

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY APRIL 16, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 20.)

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

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

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

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rodo you tent it;  
A chit's amang you talking noles,  
And, faith, he'll p'rent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

## OURSELVES.

**NOT** In the next number of the GRUMBLER we intend presenting to our patrons a superb political cartoon, on the first page, evidencing our desire to emulate Punch, and deserve still father a continuance of the extensive patronage which we have hitherto received at their hands. We do not go into particulars as to the subject now in the engraver's hands; but we can affirm, with every degree of confidence, that it is one well suited to the times, and eminently calculated to embalm the physiognomy of some of our leading men. Send your orders early. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

## WHO KILLED THE GRITS?

Who kill'd the Grits?

"I," says John A.,  
"Say what you may,  
I killed the Grits."

Who saw them die?

"I, I, and I,"  
Fifty M.P.'s did cry,  
"I saw them die."

Who'll pack their clothes?

"I," says Lord Monck,  
"In the people's Grand Trunk  
I'll pack their clothes."

Who'll dig their grave?

"I," says old Tache,  
"Very deep, pour les cachet,  
I'll dig their grave."

Who'll be the sexton?

"I," says Jacques Cartier,  
"Ah, Oui! tres volontiers!  
I'll be the sexton."

Who'll be chief mourner?

"I," says George Brown,  
"For I'm quite broken down,  
I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll be the parson?

"I," says McGee,  
"Leave that to me,  
I'll be the parson."

Who'll sing the dirge?

"I," says Mick Foley,  
"For chang'd am I wholly,  
I'll sing the dirge."

Who'll play the organ?

"I," cried voices unnumber'd,  
But o'er all, Beauty's thunder'd:  
"I'll play the organ."

Who'll pay the bill?

"I," says A. Galt,  
"For I'm ne'er in default,  
I'll pay the bill."

## MR. ALFRED BRUNEL.

On any person inform us as to the position of this honest and straightforward gentleman in connexion with the "Civil Service?" He does not appear to be rated an officer in any public department in the Blue Book for 1863, recently laid before Parliament, and yet we find him at the present moment, in his supreme ignorance, knocking the Customs officials about here and attempting to deal with matters necessarily beyond his grasp. Certainly the present Government cannot be aware of the unblushing impudence—the audacity of the man in this attempt to pawn his services still further on the public; and that, too, in the face of the damnable charges preferred through the press against him and Mr. Worthington, by the late out-door Surveyor of this Port. All this sudden zeal on the part of Mr. Brunel won't avail him or his corrupt and blundering colleagues one single iota. Evidences, the most conclusive, of their incapacity and infamous conduct relative to the Port Credit case—aye, and in connection with the Port of Toronto, too—are ready to be laid before the House when it meets. Simple, magnanimous and grateful Alfred, shake hands with your Clear Grit friends when you now leave the Custom House; for it is about the last time you'll meet them in your official capacity, if you really are a public officer. Alfred, honesty is the best policy. Don't hope against hope; for were you even conversant with the necessities of the department upon which you have been foisted, the government will, in self-defence, be obliged to dismiss both you and your friend. Yes, and so also would

it have been with the late government—worthless and all as it was—if your conduct had been brought before a Committee of the House. How will you face your vile report laid before Parliament on the 8th of April last? How will you explain the abstraction of the two documents that nail your delightful machinations in the Cotton case? How will you or your confere arrange the false entries made in that affair; and the corrupt negligence and hot haste in which you made your report, when you were in utter darkness, in Goderich. Ah! dear Alfred, we wish most heartily that Russel or Cotton had left you in Kingston jail, where they first found you; or that you had remained in the Van Ransseler army, that figured so prominently at Navy Island, rather than that you should have stepped across the lines and been guilty of performing such dirty work as has been assigned to you here. However, your time, with that of your precious colleague, has now come; and, in bidding you good bye, we recommend you to try the Canadian Board *once more*, in the hope of passing as a Provincial Land Surveyor, or else just step over into the States again and join the Federals; where your uniform is sure not to be jeopardized under the Ninety First Clause.

