

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 16.]

## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 5 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," Post Office, Toronto, and not to any publisher or newsdealer in the city.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede you tont it;  
A chiel's amang you talking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prunt it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

### RESURGAM.

"I was so delighted with the luxuriance and color of the verdure of the fields of the old country, that I actually lay down and rolled on the grass."—Speech of the Hon. George Brown at the St. Patrick's Dinner.

Now the House—like the foes of Assyria of old—

It must keep a sharp eye on whate'er comes to pass;

For the member for Oxford—it scarce need be told—

Has like Nebuchadnezzar returned from grass.

And still, like that monarch, his power and fame

Will grow wider wherever he chances to roam;

For he has become sensible, gentle and tame

From the very few weeks he spent grazing at home.

And now newly fledged, a political lord,

He'll step into the midst of his friends and his foes,

Quite refreshed from his roll on the emerald sward,

Where he gambolled and brayed with delight when he rose!

### Novel Measure.

—It is understood that Mr. Brown who is fresh from the Old Country, intends introducing a measure during the present session of Parliament, with a view to making it obligatory on parents to send their young sons home to the old country for the purpose of studying the fields of that favoured portion of the globe—in short, to send them to grass, where, as he naively observed at the St. Patrick's dinner on Tuesday, they may spend profitably their hey-day of youth.

### Uncle Abo and Prayers.

—We cannot condemn Abraham for forcing clergymen to pray for him. In his dire extremity he sees, and so do his Generals, the necessity for all the prayers that can be offered in his behalf.

## A SEDIMENTARY ON A TOUR.

THE DEPUTY ADJUTANT-GENERAL ABROAD.

Our readers will be delighted to learn that arrangements have been made with Mr. Powell, (an efficient D. A. G.) for a series of letters from abroad, descriptive and otherwise. A constant stream of correspondence from his facile pen, (he kept the books in his own country store) will be received with delight by an intelligent public, and as he intends to give us the benefit of his opinion on the harbour defences of England and France. Military men may benefit materially by the perusal of these letters.

LETTER I.

LONDON, February, 1863.

I have arrived safe and sound. My passage was marked by no extraordinary incidents except, perhaps, the absence of daily papers. The first three or four days on the sea, I did not give the matter much thought, as my time was principally taken up in swallowing repeated dozens of pale brandy—the way much better than I had often sold for \$2.00 a bottle. After my sea sickness was over I appeared on deck in my uniform. I may say without affectation, that I attracted universal attention. They took me for a Confederate General and I did not undeceive them. Where was the war when they spoke of the Alabama, I looked knowing and assured them that no trouble need be anticipated from that quarter. This quieted the fears of some timid Yankees on board and I was treated by them with marked respect. General Snooks from Snooksville, U. S., was especially lavish of delicate attentions. I improved the time by reading the first volume of Jomini four times over and practising the sword exercise with a walking stick. Har- die's tactics and Fenton's letters on defence also, were perused by me with infinite delight. I worked out the problems they contained, and then tried geometry. In the latter study I made some headway, but the 6th of the 1st book tried my temper sorely. I sought relaxation from intense study in consulting with my American friend, General Snooks. Like myself, the General had never seen service but was anxious to learn. I explained to him the various theories of attack and defence, and completely floored him with an avalanche of technicalities. With the assistance of the volunteer drill book, we managed now and then to go through military movements. The two of us righted and lefted admirably; also formed two deep. Fours-deep we found much more difficult. We formed company admirably, and went through battalion drill with a steadiness which would have delighted the heart of a veteran. These last movements I improvised, as the drill-book gives no directions for enabling

the person to go through them. When I return, I shall issue a new drill-book to the Canadian Militia, supplying what I cannot but regard as defects in the regulation book. Thus, you see, I spent the time on shipboard profitably. When I arrived in London I called at the War Office, and asked to see Mr. Horse-guards, but I was informed that that gentleman was not in. I presented my credentials, and was asked to call again. I reserve further particulars for another letter.

Yours, &c.,

W. POWELL,  
Lt.-Col. & Ex-General-Grocer.

## THE WAR—STARTLING DESPATCHES.

(A veritable despatch, but slightly altered in diction.)

WASHINGTON, March 14.

