

A LAMENT.

I knew, I felt it would not last;
'Twas new, 'twas splendid, but 'tis past!

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
My gloves and hats have gone astray;
The constant thieving turns me sour,
And makes me sadder day by day.

I never sported a new hat,
To glad me with its silky gloss,
But ere "my heaver easter" sat,
I mourned it too untimely loss.

My silk umbrellas never stay,
My handkerchiefs I ne'er retain,
My new masno gloves no light and gay
Will never charm the fair again.

So all things earthly glide away,—
The collar, neck-tie, pipe and book;
I'll now espouse the common way
And buy no more while I can hoo!

PRETTY NEAR THE TRUTH.

The *Colonist* of Thursday has for once stumbled upon a fact. Hear hear:—

"The opposition * * * would welcome the Esther of Evil himself as an ally, had they not already engaged his diabolical highness, (here cometh in ye laugh, Ed. G.) to fill the distinguished position of drill sergeant to this unscrupulous faction; * * * and are not likely to make many bones about gulping down an old fashioned Tory like ourselves."

True for you, *Old Double*, after securing the devil, there would be little use in "making many bones" about you; you rather follow as a natural corollary to the old gentleman like a gin-cocktail after a heavy spree on the principle, "*similia similibus curantur*." Still, as you justly observe, they could only stomach you when "their fortunes are at the lowest ebb," like *assafoetida* you become useful by the disgust you excite. Hurrah for *Old Double*, Devil and Co., out-fitters to wandering and impoverished Clear-Grits.

A ROARER.

The *Globe* says that the whistle of the New "Iron Rolling Works" can be heard fifteen miles off. Now, however, disagreeable this may be to a next door neighbour, we can see many advantages in this loud machine shop. If placed near many a church we know of, it would do much to advance the cause of religion by occasionally arousing sleepy worshippers; dull sermons would thus become extraordinarily impressive, and a mediocre preacher might become suddenly serviceable. Place a similar whistle in the neighborhood of the Parliament Buildings and what a power of good it would effect. Refractory and garrulous members would be silenced by its steatorian note and absent members might be warned away when Gowan, Turcotte, or any other parliamentary boro was on his feet. Let it be tried.

A Ministerial Boniface.

—Will some one answer us the following questions?

Who is the real occupant of the Albion Hotel, Toronto? Is it Alderman John Smith? If so, by what right does he sit at the Council Board? If he, a magistrate, can evade the law, why may not every innkeeper in the city? Is such a man fit to adjudicate upon the bench, and administer the law he himself successfully violates? Is there no way of purging the Council of this worthy disciple of the Double Shufflers.

A Pointed Moral.

In Borrow's *Romany Rye* we find the following words put into the mouth of a professional rat-catcher:—

"When you see the rats pouring out of their holes, and running up my hands and arms, it's not after me they come, but after the oils I carries about me they come; and who subsequently, spoke in the most enthusiastic manner of his trade, saying that it was the best trade in the world, and most diverting and that it was likely to last forever; for, whereas all other kinds of vermin were fast disappearing from England, rats were every day becoming more abundant."

Could the witty and eccentric Lavengro have had our Canadian Parliament in his eye when he wrote thus; we give it as our decided opinion, that the members for West Middlesex, Essex, Leeds and Grenville, and the junior member for Toronto, should bring an action for damages; they are sure to recover on the maxim that "the greater the truth the greater the libel." On second thoughts, perhaps, they had better wait till the ministerial rat-catcher goes to the bench, deserting the locality most prolific in rats, particularly of the *Sabbath dancing* species, commonly known as the Playfairs.

A New Order.

—*Old Double* refers to the new Orders thriving in the neighboring Republic, and says that the I. O. D. M. and I. O. S. M. divided popular favor.

We think that not only on this, but also on the other side, the Independent Order of I. O. U. has the largest number of admirers and supporters.

In order to gain admission to this mysterious order, the candidate must be able to shew that the I. O. U's. are in the hands of other parties; if he can shew that thirty are in the hands of one individual, he will be admitted. The greater number one has out, the higher will be his standing.

Sly.

—Mr. Brown tendering his resignation as Leader of the opposition, when he knew it would not, or rather dare not be accepted.

The *Dumfries Reformer* says, Mr. Foley is standing on the brink of a precipice, because he, at the late opposition caucus (when the question of "the Leadership" was brought up) put on his hat and walked out. From this we would imagine that Mr. Foley intends to walk into "the Leadership" some time or other.

Dietetics.

—An Englishman delights in roast-beef; an Irishman, potatoes; a Scotchman, in porridge; but a Yankee's pride is in his *patty* (*Fatti*.)

The Great Fight.

—The colors which Sayers and Heenan will wear after the fight are *black* and *blue*.

Insinuating.

—Gunning Lawyer Bell of Toronto has recently presented a silver cup to an Agricultural Society in Kings electoral Division.

Ominous.

We cannot say what object he had in view; but we have heard his name mentioned among the candidates for the honor of representing that Division in the Upper House. To say the least, it looks suspicious.

By our "Devil."

—Who's "the coming man?"
The Prince of Wales.

The Italian Question.

—The King of Sardinia thinks that he is not afraid of a bull's-eye, so the Pope, merely for the purpose of scaring him, intends to lift the lash.

Spirited.

—The Attorney General West says that the Hon. J. S. Macdonald's wit is on a level with his independence.

We suppose that the only way to test it, would be by a *spirit-level*.

Strange.

—Some one has introduced a Bill into the Canadian Legislature, "for quieting titles to real estate in U. O.

We wonder did those titles *call* loudly for Legislative interference.

Evident.

—What kind of stock may a haberdasher keep constantly "on his hands" without loss?
Gloves of course.

Oratorical.

—When does a speaker become warm on his subject?
After he gets hauled over the coals.

A Hint for Finch.

—The tailor who measures his customers with his eye, says that he never fails to give them *fits*.

Hard Work.

—Filing a *plea* down, so as to leave the truth alone remaining. Law Students assure us that they find the same trouble with *declarations*.

A Statement.

—You're in a bad *State*—as the New-Yorker said to the Virginian.

Spells.

—What does Mr. Wilson get by going into Opposition?
Plenty of abuse, and no more Government \$3,000 law-suits.

Anti-Professional.

—A sarcastic storekeeper says, that Members of Parliament make most money while sitting; Lawyers, while lying; and Doctors, when they become men of standing.

NOTICE.

We want agents for the sale of our paper, in Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston and Hamilton.

Correspondents are again reminded that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us. Post office officials are also requested not to appropriate the papers sent from our office to subscribers or exchanges. We know of several post offices where this has been done; if the dishonest practice be continued; we shall expose the delinquents. Persons communicating with us will please address "The Grumbler," Box 1054, P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every Saturday Morning, at No. 21, Masonic Hall North-western Building, Toronto Street. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, 11; Single copies, 5 cents. Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice. Communications addressed "The Grumbler Office, Box 1054," will reach the Publishers.