

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 20.]

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early trains. Copies may be had at all the News Deposits. 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," 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 reele you tent it;
A chief's aming you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

JOHN A. AT KINGSTON.

Did you hear how great John at the place called Kingston did address the big men of the city, And did make them all gazed in astonished amaze at his statements so wise and so witty?

If you didn't it's true it's the better for you, for THE GRUMBLER releases this day,

The substance of all that he said in that hall, and all he intended to say.

"People of great Kingston town, folks who went with me to school;

Every man that's not a Grit, every man that's not a fool, Listen to me all to-night, while to you I plain may tell How my party has been wronged; how I've not been treated well.

They turned us out because they said we jobbed more than was right.

I do declare that none of us made half of what he might. Investigating Ottawa no doubt you did behold them, And previous little they found out (aside—to what I could have told 'em).

Their system of retrenchment, too, of which they make such fuss,

I say the mother country's plan's the only plan for us, Are we not Britons true and bold?—if so it's very clear, If they've got useless offices we ought to have none more.

Who don't approve this sentiment, a Briton he is none; He is a Grit most dangerous—he looks to Washington. I've followed British precedent in all the things I've done, I hope we'll have a debt like theirs before my course is run.

I hope to see a Court like theirs in glory shining here, And may our gold and silver sticks five thousand pounds a year.

Give us one Session more of power, the country shall be free;

Yes, free, and far beyond the reach of Grit economy.

My French Canadian friends admire my plan of Government;

I never did a thing without their knowledge and consent. Far, far from mean economy their willing minds I led,

O, wouldn't we have jolly times if all the Grits were dead. They shall be dead politicians, their power shall soon be gone.

For very soon my phalanx French shall come triumphant on.

Shall sweep retrenching Grits away from each Department floor,

And put me high in place again, to fall again no more.

Then, then, my friends, I will not say what things I mean to do,

O, they are quite unspeakable, the joys I mean for you. How I shall save the country would take far too long to tell;

But, if you'll take my word for it, I'll do it very well.

Here's all your jolly good healths, my friends, before I leave the floor,

(Aside—I never met so many fools within one room before.)

THE CHARLESTON FIZZLE.

EVERYBODY SATISFIED AND NOBODY HURT.

The greatest naval achievement on record duly "came off" according to programme on Tuesday the 7th inst, at 4 p.m. (In important matters of this sort, it is as well to be particular in dates.)

Having access to sources of information denied our daily contemporaries, we hasten to lay before our readers the very latest, and even still later intelligence. There can be little doubt that some "very tall fighting" was done; and we respectfully state to the shades of Messrs. Themistocles,

Augustus, Frohisher, Blake, Nelson, and the late lamented Sir. C. Napier, that their exploits have been entirely eclipsed by the superior genius of Admiral Dupont, U.S.N. Having succeeded in gaining defeats without number by land, it only needed a genius of sufficient brilliancy and valor to secure a naval Bull Run. This glorious result has been achieved by Admiral Dupont. He did not desire to take Charleston; indeed, he would have looked upon such a catastrophe as a peculiar misfortune. He was not defeated, because he did not want victory; in the bright lexicon of American strategy the destruction of a fleet means the successful taking of a "reconnoissance."

Having accomplished this gigantic undertaking, after nobly standing fire for the almost incredible space of thirty minutes, the American armada steamed into the broad Atlantic, as it is stated in one of our dispatches, "to sweep the fleets of France and England off the face of the deep."

We trust the latter will be able to take at least temporary refuge at Spithead; their ultimate destruction can scarcely be a matter of doubt. We give the Admiral's dispatch in advance of all our contemporaries:—

(By Mesmeric Telegraph.)

A LITTLE OFF CHARLESTON,

April 9, 1863.

