

deceived, and in opposing my old benefactor, Mr. Robinson, I acknowledge I have acted the ungrateful cur; but, gentlemen, lured by the promises of Syrens who promised to discharge my few liabilities, and set me all a taunt once more, I left my first love, and deserted the noble wheaten loaf for the detested oatmeal. Pity and forgive me, Gents. Detested Scotchmen, wriggle themselves into all the vacant places, and I am left 'a rook for fools to gird at.' Yet a day may come."—

**Squeaking Riddle.**—"Jontlemen, I too have been deceived. Detune the prayers at our matin-house; brother McDonald promised I should rape the binifits of the office of Leather Carrier. Begorra! the promise was all. If debts were to be paid in that chape way, it was Altherman Moodie would have the chance."—

**W. B. Butler.**—"Gentlemen, I was promised to be made dog-slayer in ordinary to the Corporation, an office requiring zeal, humanity and discretion. I had arranged all with Hugh Miller, but some sulphur bearing Scotchman has ousted me. Reformers promise, but do not perform. I can appeal to Brother Bugg—he has seen jovial heart-stirring times—when contracts were made resembling the fat kine of Pharaoh's Dream; betwixt himself and Brother Rowland; Brother Rowland to be sure, had now quitted worldly things and had joined the Church, and if his heavenly contract turned out as profitably as his earthly ones had done, he would do well."—

**Mr. Bugg.**—"Mr. Butler, my name should not be taken in vain in that may. By strict and unbending integrity, and a fabulous amount of self-denial, combined with hard work, I certainly have fobbed a little out of the Corporation, but your efforts were vain to hoist me into the Council. Alas! now there is nothing to be made."—

**Ald. Moodie.**—"No, Bugg, shiver my timbers, the Noble Ward may do wrong occasionally, but they never will so foully desert their trust, as to vote for you. Elect a bed bug? They would scout the idea."—

**Dr. Agnew.**—"Gentlemen, why murmur? What would you have? Our friends are in office, and we shall shortly get appointments. I fully expect one. Suppose George Brown has joined forces with Bishop Lynch, and turned Rep. by Pop. adrift? What of that? Could they not see with due thankfulness, that the Irish were fast getting out, and that Scotchmen were fast getting in? What can friend Moodie expect? he must bear the burthen and heat of the day, before he can expect his reward. 'Gummers,' were not the sole business of life. Let us stick by our party and let Rep. by Pop. and such silly *gobemouche* cries, go to the deuce, from whence they came. McDonald is setting a worthy example by disregarding all, save the substantial sweets of office. Our party is the only watchword, the gain of our party the only common sense. Let us turn out all the cursed Orange crew, we owe it to ourselves, our children, and our creditors; (hear, hear, from Ald. Moodie), to get all we can, and, gentlemen, to keep all we can. Law or no law, we intend to win and will do so." (Deafening cheers.)

Coloured Butler here entered the room, and said.

"Dem are my sen'iments."

**Ald. Moodie.**—"Dr. Agnew, where is that \$500 you received? A division should be made."—

**Dr. Agnew.**—"My dear friend, divisions in parties are ominous. Brother J. McDonald would tell you, a house divided against itself, cannot stand."—

**Squeaky Riddle.**—"If McDonald does not keep his word, I am both done and undone."—

**Ald. Moodie.**—"Brother Reynolds, show a light on your figure head, and tip us one of your jaw-cracking speeches to wind up with, and then we'll top our booms, and make a stretch to the Liquor Islands."—

#### Ald. Jarvis and the Street Railway Co.'s Bonds

Sure we have a man in Toronto here,  
Will any beat the bould buccanor.

Captain Semmes, of the famous *Alabama* takes Bonds of the Captains of the Yankee vessels he captures; which bonds become due when "the Confederate Government is recognized," and not before. But Alderman Jarvis beats Captain Semmes hollow, and rivals the famous Shylock, for, we understand the worthy Aldermen wished his Street Railway Bonds, due in about a quarter of a century, to be cashed at once. Semmes waits; Shylock, of Venice, waits; but the Alderman is as Betsey Gamp said, for having "the rally of the money immediate, which delays is dangerous."—

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

##### W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH

SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS,

SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.

Patented November 16, 1862. Manufactory, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cues lions repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. None but the best tables made at this establishment.

First class Marble or Slate Bed Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$375, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

##### JAMES KNAPP

BOATBUILDER, (FROM LIVERPOOL.)

TONGE STREET WHARF, MONTMONT.

Desires to inform the Public that he has removed to the above address, where he will attend personally to the building, repairing, and refitting of Boats, and Skiffs, on the most approved principles.

Boats taken care of by the House, at a very moderate charge. Boats and Skiffs for sale and to let.

