

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO. 22.)

THE CRUMBLER

Is published EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early train. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1; Single copies, 3 cents. Persons backing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be legible, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers need not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to do so.

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

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I rede you tuck it;
A child's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll preeit it."

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

The New Magazine Reviewed.

Forbear, dear Hind, for mercy's sake,
To such a mean advantage take
Of your position as commander.
To wreck your magazine and strand her,
For true statistics and dry dates,
Are not the surest, paying, freight,
Dry facts and figures, in their way,
Are good enough, but will not pay;
You'll therefore see a Cyclopaedia
Is not, just now, the thing to feed you.
And Mrs. H. just must a while
Upon the folly of your style;
Your musings may be true enough,
But we, perforce, must term them—stuff;
Again, you tell us nothing more
Than what's been said and writ before
A thousand times, and people will
Cry stay, when they have had their fill.
Dear Dr. S. at any rate,
Be accurate in what you state,
And let your antiquarian delving
Be not confined to your own shelving,
Others have tomes as well as you
In which you may find something new.
Oh, Mrs. M. pray stay thy pen
And write, if possible, of men
And women such as people know,
Of which there are plenty here below.
Alas dear Hind your first contains
Plenty of everything but brains.
Though all would try to do their worst,
They couldn't improve upon the first.
Let's hope (as now our task is done)
That No. 2. will rank "A 1."

Ex Post Facto Urbanity.

When some members, with more memory than manners, raised a huge guffaw at Mr. Cartier's no hanger for treason vote, that gentleman with his universally appreciated suavity merely hummed the well-known air,

"Still so gently o'er me stealing'
Memory will bring back the feeling—"

From our Correspondent at the Seat of War.

Dear GRUMBLER,—I hasten to give you details of the last action. The enemy had taken up a position; we went to make him lay it down, not being his. (I have just joined, and these things are explained to me by my comrades.) When near the enemy your men must be picked, therefore, all suspected of being skirmishers were at once thrown out. Our artillery having had hard work in coming, now commenced to play; the jovial enemy played for company; game of ball, very animating. We were ordered to attack the enemy in columns; I at once offered to attack him in your's, but was not heard. We then advanced at the double-quick, but I cannot say whether we got to it, not having seen it. The enemy were on top of a large hill, which we were ordered to carry. We rushed on—determined to take my share, though my gun was heavy enough already. The regiment in front of us covered themselves with glory. We came to a swamp and covered ourselves with mud. Was very tired now, could hardly stand, but was told to keep up, as a regiment, was coming to support us. Our cavalry were now advancing full speed on the enemy; I would not have been in their way back for any consideration. We were now ordered to charge the enemy. The first one I saw, I charged him solemnly not to hurt me, on which he knocked me insensible with the butt of his gun, and I write this from Hospital.

Yours,

Verisophte Green.

Camp Swampy, April 20, 1863.

A Letter from Jones the Great.

Dear GRUMBLER, Quebec, April 25, 1863:

I wish to lay before the public a few observations on my qualifications for the position I hold, both for the benefit of my fellow countrymen and, more particularly, for the information of the *Leader*. My education is the best afforded by a common school. In the three R's I am perfect. Thro' the *media* (note the Latin) of excellen translations, I have familiarized myself with the ancient classics, and the perusal of Chambers' Educational course has placed facts in my memory. My quotations are taken from the most authentic authors. I have studied eloquence as an art and have often times caused the waters of my native village creek to linger at my feet entranced by sweet tones and gracefully rounded sentences. Burke is always under my pillow, Webster in my pocket and Brougham in my hand. Demosthenes and Cicero (translations) are my solace and delight and I trust (having a good memory) that I am not far behind either of them in oratory.

Yours while breath lasts.

Jones,
Orator.

The Commander and the Londoners.

