

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 46.)

## 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 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.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the Grumbler, will understand that from this date (May 15th) 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 coats,  
I trow ye kent it;  
A chiel's amang you t'king notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

### City Journals.

#### A REVIEW.

What paper so modest and mild of late,  
Its "Leader" is wont to soundly verate,  
With *artful* selections of choice Billingsgate?  
The Globe.

What paper self placed in Judgment sits  
To laud John A. and punish the Grits,  
And "bully" the Globe or go into fits?  
The Leader.

And which one reflects so vivid and true,  
Its *own* defects and others too,  
And wallops the *Freeman* black and blue?  
The Mirror.

And which one with dignity gives and takes  
And often the Mirror shatters and shakes,  
And's death on "George" and the land 'o cakes?  
The Freeman.

And which one, splenetic, splutters and raves  
'Bout Fenians, Grand Centres, and patriots graves  
And to the *Watchman* "undacent" behaves?  
The Irish Canadian.

And who 'neath a bushel doth keep his light,  
And blackguards the *Freeman* from morning till  
night,  
And waxes so fierce, but wont show fight?  
The Watchman.

Who's ready to take up *no matter what cause*,  
Being a natural "Junius" and "larned" in the laws  
Who publishes a list headed 01st clause?  
The Court Circular.

Who watches them all great and small,  
Nor cares a fig how loud they may bawl,  
But grumbles and pleases them all?  
The Grumbler.

### The Tale of Mac Mur Rich, for Little Boys, in one Syllable.

There was once an old boy named Mac Mur Rich, an odd name you will say, but he was a Scotch boy, and the Scotch have odd names at times. His real name was, I think, only Mac Mur, which means "the son of Mur," and Mur is the Scotch for "old cock," so I think some one of his race lived to be old in years gone by. Well, this Mac Mur Rich, as he was called, was at a large school down East, where the boys were well fed, and had pie and so on, and he liked the school so much, as it was a fine thing for a boy to get there; but he was a rum old bloke, and he was very close with his tin, and could not bear to pay the fees which a boy had to pay some time for his place. Well, a fine, bold boy of the name of Mac Fur Son (he was Scotch too) said, "I shall have your place, Mac Mur Rich, if I can get it." "No," says Mac Mur Rich, "you won't." Well, they tried both of them to get it, and Mac Fur Son he went round to ask the boys' votes, and he was a fine smart boy, and the boys who had votes liked the look of him, and he got a great lot of votes; but when Mac Mur Rich went round to them they said, "shell out your cobs" which means pay so much, but he said, "Oh, dear me! that won't do," and they said, "Well, then, you won't go back to school." "I am a right good boy," says he, "can you have the heart to turn me out?" "Like silk," they said; "if you won't shell out like a brick—Mac Fur Son is worth two of you—and so look out." Mac Mur Rich went home and took down his tin box, and when he heard the tink of the gold he had not the heart to part with it. "No, no," he said, "I can't; I can not. Oh, dear me!" and the end of it was that he went home, where he is now, and Mac Fur Son got the place, in spite of that other man Snyder, who tried hard to get in, but could not poll enough votes, which was "one good thing on Snyder."

### Law Stamp Office—A Nuisance.

For the purpose of carrying out the new Law Stamp Act, which came into force on Saturday last, the 1st of October, the Government appointed a Mr. W. W. Baldwin as Solo Agent for the United Counties of York and Peel and the City of Toronto, for the sale of the Stamps, who has accordingly opened an office in Osgoode Hall, where only the Stamps can be obtained. Now it is all very well for legal gentlemen who require stamps at Osgoode Hall, to have said office, as it were, at their nose; but on the other hand, it is *equally inconvenient* for the business of the inferior Courts—near which most of the lawyers' offices are situate, and besides it is hardly fair to give one person the

exclusive monopoly of the sale of said stamps for both the United Counties and city.

Now, as the act provides that one or more agents may be appointed if necessary, we think the Government should at once appoint a person whose office would be in the centre of the city, thereby making a division of the fees, and at the same time removing a hardship that is already severely felt by professional gentlemen.

