

MAC, CARTIER, GALT. & Co.

Who through their would-be clever tricks
Have brought themselves into a fix,
Where lots of bohemians mix?
Mac, Cartier, Galt, & Co.

Who trifled with Miss Government Seat
Till she has reached a dangerous heat,
And threatens them with a scurvy boat?
Mac, Cartier, Galt, & Co.

Who sing to Ottawa the tune,
"In spite of earth, stars, sun and moon,
Volo right—and you shall have the boon?"
Mac, Cartier, Galt, & Co.

Who whispers to Quebecers, too,
No'er mind, lads, what we seem to do,
Be sure we'll take good care of you?
Mac, Cartier, Galt, & Co.

Who'd better mind their P.'s and Q.'s,
And get some queer Macdonald ruse,
Or change their ultra loyal views?
Mac, Cartier, Galt, & Co.

Who'd better far have stayed at home,
Than ta'en their London, Windsor room,
And made themselves look foolish "some,"
Cartier, Galt, Ross, & Co.

Who'll find ere long there in a fix,
Where lots of bohemians mix,
Brought on by would be clever tricks?
Mac, Cartier, Galt & Co.

General McGee.

—We are completely lost in astonishment at the audacity of the organs in asserting that Mr. McGee stated in a speech before the House that he had "three hundred thousand men at his back," or some such stuff. This is to be found in the Hon. Gentleman's speech, as reported in the *Leader* and *Colonist*—but as such a statement is not to be found in the *Globe's* report, it only proves the utter unreliability and venality of the reports of those papers, when party purpose have to be served. The silence of the *Globe* and Mr. McGee himself on this unprincipled conduct of the ministerial organs we can only attribute to the bitter contempt such unworthy conduct has roused within them. However, we expect that both Mr. McGee and the *Globe* will give the organs a proper dressing for their mis-statements on some future occasion.

Lost:—

—At the Board Room of the Grand Trunk Railway, or at the Executive Council Chamber, or between the two, the manners and politeness of the Hon. John Ross. The owner does not appear to be sensible of his loss, but the finder will be suitably rewarded on returning them to Hon. Messrs. Desaulles, Kierzkowski, and Morris, who are sadly incommoded by the loss. As they can be of no use to any one but the owner, we trust they will be given up immediately, otherwise the use of the gag will be required when the Hon. gentlemen's opponents are speaking.

Clever Trick.

—The grits are certainly doing their best. Not contented with teasing the government monogerie in strong oratorical fashion, they have obtained the aid of Hon. Mr. Kierzkowski and they may be said, therefore, to be stirring up the animals with a long Pole.

CARTIER'S VALENTINE.

Sweet Miss Quebec, list to me,
Whilst I tell my love for thee,
While I kneel at thy fair shrine,
Kneel to swear I'm wholly thine.

Don't give heed to those who say
I'm false, and love Miss Ottawa,
They lie, I only care for thee,
And not a bit for ugly she.

Nay, darling ducky, pray don't frown,
Or flirt with that there villain Brown,
Or smile with those dear eyes of thine,
And let me be your Valentine.

Fair Warning.

—Several of our friends, especially in the trade, are very tardy in sending their remittances for THE GRUMBLER. We should be sorry to resort to any unusual means to compel them to be more prompt, but must give them fair warning, that unless we hear from them before next Saturday, we shall be very much disposed to let the public know who they are, and, after such a calamity, they need never expect to hold up their heads again. The times are hard, but nobody knows it better than we do.

The Light Fantastic Toe!

—The members of the Hibernian Rowing Club and their friends intend having a Ball and Supper in the St. Lawrence Hall on Monday evening next. We are sure nothing will be wanting on the part of the Club to make a delightful party, and we hope it will be largely attended.

Mad on Protection.

—A few of our excellent citizens have gone crazy on Protection. It has become their meat and drink, and they think no more of holding you an hour by the button and cramming down arguments and figures, until the brain reels and the knees knock together than they do of taking a pinch of snuff. For the sake of the peace and comfort of the citizens they should be confined in durance vile.

Wanted:—

—Any tyrant who "will bind chains" on the snowy neck of the hon. member who seconded the Address, or who will perform the same kind office for his "feet either." The attention of Bomba and Louis Napoleon is especially directed to this candidate for the honors of Cayenne. He has a splendid moustache, and bears testimonials from Ledru Rollin and F. W. Powell.

Horticultural.

—The principal feature in the Government hot-house on Thursday last.—Rose blowing.

A NOTE OF WARNING

Humbly dedicated to the Hon. John Ross, Legislative Council.

What are you about John Ross, John Ross?

What are you about say we?

Did you loose your manners John Ross, John Ross,
In your trip to the old countries.

Were you bred in a stable, John Ross, John Boss,

That you snub the now members so?

Just be less of a snob old boss I old boss,
Or get snubbed in return—that's so.

BROWN'S VALENTINE.

I apprehend, Miss Quebec, you
Would like a lover to be true,
I therefore bow me at thy shrine,
And swear, sweet love, I'm wholly thine.

My angel, send Cartier away,
He's flirting with Miss Ottawa;
Don't trust him, turn to me alone,
And let me call you all my own.

I'm quite unused to wooing love,
But darling, ducky, clucky dove,
Accept me with that voice of thine,
And let me be your Valentine.

Temperance Joke.

—Seeing the frightful manner in which members are overthrown by the use of whiskey; the Hon. M. Cameron says that he will put a bar upon the trade below stairs, and that if they are determined to be "lanned" by liquor they shall not be liquored by Lamb at any rate.

Gowan's Fun.

What the plague have we to do with a buff?—Henry IV.

—Mr. Gowan made a very lame attempt at fun, the other day, by explaining to the benighted House the game of blind man's buff. If he tries to hoodwink Parliament again we shall cry "Peep," and give him a rebuff which he won't forget.

MR. McLAUGHLIN'S LECTURE.

The lecture delivered by this gentleman at the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday evening, was not as successful as the subject of the lecture and the ability of the lecturer led us to expect. However those who were present, will join with us in paying a just tribute to the happy and talented manner in which the lecturer treated his subject. The Hon. Mr. Cameron who filled the chair, and who we are glad to hail as a poet, also delivered in the course of the evening, one of those brilliant speeches for which he is so famous.

KELK'S STAR TROUPE.

This evening, Mr. Kelk's Troupe will give their last performance, in the City Theatre. In the absence of regular theatricals we are sure the public will hail with pleasure the efforts of this company. Mr. Kelk is every way worthy of their patronage. Yankee Laffer and our old friends, the Misses Lyon and Glenn, will assist. The performance will consist of Northern Dandy Negroes, The Rival Lovers, and Robert Make-airs (a burlesque on Robert Macaire). Lot them have a bumper.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The attention of lovers of the "soothing weed," is directed to the exceedingly neat cigar store of Mr. W. Desauver, No. 101, King street, two doors next of the Lyceum. Every variety of imported cigars. Fancy and plain pipes and tobacco in all its forms, are offered by Mr. Desauver, at moderate rates. Particular attention is directed to the magic clay pipes which colour in one smoking; also to a novelty in the shape of the Binar root pipe. We can cordially recommend Mr. Desauver to our friends.

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every Saturday morning, and is for sale at all the News Depots, on the Cars, by all the News Boys. No city subscriptions received, opportunity being afforded for its regular purchase. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, THE GRUMBLER will be regularly mailed, at ONE DOLLAR per annum. Address pre-paid "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. Correspondents will oblige by not registering money letters for reasons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No. 21 Montee Hall, (Northwester's New Buildings), Toronto, Street.