

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY MARCH 5, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 14.)

THE GRUMBLER

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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 reldo you teat it;
A chief's amang you talking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

TITULAR.

"In the making of books there is no end."

"Law's serious call," no summons is,
From Rhadamantus Boomer,
"Grant's Formul" are nothing worth,
For healing any tumour;
All "Paley's Evidences," give,
No evidence of palls,
Behind them look, you'll hardly see,
Traces of "Old men's tales,"
"Rowell's sheet almanac," will not,
Find you in sheets, oh! maiden,
The "Life of Greenwood" won't recall,
The frests you have strayed in.
The "Scarlet Letter," mentions not,
Tom Ferguson's Red Lady;
The grave "Josephus," won't recall,
The "Life of Joseph Adey,"
The "Lay of the last minstrel," won't,
Give you one egg in store,
Nor will Macauley's "Lays of Rome,"
Give you a shell the more.
"Gray's elegy," perhaps you think,
An eulogy of Gray's?
But rest assured, that Gray himself,
More highly thought of bays
O'er "Bacon's Essays," strain your eyes,
Throughout that wondrous work.
Rash man, you'll not a rather find,
Of bacon or of pork.
"Newton's Principia," does not treat,
Of "Principes" cigars,
And Frederic Easton didn't write,
The famous "Siege of Kars"
To "Thomson's seasons," do not go,
For reasoning your pies,
"Never too late to mend," is wrong,

Late working spoils your eyes.
"Lacon," I end; your Valentine,
Remember, don't deceive her;
And "Charles O'Malley," imitate,
Rather than, "Charley Lever."

Diary of an Officer on board one of the Ironclads off Charleston.

"A Committee will be granted to enquire into the causes of the inactivity of the ironclad fleet off Charleston."—*New York Herald.*

Feb. 10th.—Turned out at daybreak, every soul asleep on board, and quite right too. I wouldn't have stirred but I wanted a drink. Devil's own bother waking the steward, excused himself by saying he hadn't been in his berth three hours, as the gunroom officers had broiled bones and Roman punch, last night,—made me a finest cocktail, his hand shook I noticed, so did mine, turned in again, and slept quietly 'till they made it 12 o'clock. On deck with sextant, to look business and office like, all our fellows playing euchre on deck, as the day was warm. The captain said we needn't bother, the sun was all right, and so, he added, was he—*mem*, he ought to know, but he hiccupped fearfully. Admiral signalled something, nobody could make it out, so we laughed and went to dinner, captain stood champagne. Evening in old style, won thirty dollars at euchre, turned in late, *ebriolus* I think.

Feb. 11th.—Devilish thirsty again. Roused up steward. Old nipchess too drunk to make cocktail, so I took tangle by neat—slept till noon. Didn't carry up sextant to-day, master very sagely observed that 12 o'clock *would* come whether we made it so or no, so we are not going to bother about the darned thing again, euchre at night, and brandy punch, won three dollars.

Feb. 12th.—Captain's birthday, all the men treated by captain, who is a jolly good fellow, to ten hookers each. Grand procession to present captain with testimonial. Captain made a very good speech, and asked us all, luffs and reefers, to dine. Devilish good spread. Terrapin soup, canvass backs, real turtle, Moe's champagne in plonp—splendid desert, Liguors, Curacon, Noyeau, Maraschine, Kirschwasser and Goldwasser. St. Julian chret, and white Hermitage. Old Admiral signalling again, and we signalled back, made out *this* time, "Throw a shell to look active"—answered, "aye, aye, sir." Got up a shell, at least the officers did, for the crew were too lussy; dispute between gunner Adams and old Jeff the boatswain, as to how long the fuse should be, gunner Adams said a foot or more for a four mile range, Jeff said six inches was lashings, appealed to captain, he like a man of peace said, "split the differ-

ence," so cut it to nine, elevated mortar thirty degrees too much, so up the shell went, God knows where, and fell about a quarter of a mile from the ship. The first luff, who is a witty beggar, said the gunner had too *high notions*, and wasn't a good republican, gunner who was more elevated than his mortar, told him to go to—.