### Who is to be Mayor for 1865?

Two weeks ago we asked the question, and hoped that the people would have taken the matter up before this, but we have heard nothing concerning the *Mayoralty*, with the exception of two long articles by our big brother of the *Globe*, who gives Mr. Medcalf a few backhanded slaps which must not be very pleasing to his Worship. We stated that Mr. M. was an honest, respectable man, but totally unfit for the position of Chief Magistrate of the City. The *Globe* seems to think all the difficulties that surround us are due to Mr. Medcalf, and recommends that the law should be so altered, that the Council could elect their own Mayor, which would enable the people to have a man capable of grappling with the city affairs. We don't wish to quarrel with this conclusion, but we ask the *Globe*, *Leader*, or any of our journals to bring a good name before the people, and we will pledge ourselves that the electors will sustain the recommendation; therefore, again we call upon the taxpayers to use all due diligence in this matter. Of Mr. Medcalf's incapacity, all will agree, and that it is really necessary that something should be done. We can only refer our readers to the city journals, who are devoting some little time to municipal matters. We still believe that Mr. Medcalf feels keenly his inability to discharge the duties of Mayor in a manner which would do him credit. We have no doubt if a first-class man were to offer himself as his successor, Mr. Medcalf would feel it his duty, from what he knows of the city affairs, to withdraw from the contest, and render all his assistance to redeem our credit, and place Toronto in the position, financially, that she held twelve months ago.

### Sub Rosa—Liquor is. (Liquorice.)

The young Prince Imperial of France, we are told, presented the King of Spain with a rose. "I have nothing else to give," said the youthful heir of France, "but I beg your Majesty to remember I have Spanish blood in my veins." We are decidedly of opinion that the lad was put up to this speech by his astute mamma. Far more natural and childlike to have said, "I have some Spanish liquorice in my pocket—have some?"

## The Morrow.

The Spring comes laughing and gay  
Upon our mother Earth,  
And from her lap from day to day  
The flowers renew their birth.

Man's spring may pass in winter's snow,  
His summer dash into sorrow;  
Yet, cheer faint heart, for thou shalt know  
A bright eternal morrow.

## Confessions of a Shirt.

(CONTINUED.)

"Well, well," said old Coppers smoothly, "young gentleman will have their fling, so it is no good talking. You were asking what I could give you on these studs, Mr. Sniffles?" and the old fellow examined them with a careful eye, "I see, I see, very pretty indeed, very pretty, but cut too flat to be worth much; well, I can give you \$15 on them, and I couldn't give one cawper more, not one cawper Sir." "Why confound your old carcase," returned the irate Mr. Sniffles, "I know they cost \$90, for old Aunt's maid showed me the bill on the sly, she hooked out of the old woman's work-box." "Aye, aye, no doubt Sir, no doubt," returned the unmoved Coppers, "but I couldn't give more than I say, I wouldn't give that, indeed, but you are a good customer and I don't like to." "Shell out your corianders you God forgotten old humbug," replied Mr. Sniffles politely, "its enough to kill the devil to hear you prose about your honesty." "Well, well," says old Cop, "young men will be young men," and forthwith he counted out the \$15, which straightway vanished into the pocket of the impatient Sniffles. "And now how much on the shirts old Father Abraham? there they are, one dozen, stay though, I must have one out for I am devilish short of linen, only two shirts and some dickeys on my salvation." "Well, well," and old Coppers repeated his usual formula, by which he seemed to exonerate himself from all blame in the spendthrift proceedings of Mr. Sniffles, "young men will be young men, I can give you a half a dollar on each shirt, that is \$5½ dollars." "Hand over old fish-books," said my owner and straightway my eleven brethren were entrusted to the safe keeping of Mr. Coppers.

I never saw them again. Taking a hasty and very unceremonious leave of old Coppers, my master bent his steps to King street once more, and ascending the steps of rather a large brick house, knocked quietly at a green baize door. It was opened cautiously, and a sort of Masonic password was exchanged with the door-opener. The latter carefully closed the green door, bolted and chained it, and preceded Mr. Sniffles along a passage. We arrived at another door, when our attendant knocked twice, and it was immediately opened by a swarthy mulatto, very well dressed, with guard chain, rings, &c., and a resplendent waistcoat. "You are late, Sir, to-night," said he to Mr. Sniffles; "they have been at it some time." "Couldn't come before, Jake," returned my master—"detained in court." I forgot to mention

Mr. Sniffles was studying the law.) The mulatto smiled, though almost imperceptibly, and Mr. Sniffles handed me over to his care. "Take this small parcel for me until I come out." "Yes, Sir," returned the mulatto, and at the same instant applying a pass-key, he threw open a door, displaying the interior of a large apartment handsomely furnished, and the click of balls, the occasional oath; and the never-ceasing volubility of the *croupier* showed it to be devoted to the very exciting game of *rouge et noir*.