A special despatch to the *Mudville Kiteflyer* says, that a reconnoissance was made yesterday by twenty-five men of the Grand Army of the Potomac, which has resulted most satisfactorily. The observations which this party was enabled to make, it is confidently anticipated, will produce the most astounding results, and end the war in less than three weeks from the present time, if not sooner.

Capt. C—, with the aid of a very powerful telescope, discovered (what do you think?) that a nigger was mounting guard on the opposite side of the Rappahanock. Astonished at the amazing nature of this discovery, the gallant captain pushed forward until he came within squinting distance of the aforesaid nigger, when he saw clearly that his fullest apprehensions were realized. There was the sable son of Africa doing duty for that vile rebel, Jeff. Davis, ready to pop off the emissaries of Father Abraham, should they come within bullet range.

Noting the developments of this strange sight, we lay under cover for some fifteen hours, two minutes and three-quarters exactly (by my chronometer), and were startled to see at least fifty more niggers pop out from the rifle-pits, and mount guard in turns. Wonderful to say, they acted in every respect like white men.

The result of our observations were at once made known to the President and the Council, who were almost struck dumb with the astonishing nature of the information.

The President was heard to declare that now the war was practically ended, and that the days of greenbacks were drawing to a close.

### Preposterous.

—It is ridiculous to suppose that the vice of gambling shall ever be eradicated, so long as parents encourage their children to try "all fours" before they are able to walk, and permit them to indulge in cribbage, whenever they get into the vicinity of a sugar-bowl.

NEW SKATING SONG.

BY SIMON CRAVY.

Now, my dear, your left foot  
 Now, my dear, your right.  
 There's not the slightest danger  
 If you but hold me tight,  
 There's not a finer pastime—  
 Now, is there, do you think?  
 But here we are—just fancy—  
 On the middle of the rink!  
 You don't say—"on your honour!"  
 That you "never tried before."  
 Well, of course, I must believe you;  
 But, then, really, I am *shavere*.  
 There's the Mistress Dumper Poolo Peggis,  
 Who has been here a week,  
 She scarce can keep her feet, and is  
 But learning how to squeak.  
 She is, upon my word, she is  
 The worst I ever saw,  
 And wabbles like the baby  
 She has left at home with *paree*.  
 And there's the Miss Golden Osier,  
 Bending gracefully and low;  
 And it would be very graceful  
 Had she always not bent so;  
 Though leaning on the arm  
 Of young Snigger Sniffor Snex,  
 You see she does not move along  
 So gracefully as you.  
 Don't look at Splutter Bludgeoner,  
 That runs at such a pace;  
 From such a frantic study  
 You can never catch a grace.  
 Altho' a man so agile,  
 And who twists at such a rate,  
 Seems fit for any office  
 In the councils of the state.  
 Now, my dear, your left foot,  
 Now, my dear, your right.  
 There's not the slightest danger  
 If you but hold me tight.

"O, Wretched Man that thou Art, &c."

A poor, wretched Benedict, who hails from the ambitious little city, (alas! not so ambitious now as it used to be,) has perpetrated the following piece of lachrymose writing, which he has given to the world through the columns of a local newspaper:

"The advertisement which appeared a few days ago in my name and my wife, Grace Hurd, was extorted from me by her frequent crying, importunities and promises in presence of many respectable witnesses, that if I should make the admission thereby made, she would behave better in future. But what is the sequel?—This creature (formerly an inmate of the penitentiary) whose conduct I thereby demeaned myself to screen, has turned out worse than ever. And I trust the public, in whose eyes I must now appear somewhat disgraced, will accept this explanation, and forgive me, an Adam, for having been thus beguiled by an Eve.

This thus miserable wight laments his wretched condition, with all the force of italics. We should like to see the other side of the case. Such an *ex parte* statement as this, cannot be received without some extenuation. If "Grace" is in the land of the living it is to be hoped she will come to the surface and put in her rejoinder. The case is too good a one to be lost to humanity. What was the nature of the promises which beguiled

this soft-headed "Adam," to knuckle-down to such a faithless "Eve?" The Grumbler is of opinion that Mr. Hurd, (we suppose that is his name) would be well served if he were to get a good ducking in a mill-pond, or be beat to death with his wife's garter. That would be the right way to treat all such Adams as thrust their private wrongs before a gossiping public.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The Grumbler, always actuated by motives of the greatest possible good nature, freely gives place to the following epistle:

