

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

(VOL. 3--NO. 2.)

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.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rodo you tent it;
A chief's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

Songs for the Sentimental.

Fair Daphne has tresses as bright as the hue
That illumines the West when a summer day
closes;
Her eyes seem like Violets laden with dew,
Her lips will compare with the sweetest of roses.
By Daphne's decree I am doom'd to despair,
Though oft-times I've prayed, the fair maid to
revoke it,
"No—Willie I love?"—(thus will Daphne declare
"Put that in your pipe," if you will, sir, and
smoke it")

Once I thought that she loved me (O! fatal deceit)
For she wore at the dance the gay wreath I had
twined her;
She smiled, when I swore, that I envied each sweet
And vow'd that in love's rosy chains I would
bind her,
I press'd her soft hand and a blush dyed her cheek
"Oh! there's love" I exclaim'd, "in that eye's
liquid glancing"
She spoke, and I think I can still hear her speak
"You know about love what a pig knows of
dancing."

Rhapsody in a Rain Shower.

A FRAGMENT.

It is related of a worthy and venerable prelate, that upon the occasion of an unusually protracted drought, his chaplain suggested the propriety, nay, manifest duty, of offering up the prayers prescribed by the rubric "for rain," and it is further added that his Lordship, on consulting the calendar, said "it would not be efficacious to offer up such prayers until the change of the moon." Whether this anecdote was manufactured to illustrate the well-known sagacity and forethought of the above distinguished personage or

not, it boots little to enquire; suffice it that whether the calendar has lately been consulted or not, the universal prayers for rain during the summer were answered and the earth—thirsty old soul—has been drinking with avidity, and is not satisfied yet. By the way, did it ever occur to any of your readers what a determined teetotaler this planet of ours is, an unmitigated water drinker, a confirmed hydropath in every sense of the term; sooth to say the old fellow deserves an infinite deal of credit for his self-denial, considering the number of temptations every moment thrown in his way, by his ungrateful guest mankind! If liberally supplied with his favorite beverage, he as liberally gives from his well-stored granaries, but once defraud him of his predestined *dews* (dews), and he withholds his increase and becomes a prey to the withering and scorching influence of his superior—the sun—which, in the absence of genial showers, literally burns him up in his fury. Methinks old Mundus was taught a good lesson at the time of the flood, it is therefore easy to account for his proclivities—what a thousand pities man will not follow the example. Between ourselves, don't you think it was very unbecoming—to say the least of it—of the old patriarch to get drunk on the strength of mooring his scow on *terra firma* once more, it can only be charitably accounted for from his being left so *high and dry* with *nare-a-rat* (*Ararat*) near him to welcome his return to earth. Though some teetotalers aver that he had no excuse, being so well supplied with water all around.

From the long continuance of the dry, sunny weather the unclouded sky became absolutely monotonous, and we hailed the advent of a murky atmosphere as a substantial enjoyment and genuine relief. In this happy mood we sit down and ruminate and write, in our study, no matter how brown or even black it may be.

To the Dundreary's of the passing hour—the ephemera of a summer's day, who flutter and bask in the sunshine only—all wet is distasteful (except heavy wet); but surely it must be a great blessing when even the phlegmatic, dull, stupid old cabbages seem to enjoy it so much; mark how they twist themselves into every conceivable shape and form reservoirs to catch the descending drops, and how tenaciously they hold them in their embrace until insatiable old Sol sips them up again, or earth claims his share. Methinks the race of melons and cucumbers must feel marvellously better now that they can indulge their long pent-up appetites, and, like so many vegetable sloths, lie sucking the delicious nectar through their long tortuous probosces.

See the contrast exhibited on the approach or during the presence of rain by another tribe in the

adjoining field, more demonstrative in their character than their lowlier neighbors, who show no signs of gratitude, the whole family of grasses, wheat, corn, barley, &c., bend their graceful forms in token of thankfulness, or, if under the impulse of the passing storm, toss the accumulating drops around them as though influenced by some sudden paroxysm of boisterous joy, like the fish that has escaped the angler's hook and revels once more untrammelled in his native stream.

