

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO. 47)

THE GRUMBLER

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

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be prepaid; 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, P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in ' your coats,
Trade you out first;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

Elegy Written in the House of Assembly.

Conticure omnes.

The Speaker's chair is empty: Yesterday
The blowing herd departed on a spree;
The Sergeant, well content to get away,
Had left the House to silence and to me.

The glittering mace no longer lies in state,
The gassy air unusual stillness holds,
And naught remains to mark last night's debate,
Save paper pellets in the curtain's folds.

Behold how dense the atmosphere is there!
That surely is the Opposition side;
Such clouds of words as float upon the air
Never resolute but from humbled pride.

Beneath the Coat of Arms, the dais shado,
With hangings decked—let's up and take a peep;
Each in a cosy chair, reserved and staid,
The various Speakers of the Assembly—sleep.

The breezy squabble for the floor in turn,
The members twittering from the backmost rows,
The cries of "Order, Order," and "Adjourn,"
Alone can rouse the Speaker from repose.

But then the furious to his gavel yield,
His mind, reproving of a master-stroke;
How quick he clears the noisy battle-field,
Or snubs a Rymal for an ill-timed joke.

Let not a Grumbler mock his useful toil,
Or constant tendency to fall asleep;
His stately dignity would quickly spoil
If Mr. Speaker made his words too cheap.

That boast of heraldry, the pompous Smith,
And honest Scottoe, too, have graced that chair,
And mighty Turcotte (of the bloody myth),
And Wallbridge, always pleasant, mild, and fair.

Nor let the House impute to these the fault,
If graceless members try a dust to raise;
Or, through a long-drawn speech from Brown or
Galt,
Shrill scrapes and rattles drown the note of praise.

Can rattling desk, or animated "bust,"
Back to the subject call the turgid Jones?
Can Speaker's voice allay the rising dust,
When Powell leads the choruses of groans?

Perchance in yon secluded spot has sat
A Wright, renowned for Demosthenic fire;
Or, perhaps, Munro, a Cicero in chat;
Or Smith, a puppet on a single wire.

To their weak minds the *Daily Globe's* broad page,
Rich with the scalps of Ministers, was meat;
So silence stern expressed their noble rage,
The spark electric moved their hands and feet.

Full many an M.P.P. of modest mien,
The hidden, backmost rows of benches bear;
Full many a statesman bushes there unseen,
And wastes his talents on his neighbour's chair.

A village White, that ays with dauntless breast,
The local editor has off withstood,
A mute in glorious Thompson here may rest,
A Rankin, eager for the Southern blood.

Their lot forbade that they should stay at home
To con the ledger, or improve the mind;
But robbed the vestry, left the village dumb,
To serve the state and benefit mankind.

Far from their village home and plodding wife,
They drink in speeches for a pound a day,
Amid the quarrelling, wrangling noise and strife,
They keep the speechless tenor of the way.

Yet even they—one never would suspect,
Some frail memorial try to raise while here,
A little bill, for instance,—and select
A subject like to please the voters' ear.

Their names, their bills, read by unlettered folks,
The place of fame and eulogy supply;
But then their statutes furnish costly jokes,
And knotty puzzles to a lawyer's ear.

For who, to dumb uproariousness a prey,
This pleasing axiom, ever yet resigned!
Do what you can, no matter what they say,
What puzzles lawyers, interests mankind.

On some old hobby many a one relies,
Some sign of work the voters eye requires,
Even from a Grit, the voice of nature cries,
Even their blunders somebody admires.

Sometime these mindful of the way they bled,
Dust in their eyes that little bill may throw;
If chance, by mere inquisitiveness led,
A blustering voter asks, "what can you show?"

Haply some vagrant Grumbler then may say,
"Oft have we heard bow mingling in debate,
He raised his voice and in his usual way,
Discouraged those disposed to ceaseless prate.

There at the foot of yonder desk he'd scrape,
Or start applause, or imitate a fowl;
His listless length at midnight would he drapo,
And snore awhile, then wake to raise a howl.