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

Sir.—Did you see the Leader—how it pitches into me? It called me a "lunatic," and other bad names, because of my speech on St. Patrick's Day. Now, Sir, I write you those few lines, affected, it is true, with a little of that "real pain" which people sometimes feel in the morning when they drink their tea too strong over night, to say that that scurrilous paper has done me the greatest injustice. I will leave it to Dr. Workman, "or any other man," if I am a lunatic, or anything of the sort. I admit, Mr. Editor, that the speeches in the *Globe* and *Leader* do not read very like loyal productions, but I give you my honor that they are not properly reported, or, if they are, then Mick Murphy is not himself, or was not himself at the time the speech was made. But why should I beat around the bush like this? What I wanted to say, and what I will now say, is this, that yesterday I—yes—the great anniversary you know—I—no—yes—what I meant to say is that—well—that meeting with so many of my friends, you know, I wanted to do honor to the day, and, perhaps, took a little drop too much, and, perhaps, spoke a little foolishly, and that sort of thing:

I hope you will do me the justice to insert this in your columns. Fair play I do not expect from either the *Leader* or the *Globe*, and so I come to you for it. I will ever remain,

Your Obligated Servant,  
 MICHAEL MURPHY,  
 President Libernann Society, Toronto.

[The Grumbler accords to Mr. Murphy all he asks, but would beg to remind that gentleman that there is an old Latin proverb which says that *in vino veritas*. Of course we do not mean to say that this at all applies to Mr. Murphy, but if he will make a fool of himself he must expect to be treated as one. Be better for the future Michael darling, or you will have Ogle B. giving you a snoozer under the fifth rib, before you know where you are. Don't rile him, or you will have a forty pounder on you in the twink of an eye.]

Familiar.

—Lord Monk, in one of his communications to Mr. Sanfield McDonald, familiarly addresses him as "My dear McDonald," and the Minister in reply brings down the representative of royalty to his own level, by addressing him as "My dear Lord Monck." Be mindfit Mac, that "too much freedom breeds despotism."

THE LEADER'S INSTRUCTIONS.

STARTLING REVELATIONS.

"Nothing could be meaner or more shabby than the treatment which the Macdonald-Scotte Ministry has met with at the hands of its Upper Canadian Supporters on the Separate School Bill.—*Leader*, 16th.

"We do not know whether their statements were authorised by the Premier."—*Globe*, 17th.

Of course you don't Mr. *Globe*. We do though. From private despatches we may state, without equivocation, that the Premier endorses every word of the *Leader's* statement. Furthermore, the Premier expressly authorised the *Leader* to use the words complained of—if the subjoined copy of the Premier's instructions to the *Leader* means anything.

COPY.

House of Assembly, March, 15th, 1863.

To the Editor of the *Leader*.

GREETING—The Copperheads need a drilling. They have shamefully deserted us. Pitch into them in to-morrow's issue. Let your article be headed "Imbroglia at Quebec" and be — inches in length. You are at liberty to use the following words, to wit: mean, shabby, treachery, foul play, desertion, skeedaddle, incorrigible, pack. Mercin fail not at peril of having the York Roads affair investigated.

Your Master,

J. S. MACDONALD.

Is it any wonder that the country is going to ruin, when a Minister has an editor so completely under his control that he can dictate what shall be the heading of his article, its length, and the very words to be used in it? Were it not that THE GRUMBLER is alive and kicking, all hope might be given up of a return to a better state of things.

"COPPERHEADS."

LEADER OFFICE, 18 March, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND GRUMBLER.—Those miserable Grits are in a most outlandish state of perturbation because they have been called "Copperheads" in the *Leader*. Allow me to give the public a definition of the word through you. It is taken from the snake of that name, which any Natural History will show you is not only a very venenous serpent, but turns on you at most unexpected seasons. Now is that name appropriate or not? For myself, you know, I don't care a snap of my finger for one party more than another. There are considerations, which, *entre nous*, are of a more substantial kind than those of party; but as it suited my purpose at the moment to have a fling at these Clear Grits, did I not well dub them "Copperheads." Let them rave as they will, I've had my revenge.

Ever yours in the brotherhood,  
 C. L.

Important.

