

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

VOL. 2.—NO. 36.

## 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, 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," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

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

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,  
I reed you tent it;  
A chiel's an'g that you taling notes,  
And, faith, he'll prunt it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

### CLOUDS.

Wet nurses of the flowers,  
Come spread your wings between them and the sun  
Or they shall be undone,  
While passing through this waste of sultry hours.

Sweet odors on the plain  
And drooping violets in yonder vale,  
Are waiting, faint and pale,  
To breathe afresh and scent the blessed rain.

Come inden then with showers,  
And o'er the dusty hill and tangled mead  
Scatter the shining seed,  
That soon shall bloom, wet nurses of the flowers,

### Grand Speculation.

We have just been informed on creditable authority that a very important partnership, for the manufacture of Beet-root Sugar, has been recently entered into in this city by the Hon. Mr. Howland and Mr. John Watson, late of the Hamilton and Port Dover Road. Mr. Howland, we learn, will do the financing at home, while Mr. Watson proceeds again to France with a view to taking lessons in the manufacture of the article in question. It is thought, too, that the roads just mentioned have contributed in no small degree to the interests of the firm. We wish the co-partnership all the success it deserves. *See last page.*

### Excursion to Nipissing.

— We understand that Mr. McDougall, with his committee on finance, consisting of William Henderson, Hugh Miller, Dr. Agnew, John Boyd and the colored paper pedlar, with sausage Wilson, are off for a trip to try and get a constituency for Vinegar William. Please, gentlemen, report progress upon your return, as we cannot believe there is a constituency in Upper Canada that would elect the rejected of North Ontario.

### Long Branch Correspondence of the "Grumbler."

LONG BRANCH, N. J.,  
Near New York, Aug. 1st, 1864.

This great watering-place has, during the present season, obtained a Canadian interest well worth mentioning in the columns of the *Grumbler*. I may remark, in the first place, however, that Long Branch is the resort of all the gay and festive people of New York. Here we always have the wives and daughters of Gotham's richest men; here we have, too, the fair actresses from Wallack's and Laura Keane's; and here, also, we have the lady relatives of Captains and Colonels, Majors and Generals who are off fighting for their country. Is it any wonder, then, that your highly esteemed citizen R—c L—s, Esq., should, above all other sea-side resorts, select Long Branch as the place for him to seek recuperation and enjoy that sweet and gentle female society of which it is well known he is such a thorough votary? No wonder, indeed. I have no doubt but the fact of Mr. L. being here will cause many of your Toronto people to visit this place in future seasons. When it became known at the hotels who he really was, an amount of attention and affectionate solicitude was manifested towards him very rarely extended to any foreigner. Besides his distinguished position both in Europe and Canada, there was such a winning way about his every movement that secured for him regular worship from the ladies. Never was there a pic-nic, a drive, a stroll along the beach, a dance, or a charade that Mr. L. did not take a prominent part. I could not have thought that a Canadian—especially at the present time of war—would ever be made the recipient of so much adoration. His advancing years formed no impediment; for all the fine girls were constantly in rivalry as to which "particular star" should be "the old man's darling." And as for the grass-widows, maidens, and ladies of ripened years, I can just tell you there was no end to the squabbling amongst them, as to who should have the moonlight walk with "Mr. L. from Canada." I do not know whether you appreciate our dear friend very much over in Toronto, but I give you notice we would like very much to have him with us all the time. We never got tired of him; his genial disposition, his rare vocalism, his ability to render himself agreeable to any company, his great fund of wit and humor, and his inexhaustible laughter-provoking narratives, made us all crazy about him. Not an evening passed but joyful Mr. L. thrilled every heart with the soul-

stirring way in which he would sing Moore's fine words, commencing with—

"Oh, there's not in this wide world a valley so sweet."