Heard by a Wood, e'er blowing like a horn,
Working his arm to imitate a flail;
Or turgid Jones, that legislative thorn,
Such arguments were never known to fail.

Enough. With solemn tread I turn to go,
Slow through the corridor I wend my way,
Taking one long last look I fly below,
To draw some comfort from a member's "clay."

HOW THEY REPORT CONCERTS.

"Miss Kate McDonald has a powerful voice. 'Twilight Shades are depressing,' and 'The Fisher Maiden' were well sung."—*Globe*, Oct. 16th. (The public will recollect that the "Twilight" song was not sung at all.)

SOME.—*Office*; reporter in his easy chair,
reading "New York Clipper," it draws near 8 o'clock; he soliloquizes.

Reporter. "Confound that concert! I wish that the ten plagues of Egypt might fall on all singers, fiddlers, and piano pounders. If it were like Warner's there might be some fun in going; but to sit through two mortal hours,—hearing a man sing through his nose, and another his teeth; to hear one lady warble love ditties as though she were crying, while another attacks her runs so savagely that you expect to see her neck burst out into strips, leaving the backbone open for the inspection of the audience—and then have to come back and praise everything, goes against my stomach and conscience too. Boy!"

Boy. "Here, sir!"

Reporter. "Bring that programme of to-night's concert. Aye, here 'tis; now I'll just do the job at once, and get rid of it.

"Let me think; didn't Jenkins say that they had only a hundred and fifty tickets sold? Allow fifty for sale at the door, and deadheads; down it goes; 'two hundred present.' Mrs. A' sings for the first time, except the last St. George's Church concert, so she must get it pretty strong; she is sure to be encored, and it will be well to praise that Scotch ballad to please old 'Bothwell' and the subscribers. Miss B; I don't care much for her singing, but it won't do to say so; here goes for a small dose; but it is impossible to say whether she will be encored or not, so that must be left alone. Miss C. made a vile mess of it at St. Lawrence Hall; but as our standing rule is 'praise everybody' I must just find out the smallest falsehood I can, and let it pass, it's not my fault. Of course Mr. D. will expect some notice; there, that's non-committal, which is better than telling lies. Mrs. F. will be applauded, of course; can't guess whether Mr. G. will be applauded or not, so must cut him short. Mr. H.; bother the notice! oh, that will do; non-committed and neat; the confounded thing is finished! Hallo, boy! Copy! And now for the club."

The public, reading the *G*— at breakfast next morning, is rather surprised at seeing that "Twilight" was really sung after all, and wonders how he could have missed hearing it; finds to his astonishment that Miss C., whose performances nearly drove him crazy, sang "sweetly," begins to fear that his own taste, or else hearing, is beginning to fail him, and resolves henceforth to stay at home.

McGEE'S REQUIEM.

Not a sound was heard, not a word was said,
As first he his treason discovered,
And little we thought of the price that was paid
To purchase him whole and dishonoured.

We buried the thought he a traitor could be,
Kind wishes to him we were turning;
And hoped, in time, again we should see
Him joined to his friends of the morning.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When Galt told the hour for retiring;
Then with wondrous haste the purchased one
At his friends' gun bullets firing.

Cringing and cursed, he crawled over
From the field where his fame arose;
With the silky kiss of a snake-like lover
He licked the feet of his foes.

Degraded and bought thus McGee has gone,
And down is there to applaud him,
While a spectral hand is urging him on
To Cockburn, who "ratted" before him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

KINGSTON, Oct. 16th, 1863.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—

I beg to contradict, through your columns, the rumor current here that O. S. Gildersleeve, Esq., has been appointed to the command of the 14th Regiment of Rifles in Kingston—nothing of the kind! Pshaw!

Your obedient servant,

DAVID SHAW,

Brigade Major,

Military District No. 3.

EDITOR GRUMBLER.

DEAR SIR,—I beg distinctly to contradict the assertion made by Sheriff Corbett in Gicolar's last night, "that I offered to hang the criminal in goal here, under sentence of execution for \$10." I never said anything of the kind to old Putty, or any other man! All that I said was, that rather than see either Charley Johnston or old Burke the Division Court Agent, get \$20 for doing the job, I would undertake to have it done for half the money—you observe the expression "have it done." Mr. Editor, that's what's the matter.