Feb. 13th.—Very fine day, mustered on deck, and the captain joined us in attention to our duties, cleared the decks after, and the band played the old airs, then dancing and larking till night, double allowance of grog to men, I did a good day's work, for I cleaned my revolver thoroughly, euchre again to any extent, lost forty drinks.

Feb. 14th.—Sunday, captain ordered paper to be served out to all the ship's company, every one writing valentines, those who couldn't write dictated, made up mail bag at 6 o'clock, and pulled aboard Flagship with it, papers from home—cuss their fault finding souls, what *do* they mean by calling the ironclads inactive?

Look twice e'er you leap once.

Our waggish *Leader* of public opinion, reminds the ladies that two months of "leap year" are already gone. We presume, to remind them that only ten months remain, in which they may avail themselves of the usual privilege. More thoughtful, though less witty, than our ponderous cotemporary, we would entreat them to look narrowly before they *do* leap.

An Oculist's Motto:

—"Mind you eye."

The new Ophthalmoscope has revealed the interesting fact, that the young lady who shed torrents of tears has a *cataract* in both eyes.

Osgoode Hall.

We think the Government would do better to appoint an Inspector to enquire into the state of the Registrar's Office, Osgoode Hall, than to appoint Mr. Grant prison inspector.

Mayor Medcalf on Sabbath Breaking.

Last Council night Mr. Mayor Medcalf was so good as to enlighten the dark unfashionable minds of the City Council, as to the fact of policemen having no Sunday—their duties compelling them to think as much of one day as the other. This is the first piece of news we have received from the "learned blacksmith." What a godless crew to keep the peace!

Morphy Commission.

We are happy to hear that Mr. Morphy has been appointed to clean out the hull (whole) master's office of the Court of Chancery. It is confidently expected that all the dirt accumulated there-in will cling to him.

The Feast at the Terrapin, or Harvey's Sauce.

A BALLAD.

It is bold Harvey who has gone
To J. E. Smith and Co.,
And now, before that wondrous one,
See Miller touting low.

"What lack ye, lack ye, noble sir?"
Obsequious Miller cried,
"Why, forty gallons of your best,"
'Twas thus bold Harvey cried.

"Where shall I send it, noble sir,
And who will take it in?"
"To Carlisle and McConkey's place,
Up at the Terrapin."

The guests are there, the time draws near,—
A crowd of hungry sianers—
There is no wine, there is no sign
Of the long wished for dinners.

The clock has tolled, and one more bold
Said, as he scratched his pate,
"My gracious Heaven, 'twas half past seven,
And now 'tis striking eight."

But soon their hopes arose again,
For in came Mr. Harvey,
And, "Friends," says he, "I'll make it plain,
I didn't mean to starve ye.

"'Tis Carlisle and McConkey's fault,
I proffered them my all,
For thirty-seven and a half cents,
They might have dined as all

"On bullock's liver, or some dish
At least as rich and good;
But let's go drink, and shew the knives
We'll do without their food."

Amazement fell on all those guests,
Some were for showing fight—
And wisely, then, great Harvey fled
Into the murky night.

Aye, like a dream he passed away:
And those unlucky sinners,
All sadly on their weary way,
Went home to get their dinners.

And each man's wife, all gibbing said,
"My dear, you're slightly cross,
You went to feast, and got, instead,
Nothing but Harvey's sauce.

He that Giveth to the Poor, &c.

Scene in the Mayor's room, 10 o'clock in
the morning, fourteen applicants in the
lobby. Mr. Argue marches out and ad-
dresses the poor devils in the following man-
ner:—

"You will arrange yourselves one by one,
before entering the room. When you enter,
don't ask which is Mayor, as the Mayor feels
annoyed because some people take me for
the Mayor. You will therefore observe that
the fat man with dirty hands is the Mayor."

