

Amusements.

THE MASONIC BALL.

Hints for the Male Sex.

"Whatever the Masons take in hand, they carry thro' successfully," is with us in Toronto a time-honoured adage; and the Ball or Party which was given in their Hall last week, proved, not an exception to the general rule. It was really good. The bright eyes and bewitching faces of Toronto's beauties—warm friends of The Grumbler—rendered the scene at once brilliant and fascinating. Animate and inanimate Jewels adorned the persons of the manly masons! Smiles rich and rare made the "stern sex" happy! Terpsichore reigned triumphant: fairies nimble to sweet music's charms long tripp'd the light fantastic toe. To the Commitee every praise is due for the splendid success their efforts achieved. The toilettes of the fair sex were peculiarly Canadian, and, to our thinking, happily so, being "neat but not gaudy," and while on the subject of dress we hope a few hints for the benefit of one or two gentlemen who attended the Ball may not be taken amiss! Rings are indicators of superfluous cash. The more liberally the fingers are enriched, the greater assurance that the hand is never employed in any useful labour and is consequently only devoted to the ministration of indulgences and the exhibition of those elegant productions which distinguish the highly civilized gentleman from the highly tattooed savage.

Scuds should be selected with the greatest possible care and in our opinion the small gold one, only, can be worn by a perfect gentleman for whilst they perform their required office, they do not distract the attention from the quality and whiteness of your linen. Some that we have seen were evidently intended for cabinet pictures, rifle targets, and breast-plates.

And lastly, kid gloves should be drawn on the fingers and hands properly before entering the Ballroom! we have witnessed instances where the neglect of this seemed to occupy the gentleman's attention during the whole evening, and indeed, only received relief when the proceedings terminated.

The Theatre.

"Waiting for the Verdict," a new sensational domestic drama has had a successful run at our "little play box" this week. The piece was well put on the stage, and the groupings, &c., were got up with taste and judgment. The principal character was taken by McKean Buchanan, who, as Jonathan Roseblade was certainly effective. In the first act, however, he went at it a "little too steep" which rather marred the effect of his performance. Miss Buchanan, as Martha Roseblade, gave a faithful rendition of the loving and devoted wife. In the most trying scenes her acting was all that could be desired, and we can safely say that she appeared to better advantage than in any other part she has yet assumed on our boards. Mr. Pope, as Jasper Roseblade, was thoroughly up in his part—his acting, throughout the whole play was studied and careful, which cannot be said

of all his performances. Bliakye Brown, by Will J. Wiggins, was given with good effect; he is a popular actor and is fast becoming a favourite here. Perhaps less repetition of the phrase "There's nothing loike it," would have been better, as there is such a thing as overdoing a part. Hulford was good as usual, as also was Masters as Master Higson. Mr. Daly seemed altogether out of his element. Miss Myers, as Lady Emily, was easy and natural. Last, but not least, was Mr. Myers, as Jonas Hundle, the villainous old poacher, in which character he seemed perfectly at home.

On the whole, Manager Myers may congratulate himself on the success of the piece which has drawn as good houses as any that has been produced under his management.

Concert in Yorkville.

The classic suburb once more presents itself to the public gaze. It would not do to let people imagine that there was no life, no amusement, up there,—periodically they come out on "this world's stage" with effects more or less startling. This time it was not an elopement, but a concert—Venus has set and the muses are in the ascendant—a reformation—a change for the better, hurrah! We are always glad to hear of the moral improvement of our neighbors, and in this place especially there was room for it. It need not be told that the affair was successful; they always succeed when they want a thing. The "Belle of Beauty," and "The Grass Willow" both sang, and all the "nobs" went to hear them. Mr. "Adonis" also displayed his fine form, and treated the company to a stave or two. The most noticeable feature in the performance was its length, and the dance at the end did not come off as the "old fogies" turned out in great force and put their veto on the Terpsichorean amusement.

Beast Butler Dismissed.

Hurrah! one good deed for Lincoln—and it augurs a better future—the blood-thirsty tyrant dethroned. All men must rejoice thereat. The man who flayed innocent men and defenceless women, shall wield the scourge no longer. The fiend incarnate who used the great power entrusted to him only to abuse it is dethroned. Human nature shudders at the outrages committed by this man, every good feeling in our nature revolts at the monstrosity of his character. A man who revelled not in the carnage of the battlefield, but in the tortures and distress of miserable defenceless human beings deserves the lowest depths of perpetual infamy. And if the height of the gallows (as in olden times was the case) is to be the measure of infamy, he deserves to be hanged on one ten times as high as that of Haman.

How to Escape the Draft.

"So many men, so many minds," and all these minds have offered their various suggestions as to the best method of escaping the draft. Some of the wise ones have taken this opportunity of enter-

ing into the hands of Hyman, and by constituting themselves members of the Home Guard, exempt themselves. Others of more reckless natures have blown their brains out, or met death in some ill-drawn form, on learning that "dead men would not be called upon to report for active service." Others of aeronautical turn have engaged balloons, by means of which they may visit the clouds and so get above the draft. Others again, of a subterranean nature have taken to the underground railway in hopes that they may escape by that mean. But of course these are and all will prove entirely fallacious. The only sure and reliable recipe for getting out of the way of the draft is in the possession of the Grumbler.

Answers to Correspondents.

YOUNG K.—Too personal, not at all suited for our columns.

O. B. PRESCOTT.—Are you satisfied with any answer. You cannot try it on us any more. We've lived too long in the Queen City to be caught by such as you.

NIAGARA VOLUNTEER.—Your 21 cents has gone to the dead letter office. Pay your epistles or get your Col. to frank them.

NEWS AGENCY, MONTREAL.—We sent 200 copies of last week's issue, and have increased order this week to 387, being all that was paid us in advance for.

News Agency.

The firm of Messrs. Rogers & Clayton, stands evidently foremost as being "up to time," in the delivery of English, American and Canadian periodicals, and papers. By their facilities they are enabled to supply news stuff with a promptness that surprises us. Their counters are always replete with the latest issues of the English and American press, and we can heartily recommend them to the support of the public.

Clothing.

It is a common saying that, "the tailor makes the man," and if we judge by the specimens of workmanship which are daily turned out of the clothing and tailoring establishment of Messrs. W. A. Murray & Co., King-street East, we must certainly endorse the sentiment. Toronto is so overrun with flash establishments, who puff and bloy in the advertising columns of our dailies, that really an establishment where custom clothing is turned out, is lost sight of. We can cordially recommend the establishment of Messrs. W. A. Murray & Co. as being one of those where particular attention is paid to all custom orders and where one is sure of a good fit. W. A. M. & Co. have a large stock of coatings, vestings, and trousersing suitable for the present season and which are worthy of inspection.