## IMPORTANT CONTRACT.

We have just been informed that before the late Government tumbled to pieces Mr. Sandfield Macdonald authorised Stephen Richards, Esq., of this City, to contract for the building of three thousand scows, for the purpose of navigating the York Roads. During the winter, horses, it is alleged, were in some degree competent to drag an occasional vehicle to town over the ruts and through the frequent chasms to be found at intervals along the lines; but if four-footed animals were to be continued it was found that crocodiles only could perform the work through the mud; hence then—and in consequence of the distance of the Nile—the idea of the scows. We fear, after all is said and done, that these roads were better still in the hands of that corrupt and disaffected old villain of the *Leader*, than that the farmers and our City should be punished as they now are.

## PROPOSED MODEL ADDRESS OF THE NEW MINISTRY TO UPPER CANADA:

Rickety, rickety, rack!  
Whom I till we mount on your back,  
Then we'll get on the good old track,  
Rickety, rickety, rack!

## PROPOSED PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR OF THE NEW MINISTRY, TO SUNBURY UPPER CANADA PAPERS:

Chick, chick, chick, chick!  
We'll soon have plenty of crumbs to pick!

MISCEGENATION.

JONATHAN TO DINAH.

Oh! Dinah, darling, true it is,  
A deal too strange we've been of late;  
My sable beauty, let's be friends,  
And let us, love, miscegenate.

Time was, I thought it quite correct,  
A "nigger" worse than sin to hate;  
But that's played out, I take back track,  
And seek now to miscegenate.

Forget that e'er I used to scorn  
Thy sable cheeks and woolly pate;  
I hold thee now as beauty's queen,  
So, Dinah, let's miscegenate.

I'll seek not from our Yankee gals  
A withered, dry, and sbrivelled mate;  
No! thy plump beauties charm my soul,  
So, sweetest, let's miscegenate.

Thy warmer blood shall thrill my veins,  
Thy charms my sbrunked soul dilate,  
Thy "ferce miasm" make me bold:  
So pray, my love, miscegenate.

My lovely darkey, pray consent,  
Don't make the Reverend Sambo wait;  
He anxious stands, our hands to join,  
To help us to miscegenate.

The words are said, the knot is tied,  
Come, Dinah, love! its getting late,  
Come to your fond adorer's arms,  
Come, dearest, and miscegenate!

OUR GRANDSON IN YORKVILLE.

We had occasion to send our eldest grandson to the rather celebrated suburb of Yorkville, and as he is a sharp and well-grown youth, in fact nearer Heaven than ourselves by six inches, we told him to note well the peculiarities he observed, and throw them into the form of a letter, which if at all worthy of a niche in the *Grumbler* should duly appear. The boy was delighted at the promise, and we subjoin his communication, in which, hereditary talent and an acute view of things in general, peep out with tolerable distinctness.

April 8, 1864.

HONORED SIR,—I went this morning to Yorkville as you desired, and enquired at the Post Office according to your direction. The Post Office is not an imposing building, as it is principally devoted to crockery and the enormous quantity of brown pans put one in mind of the forty oil jars, in "Imijiana and the Forty Thieves" of the *Arabian Nights*. The office proper, is at the end of the store, and is an infant imitation, (as to labels,) of the Toronto one; a map, (from Harper,) of the year 1852, about a foot long and torn in several places, graces one side of the applicant pigeon-hole, and a sale of lands to occur in 1860 graces the other. Looking through the square aperture whence grim officials give information and letters, the prospect is pleasingly terminated by a trinity of highly coloured strawberries, ranged side by side. If these inflamed berries really