Then his splendid tales of romance about the Lakes of Killarney, and the Vale of Avoca, perfectly entranced us all. The dear, sweet lump of loaf sugar! how I do wish he had remained longer with us. He is off now; and will be in your midst before this is in print. And, oh, before I forget, there was one very tip-top story which he used to tell us about some great big Padlock Sign out in front of a large store in Toronto. Well, now, the way he did tell that story beat us folks here, right out hollow. Oh do tell us "The Padlock Story, Mr. L." was the cry from a dozen ladies, perhaps twice a day. None of Bourcicault's grand "pieces" ever "ran" so well in New York, as did good, dear Mr. L.'s "Padlock Story" run here. It was such a great story, about a Padlock going off on a trip very mysteriously, by itself, the constant laments of the owner, and the subsequent return of the stray property. As it was known that this dear bundle of charms (dear, dear Mr. L.) was going home, the ladies determined upon making him a present. On behalf of three hundred lady guests Mrs. H., of New York, waited on Mr. L. asking his consent to the presentation, which was at once granted in that gallant way so peculiar to our departed friend. The presentation, therefore, of a beautiful bouquet-holder took place in the large *salon* of the hotel. Mr. L. appeared deeply touched and, on being called upon for a speech, found it impossible for some minutes to give utterance. It was a splendid sight to see your noble Canadian standing here in the centre of our grand room with six hundred bright orbs fastened upon him—with laudsome faces beaming sunshine upon his lips—and sparing the exalted feelings which steamed from every endearing word he uttered. Mr. L. said, in acknowledging the complaint, that he had bathed in the dew from the lips of Ireland's fairest daughters, he had basked in the sunshine of Scotland's best wives, he had won the hearts of all Killarney, had feasted with Lords and danced with some of the loveliest daughters of noble England, but he desired to state, and he begged the three hundred fair women of America to believe him when he asserted it, that never—in all his various sojournings—had he felt such a magnificent stream of delight and happiness permeate his entire self as when out in the grand waters of Long Branch, surrounded by the bewitching persons (dressed in their red, blue and yellow flannel) of the wives and daughters of the United States. He sometimes thought that the billows of the Atlantic, in which he bathed, were scented with Jockey club and Lubin, and strowed with rose-leaves. Hardly a lady in the intoxicat-

ing assemblage but was moved to tears, and Mr. L. concluded by saying that—

"The monarch might forget the crown,  
That on his head an hour had been;  
But I'll remember thee, Long Branch,  
And all that thou has done for me."

Poor Mr. L., we often speak of him, and if he sees these few lines on behalf of all the ladies here, he may accept them as assurances of lasting love and devotion from

FANNY.

### KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

#### RAILROAD JACK.

A Medico of Kingston, now known as Railway Jack,  
For trying to do the navies with the railway track,  
Tired of pill and bolus, blister, draught and embrocation,  
This Galen thought he'd try his hand at Railway speculation;  
Accordingly another coon and he, for forty thousand pounds,  
Agreed with Walter Shanly to build the track through town.  
This sum of forty thousand pounds, which Shanly was to pay,  
Was for the track when made complete, including right of way.  
Then the Doctor and the other chap put their heads together, and  
It was agreed that Railroad Jack for Alderman should stand;  
Get elected to the Council, and labor night and day  
To get the Council, if he could, to buy the right of way.  
Well, Jack got into the Council, and wrought with might and main  
To work his scheme, but sure enough, man labors oft in vain!  
In vain he showed the Council what good there would accrue  
To the city and the natives, if the Grand Trunk once came through;  
That houses would spring up apace, that rents would spring up too,  
The girls would all get married—the Doctor has no few—  
And paupers all would vanish if the G. T. R. came through.  
But how to get it through, that's the question, Jack would say;  
Let this Council vote five thousand pounds to buy the right of way.  
Bill Allen, City Cerberus, got on the Doctor's trail,  
And with his florid rhetoric, poor Galen did assail;  
He denounced him as a partner in the city Railway Job,  
And his motive in the Council was the citizens to rob.  
The Doctor blazed with fury and affected indignation,  
And swore that Allen uttered a lying allegation;  
But Billy had him by the hair—when the Medico was blowing,  
He snipt a paper from his pouch, without his even knowing;

It proved to be the contract 'tween G. T. R. and Jack,  
By which the latter was to make the City Railway track,  
The Company was to pay Jack forty thousand pounds,  
Which sum expressed was to include the right of way thro' town.  
When Allen read this paper, the galleries gave a shout,  
And the disconcerted Doctor grabbed his tile and bolted out,  
And never after showed his mug in Council thereupon;  
The citizens accordingly baptized him Railroad Jack.  
But Railroad Jack, although the city funds be misused,  
At other schemes of profit made tin hand over fist,  
And as the knack of getting rich is keeping what ones got,  
Jack from this worldly doctrine has never swerved a jot,  
But piously, for years and years, he's hoarded up his gold,  
And saved his powder in his youth to shoot it when he's old.  
Now, since the Lords have come to town, and swelling it's the rage,  
Jack has set up an Irish boy, and gorgeous equipage,  
And in his carriage, with his wife and family, in great state,  
Jack lolls the Park at even like some lord or potentate,  
And to distinguish that he's rich, *well-born*, and a' that,  
He mounts a blackened wee tin pan on Paddy Murphy's hat.