Enter first applicant, (the Mayor and

deputy Argue in attendance, both in cush-
ioned chairs.)

Mr. Argue.—Poor woman, what can we
do for you? Have you a husband who looks
after your welfare, poor woman?

First Applicant.—No, your worship, but
I have my eye upon one. (Looking very
attentively at the Mayor.)

Mr. Argue.—Have you any wood, poor
woman?

First Applicant.—Yes sir.

Mr. Argue.—If you have wood and have
your eye upon a husband, we cannot give
you more than twenty-five cents. Your
worship will please hand over.

Enter Second Applicant. Old man very
badly dressed.

Second Applicant.—Can your worship do
a little for me, I am poor and penniless.

The Mayor.—Are you too sick to work?

Second Applicant.—Yes, your worship.

The Mayor.—Then the best we can do
for you is to give an order on the House of
Industry for two loaves per week. What
say you, brother Argue?

Mr. Argue.—Yes, your worship.

The poor man gets his order and leaves
the room strongly impressed with the impor-
tance of Mr. Argue and the Mayor.

The other ten or twelve in attendance are
disposed of in the same manner, Mr. Argue
instructing the Mayor on all occasions what
he shall say, the Mayor being always happy
and pleased to receive instructions in the
same. This scene is an every-day occurrence
in the City Hall. The only person who can
manage the Mayor without the assistance
of Mr. Argue, is Capt. Prince. The worthy
Captain on all occasions orders "that fellow"
out, and insists that his conversation with
his worship shall be "private," and that no
"common reporters" be admitted to the
room while their worship's are doing busi-
ness.

McKELLAR AND THE RATS.

We remember once having heard a story
of a patent medicine vendor who succeeded
in disposing of some 100 boxes of rat medi-
cine to an Upper Canada Merchant, (the
vendor was a Jew from Montreal,) the pur-
chaser found that instead of disposing of
the rats it served to fatten them and on
seeing the Jew, informed him of the useless-
ness of the rat medicine. "Oh!" said the
Jew, "we no understand the constitution of
the Upper Canada rat, ze medicine vos made
for the Lower Canada animal. We hear
another rat story going the rounds.

"Messrs. Cowen and McKenzie, after much diffi-
culty, great fun and trouble, succeeded in catching
a couple of large rats in or about the Parliament
buildings, Quebec. Having killed the animals,
they procured a box, did them up snugly, and
despatched them to Mr. McKellar, with the follow-
ing note:—Mr. Mowat presents his compliments
to Mr. McKellar, and hopes he will accept the ac-
companying game as a specimen of Lower Canada
deer."

A SONG OF DEGREES.

Leitch is now a D.D.
What a pity that he
Could ne'er before manage to get a degree:

James Williamson's quite
Sure he's in the right,
In keeping his fairly earned honours from
sight.

Then George Weir, I know,
His honours can show,
When asked by the Board of Trustees to do so.

Here's Mowat forever!
In his chair he'd sit never,
Without right, the bond he would instantly
sever.

Sir William, the lesser,
Was made a Professor
Of a Grammar School chair, he can't be the
possessor.

Of poor little Bell,
We can only tell,
He's to learn from a chemist, wont he then be
swell.

John Machar, 'tis said,
Is to lecture unpaid,
With No. 10 and his vote, ways and means
can be made.

Kingston, March 4th, 1864.

The Omission in the Speech.

Owing to Mr. Sandfield McDonald's ne-
glecting to mention in the "speech," the
birth of the Princess of Wales, "darling
little fellow," we respectfully submit to our
readers the latest news we have received
concerning the dear boy's welfare. It is a
burning shame to John S., to leave the
country in ignorance to so an important
event.

We cannot state positively what his Military
rank is, but we know that he is by birth
at the head of all the Infantry in Great
Britain.

The Royal boy falls at once into all the
long frocks that are required, and has an
estate tail in six dozen napkins.

