

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

VOL. 2.—No. 12

THE CRUMBLER

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 post-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 reele you tent it;
A chie's naming you talking notes,
And, faith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

A LITTLE HOMŒOPATHIC SONG.

AIR.—*Paddy's Trip to Dublin.*

Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
Snapping from left to right,
And giving tongue like one of Scoright's hounds;
Terrific sounds!
The gaited neighbourhood, with horror cowing,
To his proper homœopathic mark,
Now might not "the least taste in life" of bark,
Stop his howl-owing?
Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
Would he not mend, if, with proper care,
He "took a hair"
By the way that fits him?
—Tom Hood—*Ode to Dr. Hahnemann.*

Good people, listen to my song,
And I will soon unfold, sirs,
A tale that isn't very long,
Nor is it very old, sirs.
Last night appeared in Lecture Hall,
A Hahnemannite man, sirs,
Who thus addressed both one and all,
Upon the human ban, sirs.

Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a,
Tu rul ur ul do,
Tu rul ur ul a,
Tu rul ur ul do.

"My friends," quoth he, "I wish to speak
Upon disease, its nature;
I crave attention while I seek
To explain its buncombe feature.
Now, when a man a fever gets,
Or any inflammation,
His skin is hot, his pulse it frets—
A nasty situation!

Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"But this is not the true disease;
No, quite another thing, sirs;
Tho' raging hot without, he'd freeze
Tho Mercury within, sirs.
My definition, then, is this:
Disease is not the thing, sirs,
It is, which means of course it is—
To shorten theorizing, sirs.

Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"In consequence disease does not
Exist in any place, sirs;
And where it is, there's not a jot,
No, not a single trace, sirs.
It is, tho', seated in the blood,
And in the nerves to boot, sirs;
And makes its presence understood,
By causing these to shoot, sirs.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"Now when it fastens on, and twits
The nerves to great disorder,
Dame Nature always gives them fits,
When calling them to order;
And when it causes pain, you know,
It isn't pain at all, sirs;
So when the gout is in your toe,
You'll laugh—not scream and bawl, sirs.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"Then when it's in the blood, you see,
It causes heat and pain, sirs,
And sad decline, of which, to me,
The cause is very plain, sirs.
For it is only but a rust,
Tho' varied in complexion—
But my! I've gone complete to rust
Upon this rusty question!
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"For oxygen is in the air,
And chlorine in the sea, sirs;
Thus far the cause is very clear—
At least it is to me, sirs.
And now to tell you all the rest:
This oxo-chloro-oxo
Gets taken down into the chest,
Which causes them to cough so.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"Now Nature willed it so, to show
Similia libus curantur;
For when to sea consumptives go,
They're healed quite instanter.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"O, many men not very far
From this experimenting,
Like unto open chimneys are—
Both smoke and rubbish venting.
'Tis plain, as everybody knows,
That when a chimney smokes, sirs,
If thus its open mouth you close,
'Tis always said it chokes, sirs.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"If you thus illustration take,
And properly apply it,
It will an inflammation make,
Before you hardly spy it;
For when the smoke within's confined,
It causes excitation, sirs,
And soon you'll very likely find
A great conflagration, sirs.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"To cure disease: I will suppose
Your nearest friend and neighbour
Has some dire day a bloody nose,
And life is quite in danger,
Go you to neighbour White or Black,
And hitting him a blow, sirs;

Observe how soon, *causa* the whack,
His nose begins to flow, sirs.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"And if it flow, you may be sure,
By dealing such a lick, sirs,
On No. 1 't effect a cure,
And that, too, mighty quick, sirs.
Perhaps it may be, all this while,
You think I'm talking twaddle;
But 'tis, I swear, the German style,
Of thinking in the noddle."
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

MORAL.

Some lectures they are mighty wise,
And some are precious droll, sirs;
'To name the Doctor's—Oh, my eyes!
I'd call it pretty cool, sirs.

A MURE(D).

All a bam (a).

— It seems the lucky Captain Semmes outwitted the captain of the *Vanderbilt*, in the Straits of Sunda, rather pretty particularly, the other day. The *Vanderbilt* had been chasing Semmes, but, under the cover of night, Semmes unshipped his funnel, and made a respectable barque of his notorious craft. He then 'bout ship, and stood on to meet the pursuer under easy sail. On, with the morning, came the *Vanderbilt*, hove down, and asked if they had seen a large steamer. "Aye, aye," returned Semmes, "going ahead full speed." On tore the *Vanderbilt*. Semmes reshipped his funnel, and stood on the opposite course. By this time, no doubt, the worthy Federal Captain has found that the information received from the innocent merchantman was all a bam (a) intelligence, or, in other words, flapdoodle.

