

A CROSS-STOCK.

G rowl and grumble as you will
 R eard ye cannot hope to find
 U nless your patients take the pill
 M aking no fuss, and call it kind.
 B enevolent souls who lash at crime,
 L et not the guilty stop your pen,
 E ver be just, punish in time,
 R emember, Grumblers are but men.

Coun. Baxter.

— Gave notice, last week, that on to-morrow he will move that a committee, consisting of Ald. Moodie, J. Ritchey, Jr., Hugh Eiller, Dr. Agnew, Wilkin B. Butler and John Bugg, be appointed to ascertain what has become of \$190, collected to defray "Cheap Travelling"—Henderson's trip to Quebec. Committee to furnish security, that they will hand over the funds to subscribers upon receipt of same.

The Two Independent Members.

— Thomas Ferguson who never votes against the Opposition, and Aw. Mortimer Smith, who always votes with the ministry.

The Member for West York Sings Dumb.

— What is our old friend Howland about? We have been expecting every day he would distinguish himself with something about this high-falutin people. It is too bad that he is mum. Please do say something Mr. Howland?

NOTICES OF MOTIONS.

Mr. John Macdonald.—Bill to have a stone wall put round this "devolved and unhappy country," and to make Mr. Mortimer Smith, President of the University.

Mr. McConkey.—To erect a convent in the township of Oro, in consideration of past services to the moderate cause—also to erect new Parliament buildings in Orillia.

Hon. Mr. Holland.—Will move that Mr. Abe Lincoln be President of this highfalutin people and Secretary Chase as Finance Minister, Vice Holton joined the American army.

Mr. Amos Wright.—That John Duggan be banished to Hudson's Bay, and that California Metcalf be assistant member for East York.

Mr. Meek and lowly Mowat.—That he will move for a committee to investigate charges brought against present ministry, concerning Grand Trunk bribe. The committee to consist of Messrs. Chambers, Boves, Joly, Perrault, McDougall, Moodie, Poulin, Rankin and Brown, and to report when convenient.

A Model Legislator

— "Mr. Cowan said that constitutional law was useless, and cost an immense sum of money by consuming the time of the House."—*Parliamentary report.*

South Waterloo has reason to rejoice over her representative. Perhaps it is not so much constitutional law that is expensive, as the violation or want of it.

LYCEUM.

City Hall Buildings.

The management have great pleasure in informing the public, that on Monday evening next will be presented at this popular place of amusement 2 new pieces.

PROGRAMME.

Reception of Lord Lyons and no presentation.
 Sir Frederick Blount Ald. Carr.
 Bishop Thompson Ald. Sterling.
 Iago Mr. Boves.
 Foodles, (with song) Mr. Baxter.
 Serrant Mr. Diokey.
 Waiter Ald. Spruatt.
 After which the charming young actresses—
 Miss Mitchell, Miss Kerr,

Miss Baxter,
 Will dance a fancy
PAS TROIS.

To conclude with the after piece of

PAYING HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

Mike Murphy Ald. Hynes.
 Barney O'Shea Coun. O'Connell.
 Never surrender Ald. Metcalf.
 Old Usury Coun. Jarvis.
 Vote on both sides Ald. Love.
 Absent voter Ald. Moodie.
 Please all parties Mr. Boves.

Performance commences at half-past seven.

Admission 5 cents.

J. Carr

J. G. Boves

Treasurer:
 Manager.

Notice to the Public.

— It being desired to collect statistics as to the effects of the present changeable weather, those who have not a cold in the head or the throat will confer a favor by calling at the Mayor's office, and leaving their names.

SCENE AT THE BEAR GARDEN.

**Latest Political Acrobaticism.
 Parliament House, Quebec.**

HIGH AND LOFTY TUMBLING.

The double somersault of the member for East Bant (Dr. B-w-n) performed upon a rope of sand before an astonished audience, on Friday last, and resulting in the Doctor tumbling *posteriore* into the opposition. Remuneration—a *quid pro quo* Casual advantages *in futuro.*

Parliamentary Photograph.

Hair a la lunatic, Spectacles, sur-naz. Blue and white striped neck-tie. An ear cutting shirt-collar of the last century. Brown-white cross-dressed waistcoat of several years standing. Seedy looking paletot. Hands under coat tails. Toute en semble, a diminutive specimen of mankind. Such is the personal appearance of a minister of the Crown, standing beside the clerk's table, addressing the committee in a cracked base-note-street-organ tone of voice, in the interest of the fishy denizens of Gaspe basin,

YONGE STREET HOUSES.

We are no Architect, nor yet Builder; yet hesitate not to declare our opinion, that some wooden houses now erecting on Yonge Street, are being built with much more regard to economy than safety or stability. Or may be, that timbers which any strong man could carry on his back, dancing a minnet at the same time, are strong enough for the framing of a two story house; and that scantlings which we could break across our knee are sufficient for the walls; but we don't believe it, and neither do we believe that such paltry erections ought to be allowed to go up.

For, just consider, these houses are to be lived in! Perhaps to be danced in; and that by individuals of fourteen stone and over! For it is very unlikely that the landlord would refuse dancing tenants, and certainly he would not insist on the visitors being weighed before commencing to trip the light fantastic. Just imagine Councilman Baxter for a moment; now he is gliding through the dance with the airy lightness of a sylph, his face radiant with smiles, his tongue dropping (not Altc but) sweetest sayings to his partner. Now, alas! he lies fathoms down in the collar, eyes full of plaster, skin torn by nails, the great equi-corporal circle of his substance sorely bashed in by fragments of timber, and bricks from the chimney. Sad, sad end for a City Councilman!

We hope the owner of these precious cobwebs has made some arrangement to keep off the wind, and prevent crows from rubbing themselves against the corners. Perhaps with proper support, to wit houses built above and below, a strong awning in front and shed in the rear, the gingerbread may remain perpendicular for a year or two, provided always that fat men are excluded; but by all means keep away the cows! Fancy a mountain of meat, weighing half a ton, grinding its huge bulk against the delicate fabric! Imagination refuses to contemplate the awful prospect.

And the foundation story? Broad, and deep and firm they ought to be, to carry the enormous weight of timber and nails used in the construction. How should we mourn, if some fine day the whole concern, tenants, miscellaneous live stock, and provender included, were to sink from the face of the earth and come out at the Antipodes? to their great astonishment and inconvenience. Very probably a misunderstanding with the natives would be the result; high words, blows, County Court and Bill Boulton. Again imagination shrinks back, appalled at the foul vision.

We hereby offer a reward of one hundred pounds to any person who will invent some method of building a wooden house without wood. But while we use wood, let the wood be fit for the purpose; and don't let us see timbers put into the walls, no thicker than half a dozen rats' tails. And now, having spoken our word to the wise, we wash our hands of a responsibility; of which let all men take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.