represent the strawberries grown at Yorkville, horticulture there must present an uncommon, if not pleasing appearance. I waited in company with a small girl, about ten minutes, as the Postmaster was engaged outside in listening to a bargain then in process by one of his friends, concerning some hay; but at length he appeared. Of a somewhat centurian like aspect, as one accustomed to command, slightly grizzled, of medium stature, he might be fifty, or "by'r Lady inclining to three score." He glanced with a proud satisfaction first at his pots and then at his three strawberries. After he had answered my modest enquiry, which he did with great civility though with that dash of peremptoriness which marks the official; I observed that "those three strawberries were beautifully executed." "Aye, aye," said the Postmaster, and he relaxed into a smile, "fond of Art young man? they are well done, look at the seeds, natural as life." I observed cautiously, that "they were certainly very seedy." "Yes, yes," he returned, "that's the real Yorkville strawberry, we call it the "seedy scarlet." I am sure, dear grandfather, this sort deserves its name, as the seeds were delineated in proportion to the size of the berry as of the bigness of a good-sized pea. However, I took my leave. Outside the door my attention was arrested by the Toronto Street Railway Company's Terminus. It is a stately edifice, and all the windows, &c., being niched out with red, present the cheerful appearance of a clown's face in a pantomime, or that of the fool in a circus. As I passed down the eastern street towards Toronto, I noticed the effigies of an animal on a sign, and it was entitled "The \_\_\_\_\_ Inn," leaving the picture itself to fill up the name of the House; but acute would be the man who detected under that reddish-brown animal, (apparently a hybrid between a sloth and a brown dog,) the form of the King of beasts; but the limner unquestionably meant to represent a red lion, and the will must be taken for the deed. I asked one question of a pale store-keeper, as to whether this region was a part of Toronto proper? "Sir," said he with conscious pride, "we have a municipality of our own," and this I knew, for I had read, *en passant*, a placard about cleansing snow and dirt, wherein 2s. 6d. fine was threatened and a license given to mulct up to \$2. With these mighty powers, said I, the Council of Yorkville must be a very Venetian Council of Ten, and visions of Marino, Faliero and an unscrupulous oligarchically filled my mind on my homeward route.

I am,

Honoured Sir,  
Your Afft Grandson,  
K.

Wanted.

— A situation in the Canadian Cabinet, by a Member of Parliament at present representing a western constituency. References kindly permitted to the *Leader* office, Berlin correspondent of that Journal, M. H. Foley, Esq., M.P.P., or the sheriff of Gray.

SOLILOQUY OF A DRUNKARD.

MISTHER GRUMBLES.—Last night, (hic) as I wash takin' my sixteenth tumbler of toddy hot, jus' on this very spot, (hic) whar, sing'lar to say 'bout a week 'go th' table flew up in my face and hit me a severe (hic) blow. Bein' unable to see to (hic) read on 'count of a dimness in the eyes, to which (hic) I've lately been very subject, I began to (hic) philosophise, and says I, (hic) one man's better than any other man, and I defy you or any other man to deny that if you can. (Hic.) I'm a man—and soberer than any judge. What's the use of your sayin' I'm light, (hic) I say it's all fudge. I'm a man, and I defy any of your aristocracy or nobility to say (hic) a single word agin' my respectability. Com on, one and all, (hic) ye beggers confound ye. D'ye hear you impudent scoundrels, mind I don't (hic) surround ye. I'm a man not to be trifled with when my (hic) blood is hot, and if you don't take mighty good care my (hic) fine fellows, I'll send every darn'd one of you to pot. The only (hic) man that I ever was 'fraid of—pon my life—it's a great (hic) secret—and don't tell it to anyone—was Margaret Ann, my wife. Oh, jimminy, there she comes! and I'm in a (hic) precious funk. Won't she kick me and pull my hair when she sees I'm so (hic) heastly drunk.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

If the smut throwing proclivities of a city organ whose *Globular* pills, the component parts of which are three parts low scurrility and one part soot, a seasoning, of which a large stock is kept constantly on hand by its proprietors, are distributed daily, gratis, in the contested Ridings, were to exercise an important bearing on the coming elections, we could not doubt as to which side would be the winners. That it has a bearing we cannot but admit, but is to me diametrically opposite to that intended by the smut-vendors. Stirring up in the minds of the Electors, as the nomination in Cobourg distinctly shows feelings of indignation at the course adopted by the narrow minded clique who receive these "pills," as the only panacea for their political grievances and devour them with all the greediness of hungry kittens, who, for a time, have been deprived of their usual moucine supper. These political rats—their ship having sunk—single out one or two strong swimmers, on whom they at once fasten, and seek by every device in their power to sink them 'neath the waves for ever and for ever. We are glad to see these designing tricksters receive the punishment they so richly merit. Let every constituency strive to emulate West Northumberland and thereby teach a lesson to posterity that political treachery and trickery will ever receive in Canada its just reward.

Sporting.

— We understand that a race is to take place soon between Ald. Baxter's "Lightfoot" and R. Mulhon Allen, Esq.'s, "Maid of Kildare." The "sports" are, of course, on the tip-toe of expectation, and great fun is expected. We shall publish a full account of the affair.

