

STOICISM OF THE LEADER.

"Mr. Castelman, however, thought there were not enough, so we took the lights and lights, and polled a considerable number of votes that evening. (Sensation.)" &c., &c.—*House Thursday, 23th April.*

"Parliamentary proceedings yesterday were devoid of any general interest."—*Leader, same date.*

Destitute of interest, my dear *Leader*? You must have put your "blinkers" on in your last excursion through the political world. How could you pass without a solitary comment, that delightful scene in the polling booth, so graphically described in your own columns? Why, even your self and your Reporters could hardly have refrained from all of hysterical laughter, at the idea of a witness being "out of names," and with extraordinary fertility of resource, inventing more, when voters did not happen to come so frequently as to embarrass his inventive faculties. No wonder a sensation was created in the House! Great wonder that your font of type did not revolt into "pi," and refuse to print such damning evidence against their Ministerial friends.

"Pay no postage on letters addressed to me in Session. They come free under an unwise law."—*Atkinson's Weekly Message.*

The skill of our wayward cotemporary in slyly inoculating the public with maxims of political wisdom, is beyond all praise. In the by-ways and hedges of puffs, advertisements, and business notices, he places in ambush little admonitory obliquities, which seize the mind in an unprepared state, and leave an indelible impression. His multifarious cause an involuntary shudder in the misdoer, and his pen's wag fearfully in the face of the religious or parliamentary chiseller. For the symbolically awful or the typographically persuasive, commend us above all others to the *Weekly Message*.

A Question.

—Is William the Lyon so much in love with his naughty pranks in '83, that he can't refrain from dragging them into notice on every imaginable opportunity?

His inexperienced head ran wild when it stood on young shoulders, and it would better become him to bury the memory of his madcap tricks now he has learned wisdom. We caution thee, gentle Willy, to forbear angering us with thy treasonable allusions.

What on earth's in the wind?

—Little Tom Daly, M.P.P. for Perth, erst while the most accommodating shadow of J. A. McDonald, actually veered round the other evening and threw himself into the arms of his rival, John Sandfield McDonald, and voted for his motion to prevent the Government from introducing any measure, whilst unsupported by an Upper Canada majority! We did not suppose honest Tom possessed courage enough to express an opinion of his own. How was it? Are Government "til-bits" becoming scarce?

Poetical Dictionary

"Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."—*Shakespeare.*

Vile Mr. Alley, member for Quebec.

"In fair, round belly, with good capon lined."—*Shakespeare.* Exemplified in Mr. Benjamin, member for North Hastings.

"Give me another horse; bind up my wounds."—*Shakespeare.*

Practically illustrated in the appointment of Mr. Meudell to the Collectorship at Belleville.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. C. S.—We will liberally pay for "good contributions," if we use them. Shall be happy to hear from you.

R. P. MARKHAM.—Thanks!—Will attend to your request in a future issue.

MARY.—Mr. Geo. Brown is not married, having never had time to make love. Between the cares of the *Globe*, his Bathwell estate and the corruptions of the Government, we fear there is little prospect of him becoming other than he is.

ENQUIRER.—We should advise you to call on the young lady and tell her all about the matter—it is the better plan to be candid.

FIREMAN.—There is a paper published in Boston devoted to the interests of Firemen. We are unaware of its name. You can order it through any of the news depots.

TRAVELLER.—All the trains on the Great Western Railroad, connect with the New York Central trains at the Bridge.

WINNER.—The best authority on such points is "Hoyle's Games," which can be had at any of the book stores.

JUSTICE.—States that Mr. Lesslie is not to blame for the crowd of beggars and apple-venders, which are such a nuisance in the post office. He has represented the matter to the police authorities on several occasions, but these gentlemen with characteristic indifference, think the subject beneath their attention—Oh for our hour of power!

TRUTH.—Too trifling to notice again.

READERS.—No doubt there is cause of complaint against the Division Court of this city. We suspect your charge, of its being an expensive law court, arises from the delay incidental to the immense amount of business now thrust upon it,—far exceeding what was originally contemplated and beyond its capacity to deal with satisfactorily; although we cannot but confess the progress of collection is in many cases tardy through the favoritism of those entrusted with that duty—in some cases collusively ending in the report of "No Effects."

MERCHANT.—The lodger-keeper you speak of at the Bank of Upper Canada had been mentioned by two or three correspondents, as practising very offensive airs through his wicket; we cannot say how much license is allowed to the individual by the Manager, but if the thing must be tolerated, we advise his removal to some post where his duties will be more simple—so as to afford him a chance for amendment.