While the rain-storm continues we are transported in imagination to a very different scene which is being enacted in the heart of the city. It is washing-day. The sky has grown ashy pale, in a south-westerly direction, overhead the clouds have assumed an ominous deep leaden hue, occasionally streaked with vivid lightning. Notwithstanding these portentous harbingers of a coming storm, Biddy, who has been anxiously looking for rain to fill her barrel with soft water for the last six weeks, and has come to an open rupture with the next door neighbor for monopolizing more than her share of the pump—persists in hanging up the clothes on the line. The last clothes-pin has been used to secure the last remaining unmentionable "dannel toy," Biddy smiles complacently from underneath the sun bonnet upon her finished day's work, and with all the native grace and modesty of her sex presses her crinoline in closer proximity to her continuations lest the truant wind, conscious of her charms, might inflate her to the dimensions of a small balloon and waft her upwards through the realms of space, or peradventure, discover to the keen mundane glance, rents in arrear or solutions of continuity that had escaped the sharp eye of the darning needle.

FENIANS AGAIN!

More Pike-work.

Hardly have we recovered from the effects of the first out-burst of Fenianism in our City than we are startled afresh by another and more fiendish display of the rufianism and cut-throatism of these double-dyed traitors. Encouraged by the terminus of the "pike" affair, they again insult and outrage the feelings of loyal citizens, by stealthily, like midnight assassins breaking into a lodge-room and there committing acts at once despicable, traitorous and vile. Are the people—the *sovereign people*—of Toronto going to submit to those things tamely and without dissent, we hope not, we trust not. And it is ours, as should be the devout wish of every British heart that beats amongst us that the dastardly perpetrators of the outrage committed in the Orange Lodge room, may speedily be brought to justice, and receive that punishment—we hope at the rope's end they so richly merit—they so justly deserve.

PROTESTANTISM IN DANGER.

The Hon. George Brown a Fenian.

It is not many years ago since the *Toronto Globe* said that Orangeism was "a baneful influence" and "wafted to Canada by designing men." Subsequent to these statements, we believe, the same journal has endeavored to make amends for such a broad-cast charge upon a respectable organization. However, there is no rubbing out the ink with which Mr. Brown's ideas of Orangeism in 1851 were laid before the public. Supposing that his notions were at that time acted upon and that every Orangeman for the last ten years had been scorned and disfavored, how much greater, to-day, would have been the inroads which have recently been attempted the peace of our community by a band whose "watchword," it would appear is "Destruction." Protestantism, as it is, is in danger enough from the evidences lately afforded by the presence of a bad, evil spirit in our midst, which, if allowed long to breathe, must do terrible damage to us all. Whether the Fenians are made of Medes, Persians, Macedonians or mountain rangers we do not know; but one thing is certain, they are bent on mischief, and it is for the Orange standard—well supported by all classes of Protestants—to bid defiance to the attempt now made to start disruption in Canada. The question bears more than one serious feature, and prominent among these considerations is, "What will the quiet, orderly people of the Lower Provinces say to connecting themselves with a country where the Reign of Terror seems to be likely to take the place of the more peaceful Reign of the Confederation? It is quite plain to us that Orangeism must now come forward and sentimentalize the Province over so that the first movement made towards outrage and disorder may be put down forever. All good Protestants must join heartily in this undertaking; not rashly, not wickedly, but with an honest desire to defend their rights and maintain peace in our fair land. It is not just for a Fenian or a Roman Catholic to say "Because we are Fenians, because we are Catholics you want to put us down." Such is not the case; we go for putting down any man or any clique or gang of men who raise a disturbance and refuse respect to our Flag and honor and obedience to our Queen. This is British country where no seeds of the Sepoy gender can vegetate and grow; and we ask "What is our Union Jack to us? What becomes of our Responsible Government? if a pack of idle men, who are ignorant in usefulness and only educated to do bad, can raise up in our midst, without let or hindrance, and do just what they like, go where they like, say what they like, destroy what they like and just close their own time and place for all and everything. Let every Protestant think how foolish it is for an essentially Protestant community to look on and have the dread of all this facing them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Our country can never prosper if there is an absence of harmony, entire

