

as if a little dribble of wine, and an accidental slap in the eye is to knock a fella completely head over heels. It isn't Terry Finnegan was there, in his younger days, or the case would have been otherwise. I'd have taken her aside quick enough, and after givin her a squeeze that had manin in it, "Miss Brown," I'd say, "it wasn't I that spilt the wine, but it was the ardent tremblin of the rosy licker itself in its desire to reach your beautiful lips that induced it to leave the glass precipitately; and as for the snipe" I'd continue, "the bird, roast and all as he was, knew that I wasn't an expert carver, and havin got one glimpse of those glittering pearly teeth of yours, he thought he'd just make their acquaintance at once without my aid, and only missed his way by a couple of inches." What d'ye think of that allanah? She'd come out of the corner of the room lanin on my arm; that's what she'd do; and the devil's good cure to the fella for bein served as he was, for his faintin and sighin and stuff; and I'm only sorry that it wasn't his neck was bruck instead of his collar bone.

Well I'm done now. I suppose yez will be all out or reorganised by the time I write agin. I hope you haven't forgot all you learnt on the tight rope; for, let me tell you, that it is at this particular moment you'll have to bring it into keen requisition. I wish you had larned skatin for that's very slippery work, and the "outside edge" gives you sich power over both legs. Howsomdiver, I think the tight rope will do, and I therefore recommend you to thry anything you like on it now privately.

Your lovin cousin,  
TERRY FINNEGAN.

P.S.—Will you b'lieve mo whio I tell you that I hard a fella say yestherday that he'd give a two year old to hear you spake, and that it was a damned shame for the Irish to let you stay pinned up in any Government whin you could do so much good if you were thoroughly your own masher.—May be he's right.

T. F.

#### OFFICE!

What a potency there is in this little word. How completely it changes men's characters. The roaring demagogue it converts into the mildest babe, the ravenous jackal into the gentlest dove. We are not aware whether physiologists could throw any light on the subject, or whether brologists could give any explanation of the mystery; but we should like very much to know how it is that this small word has such a talismanic effect upon politicians.

See Macdougall! Was there ever before such a good-natured, sober-tongued, sleek-faced oily gammon—such a perfect specimen of a ministerial £1,250 a year made out of such a cross-grained, knotty piece of material before? Not satisfied with eating up his whole previous professions on Rep. by Pop., he swallows Bishop Lynch and the whole hierarchy, in the shape of a Separate School Bill, with all the ease imaginable. Now

the power that could effect this remarkable piece of transmogrification is no small power indeed. And then look at Foley and Wilson, too. How kindly they yoke together, and pull in the same harness with Pius IX. and the member for Ottawa! Is it not a most refreshing sight? But **TEN GRUMBLER** must confess that he is well nigh sick of Canadian politics. The most blatant purists turn out the greatest rogues. Let us have a little consistency; be it even the consistency of John A. and Cartier.

#### FIAT JUSTITIA, &c.

We learn with extreme pleasure, that it is the intention of the present administration to continue the remuneration of public officers in the inverse ratio of their utility and the arduous nature of their duties. For instance, it is considered advisable to keep Mr. Bouchette, Commissioner of Customs—the actual indefatigable and working head of the Department, who, without intermission, is employed from year's end to year's end—on six hundred pounds a year; while his superordinates at Montreal and Quebec receive respectively eight hundred. It is, we believe, in contemplation to give the Quebec office a thousand a year; as the worthy incumbent is employed only about six or seven months out of the twelve. This is as it should be; and will reflect the highest credit upon the government should they not foolishly make some alterations in the case.

#### ROYAL LYCEUM.

We are happy to say that the attendance, during the past week, at our little Temple of the Muses, has been very fair. The talented acting of Mr. DeGroat and Mr. Sidney Smith accounts in the main for this. Mr. DeGroat fully sustains his well-earned laurels as a first-class actor. Of Mr. Sidney Smith we can only say that he is, *par excellence*, the best delineator of Irish character that we have had the pleasure of seeing for a lengthened period. Mr. Linden, ever on the alert to secure the best attraction for his theatre, has engaged the celebrated skater Mr. Jackson Haines, of New York city, whose evolutions on the "magic iron," as the spicy "local" of the *Leader* has it, fills the audience with admiration and wonder.

#### SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Agents and Canvasers should apply early for samples of Brookes' & Rodds' Patent Self-Measuring and Self-Ventilating Funnels, 27 King Street West, Toronto, P.O. Box 659. Sample forwarded on receipt of \$1. Liberal terms.