The important matter will be confined at
present to teaching him how to take his pap
without spilling it. A professor from the
Pap-at States will, it is expected, be entrusted
with this branch of the Royal economy.

Our contemporaries have made a great
mistake in stating that the individual to
whom the post of wet-nurse has been assign-
ed, is nothing but a house-maid. The Grum-
bler is authorized to state that she is no
maid at all, but a respectable married woman.

In conclusion it is not true that Mr.
O'Halloran, M.P. has received the appoint-
ment of private tutor to the young Prince
and morality lecturer to the members of the
Royal household.

"In the Multitude of Counsellors there is Safety."

The Mayor's always ready,
The founder of the feast;
Adamson's always steady,
Ardagh's a dirty beast.
Baxters's fat, fair and forty,
In stomach he's a snell,
But best of all the party
Is a clear sounding Bell.
Bennett, is much too noisy,
With peace he seems at war,
Puffing his own integrity,
Blows loudly Mr. Carr.
Dickey shelves the eight commandment,
And Dunn's a dunderhead,
Edwards votes for an amendment,
Dow's ale floods Ewart's head;
If Farrell is Demosthenes,
And Godson deuced sly,
Greenlees naught but a carpenter,
What's that to you or I?
Hynes plasters well his outer walls,
(Though not for council meant)
And slow coach James his pocket lines,
With two and-a-half per cent.
The low bred Jarvis proud is he,
A beggar on a horse;
While Love improves his property,
From out the public purse.
A horse marine is Bob Moodie,
O'Connell is an ass,
And J. E. Smith, sweet modestly,
And Tom Smith takes his glass.
A model counsellor is Spence,
Sterling drinks on the sly,
Officious Thompson still must have
His finger in the pie.
Strachan is wrathful, that I know,
And this I know of Tuning,
He murders the Queen's English so,
He always set one grinning.
Of Yappe I really can't say much,
And now there all before ye,
Save Wallis, who, the best of all
And so I close my story.

MOTIONS.

Mr. Scoble.—That the coloured people of the Dawn Institute be clothed, fed and instructed at the public expense, and that he, (Scoble,) be appointed Treasurer.

Dr. Parker.—A motion to allow the Member for North Wellington to retire from this House in disgust, and to have a separate Legislature in the West, with Parker, Statton, McFarlane, McKenzie and McKellar as its members.

Hon. Mr. Currier.—That my 17 hours speech shall be published in pamphlet form and distributed throughout Canada, and more particularly amongst the codfish in the County of Bruce.

Mr. McConkey.—That the Members pay do not exceed \$4 00 per day, and that the amount be handed over to the member for

North Simcoe, to get silver for sauc to pay members.

Hon. Mr. Foley.—To limit the strength of old rye whiskey and to change the name of Connestogo in North Waterloo.

Hon. Mr. Brown.—To enable the Hon. Mr. McDougall with the Hon. Mr. Mowatt, to act as pall-bearers at the burial of Rep. by Pop,

Hon. Mr. Mowatt.—To expedite the elevation of A. T. Galt, Esq., to the office of Minister of Finance and to banish Mr. George Brown to Bothwell.

Aw. M. Smith.—To exempt members of Parliament from the rules of Lindley Murray in certain cases, and to have the wood-market in Toronto removed.

Mr. John McDonald.—That Parliament shall meet one week during each year, in Toronto, and that said meeting shall be held in the building known as McDonald's folly, Wellington Street.

AMUSEMENTS.

The "Varieties," with a team of new talent still goes "marching on" in public favour. Miss Lizzie Elsworth, as a danseuse and balladist, is a good "card," being a very graceful and clever danseuse. Miss Kitty Shiner, in "the Rattlesnake Jig," brings down frequent plaudits; while Mr. T. G. Wilson is decidedly the best banjo player that has graced the boards of the "Varieties." Fanny Archer, Jim Campbell, James Carlton and John Croshier still belong to the "happy family," and make general mirth and fun abound when they put in an appearance on the stage. Mr. James Day, the youth whom poor Mulligan "pulled," is still at the "Varieties," and sells nice cartes of himself, in female costume, at a very low rate, and, we tell you, he makes a "purty girl." Buy one, stranger.