—Most of our contemporaries will be glad to learn that the Sheep Protection Bill has passed the Upper House.

REWARD FOR REPEATED ATTEMPTS AT ORATORY.—Mr. Jones, M. P. P., is undoubtedly the Burke of Canada. The way he murders the classics is terrible.

**SONG FOR SKEDADDLERS.**

Air.—"All the blue bonnets are over the border."  
 Run, run, Yankee and foreigner—  
 Run, my lads, don't forward in order—  
 Run, run, conscripts and colored men—  
 All the skedaddlers are en route for the border.  
 Many a copperhead,  
 Not liking steel or lead,  
 Many a Unionist famous for bluster,  
 Mouth and make ready, men,  
 Here comes the draft again,  
 Fly for security over the border.  
 Run, run, &c.

Come from your homes were you're sure to be drafted—  
 Trust to your heels to escape from the foe—  
 Come to the land where you'll only be laughed at—  
 Come where you still can continue to blow.  
 Trumpets are braying,  
 Conscripts are praying,  
 Gird up your loins and run in good order;  
 Canada 'll many a day  
 Tell of the funny way  
 All the skedaddlers came over the border.  
 Run, run, &c.

**TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.**

To the Hon. Mr. McCee, down at Quebec, Member of Parliament, or elsewhere, President of the Council:

STANLEY STREET, 18th March, 1863.  
 Oh! whillalu na moek! Darcy, darlin, if you iver saw sich a sight! Begorra, it's well it's the other hand or I wouldn't be able to give you a line on the subject; but how I came to get it was in taking Mick Doyle's bull-dog off a Scotchman that he saw standin on the sidewalk widout a green ribbin on his hat. Mick's "Growler" always walks; and knowin that my buckie wasn't out of us, he starts out of the procession and had him down in the twinklin of a tobaccoe box. I was afther him in a succend, of coorse, Mick not payin much attinshun to it, and in tarrin him off, what d'ye think but he made both his teeth meet in the fat of my left hand. He didn't see me at the time he did it; for the moment the thief was aware that he was drawin rale Irish blood he drops his houl't wid a whine, heks my fist, and the divil a tail did he straiten for the whole day afterwards.

Well, you'll say "that's naither here nor there," and may be you're right; but the point is, the glorious procession of Irishmin on the 17th day of March, 1863, in the City of Toronto, in commemoration of the anniversary of their tutel'ar saint. And that was the procession, or I'm no judge pottieen. From St. Paul's up to any other place you please, providia you count it two miles off, the divil a naidge could pass the street. Strahmers flyin—bands a playin—societies wathin their banners—marshalls ridin up and down, and thousands of sober and steady men keepin step like sogers. It was a grand sight let me tell you, and one that will be remembered in this city for minny a day to come. At the splendid collation at St. Patrick's Hall, naither John Hilyard nor Ogle R. attended. The former wrote an apology to the effect that he couldn't lave John A. he was so fond of him; and the latter refused to be present point blank, be-

cause Michael wasn't invited. Howsowdive, begorra, we got on swimminly widout them, and bruck up—what was to me the greatest wonder on earth—in pace and quietness, at an arly hour. To be sure, there was an odd blow outside attords mornin; but it was only a few Englishmen who were bet for keepin late hours; and although I can't say I know all the ins and outs of it, I'm sartin they were in the wrong, and deserv'd what they got, and much good may do them wid it. Your health was dbrank of coorse, and sorry I'm for it; for, upon me sowkins, the noise they med was worse on my head than all the licker I dhrank durin the day. "Sit down," sez I, to a joker from the Gore of Toronto, that for a considerable payriod was endeavouirin to get through the flure. "Sit down yourself," sez he, givin me an eye that I understood, "and may be the sooner you do it the better." That was the only crass word that passed durin the whole evenin at the table.

Well, yez got into throuble I see on the Separate School question. Shure yez will count sich little things nothin, whin yez get used to them; but let me tell you, that, in connexion with that Bill, John Sansfield has exhibited some manly thrusts which recommend him to me at last, and most, I think, recommend him to every proud and honest man in the country. Be the mortal, there's not a mane strake in him—he's a straight forred fella; and next to John A. himself, by the powers of pewther, I think I'd give him a share of my last naggin. You see the curse of it is, yez are not shure of yer own side of the house, and Sansfield won't beg. More power to his elbow for that same. What has he or the country to gain from a support that's not intelligint and spontaneous?