**LOOK HERE!** **WARNER'S CONCERT HALL**, Yonge Street, near King Street, is now open every evening for the season, with the celebrated **TWILIGHT HARMONISTS**, consisting of the **NEWTON FAMILY**. **LITTLE TIVY'S** songs alone are worth going half a mile to hear. Admission free.

Baby-amusement is an art only acquired by a long and arduous practice, and one naturally asks is there no short road to learning of this kind? We answer—Yes! Buy a Baby Jumper. Mrs. Tanner has them for sale at the low price of \$3.00 to \$4.00. Who would be without them? Let young husbands, old husbands, young wives and old wives, procure them at once. To gratify your wives, husbands purchase a *Skirt Lifter* at fifty cents. You will then have pleased your wife and quieted the baby, and thus ensured domestic peace and happiness.

**THE GRUMBLER** has much pleasure in recommending the public to the excellent accommodation at the Terrapin Saloon. When you are tired and don't wish to go home for dinner, just put down your 25 cents and you will have a dinner set before you such as would please the fancy of the most fastidious, or tickle the palate of the greatest epicurean. In the evening, there is plenty of good music (free), by Messrs. Bird and Haberstock. Patronize Carlisle & McConkey by all means.

Fun, Bow Bells, and the Penny Illustrated have been received at the Head Quarters of the News Trade in this city—E. R. Hall & Co's. These weeklies have created quite a sensation among the news-reading public, and have the entire run of the market against the American Illustrated papers. E. R. H. & Co. are always ahead with their Daily American Parcels, and by their energy and perseverance have placed themselves at the head of their trade in this province.

Soon o'er the fair Ontario  
The smiles of Spring we'll see;  
For winter soon will pass away;  
How pleasant then 'twill be,  
And as you through King Street stroll,  
Just call up stairs and feast  
Your throats upon the ambrosias  
At Butchart's, King Street East.

Call at the number, forty-eight,  
The ambrosias will you see;  
And photographing is done there,  
The plan entirely new.  
The portraits cannot be surpassed,  
So every body says,  
And those who patronize Butchart,  
Are bound to speak his praise.

He thanks his numerous patrons all,  
For patronage he's had;  
And still he knows that he can please  
The merry and the sad.  
Come youth and maiden—old and young—  
From city come, and Edward & Sons,  
For Butchart's prices suit you all—  
He puts high prices down.

When glisters the Ontario  
Beneath the sun-rays bright,  
Butchart, the artist, gives to all  
His customers delight;  
And then the weather's foul and damp,  
And not so sweet the air,  
His portraits they are just as true  
As when the weather's fair.

Butchart is clearing out his stock,  
His terms cannot be beat;  
Thou haste away to his gallery  
For pictures good and cheap.  
Get any sized and as to friends,  
They'll please them at the least,  
And don't forget to patronize  
Butchart, of King Street East.

It is unnecessary to give a column of *wood* illustrations of self evident facts, when we desire to inform or million of readers that there are more than one hundred and seventy-five advantages to be derived from patronizing friend C. A. Deakas, of Toronto Street. His stock of Novels particularly, is a novel institution—his Stationery department can't be beat, and in the Periodical branch he is A. 1, and always ahead of time. He caters to his patrons in one lesson the art of purchasing the Books, Stationery and Periodicals to the best advantage.

What this community most requires is men of enterprise. Any man who in the remotest degree adds to the productive or manufacturing interests of the country adds to its prosperity. It is therefore with great satisfaction that we again point to the enterprise of our fellow-citizens, Messrs. E. G. Edward & Sons, who, although they make many *hollow* things, yet carry on a large and sound business in the manufacture and sale of *Stove Hollow Ware*, &c., at their foundry, corner of Queen and Victoria Streets, and their sale rooms, 118 King Street East, adjoining St. James' Cathedral. They are the makers of the "Steward" Cooking Stove, with which they are making quite a sensation in Western Canada. They advertise liberally, thus making their business known to the public. It is a noble spirit, and their motto, and they are therefore doing a very extensive business. In addition to their foundry and warehouse on King Street, they also do an extensive business, (which has been conducted by the hand of the firm for many years,) on their well-known premises opposite the *Wagon House*, in Coal, Cordwood, Fire Iron, Fire Brick &c., all of which they advertise to sell at the lowest rates.