

## A SUGGESTION.

Shall modest merit tread the world  
Unnoticed and unfriended?  
Shall useful men from place be hurled,  
Attacked and not defended?  
Shall public servants staunch and true,  
For zeal go unrewarded?  
Shall duties well performed, gain  
The right to be discarded?  
When parsons, soldiers, firemen,  
And folks of every station,  
Are daily made the objects of  
Some handsome presentation.  
Then rally round our Police Chief,  
Yo prigs whom he relieves;  
Present him with a watch inscribed  
"Testimonial from the T.E.E.I.V.E.S."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Autobiography of a 'SWELL,'" by Julius Snobkins, Esq. Amour & Co., Toronto.

We have much pleasure in recommending the perusal of this work to all classes of Torontonians society. To philosophers and sensible men, that they may know something of the habits and Natural History of the animal; to the gay and giddy-headed members of our community, that they may behold themselves perhaps for the first time in a full-length mirror.

"I was born," says Snobkins, "in a fashionable portion of a fashionable city. My earliest recollection is that of being fuddled by a gentleman in patent leather boots, tight trousers with good spring bottoms, fitting well round the instep; and a shanghai coat. But I don't remember what description of necktie he wore, nor whether trouser straps were then in fashion, as I could at the time have been only two years old."

There is a true touch of nature here. The quick observation of childhood retains many particulars, but is not sufficiently practised to follow the complications of a necktie, or detect the small portion of the other elegant article of toilet, which usually allows itself to be seen beneath the lower extremity of the unmentionables.

In another place, he says "my next recollections are of the day of my commencing the use of trousers. In my infant petulance, I rejected the infantile pair presented to me by my maternal relative and pointed eagerly to the fashionable breeches of my elder brother. The whole family wept tears of joy over this evidence of precocious genius, and snip in my hearing—Depend upon it, he will one day take the polish off the swells of—street."

Again, "my recollection still hovers back to the tender scenes of childhood, and my now manly heart melts, as I turn to review the days of my simplicity and childish gait. I shall never forget the contrivance by which I managed to get free from the bondage of 'stays.' A large salmon was seething in a fish boiler, for a dinner party given at my paternal mansion, and I happened to enter the kitchen soon after. Some young blackguards had been taunting me with wearing stays. Providence seemed to have placed this instrument of deliverance, I mean the boiler, just in my way. As the cook left the kitchen for a moment, I popped my stays into the boiler, and an hour after, they were pronounced

by a distinguished scientific guest of that evening, to be a peculiar species of Isinglass-deposit, not unfrequently met with in such fishes."

The pathetic naivete of these extracts, is not surpassed by Dickens himself. Permit us to give one which is likely to be instructive as an example to young men who are just commencing to know what tailors bills are like.

"Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight, flowed the happiest, liveliest, thrillingest, portion of my existence. What with balls and bills payable, dinner parties and duns, musical parties and dancing parties, I become giddy when I think of it.

"And my creditors too, I bear them no spite. I still remember with pleasure the fascinating familiarity of my pet tailor and principal creditors, Snip and Cabbage, whom I still owe £50. There was nothing shabby about them. The moment you entered, Mr. Snip was at your service and had you engaged at once in conversation about the last Oratorio, the Carleton races, or the American Championship contest, according to your tastes and predilections, which he had of course ascertained beforehand, by a sort of Commercial agency, conducted on Psychological principles by Douglass & Co. Take the following dialogue as a specimen:

*Enter Fashionable Gent.*

"Good morning," says Snip, advancing with a primo cigar in his mouth.

GENT.—(Pleasantly) "Good morning, Snip, something new there? first rate style of coat."

SNIP.—"Right, Sir. It takes you to know all about these things. I know you're sense enough to get one of them. My friend, P—w, was here this morning, and intends to set the fashion that way."

GENT.—"Well, you may measure me. But mind and make it wide about the chest,

SNIP.—"O yes, I'm accustomed to your figure, P—w is the only person whose chest comes anything near yours."

GENT.—(Pleased) "Hal I don't mind if you measure me for a waistcoat and peg-tops."

SNIP.—"Do you know what I was doing all last summer?"

GENT.—(Curiously) No. What?"

As we don't feel any special interest in what Mr. Snip was doing all last summer, we pass to the concluding passage of the work.

".....but my sun is dimmed at length, I have married a pretty woman without cash who spends most of my income, leaving me enough money for tobacco and beer. I am become a sloven, and devote my yet active intellectual energies to the colouring of a magnificent meershaum pipe, a legacy from a dear friend who died of tight boots. I meditate daily upon the vanity of human wishes, summing up the number of suits of clothes I have worn in one day, and reflecting upon the paucity of tailors who can make a REALLY GOOD PAIR OF BREECHES." Sensible to the last, we say.

Refreshing Impudence.

—Mr. Ten Thousand Bowes coveting his old piffering ground, the Mayoralty.

## PAY AS YOU GO.

At the earnest entreaty of a correspondent, we give our readers the latest sermon on the above text.

Say,—isn't it fine  
To tell us to pay as we go?  
To fork out the dollars and pay out the dimes,  
When oh! dear oh!  
Thanks to these hardest of fifty times,  
We've forgotten the "chink" of golden chimes,  
And can't do so.  
We know very well  
That's its pleasant enough,  
To pay out the tin with an illegat air.  
To be off in a huff  
If Mrs. the laundress, or landlady fair,  
Or Mr. the hatter, or shoemaker, dare  
Be the least bit rough.  
We know very well  
That its pleasant for,  
To be doomed by one's tailor a bit above par,  
Wherever we are,  
To have no little bill, just forced into view,  
Nor to figat and fret o'er a note coming due,  
Often cursing one's star.  
We know all this of course,  
But then what's to be done?  
Drill started unfortunate sons of a gun?  
Is too serious for fun.  
We're willing enough to pay as we go,  
But oh! dear oh!  
Thanks to these hardest of fifty times,  
We've forgotten the "chink" of golden chimes,  
And can't do so.  
Yes! what's to be done?  
Must we cut and run,  
Or stand out the brunt (like a martyr "some")  
Of each angry dun?  
We really don't know,  
But oh! dear oh!  
Its killing us quite to be bothered so.

## THE NEW THEATRE.

Mr. Petrie, the established favorite on the Toronto boards is about opening a new dramatic establishment in the Ontario Hall (the old Court House.) The Hall is nicely fitted up and the company which the manager has engaged is composed of some of the best artists in America. Among the rest, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Hill, who are well known in Toronto. We trust the experiment will prove successful. The people of Toronto have been very irregular in their support of the Drama, and perhaps the rivalry thus created may benefit both houses.

We wish Mr. Petrie every success. The first performance will be given this evening.

## BUSINESS NOTICE.

Of all the articles in common use, what can compare with a good biscuit? How often is the temper tried by the soft and moist or flinty abortions that are often sold under that name? When one has a good glass of wine, or a keg of fresh oysters, it is extremely trying to be bereft of the gustatory pleasure we should derive from them by the bad crackers we eat with the one, or stew with the other? To all who want to know the man who will never disappoint you in this way, we say go to Wm. GUMBLER, at the Yorkville bakery.  
Mr. Christie took the first prize at the late Provincial Exhibition, and he is prepared to supply the best biscuits and the best tea-cakes at the most reasonable terms.  
Try the price biscuit and you will say the GRUMBLER knows what is good.

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