Your obedient servant,

P. J. BUCKLEY, Jr.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GRUMBLER."

DEAR SIR,—Knowing your wish to do justice to all parties, be good enough to inform your readers that some of the pictures which a person signing himself "H. M." undertook to write down at the time of the "Union Exhibition" lately held here, were examined by persons qualified to express an opinion, and pronounced as to the perspective, &c. correct. "H. M." may be able to copy articles for newspapers from clever men, but should never attempt to give an opinion of his own.

Yours, &c.,

PERCIE.

NERO FINDING IN ROM'S DISTRESS.—John A. playing the low buffoon during discussion on the removal of seat of Government to Toronto.

GARRICK BETWEEN TRAGIC AND COMIC MUSSES.—John A. sitting between Cauchon and Cartier.

LETTER FROM A. WARD.

MR. GRUMBLER:—I desire to let you know how I'm getting along generally in Kinnidy. My wax statoots pining away on green-backs. I sold off my moral and elevation exhibition and give up the shew business, and biddin adoo to Betsy Jane and the childer, started to try my luck in Kinnidy. I brought with me an Irish pipes, puttin all my old organ tunes into it, and some letters from barn-burner democrats, old friends of D'Arcy McGee. They knowin he war a great man, him, thought he would, for their sake, introduce me to good society in the capital. On Friday night I went into the parlemint gallery to find D'Arcy. He war just speakin. I know'd him at once, for I'd seen him a lecturin to Baldinville on the glorious Democracy. Well, sir, it war tremendous to hear him, he pitched into a big fellow named Holton and smashed him up like an empty barrel. He then gave a little fellow, called, Huntingdon, fits. After a knock-down round to Ministerialists generally, he told them what a great man he war himself, and it war grand to hear him tell of his great jarnin and statesmanships, and what a country he'd made of Ireland hadn't Providence a brought him to Kibec. He's a goin home for a little Prince to rule Kinnidy, and make all the people dukes, lards and kounts. Didn't he ulicize Queen Victoria and the British Lion. It war so different from his lectur at Baldinville, when he and Maer war a runnin the Irish Democratic machine in the Union. Then he lathered an ily lookin fella they call Galt, but it war all nothin to the honey, and palaver he leaped on two hard lookin old fellows they call John A. and Cartier, didn't they bluish at his praises. Then D'Arcy and all his friends, went off to a Mr. Lamb's, and didn't they drink seilor water and sing like Kantatrisis. Then they put D'Arcy in a big chair and some Ottawa members carried him home on their shoulders in triumph, Cauchon d-head, John A. and Cartier on each side, and all the others a followin. On Saturday, when the speaker war gone, knowin they war all so moosical, I took my pipes and played in the hall whar all the members sit, well when I come to Garrigue if D'Arcy and old Tom Ferguson didn't start out and dance like true Irish gentlemen. Then I gin Bicewater and D'Arcy and John A. jued in and sang it in what they call a protestant style. That evening, a long thin fella, with a wile look, called John S., or Premier, comes to me. Says he, Mr. Ward, glad to see you in Kibec.

Thankee, Mr. Premier, said I, for that ers. There'n nice pipes and you're a fine moosician, may-be you'd play for me, says he.

Well, I plaid and drank a good deal of either water with him, when says he, Mr. Ward, your moosic is very fine, and my friend D'Arcy is very fond of it, and I'd like to please him. So we talked very pleasantly for some time, when, says he, I'd not mind givin you two or three thousand a year, just to sit in the parlemint gallery, and if D'Arcy begins to look down on you like, play away with the pipes till he dances. So I said, to oblige him, I'd do it. So, Mr. Editor, I've taken office in Kinnidy.

Yours on Government side,

ARTEMUS WARD.

LIST OF PATENTS.

BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE AND STATISTICS.

