

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 28.)

THE GRUMBLER

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Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

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All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, will understand that from this date (May 7th) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I'rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you takin' noice,
And, faith, he'll prunt it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

THE LOVES OF THE FLOWERS.

The gay Daffodilly and amorous blade,
Stole out of his bed in the dark;
And calling his brother then quickly he strayed,
To breathe his love vows to a Violet maid,
Who dwelt in a neighbouring park.

A spiteful old Nettle-Aunt frowned on their love,
But Daffy, who laughed at her power,
A Shepherd's purse slipped in the Nurses Foz-
glove,
Then up Jacob's-letter he crept to his love,
And stole to the young virgin's bower.

The maidens blush rose and she seemed all dis-
mayed,
Arrayed in her white lady's smock,
She called *Mignonette*—but the sly little jade,
That instant was hearing a sweet serenade,
From the lips of a tall Hollyhock.

The pheasant's eye, always a mischievous wight,
For prying out something not good,
Arow'd that he peep'd through the key-hole that
night,
And clearly discerned by the glow worm's pale
light,
Their two faces under a hood.

Old dowager Peony, deaf as a door,
Who wished to know more of the facts,
Invited *Dame Mustard* and *Miss Hellebore*,
With *Miss Periwinkle* and many friends more,
One evening to tea and to treats.

The *Butter-cups* ranged—defamation ran high,
While every tongue joined the debate;
Miss *Sensitive* said, 'twixt a groan and a sigh,

Though she felt much concerned, yet she thought
her dear Vi,
Had grown rather bulbous of late.

Thus the tale spread about through the busy par-
terre,

Miss Columbine turned up her nose,
And the proud Lady Lovender said, with a sneer,
That her friend *Mary-gold* has been heard to de-
clare,

The creature had toy'd with the rose.

Each sage look'd severe and each coxcomb look'd
gay,

When Daffy to make their mind easy,
Miss Violet married one morning in May,
And as sure as you live, before next lady-day,
She brought him a Michaelmas Daisy.

The Female Education Movement.

The movement to establish a permanent, popular, and superior means of Female Education in Toronto, is a good one. We heartily endorse it. We have signed and sealed several of the petitions gotten up in favor of the enterprise, and will do the same with as many more. We have daughters as well as "any other man," and these fair descendants of Eve we desire to see educated. We want them to be taught reading, writing, spelling, grammar, geography, algebra, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Hebrew, sewing, embroidery, edging, knitting, Berlin wool work, and plain stitching, as well as English and the blackboard. We want our daughters, also, to learn gymnastics, riding on a rocking-horse, bathing, fishing, and shooting; and how to keep double entry, so that neither the milkman nor the baker, the ashman nor no other kind of man, will be able to cheat them. We take it for granted that the Female Education movement will do all this, and that, when the institution is started, all the young ladies of Toronto will take advantage of it. There are a good many handsome faces moving up and down King Street, but we are afraid the majority of them know very little. They are like *Dora Sunnyside*; they are pretty, but have no brain. A community well stocked with educated women naturally possesses all the necessary security against much that is liable to render society unsafe and unsettled. Wherever an intelligent, well-informed woman presides, there domestic happiness reigns, and children are reared up with good manners and good tempers. We think the century has arrived, and the time has come, when, in many respects, a woman should be looked upon as valuable a member of society as a man. Why should not female labor, if efficient and indispensable, command as high a money value as male labor? Why should the head of an establishment in this