and complete harmony in the whole land. Would, as Mr. McGee so aptly remarked the other night in Montreal, that we had it in the West, as it is in much abused Lower Canada, there, when the poor *moutons* rest, and the country is said to be priest-ridden and monk-shod, the only strife they have is to see who can do the most good—who can extend the greatest amount of charity. Yes, we wish it could be so with us; we wish the only wrangling here was as to who should take the most active part, and do the most substantial service, in every benevolent movement. Mr. George Brown is to blame for a good portion of the trouble with which Canada is now threatened and we trust most sincerely that the people will not fail to the blame of disunion in our midst in the right quarter. It cannot be forgotten how often, and how low, and how long the columns of the *Globe* were devoted to stirring up strife in Canada West—to arraying Protestants against Catholics—and to the circulation of the basest kind of epithets, one day against Orangemen and the next day against Catholics. We now are likely to have the fruits of all this; and, while the storm threatens, the very same Mr. Brown (just in good time) managed to bury himself off in the fathoms and amongst the mysteries of official life, where he is and isn't responsible. Cute, sly Mr. Brown; he tuned up the fiddle for the fire to blaze, and now as the flame is about to burst forth, he is safely under the protection of John A. Macdonald, who might have something better under his wing than a rotten egg.

Canadian Cockneyism.

An individual whose parents ought not to allow him to leave his mother's apron strings, or at all events go beyond the sound of Bow-bells in "London the Less," until he can behave like a gentleman, has been making himself rather conspicuous during the term of lectures at Osgoode Hall. We cannot forget that we were once boys ourselves, and are therefore disposed to deal lightly with the harmless frivolities of *hobblidyhoyhood*; we should not even raise a cabal against one, who chooses to assume for the nonce, the *cock-tail feather and scarlet cloak* of Mephistopheles, provided the latter were long enough to hide the cloven foot, and there were no holes in the garment thro' which the hoofs constantly protruded, but when these reasonable conditions are not fulfilled, we must tear the *obnoxious rag* from off his shoulders, pluck the *cock-tail feather* from his cap and place bells or a *white feather* in its stead, which would be more becoming than the *Dutch courage* with which he thinks it necessary to supply himself, before wantonly insulting his fellow students, and making the lecture-room an arena for low-lived buffoonery! We had occasion to put *the drag*, on this young gentleman's *fast* career on a former occasion, and as he has put more steam on, we tell him once for all, that if he do not "censor his funning." We shall do him *browner and crispier* than he ever was done before! (*Verb. sep.*)

"Honest" Abe."

Honest reverie of "Honest Abe" just after the completion of his recent Message.

Four years ago when I first came
To rule and govern this great nation,
I had whate'er I chose to name
At my command, to quench the flame,
And stop the rising conflagration.

Had plenty money, plenty men,
And Uncle Sam's unsullied credit,
And thought a "Big Thing" I'll be when
This poor rebellion's crushed, for then
I had not learned, as now, to dread it.

I thought the North a force could bring
The world nor all mankind could injure,
And felt, although a prudent thing,
That when she did bound in the ring
She'd curl her tail without my ginger.

Alas! I've gingered her old tail
So much, to keep her carcass going,
That I'm afraid her copper'll fail,
And al. the world will see how stale
Have been my bragging, puffs, and blowing.

I've issued greenbacks, called out troops,
Committed crimes that even shock me,
Declared both France and England dupes,
To notice me though neither stoops,
But there they sit, and laughingly, mock me

And here's Brazil about to find
A great infraction of her laws,
I "guess" I'll have to be so kind
And beg her pardon, though inclined
By holy Paul to smack her jaws.

But if I should indulge my passion,
I'd have to do the thing *incog.*
John Bull and France have quite a fashion
Which leads them frequently to thrash'un,
Who thus attempts to act the dog.

About "Relations Foreign," I
Have in my Message slobbered a little,
But prudence has no reason why
I should proclaim that every tie,
Which once was strong, is now so brittle.

To make the people think I'm right,
And all my policy perfection,
I've been so *modest* and polite
As their attention to invite
To my unanimous election.

But after all I can but grieve,
To really know my hopes are flagging,
Yet though the wise may disbelieve,
The simple I'll at last deceive
By lofty Messages, and bragging.

A "Raid" Expected.

We anticipate a "raid" on this office by the newsboys this morning.

Scraps from a Sermon.

Scraps of a sermon found near St. George's Church, Kingston, supposed to have been dropped by the Dean of Ontario and restored to him, with the finder's compliments, through the kindness of the *Gumbler*.