To John Petticoes "for a new and useful improvement in machines for digging potatoes." This, we are informed, is an improvement of a sort of spade used exclusively by the Digger Indians, who subsist principally on roots &c. The instrument has ten fingers, each armed with a species of claw. We are informed it plays old Scratch with the murphies.

To Michael South Brant, "for an economical Drum-heater" for the alleviation and cure of that very distressing malady, ear ache, the mode of application is as follows: spirits of wine are poured into the patient's ears, and is then set alight; should the patient manifest any symptoms of uneasiness, the fire is at once extinguished, as the natural conclusion is that his ears are warm enough already.

To Edward Rowson "for a Root cutter," i. e. a cutter so built as to stow the greatest amount of tounge aft, and for fixing plate glass windows in the hold, as it has been found that a long seclusion from Light has had an injurious effect on the eyes of the potato.

To Edward Shortnose "for a portable and self-adjusting fence." Some miles (we presume this to be an error for yards) says the description, can easily be carried on a man's shoulders, it adjusts itself easily and correctly, tells the time of the day, he day of the month, the moons age, and the probable date of the millenium, in a style fully equal to Mr. Barter. As a *defensio populi* it will supersede all others.

To Morris Mauler "for a seamless hat," which seems less than nothing on the head, so the patentee describes it, as this is we presume a Miteian description, we only notice it, that those of our readers who suffer from head ache should avail themselves of it.

Hugh Arnyay, "for a self-acting coupler," doing away with the necessity of masters of ceremonies at all balls &c. The beauty and simplicity of this machine is probably unequalled, as, when properly adjusted, it determines the weight of the respective gentlemen and ladies present, and with undeviating accuracy apportions a heavy weight lady to a heavy weight gentleman, avoiding thereby the painful incongruities which so often disgrace our most fashionable reunions.

Ralph Core, "for an improved applegrader," being a very elaborately finished and elegant instrument, very much on the design of a gigantic molar.

Tom of Innisfil.

In the course of one of the thousand and one speeches, with which the rollicking Member for South Simcoe wheeled the house during the last session, he spoke of the learned and painstaking Librarian as *brains finder* for the legislators. We fancy Mr. Todd would have to pass another quarter of a century in hard and illrequited toil, before he could find brains in the thick skull of Tom—F., that is, of a quality for any useful purpose, although, as is the rule in calves heads, quite enough brains may be found for sauce.

THE LONE ONES.

"Now Parliament's prorogued, my boys,
Why are you wandering here?"
"We're thinking ob! that we had seen
The Government bier."
"Now Parliament's prorogued, my boys,
'Tis no use here to stay."
"We know it, master, yet we can't
Quite tear ourselves away."
"Now Parliament's prorogued, my boys,
Your chance is past and gone."
"We know it, master, and our grief
Would melt a heart of stone."
"Tell me your names, ye doleful ones,
Men full of mystery?"
"You know them, master, Ah! too well,
Galt, Cartier, and McGee."

The History of Sol and Jonathan.

Concluded.

Jonathan was certainly a little out of elbows with luck this last bout; and as they say it never rains but it pours, another thing fell out, which 'riz his rili almost to bustin,' as he used to say, and this was how it was. Directly Jonathan had got a pretty decent family, and a few helps, and things pretty comfortable about him, he began to get bumptious, and used to say that no one had a right to make a settlement in all the whole country unless they chose to acknowledge him as Lord of the soil. People used to grin and say, but who gave you the right? You didn't discover the land you are settled on, or the country round? You came here because old John kicked you out. To all which Jonathan would reply, squinting a jet of tobacco juice on his interlocutors' boots, "you be darned, never you mind whether I disilvered the country or not; and as for old John kicking me out, I kin tell yer I darned soon kicked him ef I had stayed at home; but, wal, I kinder thought 'war more decent to let the old feller stay whar he been now some good few years, for whar had been my dooty towards my father? a darned bad father at that; but I'm all for them notions—whar on the hull yarth will you find that reverence for parents and gurnors, and wary a feller cussin the hull day? No sir'ee, blisphemious discoursin aint one of the faults of the Jonathan lot; we may be teebly, and a leetle touched with the alligator and tiger eat, but them things I mentioned we are pertikler free from; and for the hull of the country, 'tis ours, and ef any one sea *No, darn 'em, let 'em try it.*" To back Jonathan in this opinion, one Munro had helped a good bit by his talk; and though he had long gone where the good niggers go, yet Jonathan always was saying, "Munro said this, cuss me, he knowed; no caving in about that chap Munro, sir, that's the sum tittle of it," till at last one would almost fancy they believed in Munro; for they, that is all who wanted to curry favour with Jonathan, if they thought 'twas likely any chaps from Europe way were thinking about making a settlement along shore there, would sing out, "Come, this is right squar agin the Munro doctrine, you'll hev to clear out of this," till it grew into a regular pass word. Singing out from