city, because she is a woman, be paid a smaller sum than a man could obtain? There has always been something outrageously wrong on this point, and we look upon the popular move to establish means for Female Education as a step in that direction, by which womanly presence will be properly recognized and appreciated. This is a matter which has long been neglected; for we, of the rougher sex, have, all along, been too selfish. Every move heretofore made has been all for the benefit of covetous, grasping, man. We have colleges, universities, associations, and all the rest; and every one of them dedicated to selfish man. No longer must such things be. It is a known fact that no less a sum than a million and a half of money is expended on educational interests in Canada, nearly all of which is spent upon the male population of the Provinces. Canada enjoys over four thousand Protestant schools, and we have not the power to say that two of these are for the express education of females. This is a shame and a disgrace. We believe, were our women educated, the country would prosper to a far larger extent than it does. Women enjoy a natural ingenuity, have an ability about them, possess a power to endure and encounter and to triumph, which (if afforded the auxiliary of training) would make them superior to half the men in the Province. It must be admitted that if there is one good service greater than another—one power stronger, even, than that of the Press—it is the influence and power of woman over man. Women hold the march of destiny, the fate, the shaping of men's whole career, in their hands, and, when such is the case, is it not right that they should receive a fair proportion of the exertions, from year to year, made towards education? What Sovereign ever commanded the respect which the present one does? And it is doubly so because she is a worthy woman and a good mother. It is not necessary for us to name over all the clever women who have afforded good service to the world, or who have given their quota of beautiful thought to poetry and to prose, or who have played a fair share in the sphere of heroism. It was, it will be remembered, a woman who led the first civilized army of men upon English soil. It has always been brave women, who, when their husbands, in places of trial and honor, and distinction, have quailed and been about to succumb, have stepped up to their sides and cheered them on to success, simply with their presence and their kindly word of encouragement. And, with all due respect, may we not mention Miss Kelly, who has, for a whole lifetime, been going from door to door, from town-hall to town-hall, lecturing upon Temperance, driving rum from the houses of mechanics, and instituting happiness and health where poverty and misery had before

prevailed. Nor must we forget poor Florence Nightingale, and the long, tedious term she served in the battle-field. Could the Hospitals of the North and the South speak, how many noble tales they could tell of suffering and deprivation which women have endured in attending to the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Step quietly into any of our charitable institutions, and behold our women unostentatiously looking after the poor, the blind, the halt, the orphan and the widow. How many philanthropic undertakings are present on foot that do not owe their origin to female fore-thought? Not many, we venture to say. While cold, mercenary man goes about the streets, with pockets tightly buttoned up, our women are to be found engaged in allaying suffering, and supplying the wants of the needy. How many soup kitchens, or Orphan Homes, or Bazaars would there be, if left for the men to get them up, or until our merchants, and bankers, and traders, *thought* they could spare time to devote to that purpose? Not very many, we opine. Now, why, we ask, should the sex, which so largely contributes to the moral, and social, and benevolent machinery of the community, (as all we have written fully demonstrates) not receive attention in the matter of education equal to that bestowed upon the opposite sex? There is no good reason, in our opinion, why it should not. It will be a dishonour to Toronto if the present movement does not succeed. Don't let those who have the matter in hand allow it to be killed off by "preliminary expenses," as is so often the case in this city. No petty interests must be permitted into the School Board when the question arises for final settlement; let the idea be adopted in a handsome manner. We see no room for any discussion on the principle at least; the details can be settled afterwards. Our City Council will require to give a little money, of course, but that they can easily do. Better will it be to rid our city buildings of some of the useless pensioners about it, than for us to have it to say that the money could not be raised for the splendid object of creating the means for female education in our midst. This movement should lead to laying the foundation of an institution of which, in a few years, Toronto would be proud. What right have the boys of our country to monopolize the University, Trinity College, and U. C. College, while our girls have to depend upon chance Seminaries for their learning and good breeding? No right whatever. We know of no movement which should be more universally taken up and carried out as this one; and we hope our big Daily brethren will take up the cause in right earnest, and hammer away until the proposed Female Colleges have roved a reality.

Not up in the Latin.

We were highly edified at the deep learning displayed by a "fair creature" at the convocation of the University on Wednesday last. A young "gallant" has just been dubbed a B. A. "What is that?" said an old lady who sat beside her. "Oh! that's *Bachelarum Artibus*," replied Miss. "I see! I see!" said the old lady, "I understand precisely!"

A Superintendent of Government Roads.