To HON. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy:

I have the honor to report that we have succeeded in taking a reconnoissance of Charleston, and have seen as much of its defences as we desire. Agreeably to instructions, our invincible iron clads crossed the bar on Friday in pursuit of knowledge, when the enemy with their wonted treachery opened a most ungentlemanly fire upon

us from Forts Sumter and Moultrie. The Ironsides (named, as you are aware, from Edmund the last of the old Saxon Dynasty of England) came to grief like its namesake; the turret of the Passaic resembled the hat of an inebriate who has slept in it all night on the floor of the lock-up; whilst the Patapsco met similar uncorporate treatment, in direct contravention of the Constitution of the United States. The Kookuk would have succeeded in reaching the city but for one unforeseen accident, she sank before she got there, a mishap which was very annoying to her brave officers and crew. "The Devil" which was intended to remove obstructions fell into the hands of the rebels, much to my chagrin, as from experience I should judge that they had mischief enough in their already. I hope, however, that President Lincoln has enough material in the Cabinet of Washington to supply the loss. The fleet deserve the greatest credit for their gallant conduct under fire; the entire force have cast imperishable lustre upon the dazzling glory of the American name, and without making invidious mention of individuals, I beg to recommend that all be made commodores without delay. Having brought the "reconnoissance" to a glorious termination, we left the enemy to his gloomy reflections, and steamed out the harbour at a rate which must have astounded Beauregard and his fellow rebels. The happy result of this glorious expedition proves that iron-clads are almost invincible, and can only fail from want of success.

Yours truly,

H. DUROV,

Rear Admiral in the Blues.

WANTED.

OLD Sermons—well thumbed—full of platitudes—those preached at Thorold ten years ago preferred.

Apply to the Church Wardens of St. George's Church, Toronto.

WANTED ALSO,

A Machine adapted for the reading of old Sermons—must be monotonous—if at all given to emphasis, it must be on wrong words and in wrong places.

Apply as above.

On Dit.

—That the Hon. George Brown has three fifteen-hour speeches ready to deliver before the close of the present session.

That Tom Ferguson will speak entirely in French next session.

That the Premier will appear in Highland costume at next levee.

A Lie.

—A new interpretation of LL.B., is *lie like blazes*. Decidedly not true.

GRUMBLES FROM QUEBEC.

Quebec, 16th April, 1863.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,

Strong as was your contempt for the peoples' representatives, while their dull deliberations were held in Toronto, it could not equal one-half of what it would be if you were compelled to listen to them at present. There is not one of them has the slightest idea that the people want fun as well as legislation; that a well turned joke or a pointed sarcasm would make many a constituency forget its local wants and grievances in the merry humour of the inhabitants. For example sake, suppose John Sanfield were to meet the urgent demands of the member for Huron and Bruce for increased representation by a stunning joke stolen from the sanctum of the *Mercury*, the House would be so tickled that their laughter would render it impossible for the hon. member to repeat his request.

It was thought at one time, and not without truthful cause, that our friend D'Arcy McGee had a spark or two of genuine mirth in him, but I regret to observe that the cares of state are weighing heavy upon him, and the very curls of his luxuriant hair are being strained out by the propriety of his position. Foley, too, has succumbed to the exigencies of state, and will not laugh outright for fear of betraying the governmental policy to the opposition.

T. M. Daly has a jocular countenance, but his gloe is said to be at sight of glittering bait in the shape of contracts which the western members of the Cabinet are dangling before his eager eyes. We would advise him take care, and remembering the fable of the dog crossing the stream—not drop the substance to grasp a shadow.

There is much talk about new appointments, but matters are kept too shady for particulars. There is something afloat, or why this rumoured dodging and manœuvring. Jno. G. Bowes, it is said, is one of the coming men—Jno. Beverley Robinson making way for him in West Toronto, retiring from public life to accept the Toronto postmastership. This is a bid for conservative support to make up for the defection of Gowen's party. Jno. Hillyard Cameron is found impracticable, and, like an ogle cook, "has no followers," although as vain and conceited as the member for Arthabaska.