Sir Fenwick Williams has evidently mistaken his vocation; instead of coming to Canada as Commander of the Forces, he should have stayed in the East and tried for a berth as a Bashaw with three tails at least. This valiant and gallant commander is not even satisfied after he has brought the poor, scared cockneys of little London prostrate on their faces before him, whining *peccati*, by coarse invectives, in a letter. He is worse than his pound of flesh. He tells them that their "tardy apology" may have some weight with His High Mightiness relative to the removal of the troops from London, and then proceeds to censure them on the conduct of their Cornish Mayor in lately constructed sentences, some of them over two inches in length. To be abused in poor English is bad enough, but when the inhabitants of a city are scolded at in a manner only to be rivaled by a Billingsgate fishwoman it is adding insult to injury. But it required an English sentence to carry out something that is quite foreign to Englishmen—"never strike a man while he is down." The commander has violated the great rule of English fair-play in this matter, and should therefore be sent to Coventry by all lovers of merrie England. The *Grumbler* pities the poor cockneys when he sees them kicked and cuffed in this manner by a commander who seems to be deficient in both the qualities that constitutes a gentleman—birth and education. But they had themselves to blame in the first place. They ought to have sent a proper reply to the first impertinent letter of Sir Fenwick. He is like "Major Wellington De Boots" in the play, all bounce; and only becomes respectable when "Feebrook" pulls his nose to teach him civility.

"Put out your Pipe."

The famous "blast" of King James against tobacco smoking was a drop in the bucket when compared with the budget of Finance Minister Howland. The imbecile king talked of the evils of tobacco, the Hon. M. P. says, "Put out your pipe." His countrymen cannot accuse him of giving "aid and comfort to the enemy." The Federals do all they can to prevent the export of the fragrant weed from the South, and the Finance Minister by his budget says, stop the manufacture in Canada. The golden leaf of Virginia will soon be worth its weight in gold, not figuratively but literally. 'Tis a pity that the Hon. G. B. does not use the weed, but Mr. Galt will be sure to smoke him out, so that there is still a prospect of a few mechanics being colored in Canada. If this is the policy of the mere shams who at present administer the Government, the sooner they are smoked out the better.

SCENE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

PRESIDENT, *solus*.—They're off to Charleston, which reminds me of a little—(enter Seward.)

MR. SEWARD.—President, our astonishingly invincible, and terrifically invulnerable maritime armada is at this awfully momentous moment projecting its irresistible projectiles at the instantaneously crumbling batteries of the hothead of treason, while the fiendish residents conceal their hydra heads in inaccessible caverns, and their horrifying shrieks wail mournfully down the breeze which flutters our magnificently victorious banner on Sumter's highest pinnacle.

PRESIDENT.—Sir, I, a Christian, feel kinder sorry to be the chosen instrument of wrath towards my deluded countrymen, but I may say that the foot was required to be put down firmly. I have to exterminate them, and for that purpose I am happy to say that my iron-clads—(enter deputation.)

CHAIRMAN OF DEPUTATION.—Sir, we have arriv as citizens of our enlightened State, to know of yew air going to dew suthin? or of yew air not. Yew have confiscated our liberties, yew have drafted our free citizens, yew hev imprisoned them for nary cause, yew have spent our capital in clunks everywhar, yew have clapped a taranal debt on us that'll swamp our industry for unborn centeries, and yew hev done nothing! George III. had a Brutus; Cromwell had a Caesar, and our immortal citizens lynchee traitors. *Air yew goin to dew suthin?*

PRESIDENT.—Fellow-citizens, your interests have been exclusively my object, and I delight to tell you that I have now in operation a certain means of crushing the rebellion, prepared at great expense and with wonderful ingenuity. In short, my iron-clads—(enter a General.)

GENERAL.—Sir, as a military commander of this Republic, I report to you that your last orders have placed the army under my command in a position which insures its entire capture on the first attack by the enemy.

PRESIDENT.—Just so; this is my plan: By the time you are captured, and the enemy are encumbered with you, the fleet, having taken Charleston, will sail up the river and cut him off. You will rise on the enemy—don't object or I'll supersede you—rise on the enemy and destroy him in the confusion, while my iron-clads—(enter official.)

OFFICIAL.—Sir, I grieve to have to tell you that the reports from all quarters speak of organized opposition to the expected draft.

PRESIDENT.—I know; but I calculate when this free and enlightened soil hears of the glorious success of my iron-clads—(enter several contractors.)

YANKEE CONTRACTOR.—Sir, tremendous invention—enormous effort of genius—reckun you will trade—

SCOTCH CONTRACTOR.—Wad ye joost exanime my airticle?

IRISH CONTRACTOR.—Divil a chate about Mick Murphy. Listen to me now, or be the powers—

PRESIDENT.—(confused).—I assure you, my iron-clads—

MR. SEWARD.—(reading despatch).—Our armada is ignominiously repulsed; the iron-clads have been smashed, sunk, or driven away in thirty minutes—chaos was nothing to the confusion which follows.

Dishonesty the best Policy.