It is rumoured, on very good authority, that the notorious Mr. James Cotton is about to be appointed Superintendent of all the Government Roads, the York, the Dundas and the Hamilton and Port Dover. We trust the Ministry will consider this matter well before they finally settle it. We will not, just now, discuss the propriety of appointing a Superintendent *at all*; but we beg most respectfully to ask what is there about this everlasting Mr. Cotton that he should stand so prominent in court circles and be the recipient of some of the best favours which the Government have to bestow? It is well-known that he was the wire-puller in all the Footie jobs and that, previous to their date, he was famous for a good deal of very nasty Dredging operations. We wonder that the Conservatives have such a man hanging about them—going around professing to spit out the views and requirements of the party. To us, and to many respectable people, Mr. Cotton is most offensive, and we say it is a disgrace to the Province to think that our Government should be labouring under such a horrid state of prostitution, so bound to such a contemptible creature, when compelled to give him a lucrative appointment such as the one to which we refer. In fact, they are actually going to create an office for this man. It is high time that Mr. Cotton took off his coat and earned his bread and butter like any other common member of the community. So far as ability goes, he could earn, if he worked hard, about one dollar a day at any mechanical kind of employment. Why such men become claimants for Government patronage, we cannot tell. We contend that the Government have no right to saddle Mr. James Cotton upon the public purse. It is no wonder, indeed, that the yeomanry of the Province cry out against Governments who squander their money in stall-feeding "hangers" on of this kind. Facts, known facts, will justify us in speaking out in very plain terms regarding Mr. James Cotton; there could be a great deal said against him in more respects than one, and that, too, with very little to counterbalance it. We hardly know what to think or say of a Government that will unblushingly create offices for men of Mr. Cotton's calibre. It is an outrage upon the people that men absolutely distasteful to the community in which they exist—bores to the party to which they freeze themselves—should be permitted to participate in a civil service which ought to be pure, and untainted by the presence of no officials whose names will not stand the severest scrutiny. The proposed appointment of Mr. Cotton should not, under any circumstances, be made, to any office.

Chusan.

"I'd choose to be a baby," is the very ill chosen title of a song we see advertised. If the writer had considered the matter at all ripely, he would have remembered that nature has denied to the infant the power of mastication, not being able to *chew*, it is very unlikely to *choose* anything.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn?"
—*Falstaff*

John de Coursier, an Innkeeper of Etobicoke, complains that a man of the name of James. Cooly came to his house on the 31st of May, and leaving a horse and buggy, *cooly* left on the Thursday. John is apprehensive there is something wrong, as the cool James has not been heard of since. He says, he is certainly in the receipt of a horse and buggy; but as the vehicle and nag may be claimed by the true owner at any time, he would rather be in the receipt of his bill.

All Aboard.

We see that "Lodging with partial board may be had at Adelaide St." A more foolish and injudicious notice, we never remember to have seen. To be partial in doling out the viands which grace your table, is about the surest way to create dissension, an injudicious housekeeper could have chosen. Fancy vegetables, the commercial man, profoundly attached to asparagus, and dotingly fond of mint-sauce; eyeing young Ripper, the medical student, as Ripper receives from a partial hostess, three-fourths of the asparagus and a bath of mint sauce. Look at old Bloater's face at breakfast time, no he sees young Periwinkles, (Hyson and Peatwinkles,) receive, with an unblushing countenance, all the thickest part of the Finnan haddock? Old Bloater, too, who swears the only fish worth eating are Sardines and Haddocks. 178 Adelaide Street, be warned, and amend your notice.

Retro, Sathanus!

"A black velvet lady's bolt lost." So an advertisement was worded in the *Leader*. We profess, as the Puritans used to say, we should like to see a black velvet lady. Wilkie Collins has immortalized the "Woman in white;" a French author, more clerical than moral, "The man with the red pair of breeches;" and some English novel writer "The Gentleman in black." But a black velvet lady, and with a belt too? Surely it cannot be some sable Dinah with a skin like black satinette? If so, "get thee behind me Satan."

The Two Spiritualists

An obliging friend has enlightened us as to the silence of our city members in Parliament. We have long been at a loss for a satisfactory explanation, but think he has hit the mark. He says "they are waiting for the Spirit to move."

Matrimony.

An "alliance for better or for worse" took place lately between parties in Toronto, where the bridegroom was "just sweet twenty," and the bride a "gushing young thing" of a widow about 39 with two or three little responsibilities into the bargain. Truly said the poet:—

There never was a goose so gray,
But some-time soon or late,
A silly gander came that way,
And took her for his mate.