#### To the Public.

Ladies and gentlemen, the agent of the GRUBBEN is now on his way eastward with a view to obtaining subscribers, and what are very properly termed the "sinews of war." We are satisfied that from your love of the humorous and thorough independence you will, one and all, respond to his genial call and extend to him that generous support, without which any undertaking must fall to the ground. For so far the success of the GRUBBEN has exceeded our most sanguine expectations; but still the daily increasing expenses incurred by the publication require, of course, additional aid. We trust, then, most sincerely that our agent shall be able on his return to give us a good account of our friends and the public generally; and as in duty bound we shall ever pray.

#### THE GROWLER.

We have received with pleasure, the first number of this handsome, clever, and witty little sheet. It is well got up, and the matter is most excellent. We wish our cotemporary every success.

#### Conundrum.

—If George Brown's father should be John A. Macdonald's son, what relation would Geordie be to Johnny?

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIEWER, TORONTO.—Will appear next week.

J. T.—Will see you personally.

J. R., QUEBEC.—Remit twenty dollars immediately.

G. K., CHICAGO.—Please write on receipt of notes.

J. C. T.—If you want paper remit.

#### MUSLIN WISPS.

An imported usage now obtains amongst us, the observance of which we recommend strongly to those hot-headed young gentlemen who are susceptible of even the slightest innovation in dress, and who in the aggregate may properly be termed sartorial eccentricities or the peripatetic advertisements of some of our most distinguished knights of the sheers. It is not to "peg tops," however, or to the various styles of dress which so frequently distress the wearer and amuse the public that we would direct their attention; but to the new style of hat recently adopted by some of our citizens, and introduced to us, if we mistake not, by some military gentlemen now amongst us. Doubtless most of our readers are familiar with the peculiarities of this unique tile, inasmuch as it may be seen at any hour of the day or night among our fashionable saloons or at the theatre, and as it is worn by men well up in years amongst us. The crown is totally enveloped in folds of snow-white muslin; presenting an appearance as if the wearer had thrust his head through it with his night-cap on, and permitted the leaf simply to rest on his protruding ears, while the body of the article disappears totally. White, we understand, to be the deepest description of mourning, and it has consequently been suggested to us that in the cases at issue it has been adopted as such for no inconsiderable quantity of departed brains. Indeed the supposition is by no means out of place from the fact, that when twisted around the head in the manner already described, it has a funereal aspect, and is highly suggestive of the driver of some hearse, who on a windy day was desirous of making things all taut about his upper story. This style of Golgotha is, we are informed, adopted with a view to keeping the head cool during the great heats of summer, and is supposed, consequently, to be a sort of antidote "to gin" cock-tails or sherry-cobbles. Of course the idea is conceived in profound ignorance, slightly adulterated with foppery; for such folds of cloth wound about a man's hat must necessarily prevent the escape of the exhalations constantly arising from the head, and thereby, to the prejudice of the health, obstruct the action of the pores. Nor can the turban of the East be cited as an authority on this subject, because the turban of the East is not built upon a hat. There is one medical gentleman in this city who, from the description of hat he wears in this weather, will, we think, agree with us—light and airy, of straw, and with the crown well ventilated; but it must be remembered that this gentleman's brains are still alive; and there is no necessity for his indulging in anything like lamentable dandyism.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES—NO. II.

To the Hon. Mr. McGe, down at Quebec, Minister of Agriculture, &c., or elsewhere.

STANLEY STREET, 3rd August, 1864.

Be the sow! of Moll Kelly but you're the devil's own boy for a tin and drinkin and goin on journeys and the Lord knows what. Well, small blame to you, if any; although you have a quaire little way of your own of not throublin yourself much about your friands so long as you have a bit of mutton in your own pot. It's the cares of State, I suppose; and besides its a long time now since you left Ireland, I wonder how you know any part of the County of Wexford at all if you wint home? Faith its hard to say; although there was a time that I thought there wasn't a shaded boreen, a lough a river or a meadow from the Giant's Causway to Cape Clear but was cinthered in your very sow! Aye, in throth, and I b'lieve they are so still; notwithstanding that your mimmy is sometimes a little short.