Several sapient members of the City Council have reversed the old saying, and now openly advocate that "dishonesty is the best policy." They have had Dr. Rees' claim up before them again, and the Doctor having offered to settle for half the amount, in preference to entering a suit in chancery against the Corporation, the offer was accepted. Not a single member had the hardihood to stand up and deny that an error had been committed in not entering a certain clause in the submission that the award was to carry costs, but a majority tried to squirm out of a small aperture by saying, that Dr. Rees could not recover in law. Some people would call this compounding with their consciences, but many of the members of the Council have no use for such an article. It is not in their line. The *Grumbler* would simply ask what have the citizens of Toronto to do with the fact that an old and respected citizen cannot recover a small sum, of which he has been unjustly deprived by a suit at law, if he is entitled to it in equity. It is quite clear that an error was committed, but is an old man who has lived in the city for many, many years to be "diddled out of his just rights, owing to the error of his solicitor? Certainly not, and it is mean and contemptible that a majority of the members of the City Council of Toronto should have required a legal opinion to tell them how to do right and how to act justly. The *Grumbler* commiserates those persons who may be so unfortunate as to have dealings with the aldermen and councilmen referred to, if it is their practice in private life only to be honest, and to do right when compelled by the law to do so.

The Inebriates in the City Council.

Our sapient and low-bred "City Fathers" can never grant a favor graciously, and when they are asked for something they dare not refuse, they throw it as one would do a bone to a fierce mastiff, with a "There, take it then." The Council are the custodians of a building, known as the House of Refuge, and several philanthropic gentlemen wanted the use of it as a refuge for poor inebriates. So the matter was discussed in Council, impure motives imputed to the originators of the institution, and the building granted after a good deal of snarling and growling. One only, "a swallow that had gone astray," was true to his colors. Alderman Strachan voted not to give the building. He deals in whiskey.

Answers to Correspondents.

U. C. College Boarding House boy writes us, complaining sadly of the want of management in the Boarding House connected with the institution. U. C. C. says that the meals (especially the coffee at breakfast) are repulsive, and that they have not improved of late altho' the Superintendent of the Boarding House draws \$200,00 per week from the bursar's office under the sanction of the Principal. Serious consequences will follow from this want of attention on the part of the Superintendent. We had thought that under the new principalship matters would change, but according to U. C. C. boy, the Boarding House is as badly managed as ever.

THE BLEVATED GRUMBLER.

It was the lordly (dumcham) resolved to take the air, And make them bring his new balloon round to his private stair,

High, high he rose above the crowd, as he is wont to do, While broad Toronto's streets and squares spread out beneath his view.

Then proudly did that nobleman the atmosphere inhale, Then held his venerable nose, and grew exceedingly pale, For while on high the Grumbler rolled magnificent along, Arose prevailing odours insubstantial and strong. Said he, "I thought the air up here would make a sick man well,

But, by great Cloacina's nose, it has an awful smell; Ballroom, take me lower down, that I may plainly see The cause of this effluvia that cometh up to me."

He viewed the street of Adelaide, he viewed the street of Queen, He viewed the pleasant Richmond street extending far between,

On York, on Yonge, on Bay, on Church, on every street in town,

With eye and nose astimbed, the Grumbler he looked down, A thousand yards and lanes he saw—a wonderful sight to see— From which did exhalations vile arise incessantly.

Till as a certain street he passed such vapour to him rose, "O! Standby, off!" the Grumbler cried, and fled before his nose:

Fled to his home, and to his bed, and dreamed a ghastly dream, And thought he heard a fever-sprite cry out in horrid scream, That when the summer heat came on, and cooling rains were few,

Within our city it should have some pleasant work to do. When woke again, and wondered why if such things were to be, While taxes great his neighbours pay, and taxes great payable.

Councilman Bennett on the Pig Nuisance

The pig nuisance was introduced into the City Council Monday night week for the hundredth time. Coun. Bennett the "learned Blacksmith" of St. George's Ward, squeaked and grunted out a "bum-combe" speech in favor of that much abused individual the "poor man and his pigs." Coun. Bennett is a new member and inexperienced. As he had heard the galleries applaud such mawkish sentiments years ago, when carters and cabmen ruled Toronto, he thought that he could raise a little storm in his behalf at the next election by a pretended appeal on "the rights of the poor man." But the gallery was silent, the "poor man" has begun to find out that the "friend of the people" is generally a humbug, and he has also learned that the rights of the rich man must be protected as well as his own. Coun. Bennett must let the "poor man" go; that subject is "played out." He must try another "strike" if he does not want to talk himself down on an ass. If he would talk less and urge upon the other members of the City Council to assist him in putting down the "pig nuisance" he would benefit the "poor man" and receive the thanks of the citizens. There is no fear, however, of him taking this step; he prefers the theoretical to the practical.