Cover 'em by all means.

— In an order for drill, addressed to the No. 2 Volunteer Company, they are requested "to wear their covers on their *shuckoo*." What a *shuckoo* may be we don't pretend to guess, but doubtless the order for covering them is highly proper.

Wanted:

— TWO OR THREE VICE HANDS, TO WORK ON SAFER! This advertisement seems an anomalous one. If two or three hands skilled in vice are wanted, one would suppose Sergeant-Major Hastings could easily supply them from the great loafer class at present infesting Canada—*par parenthesis*, we suppose loafer is a corrupt German pronunciation of lover or lofer of strong drinks, or, possibly, an admirer or appropriator of other men's loaves—but to advertise for vicious men, and to expect them to perform "safe," that is, trustworthy work, is a madness which, although there may be a method in it, we are sure no Methodist would approve of.

THE POLICEMAN'S VALENTINE.

Och! Ellen, my honey, ye'll rade,
My love in aich bit of my lines,
For luvie is swate in ivery thing,
But swatest in these Valentines.

An' troth! my darlint, bear ye nu,
Misther Cupid's inspiration,
That fills my mind wid queer-like thoughts,
An' my face wid perspiration.

For shrin! honey, when we mate,
The very heart lapes is a sin,
It swells right up like bilie paine,
An' almost bursts elane through my skin.

An' on my sowl! whin words ye spake,
Yis vice is swate as sermich-owl, dear,
That in the star-lit gloom o' night,
Sings swatest songs wid airy fear.

An' then yis breath, my Ellen, is
Much nicer than the grass whin green,
An', bless my boots! 'tis nice almost
As jug of Erin's own potien.

Nu, by the head upon my neck!
Yis odd eyes are most 'mazin' smart,
For whin one out the windy looks,
The 'tother stales into my heart.

An' then unto yis face is stuck,
A partie' jewel of a nose;
'Tis nather Roman, Greek, nor Turk,
But what it is the Lord, faith, knows.

An' thin, the hat that howl's yis head,
Is dressed so thick wid colours gay,
It makes me luvie the bow! gal more,
Who shows sich balls of Magen-ta.

An' nu by all the goods I have;
By all the tall upon my coat;
By drinkin' cup and 'backy pipe;
By Adam's apple in my throat;

By pollice close upon my back;
By my old boot's, my body's sowl;
By my poor sock wid all its rints;
By winthr nights so lone an' cowl!

I vow, my honey, darlint duck,
The buttons off yis coat I'll take,
An' git a shanty, pig and cow,
If yis my bed an' board ye'll make.

WINTER.

The sun moves faintly through the Southern sky;
Wan, worn and pale, as age may look when ailing;
Like sentinels the heavy snow clouds lie,
The cold wind moans, as childhood in its wailing;
The ruddy fire behind the arvil gleams,
Leaps doubly jocund on the winter's night;
As if to mock the Frost King's ire, and seems
As hope to man; cheering, and warm, and bright.

St. Valentine's Week.

— We should say the Saint was rather strong than weak, to judge by the number of hideous caricatures which desecrate, generally, the omnium gatherum shops of Toronto. It is old Jack Laff-staff, who says, "There are but three honest men extant, and one of them is fat, and grows old." Are there three men of decent taste in Toronto who sell decent valentines? We hope rather than think so. Three righteous men might save a city.

BOOK NOTICES.

Books for CAMP AND HOME.—James Redpath, Boston, announces a series of ten cent Books for the Camp Fires, of a much higher class than the dime publications now in the market. They will contain from 96 to 124 pages; new type, good paper—"neatly bound in greenbacks." No. 1 is—"On Picket Duty and Other Tales," by Miss L. M. Alcott, whose Hospital Sketches has been one of the most popular books of the season. No. 2 is—"Clotelle, a Tale of the South," with five fine illustrations. No. 3 is—"The Vendetta," one of Balzac's best tales, translated for the publisher. No. 4 is—"Gulliver's Travels in Lilliput." No. 5 is—"Victor Hugo's eloquent description of the Battle of Waterloo." Each number is complete in itself and unabridged. Ten cents sent to the publisher will secure a specimen copy, postage paid, to any home or camp address—or fifty cents for the list above announced. No. 1 is out, and the five will be published before the close of February. Address, Jas. Redpath, publisher, Boston.