The contemptible reconstruction of the Cabinet for Upper Canada, is only the substitution of Bowes for Howland; but the changes in the Lower Canadian section will be more complete—the Attorney-General East being the only one to remain. The member for Iberville, Mr. Alex. Dufresne, becomes Provincial Secretary—a decided improvement on the present incumbent, who has neither the learning nor ability of his reputed successor. The accession of strength to the Cabinet by Mr. Dufresne's acceptance will be very great, he being the leader of the *Bleu* or Papineau faction, the most powerful political party in Lower Canada.

The Hon. Jean Baptiste Jules Prevost, is spoken of as the probable successor of Mr. McGee, as President of the Council. Much as may be re-

gretted, the resignation of the eloquent member for Montreal, it is gratifying to know that he makes way for one who is only second to himself in animated debate and fervid eloquence, and that the dignity of the board o'er which he is called to preside, will be worthily upheld and adorned. We fear one injudicious appointment is about to be made—Mr. Huot, member for Quebec East, as Commissioner for Public Works—a position he is in every way unfit for, from his want of education and position and his well-known and disgraceful political jobbery in the building of the Gaspe light houses. Why this man should have been selected for a seat in the Cabinet it is difficult to determine, his only qualification being business energy, having amassed a large fortune in the manufacture of boots and shoes—in other words, shoemaking. His influence in the ancient capital is undoubtedly great, but it is impossible to think that by prestige of that he has forced himself on Mr. Sicotte who, we fancy, would scarcely like to be seen in conversation with him. No one is yet definitely named for Solicitor General, and it is thought the office will be kept vacant for some time, as in Cartier's regime, until the expectant ones commit themselves fully to the government.

You may expect further particulars next week. There is nothing else worthy of note to write about, these Quebec people being awfully slow. If General Williams deprived them of the society of the military, it is not improbable they would revert to a state of semi-civilization. For the sake of our Canada, let us pray that his wrath may not fall on any other than London the less, which is an upstart city, and will profit by little correction.

GRUMBLER.

Curiosities to be Exhibited at the next Union Electoral Exhibition.

A book from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The key with which navigation is to be opened. The right hoof of the "High Horse" with which most politicians ride into Parliament.

One of the "signs" hung out by time. A light from the spark of friendship, said to be the only thing of the kind in the city.

About 25,048 threads, supposed to have been lost by our divines and public speakers in their discourses during the past year.

The (dead) lock which, it is said, the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament will soon come to.

Scene in City Council Chamber.

1st Father—You're a liar.

2nd Father—You're another.

3rd Father—The whole Council lies.

4th Father—That's a stretcher.

And so on—*ad libitum*.

ERRATUM.—From the "Globe."—We forgot to mention in our account of the great Mass Meeting, that at the break up, three cheers were called for and given to the "glorious and immortal memory," and the principal tune played by the band on the way down and while opposite our office, was the "Protestant Boys."

DIARY OF A PICK-POCKET.

PICKED UP BY DETROIT COLGAN WITH THE POINT OF HIS BAYONET AT THE MEETING IN THE QUEEN'S PARK.

Tuesday.—Arrived from Hamilton by the Western train, and put up at the American Hotel. Biz dull.

Wednesday, nine o'clock.—Picked an old farmer's pocket of a copy of THE GOSPEL. Sold said copy for three cents.

Ten o'clock.—Eased a lady in the street cars of her gold chain, and took \$20 of a young seed fond of display.

Quarter Past.—Asked a middle aged clergyman what time it was, and lifted his watch as soon as he told me. Found on examination that the watch was pinchebeck.

Half Past.—Fell in with a drunken farmer, and told him I had been robbed. The catch succeeded. The greenhorn showed me where he had his money, and fibbed it all in two minutes after. (Mem.—Met him at the market afterwards, and had a horn with him at John Cornell's, in condolence of his loss.)

Three-Quarters.—Walked about the market square and robbed farmers indiscriminately. (Mem.—Contemptibly easy to rob a farmer.)