Tell Michael that I have just resaved a letter from Lord Monck, beggin of me to give him a hint as to the impropriety of attackin Couchon half joke, whole airnest at any ball that may be given in future by his Excellency, and at which both these gentlemn may be presint, "for, my dear Terry," sez his Lordship "although I know Foley to be an able man and a fine fella, he is very volent. What did you attack me in your paper for? sez he to Couchon. Oh! sez the other, I am in opposition, and attack the ministry in part or in whole as the case may be, and not you personally or in a private capacity; so you see my dear Terry, that Couchon had the best of it, although sorry I'm for it, not wishin to give the Frinch the upper hand in the dhrawin room at last." These are his very words to me, and you can see the letter yourself whin you come up; but you musn't say anythin about it or may be it would interrupt our correspondence, if not put an ind to it altogether.

I duuns whether George has left here yet or no; but perhaps you think he'll be time enough whin he gets down. Faith my impressions run in the same channel, for well I know he's concoctin somethin desparate up here or he would have been wid yez long ago. There was a rumour

that he took tay at the palace the other night, but I can scarcely believe it, although I think he lives opposit it. Nivetheless, its hard to say what a man will do when he wants to butcher a political opponent, and you know, if Bishop Lynch and he put their heads together, it will lade to nothin more or less than the utter extinction of British Freedom and the revival of the Inquisition; bekase, you see, George, as a protestant, can bring the thumb-serews of Queen Elizabeth to bear upon the subject, while his Lordship has pick and choice, accordin to Tom Ferguson or Ogle R. Be this as it may, your metal is about to be thried anyway; and, if yez don't look out, the lord knows what the consequences may be.

You remember poor Boxty Mulloy—Juncus you know—not Neddy? Well, I was lookin over some of my outd papers the other day, and if I didn't find the followin in the poor fella's handwritin. He was a great Latin scholar and a funny fell as you know; so I jist thought I'd copy it verbatim and let you see it:—

**OHE! JAM SATES EST.**

But I am the unlappny man  
 From night till morn—from morn till night;  
 For, do the very best I can,  
 That cursed best is never right.  
 Whether I eat or drink or dance,  
 Or speak or bow, to those who pass,  
 Or sing or drive, by some mischance,  
 I always make myself an ass.  
 The other day when at a fest—  
 A splendid fest not far from town—  
 With beating heart, I chanced to meet  
 One Mary Anna Julia Brown.  
 I saw her eyes swoor love to mine—  
 Such love as words can ne'er express;  
 But handing her a little wine  
 I dashed it o'er her satin dress!  
 She smiled and asked me for some snip—  
 I didn't like that smile—not I!—  
 I tried to curve, but such a wip  
 As then I gave her in the eye!  
 For oh!—the like has ne'er been heard—  
 My fork—and I in such a state—  
 It slipped!—and the accused bird  
 Flew at her off the cursed plate!  
 Oh! then I shudalor'd in despair,  
 She met me with so dark a frown,  
 And slinking down into my chair,  
 Lost Mary Anna Julia Brown!  
 I tried to dance someo after that,  
 But dancin now was but a bore,  
 Yet still I managed to lay flat  
 My furious host upon the floor!  
 But after all, I sang with grace;  
 And soon commencing, with a sigh,  
 I 'twards the ceiling turn'd my face,  
 But plaster fell into my eye!  
 Enough! I rushed from such a fate;  
 And drove off with a deadly groan;  
 But oh! my eye, when at my gate,  
 Upset and broke my collar bone!  
 And here as now I lie in bed,  
 A binoholor, though wed to woe,  
 I hear, though I can't lift my head,  
 My butler drawing curks below!  
 Then am I not a haunted man  
 From night till morn, from morn till night:  
 For do the very best I can,  
 That cursed best is never right!  
 Begorra that fella wasn't an Irishman anyway,  
 or he'd never let that wouan go so aisy. Sooh!