## A ROASTER FOR ROBINSON.

Pray who is this with bran new beaver hat,  
And nice new coat, and neatly tied cravat?  
'Tis John B. Robinson, as large as life,  
Emerg'd victorious from the dreadful strife,  
In which, though fond of gambols, he consigned  
To shades below a Gamble unresigned.  
Promoted now from cricket, bats, and balls,  
To be a Daniel in the city halls,  
And there, for six good hundred pounds a year,  
(Ho always was, you know, a little dear)  
Profound advice and counsel to dispense,  
And long opinions give, without much sense;  
Now things in general properly to fix,  
And now mint juleps for the Mayor mix.  
Such legal light no city e'er possessed,  
With such a man no city e'er was blessed;  
With such a Solomon our city's sound,  
And twenty shillings will pay in the pound.

## HAMILTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Ma. GROWDEN.—I take my pen in hand to inform you that "things is movin'." Having a faro bank, but no brigade of coroners, nor no dead—except dead-boards, and they never die—the Easter holiday was quite dull here. But we've had a promotion in the family, we've got another honourable, and the way we are just now celebrating his return to Hamilton is to Quebec doubtful is gay and festive, I tell you. The Mayor and corporation have taken the matter in hand, with a will. They say Isaac's health's failing, that he's done too much, or too little, or something or nothing, and he musn't do it any more. Contracts for breaking stone enough to macadam all creation, can be had at the shortest notice—all to make the road good to Quebec—langer for the million, and licenses for nothing. Isaac thinks different. He says he can stand it yet awhile, if Foley and McGee don't urge him too much, and he's drivin' round like mad. He knows that port-folio will answer him very well in Quebec, but port-monaie is the only thing that can save him in Hamilton, so he's opened one of those "things"—"contents noted"—and the "free and independent," who "couldn't see it" before, are getting their eyes opened at a ruinous rate for corporation prospects. It rarely seldom fails.

The first "show of hands" (clenched) was at a Buchanan meeting on Tuesday, and was decidedly in favor of portmonaie. One John White, a lumberman from Milton, (said to be some on the muscle) was compelled, by force of circumstances, to "git back," neither a wiser or a better man but satisfied that Isaac has great financial ability. We had a visit, also, from three other "incendiaries," John Sandfield, McDougall, and McGiverin; but they applied their torches in so quiet a manner that, although there don't seem to be much flame, many people think Isaac will be "smoked out" to a certainty. Simoa reserves his opinion, but is inclined to think, that if the Mayor is not elected the Hon. will gain the day. Lots of work for to-night: double fore-and-aft clog dance at Onisno, for the championship; five political, and seventeen pecuniary meetings, also for the clompianship; special ovation at "the nigger moetin house," to

the "free and independent electors of African descent," (without any particular object in view) the Mayor in the chair; Pemberton's benefit at the theatre; and commotion generally. So I conclude.  
SIMON.

## Some Account of the New Ministry.

To those not behind the scenes, some short account of the most prominent members of the newly framed Ministry will doubtless be acceptable, and although the only Shakespeare has asked "What's in a name?" yet as men see occasionally in names an index to character, we give those of these gentlemen, explaining as far as our antiquarian resources will permit, the reason why they bear them. Captain Cuttle, it will be remembered, asked "Rob the Grinder;" as the third question of the catechism, "How he liked his name?" The worthy Captain's knowledge of the catechism of the Church of England being limited. We will not go so far, but give the names of these gentlemen, and our readers can determine for themselves whether the names and the origin claimed for them seem tolerably consonant. Mr. McGee's name is, strictly speaking, *Ghee*, that word being the Hindostanee for butter; so we have Mac, the son of butter or oil, the words identical in the Hindostanee, by a figure of speech "the man with the oily tongue," tolerative, our readers will own, of the peculiar talent of the Hon. President of the Board of Agriculture. Sir E. P. Tache's surname is, correctly, *tasche*; his famous ancestor being Claude Sabrotasche, a beau sabreur under the celebrated Henri Quatre. M. Langevin, originally a Scotch name, is derived from a celebrated Scottish ancestor of the present gentleman, celebrated for his thrift, who had acquired the rather singular cognomen of *lang in giving*, from the hesitancy he display when solicited for charity. Chapanis (also a Scotch name) transmuted by the Lower Canadians from "chappie," the original name of the founder of the family, who was found in the year 1720 wandering by the Tweed side in Scotland, and was called, in the *patois* of the kind-hearted Scotch, the little "chappie." This orphan sought and found his fortune in Lower Canada, in the year 1746, having been implicated in the rebellion of 1745. Escaping the ruthless conscription which followed the disastrous field of Culloden, he escaped to Canada, his only worldly possessions consisting of a small oatmeal bag, or poke, as it was called. Mr. Gall's descent from the famous musician, Terabosco, who flourished at Padua in the beginning of the 16th century, and who was commonly called Ginnit, is too well known to notice, and with this we close our trifling disquisition.