Eleven.—Saw a drunken fellow displaying his money, and took it from him, for fear he should lose it, before he could wink.

Half Past.—Summed up and found I had made \$250 already. Robbed two policemen out of fun, and put their dirty handkerchiefs in one of their companion's pockets.

Twelve.—Had a drink with Capt. Prince. Picked his pocket, but only found a bit of gold lace and a dog collar.

One o'clock.—Got tired. Went and had a good dinner. Balance of week too rainy to attend to business.

WISE SAWS—BY A SAWYER.

Never wink at a pretty girl when a fierce looking savage is walking with her.

Never spend ten dollars when ten cents will do instead.

Never spend ten cents when you can run your face for it.

Never walk when you can ride.

Never commit suicide.

Never go to sleep on the railroad track.

Never speak well of any one, especially if you owe him anything.

Never put the lit end of a cigar in your mouth. Never make love to a girl until you have seen every other girl in the neighborhood.

Perfectly True.

—That Alderman Moodie and Councilman Bennett were proposed for membership at the last meeting of the Hibernians, and were unanimously rejected.

NOTE.—That the *Globe's* stock-in-trade of no-Popery, cries and anti-Doganism, which have for some time past been stored away in one of the tumble-down nooks of that un-stable building, will once more be cleaned up ready for use in a corner of the sanctum.

Ye Butcher Boy to his loving Sallie.

When you read these lines, dear Sallie,
Smile my rosy, darling duck,
Or your loving butcher laddie,
Sure as fate will lose his pluck.

CORRESPONDENCE.

APRIL the 16th.

My dear Mr. Grumbular—For been a settin in my top attic a watchin the rain for two hours, an a thinkin that surely to goodness there never was a day more sooted to grumble than this, so thinks I'll set down and rite a few lines to Mr. G. and ease my mind concerning a few matters as is worryin me.

First and foremost, there's the gals as is makin such fools of themselves a runnin arter the red coats. It worridges me, Mr. G., to see women a treaten decent respectable young gentlemen like dirt, because they dont happen to wear a bit of red cloth. I was a walkin down King street a few days ago, when I seen with my own eyes—through my own spectacles—a gal walkin alongside a hossifer, who was on his horse, and stoopin down talkin to her all along the street! I went into a tobacconists to get my snuff, and tho' I'd been there a quarter of an hour, when I comed out agin she was comin back the same way. If she'd been a gal o' mine (but mine, thank goodness, is all boys except Mary Anne) I'd a shuther up for a month on bread and water!

The hossifers wouldnt run half so much arter the gals, if they didnt make sich fools of themselves, and my son (who is a full corporal in the Cavalry Marine Guards) says that the hossifers only laugh at the women behind their backs, and call them the "petticoat nuisance," and that if they only knew how much they were laughed at, they wouldnt make themselves so ridiculous. They are a goin to have a play to-morrow night—wont the women dress up and crowd the theater that's all! And they go and advertise themselves the "Gallous Martyrs," as if they couldnt say they was "soldiers a goin to play act."

It's preponderous! the way the gals go on, and hossifers wives dont lead sich a wonderfully happy life neither—so my son says. They have to be separated half the time from their husbands; and while they are frettin and a cryin their eyes out at home, their "large lords" (as genteel people say) is a playin up old gooseberry with the gals, and a passin themselves off for single men, and spendin their time a fox-hunting and gal-hunting! But there! it aint no use a talkin any more—women always was fools and always will be; and I think the men is quite right to laugh at em, as my boy says they do. It's only a wonder to me that the women dont see it. Howsomever, I'm done on that subject, and hope I have not intimidated on your valible time, Mr. G., with my persucssion on gals.