as if a little dribble of wine, and an accidental slap in the eye is to knock a fella completely head over heels. It isn't Terry Finnegan was there, in his younger days, or the case would have been otherwise. I'd have taken her aside quick enough, and after givin her a squeeze that had manin in it, "Miss Brown," I'd say, "it wasn't I that spilt the wine, but it was the ardent tremblin of the rosy licker itself in its desire to reach your beautiful lips that induced it to leave the glass precipitately; and as for the snipe" I'd continue, "the bird, roast and all as he was, knew that I wasn't an expert carver, and havin got one glimpse of those glittering pearly teeth of yours, he thought he'd just make their acquaintance at once without my aid, and only missed his way by a couple of inches." What d'ye think of that allanah? She'd come out of the corner of the room lanin on my arm; that's what she'd do; and the devil's good cure to the fella for bein served as he was, for his faintin and sighin and stuff; and I'm only sorry that it wasn't his neck was bruck instead of his collar bone.

Well I'm done now. I suppose yez will be all out or reorganised by the time I write agin. I hope you haven't forgot all you learnt on the tight rope; for, let me tell you, that it is at this particular moment you'll have to bring it into keen requisition. I wish you had larned skatin for that's very slippery work, and the "outside edge" gives you sich power over both legs. Howsomdiver, I think the tight rope will do, and I therefore recommend you to thry anything you like on it now privately.

Your lovin cousin,  
TERRY FINNEGAN.

P.S.—Will you b'lieve mo whio I tell you that I hard a fella say yestherday that he'd give a two year wold to hear you spake, and that it was a damned shame for the Irish to let you stay pinned up in any Government whin you could do so much good if you were thoroughly your own masher.—May be he's right.

T. F.

#### OFFICE!

What a potency there is in this little word. How completely it changes men's characters. The roaring demagogue it converts into the mildest babe, the ravenous jackal into the gentlest dove. We are not aware whether physiologists could throw any light on the subject, or whether brologists could give any explanation of the mystery; but we should like very much to know how it is that this small word has such a talismanic effect upon politicians.

See Macdougall! Was there ever before such a good-natured, sober-tongued, sleek-faced oily gammon—such a perfect specimen of a ministerial £1,250 a year made out of such a cross-grained, knotty piece of material before? Not satisfied with eating up his whole previous professions on Rep. by Pop., he swallows Bishop Lynch and the whole hierarchy, in the shape of a Separate School Bill, with all the ease imaginable. Now

the power that could effect this remarkable piece of transmogrification is no small power indeed. And then look at Foley and Wilson, too. How kindly they yoke together, and pull in the same harness with Pius IX. and the member for Ottawa! Is it not a most refreshing sight? But **THE GRUMBLER** must confess that he is well nigh sick of Canadian politics. The most blatant purists turn out the greatest rogues. Let us have a little consistency; be it even the consistency of John A. and Cartier.

#### FIAT JUSTITIA, &c.

We learn with extreme pleasure, that it is the intention of the present administration to continue the remuneration of public officers in the inverse ratio of their utility and the arduous nature of their duties. For instance, it is considered advisable to keep Mr. Bouchette, Commissioner of Customs—the actual indefatigable and working head of the Department, who, without intermission, is employed from year's end to year's end—on six hundred pounds a year; while his superordinates at Montreal and Quebec receive respectively eight hundred. It is, we believe, in contemplation to give the Quebec office a thousand a year; as the worthy incumbent is employed only about six or seven months out of the twelve. This is as it should be; and will reflect the highest credit upon the government should they not foolishly make some alterations in the case.

#### ROYAL LYCEUM.

We are happy to say that the attendance, during the past week, at our little Temple of the Muses, has been very fair. The talented acting of Mr. DeGroat and Mr. Sidney Smith accounts in the main for this. Mr. DeGroat fully sustains his well-earned laurels as a first-class actor. Of Mr. Sidney Smith we can only say that he is, *par excellence*, the best delineator of Irish character that we have had the pleasure of seeing for a lengthened period. Mr. Linden, ever on the alert to secure the best attraction for his theatre, has engaged the celebrated skater Mr. Jackson Haines, of New York city, whose evolutions on the "magic iron," as the spicy "local" of the *Leader* has it, fills the audience with admiration and wonder.

#### SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Agents and Canvasers should apply early for samples of Brookes' & Rodds' Patent Self-Measuring and Self-Ventilating Funnels, 27 King Street West, Toronto, P.O. Box 659. Sample forwarded on receipt of \$1. Liberal terms.