My dear beloved Christian fold
Attend to me a twinkle,
While sermons old to you I hold;
(Aside) which I think is no bad wrinkle.
It is most true while you I view,
I've come to the conclusion,
That ye are in sad state of death
And know not your salvation.
You are not taught, full well I thought,
How to avoid damnation.
The means of grace, don't make a face,
Is the Church of the Reformation.
It is my intent, on it I'm bent,
To teach you all the rituals,
That should you from him be sent
May know the slightest tittle.
When I was o'er their Leighen bridges
With a mighty congregation,
My sermons on the common prayers
Did prove to them salvation.
We first commence with text trust,
To wake your veneration.
If in confession, next you'll burst
I'll grant you absolution.
Now this beloved is a gift
Direct from great Saint Peter,
To whom was given of earth,
I have them at my finger.
The creed indeed of course believe,
Also St. Athanasius',
And to your faith I trust and leave
The Nicene cling tenacious.
Salvation is a simple thing,
Not hard to be obtained,
Which the Church's rules will surely bring,
If your faith is not unfeigned.
The Litany full hard we cry
For all our peccadilloes,
And mercy ask with many a sigh
For us unhappy sinners.
This my brethren is enough
For you just at the present.
I would not have you ever stuffed,
Your stomachs might resent it.

The Confederation.

An Irish correspondent of ours suggests that the name of the proposed Confederacy be "Bally-brogueobgginantaryns." We think it would do very well.

Mayor Medcalf,

Whatever our opinion may be with regard to the qualification of old Square-toes in an educational point of view, and that is not so unfavourable for the office which he now fills, there can be but one opinion with regard to the manner in which he has discharged the onerous duties which have devolved upon him during the past year, viz: that he has faithfully and zealously fulfilled the responsibilities of his situation with honesty and impartiality. Let the citizens show their appreciation of his efforts for their welfare and prosperity by returning him with such a majority as will make Fenians quail and honest citizens rest secure. With him at the helm, we need fear no danger, for to no one that we know of can the rights and safety of the people be better entrusted than to Francis H. Medcalf.

Charities' Concerts:

Are there not enough charitably disposed Amateur singers and *Artistes* in Toronto, to get up during the winter months charities' concerts in aid of the poor? The amount of poverty and destitution, at present, in the city, is pitiful and we are quite sure there are numbers of kind-hearted ladies and gentlemen who would gladly contribute their musical abilities for the amelioration of the sufferings and hardships of the poverty-stricken. They would, we have no doubt be entirely successful and the Corporation we feel confident would do their part in providing a Hall. Let some one set the ball a-going and show to our Sister Cities and Towns, that we, of Toronto, at all events, "remember the poor."

Advice to Farmers.

(By the Rev. Mr. C—e.)

Advice to farmers it is my business to give,
What things to do, and how to live,
How to get up and how to go to bed
How to milk the ducks, and how to be fed,
How to suck the calves, and make the roosters lay
How to give the heaves by seeding musty hay
How to coax the hens to lay fresh eggs,
How to save from frost the old cock's legs,
How to save honey by giving the cows peas,
How to make houses for the little bees,
How to be thrifty, how to be wise
In all this the great secret lies.
Always take the "Farmer," and read thro' & thro'
That's the best thing I can advise you to do,
First, buy a farm; pay for it if you can;
If in advance, you're the better man
Then get an ox, a pig, and a cow,
Next a big dog to bow, bow, bow,
A sheep you must have, a duck and a drake
(And don't forget this, for mercy's sake,
But before you commence all this strife,
Be sure and get yourself a nice little wife
Next a little baby, to cry Pa, Pa, Pa,
Then you may laugh, ha, ha, ha.

City Council.

Mr. Rico Lewis then drew the attention of the Board to the necessity that exists for sending a better class of men into the City Council. *Vide Leader*. Report of Meeting of Board of Trade.

This is certainly refreshing, Mr. Lewis wishing a better class of men in the Council; what class of men does the old goat require? Is he desirous of having the old palmy days of *naïl* contractors without Public Tender; is he annoyed that he has failed in getting the contract this year, or does he wish a seat in the Chamber himself.