WONDERS OF ADVERTISING.

There's "Miss Braddon's last novel," and "Money to advance,"
 "No tick at the Elephant," "A very good chance,"
 "Clothing at Finches," and "Tea and Perrin's Sauce,"
 "Foley defeated," at "Hard fighting and great loss,"
 "Do you want a moustache," Companion to a lady,"
 "A man who knows horses," Pork and bacon steady,"
 "Mr. Brown on Rep. by Pop.," a "Patent swing pump,"
 "Rice Lewis and Son," for "Bats, balls and stumps,"
 "Elopement in Yorkville" of "Short Horned Cattle,"
 "Black's arms and legs," have "Another great battle,"
 "Chaudiere gold mines," "Mr. Vance's sentiments,"
 "Holloway's Pills" and "Blissful Repose, 30 cts.,"
 "Mr. Baxter's Runaway," with "Adelina Patti,"
 "Startling disclosures," about "Gale and Oatto,"
 "Coburn and Mace fight," "Music by Maul,"
 "A new church organ" at "Lanigan's Ball,"
 "McDougall and the Grits," a "Fishing rod found,"
 "Miss Kelly's lecture," "Broke loose, a stag bound,"
 "Sterling and Love," Pickpockets—a sharp chase,
 "Lady Head" and "The Mayor" on "The Spring Turf Race,"
 "Coals," "Board and Lodging," for "Kitty Wells, 25,"
 "Dr. Hunter's" "Gas Attachment," Lobsters all alive,"
 "Old Dr. Davis," "The City Chamberlain,"
 "Destiny by Madame Dimond," "R. R. for all pain,"
 "Dinner at the Fountain," or "The big padlock,"
 "O'Connor and Blevins," "Selling off Hughes and Bro.'s stock,"
 "Ontario Literary Club," "Corsets, Crinoline,"
 "G. Beard and Son's Stoves" and "Sweet Eveline,"
 "Gamble, Boulton," "Dr. Cainodeg," a "Police Court Batch,"
 "Professor Nelson's shaving," "The Queen's Own Rifle Match,"
 "Caution, my wife has left her board," causes "High Rents,"
 "I'd choose to be a baby for twenty-five cents."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bachelor's Bay, this Leap Year of our Lord, One thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.
 Mr. GRUMBLES:—I have a serious charge to prefer against you touching an article in your last issue under the heading, "Ladies, Attention!" in which you inform the young ladies, in a sort of semi-confidential manner, that you are their over-faithful knight-errant, &c., &c., ever ready to do battle in their behalf. Now all this, our bachelor fraternity allow, you have a perfect right to do; but when you step beyond the bounds of fair play,

in order to manifest your chivalry, we must claim for ourselves the right of protest. I will endeavour to point out one or two ways in which you have inflicted deep injury upon our honourable fraternity by said invidious article. In the first place, I shall give you the case of my intimate and confidential friend, Sir Stephen de Stunner, who has been, up to the appearance of your last issue, the beau of our town. Formerly, Sir Stephen's easy and agreeable manner afforded him a ready passport into the most charming circles of female society. His eloquent conversation, his graceful mien, his manly deportment and his ready wit, completely captivated both the young ladies and their estimable mammams. But now, alas, what a change! No more do his elegant manners captivate; no longer does he reign the beau of every belle. Already the shady groves, the delightful retreats of young men and maidens, are deserted by my disconsolate friend, while alone and in sadness he broods over his deep misfortune and refuses to be comforted.

