

THE MASONIC BALL.

The blow out of the Masons is the event of the week among our would-be fashionable. Any amount of money was expended in crinolines and other failings to which the vanity of ladies is heir, and no doubt many conquests were made by the fair ones who graced the occasion with their presence. So far as enjoyment was concerned, the ball was a decided success, but we regret to learn that the same remark does not hold good in a financial point of view, and that our local charities will not be very much enriched by the proceeds. Indeed it was hardly to be expected that any considerable surplus would be over what we must term the extravagancies of the committee, and although we cannot but thank them for their labours in providing such a splendid entertainment, we do question the propriety of parading charity as the end and aim of their exertions. It would have been much better to allow the affair to come off simply as the occasion for enjoyment, at which the young people might meet their friends, extend their acquaintance-ship, and have a good time, than to have caricatured the idea of charity. If to aid the poor was the object, much more effective means might have been taken by the Masons, and if the committee really desired that end, they went to work in a strange way. One-third of the money expended by the committee and the parties present, if judiciously given to the poor, would have accomplished more good than fifty such celebrations. We do not wish to be considered cynical, but we must enter our protest against making charity the excuse for having a jollification, and aid to the poor a palliation of useless extravagance.

With reference to the ball in itself, we have not a word to say, except that it was a very pleasant affair. All classes of society were very well represented, and it was amusing to observe the care taken by our upper-tendom to avoid coming in contact with those of the "common sort," although the distinctive mark of either was hardly perceptible. The ladies' dresses were not remarkable for anything beyond their extreme size of hoop, and serious danger was threatened to those of weak understandings. Indeed, one gentleman who we understand goes by the sobriquet of "Pe-tab," and who was attired in the most unexceptionable peg-tops, was so much injured as to have serious apprehensions entertained as to whether he will ever again be able to perambulate King street in his usual snobbish style. We are sure the regret will be unanimous among the fair ladies on whom he deigns to level his eye-glass. Three or four cases of strangulation were observed during the evening in consequence of the tight dog-collars which some of the "nobbies" wore, and the sympathy and condolence of our fair friends were much excited.

The Governor General honoured the company with his presence, and took it into his wise consideration to leave just as a spirited dance had commenced, when the music had to be changed from a lively waltz to the national anthem, resulting in great confusion among the dancers, and causing more than one uncomplimentary epithet on such a breach of court etiquette.

Nothing could better illustrate the extreme de-

pression of the times, than the crowd that assembled at the supper-room door, a full half hour before supper time. One would fancy from the anxiety manifested to get inside, that the parties had been on short allowance for some days. To make the matter still more tantalizing, the door was now and again slightly opened allowing an odor of cooked viands to escape, which had the effect of making the general appetite still more keen. No doubt this was done by direction of the Committee, who perhaps were afraid that the supper would not otherwise be appreciated.

On the whole, the blow-out was a creditable affair, and will long be remembered by the participants.

Attention!

To be sold, cheap,—An Officer's Scarlet Uniform. Address Y. Y. Y. at this Office.—*Globe*.

What a story of disappointed ambition is unfolded here! What a dark tale of military glory, prematurely choked off! Perhaps, poor fellow! his tailor grew inexorable, or he may have sued in vain for Adjutant-Generalship, or he may have shot his trigger finger off, or perchance he may have joined the peace society, and abjured the camp from conscientious scruples. Who can tell what is up with Y. Y. Y.? In the meantime, the "Scarlet Uniform" is in the market and is to be sold cheap. We trust that the purchaser will not be sold with the coat; we have our doubts, however. There is a dark enigma wrapped in the mystical Y. Y. Y. A nursery rhyme, whose name an envious world has wrapped in oblivion, has spoken with eminent pathos of one whom he apostrophizes, "Too wise (Y. Y.) you are, too wise you be," &c., but here is a man who eclipses this doubly cute individual; he is trebly wise, and we tremble lest the unhappy man who may be induced to purchase Y. Y.'s coat may conclude the quotation, "I see you are too wise for me."

Pug.

—The man who does the daily telegraphing for the Press of Canada occasionally sends us rare specimens of what he considers important news. The other day he was at the trouble to inform us that the British Government had presented the American Consul General to Japan with nothing less than a snuff box—a real, whole snuff box! And to enhance the value of this inestimable piece of information he further tells us that when the representatives of the people at Washington were asked to allow him to accept it—one Mr. Pugh dissented. Who is Pug, or Pugh? Who the duce cares what Pugh does: He is only a Pug, and Pug dogs are always waspish. We should like to know if the operator considers it part of his duty to telegraph all over the globe that so and so has made an ass of himself? If so, he had better send on his own name at once.

To Critic Criticized.

"We hope the author (Prof. Kendall), will pardon our pointing out a need for his attention to the completeness and symmetry of his sentences."—*Colonist of yesterday*

To say nothing of several sentences in the leading articles, twenty lines long, what think you of the "symmetry" of the following?

"His (Burn's) fame will be fanned into a flame in a most remarkable manner throughout the domain of the English language, and also in those out-of-the-way regions where only Scots penetrate as their fellow citizens are pleased to say."

DR. RAE.

The lecture delivered by this gentleman was very interesting. His anecdotes of Arctic life were listened to with the most lively attention, and the *souvenirs* of Sir John Franklin's party which he exhibited were eagerly examined by the audience. In addition to these relics, the skins and other Arctic mementoes excited great curiosity. The lecturer, perhaps, did not dwell on Arctic scenery long enough. He failed to satisfy our curiosity as to the immensity of those icebergs which nipped the strong ships of the Franklin party, so nicely alluded to by Dr. McCaul. Nor did he succeed in transporting the imagination of his audience by the force of his "word painting" of the inhospitable shores of the north pole. But as he says himself, he is no lecturer; and what he had to tell us was told in a plain and homely manner, which did not fail to satisfy the understanding.

Something New under the Sun.

—A visionary creature issues the following advertisement selecting the *Globe* as the best medium for his purpose:

"AN EDITOR WANTED—For an independent Daily paper in Kingston. Parties applying must be free from Religious prejudices, well acquainted with the past and present state of our political affairs and imbued with a spirit of energy, and imbued with a spirit of energy, independence and honesty of purpose."

What next will they want? Just think of it! An honest editor, "free from religious prejudice" and imbued with "honesty of purpose!" The philosopher's stone, the elixir of life and all the mysteries of the Rosicrucians were nothing to this. We just want to know whence the *ravavis* is coming, and when Mr. Lightfoot gets him, by all means let us have a good look at the fellow. If the advertiser will take him round in a cage, he may make his fortune by exhibiting him at 12½ cents a head. The idea is so ludicrous that if we were an engraver, we could upset the gravity of even the editor of the *Colonist*, by exhibiting this literary Diogenes searching through the province, with the *Globe* for his lantern, in the Quixotic hope of finding an "honest editor."

An Advantage.

—One advantage resulting from the new ten and twenty cent pieces appears to have been overlooked by our cotemporaries. It is that two drinks can now be had for ten cents which formerly cost twelve and a half cents. Such a saving is not to be despised in these hard times.

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