I seen by the *Globe* newspaper that the "fightin still continues," and that "Moses fair from Heaven saw the gray transported, and their fleet iron-clads encored inside." It seems to me strange, for I thought Moses had better have stopped where

he was; but there—it's impossible to make out the papers now-a-days; indeed I dont think gals ought to be allowed to read em, for oven speeches on the present bill, "Supportin Schools," isnt fit to read. The Rev. Mr. Cheat-em ought to know better than use sich ondedent impressions as he did at the meetin. There's an old woman's settlements.

BETSEY TODD,
Irish Cousin to Mrs. Parthington.

MORE TROUBLE FOR LONDON.

London the little again figures in the Police Court for assaulting the military. John Kavanagh, in crossing the street, runs foul of Lieut. Tovey, R. E.,—result, a row, blows struck, caps knocked off, swords about to be drawn, and other dreadful things. What is wrong with the atmosphere of the "Forest City,"—where is the police—where is the gas-light—where is anything to keep these belligerent people from running amuck in this manner? Would it not be wise for General Williams to establish his headquarters in this fighting town, and keep them under by allopathic doses of martial law. He has already asserted that their sense of honour and justice can only be reached through their pockets, and threatened them with the removal of the troops, after the assault on Major Bowles, thereby depriving them of the profit and society of the galliant heroes; but since this has not had the desired effect, let him still appeal through their pockets and quarter more troops on them, himself included, and see if he cannot bring these Western cocknies to a state of peace. If that will not succeed after a good trial, we will give further advice if applied to.

Crazed Alderman and Councilman.

—It is said that a writ of *de inquiringdo lunatico* is about to be issued in the case of Alderman Moodie and Councilman Bennett. For the past week, since the Queen's Park meeting, they have been making frantic exhibitions through the streets and other resorts of the city, to the infinite terror of bar-maids and poodles.

A Slight Alteration.

—Bob Moodie said at the meeting in the Queen's Park that "time and ages will alter many things." We most decidedly say so too. Bob has had a good many kicks and cuffs since he was powder monkey down at the Battle of Prescott.

Wanted.

—An issue of the *London Prototype* without an editorial in which the *Free Press* is not mentioned, and an issue of the *News* in which both *Prototype* and *Free Press* do not get a crack.

A Question for a Quebec Pawn-Broker.

—The honor of the House is said to be pledged. How much did the pledger raise on the article—and how much would the pledger raise suppose he were to sell it by public auction? We doubt if he would raise the wind by it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. G.—Can you be on hand early (Tuesday) next week?

NEWS AGENT.—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 10, 12, 15, and 18 of the present series of the *GAZETTE* are out of print.

SUB.—Suggests that Postmasters should subscribe for our paper, and not read those belonging to our regular subscribers, delaying and sometimes mislaying them. Let us but know the offenders and we'll post them.

BERTHA.—We are very sorry that we are unable to give you a proper description of the spring fashions. We are not a journal of fashion, but we may safely affirm that light dresses will be worn in warm weather. For other particulars you must apply to your milliner.

MUCK.—Agitate, agitate, petition the Council, do anything else you can think of, and probably by July you may succeed in inducing the City Fathers to have some regard for the citizens, and allow the streets to be cleaned of their superfluous mud.

VOLUNTEER.—If your Captain is so mean-spirited and self-willed, surely you can spur up an opposition to him which will insist upon his paying proper deference to the wishes of the members. The majority of them must be lost to all sense of self-respect, or they would have e'er this brought the overbearing commander to reason.

ORANGEMAN.—The institution of which you seem to be a worthy enquiring member, was instituted in the year A. D. 893 old style, contemporaneously with the existence of the celebrated Kilkenny cats one of which was of a bright Orange colour, doubtless originating the distinctive riband of your order. At so late a period as the present day, we are unable to lay our hands on any authentic record detailing the circumstances of the famous fight, or in what way it affected the Protestant religion of that time. Early files of the *Globe* may throw light on the subject.