"Even Reverend Age shall bend the willing Head."

We were agreeably surprised, the other day, whilst standing at the just then debouchement of the classic Stanley, into Church Street. We were a little inclined, (as the best of men and Grumblers will be occasionally,) to carp and cavil at the shortcomings of our fellow-citizens. "And why," we exclaimed, "these hideous monticles of dirt and snow lying about, half and half like Alderman-grog? Why not cleanse? Why not absterge? Why not purify?" We were running on thus, and several respectable citizens had passed us in a hurried and alarmed manner, as who should say, "Mr. Grumbler is wrathful, *caud canens*, the dog with the sharp tooth," when a benevolent looking gentleman accosted us: "Sir," said he, and he raised his hat with all the grace of Lord Orville himself, "I have listened to your reproaches, your lava-like satire, allow me to meet you. These hillocks of dirt are

left purposely. The City Council, ever on the watch to ameliorate and civilize, *nece sinit esse feros*, the jovial and well-meaning (though haply something wanting in polish) denizens of Stanley Street, have determined here to sacrifice to Flora. Arbors are to be here erected, and neat trellis-work will extend from one bowler to another; the most lovely parasitical creepers will embrace these supports as closely as—to use a powerful comparison—John Sandfield hugs office; rustic benches will be placed at intervals, and in the gorgeous summer sunsets, immortalized by our own wondrous Thornton; the smoke of the haunest duudeen will ascend to Heaven, blent with perfume of the aristocratic Habana. Does this explanation suffice?" said he. "It does, it does," we exclaimed, "would, venerable man! that a solitary Yorker yet graced our pocket, *de profundis* it should not long cry in vain, speedily, should you boast of having partaken of the Grumbler's wine-cup." "Sir," returned the old gentleman with a hesitating reverence, "would that I might supply the refractory yorker, so that I could make it my reasonable boast to my descendants, that I had once shared in the festivities of one so admired, so celebrated." He paused as if in doubt of our acceptance of his modest proposal. "Lead on," we said, and he obeyed.

NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS.

Some of the members of the City Council are agitating the question of a new Chief of Police, and propose to publish the qualifications necessary to fit a man to occupy that distinguished post. We give a few of them as obtained by us from a private and authentic source.

1. He must be of plebeian extraction, must in no account wear peg-top trousers or kid gloves, or conduct himself as a gentleman, and must be perfectly prepared to be on terms of equality with Ald. Baxter, Moodie, and others of that ilk.

2. He will not be allowed to frequent the club or to drink champagne there, but will be permitted to get periodically drunk on long-leg whiskey at Bob Moodie's tavern, Tom Cornell's, at the market; Frank Maton's, York Street, and a few other respectable shebangs.

3. He must treat the constables and sergeants of the force with deference and affability and may ask them to take a drink or play bagatelle when he meets them on their beat.

4. A respectable retired pugilist will be preferred.

N.B.—No Sunday School Teacher need apply.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

MEDIUM.—Will insert balance next week.

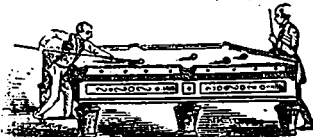
THE "TERRAPIN."

What "St. Peter's" is to Rome, the "Terrapin" is to Toronto. At once both the ornament and pride of the citizens. From the stewed oyster to the pickled grasshopper; the roast beef and plum pudding of "Old England," to the pork and beans and "apple sauce" of Hall Columbia; the fricasseed frogs and "varieties" of Johnny Crapau, to the ham and eggs, and "flummery" of the backwoods. The stranger will find himself at home, no matter what his tastes, creed, or country.

