

THE AMBITIOUS LITTLE CITY.

We have often had striking illustrations of the homely expression, "biting your nose off to spite your face," but never until the present moment have we met with a case so flagrant in this relation at that now present by Her Majesty's lieges of the flourishing mistress of Burlington Bay. Rushing hot-headed into the very teeth of all reason and common sense; some of them—a minority, of course—oppose the re-election of the Hon. Isaac Buchanan, an old, wealthy, and most influential resident, whose interests are identical with those of the city and whose name, both at home and abroad, is a guarantee of the benefits he is competent to bestow upon it. The question is, who has heard of Mr. McElroy and who has not heard of Mr. Isaac Buchanan? One dozen scratches of the pen of the latter or his individual yes or no in the Councils of the County, would be more forcible and effective upon any question of note than would the labours of such men as Mr. McElroy if pursued even honestly for years. We can't see then what has come over the spirit of the dreams of our neighbours, unless, indeed, they have been completely bewitched by Mr. Washington Macdougall and the late tricky Premier or by the ridiculous ravings of Mr. Brown of the *Globe*. However this may be, we can assure our friends of Hamilton, that should they succeed in returning Mr. McElroy in place of Mr. Buchanan—which we admit next to an impossibility—the successful candidate would have to occupy one of the Opposition benches for the present, at least, as the defeat of the President of the Council could not possibly disturb the security of the present Government which is destined to rule this Province for many years to come.

A CONSTABLE DEROBED.

A Chief of Police of the grade of captain in the regulars may suspend peccant policemen, and police commissioners may complete the work by dismissal; but it takes a railway magnate to *disrobe* a constable. The illustrious Durand has, in his day, undergone the ungoing process; but as he is supposed to be a grade above or below a constable, (we cannot decide which) his case is not a precedent for the one which will hereafter render the already be-puffed name of Cumberland (see a stray copy of the defunct *Illustrated Canadian News*) immortal. The Northern Railway Company had, the other day, two officials: a managing director, and a station constable. Said constable was accused by said manager of permitting one cab to stand where no other cab stood; and the accused, not at once admitting his error and going down on his marrow-bones to beg pardon, Bashaw Cumberland cast a crushing glance upon him, saying, in tones of annihilating thunder: "Caitiff! strip off the honorable dress that distinguishes the company's service, this instant!" The affrighted constable obeyed so far as to take off his coat; and the great man enjoyed his triumph. Thus it is that great natures domineer over small. Let Osgoode Hall profit by the example.

ATROCIOUS COLLOQUY.

SCENE.—*The Club*—Mr. B.—and Capt. E.—in conversation over a pint of ink.

Mr. B.—I say E—, want you take a ticket for the St. George's dinner?

Capt. E.—Don't know. What's the figure?

Mr. B.—Two dollars—pint of wine included.

Capt. E.—Can't afford it; but tell you what, E—, shall have no objection to go in for the Ten-cent-and-tea-ready arrangement!

Here the colloquy was suddenly cutshort, through Mr. B.—throwing open the window, and calling "Police! Police!" with a view of giving the miserable punster, E—, into custody, who so twisted "Tercentenary" into a shape so ridiculous.

TO NEWS AGENTS.

Country News Agents will please note that all orders for this week's issue of the *Grumbler* should be forwarded to our office immediately, either by post or telegraph. By extra facilities, we are enabled to put our country edition to press in time for the late mails on Friday night, and our city edition, as usual, at three o'clock on Saturday morning. The wholesale price of the *Grumbler* is \$2 per hundred, and all orders, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the cash.

—We are glad to see that a "civic digitary," high in office, is making rapid improvement under the care of the *Professors* we alluded to last week. At the Reunion the other evening he actually soared so high amidst the clouds of metaphor and imagery, that we held our breath in dire suspense, fearing that ere he concluded the slender thread might break and he be dashed to pieces on the very rocks from which he had so fearlessly risen.

The Rheu-matic Scale.

—The New York *Post*, having still some music in its soul, suggests that the key in which American harmony (!) should be "pitched," is B natural. We entirely sympathize with our unfortunate contemporary, but B natural requires five sharps, and, if we may judge by the singular madness which possesses both rulers and people, we hardly think they can command so many. They might as well rest satisfied with a semitone lower, and, although it is on the descending scale, it is admirably adapted to the insane simplicity of our infatuated neighbours. It is B, flat.

Foley's Medicine.

—It is reported that Mr. J. E. Bowman is to be put under careful medical supervision, after Saturday evening. Having proved his ignorance of political archery, this *Dow*-man is to be treated to arrow-root and sudorifics. We hope soon to report his convalescence.

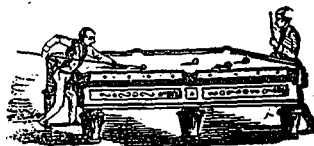
Walk up, Walk up!

—The Great American Circus, under the management of Messrs. McDougall, McKellar, McKenzie & Co., are now passing through the North Riding of Waterloo, in company with Bowman, the great William Tell of the 19th Century. This unrivalled troupe is entirely running on its own individual hook; no connection with one Brown, running a one-horse ungarie in Toronto.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Presuming that our readers are of literary habits and requirements, we take this opportunity, most gracious patrons, of introducing to your very favorable attention and support our friend Charley Backus of Toronto Street, as a noble specimen of the *genus* Bookseller-Stationer-and-News Dealer. Though he is related to the Divinities,—being great grandson of the Jolly God—he is not above requiring and receiving the aid of us mortals, and we solicit for him, therefore, the patronage of this intellectual community, promising that pleasure and satisfaction await his patrons. His Stock of Novels, Fashion Periodicals, and Fancy Stationery, is selected with a view to pleasing our fair readers, and for the sterner sex he has sterner stuff.

SEWING MACHINES, &c.

Norris Black, No. 18 King Street East, offers for sale a superior collection of Sewing Machines of the best and most approved patterns, which he is prepared to dispose of at prices that defy competition. He is also a Patent Leg and Arm manufacturer, and has acquired a celebrity, therefore, throughout the Canadas, unsurpassed. We would recommend those in quest either of a superior Sewing Machine, or those who have been afflicted with the loss of an arm or a leg, to give Mr. Black a call; and we feel certain he will fulfil their wishes in such a manner as to secure entire satisfaction.

DRUGS, &c.

Messrs. Hugh Miller & Co., Druggists, King St. East, a few doors below St. Lawrence Hall, keep on hand and offer for sale every description of *pure* Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, and the other numerous articles usually sold by Druggists. Physicians' prescriptions carefully filled up under the immediate supervision of Mr. Miller, personally, and all orders from Country Druggists promptly attended to. The name of "Hugh Miller" is a household word in Toronto; and we are sure that any patronage he may be favored with will not be uselessly bestowed.

HATS THAT ARE HATS.

We beg to call attention to the splendid stock of Spring and Summer Silk, Felt and Straw Hats, of every description and of the newest styles, which the Messrs. Weisner and Warner now offer for sale at their depot, No. 55 King Street, foot of Toronto Street, which cannot be excelled in Toronto, either for variety or style. The most recent novelties in London and Parisian Silk Hats, are now received, and we would strongly advise those in quest of a superior article, to give them a call. If one cannot be suited where Hats that are Hats are sold, he cannot be in Upper Canada.