morning to night that Mahomet was the only true prophet, don't make it true; and swearing Gog and Magog you can lather all creation, don't make that true either; folks would still be saying, but Jonathan swore he could lather all nations, and that Munro was right. And so matters went until this row came about with Sol, when lo and behold! what does Nap, who was head man of the Lily-boys over in Europe, close against old John's farm, "but," says he one day to a smartish young man of his, "say nothing," says he, "but go right over to Mexico,"—this was a large farm a long way from Jonathan's, but still in the same country, (and, according to Munro, Jonathan's when he liked to take it)—"they are playing the devil over there," says he, "so pitch into 'em and establish a bit of decent law and order, and we shall get a footing there, which, may be, will improve a little bye and bye." Yes, sir," says the chap, whose name was Forey.

So over he goes, and, after a bit, writes back Nap, to say that he had got hold; Nap writes him to hold on with both hands, as he thinks he knows a young man, one Max, he'd send over there as head balliff. Jonathan could do nothing but grin and bear it, for he had always been very civil to Nap, far more than he had ever been to old John. "But, damme," he said, "as soon as I have whipped this cussed Sol, I'll walk into you, like a bear into a berry-bush." But Sol wasn't easy whipped, and Nap, in consequence, didn't get any interruption. So Jonathan, who was a cute chap enough, says he, "cuss me if I don't make friends with Alick of the North." This was the son of a chap old John and Nap had wolloped a few years before, for attempting to steal a Turkey. Well, Jonathan and Alick should have been bad friends, by right, for Jonathan said that all men were free and equal, and one man was as good as another, and better too; whereas Alick held that was bosh, that there were porcelain vases and earthenware pots in humanity, as much as in crockery. However, Jonathan counted on the old grudge betwixt Alick's father and old John and Nap, and he sends over a loose-living, disreputable chap, half bully, half picaroon. One night Clay was playing at all-fours with Alick, for brandies round, says he, "Your Majesty, you was saying you thought you might be late another row with old John and Nap; and that they might tie up your scows, as they did when your father, of blessed memory, tried to bone the Turkey. I would say, tried to obtain his lawful rights." "Well, that's true," said Alick, who was about half drunk, "I'm High, Low, Jack," says he, "Clay;" "And your Majesty will be the game," says Clay, "if you'll send over a good lot of your best scows our way." "You're right," says Alick "give me your hand, Game, by the big bolt of Moscow;" "I'll stand the brandy," says Clay, "throwing down a quarter magnificently, and next day Alick sends off the scows; and if you go and look in New York harbour, don't credit me."

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—The shaving shop of Coun-
cillman J— has been removed from the old stand
to the Court House, up stairs. Terms is usual,
2½ per month. No shaving on Sunday.

The Athenæum Concert Hall.

This popular place of amusement has been re-opened, under the able management of Mr. L. M. Bayless, and has every evening since attracted a crowded auditory. The pretty and vivacious Clara Day, in her charming songs and versatile acting, displays infinite ability and proves fully deserving of eulogy. M^{lle}. Lisette, the pretty and fascinating French danseuse, calls forth an encore "every time," and Mr. James Leon, in his sparkling serio-comic songs is A. I. Mr. Harry Butler, the negro delineator, and Mr. James Clarke, who is excelsior on the banjo, and who brings down the house nightly, deserve praise.