(To be Continued.)

## The Swell Mob of Toronto.

What a blessing tailors are to a certain class of young Canadians, men with brains can afford to clothe themselves in silver grey and take their place in society because they are somebody; but how about these nobodys—who, if they had not a father, or an uncle or aunt, would have to sell themselves to Mr. Linkum. Who, of course, own they have to fall back upon the tailors and their impudence. One has but to take a walk down King street on a sunny afternoon to find specimens of swell mobism, and swell snobism. Here comes a specimen who spent the season in Saratoga, and is said to have passed himself off as a nephew of the Duke of Argyle. He looks like a small-sized tailor's block—large pattern trowsers, frock coat buttoned round his stays, a loud cravat and a plug hat. Look at the attitude; his arms are in the position the tailor placed them when he last measured him for a coat; and mark the strut. Does he own King street? No, he only helps another fellow to rent an office. I am told he is a member of the legal profession, though likely to be a very briefless one. I dare say his airs and clothes impose upon some of the weakest of the gentler sex; but if you ask me my opinion of him as an observer, who has not the honor of his acquaintance, I should say that when at last the recording angel calls out his name, and waits instruction the *fiat* will come forth. Write him down an ass.

Wait, here comes another case. I don't know him, mind, because I am only a grumbling stranger. I don't suppose he is quite as empty-headed as the first, but he looks awfully snobbish. He seems to ape military airs, and I am told that in the piping times of peace, before the Russian Bear began to grumble, he really did wear a red coat. The idea struck him, I suppose, that his loss would be a serious blow to society, so he declined the honor of being shot for his country's sake, and came back to wage a less dangerous warfare on the pimps and drunkards of Toronto. His coat is blue now, and braided all over as mine used to be when I was eight years old. His whiskers are sandy, but of the latest cut, and his demeanour and carriage seem to say as plain as words could do—Police! make way there for His Royal Highness. When I meet him I am always tempted to exclaim with Bobby Burns—

"Oh that the gier the gift would gie us,  
To see ourselves as other see us."

Stop, here's another specimen in a garb that has

evidently been recently imported from the United States. He is a type of a class of Canadians who cannot obtain credit from Toronto tailors, and who has been engaged in the interesting business of jumping Father Abraham's bounty. He used to wear shabby clothes, smoke a black pipe and frequent the "shebangs" of Stanley street. Now he is clothed in Yankee broad cloth; smokes cigars, and patronises fashionable saloons. He is certainly entitled to a place amongst the swell mob aristocracy, and wears his honors well, and so the fool and knave have met together in our columns to-day, and the tailor is the maker of them all!

## I. OBTENEM.

### Prevention Better than Cure.

Any of our fellow citizens who ever step into the Police Court, or Courts of Law, will be surprised and shocked at the number of young criminals who are placed at the bar nowadays. Children from eight to twelve years of age, many of them in such alarming ignorance as scarcely to know the difference between right and wrong, and who have been left desolate waifs upon society; others having relatives ten thousand times more criminal than they, who instigate them to crime; now there are two noble institutions in our city, The Boys' Home, and the Girls' Home, whose special mission it is to look after these children, and right well they perform their work to the extent of their means; they have saved scores of children from want, and from crime, if they received the support deserved, they could save them all, we call the attention of the public to the fact; that these poor miserable children can be made respectable members of society, through the instrumentality of these Institutions at a less cost, than they can be punished in the County Jail.

### Mad Dogs in Cobourg.

A couple of mangy curs were seen some months ago prowling about the Depot of the Cobourg and Peterboro R. R. devouring everything in the shape of flesh and bones on which they could lay their fangs, having been driven out of sight for a time have reappeared in the neighborhood. From the *salubrious appearance* of their mouths and the protrusion of their tongues, apprehension of hydrophobia were entertained. On Wednesday evening of last week, they were seen madly running "a muck" through the town, and dashing into the Victoria Hall attacked a Mr. Covert. From the precaution of that gentleman, in always wearing long top boots, he fortunately escaped with only a very slight *scratch*. He succeeded in decapitating one and de-tailing the other. The inhabitants rejoice that they are driven now from their Covert. The one is a grey *hound*, the other of the *rat terrier* breed.