So yez are all off for the Lower Povinces where yez will get lashins and lavins to swallow and guzzle for nothin? Well make the most of it, for let me tell you that its the last time that some of yez will have an opportunity of repatin the dose on the same terms. Pon me sowkins, and I'm ashamed to say it, but I know some members of the press up here who have been nothin but mere skin and bone for the last few years, who wint nearly out of their sinces when they got a free ticket for a couple or three weeks of fair atin without a pinny. I know one little fella, and I'll lay you a wager that yez will have to cooper him afore he's twinty-four hours wid yez—bad cess to him for that same, the mane thief. I needn't minshun his name for yez will find him out at the first leg of mutton.

Whatin the name of God are yez all goin to do down there? Is it to wipe out the rascality of John Sandfield and touch up the Iathercolonial Railway; or is it to feel an odd pulso in relatin to the Union of all the Provinces? D'Are, manvourneen, if it be the latter, may you prosper; for a featheration of the Kinnadas simply, would be aqual to makin geese of us. But wha's the raison that Alick Galt and John A. doesn't go wid yez? Begorra yez will be lame enough without, them as they are at the present moment not only the back bone, but the exponents of all the intherest that now appertain to us. Ah! man alive, it was a mistake not to have the Minister of Finance and the Attorney Ginneral West wid yez, for in their absenco the devil a one will b'lieve a word out of half of your heads.

So Misher Currier of Ottawa is goin to resign and make way for Macdougall. Well let him, for I'll give you my hand on it that I think that that same Prosbeteran thief is about as honest as the rest of yez, and that's not sayin much for him. As long as yez have made a fair compact, let Brown have his own min, and then if he goes to the ould boy, let him. Now, do you know what, John A. has behaved like a man to Macdougall and Brown, and I know it. For no matter how bit-

ther the pill, the moment he took it in his fingers he buried the hatchet and held out his hand in good faith. Pon my sow! there's somethin Irish in that; and strunge as it may appear I think Brown and himself have actually ignored all personal considerashuns and stepped out together to do a decent thing for the country, if they can manage it. Blur and turf! will merracies ever saso?

We had a little bit of a fight up here the other day betune one of the 16th and a legal gentleman, who was goin to take some liberties wid him wid a cricket bat. I don't know the rights of it of course; but the soger considerin he was an Englishman did very well from all I can undherstand, although the other fella was very handy too I hear. Oh! then, isn't it a murther that we havn't an odd fair hero where things could be settled quietly wid a black thorn, and where a few friands could take part on aich side without bein much noticed? Musha! God be wid ould Ireland, where every fair day in the year, the shop-keepers would put up the shutters at half-past two to the minnit; well known that in a very few succonds afterwards the boys would be at it; and suspectin that an odd pavin stone might find its way in through the windy if they didn't take that same precaushun. Glory be to the, but that was the spot to settle a little bit of a dispute in without much intherfarance on the part of the authorities or argumentashun; whin every man had his will of his neighbor without axin his name or knowin what he was batin him for.

I'll try and write a decent lertther next time and give you a bit of fun, for this one is as dbyr as a stick. If you meet Worlinton and Brunel will you give them a hint that Tom Cotton will be glad to meet them at the next Assizes, in this city, whin it will be decided by the judges of the land whether two corrupt, incompetant and wretched partisans shall be permitted to blint the character of an honest man, or abstract from among his papers public documents for the purpose of screening their fraud or incompetency and deceiving the Government of the day. Do this for me, and at the same time tell them to graze their brogues and get ready for the road, for their hour is fast approachin.

Bannochth lath! I'm jest goin out to get a bit to ate wid a friand at Joe Greggor's of the Fountain Saloon; and let me tell you that the devil a better dinner or chaper will be ate by any boy in this city to-day then I'll get from that same fella. Joe is Irish, I b'ieve, and that's the raison that I patronise him now and then, although everybody almost has a pull at him. I met Michael there the other day, and didn't we do the thing up in rale ould style.

Your lovin cousin,  
TERRY FINNEGAN.

The Athenaeum.

—This place of amusement is drawing crowd-ed houses every night, and we are glad to see that the performances under the management of Mr. Morhard are tendin to a more respectable character than this establishment has heretofore maintained in the eyes of the public.

The Court-Circular and City Observer.