FLORA.—We do not assume to interfere with matters of the character you speak of. Our mission is a corrective one, and directed against official delinquencies and public wrongs.

NORTH SIMCOE.—Angus Morrison is reported to have made several speeches in the House; his maiden effort being classed among his best—and described by the *Mirror* as "rising above an oration." We have never read them, and consequently cannot state his particular sentiments beyond that of a supporter of the Government.

A. B.—We must have your name and the proof of assertion, before we can use it. We should be glad to ventilate the matter. EQUITY DIVTS.

CORRESPONDENTS are informed that we take no unpaid letters out of the post office. Letters, business notices, &c., to receive attention, must reach us before Thursday noon.

J. B.—Brampton. We do not send our paper to any individual without first receiving the subscription. Neither you nor any one else need be alarmed that the paper will not last more than a year. Its success is beyond a doubt. You may remit for half-a-year if you see fit. Can take no notice of private matters.

BUSINESS NOTICE—51 EACH.

Somebody has said that he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is his country's benefactor. If this be true, what shall we term him who causes two cabbage to come forth, where nothing but weeds were seen, or how high shall we class him who seeks to beautify his home by adorning its surroundings with flowers, or he who does both—supplies his table with vegetable, and make his drawing-room fragrant with a bouquet from his own garden? We are not in the habit of trusting people, but such man who wants the GRUMBLER for a year and can't pay for it now, we shall send it to him, post paid. Do you desire to be numbered among this most honorable fraternity? If so, buy a spade and a rake, dig up your ground, and go to STAMERS, corner of Front street, and west Market Square, who will sell you cheap, all kinds of Seeds, from a tulip to pumpkin, and who will gladly give you his aid and advice in the good work.

Mr. Cornwall has written himself famous,—not with press and type, but by the aid of printers and devils, but by his own hand, that wonderful hand, that with a pencil can surpass the finest copper-plate. The reader need only examine specimens of his *CANE WRITING* to appreciate this assertion. As a Writer of visiting or wedding Cards, of artistic and elaborate beauty, Mr. Cornwall stands unrivalled, and we heartily commend him to the patronage of our Citizens. Mr. C. can be found in the Reading-room of the Res-ju House, any hour during the day.

Extravagance in ladies dress has always appeared to us a pardonable fault—next to the fact that it is partly their mission to beautify the earth, we esteem them to be the most severely tempted of the two sexes in the matter of attire. The variety of color, the difference of texture, the numerous designs,—in a word the wide range which female habiliments include, renders the liability of the ladies to err in the direction of extravagance greater than gentlemen, who are confined to the more staid and less showy articles of dress. Ladies do you not thank us for thus defending you? We are sure, however, we can merit your good will much more by directing your attention to the establishment of Mr. George Cox, King street, opposite the Cathedral, whose stock of Millinery, &c., is very fine.

THE LADIES—bless their dear souls—are the particular care of THE GRUMBLER on this occasion; because we have been admonished by the recent Spring rains to dolefully protect our soles from the consumptive tendencies of bad leather; and valuing the soles of the ladies beyond any estimate, we now urge on them, as a measure of prevention against the absurd practice of swallowing homoeopathic nosodes to relieve pulmonary affections, to visit the Boot and Shoe Establishment of Mr. Faulkner King Street, near the *Globe* office, whose special aim it has been and still is, to supply the gentle ones with a covering for the foot in all cases neat and fashionable, but having a due regard to substantiality. It is only necessary to add that the ladies' department is under the excellent supervision of Mrs. Faulkner.

Let a gentleman be never so well dressed,—his coat of the finest broadcloth,—his shirt of irreproachable linen,—his vest of the most delicate texture,—his unmentionables cut in the highest style of art,—his boots of patent leather,—let him be the *beau ideal* of a well-dressed man, his attire is incomplete, his appearance unfinished, his toilet faulty, unless his head is surmounted by a good hat—such a one as our friend COLEMAN manufactures and sells at his establishment, King street, opposite the *Globe* office. We can cheerfully recommend him and his wares to our numerous readers.

Messrs. McCurry, Martin, & Shackleton, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, (up stairs) have exhibited to us several specimens of BOOK BINDING, REFINING, &c., better than which could not be desired. Practical workmen themselves, perfectly understanding the various branches of the trade, and desirous of building up a good business, they make every effort to satisfy their patrons both as regards the description of their work, and the rates they charge.

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