Last, but not least, comes Mr. Charles Gardiner, who is some on the "burat cork." We shall speak at greater length when we become better acquainted with the performances of the artists.

BOOK NOTICES.

We hail with delight the receipt of a new book by H. Vardon, "The Pleasures of Hope." It is a small 8vo. vol., elegantly got up in scarlet, calf, and mounted; it will be reviewed in our next. The *Globe*, we apprehend, is mistaken in saying that the author is an obscure American. Mr. Vardon is a British subject, and not unknown to fame as a writer—he is the author of "Nothing to do," "A Town Loafer,"—and has not, as the *Globe* says, been pitch-forked into public favour by the Press. The mechanical execution of the book reflects great honor on the publisher, Mr. Keeley, who resides in Kingston, as does Mr. Vardon. Bully for the old Limestone City!

"A Season on the St. Lawrence" is the title of another book just received by us from Kingston. The author is A. Deacon. The typography on this little book is inferior, but that deficiency is amply atoned for in the contents. The author is a philosopher, and seems to have successfully solved the problem as to whether the "Sponge" is a member of the vegetable or animal kingdom. We congratulate Mr. Deacon on the success of his work, and predict his excellence,—notwithstanding that the *Globe* designates his style as thinner than skimmed cat's milk.

Rams and Lambs.

The two Rams composing Mr. Laird's small flock are seems to be stopped. Mr. Laird is rightly named; a Laird in Scotland is a small landowner, and of course a small landowner couldn't keep a large flock (of sheep at least, although he might of geese.) We read that an ill-judged Scottish divine, with we presume decided Southern tendencies, has instituted a comparison betwixt the poor man who, in the parable, was deprived by the rich man of his one ewe lamb, and Mr. Laird's case, in the worthy divine's comparison, Earl Russell of course figures as the rich man, but we would respectfully suggest that there is a very great deal of difference betwixt one poor ewe lamb, and a brace of truce-lout steam rams.

Lines Suggested by a Recent Division.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE HON. MEMBER FOR
NORTH WATERLOO.

That pure patriot, Foley,
A compact ubholy,
Lately made with the Devil his party to sell,
When they "called in the members,"
Old-Nick raked the embers,
And laughed in the chair of that Lower House, well:

And said he with a grin;
May this send never sin,
If henceforth when a demon don't act on the square,
I don't just for short,
Put the thief out of Court,
And give him a Waterloo medal—to wear.

A Peep into the Future.

For the benefit of those who enjoy a peep into the mysterious future, we have consulted the celebrated clairvoyant who just now favours the city with her presence. Among other revelations, she makes the following:—



GAZETTE EXTRA.

Priv. Secy. Office,
March, 1894.

His Excellency the Governor General, has been pleased to dispense with the services of the following gentlemen:

- Charles Rommie, Esq., Collector of Port of London.
- F. E. Ball, Esq., County Attorney of Oxford.
- C. E. Coleman, Esq., County Attorney of Hastings.

- M. H. Foley, Jr., Government Clerk.
 - A. Brunel, Esq., Inspector of Customs.
 - T. McNab, Esq., County Attorney, York and Peel.
 - George Shepherd, Esq., Organ Grinder, &c.
- From this list it would appear that now is the time to make hay with some of these gentlemen.

THE NOBLE WARD.

A meeting was called some few days since of the citizens of St. John's Ward by the late commander of the *Firefly*. True to our mission, we instantly dispatched a *Life* of reporters and give the proceedings precisely as they occurred. Pressure on our columns alone prevented us from publishing the proceedings before.

Songs.—*Terauley Street*; *platform*; *assemblage of citizens*; *Ald. Moodie*; *Coun. Baxter*, &c. &c.

Alderman Moodie.—"My much respected fellow citizens, I have ventured to summon you this evening—"

Indignant citizen interrupts him.—"You summon a meeting? You ought to be summoned yourself, who got his house painted for nothing? Who took such pains with the City Hall glazing? Who—"

Cries of "Order, order!" "Go on, Manning!" "Moodie, hoist your sails, show 'em your signals!"