The above publication, which has been conceived in ruffianism, and for so far bred in ignorance, is now before our citizens; and we think they will agree with us that a more disgraceful sheet has never emanated from even a licentious press. The editor or proprietor, who is beyond the pale of society, is evidently and illiterate interloper, who dabbles in wretched English, bad Latin and worse French. The only cure for such a low-bred scoundrel is the raw-hide; and we are very much mistaken if one or two of the gentlemen whose names he has so unwarrantably and maliciously paraded before the public do not tickle his back and shoulders before he is much older. The distinguished and impartial public functionaries whom he has attacked so wantonly, can of course take no cognizance of a disreputable character such as he; although we are of opinion that a month or two in jail brekin stones, while in the enjoyment of a short crop of hair, would be of infinite service to him.

A LEARNED LAWYER.

The able editor of the *Court Circular*, &c., must, as a lawyer, be a valuable accession to the profession in this city. So ignorant is he of the simplest matters connected with law that he censures in his low and scurrilous publication the Police Magistrate for not having sent to jail to break stones, for one calander month, a gentleman who, with or without reason, recently assaulted an officer of the 10th on King street.

Now, we are not aware that the Police Magistrate has any power whatever to inflict any such penalty upon an offender of this description; and we are satisfied he has not. The only cases in which such punishment could apply would be where a magistrate or policeman, &c., was obstructed in the discharge of his duty. Verily, the case of any client must be in sore jeopardy in the hands of such a dunce as the editor of the *Court Circular*; and we fear that until he has recovered his lost wig, in which he has evidently left the few scraps of brains that he possessed, there will be very little hope of his success in any case entrusted to his charge.

A Nuisance.

—We would call the attention of the policeman who leisurely tramps on the "shady side" of King street every afternoon to a large number of urchins, of both sexes, better known as the "Evening Leader news-venders," who frequent the old post-office lane. This might be to greater advantage to the public than admiring the fashions on King street. The epithets made use of by this mischievous rabble are growing worse and more frequent every day. It is time the nuisance were abated. Where is Captain Prince?

A Sad Day for Canada.

—On the 10th of the present month all the Canada editors are going on a spree up to Lake Simcoe.

## The Theatre.

Our advice to those of our pleasure-seeking citizens who have not already visited this establishment is to go on the first opportunity. We had the satisfaction on Wednesday evening of witnessing Tom Taylor's great drama, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and the cast was peculiarly well adapted to that play. The character of Robert Brierly, by Mr. C. M. Walcot, jr., was sustained with that energy and decision so much required in a part of this stamp; and his whole acting throughout the piece was with ability. Mr. Metkiff gave an admirable rendition of James Downey, and went through the various changes of character with that versatile talent which he seems so largely possessed. The role of Jack Hawkshaw, by Mr. Meader, was creditable, and elicited much applause, especially in the last act. Melter Moss, by Mr. Mark Smith was given in that quiet, easy manner which distinguishes an actor who thoroughly understands his part. On Mrs. Walcot it is needless for us to comment, her reputation being so fully established in this city. We were glad to see the smiling face of Mrs. Marlowe once more on our boards, and think that her acting has vastly improved since we last had the pleasure of meeting her. Mrs. Grattan, as Mrs. Willoughby, was greeted with that enthusiasm so well deserved by her talented acting. In fact the whole play was performed with that ease and precision that would make it difficult for the most severe critic to find fault; and we are glad to say that the house was literally crowded to excess, and that the gentlemanly manager, Mr. Walcot, is reaping the harvest he so well merits.

## Madame Diamond.

Now is the time for the leading politicians of Western Canada to take a peep at the future and learn something of the past through the mediumship of this celebrated clairvoyant, who is to be found at the Robinson House, Bay street. If rumor speak truth, this really wonderful woman is much needed in our midst at this peculiar juncture, inasmuch as she, through her extraordinary powers, is able to lay bare the motives which on both sides of the House superinduced the present coalition, and prompted Mr. Brown to fall in love with the Provincial Secretary. How delightful it would be through a channel so interesting to get a peep at Mr. Howland's system of financing or to inquire whether he demanded and obtained security for the honest performance of their duties from the host of Clear Grits to whom he intrusted the collection of enormous sums of monies on the York and Port Dover Roads. In addition, how we should like to know what became of the Port Credit cash-book that was left in charge of Mr. Thomas Worthington at Quebec; or where the bank deposit note and Receiver-General's certificate are secreted, if not destroyed, through the manipulation of which, both he and his upright colleague, Mr. Alfred Brunel sought to hide their criminal blundering and ruin an honest man. Would it not be delightful also to get at the basis upon which they founded the report regarding the Collector of Port

Credit, without looking carefully into his books or devoting a moment to the investigation of his case? All this would be interesting in the extreme, particularly touching the infamous and lying report in question. Certainly Mr. Galt might avail himself of the services of this distinguished lady, if it were but to aid him in bringing to speedy and condign punishment two corrupt men, who have been for some time arraigned before the Province as unworthy to hold any position whatever in connexion with this or any other Government.