It is not true

—That Alderman Tom Smith made the laborers of the Corporation leave their work in Wellington Street, last week in order to clean out his own private yard. Neither is it true that he told them that, as Alderman, he had a right to their services at any time he might require it.

I. FACULTY OF ARTS.

By what means according to Longinus is the acquisition of sublimity facilitated, and had Dr. Ryerson that author in his eye when he ascended a mountain to plan our school system.

Express in Latin by different constructions, "My name is Casual Advantage."

Mention the order in which Dr. Ryerson's letters were written and under what circumstances.

Trace the rise and progress of the Ryerson supremacy.

Would you class Dr. Ryerson among the Epic Tragic or Comic writers.

Write out in full the following abbreviated forms DRYRSNLLD *alias* OASVLADVTGS.

Explain the theory of casual advantages. Translate "Homo est homo enim omnis id."

If A=B, show the infidelity hidden in a square root.

Prove the godlessness of calculating mathematical chances.

How would you proceed to determine by the blow-pipe the presence of atheism in a given mineral.

Mention the Zoological order to which the genus Ryerson belongs.

Enumerate a few of the fossil types belonging to the different ages of the Toronto University Senate.

Explain Methodistic geology.

2. DIVINITY

Do you believe in Victoria College and will you aid in destroying Common Schools and the University of Toronto.

Same question.

3. LAW.

Spell correctly—*And, doctor, is, Ryerson.*

Write.—Victoria College for ever.

Add.—2 and 2; 4 and 4; 8 and 8.

Is a general education of any use to a doctor of medicine.

Is a professor one who knows nothing or one who pretends to know something.

What is meant by matriculation in medicine.

Is your examination intended to find out what you know or what you don't know.

Is it necessary to attend lectures in this Faculty to get a certificate of having attended.

Who stole the donkey and then got a degree.

What is the value of a medical degree from this Institution.

Will you inculcate Methodist doctrines in practicing your profession.

Does the proverb "The more, the merrier," hold good in regard to Doctors of Medicine.

These are general questions to test the student's information.

Jam proximus ardet Ualegon.

—The Irish Canadian, tho' compelled to drop Mr. Murphy like a hot potato, still continues blazing away on the subject of Ireland's wrongs. Fire away, Flinnigan, say we.

GRAND OPERA.

The Wengeance of Williams.

RECENTLY PRESENTED WITH GREAT APPLAUSE.

SCENE 1.

(Enter the Lord Mayor of London, kicking two Officers across the Stage.)

Officers.—Im-paw-ment, we do declare! Mayor.—I'll teach you to insult a Mayor! (Exit)

SCENE 2.

(Enter Corporation of London.)

Chairman.—Us the London Corporation, Hearing of this botheration.

Councilmen in quorum sittin, Sorry our man did such hittin,

Sorry as there was a row— But we means to say us how

Soldiers shouldnt quarrels pick, For us Mayors do sometimes kick.

Full Chorus.—And so say all of us. And so say all of us.

And if we'd'n been there, we'd n' did so we swear,

And so says all of us. (Exit)

SCENE 3.

(Enter General Williams, followed by a fatigue party bearing despatch 300 yards long, from the officer commanding at London, reporting the awfully severe engagement between the officers and the enemy.)

General Williams.— Cannon Balls and Horrid wounds! Bayonet points and Bloody Noses!!

Will the Queen this insult bear,—is there any one supposes?

In his intoxication reeling, a monster deaf to sense of feeling—

All my blood in tumult stirs. He has thrashed my officers.

And his Council say they're sorry—nothing more, sir, nothing more!

Had they tied him—had they gagged him—had they chained him to the floor—

Gived him twenty thousand lashes—gived him twenty hundred more—

Even after such a whacking, in their duty they was lacking

If they didnt fetch him out straightway and hung him before the door!

But they shall suffer woe;

I am a colonist myself, and very soon shall show Judging by myself, I know their nature's low.

And now to them I sayes My troops, which cash do paynes

By dash, by blank, by George, by Jack—I'll take them troops to other places. (Exit)

SCENE 4.

