

answer the helm as you would say." (Hear, hear, from Dickey and Baxter.)

Baxter.—"But will you vote for me?"

Dickey.—"No; Baxter; you could not keep sober, you would be worse than Sterling. If gentlemen, and I speak, putting my own wishes and views entirely aside, if you send any one, it should be His Worship and your humble servant."

Bennett.—"Order, gentlemen, I am ashamed of you. I will vote for Sterling in the hope we may be quit of him for ever."

Chairman.—"Is it your wish, gentlemen, that His Worship and Mr. Sterling go to Quebec?"

All.—"Yes, yes, let 'em go for Heaven's sake, and have done with it."

Sterling.—"This is indeed gratifying, ahem! I have one quarter yet at the service of my friends; repair to Mrs. Trotter's and I will directly follow you, ahem. To enter saloons with a promiscuous crowd has been always my aversion, ahem; I occasionally visit Trotter's, but merely for spiritual purposes, as a Minister of the blessed truth, ahem. I then pray for the whole family and if mortal weakness require it, I may perhaps moisten my lips. Well, kind Brethren in this Committee, for your discriminating choice I thank you, and if the drink offering is but slight, as in verity I have bue one shekel, or quarter, rely on my making it up in to you my prayers."

Fourteen Reasons for Settling in Canada.

We have just seen a rather remarkable document with the above heading, signed "J. R. B., a resident of twenty-five years standing." Fourteen mock reasons are adduced for settling in Canada by this gentleman, who is apparently so tired of his twenty-five years standing, that he has taken to lying, instead, and to do him justice he lies like a combination of Ananias' and Sapphiras, from whom we doubt not, he is a direct delinquent descendant. Indeed, we have heard he has a Family Tree, carrying his ancestry much further back, in fact, up to Gehazi. The leprosy of the mind, at all events, seems to be hereditary. He says: does this descendant of the prophet's servant; "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." If this is so, he even makes truth lie, so extraordinary finished and ingenious a liar is "J. R. B." He is the very Parolles of modern times, out of his own mouth we have proved him to be a liar. We proceed to prove him a fool. If Canada is the Pandemonium he asserts it to be, why in the name of his great ancestor Gehazi, did not J. R. B. go back to England? Could he have made a livelihood there? Perhaps not; but he could have begged, and mendicity is more tolerable than mendacity. But he should have considered before enduring a twenty-five years exile that there are many posts open to so rarely gifted an individual as himself. As a billiard, or skittle sharp, good sound lying is absolutely requisite; and the successful proving an alibi for some ingenious burglar, might have procured J. R. B. many a good dinner. One word more; the Scotch have a homely but sensible proverb: "Scorn not the bush that fields (shelters) you." To his adopted country for so

long a time, Gehazi, we beg his pardon, J. R. B., owed much more courtesy, and an infinite deal more truth. Below we append this remarkable document—

1. When you are tired of the peace and comfort of your own land, and of living among people of your own class, and prefer a country peculiarly suited to tradesmen, mechanics and servants, and totally unsuited to gentlemen.—Go to CANADA.

2. If you like a climate alternating between the Polar Regions and the Torrid Zone;

3. If you wish to lose your money in the most aggravating ways;

4. If you have no objection to be cheated and over-reached in every action, great and small;

5. If you do not mind having your house and furniture destroyed by fire now and then;

6. If you can reconcile yourself to live in an atmosphere of treachery, falsehood, and calumny. "Truth," says the proverb, "lies at the bottom of a well" You may search in vain the deepest well in Canada for a trace of her!

7. If you like to have all your most private affairs made known, and your faults and shortcomings made the subject of public discussion.

8. If you like your sons to grow up drunkards and gamblers, with the ideas, habits, and manners of grooms and stable-boys;

9. If you desire to see your daughters forward, flippant flirts, with minds devoid of all ideas save dress and marriage;

10. If you prefer to your own language, a jargon composed of the worst expressions and phraseology of the lowest classes of all nations;

11. If you admire hearing the said jargon spoken through the nose and throat, instead of with the tongue;

12. If you are satisfied to be, not the servant of servants; but their slave;

13. If you can respect public men, whose God, king, and country is the mighty dollar, and whose sole idea of patriotism is to fill their own pockets, no matter at whose expense;

14. If, in short, you are prepared to give up all that elevates or refines mankind and makes life endurable, and establish yourself where evil alone flourishes, and every good thing withers and dies; to live amidst a mongrel population, consisting, with few exceptions, of the refuse of all nations—without principle, honour, honesty, or even nationality—by all means

SETTLE IN CANADA!