That the Council is not what we would like to see it, we admit, but we think it a great joke that a man like Mr. Lewis should propose a remedy; a man that we have no hesitation in saying could not be elected by his fellow electors as Chimney Inspector, and the only thing that astonished us was that some member of the Board of Trade, did not suggest the necessity of having a better class of men belonging to the Board of Trade. It is certainly no wonder that some parties refuse to be candidates for Municipal honors, when they are liable to read such remarks as we have quoted from the above speech. The evil can be remedied without the assistance or advice of a man who cries as he goes along the street—

"Shine out fair Sun
Till I have bought a glass
That I may see my
Shadow as I pass."

St. Patrick's Ward, ho!

What scriptural character does the "dwarf" Assessor for St. Patrick's Ward, when leading the "big fat Alderman" for the "goosepasture" thro' Dummer Street, remind you of?
Paunch's (Pontious) Pilot.

AMUSEMENTS.

Royal Lyceum.

On Tuesday evening the *Hidden Hand* and *Black-Eyed Susan* were played for the benefit of Miss E. Johnston, to a full house. Miss Johnson appeared in the double character of Archie the News-boy, and Capitola Black the Heiress, both of which were well rendered by her. She will doubtless become a great favorite in Toronto, although we think if she "brew herself about" less, her performances would be more appreciated.

Mr. Pope as Major Warfield acquitted himself well as did Mr. Connor as Black Donald. Mr. Mr. Daly was excellent as Wool. Herbert Greyson was well personated by Allen Halford, and Mr. Myers gave his Colonel LeNoir with his usual ability. The minor parts of the piece were creditably performed. During intermission, Mr. Wiggins favoured us with the "Bold Soger Boy" for which he received an encore. In the after piece, Miss Johnson appeared as Black-eyed Susan to advantage, and Mr. Connor as William, acted his part through with marked ability. Miss Myers was "up" for a benefit last night, when we were glad to see a crowded house. More anon.

A Tale of a very nice young Man!

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

'Twas Sabbath eve in bleak November
(A night some folk will long remember)
One — James, an am'rous weight
Went out to see his "heart's delight,"
His garments were of sable hue
—He wore a stiff white choker too,
And 'mongst the sanctimonious clan
He pass'd for a "very nice young man!"

In conversation, he, was quite select,
—A chosen vessel—one of the elect.
Or to cut a very long story short, he
Was a nice young man for a small tea-party,
And a follower of the lowly—meek and humble
—Maid of all work—sweet Kitty Bumble
Who—be it known then used to stop
At Stephen Drayman's oyster shop!

Sweet Kitty, and this gay young buffer
Made Stephens' malt and oysters suffer
Now its very well known that oysters and toddy
Will play the deuce with any-body

Now all that happened 'twixt he and Kitty
Has nought to do with this our ditty,
Stay, yes it has, but then you see
For reasons of propriety
We pass the scene and view the curtain rise,
Where honest James is taken by surpris'
At sound of Mrs. Raymond's warning tread,
Up, away he runs and hides beneath the bed!

PART SECOND.

Says Mrs. Raymond, pray Miss Bumble
How came this table in such a tumble?
Just then she 'spied the garments of a man
And quickly from the room, the Mrs. ran
And near adown the stairs came falling
Thus, for her husband loudly 'bawling:
"Oh, Stephen! Stephen! Stephen Drayman
"Quick! hurry up! make haste! this way man!

Now Stephen when he heard the bobbery
He thought 'twas murder—fire—or robbery
And waited not for a second hearing
But quickly up the stairs came tearing
Right into Bumble's room he sped
Poor — crawled from 'neath the bed
And there he stood as once stood Adam
Before indignant Steve and Madame
"Oh, dear! oh, dear! good Mrs. Drayman
I'm so ashamed—what shall I say mam?
On me I pray you both take pity
And don't be hard on my dear Kitty
Do nothing rash, make due reflection
And don't disgrace my high connection
But Stephen stamped and loudly swore
"Get out you rascal—knave and—more
Then quickly out of doors did tumble.
The unlucky James and poor Miss Bumble
Then homo be scampered through the dirt
A ruffled dickey in his shirt.

MORAL.

Now all young man who go to spark
In other folke' houses after dark
Be your position high or low
Take due precaution where you go
Never go higher than the first floor
And always provide for an open back door,
Or you may get play'd the self-same trick
That befell our poor unfortunate Dick,
Bringing disgrace on your high connection
And leaving the house with a *Boot-injection*.