#### GRAND UNION

HOLIDAY EXCURSION!

READY! AYE! READY!

TENTH ROYAL REGIMENT AND

TORONTO NAVAL BRIGADE

FIRST ANNUAL

EXCURSION TO HAMILTON,

Under the patronage of this officers and men, and under the management of the non-commissioned officers, on MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1863,

BY THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

The train will leave the Union Depot at 7.30, A. M., and returning will leave Hamilton at 7.40, P. M.

The proceeds to go towards extending the drill shed.

Full arrangements have been made in Hamilton, for the comfort and pleasure of the excursionists.

The splendid Brass and Quadrille Bands of the Regiment will be in attendance.

Tickets for Lady and Gent, \$1.50. Gent, \$1. Lady, 75 cts. Children, 50 cts. Volunteers to appear in uniform.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

A. KRATZ,

Treasurer.

E. COOK,

Secretary.

"The mistletoe hung in the castle halls,  
The holly branch shone on the polished walls."

Really one would almost fancy the old song antipiped by the peculiar adjective, (polished) our courteous and polite firm, T. & J. Wallis, Dry Goods Merchants, and Auctioneers, next door to the Golden Lion. Said the wise man of old "There is nothing new under the sun," but this was said a very long time ago, and the aforesaid wise man had never inspected the multifarious new and costly stock of Dry Goods, of all prices and qualities, at the splendid establishment of the enterprising firm of Messrs Wallis & Co., or our word on it, he would never have uttered such a libel; *Tempus edax rerum.* The wise man was the oracle of his day, and the walls in the old ballad were polished, but we can point out newer devices and more polished Walls, and not go out of King St. We may conclude with the words of the Persian poet, Jalalkai—

"Here youth and beauty sparkle. Reader mine,  
If such the worshippers, what then the shrine?"

It is no disparagement to our immortal Nelson to say that the Professor of that name has won more victories in his way than the unrivalled admiral in his. The last did indeed verify to the letter, the words of the old song, "Britannia rules the Waves," but the gallant Frenchman whom he conquered, were visible, tangible opponents. The hectic glow, the glossy eye, the flushed cheek tall indeed of the wharfbounds of the deadly foe; but who shall drag forth the dark maday? "Noli me tangere," is the mocking motto of the dread Cam, assumption. Yet human skill can subvert even this insidious (this deadly foe); and the complete efficacy of Professor Nelson's "Pectoral Cough Drope" has been so fully and severely tested, as to render further comment indeed unnecessary. Remember the address, over Bain's Book store, King St. It is worth remembering.

It is in the beautiful romance of "The Crosseders" by the great Sir Walter Scott, that the gallant Sir Kenneth and Saladin the Saracen Sultan, after engaging in single combat, rosted as bravo men should do, amicably together in the parched waste beside the beautiful "Diamond of the Desert," a pure and crystalline spring which there gushed up, a sparkling gem in that arid waste. So beautifully is the incident related, that one almost realizes the parched breath of the fiery Sahara, the living freshness of the sparkling waters. Such a feeling thrilled through our frame when tolling in our vacation in a daily saltery as a Sirocco we passed where the Fountain Restaurant, No. 47 King St., once stood and found that Diamond of the Desert again in full play. Involuntarily we exclaimed, "Allah, Akbar!" and ventured in. Once there so cool, so tempting, so exquisitely was everything arranged, Billiard Rooms, &c., under the skilled supervision of Mr. J. Gregor; that we had to muster up all our energies to leave Alas, for mortal frailty!

"Such cool liquors such crystalline,  
A saint might stay from Paradise."

Where and how shall we blow our 'Baccas? The Turk in his Divan blows his cloud of finest Latakia—The Red Indias grave, silent, and sombre, puffs his fragrant kinnik—The swarthy Arab passes the short-stemmed pipe from hand to hand around the midnight fire. Shall all those blow their 'baccas at will and shall we not blow our Backs? Forbid it Heaven, though for us, saloons sparkle not, and Divans are dreamland, we still have, thank Providence, the special sheet of the Grousester, and we now maintain, on the honor of a *Groubler*, *sans peur, sans reproche*, the Backs we blow to be as superior to all other stations in the city as is the lordly Latakia to the poorest pigtail. Do you want light Literature? Get half through Friend Charley's stock and you will be light as a cork, a fit companion for ornaments; though very possibly, from the time required, are done. Do you seek more solid food? Behold Reviews, Magazines, Novels, all the sterling (not Mr. Alderman Sterling) works of the age, in fact, Stamp? The daintiest of Envelopes? The pleasant of paper? All, all are here. Too much smoking may be injurious, but for honor, and enterprise, fair dealing, and kind heart, we cannot allow our Backs too much, *crede experio*.