

## To the Polls.

The energy of some of the candidates is making the municipal contest somewhat brisker than might have been expected. Mr. Cameron and his friends in the Mayoralty struggle (for he has many friends who do not row in the same boat with him on this occasion) are working very vigorously but scarcely, we fancy, with any hope of success. No strong point can be made against Mr. Medcalf; no charge of corruption is mooted to his discredit; no tinge of partiality is detected by the Argus eyes of his opponents. In duties of a delicate and trying character, he has discharged his duty with great tact and without giving just cause of offence. Hence the people generally deem him worthy a second term of office, and see no reason for the opposition against him.

In St. David's we see that the *Riddle* is not presented for solution this year, so that electors will not be put to the trouble of *giving it up*. Messrs. Hynes and Vance will walk the course and Messrs. Adamson and Boustead are equally sure. The last named gentleman is one whom it would reflect great discredit upon the Ward to reject for an inferior man.

In St. Lawrence Ward, Messrs. Strachan and Ewart are perfectly secure as Alderman. On the whole we think Mr. O'Connell should be re-elected with his former colleagues; he has acted with impartiality even as against some of his co-religionists in those unfortunate troubles since the Fifth of November. During the year he has faithfully performed his duty and deserves his old seat.

In St. James' Ward, Mr. Sheard and Mr. Gooch are the best men who could be elected. Mr. James by his foolish ambition is likely to lose his plan at the Council Board and is not sufficiently active at any rate. For Councilmen there are four good men nominated, but there can be no question that Messrs. Geo. Beard and Jas. Frazer are in every way the most suitable.

In St. George, Messrs. T. Smith and Vickers should be elected Aldermen. The last named is a new man but he is well known in the city, and well esteemed as an active, honest business man. Messrs. Bennett and Tinning are sure of re-election and they fully merit it.

In St. Andrews, we have two excellent Aldermen now and we do not know what induced Mr. McLean to attempt to oust either of them. Messrs. Wallis and Godson are both faithful, hardworking members, though not given to clap-trap speaking on Monday evenings, and we think the electors will think twice before they prefer new hands at the business. Messrs. Bell and Spence are sure of re-election.

In St. Patrick's, Messrs. Dickey and Canavan will be elected and Messrs. Denison and Carroll. The latter though both young men yet untried are well known in the Ward, deserve the confidence of the electors.

In St. John's, the contest is virtually decided. Mr. Bugg's vampire proclivities will not be exercised next year. Messrs. Smith, Moodie, Boxall, and Greenlees will represent the noble Ward.

Whilst we speak with confidence of the results of the contest in the different wards, we of course, do not expect that candidates will be elected, if through apathy the electors neglect to exercise the franchise. To the polls, then early, and the elections will be concluded before the holiday is over.

## Fiat Justitia!

A New York paper states—that in that City during the past week no less than *sixty-two* murderers were committed to the *Tombs*. Glad, indeed are we to hear that Justice has once more resumed her sway in Gotham—that the law is not administered from henceforth by the knife, and the revolver—that men who have shed the blood of their fellow citizens, should be put out of the way, but while rejoicing that these men have received the just reward of their evil deeds. In the name of common humanity, let us hope that they were not *Tombs*, 'the bourne from which no Traveller returns,' without first having been submitted to the due course of *hanging* which the law provides.

## Local Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Grumbler.)

I am a married man, and have a wife and six children. My income which is a very small one, is derived from standing all day behind a counter in a fashionable store in this city, and waiting upon fashionable ladies, and selling them fashionable silks, satins, shawls, and other articles in which to array themselves for their afternoon promenade up and down King Street. My wife who is only seven years older than when I married her still retains her charms, and fascinating manners, and protests at least three times, no, every two weeks that she loves me to distraction, that she "lives for me only," and that my comfort and happiness are constantly in her thoughts, at least fourteen hours out of every twenty four. But notwithstanding these declarations, she is constantly getting me into hot water—in fact since I entered into the bands of holy wed-lock I have never been out of it—not content with plain clothes for herself and the children, she persists day after day in running up enormous bills for the most costly stuffs. Not content with a plain leg of mutton she persists in feasting off Turkey and oyster sauce. Not content with residing in a small house in a quiet street, she assures me that she certainly could not live over a week at the outside, unless she has a large house in a lively neighbourhood, where there are "fois of people going by." The net result of all this is that about the 5th of January in every year, when the Christmas bills come in, is weeping and wailing, and I might almost say gnashing of teeth. There is in short a slight matrimonial mias. My wife first of all cries continuously for three minutes, then she flies out at me in a very angry manner, for having treated young Snooks to a cigar and glass of gin and water, about four months since, and lastly she dilates in most triumphant style on my extravagance in

expending three cents every week in the purchase of a *GRUMBLER*. This is too much for even a quiet man like me to bear, so I get angry and for two hours there is a jolly row, which generally ends by my wife kissing me and asking me to forgive her, which of course I have to do, and in my struggling for 51 out of the 52 weeks, to earn money enough to put matters straight again. These pleasing little events occur annually with so much regularity that I now look forward to them as a matter of course. Nevertheless, they make me miserable, I may say very miserable. In the course of a fortnight or so, there will be more bills and another row, and I fear the biggest one yet. In fact I so dread it that I am thinking seriously of painting myself black and going down South, or of drowning my cares in the flowing bowl until it doth run over, or in a fit of desperation, emigrating to a quiet retreat, and shutting myself for ever from the world in the beautiful and classical regions of Hoggs Hollow.

I am,

Mr. GRUMBLER,

Your heart broken and constant reader,

JEREMIAH JIGGINS.

## NOTE.

The Office of Drs. H. & M. will be closed from Friday 23rd at 1 o'clock until Tuesday morning, when it will open as usual.—vide *Thursday's Leader*.

O, dire and terrible calamity, what frightful evils do we see looming up before us, what foul crimes can this peaceful community have been guilty of that we should have such a frightful punishment meted out to us? What have we done that for 48 mortal hours the office of these well advertised gentlemen should be closed against the public? that these Therapeutical philanthropists, that these modern good Samaritans, clothed in the garb of Esculapian, should cease to practice their healing arts even tho' it be for a day or two; welcome midnight assaults of the Fenians, welcome raids and robberies, rather than that such a dreadful consummation should come to pass. All the ills that flesh is heir to, all the noxious diseases in Pandora's Box will have gained such headway, will have taken such deep root among our citizens between Friday afternoon and Tuesday morning, that it will require a long course of steaming and inhaling gas to subdue the pestilence. Better that the City should fall into the depths of Chlarydis, than that we should miserably perish by disease. Hope would entirely forsake our breast the world would become a mere blank to us had not the gracious promise of re-opening again been held out to us. Let all the people be joyful! let the Moon veil her face, and the Sun dance with joy, for on the memorable Tuesday morning, the 27th of December "the Office will be re-opened at the usual hour," steam will be turned on about nine o'clock, and the *gas generator* once more in full blast!

New Bug (g) Exterminator—James E Smith.