### Question.

Which is the greatest elevator, J. G. Beard's, or Morton's proof?

What was Woman made for?  
Adam's Express Company.

### Who Shall be Mayor ?

Who shall be Mayor? the citizens all cry,  
*Marc incerta est*, voters reply—  
I hold a vote, and the small voice within  
Whisper, "Go vote for him as has most tin."

### The Image.

Bright suns and coldest winds come oft together,  
And man's career is typified by weather;  
Fame, riches, earthly good are the bright sun,  
And secret grief's the cold wind wailing on.

### English Charity.

Lot A. be poor—(so writes a grave divine),  
And straightway B to C will write a line,  
"Relieve poor A."—C does so in a trice,  
So C gives money and B gives—*advice*.

### Editorial.

The few lines beneath were sent us by a correspondent of ours, who, though clever at verse, has always labored under the curious infirmity of never being *positive* as to the best word to conclude a line; he therefore writes the most likely word to suit the sense; first, putting the other idea in a parenthesis, leaving his readers to choose:

A gentleman Grit, called Gordon Brown,  
Well (I mean *ill*) he left this town,  
The "Leader" people were glad. (sad)  
Gordon Brown, he came back all right;  
When the "Leader" heard he was well, quite,  
They were most uncommon mad. (glad)

### Amusements.

On Thursday we wended our way to the Temple of the Drama, as we always do when we see that the genius of the immortal bard is to form the substance of the evening's entertainment and amusement. Richard the Third was promised, and Richard the Third very much mutilated by the scissors was produced. Now, to be candid, we really do not think that the company are equal to a respectable representative of any of the plays of Shakspeare, and certain it is that they did sparse justice to the magnificent tragedy of Richard the Third. To commence with, the hunchback homicide personated by Mr. Connor—we must first of all take exception to the make up of the character; the lump of Mr. Connor looked more like the saddle of a circus horse than a natural deformity, while the dress would have been more appropriate to a brigand than a Royal Duke. The acting was careless, and we say this, because we believe it to be in Mr. Connor's power to have given a much better rendition of the character, for while in speaking the passages of the tender passion to the Lady Anne, he gave us a good lea of the subtle hypocrite; in the magnificent burst of eloquence that Shakspeare puts into the tyrant's mouth, "now is the winter of our discontent," he utterly failed to produce an impression upon his audience. At the same time we think Mr. Connor bids fair to be a good actor,

he has it in him, and we shall look with interest to his future.

Mr. Myers did remarkably well in the short part of Henry the Sixth, and Mr. Halford as Richmond, did his best, and the best of us can do no more, Mr. Pope's Duke of Buckingham was a flat piece of acting, and conveyed no idea of the politic and splendid Duke. The ladies did tolerably well, and it would not be fair to criticize them severely if they had not done so, for it is a play entirely out of their line of acting. In the farce of the Happy Man which followed Mr. Daly's Paddy Murphy, was inimitable and kept the house in roars of laughter. In the representation of The Ticket of Leave Man, produced earlier in the week, the company all did remarkably well, the characters were well distributed, and were done justice to; crowded houses warmly applauding the performance throughout, Mr. Pope's rendition of James Dalton was good and did him great credit. In that class of domestic drama, and in comedy, we can speak in warm praise of this company; they deserve the support of the public, and we hope that they will be well patronized, that they may be induced to stay with us during the winter months. Rob Roy was well performed last night, and will again be produced this evening. Mr. Connor's Rob Roy is excellent. We shall look with interest for the Duke's Motto, which is a fine play, and well adapted to the capabilities of the company.

