

GEORGIAN BAY CANAL.

Latterly a most notable project has been ventilated. The citizens of Toronto want the Georgian Bay Canal; but they have, with their accustomed promptitude, eschewed taking any active measures to get it. Such proceedings would be most indignant in their eyes. Accordingly for many summers past, our representatives seem to be labouring under the impression that this canal will, like Aladdin's Palace, be the work of a night. Many nights, have however, darkened our hemisphere, and yet neither dignity nor magic have done aught towards cancelling the district between the Georgian Bay and the Bay of the Humber. But now the auspicious moment has arrived, Mr. Rowland Durr, in a fit of philanthropy, has offered to build the Georgian Bay Canal, in return for which all he asks is that he should be made the Hon. Mr. Burr, M. P. for the remainder of his imaginative life; for the poor gentleman really seems to live in a speculative world of his own, from whence he views subliminary undertakings in a light denied to ordinary mortality. But the would be honorable gentleman only promises to "complete it."

Till now, we were unaware he had ever commenced it. We have, however, been so immersed in looking after what is now called "Parliamentary business," that, in common with all the members of the Assembly, we had latterly lost sight of the affairs of the country altogether. But, as a man of Mr. Burr's aspirations affirms that he will "complete" the canal, we take it that he has made a beginning. Jarvis and Romain, are not you chances completely washed away? How can you attempt to stem the torrent? A whole canal—and such a canal too is let loose on you! Kissing babies, ogling the parents, pharisaical almonies, and declaring for the abolition of taxes, won't do this time. You must go in for a canal or railway at least.

A Step in the right direction.

— We are glad to see that the hon. gentlemen of the House have, in the eleventh hour, discovered that an encounter of wit is more suitable, to their position, when they fall foul of each other than the usual practice of calling vulgar names. The following is a beginning; and judging from its merits, we imagine that if the practice is persevered in, we shall soon have a new race of Sydney Smiths:

Mr. Powell did not want any connection with the junior member for Montreal, (Mr. McGee), an individual who travelled all over the *Globe* [mark the hit], and in a few months would, perhaps, be at Fraser River.

Mr. McGee replied in poetry:—

"And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Mr. Powell (who felt conscience stricken at the allusion) suggested that the hon. member meant the blackest nigger.

This sarcasm is put to the purpose, inasmuch as the junior member for Montreal is said to be a loyal descendant of the first king of Algiers—(All jeers)—which also accounts for the *penchant* displayed by that hon. gentleman for quizzing the House,

What's in the Wind?

— The following rather important letter was picked up in the bar-room of the House of Assembly, on Thursday night:

[PRIVATE.]
GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Toronto, Thursday Morning,
July 14, 1858.]

MY DEAR MR. McDONALD:

I have just read the article in this morning's *Colonist*, headed "The Personal of the Government and The Political Necessities of the Times." Also Mr. J. S. Macdonald's motion of non-confidence in the present Ministry.

I lose not a moment in conveying to you the anxious desire I entertain for the immediate and complete dissolution of your Government. For the accomplishing of so desirable an object, I beg to express my wish that you will not personally defend the policy of the past four months, nor allow any other minister or friend to do so. I conceive the less said the better!

Please call upon me this afternoon after the meeting of the Council.

Faithfully yours,

E. H.

P. S. Sir A— agrees with me in toto respecting my opposition to another patch-up! and says I ought not to sanction such another effort, which I may say, respectfully, I am fully prepared to prevent.

E. H.

We called upon the Premier on Friday morning and found him discussing a bottle of Plantagenet Water. As soon as we showed him the above epistle, he wrote the following answer with his usual rapidity:—

"Dear Sir E.—I don't care a snap for you or for the *Colonist*. You know very well you can't get a better Premier. If you say any more on the subject, I'll get the "thief on the cross" to write an article in the *Atlas* that will blow you and your Government sky high.

"Yours,

J. McD.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I have a grievance which has long bored me. No doubt you can assist in having it removed. You have seen in your promenades several square pieces of iron inserted in the sidewalk, bearing the singular and unintelligible initials T. W. W.—by-the-bye, Henry Sparks, one of us, a devilish, witty fellow, says they stand for Toes We Whack. Well, I am a fashionable young man; I wear those particular boots sometimes, by vulgar people, styled "stabbs." I am unfortunate enough to come into collision with these irons day after day—for in nine cases out of ten, they have an elevation on one side made to "trip up the light fantastic too"—my toes are injured, my boots soiled, if not cut, and my entire person disarranged by being thrown precipitately forward with my nose frequently in dangerous proximity to the side walk.

Yours in agony,

T. F. P. WYTHRINGHAM SPOON.

Alas! for North Wellington.

— Who could it be supposed, of all the shiftless, brainless, conceited, poverty-stricken loungers that abound in this Canada, has ventured to set himself up for Parliamentary honors, now the gift of this constituency. We blush to name him—we offend our virtuous columns by parading such a man in this connection; our ears almost refuse to lend themselves to the fact, that it is the Toronto Gaoler. *O tempora! Omnes!* a man with scarce mental capacity sufficient to swing a policeman's baton—aspiring to become a member of Parliament. North Wellington sufficiently expiated its folly in having their late representative unseated; but to have Geo. L. Allen, one of the most useless of the Corporation Barnacles, sent among them, is the "unkindest cut of all."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL—Must be doting. What does he mean by us "been incarcerated by Act or parliament?"

SKUNK'S Proposition stinks in our nostrils.

D. M. C. B's—Communication arrived too late.

A TAX PAYER'S—Letter is too long to peruse this hot weather. If he would in future say all he has to say in ten words we should give him due attention.

CROCKET—We entirely agree with you as to the expediency of persuading ladies to attend your public matches. The presence of the fair sex always contributes to excite emulation among the players, and to enhance the good humour and cheerfulness of everybody.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Captain Perry of the Steamer *Baumansville*, intends having a moonlight excursion on the Lake on Monday night, which promises to be a most pleasant affair. Inasmuch as the sale of tickets are confined to the worthy Captain and his agent Mr. G. H. Wyatt, none but respectable persons will be of the party. An excellent band will discourse music, and dancing and singing are expected to form the principal enjoyments of the evening, not forgetting, however, a good supper which is to be provided. We hope the party will be a decided success.

Kindlier than usual were the destinies of that sultry day which sent us to the cool soda fountain of Simpson and Dunspeugh, 44 King Street East. Accustomed as we are to soda-water libbling, and experienced in many frothy disappointments when we have looked into bubbling goblets, and found nothing really worth drinking, our judal palate was once more tickled by the brimming glass of the desired beverage, which a retainer of the above mentioned firm politely handed to us. We departed cooler and wiser men.

Anxious to keep before the people the most rational means of enjoyment, yielding at the same time to the necessities of the times, we can assure much comfort in a visit to Lake Simcoe, where there is constantly plying to the various ports a commodious steamer, well found in all that can promote comfort.

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