

What are they made of P

What are the M. P. P.'s made of?
Country and self,
Place, honor and self,
"Well do this make that pass,"
Retrenchment and gas,
Free trade, federation—
The "Weal of the Nation—
Such are the M. P. P.'s made of.

What are the editors made of?
Libels and puffing,
Fresh troubles snuffing,
Coalitions and Brown,
Politics up and down,
Vote for this and that—
Chaff for the flats—
Such are the editors made of.

What are the coroners made of?
Accidents and suicide,
Skin a fee for the hide,
A coffin and death's head,
Their prayer before bed—
Ten dollars a case,
And a very hard chase—
Such are the coroners made of.

What are the lawyers made of?
Smiles and smirks,
Quibbles and quirks,
Bills and manumits,
Ejectments and writs,
Nisi prius and *fieri facias*,
And fees in all cases—
Such are the lawyers made of.

What are the ladies made of?
Bonnets and beaus,
Bustles and furbelos,
Corsets and crinoline,
Scent and boudoine,
Billetdoux and dances,
Flirtations and glances—
Such are the ladies made of.

What are the dandies made of?
Patents and pegs,
Bows and stiff-legs,
Whiskers, essence of beer,
And an aw-demme-nir,
Cologne and starch,
And brains on the march—
Such are the dandies made of.

The City Baths.

"Oh! for a bath in some cool bathing place!"
Such was our exclamation one scorching day last week, as in our sanatorium we sighed for the cooling influence of the limpid water wherein our wearied limbs to stretch. True, there was the great watering places, where every one is enjoying themselves and taking it cool, but not being able to leave the editorial chair, we contented ourselves with taking a bath in Messrs. Agnew & Wardell's new bath house, and we were truly delighted by the style, and appearance of cleanliness that pervaded the whole building; and as for the

baths themselves—well, our advice is to go and try them, and there is no doubt that any person having done the establishment will find their way back. There has lately been a new feature added to the establishment in the shape of sulphur, vapor and medicated baths, which are highly recommended. Great credit is due to the enterprising proprietors for supplying a want which has long been felt in this city. The establishment itself is a credit to the city, and is the largest in Canada.

BROOKVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

Not long since the *Grumbler* dropped down to that modest little town called Brockville, and just at the corner of Main street and Court-House Avenue, where Richard III. deals out his law drugs in doses to suit purchasers, pounced upon a genuine poetical prodigy.

Brockville, as the story goes, is troubled with some very decided ills—signs that will move and barrels that must roll, be the night ever so dark, or the hour ever so late; and, worse than all these comes at times ghostly visions of poor souls "dead and gone." Amongst these "done and gone" gentry there happened along, once in a while, the spirit of one Signor F. Warbler Ollardi, a full-blooded descendant (all save his nose—a cross between a boiled beet and a turnip—and his heels, which, they say, were slightly out of gear from a mishap in the grafting,) of an ancient Spanish family, dating back time out of mind, and better known by our wise ones in heraldry as having had, for certain unknown services rendered to our liege monarchs in days of yore, the full run (garret and kitchen included,) of Kensington poor-house during a couple of centuries past. Another of the spiritual loafers is said to be the wandering soul of a defunct Irishman—one O'Dougherty, who couldn't be quiet in this world and won't be in the next; and a third goes abroad in the mortal shape of a small son of Benjamin, whose peace seems to have been broken in upon by the financial troubles of the Upper Canada Bank, the promises to pay of which institution it was the business of the "little man" to palm off upon the public.

It would seem that the Brockville rhyesters, in the production found by our *Grumbler*, was attempting the description of a very thrilling scene, wherein, at dead of night, their ghostships suddenly appear and accuse one Michael Free, Esq., J. P., with having had a hand in some salt scrape. The *Grumbler* is only too much afraid that Sir Poet, in the sublimity of his poetical throes, may have broken his back, as it were scarcely possible that so brilliant a fight could have been sustained without a wrench of the spinal column. Our readers will have the benefit of the rhyme in next week's issue.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B., GRAND RIVER.—Will send paper on receipt of seventy-five cents.
H. O., OTTAWA, C. W.—You will find terms, &c., in paper.
J. W. T., KINGSTON.—Received the amount perfectly correct.

Latest News.

—Our editorial coat, owing to a recent trip to the country has become shabby and faded. Subscribers, pay up; don't disgrace yourselves by allowing such a—state of things.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

It is a great convenience to business men, whose homes are a mile away, to have in their very midst a well-conducted Chop House, where they are sure of good edibles well cooked. In Toronto we are well furnished in this respect, and while it would seem invidious to particularise, yet from experience we are bound to say that the English Chop House on King street stands second to no House in either Province. The gentlemanly cartor, Mr. L. H. Hunter, deserves the support of the business public, and we have no doubt that he gets it. The English Chop House was always a good House, but never better than it is at the present time.

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NOTICE.

Managers and Superintendents of Canada Railways are respectfully requested to forward by the 23rd inst, a copy of their latest time tables, for publication in Robertson's Canadian Railway and Steam Navigation Guide, for the month of Sept. Also any other information useful to the travelling public.

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