

### The Cove Which Froached on the Wig.

S ay was it virtuous indignation,  
L ed you to tell to his botheration,  
A ll that you knew of his aberration,  
T o the scandal lovers of this, our nation,  
E ach has his opinion, and all Creation,  
R esolves mine into your condemnation.

### To all whom it may Concern.

— We are not in the habit of noticing the threats of those who think themselves aggrieved by anything that appears in our columns. We endeavor to deal with "matters and things" as they deserve, and while carefully avoiding subjects without our province, we shall not hesitate to lay on the lash where it is most felt, if we deem the transgressor deserving of such treatment. While speaking of this we may as well say, once for all, that a great deal of valuable time and foolscap may be saved to anonymous correspondents, if they will only remember that our columns are not intended to take the place of public sewers.

### To our Readers.

— Ever on the alert to secure the highest native talent, *The Grumbler* made advances to the editor of the *Leader*, with the view of engaging his valuable services on the sensation department of our influential paper; but, we regret to state that our efforts were unsuccessful. The proprietor of the *Leader*, very improperly interfered in the matter, and fairly outbid us. His reason for so doing is patent. We merely chronicle the fact.

### Light Come Light Go.

— Is a proverb to the wisdom of which, we would direct the attention of those unwise Buccolics who will persist in bringing light butter to Toronto market, in spite of the constant seizures effected by the Fisher of those waters. Are the farmers so classically disposed, that they would seek to reimpose Troy weight on us instead of Avoirdupois? It would seem so. We are afraid in their resuscitation of the ancient, they forget the modern, and read *tres bien trois bien*.

### The Levite's Outdone.

If the "Passer-by" call on the License Inspector at his office, the party he refers to shall be dealt with according to law, and the strictest secrecy observed. "In these touching terms the License Inspector of this city woos the coy "Passer-by" to help him to a penalty. Why didn't the Inspector add, as the purchasers of cast off clothes do, "Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own residences; the full value given in cash. We read of a passer-by long years ago, he did neither good nor harm. Our Toronto Levite wishes to outdo him. Let the protectors of the Revenue fulfil their duties, and there will be no need of amateur informers. A detective Improvisatore is not, except under very peculiar circumstances, a character to be admired.

### Marriage in Low Life.

— *Jaculum isto mari nobilita a mare, mundi.*  
Jack Ulum is to marry Nobby Bliza Mary, Monday.

### AFTER WATTS.

BY MR. STERLING.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
And M.P.P.'s to blow,  
Let politicians growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too.

But Councilmen should never let,  
Their angry passions rise,  
Their little tongues were never made,  
To ——— each other's eyes.

### QUEBEC EXPERIENCES.

AT THE SCOTCH TWINS FROM TORONTO.

Ah I brither Scots, ye dinna know,  
The awfu' place ye sent us to,  
Sae fu' o' wickedness an' blow,  
—W' out a Kirk,  
An' nae a Meenister to show,  
For sic a work.

Ye dinna ken this weekid spot  
Sae crookit, ugly, lonesome, hot,  
An' sic a spierin, chatterin lot,  
Fu' o' the deil,  
W' out a single parritch-pot,  
To get a meal.

An' then, the burnin, shinin lights,  
O' politics, w'ha skirl o' nights,  
Trowth, but they only need the tights,  
To heat the play;  
An' mak the House the best o' sights  
O' the pristin day.

But, O! may heavin gie us grace,  
To pity a' the inferior race,  
W'ha jabber French at sic a pace,  
Ye dinna ken,  
Whither they speak maist w' the face,  
Or w' the chin.

Just think o' sittin sax gude hours,  
W' lugs fu' strebbil catchin showers,  
O' talk—aye, sic a life is ours,  
—We canna leave;  
Ye maun nae trifle w' the powers  
W'ha haud your sleeve.

Sae muckle shave, muckle jaw,  
Aneat the tinkerin o' the law,  
Sic fighting over every flaw,  
W' unco rakkit,  
We canna tell ye 'bout them a',  
We're sae distrackit.

Some deil took us frae our hame,  
And drove us to expose our shame;  
We dinna wish ye a' the same,  
For flesh is weak,  
So sud we fa', ye maun nae blame,  
We canna speak.

### Chairing A Member.

— The axiom that "the Major is more worthy than the minor," seems somewhat upset by the Speaker's recent decision in favour of the Hon. M. Perrault. It is rumoured that the happy possessor of the disputed chair, thanked Mr. Wallbridge in a witty and graceful note, addressed, "*Mon cher ami*."

### Olla Podrida.

*First Irishman fresh from Quaybeck.* "Ah I now Paddy, tell me did D'Arcy seem scared of Sandie?"  
*Second Irishman.* "Sorra bit. Fair he'd bate the two o' 'em, though they other put a ugly holt on him."

### The Man With the Wig.

C ome live with me and be my love,  
A n old Bloke sang in a shady grove;  
W ith his dark wig and sober coat,  
T o think he could sing such a note?  
H e urrah for those who kind and stout,  
R avelled the tangled skein about  
A nd traced our capitals nicely out.

### LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY FOR CHILDREN.

There was once a wicked old Hawk, and he used to lend money and wear a wig. He was a very demure, quiet looking old bird, but a very downy cove in reality. My dears you must not laugh and say, "Oh how could a Bird lend money and wear a wig? This one did, and so do many other Hawks, for there are human hawks as well as Bird Hawks. Well, this hawk when he met with a poor little bird away from her nest, would snap her up without ceremony. And he used to do it in this way, he would sit on a branch a good way off and croak, and say "Kaw-thra, Kaw-thra" and if a poor little bird ventured out to see this strange bird, and hear his strange voice, he would devour her body and bones. So one day he saw a very fine young bird, common enough in Canada, a Sahara Bird (*puella formosa* is the latin) and this bird was a long way from home, "Oh," says the old Hawk "here's a chance." So, he croaks away, Kaw-thra, Kaw-thra, and the young bird very foolishly listened to his croaking, and when he said to her "Now, sweet one, fly with me, and I will give you pretty Sahara, Oh, such fine things," the foolish thing agreed. So she asked him the way, for she was to go alone, and he gave her a card and said, "That's the ticket for you," and the foolish thing took it, and would surely have been devoured, if a kind man who knew something of this wicked old Hawk, had not gone to the Prince of the country, and he let him have two strong bluebirds (*Peeler defensio* is the Latin name.) You have often seen them in the street, and they caught the poor Sahara Bird just as she was going off. So the wicked old Hawk was disappointed, and if he does not keep pretty snug in his nest for the future he will get mauled, in fact I heard the great Leader bird pecked him handsomely yesterday, and so would the Globe bird too, I daresay, only the Globe bird is too pure and gentle, and never pecks any one.

### Lost.

— Between Toronto and Quebec, certain fledges. The finder upon returning them to John Macdonald, M.P.P., Quebec, will be handsomely rewarded.

### On Dr.

— What about that \$190? We have received no information as yet from Wallie Henderson or John Ritchey, Jr. Will Mr. Urquhart or some member of the committee let us know what has become of amount collected? Do let us know?