

COMPLETION OF THE YONGE STREET PAVING!

GREAT REJOICING!

FIRE WORKS AND FUN!

LEMON ICE CREAM GRATIS.

We have it on good authority, that in order to afford the citizens an opportunity of showing their appreciation of the completion of that gigantic undertaking—the Yonge Street paving—the corporation intend celebrating it on Monday next in a manner worthy of its vast importance to Toronto and the country in general. By the courtesy of that pink of municipal perfection—Councilman Finch—who we believe is the moving-spirit in perfecting the arrangements—we are privileged to lay before our estimable friends, the public, the following

PROGRAMME.

At 12 o'clock a.m. the Volunteer Field Battery, under the command of the invincible Lieut. Patterson, will unlimber, and commence a heavy cannonade on the barricade. At 1 o'clock it is expected it will be completely demolished, when the Yorkville Cavalry will en masse gallop up—reconnoitre—and then gallop back again.

At the commencement of the bombardment, His Excellency the Governor General will set out from Head quarters for the field of action. On his arrival (the cannonade having ceased, and the debris cleared away) Mr. Stokes will conduct him to his (Stokes') cream cart, and after driving him over the stones for a quarter of an hour to inspect the works, His Excellency, with Mr. Stokes' assistance, will dispense ice cream to the melting multitude around. The Band will then strike up "Rule Britannia," during the performance of which His Excellency will return to the Pavilion, erected for his use, to drink lager-bier and punch with the Bishop.

Alderman Dunn, *alias* Dutcher Dunn, will then commence the festivities of the day by entering Prof. Steiner's balloon, and being joined by some choice fruits—"pickpockets and the like"—will in company with them ascend and take, if possible, a more exalted view of the Avenue than he has ever done before. The result of his observations will be made known th' other side of Jordan.*

Councilman Sterling will then introduce himself, accompanied by his favorite game cock, and after expending sundry convulsive efforts in cleaning out the interior of his wind-pipe, will, as his wont—the game cock having just crowed—descend on the peculiarities of "that beautiful bird."

Councilman Boxall with that characteristic eloquence for which he has been so long and highly

celebrated, will then endeavor to say NOTHING instead of NOTHING, a feat which he has been unable to accomplish hitherto. This effort of the orator it is expected, will be most overpowering and impressive (or rather oppressive) on the minds of the people.

J. A. Macdonald will then exhibit some wonderful and dexterous slyight-of-hand tricks, among which will be his most recent effort—hood-winking a Premier. He will be assisted in this performance by his valet, George Brown, which is a sufficient guarantee that the feat will be done to perfection.

After which the Rev. S. S. Nelles and "a Member of the University of Toronto" will have a set-to at fifty cuffs, and will demonstrate to a fraction their pugilistic and educational training. They will finish the round with two of the finest pair of black eyes given in Canada: the fancy will be well represented on the occasion.

Blondin will then walk backwards and forwards on a bed-cord stretched between the twin steeples of Cookes' Church. It is rumoured that he will carry on his back, in a lump, Mr. Benjamin, Sidney Smith, R. M. Allen, and the father of the Bugg family, but as Mon. Blondin appears averse to handle such a bundle of insignificance, it is probable it won't be done. The laborator individual, commonly and familiarly known as Petaw, will overcome his usual modesty, and appear in a pair of new and exquisite fitting peg-top pantaloons. As much interest is manifested in the subject, he will enter into a detailed statement of what he considers to be the great requisites of a thorough gentleman's outfit. After the delivery of Petaw's oration it is expected he will become a friar.

Councilman McCleary and Poor Charlie will rival each other in producing the most idiotic grin through a couple of horse collars. Mr. Morris, the grotesque clerk of the University, will be umpire on this occasion.

Precisely at 6 o'clock P.M. will take place the

FINALE.

His Excellency will re-appear amid the booming of cannon and clash of trumpets. After summoning the Hon. Geo. Brown to his presence, he will command him to kneel, and then confer on that distinguished statesman the order of knighthood. Mr. Brown's new title will be—Sir Billingsgate Brown of the *Globe*.

Then can ascend the acclamations of a joyful people—then can rifles and artillery fusillade and cannonade—then can rockets, squibs and serpents hiss and fume their vitals out—then can Bunde blast out "God save the Queen," and then, and not till then, (re)ice O ye people can His Excellency Sir Walker Head be dismissed.

* We hope the Prof. will manage to keep him and his companions up somewhere in the upper regions. Earth has so little accommodation for such abandoned characters that we cannot for the life of us conceive a more excellent plan for effecting a good ridance of bad rubbish. For goodness sake, Professor, if pity hear, and do the best you can for us.—ED. GUMBLER.

Conundrum.

— Give an example of "inexpressible woe."
Answer. Tearing your "pants" at a dancing party.

THE "LEADER'S" ERRATUM.

In a very grandiloquent account of Blondin's trip on Wednesday, our sage contemporary made the wonderful discovery that stealing apples and eating them was a breach of the sixth commandment. Now, after making every allowance for the fatigued state of the writer after returning from so toilsome a day's pleasure, we were yet a little at a loss to understand how stealing apples could be a transgression of the commandment which forbids murder.

To accuse the *Leader* of ignorance of the decalogue we dared not. The mild and unobtrusive piety of that orthodox organ places it above suspicion. The *Leader* has had the catechism well flogged into his youthful inexpressibles, and to impeach the reliability of so deeply impressed a memory was impossible. Persuaded, therefore, that some recondite significance lurked beneath this strange expression, we pondered over it for a considerable time without success. In a dream on Thursday night, the whole thing was made plain. The apples must have been full of worms, and in eating the former the excursionists undoubtedly did default execution on the latter. Hence the crime of stealing involved the crime of murder and the sixth, as well as the eighth commandment, was broken. Judge of our chagrin when yesterday morning we discovered that all the mental travail it cost us to bring forth this key to the *Leader's* mystery was in vain. The *Leader* calls it an erratum and then ungratefully puts the sin on the printer. He says "this is but another instance of how easily errors of this kind will occur in the handling of type." Now either (as we think) this is a foul attempt to cover want of knowledge or of sobriety by bearing false witness against a neighbour (the ninth commandment) or the prospect is truly appalling. If the decalogue is at the mercy of the printers, what will become of religion?

The boundaries between orthodoxy and error are in danger of being obliterated, and the foundations of faith may be sapped ere we are aware of it. A careless printer may undo all the work of the churches, and a mistake at the case may do more injury than Pusey, F. W. Newman, Parker, and Holyoake can inflict in a century. Where are Nelles and Ryerson, that this frightful state of things is tolerated? Why does not one or other of them write a letter about it?

BLONDIN AGAIN.

It is reported that Blondin is about to excel all his previous feats, by the thrilling performance on Monday after next. He will drive Sam Sherwood's Buggy across the rope, and back again. He will then hop across with Sam's Bulldog, holding on by his teeth to his big toe, and back again with the dog's tail in his mouth, and the animal himself hanging head downwards over the chasm. The famous rope, as soon as Blondin has done with it, will be cut up into necklaces, amulets, and breast-pins. The remainder has been engaged by the Sheriff of York and Peel for purposes of suspension.