(Enter Citizens of London, and Officers of the Garrison.)

Citizens.—Officers and gentlemen, hear us we pray, Don't let Williams, General, take you away,

Still here your money spend; with us stay.

We confess We're dishonorable folks, very mean,

Not fit with such as you to be seen, Our Mayor highly hanged should have been,

Nothing less.

And we'll never do so; not never no more, if you'll us with your company bless.

Officers.—Vewy pwopaw is this thing which you came to do-aw,

Citizens muth know they-aw place, and keep it to-aw.

We 's shall tell owa General what we've heard from you-aw. (Exit)

(Enter Gen. Williams.)

Gen. Williams.—All around the world I am been, Bascals many I have seed,

But citizens so very mean, I never yet have knowed.

But since they loves them dollars so And for their sake has stooped so low,

The troops shall not at present go, I'll give hounds their bone,

And in case of a ball my soldiers all they better let alone.

Private Memorandum of Gen. W. on the above, seen only by Field Marshall GURMUND, by whom it was directed of its obscurity and bad grammar.

Mem. What is the army coming to? A Mayor licks two British Officers! Had officers at Kars.

One of 'em would have knocked two Mayor's into two cocked hats. What the—is the country coming to? Promote those officers, won't I though?

Like to see myself. What the—is the world coming to?

NEW SEPARATE SCHOOL BILL.

PREPARED BY REV. CASUAL ADVANTAGES.

Whereas bigotry and intolerance are elements of prosperity, producing as they do, large crops of discord;

And whereas it is advisable to instil sectarian prejudices, so that religious animosity may get a sure hold in the minds of the youth of Canada:

And whereas the Roman Catholic and Methodist priesthood conceive that thereby their rule over their respective sects will be materially strengthened, and that the scenes enacted in Ireland may be reproduced in Canada with all their heart-burnings and bloodshed:

And whereas it is expedient to fan the flame of religious strife which has been gradually dying out:

Be it therefore resolved, that the taxes wrung from the hard working men of Canada, be handed over to the priests, in order that they may attain their ends, and that our children may be taught to despise and hate each other for professing different religious opinions, and this too, in the belief that they are doing God service.

(Here follows clauses doing away with Common Schools and abolishing Toronto University.)

QUESTION FOR DEBATE IN THE O. L. S.—Should the Speaker go down on one or more knees to the Governors private Secretary. It may be remarked that the present Speaker declines making advances to Mr Godley.

OF Mr. JONES, M.P.F.

"*Sic futur lacrimans.*"

It appertains to Joneses,
To be always uttering grouses,
Or lamentable moanses,
In most discordant tones;
But search between the zones,
His 'n't fail to find jaw-boneses
More flexible than Jones's.

The lore our Jones displays,
The humor he betrays,
Our admiration rises.
His brief exordium "plazes"
His peroration crazes
(For he speaks like very blazes)
Then he drops amid hurrahses.

ROYAL LYCEUM

The curtain of the Lyceum dropped for the last time in the present Lesseeship, on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the farewell benefit of Mr. Linden. Mr. L. was honored by a crowded and brilliant house, and well did he deserve it, for the drama was indeed at a low ebb when he took hold of the Lyceum. Mr. Linden leaves Toronto we are sure with not only the best wishes of the community at large, but of the many private friends his urbanity, enterprise and generous disposition have made for him. Mr. Clus. Warwick the gentlemanly treasurer of the Lyceum, was rewarded with a house crowded from floor to ceiling at his benefit on Saturday evening last. Before the Lyceum is finally closed several members of the theatrical company take benefits. On Saturday evening Mr. John C. Alexander gives for his benefit the beautiful scenic piece of "The Sea of Ice," which on its last production brought crowded houses. We hope it will do so on this occasion. Mr. John Matthews takes his farewell benefit on Monday evening under the patronage of the officers of the volunteer force. Friend Matthews deserves a bumper house. Last but not least, the ever popular Mr. Charles Daly takes a complimentary benefit tendered him by the members of the theatrical company on Wednesday, May 6th. Mr. Daly intends producing for part of his programme the very appropriate drama of Circumstantial Evidence or Murder will out. A host of our most popular amateurs have kindly volunteered.

SPRING FASHIONS.