Our Streets.

Dionysius the Tyrant in olden time, when he wished to display to Damocles, one of his courtiers, the uncertain tenure of this life; placed him in the midst of every luxury, and enjoyment, but suspended by a *horsehair* from the ceiling of his apartment and directly over his couch a naked sword, which quite took away all his sense of enjoyment, so runs the story. In walking down the South side of King street, from York to Yonge streets, the passer-by is subjected to dangers that quite throw into the shade anything Damocles encountered. First he has to pass by the ruins of the Rossin House with a huge piece of Roof overhanging him and threatening him with annihilation, and held in its place by a support not nearly so tenacious as a horse-hair. Next the Roman Buildings, with their *falling statues* endanger his safety, and lastly the old Globe office with its scaffolding of loose boards, and its walls looking just as if they were on the point of coming down and burying some luckless wight beneath the ruins. Perhaps our City Fathers wish to inculcate the lesson taught by Dionysius: but in behalf of people with weak nerves, and of those who still wish to enjoy life, we are compelled to *Grumble* at such a danger.

Christmas Presents!

We were asked the other day by a fair friend of ours, which was the *best place* in Toronto for Christmas Presents, in the shape of Books, Photograph Albums, Fancy Stationery, &c., &c, to which we replied by the following

IMPROMPTU

Beaming with smiles and always at his stand,
And ever ready at the *fairs* command:
Cautiously choosing books for every taste
Knowledge for all readers, never in haste:
All that may please and enlighten the mind!
So prithee, step in!—pray do not lag behind!

The young lady could not resist the temptation to "step in," and after having spent a fair share of the contents of her purse, left the shop unconsciously humming the air—"Oh, Charlie is my darling."

The 16th Regiment.

We had the pleasure of seeing this fine body of troops march down King street during the week, headed by their splendid band. Comment on their martial bearing and trim appearance is unnecessary; suffice it to say every man of them marched as proud as a *Peacock*.

School Trustees.

We have our eye upon certain gentlemen of the Board of School Trustees and will in due time attend to their cases. Their action in a recent matter with regard to promotions in Phoebe street school is characteristic, the lady, who was most deserving of the vacancy over the junior class and to whom they promised it, they threw over and gave it to the one who had *most friends*. Gentlemen, we will leave no stone unturned to fix your flint for you.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Col. Bungle, Kingston.

It would be a difficult matter to give advice in your case. When an Insurance Company gets severely bitten, they become more careful in taking future risks. *A burnt child dreads the fire*. Besides you are not looked upon as was Caesar's wife—*above suspicion*.

J. C., Chambly.—Why don't you write. Will see you personally in a week or two.

ANNETTE.—We are always willing to oblige the fair sex to our utmost, but really you are asking too much.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The English system of getting up meals is now carried out to perfection by Mr. L. H. Hunter of the English Chop House, King street West. From the crowded appearance of his tables, there is no doubt the plan has now become popular in this City. To business men it is of especial benefit, they being able to get a lunch or dinner at a few moments notice. Call on him once and you will be certain to go again.

Messrs. Malcomson & Harding, No. 154 Yonge Street, Toronto, have lately opened with a new and thorough assorted stock of Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors and Farmers Produce, to which we beg to call the attention of our readers. Their stock will be found replete in every respect and worthy of inspection before buying elsewhere, give them a call.

Drug Store.

We would call the attention of the citizens to the fact that Mr. James, Druggist, King street, constantly keeps on hand a well selected stock of fine drugs, chemicals, toilet articles, soaps, brushes, &c., &c. Mr. James has had great experience in his line of business and is thoroughly qualified to fill up correctly physicians' prescriptions, and we trust that he may have that liberal support extended to him of which, in our opinion, he is so eminently deserving.

Toronto Skating Rink.

The Toronto Skating Club opened their fine Rink yesterday, and the most favorable auspices. The Rink has undergone a thorough overhauling and is now in splendid condition. Of the many public places of resort for skating last winter we question if any received greater patronage than "the Toronto," and we feel confident that under the management of Mr. James Fraser, who has charge of it this winter, it will lose none of its old patrons.