

LOST!

During the contest for the Mayoralty, the following articles:

Mr. Boulton's election, also his veracity, the latter a good deal damaged and of small value.

Mr. Sherwood's election, and his confidence in his friends.

Mr. Henderson's election and his temper; the latter it is confidently hoped, will be restored, as it is of no value to any one but the owner.

The honesty of a number of electors in St. Patrick's Ward, said to have been picked up by Mr. Jno. Carr, and to be now in his possession.

The sobriety of three canvassers, whilst treating the friends of their candidate. The votes of several householders, lost through inadvertence (or something else) of the Clerk and his assistants.

Alderman Sproatt's civility, a very interesting article; quite a curiosity, and so small as to be scarcely discernible with the naked eye.

Opportunities for rowding; these were lost by the small opposition in the various wards, and are not much regretted.

The unity of the Grit party; this was lost in St. James' Ward, at the polling booth. It was an article of great value and much esteemed by many from old associations. Corruption in the body politic was said to be healed by its application. It had other curative and talismanic properties, amongst which the power of exorcising the ghost of Conservatism was prominent. Diligent search is being made for it.

The GRUMBLER'S patience.

Any person returning the above, or any of them to the GRUMBLER office, will be handsomely rewarded.

Getting off cheap.

—The *Leader* in giving an account of the procession of the Mayor elect to the St. Lawrence Hall, says:—"In front of the office of the *Leader* the Mayor elect raised his hat in acknowledgment of the valuable services in his behalf, of this journal." Why this was certainly "getting off cheap" with a vengeance; but the *Leader* must be beginning to hold its "valuable services" cheap, when a receipt in full is given in return for the Mayor elect raising his hat. Verily the elevation of His Worship's *chapeau* is about as valuable as the *smile* of a certain premier was to the "learned" Superintendent of Education, a few years ago. But the Mayor dealt an unkind cut to the *Leader*, when he said in the St. Lawrence Hall—"Had this contest been placed upon a political basis, I have no doubt that I would have been defeated." John G. is shrewd, and if he finds that he can have the "valuable services" of the *Leader* for such a trifle, he will doubtless buy one of the "hats that are hats," and doff it every time he passes and repasses the foot of Toronto Street.

The End of Bill.

A correspondent asks us what we think of the destiny of Bill Boulton. We think he will be *Bowes*-strung.

THE ROYAL LYCEUM.

Last week we devoted so much space to the charming performances of the Ravel Troupe that our little chat has been completely used up, and our ten thousand and one readers, among whom we count many theatrical friends, will therefore excuse this want of *pubulum* in a theatrical line. Fortunately, nothing of peculiar interest has invited remark, except perhaps thin houses for the last week; and yet we cannot say that the Ravels have fallen off in their performances. The beautiful little M'lle Dupree is as pleasing as ever in her fancy dances, and the *hot polloi* are doubly careful in giving an encore every evening. M'lle Marietta Zanfretta and her brother Alexandro bring down the house as usual with their feats on the tight rope. The "line" in the programme, however, is the *viola solo* of M. Aug. Muller. His selections, from some of the operas, although rather lengthy, are very effective. The pantomimes of the Troupe are all carefully got up and put on the stage, and fully merit the applause bestowed nightly on them. "Vol au Vent," "The Coopers," and "The Milliners" are the principal pantomimes played during this engagement. In the latter, as in most pantomimes, there is plenty of fun and love making, and the various characters are all well sustained. M'lle Josie Dupree is quite at home in the part of Baptiste. The part of Susanna is sustained by M'lle Zanfretta, who, in conjunction with an agreeable manner and prepossessing appearance, possesses vocal talents of a high order. One of the best filled boxes that has been in the Lyceum for years greeted this lady on the occasion of her benefit last week. The remaining characters are well filled, and reflect great credit on the members of the Troupe. To-night finishes the Ravel engagement. The Spectacular Drama of Paris and London will be presented to the public next Monday evening.

The Two Figurative Voters.

—It has always been considered a bad speculation "to carry coals to Newcastle," but Mr. W. H. Boulton must now be of opinion that it is equally unprofitable to prate about figures in St. George's Ward, "where merchants most do congregate." It is quite evident the solid men of Yonge Street did not take for gospel the contents of Pandora's box, and only "two umbrellas which had gone astray," went to the polls and voted for W. H. B. in the wealthiest ward of the city. All honour to the men of St. George, say we.

The Little Dickey Bird.

—The little Dickey-bird of St. Patrick's Ward, chirrupped shrilly in the St. Lawrence Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when he saw the mob had ousted Orange Billy. It piped its little tune about the manner in which it had exposed the nakedness of the figures brought forth from Pandora's box on New Year's day in front of St. Lawrence Ward, but that tune is now "played out." The little Dickey-bird must learn another.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T.H.—Hardly up to the mark. Try again. D. B., Toronto.—Declined with thanks, but we shall be happy to hear from you again.

N. C.—The letter accompanying your communication, you will observe, we have attended to, by leaving your poem out. It is a rule, from which we cannot deviate, that contributors must permit us to use their communications, and alter or reject them as we think proper. We have the public to please and not N. C. The poem was too long and too carelessly written, and the subject too trite for our columns.

Mr. J. G. B.—We are exceedingly obliged to you for the offer of \$100 for services during the Mayoralty contest, but we are not open to corruption; at least, as Junius says of himself, "we are above a common bribe."

A Very Untikely Bird.

—In one of our exchanges we read that "Hon Mr. Foley paid a flying visit to our town yesterday." We trust the hon. gentleman alighted in safety after his flight, and that his wings were uninjured by his novel voyage in the air.

We are not informed whether he got *high*, but we would submit that a man of his proportions should be careful. If the Post-master General has not got rusty in his mythology he may remember that one Icarus tried that game once and fell into the sea. *Cave.*

Nasmith Done Brown.

When all St. James' votes were polled,
And "honest John" stood in the cold,
From glory's dream, so rudely waked,
"Alas!" he cried, "my bread is baked."

Effervescent.

—A correspondent says that it is astonishing that Alderman Sproatt is returned without opposition. Does he not know that he is renowned for his *Ginger Popularity*?

Knotty.

—The result of the late election for Mayor, has proved that the interests of the citizens are bound up with *Bowes*, not likely to be soon loosened.

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