Gent's body coats may be worn short, in fact, very short, but over-coats should reach to the heels.
Gloves should be carried in one hand, instead of on the hands. This will enable one to economise.
Walking-sticks are worn long, as the short ones were only useful in snow heaps.
Gent's hair should be worn short.
Ladies' hair may be dressed *a la Princess Alexandra*. Those young ladies who are committed to the short hair movement will have to do the best they can.
Beavers should be worn on the side of the head, and caps may be hung on the ear, *a la militaire*.
Whiskers and mustaches as before.
There is no change in eye-glasses.

Ryersonian Impertinence.
—Dr. Ryerson telegraphed from Quebec to the University Senate asking an adjournment of an important debate in order that he might be present to give the Senate the benefit of his disinterested advice. Generous man! Impudent trickster!! Prince of humbugs!!! How we admire thy audacity! How we adore thy disinterestedness!! How we are lost in amazement at thy sublime impudence!!!

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ROYAL LYCEUM.
SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 2, 1863.
FAREWELL COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO
MR. JOHN C. ALEXANDER.
SEA OF ICE!!! WARLOCK OF THE GLEN!!!
SEA OF ICE!!! WARLOCK OF THE GLEN!!!
SEA OF ICE!!! WARLOCK OF THE GLEN!!!
MR. CHARLES WARWICK, MR. WM. ST. MAUR,
PROF. CHOPPER, MANAGER.
And several eminent Amateurs have kindly volunteered.
Between the pieces a Miscellaneous Concert.
Admission—Free as usual.

ROYAL LYCEUM.
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 4, 1863.
FAREWELL BENEFIT OF MR. JOHN MATTHEWS.
Under the patronage of Lieut. Col. DENISON and COL. Major G. T. DENISON and BROOK; Captains W. PATTERSON, P. PATTERSON, MURRAY, SMITH, McDONALD and MARGRATH; which will be produced
THE BEAUTIFUL MILITARY PLAY,
NEVER BEFORE ACTED IN TORONTO, OF
"THE KING AND THE DESETER."
THE IRISH HUSSAR!
Favorite Dance by the Champion, Private Higgins, 30th Regt.
THE VILLAGE LAWYER,
—or—
THE LAWYER AND THE SHEEP STEALER.
MR. JOHN MATTHEWS AS SHEPHEARDE THE SHEEP STEALER.
Admission—Free as usual.

ROYAL LYCEUM.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 6, 1863.
GRAND COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT
TENDERED TO
THE POPULAR YOUNG GEMMAN,
MR. M. C. DALY.
BY THE MEMBERS OF THE THEATRICAL COMPANY.
The performance will commence with the beautiful drama of
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE
—or—
MURDER WILL OUT
—or—
SINGING AND DANCING.
To be followed by a Roaring Farce.
TURN OUT AND SECURE YOUR TICKETS.
Admission—Free as usual.

Local Agents wanted in every town in Canada to sell a new invention just patented, and which affords a large profit. Address, with stamp, for particulars to Thos. Brookes, Box 659, P.O. Toronto.
While we regard the good things of this life with no small share of desire, we pretend to some taste in the selection of what may best suit our inclinations, in the shape of a nice suit of clothes gotten up in our old friend Spoor's best style. Mr. Spoor has received his stock of Spring clothes, all of the latest English and American patterns, and from the crowd of fashionably dressed young men whom we see patronize his store, No. 10 King Street East, we should say he is doing a rushing business.

191. 191. 191. Threadbare and somewhat shabby had become the outer garment of our chief Editor, the consequence of the unprecedented success which attended the sale of the last issue of the *Illustrator* he was enabled to purchase an entire new suit. Entering the establishment of Mr. Neil McEachron, Merchant Tailor, represented by the above well known numbers, he was astonished at the carefully selected stock exposed to his view, and the low rates asked for what appeared to be the best quality of goods. Attention and politeness on the part of the proprietor himself, enabled the editor to suit himself, and save work after being measured he was a much better dressed if not a happier man. Don't forget the address, N. McEachron, Merchant Tailor, 191 Yonge Street.

Our friend Warner has as we have said, "trod the mark," by securing for his Concert Room, Yonge Street, fresh music and other talent. In addition to his present great attraction of the Newton Family, he has engaged the talented Miss Nellie Cerito, who is an *A. 1. artist*, having gained herself much reputation in tours through the Eastern States; also her brother, Willie Cerito, "The Infant Drummer," only four years old, a perfect wonder of a boy. Go and see them, by all means.

