

GRAPHIC, HIFALUTIN AND HYPERBOLICAL.

The *Colonist* is, without doubt, the best paper in the city. Its sarcasm is so scarring, its wit so refreshing, and its expositions so lucid. But more than all, its descriptions are unequalled in graphic grandeur and sublimity, and if we venture to comment upon the most extensive which has yet appeared, we do so not from paltry envy or malice, but with a view of making our contemporary as useful as possible. We are sure our amiable friend has, amid all political mutations, retained his original affection for us; and this feeling makes us bold to whisper a word of salutary counsel and advice. On Monday morning last, as became our worthy contemporary, a glowing description of the reception of the then trusted, but now faithless, Allan, at the station. Two reporters were despatched, but the gentleman styled "another reporter" does it up in the best style; even to our critical eye, his letter is almost unexceptionable, the only requisites being a little more spirit, and just the least bit more truth. The first difficulty which impressed itself on the reporter was doubtless a sufficiently graphic account of the rain. Well, what does the reporter say? "Some drops of rain commenced falling." Now we should like to know what stopped these drops after they had commenced, and whether they have yet reached *terra firma*? We certainly can certify the arrival of more than "several," to the decided inconvenience of our corporeal nature. After a glowing description of the boys holding a public debate "on the respective merits of Romain and Rascaloty" (who's he?) with what result we haven't heard. We next hear of the whole city rushing into York Street "fashionable belles" and all, with what result to corsets and crinolines it would be difficult to compute; but for ourselves we can say that the city kept a very respectful distance from us, for we had at least two square yards to ourselves all the way down; but the other 49,999 must have been fearfully squeezed in the march. The reporter and the crowd, and we, however, got down safely, and then "the pitiless rain" came on, and according to the reporter, for we are very bad at numbers, 49,999 cleared off, but the remaining 10,000 got on to the platform, under the shelter of the depot. The reporter then enters upon an epic strain in describing all sorts and conditions of men, not forgetting "the great unwashed," for whom the *Colonist* always entertains a special affection. The train comes in with a squeak, and the air was reft with such exclamations as Toronto had hardly ever heard. "Well, that's about true, they were pretty sepulchral. Mr. Allan replied "with much warmth and feeling" (no wonder, poor fellow, after the squeezing he got), and a pair of fresh moustachios and then comes the triumphal march home, the description of which, by the *Colonist* in prose, forms no mean counterpart to Handel in music. "The enthusiastic shouting, like the sound of many waters," was probably heard for miles; probably indeed certainly; we have a cousin who will take his affidavit that he heard it at Barrie;—now by application to us this information might have been gained and a first-rate point secured. The *Globe* party were hissed though we certainly did not

hear it, although we were in the vicinity, we suppose, however the reporters are sharper than we.
Down at the St. Lawrence Hall, "Plattand other worthy citizens had a bonfire; but some naughty boys put it out, and Platt and Hogan, who was one of the "worthy citizens," were tumbled into the mud, a catastrophe which makes the reporter very "sorry;" Moss Park is gained; another blaze of bonfires and eloquence, and the reporter after solacing himself with the ale-barrel, writes the desperately graphic narration we have attempted faintly to eulogise.

HOOPS AND HIGH WINDS.

Good Mr. GRUMBLER.—I am all in a tremble to tell you how shocked I was by the figure which we cut in the street on Thursday last. The day you know was very stormy; and when we came out to have our afternoon's promenade on King Street, it seemed to me that the cantankerous old Father of the Winds was trying to make us ashamed of ourselves—for he blew with might and main, and knocked our hoops about in the rudest manner.—Now, I suppose, I need not tell you, that we, young ladies, have no great objection to a little bit of our ankles being seen—for I should like to know where is the use of having a neat ankle, and of going to the trouble and expense of neat boots, if they are always to be invisible;—but when it goes beyond that, I, for one, will not stand it. There now, don't think I mean to be funny. Indeed, I am so vexed that I could cry. Just listen to me, dear Mr. Editor, and I will tell you the whole of my sorrow. I was taking my way up King Street, like a ship beating against the wind—you see I am a bit of a sailor—when a lot of young gentlemen passed me; and what do you think I heard them say: "What pretty ankles?" says one, "And she takes care to show them," says another. When I heard this I looked down, and I could have cried with vexation to see the shocking manner in which the wind was knocking my dress about, and so great was my confusion that I had to run in to buy a pair of gloves in order to recover myself.