J. R. B.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Killing time during the dog days is about the hardest kind of work an individual can indulge in, unless it be attended by means of a good Novel, Paper, or Periodical. They are public benefactors therefore who deal in these things, and the greatest of whom in this city, we beg to inform the public is friend Charley Backus of Toronto St. To all of our readers who may be languishing—melting away or otherwise trying to get through this canine season, we recommend Charley's large Stock of Novels and other light reading matter, as the best in the city for Cheapness and Variety. It is quite needless to speak of himself personally as every one who knows and patronizes him knows him to be a jolly good fellow, and the Cheapest Bookeller, Stationer, and News Dealer in Toronto, N. B.—A large stock of GAZETTES always on hand, which will be exchanged for real estate or otherwise.

As the walls of Jericho fell down at the sound of the trumpet; so do Bank, Beauty, and Fashion; not exactly fall down, but "come down" (which is much better) at the shrine of Messrs. T. & J. Walls; and those ingenious novelties, with which that Temple of Fashion is decorated. We must change in relation to this superb establishment, Cassa's pithy sentiment, at Messrs. Walls; it is not I came, I saw, I conquered; but I came, I saw, and I was conquered, and Bangrado like, these jovial victories so depleted my purse, that since I have been almost afraid to pass the Golden Lion, though sorely importuned by my wife.

As a worthy student of the Solar system and as one who perfectly understands the true footing a man should have in society, let us introduce to our readers Mr. Jacobi of 118 York Street, Boot and Shoe maker—we crave pardon, and amend our term—"Artist in Boots and Shoes." Any one, at least, any shoemaker, can make boots and shoes, but to delicately mould the pliant calf skin to the foot of Beauty, or so clothe the manly foot (and remember *Ex pede*) that one is almost tempted to exclaim with Topsy, in admiration at the wondrously natural fit—"I spect they groved." To do this requires an anatomist and artist. In Mr. Jacobi behold both.

Professor Nelson's Pectoral Cough Drops are, we believe, the only true remedy for that numerous train of Chest and Throat diseases which herald, alas, too often, that deadly decline of the vital powers we call Consumption. The extraordinary ramifications of this class of maladies so little understood, has induced Professor Nelson for many years, to give his undivided attention to this particular form of disease, and he has succeeded in producing a Remedy, namely his Pectoral Cough Drops, which, by wholly preventing those morbid secretions or instantly curing them, allow Consumption to gain no hold in the constitution. His great success renders every unnecessary. Remember his address, over Balin's book store, King St.

Sharp's Billiard Tables are acknowledged by the *Cogno*, *scents* to be equal to any in the world—and, singularly enough, where Sharp's Billiard Tables are, you are pretty sure. *Billiard Sharp's are the*—there is an antagonism between the two. Betwixt the *Dei pater* ultra of Billiard Tables and the nothing beyond of Blackguardism; there is fortunately a great gulph fixed. Long may it be so; and may Fortune's new Billiard Rooms, next the Theatre, to which we have peculiar pleasure in drawing the attention of our multitudinous readers, long flourish. May the gentlemanlike proprietor reap the due reward of his spirited outlay, and obliging demeanor to all comers. If there is a game in which healthful exercise and skill are capitally mingled, the noble game of Billiards may certainly claim that pre-eminence. Give Joe a call.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

MONDAY EVENING, 17 AUGUST, 1863.
GRAND RE-OPENING
MARGUERITE OF BURGUNDY,
OR THE
CHAMBER OF DEATH!
TO CONCLUDE WITH THE SCREAMING FARCE OF
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER!
ET. PRICES AS USUAL.
COME ON! COME ALL!
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS, SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.
Patented November 16, 1862. Manufacturing, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cues less repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. None but the best tables made at this establishment.
First class Marble or Slate Bed Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$575, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

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Begg to inform the Public that he has removed to the above address, where he will attend personally to the building, repairing, and painting of Boats and Skiffs, on the most approved principles.
Boats taken care of by the Season, at a very moderate charge. Boats and Skiffs for sale and to let.