**LOOK HERE!** **WARNER'S CONCERT HALL**, Yonge Street, near King Street, is now open every evening for the season, with the celebrated **TWILIGHT HARMONISTS**, consisting of the **NEWTON FAMILY**. **LITTLE TIVY'S** songs alone are worth going half a mile to hear. Admission free.

Baby-amusement is an art only acquired by a long and arduous practice, and one naturally asks is there no short road to learning of this kind? We answer—Yes, buy a Baby Jumper. Mrs. Tanner has them for sale at the low price of \$3.00 to \$4.00. Who would be without them? Let young husbands, old husbands, young wives and old wives, procure them at once. To gratify your wives, husbands purchase a *Skirt Lifter* at fifty cents. You will then have pleased your wife and quieted the baby, and thus ensured domestic peace and happiness.

**THE GRUMBLER** has much pleasure in recommending the public to the excellent accommodation at the Terrapin Saloon. When you are tired and don't wish to go home for dinner, just put down your 25 cents and you will have a dinner set before you such as would please the fancy of the most fastidious, or tickle the palate of the greatest epicurean. In the evening, there is plenty of good music (free), by Messrs. Bird and Haberstock. Patronize Carlisle & McConkey by all means.

Fun, Bow Bells, and the Penny Illustrated have been received at the Head Quarters of the News Trade in this city—E. R. Hall & Co's. These weeklies have created quite a sensation among the news-reading public, and have the entire run of the market against the American Illustrated papers. E. R. H. & Co. are always ahead with their Daily American Parcels, and by their energy and perseverance have placed themselves at the head of their trade in this province.

Soon o'er the fair Ontario  
The smiles of Spring we'll see;  
For winter soon will pass away;  
How pleasant then 'twill be,  
And as you through King Street stroll,  
Just call up stairs and feast  
Your throats upon the ambrosias  
At Butchart's, King Street East.

Call at the number, forty-eight,  
The ambrosias will you see;  
And photographing is done there,  
The plan entirely new.  
The portraits cannot be surpassed,  
So every body says,  
And those who visit Butchart,  
Are bound to speak his praise.

He thanks his numerous patrons all,  
For patronage he's had;  
And still he knows that he can please  
The merry and the sad.  
Come youth and maiden—old and young—  
From city come, and Edward & Sons,  
For Butchart's prices suit you all—  
He puts high prices down.

When glisters the Ontario  
Beneath the sun-rays bright,  
Butchart, the artist, gives to all  
His customers delight;  
And then the weather's foul and damp,  
And not so sweet the air,  
His portraits they are just as true  
As when the weather's fair.

Butchart is clearing out his stock,  
His terms cannot be beat;  
Thou haste away to his gallery  
For pictures good and cheap.  
Get a variety of pictures, and  
They'll please them at the least,  
And don't forget to patronize  
Butchart, of King Street East.

It is unnecessary to give a column of *wood* illustrations of self evident facts, when we desire to inform or million of readers that there are more than one hundred and seventy-five advantages to be derived from patronizing friend C. A. Deekas, of Toronto Street. His stock of Novels particularly, is a novel institution—his Stationery department can't be beat, and in the Periodical branch he is A. 1, and always ahead of time. He caters to his patrons in one lesson the art of purchasing the Books, Stationery and Periodicals to the best advantage.

What this community most requires is men of enterprise. Any man who in the remotest degree adds to the productive or manufacturing interests of the country adds to its prosperity. It is therefore with great satisfaction that we again point to the enterprise of our fellow-citizens, Messrs. Edward & Sons, who, although they make many *hollow* things, yet carry on a large and sound business in the manufacture and sale of *Stove Hollow Ware*, &c., at their foundry, corner of Queen and Victoria Streets, and their sale rooms, 118 King Street East, adjoining St. James' Cathedral. They are the makers of the "Steward" Cooking Stove, with which they are making quite a sensation in Western Canada. They advertise liberally, thus making their business known to the public. It is a noble spirit, and their motto, and they are therefore doing a very extensive business. In addition to their foundry and warehouse on King Street, they also do an extensive business, (which has been conducted by the hand of the firm for many years,) on their well-known premises opposite the *Wagon House*, in Coal, Cordwood, Fire Iron, Fire Brick &c., all of which they advertise to sell at the lowest rates.