MISSOURI.—The telegrams received at this office (certainly the most authentic of any on this continent) do not contain any reliable accounts of the capture of Charleston by the Federal fleet. The *New York Herald* and *Times* have full particulars to the surrender of the last lager beer saloon, which was vigorously defended by four Teutonic foreigners, aided by an ostracised Malayian, who performed prodigies, though only armed with a bottle of whiskey. The veracity of these journals is unquestionable—very unquestionable.

A Wise Resolve.

—We learn that it is the intention of the Church of England Synod, at its next meeting, to present the Hon. J. H. Cameron with a leather medal for his stand (?) on the Separate School question.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

The Garrison Amateurs gave their fourth performance last night to a very fashionable house. As the prices of admission to all parts of the house were doubled, the attendance was not up to the mark, especially in the parquette, which was but three-fourths full. The first piece was the petite comedy of "Ticklish Times," in which Capt. Hobbs especially distinguished himself. The acting of the other officers was but mediocre.

The selections by the splendid Band of the Regiment were of the usual high order. The performance concluded with the farce entitled "State Secrets; or the Tailor of Tamworth." The lady members of the company assisted in both pieces, and sustained their parts with their usual ability.

RATHER TOUGH.

A correspondent hopes to be forgiven for the following, which he perpetrated during the last fall of rain:—

Charlie (to his young and pretty wife)—Well, now, Amelia, I think I ought to be a good deal better after that scolding.

Amelia (half angry)—Why so?

Charlie—Why, because I have been so Amelia-rated (*ameliorated*).

Amelia—Oh, you horrid fellow.

NOTICE.

During the past week or two, we have received a number of complimentary tickets and circulars with the name GNUMBER on them in a bold hand for the benefit of the public generally. The persons sending them must know that the real parties for whom they are intended cannot use them. In future we shall take no notice of any card not sent in blank.

Rumored.

—That the prayer said to be found in St. Lawrence Hall, on the evening of the 7th instant, and read at the meeting in the Queen's Park by Councilman Bennett, was printed at the *Watchman* office.

Refreshing Impudence.

—We understand that Mr. Ten Thousand Bowes actually intends coveting his old pilfering ground, the Mayoralty, once more, although for his conduct at the St. Lawrence Hall the other night, he should be put to the right about as quick as possible.

A Bore.

—The Honorable George informed us, before he left for Quebec, that he intends to burn McDougall's ears a little by reading extracts from old files of the *Globe*.

A Now Bill.

—Mr. McGee introduces into the House next week a bill for the hanging of five Orangemen annually as an example.

INTOXICATION.—When a party of young sparks—out on a bender—attempt to serenade a police station.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

Benefits have been the order of the day at the theatre this week. The first, and by far the most substantial one, was that of Mr. Williamson on Monday evening last. The house was one of the best of the season, and was a well deserved compliment to the talented young beneficiary. The performance commenced with the "Three Jack Sheppards," with Miss Franco as the first representative of the notorious housebreaker, Mrs. Liuden as the second, and Mr. W. himself as the third, a cast which gave entire satisfaction. Mr. Warwick gave a capital rendition of Blueskin. Mr. Ward appeared to satisfaction as Jonathan Wild, Mr. St. Maur as Sir Rowland, Mr. De Groat as Mr. Wood and Miss Preston. The scene which followed from the "Lady of the Lake," ending with a sword combat between Messrs. Ward and Halford, was a capital piece of acting, and earned for them a hearty call before the curtain. Mr. W. and Miss Rosa France then appeared in an Irish Jig, which created a good deal of amusement. Mr. Daly and Miss Wright followed with a Comic Duet, and Mr. Coady, a clever dancer, in a Clog Dance. The evening's entertainment concluded with a Pantomime in which Messrs. Liuden and Thompson and Miss Franco, frequently convulsed the audience.

On Wednesday Miss Preston put up her name for a benefit, and was rewarded with a poor house.

