

TOO LATE.

On Monday evening as the steamer *City of Toronto* was approaching the pier a pleasure boat that was in the way was capsized and two unfortunate young girls drowned, when, had sufficient efforts been made, they might have escaped their sad fate.

See yonder pleasure-boat dancing so lightly,
O'er the fierce waters upon the dark Bay;
On she goes swiftly—the moon shining brightly,
Lending her magic to gladden the day.

Hark! those glad voices chattering so merrily,
Little they're thinking that death is so near;
Out on the still air those tones ring so cheerily,
Happy and joyous, nought dreaming of fear.

Close comes the steamer, stately and boldly,
Watch how her sharp prow cuts the blue wave;
Oh! how Ontario glistens so coldly,
Oh! what a place for a fair maidens grave.

Ye of the pleasure boat, say are ye dreaming,
See ye the danger that lies in your way;
Back those oars quickly with silver spray gleaming,
Strain every nerve now and back while you may.

Too late! Ah! too late, they have back'd the small oars,
Too late! ah! too late, they themselves try to save,
Too late! ah! too late, the shrill steam whistle roars,
The slight skiff has struck, and—they sink beneath the wave.

Had they a father,—had they a brother,
Was there no loving—no strong arm to save,
Was there no feeling one—was there none other,
No one to rescue them from their cold grave.

Our Canadian Representatives.

Save the mark! Certainly we have put our foot in it this time. Perhaps no Legislature or Press on the face of the whole habitable globe has ever turned out such a delegation to represent the interests of any people, no matter how low in the scale of refinement. We'll lay our head upon it, that there are not four men amongst the whole of them that can rehearse the Articles of the Christian Faith, or say the Lord's Prayer without stumbling—the pious figure-head of the *Globe* perhaps excepted. How then can we expect to benefit by this disorderly raid upon the Blue Noses or any other portion of the Provinces where civilization is not at a discount.

It may, however, be said that if the pride and intelligence of Canada have not been represented upon the present occasion its appetites and some of its *sub rosa* peculiarities have. This we presume to be beyond dispute; and if we could attain to the highest pitch of national importance through the exhibition of our powers in stowing away beef and bottled porter, if not something stronger than the latter; then indeed we should have no reason to complain; as scarcely a man of ours who has joined the mob in question; but is competent in this relation to represent any two constituencies in

this section of the Province, at least. Take them one and all, however, out of this physical display of their energies, and what are they? Merely a parcel of "sticks," some of whom have not brains enough to step from under the drop when it rains. Of course it is in some degree a palliative that Mr. McGee has taken the motley crowd under his wing, and that he can if he will redeem much of their ignorance and awkwardness; but how one man, no matter how muscular mentally or physically can father all the shortcomings of such a crew we cannot well perceive. We are, however, happy to learn that no deaths from eating have yet occurred, although in one or two cases, we hear, some near approaches to suffocation were made in this connection. Strange, that these instances were confined solely to the Grits; but then we all know what ravenous devils these gentry have always been.

Since writing the above we have been informed that this nondescript crowd or pseudo delegation, or whatever else you may call it, is now on its way back to our shores; and we are not surprised at so hasty a return. No doubt we shall soon hear of some nice doings while our representatives were quartering themselves on our generous neighbors; but it must be understood that our friends have themselves in some degree to blame, from not having regularly read for the last few years the *Globe* and the *Leader*. Had they done so, and inwardly digested, the rowdies whom they now send back to us would not have had an opportunity of performing a similar process at their expense.

A New Fire Annihilator.

It is a matter of some public interest that the fire springs and rivulets named in the Tully-Ashfield report—submitted to our sapient but gullible City Council, dated 30th April, 1864, as sources of water supplies for the extinguishing of fires in our progressive city—as if ashamed to become parties to this very shallow and unclean piece of jobbery, have of one accord, under the agency of "Old Sol," sullenly and silently disappeared; thereby declining to mingle their unsullied waters in a stream tending towards a gross pool of corruption. The originators of this admirable system of sky-farm engineering, however; not to be foiled in their attempts (no doubt in the interest of the city), it is said are again prepared to lay before the erudite city fathers, at their next Council Board, a fresh scheme in furtherance of the same desirable object, alike remarkable for its engineering skill and chemical ingenuity. It is proposed to construct five hundred thousand tanks, at convenient distances, into which the common sewers of the city are intended to discharge a never failing supply of liquid ammonia. Its chemical effects on fire are said to be something calculated to astonish those who happened to have the good or bad fortune of being witnesses to the conflagration at the Rossin House. A further development of the advantages derivable from the grosser matter contained in the aforesaid sewers, will be hereafter exhibited, for the special benefit of our indulgent and novelty-seeking citizens, for the additional

charge of one hundred dollars—on receipt of some hints expected from the London Sewers' Marine Company. Verily, we should be thankful. We have got men of progress, of talent, of disinterestedness in our midst.

Musical.

We notice with great pleasure that Carl Peiler, the able pianist and composer, has returned from Germany, where for the last two years he had been drinking in at Leipsic all the difficult mysteries of his profession. Toronto may well be proud of so valuable an accession to the number of its musical men; and we are confident that it will register its approbation of Mr. Peiler's return by extending to him the patronage which abilities so marked as his deserve.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ENLARGED & IMPROVED,
CORRECT & COMPLETE!

ROBERTSON'S Canadian Railway Guide, FOR AUGUST.

Published under the supervision of the Railway Companies.

CONTENTS OF THE AUGUST NUMBER:
The latest Time Tables of

THE GREAT WESTERN OF CANADA,
Main Line and Branches.
THE GRAND TRUNK OF CANADA,
Main Line and Branches.
THE DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE.
THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.
THE VERMONT CENTRAL.
THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.
THE PORT HOPE, LINDSAY, & BEAVERTON;
THE BUFFALO AND LAKE HURON.
THE NORTHERN OF CANADA.
THE PORT HOPE AND PETERBORO'.
THE OTTAWA AND PRESCOTT.
THE STANSTEAD, SHEFFORD, & CHAMBLY.
THE WELLSAND RAILWAY.
THE LONDON AND PORT STANLEY.
THE BROCKVILLE AND OTTAWA.
COMPARATIVE TIME TABLE.
CANADIAN POSTAL GUIDE.
CANADIAN BANK NOTE DETECTOR.
HOTEL GUIDE FOR THE CANADAS.
RULES FOR RAILROAD TRAVELLERS.
CANADIAN STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE.

Making the Guide the most complete work of the kind ever published in Canada.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,

Publisher and Proprietor.

No. 5, the "Leader" Building.

NOTICE.

Managers and Superintendents of Canada Railways are respectfully requested to forward by the 23rd inst., a copy of their latest time tables, for publication in Robertson's Canadian Railway and Steam Navigation Guide, for the month of Sept. Also any other information useful to the travelling public. Address,

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,

CAN.-R. R. G. OFFICE,
5 Leader Buildings, Toronto, C. W.