Alderman Moodie.—"Fellow citizens, I am a mariner, and accustomed to the waving owls, the

howling of waves, I mean. I care little for the effervescence—as my friend Sprout has it—of this tumultuous assemblage; my object is just this: I have nothing to say against our friend Fisher, but the city scales should be put up to public competition.

Voice.—"Put up your grandmother! Who got the little bill down at Quebec? Who button-holed the Members? Who turned round on Robinson?"

Another voice.—"Crudee! He turned round on Robinson Crusoe, because 'twas his duty to do so! 'Ohrens by many citizens.—"Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe!"

Cries of "order, order, Councilman Baxter for ever, now Mr. Baxter."

Councilman Baxter comes forward:
"My friends and fellow-citizens, the music of our friend, Alderman Moodie's, voice, alas! now too rarely heard in the Council of collective wisdom; sounds, I was going to say, almost, strangely in my ears. As is not of us, it is true, we are of the earth, earthy, he is of the sea, I cannot say scaly?"

A voice, "fishy!"
Many voices, "no, scaly, scaly, a scaly mariner, a confounded scaly old mariner, a merman ashore, where's your glass and your comb?"

Councilman Baxter.—"My worthy friends, now you have cut your chaff, perhaps, before you get cornered you will come to a decision on this matter. I look upon it as a decidedly scaly attempt on the part of the worthy Alderman, still, a landsman's vision and a mariner's may not take the same view of the matter in hand. If we, therefore, give him a check on this point, it will be no more than he received, so report says, at Quebec. To checks, therefore, he is used; my friends the wise men say, suit for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back. Now what shall we say? Shall we 'dimble' this matter, no matter if the Alderman be, as in fact he is, moody.
Shouts of "Fisher for ever, no scalliness, down with all merman! Councilmen, Baxter for ever. Let's have a drink."
Exeunt omnes.

Paternal Affection.

Would that young mother that resides on Alexander Street, and who wears in her little hat a rooster's feather, confine the fortunes of her husband a little baby boy to the nursery, and thus spare the feelings of those of our citizens who patronize the street cars.

Query.

—What is the difference between a North American Indian and an Irishman? The Indian smokes the pipe of peace, and the Irishman the piece of pipe.

SPARROW BILLS AS A PENSION.—We see by the Australian and New Zealand *Gazette*, that an English sparrow sold for 13s-9d. currency, if this sale is to be taken as any criterion of the value of sparrows, these birds are enormously increased in price since "two were sold for a farthing."

THE TERRAPIN.

CARLISLE AND McCONKEY.—The very names are synonymous with good dinners, jovial feasts, and bright hours. Who has not heard of the Terrapin? And who hearing, has not wished to see, feeling has not entered, and then wholly overcome by the good cheer, has remained there a willing, nay a joyous victim. A noble hall, such a hall as King Arthur might have held festival in, such banquets as King Arthur never had, such suppers as Queen Guinever dream't not of, at such low rates, as would content the veriest miser. These are but a few of the attractions held forth by those very models among *Restaurateurs*, Carlisle and McConkey, King Street Toronto.

Appreciation from Abroad:

—It is said that the publishers of *Punch* have obtained permission from the *Leader* to reprint the papers on art and music, which have appeared over the signature of H. M. in our city contemporary.

STRANGE YET TRUE.—It is a significant fact that the money-market gets light when gold is high.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Professor Nelson should publish his "Life," and introduce therein the number of lives he has saved by the far-famed magic of his unequalled medicines. If a man bravely rescues a fellow-creature from drowning, we give him a medal or other acknowledgment. Why should Science alone toil on unrewarded? Ask the question of the learned Professor, at his address, over Dain's bookstore, King Street.

A Photographic Album is, verily, a marvel of beauty. Happy are we who, in these latter days, have at our command for a small sum these splendid depositories for all the notabilities of the age. Turn but the page, and the wisest of earth's sons, the fairest of earth's daughters greet you; and in this hallowed nook affection's hand has bestowed her rarest treasures: C. A. BACKUS'S, Toronto St., stock of these beautiful Albums is to be surpassed.