— Perhaps the greatest old slow coach: that could be raked up anywhere between John O'Groa's house and Penolauguisheno is that antiquated specimen of the "*gens homo*," Councilman James. He really does nothing at all at the Council Board but sits moping like an old stocking mender smiling in the hopes of catching some of the applause that is bestowed on his colleagues.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J.—Yes, we believe Mr. John Macdonald, M.P.P., requested John A. to appoint him Chaplain to the Honorable House, with \$5,000 per annum. He can then explain all about "this unhappy and divided country."

J. K.—We don't believe the report that the amount collected to pay expenses of deputation to Quebec, about the seat of government question, has been handed over to the House of Providence.

HAND HEAD.—We have not heard how the Mayor is getting on with his studies at the Commercial College.

J. R. wants to know whether 'tis true the rate-payers of St. Patrick's Ward elected a dummy for Councilman, to represent them in the City Council. We are not acquainted with the gentleman referred to, but we believe they have Dunn (done) it.

LEX wants to know whether Mr. Doyle, barrister, in addressing Alds. Sterling and Baxter, who presided at the P. C. the other morning, as your "Lordships," meant an insult to the *Bench*, or merely used the term out of ignorance? We are surprised at Doyle's mistaking the pompous Aldermen for *puiss* judges, he must have been "blarneying."

INQUIRER.—We cannot say as to the exact price of a vote in the City Council; but it might be worth a cheque for \$100, or two hundred cord of wood.

G. DUNNVILLE.—Yes. Please do it yourself. For outside matter, ten cents per line. If you have anything, however, send along.

## "Vote for John Macdonald, and the Seat of Government at Toronto."

The above cry was all the rage about ten months since. Well, the people did vote for John Macdonald; but failed in getting the seat of Government to Toronto. Aw. M., did likewise, and both supported a Ministry that had only a majority of two in the House. Perhaps they'll try the cry a second time. Once, gentlemen, is enough; both will have a chance to stay at home next election.

— The *Dux* of the Police Force, Captain Prince, that dear "duck of a man," whose ducks of kids and "whiskaws" are the delight of all the dear little ducks in the city, has lately been going it strong on the duck question, shooting of on the Island, &c. When will the Captain cease his "Joe Hooker proclamations" on dog and duck questions? We fear, Captain, you have a weakness for seeing your name in "pwint."

## Mountebank.

— Is there no way of getting rid of the political mountebank, McKellar? We were in hopes that the Mormons would take him to Salt Lake. We have too many of his kind in Canada at present, and any person that can devise means of inducing him to emigrate, will have the thanks and gratitude of every decent man in Canada.

**THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.**

(We expect a leather medal for our improvement on Tennyson.)

Nary a step, nary a step,  
Nary a step onward,  
All in the mud, there  
They stick by the hundred.  
All, all along the route,  
List to the driver's shout,  
Trying, in vain, from out  
Morass, and bog, and swamp, trying  
To clear the track,  
Stuck in the mud is the  
Army of the Potomac.

Cannon to the right of them,  
Cannon to the left of them,  
Cannon behind them!

Nor volley'd, nor thundered,  
Nor stormed at by shot nor shell,  
There they are content to dwell,  
When they will move no one can tell,  
Tho' much it is wondered.  
Will they e'er again come back,  
Proudly marching neck to neck?  
Columbia's favor'd crack  
Army of the Potomac!

There they are, rider and horse,  
With many full many a corse;  
Not but the soldiers know  
Some one has blundered.  
Their's not the reason why,  
Their's not to make reply,  
Their's but to stick and die  
In the fell Richmond track,  
All that is left of them,  
Left of the Army of the Potomac!

**AMUSEMENTS.**

In the above line things are at a discount. The Theatre is vacant, and likely to remain so for some time to come. The Amateurs raise a small splurge, at irregular intervals, in the old Apollo Hall, and, save a complimentary benefit to Pat Redmond and Matt Thompson, at the Apollo, on Tuesday night, we have nothing much to disturb the "spirit of our dream."—Sam Sharpley, with his troupe of ironclads, are expected to open here next month for a week. They have been taking in tons of the "O be joyful!" during their eastern tour, and intend to do likewise in Canada.