This evening Mr. Ward, the leading man of the Company takes his benefit. The bill is a capital one, and, apart from the well known abilities of Mr. Ward himself, will no doubt draw a full house. We hope that we shall next see Mr. Charles Daly on the bills for a benefit. Mr. Daly may well be called "Toronto's Favorite," and we are certain that he would have a big house. *Ver. sup.*

Received.

—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of 300 gallons of Morton's best XXXX proof. Invited six friends over night to our sanctum, and found in the morning that 299½ gallons remained.

New Publication.

—Our devil is hard at work writing a history of Pandemonium. It will sell like wild-fire.

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Local Agents wanted in every town in Canada, to sell a new invention just patented, and which affords a large profit. Address, with stamp, for particulars to THOS. BROOKES, Box 659, P. O. Toronto.

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

JUST RECEIVED direct from GEORGE NEWBOLD the celebrated print publisher, of 303 and 304 Strand, London, England. Life like photographs of TOM SAYERS, JOHN C. HEBBURN, JEM MACE, TOM KING, JOE GOSS, JEM DILLON, JEM WARD,

HARRY BRUNTON; JACK McDONALD, BOB TRAVERS, ALEC KEENE; NAT LANGHAM and every other Pugilist in England. All the above are full size, in private dress, and Fighting attitude, framed and unframed. Specimens may be seen at E. R. HALLS' and C. A. BACKAS' NEWS DEPOTS, TORONTO.

A bachelor friend, who occasionally contributes to the columns of the GNUMBER, informs us that he visited the home of a "happy family" the other evening, and was highly delighted with the "singing" of the little chanterelle of the household, as it leaped up and down in its proud mother's arms. But after a time the "set of the petticoats" became restless, and refused to be comforted. Its tired mother was no longer able to less it up and down, and "woe tottle" came to grief while large tears coursed down its cheeks. Now all this might have been obviated, the child kept smiling and crowing, the mother allowed her proper rest, had *paterfamilias* only had the forethought to visit Mr. Tasker's store, King Street East, and purchased one of Mrs. Tanner's newly invented "Baby Jumpers." The are unique, and answer the purpose for which they are intended admirably. Mothers of Toronto, go and inspect them.

With much pleasure do we call attention to the fact that Messrs. P. W. Smith and M. A. Thomas (late of the Rossin House) have purchased the establishment of Mr. Hogben, on King street, opposite the *Globe* office. From their long experience in the Rossin, the public may rest assured that the "English Chop House," under their management, will be most complete in every particular. Meals are served up at any hour of the day on the most moderate terms, and the larder and bar are supplied with the best of everything. Leaving business aside, both Messrs. Smith and Thomas are popular men with the public, another sure sign of success in business,

Mr. C. A. Backas, of Toronto street, is as usual on hand with the latest English and American publications. He has just received three of the very latest cheap English prints, viz., COMICAL FELLOWS, LORD DUNDREARY AND HIS BROTHER SAM, and BRIGHTON, THE ROAD AND THE PLACE, which sell for 30 cents each. Mr. Backas is daily receiving large additions to his stock, and we are sure that many will take advantage of it by purchasing.

MESSRS. CARLISLE & McCONKEY, with their well known enterprise, have at considerable expense secured the services of the celebrated musicians, the LUCKEN BROS., whose playing at the Terrapin every evening has become the theme of conversation throughout the city. Messrs. C. & Mc. are not forgetful of the inner man, as hot dinner is on the table every day after 12 o'clock, and other meals on the shortest notice. If you have not visited the Terrapin (everybody does) go quickly before your friends find out, or you'll be considered behind the age.

E. R. Hall & Co., 35 King street West, have just received three of the best cheap English publications ever issued, viz.:—The Comical Fellows; or, the History and Mystery of the Pantomime, with some curiosities and droll anecdotes concerning Clown and Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine. Lord Dundreary and his brother Sam; the Strange Story of their Adventures and Family History. Brighton: the Road, the Place, and the People. These all sell at 30 cts. each, and if you wish to secure one go in time, or you'll find that others have been here before you.