News from the world of Billiards.

We are glad to learn that our old friend, (the late obliging proprietor of the Lyceum Saloon in this city) Mr. Joseph Quinn, has opened a "Billiard Saloon" at 79, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. U. S. (Quinn, Moran and Gray.) We hope our Canada billiard-playing friends will, should any of them visit Chicago, give "Joe" a call, for during his residence in Toronto, he acquired the enviable reputation of being "a right jolly good fellow." May success attend him.

W. J. SHARP'S
IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH



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First Class Marble or Slate Bed Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$375, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

There's a bower of roses by Bendemere's stream,
And the nightingale's singing there all the day long,
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the birds sing.
So sings Moore. But
There's a duck of a Chop House on King Street,
near Bay,
And the waiters are busy there all the day long,
Where the tables are crowded, I've heard people say,
With the best of the season, served up for a song.
That Ale, and those cutlets, I never forget,
And oft when I hungry, and noon-time draws
I think are the waiters a burrying there yet, [hear,
Are the steaks nicely browned, is there more of
that beer?
Messrs. Smith & Thomas, Chop House, King St.,
opposite Globe office.

"What a charming young man! so affable, so obliging and attentive! and what a splendid stock he has on hand, too!" Such was the burden of a lovely maiden's conversation with her companion, as they took seats in the street railway car, on their way home, after purchasing some fancy stationery at our friend Charley Beckas', Toronto St. We envied him, no wonder, the "green-eyed monster" possessed us, and does—we must acknowledge the "corn."

Mr. James H. Jones, King Street East, (opposite the English Cathedral) has constantly on hand, and receives from New York daily, all the fruits of the season, which he disposes of, at low rates, for cash, wholesale and retail. We can safely recommend Mr. Jones to our readers, as being the *ne plus ultra* of confectioners and fruiterers. Give him a call.

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60 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO, CANADA.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ROBERTSON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.—The "Canadian Railway and Steam Navigation Guide," published by Mr. Robertson, of this city, continues to improve with every new monthly issue. The edition for the present month contains the Time Tables of all the railways in Canada, a Canadian bank note detector, a Canadian postal guide, a hotel guide, &c., &c.—*Toronto Globe*.

ROBERTSON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.—This Railway Guide is fast increasing in popular favor. Mr. George Augustus Sala, in one of his letters from America, is very severe upon Appleton's Guide. His irate feelings would be appeased if he should chance to become possessed of a copy of the Canadian guide, for he would find it correct in its tables, and ample in its information respecting all the railroads in the Province. Besides this, it contains a great variety of facts useful to travellers, neatly arranged and clearly printed. The number just issued is particularly neat, and the publisher may reasonably anticipate an extensive demand for it.—*Toronto Leader*.

ROBERTSON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.—A very excellent and most useful compilation, and one that should be on the desk of every man of business in the Province.—*Kingston British Whig*.

ROBERTSON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.—The February number of "Robertson's Canadian Railway and Steam Navigation Guide" has just been issued, and is a neatly compiled and useful work. Those who travel should not fail to procure a copy, as also all mercantile and business men.—*Hamilton Times*.

Our enterprising fellow citizen, Mr. J. R. Robertson, is determined to make his "Railway and Steam Navigation Guide" worthy of the Canadian public. The "Guide" for the present month is superior to any of its predecessors, both in appearance and as to quality and amount of information, and contains a correct list of Time Tables of the Railways in Canada, a bank note detector, postal and hotel guide, &c., &c.—*Toronto Irish Canadian*.

ROBERTSON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.—We have to thank Mr. J. R. Robertson for a neat little monthly periodical, entitled "The Canadian Railway and Steam Navigation Guide," which contains the Time Tables, stations, distances, and connections upon all the Railways throughout the Canadas. It is an excellent advertising medium, and promises to be a most useful little work for the business and travelling public. The enterprize reflects the greatest credit on the publisher. We wish him success.—*Brantford Courier*.