Bechens, mythologists tell us, was the god of wine, but although they have gone into details with regard to the life of the patron deity of "distilled demerol," they seem to have forgotten all about his lineal descendant, C. A. Backus, the divinity who presides over Toronto literature and Canadian letters. We would cheerfully readily, but without neglect of our time permit, but unfortunately we can only assure our readers that those who call at his temple, on Toronto street, will be able to obtain anything from a letter to a library, anything you ask—in fact, anything they want, provided they don't pay for it.

—Kinder than usual were the destinies of that sorry day last week which sent us to the cool soda fountain of Mr. Hilton, at the Agricultural Hall, corner of Queen and Yonge Streets. Accustomed as we are to soda water drinking, and experienced in many frothy disappointments where we had looked into bubbling goblets, and found nothing really worth drinking, our jaded palate was once more tickled by the brimstone of Mr. G. E. Hall & Co's "Orange" which the proprietor himself politely handed us. Mr. Hilton, but at considerable expense fitted up his establishment in New York style, and has made excellent arrangements to supply during the coming summer fruits and confectionaries of all descriptions.

Among the various branches of industry established in our city, we must not forget to mention one some (since established, and which is of peculiar interest to the ladies. We mean the Hoop Skirt establishment, No. 35 Colborne street, conducted by Mr. G. E. Hall & Co. Toronto Hoop Skirt Co. Mr. Gray is well-known in all cities as a shrewd and energetic man of business, and we have no doubt that he is enabled to give entire satisfaction in his peculiar line. As *expansion* is the order of the day, we have every reason to believe that the Toronto Skirt Manufacturing Co. are doing a large and profitable business. Ladies, purchase the "Gray" skirt; you will find it equal, if not superior, to the imported article.

It is a well-known fact to the classic that in the days of ancient Rome, the soldier who first mounted the walls of the enemy's city was rewarded with a mural crown. It must be gratifying to the true Canadian to learn that we in this city have also our Walls, in fact, our Thos. Walls & Co. Auctioneers of Cloth and Dry Goods generally, 170 King street east, who are so sagaciously believed that they are ready to knock down anything and everything from the American navy or navy (if they should dare to attack us) down to a pinch of snuff. We can assure our Toronto readers, that, although we cannot promise them a mural crown for standing (store of the Toronto Walls & Co, yet we can confidently promise them a good bargain.

The last fifty years have seen many wonderful changes, social, political, and indeed, a far more radical, for some of these changes we are thankful; for others, and many too, we have, perhaps, not so much cause to be so. One of the best changes in the social aspect of Toronto has certainly been the advent of that justly celebrated Mr. G. E. Hall & Co. His system of teeth drawing is that which commands universal commendation, and not, as is usually attributed to gentlemen of this profession, such as to disturb the timid and the nervous by false notions, to hurt the really afflicted by false blows. Any of our numerous readers who troubled with that most disgusting of all pains, the toothache, should give him a call at his office, King Street West, opposite Patterson & Foss' Hardware Store.

"Hall is thine own O Death," says Mr. Hennessy. For once the poet is wrong. She probably got her information from the *New York Herald* or some equally mischievous sheet, when she proclaimed to the world through the medium of her very bad death and her message on the 2d. E. K. Hall, and enclosed it. Mr. E. Hall wishes us to state in his own behalf that the assertion is not correct, and that although he has gone into partnership, yet the firm is not known by the name of Hall & Death but by the name of Hall & Co. In order to substantiate our statement, Mr. E. Hall & Co. are willing to remain in this city and sell all the latest Magazines, Periodicals and Books, to those who want them.
N. B. Don't men attend to except on personal application.

Civilization brings refinement, and refinement brings carpets. Although this statement may appear rather strange, yet it is susceptible of the strictest logical proof. Civilization brings refinement, and refinement brings carpets, *ergo* civilization brings carpets. Consequently those who do not wish to be without the pale of civilization will have to procure carpets. If any of our two readers cannot see this, we would beg to refer them to Jas. Baylis & Co. Carpet Dealers, 4 King St. East, who we feel assured will show them conclusively the closeness and correctness of our reasoning. We are informed in confidence that Jas. Baylis & Co. are prepared—rather than that the people should not see this—to give away their carpets (to those who pay for them) in order to show the truth about the above statement. We may mention that Jas. Baylis & Co. are very anxious to distribute among the people of Toronto a three-ply carpet which is fully equal to Brussels.