

## THE GOVERNMENT CREW.

Air—"Irish Shanty."

Of all governments now in the world,  
The greatest is the one we know here,  
Sure the form of the best politicians,  
And Cartier's the jolly Premier.  
With a whack into an mare an addy,  
Now then boys a cheer for the p'imeer—wha-ack.

Then the Conservativo's glory, John A.  
Attorney for Canada west,  
Och, of all the great host of humbuggers,  
Sure he is the loidest and best  
With a whack into an mare an addy,  
Now then ye devils a "tigger" for John A.—wha-ack.

A hearty old trump's the Inspector,  
Our man of Finance, Mr. Galt,  
Puts a tax upon paper and books,  
And takes it off whisky and matt.  
With a whack into an mare an addy,  
Clear ye're throats, boys, a tigger for Galt—wha-ack.

And Sidney who sticks by the Post,  
So wisely advised by his betters,  
As his learning was rather deficient,  
Was content to begin with the letters.  
With a whack into an mare an addy,  
Boys, a good one for Sidney—wha-ack.

What man about Sherwood or Rose,  
Dare open his mouth to say evil,  
Or refuse to support Philip Van,  
Whose now bat was eat up by the weevil.  
With a whack into an mare an addy,  
Now boys, a sneezer for the whole of them—wha-ack.

## THE THEATRE.

The performance at the Lyceum last week embraced "The Man of the World," "Henry IV.," "The School for Scandal," and some other pieces, that men of taste unhesitatingly pronounce "no flies." The audience, we may remark, comprised all the people of taste in town—and it is really wonderful what a devilish tasteful community we are. One would think, from past experience, that all our taste, as a people, lay in our mouths. However, commend us to Mr. Bass's *Sir John Falstaff*, give us his *Sir Peter Teazle*, when bored to death by duns and *Old Double*, and above all, let us revel in his *Sir Pertinax Macmuffin*—let us enjoy his rendition of the man who wore his way up in the world "by bowing," and we shall promise to forget for a season, all the miseries of this life, printer's devils included.

We congratulate the Manageress, Mrs. Marlowe, on the improved manner in which the drawing room scenes are being got up. Attention to detail is half the getting up of a play—and female taste in such a matter is undeniable. When gazing on domestic scenes, we like to see them embalmed in all the comforts of a home—such as neat chairs, tastefully arranged. Embalming a scene with chairs is rather a strange expression, to be sure—but is it not Eliza Cook who once embalmed an "old arm chair" with sighs—not size; and why should not Mrs. Marlowe be allowed to entertain a scene with chairs. A chair is always a pleasing domestic sight, and peculiarly balmy when one is tired.

To return to the theatre, or rather to turn from it, as our limited space is being intruded on, we shall not follow the stupid example of *Old Double*, and draw comparisons between the players, and be-

spatter them indiscriminately with praises that they have as much right to as the Man in the Moon. We think it more just to the players and the public, to say that a piece is well played or it is not. And it gives us pleasure to say, that the Lyceum now is not below its best days; and as we understand that our young manager, Mr. Marlowe, is about to make necessary alterations in the box s during "Passion Week," we may anticipate the good time is coming, otherwise, the closing of the theatre next week would undoubtedly put us in a passion.

## WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

We understand an effort is being made in our City Council to amend the law relating to weights and measures, by which Mr. Piper, the present incumbent, will lose his office of Inspector.

We are of the opinion that it is nearly time that Mr. Piper was dismissed, for he has been notoriously remiss in his duties, by which a large number of people have been grossly defrauded. As an instance we may mention the case of an eminent firm on Front Street, Cartier, Macdonald & Co., whose "measures" have been found to fall deplorably short of the required standard. The "weights" they have used appear to have been heavy enough to accomplish anything they might desire, but Mr. Piper should see that they are of the proper kind. This one matter is sufficient to condemn Mr. Piper, leaving altogether out of the question the fact that "balance" of trade has been deranged the whole year, and the balance at one bank has been against us for some time past. We are not very anxious in the matter, and have only to hope that whatever change is made "measures" of the right "stamp" will be secured, whatever may be the result, we hope the Council will "pay the piper."

## The White Glove Assize.

—Who says that Toronto is a wicked city? Show us the man who will dare to make the insinuation and we fling down, as a gauntlet of defiance, one of the white gloves presented to the Chief Justice by Mr. Sheriff Jarvis. If we go on at the present spanking pace of improvement, we shall soon have a local millennium in these United Counties. Perhaps, however, this is only a periodical fit of good behaviour; the venerable Chief Justice stated that he had never before heard of the presentation of the gratifying token since he had been called to the bar. If the future is to be judged by the past, another fifty years may elapse before any one shall see it again. We can only hope that if this is to be the case, the Chief Justice may live long enough to receive a second pair, that the Sheriff, who, by that time, will be a venerable patriarch, will survive to present them, and that THE GRUMBLER may "be there to see."

## Right and Wright.

—We were agreeably surprised at an announcement in the *Christian Guardian* of last week that a Mr. James Wright has been united in matrimony to Miss Armstrong. It is not often in these sinful times that justice and power are united; we congratulate the happy couple on the fact that right is at last allied with the strong arm.

## A PLEA FOR LEGISLATIVE DEBTORS.

O Bailiff spare M. P.'s.  
Your ruthless hands forbear,  
Treat poor men as you please,  
But legislators spare.  
If others break the laws,  
Why nail them on the spot;  
From statement keep you claws,  
Your writ shall harm them not.

## On Dit

—That the Bailiff, whose temerity provoked to score a rebuko from Mr. Speaker this week, was attempting to serve a writ on the Hon. Sidney Smith, in an action for damages at the suit of the "Queen's English." According to another report, it was a suit in the case of "Cant vs. Gowan," in an action for remuneration for services rendered.

## Don Quixote Again.

—Mr. Gowan informed the House the other day, that at the celebrated "battle of the Windmill," where he extinguished himself so nobly, he commanded the "right wing" of the forces. We are informed that the only "wing" the brazen member for Leeds had anything to do with, was that with which he took flight to the lime-kiln, before the action commenced. We should like to add a feather of that serviceable member to our museum of curiosities.

## The Musical Friend

—Is the title of an exceedingly cheap musical weekly, got up in a most attractive form and filled with most popular, and what is better, the best music of the day. Three or four pieces of different variety are contained in each number, which are sold at 12½ cents each. Wiman & Co. are the agents for Canada. The yearly subscription is \$5 per year.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

Residents in the north part of the city will find at the Store of Mr. Willows, corner of Agnes and Yonge Streets, everything that they may require in the grocery line. His attention and pleasing address are not the least attractive features of his establishment, and his prices are well known for their moderation.

MR. WILLIAM DUFFIN, the lessee of the News Stand at the Union Station, has constantly on hand everything in the shape of News Papers, Magazines, Time Tables, &c. Mr. D.'s energy and attention entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

We beg to direct those of our readers who may require the services of a Dentist to Mr. J. W. ELLIOTT'S Rooms, on King Street, a few doors west of the Globe office. We can speak from personal knowledge in the highest terms of Mr. Elliott's skill in every branch of his profession, and are sure that any one suffering from decayed or otherwise diseased teeth, will do well to place him or herself under Mr. Elliott's care. Mr. J. W. Elliott has now resided some two years in Toronto, and is rapidly becoming distinguished as one of the most, if not the most, skillful and attentive Surgeon Dentists in Toronto. Remember Mr. J. W. Elliott, King St., between Yonge and Bay Streets.

## THE GRUMBLER

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