But we suppose in all those cases we shall have to bide our time, and let their development take place through the ordinary channels. It is to be hoped, however, that the Minister of Finance may shortly take up this latter grievance and relieve the Customs of men who have long since lost the confidence of almost every officer connected with it, and who now stand charged before the world with acts of criminal partizanship the most glaring and iniquitous.

## TO SIGHT SEERS.

Any person who can't spare time to go and see the Grand Trunk Rolling Mills at the Don, may step into the studio of Mr. William Armstrong, King street, where the whole concern can be seen in full blast on canvass, and executed in a style calculated to astonish the natives. In addition, if intending tourists happen to be prevented from paying a visit to the great lakes, and the hidden recesses of our mighty forests, they will find amongst the superb collection of this fine *artiste* every description of forest scenery and Indian life so exquisitely and truthfully depicted, that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to fancy ones self among the actual scenes represented. Verily, friend William, you are one in ten thousand.

## City Council.

— It seems, while there was no quorum at the Council last Monday, that benevolent Mr. Sterling was found to have a show of some kind, even though it wasn't advertised. Consequently, he pitched into the Mayor for adjourning too hastily; then, of course, *she* got her tail up, and there was a pretty how do you do. The Mayor said Mr. S. should not dare to utter himself in *her* presence. Mr. S. said he would, and thus they kept at it until constables were sent for and quiet restored.

## CAUGHT A TARTAR.

John Sandfield with his retrenchment policy made rather a slight mistake when he took the York Roads out of the hands of Mr. James Beaty. It is now ascertained beyond all doubt that since this hasty bit of plunder took place the roads have been sinking the country in debt daily, and had been literally going to the dogs until Mr. Cotton took them in hands. Although we are not over friendly to Cotton we are constrained to admit that such a man as he was required to put matters in trim, as he has instituted checks and a system of dealing with the toils likely to result in some change for the better. We hear our friend Cotton

has caught a certain functionary with something about \$2,000 in his hands which he refuses to disgorge. We think after all that the public would not have been much the loser had these roads still remained in the hands of that old sinner of the *Leader*. What now are we to do with them as no company or municipality in Upper Canada will touch them with even a ten foot pole? — See 1st page Grand Openation.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

ENLARGED & IMPROVED,  
CORRECT & COMPLETE!

## ROBERTSON'S Canadian Railway Guide, FOR AUGUST.

Published under the supervision of the Railway Companies.

### CONTENTS OF THE AUGUST NUMBER:

The latest Time Tables of  
THE GREAT WESTERN OF CANADA,  
Main Line and Branches.  
THE GRAND TRUNK OF CANADA,  
Main Line and Branches.  
THE DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE.  
THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.  
THE VERMONT CENTRAL.  
THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.  
THE PORT HOPE, LINDSAY, & BEAVERTON;  
THE BUFFALO AND LAKE HURON.  
THE NORTHERN OF CANADA.  
THE PORT HOPE AND PETERBORO'.  
THE OTTAWA AND PRESCOTT.  
THE STANSTEAD, SHEFFORD, & CHAMBLY.  
THE WELLAND RAILWAY.  
THE LONDON AND PORT STANLEY.  
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## NOTICE.

Managers and Superintendents of Canada Railways are respectfully requested to forward by the 23rd inst., a copy of their latest time tables, for publication in Robertson's Canadian Railway and Steam Navigation Guide, for the month of Sept. Also any other information useful to the travelling public. Address,

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,  
CAN. R. R. G. OFFICE,  
5 Leader Buildings, Toronto; O. W.

Though grumbling is our rule and trade, we must make an exception in favor of friend Charley Buckas, against whom there is no cause for grumbling, unless it be that he is too good a fellow— keeps too good a Stock, and sells too cheap. His customers though don't grumble at this, but that they can't purchase their Dry Goods, Groceries, and everything from him also, which we fully agree with, as we don't know a better Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer in the city, and advise our readers to act accordingly.