On resuming my walk—for I was not going to be driven away by impertinent observations—I was so sulky that I cut every gentleman I met, with whom I happened to be acquainted. But I soon had reason to think that we were making a very ridiculous appearance, for on-looking at some ladies walking before me, I saw the wind playing such tricks with their dresses, that I was filled with alarm, lest I should make as bad an appearance also. It was really very dreadful; and to make matters look worse, I noticed several young fellows looking, and making stupid observations about our hoops and general attire, that put me completely out of countenance. Was it not very unkind in those young gallants, as they wish to be called, thus to embarrass us? If we chose to make fun of them, dear knows, their impertinence and vanity would keep us always laughing. However, we are too good natured to do so; and I hope that you, Sir, will try and secure for us the privilege of walking for pleasure, without being criticised as freely as babies at a baby show.

From what I have said, you cannot think I approve of the dreadful figure which we cut, owing to

the unruly wind; but when we are so unfortunate as to be caught in a gale of wind with our hoops on, what's to be done, Mr. Editor. Supp that it was to blow a squall at a time, and keep it up for three months. Are we to stop at home, or give up our darling hoops? Never!

Yours, indignantly,
SOPHY SHAWED.

P. S.—Now do not forget to take our part those idle and impertinent persons, who try to make a laughing-stock of us.—S. S.

MASTERS AND MISSES.

DEAR MR. GRUMBLER.—I wish you would say a word or two for us poor school girls. You must know that I am in a school for young ladies, which would be a tolerable enough menagerie if it were not that we have a monster in the shape of a mathematical master, who treats us as rudely as if we were a lot of young eubs.

Pray, like a good, kind, gentleman, pare his nails and tell him not to roar at us so abominably. It is bad enough to be forced to do those hateful sums, but to submit to his impertinence is—is—is—dread—ful.

Yours in tears,
NELLY NOSEBAG.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

If any of our readers desire a good book and a cheap one, we would recommend them to repair at once to the store of Mr. JOHN McMULLEN, King Street, opposite the store of Rice Lewis, the Knight of the Padlock, and they will be well satisfied. Among his well-selected stock, we may mention the Sacred Volume in various styles of binding and at marvellously low prices, Theological Text Books, excellent editions of the Poets and the Standard Novels, and a good selection of works for Juniors. The peculiar benefit of purchasing from Mr. McMULLEN is that you get as good a book as there is in any other Store in the city, and yet at from 50 to 75 per cent. less in cost. Try him.

We never felt our complacence approve so pleasantly as it does as we proceed to sound the praises of our estimable friend, Mr. Schroeder of Colborne Street, whose Lager Bier Saloon extends to all moderately luxurious people the "cup that cheers but not inebriates" in the noblest phrase which it has ever presented itself since the days of Cowper.

We have to present to our readers the best possible opportunity for advertising, and he is a wise man who adopts it. We refer to the medium offered by Messrs. Winn & Co., in their *Illustrated Catalogue*. But we shall allow those gentlemen the rare privilege of speaking for themselves:—

"The *Illustrated Catalogue* issued on Wednesday (the principal day) of the Exhibition Week, a complete Description of the various articles on exhibition, with a concise History and Description of Toronto, its Public Buildings, Hotels, Churches, Railroads, City Government, the Press, &c., with Time Tables of all the Railroads, Cabs, and Hotel Charges, Plan of the City, and other information that will interest the thousands of visitors who are expected to throng our streets during the week, and which, indeed, will be indispensable to them. In addition, the book will contain a digest of the Proceedings of the Agricultural Association, showing the Number of Entries and Prizes awarded each year, the Presidents and Officers, and other matter relating to the progress and present position of the Association. The pamphlet will contain from 70 to 100 pages, of about the size of this sheet. It will be neatly printed on good paper."

"A *Golden Edition* of Ten Thousand Copies is to be issued, and the work is to be sold at Five Cents (5c.) each. AS EVERY ALTERNATE PAGE will be devoted to Advertising, this will be a medium unexcelled for giving publicity to various descriptions of business. The chances of the work, if useful, and the number of persons in whose hands it will thus be placed, together with the advantage of having the advertisements diffused over every other page, place it above everything else as an advertising medium.

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