### The Globe and the Council.

We were not a little amused on perusing a leading article in one of last week's *Globe's*—rather an over-strong pill for the benefit of the City Council, and as the columns of our "big cotemporary" have of late been pretty fruitful in the smut throwing line, on every one generally, and on the devoted heads of our City Fathers in particular, we beg to recommend to the favorable notice of the editor-in-chief and staff of said journal the following proposition, as we wish, so far as is in our power, to alleviate the evils of this "unhappy and divided country." Our plan is as follows:—Let Gordon Brown be elected Mayor; his chief cook and bottle washer H—u—g, Chairman of Finance; Hugh Miller, Chairman of Walks and Gardens; some *Globe* sucker head man of the Board of Walks, and let the balance of the Council be selected from the "faithful" exclusively, and there's not a doubt but we'll have "piping" times. So mote it be.

### Sharp vs. Green.

Coming up York street the other day we saw a long Bounty Jumper trying to make up to a healthy-looking country lass. He saluted the girl with "Hallow, Siss? did you come in on the loose?" "No, Zar," replied our fair friend, "I cum in on the cars."

NEWS FROM ITALY.—They are going to make Florence, which is noted already as a capital place of residence, more capital still, by making it the capital of all Italy. We grieve to say, however, that the national Turcon (Turin) has been upset thereby.

### The Terrapin Redivivus.

It has been said that old wine is a good familiar creature, that it opens the heart, and when taken in moderation quickens good impulses; and we believe it, if its dispensers may be taken as an example of its influences, for certainly our friends the proprietors of the Terrapin deserve all that we can say about them, in reference to liberality, enterprise, and good fellowship. Misfortune has visited them recently, and the devouring element left very little of the old Terrapin; but the energy and perseverance of the good hosts being brought into requisition, they have quickly transformed a mass of ruins into the most elegant and *recherche* saloon in either Upper or Lower Canada, we know that Sam McConkey, the presiding genius needs no words of commendation from us, but we deem the re-opening a good opportunity to express what we believe to be the unanimous opinion of the gentlemen of Toronto, viz: that the Terrapin has become an institution of the City which we could on no account dispense with; it has always been conducted with so much respectability and good order, that the taste of our most fastidious citizen has never been offended in it, and we may say that this is true physically as well as morally, for what better cheer can the world afford, than is there dispensed both at table and bar. If you want a good breakfast the Terrapin provides it, if you can enjoy a good dinner, you will find all the luxuries of the season on the Terrapin table, and if like poor Kit in the "Old Curiosity Shop" you want to shew your friends what "oysters means," take them to the Terrapin and they will soon find out.

The table *d'hote* at this establishment is a great boon to the business community, for from twelve o'clock until three, they can step into the Terrapin and eat a sumptuous dinner, served in good old English style, for a ridiculously small price. We have long ago made up our minds that any man who can enjoy the good things of this life either to eat, to drink, or to smoke, cannot do so more satisfactorily than at the Terrapin in Toronto. We hope our friends will receive all the patronage they deserve, and then they will have no cause to enlist under our standard, and become Grumblers.

### Ubi.

Leith and Liverpool are quarrelling as to the birth place of Mr. Gladstone. Seven cities disputed Homer's birthplace, so Mr. Gladstone may fairly be put on a par with the grand old poet, for two disputants *during life* may certainly be considered equal to seven when dead.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F., WINDSOR.—Had to pass through without seeing you, however, tell W., to send along contributions and correspondence immediately. Our business manager will call on you in a week or ten days.

C. M., CHICAGO.—A friend will see you before the 1st inst. We have arranged with Governor Allen for lodgings for the man that stole the winter lily and tried to cuche the constable out of his focs.