The cause of this alarming change in my estimable friend I shall take the liberty of giving in his own words. "On Monday evening," he says, "I made arrangements to call on my dear Juliana, and on entering the house began to act in my usual offhand, unrestrained manner. I greeted the young lady in the heartiest manner, while I manifested a deep interest in the old lady by inquiring anxiously after the general interests of the family and, in short, by all means to make myself as agreeable as heretofore. But, alas! What a chill came o'er the spirit of my dreams! The young lady was as cold as an iceberg, and as shy as a partridge, while the maternal "parient" peered from beneath her spectacles in the most cautious and distrustful manner. Heavens! thought I, what does this mean? Has that rascal Jones been trying to supplant me? In this state of doubt and vexation I was about to make my exit from the presence of the two amiable ladies, when my eye fell by chance on a bran new copy of the *Grumbler* lying on the table. The whole truth at once flashed upon my bewildered and afflicted mind. Ah, thought I, as I retreated through the hall, they have been carefully studying the *Grumblerian* Courtship Philosophy, and all is over with me now. I know not," adds Sir Stephen, "whether my evident embarrassment did or did not in the end produce a favourable impression, as I immediately vanished into very thin air."

But the above is only one instance. Allow me to add a word or two in behalf of myself and the class of bachelors to which I belong. I am a gentleman of very modest disposition, of a retiring nature and somewhat liable to agitation and palpitation of the heart, especially in the presence of the ladies. I have frequently experienced the symptoms described by you in the article referred to. On such occasions, also, my knees do smite together, my heart refuse to occupy any fixed position, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth, while continuous blushes chase each other over my burning cheek and throbbing brow. Now Mr.

G., the query in my mind is, will these signs of embarrassment on my part be interpreted as tokens of love by the ladies? If so, alas! Woe is me! I shall never survive another leap year.

I will remain, till borne to the Gods above,
 Yours complainingly,

ONE OF THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

Mysterious Advertisements.

— We see a rather extraordinary announcement, that "one young girl is wanted to do *light house work*," and another "to wait on table." Surely the tending and watching such a building as a lighthouse requires an older head and more sleepless eyes than a young girl may be ordinarily supposed to possess. The safety of the hardy mariner should not be thus recklessly trifled with. Let the authorities look to it. For the other, a girl "to wait on table," we can hardly understand. Is it *really* meant that the girl should deftly do her housemaid ministrations amid the clang of knives and forks, and execute *pas seuls* among the dishes? or what is meant? These mysterious advertisements should be explained by a competent person.

The Mag-pie Member.

— Dunkin, M.P. is acquiring an unenviable reputation for talkativeness, twenty speeches in one day is rather too much of a good thing, notwithstanding which, the loquacious Member asserts that he "is a man of a very few words." Dunkin! we can't see it—draw in your horns.

Important to Laundresses.

— Owing to the Wesleyan Conference being assembled at present in this city, Glenfield Starch has "riz."

— We did not require the lengthy critiques of the *Leader* and *Globe* to assure us that there was a great "blow" at the opening of the Elm Street Organ, Thursday evening.

Deaf and Dumb.

— We are very doubtful of the success of the new bill (which, it is expected, will shortly be brought before the House) to establish an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Toronto, in case it is intrusted to the management of Messrs. A. W. M., or the Preacher, unless, indeed, Parliament may take compassion on a *dumb appeal*.

Globular Inflation.

— We hear the reason why the *Globe* so strenuously opposes Mr. Galt's Stamp Duty, is because it requires such an awful amount of floating paper to keep it going, that the stamp duty would require the honourable proprietors.

— The Opposition has, for some time, been in a quandary about the leadership. Mr. Holton settled the question, the other night, by recommending his friends in the House to acknowledge the authority of the *Daily Leader*.

A Little Song for Little Lawyers.

Robert M., short and small,
Robert M. had a fall;
Not all the wisdom in the land
Could git R. M. upright to stand.

Robert M. is too light
To use his fisticuffs in fight;
When he holds a steady hand,
Only then can R. M. stand.

Robert M. dreads no fall,
Leaning 'gainst Terrapin's wall;
Wait 'till he is sober grown,
Then once more he'll stand alone.

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GRUMBLER:—

"Come Warwick, come good Warwick go this way,
I have great matter to impart to day."

