a satisfactory examination in book-keeping before the Board of Examiners, under Mr. Spence's Civil Service Bill—a requirement which, if before attended to, would have made him a successful applicant for the Secretaryship of the Western Assurance Company. We fear Joe's lucrative schemes will be seriously retarded by this Oxford bait. Whatever the result, he can calculate on THE GRUMBLER'S warmest sympathies, which we feel assured he will estimate at more than a *quid pro quo* for whatever discomfiture may be in store for him.

But what we really marvel at is, McDougall seeking again to embitter his existence by another election contest. We strongly suspect his patriotism takes more the form of lust for office, than the desire to advocate Representation by Population on the floor of the Parliament House. Is he silly enough to believe there are not "practical" farmers enough in the House of the Gritty kind, to fill usefully the Bureau of Agriculture; or if not, that George Brown would advance him to the post? Not a bit of it—his slogan will never sound to the promotion of the *North American* editor. Better "bear the ills you have, Mac, than to fly to those you know not of."

### Belles Lettres.

We hear that Members of Parliament conscious of the deficiency of the Lower House in general erudition and literary taste, drop up, during the last Easter vacation, a list of Prizes to be awarded to Members of the said House, for the best Compositions on the following variety of subjects:

- I.—Best Essay on "Chiselling, as a Science and as an Art." Donor, Hon. JOHN ROSS; Prize, A Directorship in the G.T.R. Company.
- II.—Best Essay on "Past, Present and Future of Refruges." Donor, Hon. W. CAYLEY; Prize, Contract for Erection of Government Buildings in Roxton.
- III.—Best Essay on "Use and Abuse of the Multiplication Table." Donor, Hon. W. ALLEN; Prize, A Collection of Photographs of the most distinguished of the Quebec Electors.
- IV.—Best Anthem on "The Four Leaved Shamrock." Donor, T. D'ARCY MCGEE; Prize, Flag of the New Era.
- V.—Best Ode to "The Orange Lily." Donor, FERDINAND; Prize, Portrait of Robert Moody.

## AN EMBRYONIC INCIDENT.

Geo. Brown to SANFIELD MACDONALD, when, after a protracted sitting, the House divided with a triumphant majority against an important Ministerial measure.—(See *Globe* of Tuesday after next.)

*Come into the garden, Maud.—TRISKYSON.*

Come into the lobby, Mac,  
Join A's last chance in down,  
Come into the lobby, Mac,  
I'm here at the door alone,  
And weary is each ministerial lack,  
And Solicitor Ross is blown.

The obnoxious measure is moved,  
The Premier's phant declines,  
Declines an account of the measure he loved,  
To speak in plain prose, he resigns.  
The measure he wished down our throats to have shoved,  
Is quashed, and of course he resigns.

All night have the members heard  
The Terror, the Bear, and the Coon;  
Oh more has the strange gallery stirred  
To the desk-flaps flapping in tude.  
Silence came and the Speaker, waking, deferred  
His nap till the same day at noon.

I said, "Mr. Speaker, there's only one of us,  
With whom we have heard to be gay,  
When with the ministers we take office—  
I'm tired of work without pay."  
The majority for the "noes" are gone,  
And quite a few for the "aye."  
Lord the Grits cheer, and the Ministry groan,  
As the last vote is counted away.

I said to the Premier, "the brief night goes,  
In halloo and clap-trap, and whine,  
O Kingston-lax you want signs are those,  
For office no more to be thine,  
But mine," I ever under his nose,  
For o'er and o'er mine.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**FISH**—We cannot use either of your contributions.

**HEBBERDOT**—Too rambling, and unsuited to our columns.

**DUSTY JACKET**—The matter, as you will perceive, is referred to.

**J. H.**—You should send your pathetic contributions to the *Old Countryman*.

**E. J. M., Thorold**—Shall be happy to do so, but you must first send us the useful.

**BLASPHEMY** contains some good points—may possibly receive attention hereafter.

**A FOE TO NEITHER, Woodstock**—Too much fire and smoke on a paltry matter. Try something relative to passing events.

**SUBSCRIBER**—We have always found the officials of the Toronto Post Office, all that could be desired, and your case must be an exception.

