

BY TELEGRAPH!

ARRIVAL OF THE POLLYWOG!!

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

D'ISRAELI DISHED! DERBY Do.!!

GENERAL BLAZES.

Sir A. McNab on European Politics.

BLOODY WARS & GENERAL THUNDER.

LORD MCGUFFIN KICKED THE BUCKET!

CANADIAN MILITIA ORDERED TO THE SEAT OF WAR!

Harry Henry Elevated to the Peerage!!!

The steamer Pollywog, Captain Tadpole, arrived at the eastern entrance at 3 a. m. The following are the details of European news per submarine telegraph from the Island:

The Austrian troops have ceased to advance on Sardinia, awaiting the result of the contest of Sir Allan McNab for Brighton, should he be defeated they will not proceed to hostilities.

It is currently believed that the Derby Government will retire, and that Sir Allan will form the next cabinet. Blinks being Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Edmund Head's recall is spoken of—his next appointment will be Governor of the Scilly Islands.

The inhabitants of Dundee will entertain W. Lyon McKenzie on his arrival with a public dinner—oatmeal porridge and Scotch whiskey.

The Emperor was overheard to remark to Count Cavour at a ball at St. Cloud, "*Mum's the word.*" The Paris bourse declined in consequence. Consols remained firm.

The Prince Imperial was suddenly taken ill from a surfeit of plum pudding.

The Pope has despatched ambassadors to Thos. D'Arcy McGee imploring the assistance of his 300,000 men for the protection of the dominions of the Church. The action of the Canadian Militia authorities in the present embroglio is anxiously looked for by the Russian Emperor.

It is rumoured that Capt. Brooks has been offered the command of the Russian army of observation on the Austrian frontier—and a Countship offered Lieut. Holliswell to take charge of the artillery.

The eminent ship-builder, Scott Russell has received from Captain Robt. Moodie an order for three steam privateering vessels, each to be called the *Firefly*.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club are ordered to sail immediately to the Mediterranean with sealed orders—Commodore J. B. Jones in command.

In anticipation of the arrival of the Canadian fleet, the Russian navy has retired to the Black Sea.

The Commander-in-chief of the British army has sent for the whiskers and mustache of Captain Prince, of the Toronto Police, as patterns for the beards of English soldiers.

A Palace is to be immediately built at Ottawa for

the reception of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who will reside in Canada during the war in Europe. The Yorkville Cavalry will form her Body Guard.

Consols 890 to 890½.

Bread stale; Butter firm; great activity in Cheese; Yeast rising; Wheat ditto.

COME, WHO'LL BUY.

For the good of the credulous, we gladly spare room for these advertisements culled from the columns of *Old Double*. The first is an extract from a letter signed "Sarah Sanderberry;" The name is quite enough to recommend it.

"JOY TO THE WORLD.

Dear Sir,—I feel that it is a duty I owe to suffering humanity that I should give a relation of the great benefits I derived from the use of Pain Killer. Last summer I had the misfortune to lose two of my children by that dreadful scourge—the cholera—and in all human probability should have fallen a victim to pestilence myself if a kind Providence had not sent me the Pain Killer."

Here comes a lie too long to be printed. The next is

"COLLIN'S ARABIAN OIL.

The Proprietor in calling the attention of the public to this unrivalled Medicine, does so with every confidence in its certain cure of the diseases for which it is recommended. A single trial will convince the most incredulous of its efficacy. It has never been known to fail in extricating pain in man or beast."

Yet another:

"WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Prof. Wood's hair Restorative has passed the ordeal of innumerable fashionable toilets, and the ladies, wherever they have tested it, pronounce it a peerless article. They find, that it restores the vegetative power of the roots on the denuded places, that it prevents grayness and restores the hair to its original color when grayness has actually supervened."

Here is another dose:

"OXYGENATED BITTERS IN CANADA.

Unlike most proprietary medicines, it does not profess to cure 'all the ills flesh is heir to,' but simply Dyspepsia. There are hundreds who will read this who need such a medicine, and would use it if they had half the confidence in it we have." Hear, hear, the Grumbler says: But fortunately there are hundreds who have the fortitude not to have confidence in it.

Here's the last:

"COMFORT FOR THE AGED."

One case that of an old gentleman, at least eighty years of age,—the most decided relief is obtained whenever he makes use of the Cherry Balsam; this, at the advanced period of life which he has arrived at, may be considered an unanswerable proof of its value."

We would think from the extraordinary style in which all these advertisements are put together, that one of the Editors of the "GRUMBLER had tagged them up in order to turn the science of advertising spurious medicines into disrepute. But we declare that they are all genuine—the advertisement, not the medicines.

Therefore come hither ye members of suffering humanity who happened to be troubled by the cholera morbus, and receive instant relief, in other

words sudden death. Ho! men and boasts suffering extricating pain, and imbibe Arabian oil that you may instantly be cured or killed. Hasten ye bald females, and all ye men who wear wigs and bathe your denuded skulls in spontaneous hair-growing elixirs, and steep the grey locks of your block heads in Wood's Restorative. Fly to us, ye dispeptic, and mingle your grateful tears with us in Oxygenated Bitters of Canada; which, by-the-way, must either be the present ministry, or *Old Double*, or perhaps a mixture of both. Pass this way ye aged Mathuselab's of a degenerate age, ye hoary individuals of three-score and twenty, drink balsam and live for ever—until ye shall pay for death as a boon.

In conclusion, come all ye fools, ye easily-gulled, ye stupid, ye weak-minded wretches, in Canada, having a dollar or seventy-five cents in your pockets, and be eased of your diseases—Ha! ha! that's good! no! your money, at any of the above fool-traps.

AN OPEN CONFESSION.

In a dreadful long article on "Executive influence, being the bane of Parliament," the *Globe* reviews the past session, and makes the following open confession regarding it:

"The talk was literally all on one side; and that side the Opposition."

In the next sentence but two, the editor, forgetting perhaps the confession he had just made, winds up the matter in this extraordinary manner:

"And this not occasionally, but systematically—not on special occasions, but always, wontonly, and without a single thing to palliate their proceeding."

After this, no one can accuse the *Globe* of want of fairness or candour.

Elegant.

—*Old Double* in taking Toronto to task the other day, for not patronizing the theatre, remarked with its usual love for calling "a spade a spade" that when "that demirep, Lola Montez," was here the theatre was crowded every night. It is exceedingly fortunate for the theatrical critic of *Old Double*, that Lola Montez is not here, or else the horsehip and his manly shoulders would soon be acquainted. It may be true that Lola Montez is not as virtuous as she is accomplished; but she is a woman and she is not here to take her own part. It is therefore, a very shabby thing to attack her in this manner, especially as her name seems to have been dragged in for no other purpose than to indulge the petty spleen of the critic.

A PARADOX.

The *Globe* says:

"The purchasability of members affords a key to the rationale of ministerial power in the House.

If this be true, the Brown-Dorion Ministry must have been held in very bad odour in the House since members could not be found to support it for love or money.