The indifference of the denizens of the Quarry to the drama is historical, but how could the basest of groundlings fail to be moved to take a furtive peep into the mirror of nature, when the redoubtable John Townsend, late Member of the British House of Commons, held it up? Certainly he could not. So that John Townsend, late Member of the British House of Commons, played to a crowded house last night. Against this I utter no remonstrance; if I could persuade myself that the liberal patronage of the fossil population was induced by sheer love of the soul inspiring play alone. But the predilection of the natives for nigger shames, circuses, phrenological lectures, and mountebanks in general, is so notorious and unswerving; that the fact cannot be received unquestioned, as evidence of the dawn of an improved taste among our petrifications. In fact, observation and experience justify a contrary belief. The announcement that a late Member of the British House of Commons was to appear in a performance was a well judged appeal to the snobbery and hero worship of the upper, and the frivolous curiosity of the lower ten of our citizens. John Townsend, late Member of the British House of Commons, in this has shown a correct appreciation of the genius of our people. The bait took, and a large, it can't be said thoroughly appreciative audience, rewarded his skill. But what went the people out to see? I'll bet a sowers oath their expectations of a late Member of the British House of Commons were not realized. To the intelligent student of Shakespeare the "Gloster" of John Townsend was disgusting for its extravagance. He altogether oversteps the modesty of nature, his rant and strut upon the stage proclaim him a humbug, he cannot have read Hamlet's instructions to the players, although I don't know that they furnish any authority exactly in point, against a peculiar twitching of the mug during the personation of "Gloster," with which the late member seems to be afflicted. John Townsend's representation of the chief character of the play was a vicious compound of extravagance, conceit and folly. Yet because he an-

nounced himself in the bills as a late Member of the British House of Commons, the cores of the groundlings were touched, and their applause was involuntary, it had to come; because John Townsend was a Member of the British House of Commons.

"O, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A docent priest where monkies were the Gods."

But its scarcely fair either to judge the learning, wisdom, and appearance of the British Commons by such a harsh criterion as Jack Townsend. Have we not Townsends in the Canadian Commons? And what Canadian would suffer the learning and ability of our House of Assembly to be measured by such things as veterinary Rymal Bricks, Morton Mackenzie, Bantam Chambers, Moustache Wall-bridge, and L'Enfant Terrible, the victims to a mad ambition, and members by accident, like Jack Townsend. It may be, though, that the undignified Jack never was a member of the British House of Commons; but if he ever was, alas! how are the mighty fallen, when he has to become his own bill-sticker, and scot around, hat in hand, forcing his programme upon people; always, of course, taking care to point to the place where it says that he is a late member of the British House of Commons. This is a filthy piece of snobbery: What do proper 'thinking' folks in this wooden country care about late M.P.'s? Why they don't command common respect here on that account. The man least thought of in this section is a late M.P., and a Knight at that; and he's the meekest man in a mile square. Besides, ex-M.P.'s are too thick here to excite much curiosity. A man lately, at one of our Provincial shows, threw a stick at a dog and hit seven of them, all men of superior intelligence to Jack Townsend, and never apologized a bit for it. What would be thought of Purdy and Gould, for instance, announcing themselves as late members of the Canadian Commons? I might as well dub myself late a Major in the Militia, and with more right to the affix than Jack Townsend has to his, as the Governor permitted me to retire retaining my rank. John Townsend, then, in assuming himself as late Member of the British House of Commons to gull the codfish and gudgeon here, is guilty of an exceedingly dirty and disgusting bit of snobbery and funkneyism, and must be told so.

Old Flynn. This old cheat, who robbed you of \$30 worth of Grumbler's, has got the sack. Justice, though tardy, never fails to overtake the villain. During the reign of the incapables, the old scamp was appointed caretaker of the arsenal and arms here for the Volunteers. It is needless to say that he knows as much about a musket as a dog does about Sunday. He got office like the most of the Sandfield Government nominees, for lying and obscene ruffianism against the Conservatives, without reference to his fitness. He has been properly kicked out for incompetency. His *lamint* has been mislaid, will be sent you next week.

Yours, &c.,
KELLY.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Messrs. Vankoughnet & Warmoll,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNIES,
SOLICITORS &C.,
OFFICE--S. W. COR. KING & YONGEST.

M. R. VENKOUGHNET,
CHAS. V. WARMOLL.

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FOR JUNE.

Published under the supervision of the Railway Companies.

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THE DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE.
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THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.
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