St. Patrick's Ward.

— Mr. Canavan is out in this ward, for Councilman. Put him in, say we. There is plenty of room in the Council for respectable men.

City Council.

— We believe our City Fathers have given out, or are about to give out, a contract for a staff of three professors of English grammar, writing, and general polisher. Respectfully we hope they will make such improvement during the next month that their friends wont know them. They need it sadly.

**TO OUR AGENTS.**

Our agents will please take notice that all orders for the next issue of the *Grumbler* must reach us by Thursday night. We have made arrangements for running off twice our usual edition and all may rely on being supplied promptly with copies.

**The Police Court.**

— We would respectfully ask the Police Magistrate, whether the requirements of justice are accomplished by permitting policemen and officials of the court to interfere when a prisoner is being tried, and make voluntary statements, *not under oath*, generally derogatory to the prisoner's character, &c. According to the most learned legal authors, the testimony, even *on oath*, of a policeman cannot be too closely criticised; and, we think, too much heed is given by the magistrate to the sometimes splenetic interference of gentlemen in blue. Mr. Cadi, remedy the evil.

**Mission of Mercy.**

—The Hon. Donald McDonald and Willio Henderson are going from door to door making collections to defray Election Expenses in Waterloo, Cobourg and Hamilton to secure election of Grit candidates.

**The Dickey Bird.**

— Ex-Councilman Dickey is holding forth every night in St. Patrick's Ward, to secure his election as Alderman. We like the ambition of the little bird and have no objection to his Election—provided always—he will keep quiet in the Council and not bore the members with long speeches, as one Baxter is enough for any ward.

**Mr. Mayor.**

— Dear Medcalf, take our good advice,  
(Tis short—we write it in a hurry,)  
Whene'er you speak, just try and spice,  
A little more with Lindley Murray.

— Two things you hate to pay,—Gas Bills and Taxes.

**Ald. Jarvis.**

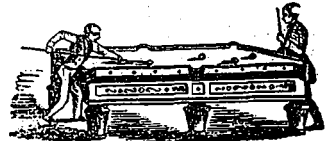
— We are exceedingly glad to see that Ald. Jarvis has, during his short time on the bench of the Police Court, "made his mark," by fining heavily and *imprisoning*, and very properly so, several well-known disorderly characters who, some way or other, have up to that time managed to escape a view of the interior of the jail. Go on Jarvis, you have the good wishes of our citizens in your work.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

Friend Charley Backas still holds forth at No. 10 Toronto Street, where is to be obtained everything in the Book, Stationary and Periodical Business, of which he is a bright and shining light. Does City Hall Carr want a supply of office fixings, Charley can furnish him. Does the Hon. J. B. R. want to read again, Charley can cram him. Does anybody want anything, including *ourselves*. Charley Backas is there.

**W. J. SHARP'S**

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH



**SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS.**

SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.

Patented November 16, 1862. Manufacturing, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cushions repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. None but the best tables made at this establishment.

First Class Marble or Slate Bed Billiard Tables from \$220 to \$675, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

**NEW DINING SALOON.**

Our old friend, ex-alderman James Smith, who for so many years conducted the "Albion" so well, has opened a new dining saloon on Church Street, a few doors North of King, which for style, size and comfort, is not surpassed by any in the City. As Mr. Smith has opened this establishment for the accommodation of professional and business men in particular, we hope they will extend to him that patronage so spirited an enterprise is deserving of.

**ROBERTSON'S**  
**Canadian Highway Guide,**  
**APRIL NUMBER,**  
**SECOND EDITION JUST ISSUED,**  
**PRICE TEN CENTS.**  
**C. A. BACKAS.**

**VICTORY SALOON.**

Corner of Brock and Queen Streets, under the management of Mr. Thompson, has lost none of its old customers, but as time rolls on is daily acquiring new. Mr. Thompson's Bar is always well supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars, and is deserving of the patronage of those who wish to receive hospitable treatment. Friend Thompson has made himself quite a popular man in the West End of the City, so if the reader has not visited the Victory, let him quickly do so, or he will be considered behind the age.