**CIVIS**—May rest assured the corporation will receive constant attention. The many letters received attest that we are backed by the tax-payers. More anon.

**TIMOTHY TAXPAYER**—The parties responsible for your late disasters will probably receive attention from us ere long. Present a bill of the lost "boots" to the Corporation.

**CANADA**—What do you take us for? The marriage will come off in three weeks—the cards being now in the hands of the engraver. Be more lenient, and pluck the beam out of your own eye.

**TRAVELER**—It is next to impossible to obviate the Cab nuisance, until a central station is erected. The Grand Trunk will remove their passenger station on to the Esplanade, about the 1st of May, a short distance west from their present location.

**DECEIT**—The matter you refer to is shameful. A sad sight to see so many of "heaven's last, best gift" making their shame public. We fear we could do little good by drawing attention to the matter, and must leave it to a stronger power.

**TRUTH AND OTHERS** informs us that the proceeds of the Ball given by the "Young Canada Debating Club," in aid of the Indian Relief Fund, were handed over to Captain Retallick, who will publicly acknowledge the receipt thereof with other contributions, shortly.

**MARKHAM**—Your impudence is unsurpassed, in making such a request. It seems that the Markham Reeve exercised his pugilistic powers last week, coming out of the *melée* not unspotted—Great place Markham—Great man Billy—The old gang is not quite extinct. What will the *Economist* say?

**GR—ON BR—WN.**—Your proposal cannot be entertained. We thought we stated explicitly in our introductory address, that we are only a Clear Grit "when denouncing wrong." We shall not permit our political sympathies to appear, much less consent to lose our individuality in the columns of the *Globe*.

**JOHN A. McD—N—LD.**—We are not to be moved from the course we intend to pursue, by brilliant promises. You are far more likely to regain the confidence of the country by a course of energetic and prudent legislation, than by depending upon any assistance we could render you. We decline further consideration of the matter.

**LOUISA B.**—Inquisitiveness is a characteristic of your sex. We cannot, however, consent to withdraw the impenetrable veil that conceals us, not for even you. We are quite pleased with your pretty little note. It smacks of sprightliness and good humour. Write us more fully respecting the truant, and we will see what can be done. In the mean time, *au revoir*.

**CAUSTIC**—The Water-Works matter shall be attended to. There never was a City so highly taxed, with so few privileges and so many grievances, which require only honesty and common sense on the part of the civic authorities to rectify. You are mistaken when you say that the water is drawn from the foot of Peter Street where a drain empties. The supply is pumped from outside the Island, or is said to be.

**A CANADIAN COCKNEY** humorously refers to the very suggestive manner in which our Policemen carry their batons when preambulating the streets;—a kind of challenge always being implied, and a readiness expressed to crack the cranium or poke the ribs of any one who is not an Orangeman. A small pocket might be provided in the coat, and this exhibition of terror to evil-doers,—this implication that the city is so disorderly as to require the hourly exhibition of arms—would be obviated.

Your suggestions thankfully accepted. Shall be glad to hear from you regularly.

## BUSINESS NOTICE—\$1 EACH.

Anxious at all times to encourage good taste, and in anticipation of the early destruction of those awnings and other trapping, that render unsightly our business streets, it is incumbent on us to give prominence to those who have cultivated the decorative art as a specialty. Foremost in our city we place Mr. JOHN MURPHY, 40 King Street West. Not content with simple Painting and Glazing, he has become skilled as a Paper-hanger; and with a splendid selection of Paper-Hangings at hand, can ornament Panels, &c., to the most fastidious taste. In Sign-Painting, he evidences a high order of taste—which is best vouched for by the many handsome and attractive models throughout the city, bearing the imprint of J. MURPHY.

**JENNIE**—Meet me Sunday night at the old place. I will be more worthy of you and strive to do what is right. Meet me, prepared to forget and forgive, and we shall yet have "the Cottage." **HARRY**

## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every Saturday morning, and is for sale at all the News Depots, on the Cars, by all the News Boys. No city subscriptions received, opportunity being afforded for its regular purchase. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, THE GRUMBLER will be regularly mailed, at ONE DOLLAR per annum. Address pre-paid "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. Correspondents will oblige by not registering money letters, for reasons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No. 21 Masonic Hall, (Northwester's New Buildings,) Toronto Street.