### Storming a County Council.

Last week the County Council of Lincoln met at St. Catharines, a little village in the suburbs of Niagara, to find a site for the new jail. The County Council—a body composed of local preachers in general and country numskulls in particular—travell'd all over the widely circulated village of St. Catharines to discover a proper situation, but after fooling it all through the crooked streets, they came out at the place whence they started, and reported that though they had seen plenty of sites, yet in all their rambles they could not find good water. They owned they were very much indebted to Councillman Douglas, of St. Catharines, for the able manner in which he piloted them through the one-story abodes of his constituents, who all delighted in euphonic and truly Canadian patronymics—such as the O'Sullivan's, Finnegan's, Flannery's, Flaherty's, Fogarty's, together with O'Briens and O'Reillys without number. The little Councillor, in his usual fashion, jumped upon two chairs instantly, and leaning with both hands upon the back of a third, ardently expressed thanks for the compliment to himself and his constituents, after which he collapsed into the arms of the Hon. Mr. Currie, who kindly bit him on both ears to restore him to consciousness. A debate immediately arose upon the jail site, but owing to several of the members being sadly afflicted with that alarming disease called "corn on the brain," much confusion of intellect was evident. One member wanted the jail at Niagara; another at Slabtown; another on the other side of Jordan; two or three declared to place it right in the middle of St. Catharines, as that place produced more jail-birds than any other in the Province. Confusion reigned profound, and everything denoted a smash-up, until the Warden, by a happy device, allayed the storm by invoking a counter one—on the homopathic principle *similia similibus curantur*. If the Council assented he would call upon Captain William St.—m, of Toronto, then present, a gushing gentleman, a serene scholar, a ham-fat man, and a good judge of water for jail purposes. Captain William immediately arose from the knees of the Town Clerk of St. Catharines, where he had been for some time encamped, dreaming an architect's dream. The aforesaid Town Clerk, who might aid, felt relieved, as, not being a large man, two hundred weight of Toronto produce sitting on his lap was a little more of a handicap than he bargained for. The gallant Captain then cast a withering glance of scorn at the editor of the *Daily Journal*—sometimes called Old Bill Grant, for the reason that he has arrived at the memorable age of thirty-five, and after sticking two pins in his waist where the buttons had burst off from internal causes, he unfolded about half an acre of architect plans, and thus delivered himself:—

Gentlemen, I am a stranger here, but you have heard tell of me I suppose. You must have seen my name in this metropolitan journal, (here he cast a disdainful bolt from the eye at Old Grant, who had opened his mouth to yawn, but shut it down instantly as if struck with lock-jaw.) I am Capt.

William, unattached, and when it would carry a second-class certificate in my trousers, a hundred and fifty dollar uniform for my subscribers, and a forty-dollar sword between my legs. There's my polish. Now, about this jail site and water question. They put me in mind of a funny story—(here the gallant speaker had just commenced one of his funny laughs to give his hearers notice in advance that something funny was coming, and that they ought to laugh too)—when the aforesaid Town Clerk and a limb of the law, both with short hair and long whiskers, and gorgeously attired with red neck-ties and tartan coats of a goshin green color, impertinently interrupted the speaker by demanding of him to tell the story called, "That's it," "That's it." The orator struggled violently to control his feelings, and said he "couldn't see it," but the interruption stopped his story, however. Now, gentlemen, what about the jail and water question? I object to go to Niagara, for that's twelve miles away from here, and besides they have a jail there already. I object to go to Slabtown, for there they have nothing but canal water, which is abominable either mixed or unmixed, and very apt, if taken pure, to astonish a stomach used to decent drinks. I won't go to Jordan, for it's a hard road to travel, and so many Dutch around there that lager beer has run water into the ground. I won't have St. Catharines either, for all the water I've seen here has been screeching hot, with some sugar and a spoon in it. But, gentlemen, if you agree to tip the "stuff that makes life gay," I'll compromise the matter by selecting a spot just twenty two yards outside the town limits, and as I am on the militia rolls of this glorious Province, and as there is something in a name, notwithstanding the German poet says—"a schunk by any oder name would schmel ash schweet," and as you have given your parole of honor to abide by my award, and as I expect you to roll out that \$200 you just voted me for my services, and as I am going to roll home on the morning train, I hereby decide, gentlemen, that the Roll's estate outside the town be the jail site for the noble County of Lincoln, and, some, if not all of you, may one day say while playing checkers with your noses through the cross-bars:—

"Alas! alas! we are all forlorn,

For these bolts and walls we cannot storm."

Captain William then sat down on the broad edge of a bench, and in the excess of his emotions at overcoming this great difficulty, thoughtfully wiped his benignant and steaming countenance with a pea-wiper, which his malicious friend (the Town Clerk) shoved into the pocket of his pea-jacket. But the hero succeeded, and now and forever the jail is to be located on the Roll's estate, which goes to show, as Beadle's Dime Novels say, that truth is mighty and will prevail.

Villanous.

"I wish to Heaven we had a scent, said an ardent English sportsman at the cover side, the bird hunting morning as the hounds were running a fox short! That's a sensible remark, observed an old gentleman, an inveterate punster.

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