FIRST LESSONS IN SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE,—For Schools and Private Instruction, by J. W. Dawson, L.L.B., F.R.S., pp. 208. Montreal: John Lovell, 1864; Toronto: Adam Miller, King Street, East. Mr. Lovell has added another very useful book to his series of School Books, in the shape of the above. The author goes very fully into the subject of Agriculture, showing "The Science of Agriculture and its uses;" "How Scientific Agriculture may be best taught in Schools;" "The Soil, Manures, &c., &c.," with suggestions as to Practical applications. It is well worth the perusal of the young farmer.

THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN ALMANAC,—A new annual publication, just issued from the press by Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, has been laid on our table, and it is without doubt the most useful and complete hand-book of statistical and general information concerning the British North American Continent that has ever been published. First we have an historical outline and general information touching the Inter-Colonial Railroad, and intelligence concerning all branches of the Legislature and Public Departments; Trade, Navigation, and Finance Returns; the Militia of Canada, with appointments, down to 1st December last; Statistics of the Board of Education of Upper and Lower Canada; the Railways, Banking Institutions, Clergy and Judiciary of the Canadas; together with valuable information about the sister Provinces. Rollo & Adam are Agents for the sale of the B.N.A. Almanac. Price \$1.00.

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Kingstonians should note the above rates.

A Liberal if not a Literal Translation.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.—Book I.

Ille ego qui quondam.—I am he who was formerly an obscure parson in a country parish in Scotland. *Et egressis sylvis.*—And setting sail from the rural scenery of Monimail. *Vicinus cœgi.*—I thought to compel my colleagues, (two of whom were very obsequious,) to submit to my arrogant authority. *Quonvis avido.*—Although I was excessively greedy and extorted from the Trustees a promise of a retiring pension. *Gratum opus agricolis.*—It being grateful to my selfish colleagues to display the laurels they had by their talents, perseverance and industry won; yet when I revisited the dear old Kingdom of Fife, I sought to clothe myself with the honour of founding the Observatory and the Botanical Society of Canada. *Arma virumque cano.*—Oh! horrible to relate, I must set my Highland Pipes to a new tune, I must sing of wars, horrid strife, and refractory Professors, Graduates and Students. *Fato profugus.*—I fear the Fates have decreed that I must flee from the University, leaving Johnny Paton, the Paisley Calf, the squeaking Oriental Professor and my dear pet baby of the Chemistry Chair behind. *Veni litora.*—I came to the shores of Scotland and applied for the Chair of Divinity at Glasgow, but got a sullen rebuff. *Tenis jaetatus et alto.*—Being hissed and groaned at on land, and dreadfully sick on the deep. *Vi supremi.*—The Gods above have vowed that I shall even here be punished for my hypocrisy and double-dealing. *Mulla pasus dum conderet urbem.*—I have already suffered untold miseries and dreadful exposures in my abortive attempts to find for myself an asylum. *Inferetque Deos Latio.*—And in introducing my bye-laws into the University to scourge the self-willed Professors. *Albanque patres atque moenia.*—I have diddled by oily words the old foggy Trustees, yet their dreaded authority cannot obtain for me a mask to conceal my moral deformity, as I now find out that I am despised by every body.

OUR DOT, alias JANUS.

P.S.—Translated at the Divinity Hall, Queen's University by one who has lately suffered from the cutaneous affection peculiar to his countrymen.

Novelty in Art.

— We see by an advertisement in the *Leader*, a few days ago—headed, "original paintings by Hograth"—that the first and fifth pictures of the series of the "Rake's Progress" will be exhibited. There is also "a large *protrait* supposed to be Lord Chatham" on view. Surely the proof-reader of the *Leader* must be literally spell bound.

A very useful Bill.

— In the House of Representatives, at Washington, a Mr. Jenckes, on the 14th instant, reported a Bill establishing a "Uniform system of Bankruptcy," which was ordered to be printed and recommitteed. In view of a continuance of the war we think Mr. Jenckes should have proposed that the system should be universal, as well as uniform.

THE CHASE OF THE ALABAMA.

A BALLAD.

Now hearken, all true mariners

Who plough the stormy main,
To a tale of famous Captain Semmes,
Who is hoive in sight again.

'Tis only in December last,
'63, *anno mundi*,
The *Vanderbilt* his vessel chased
Right through the Straits of Sunda.

All day the *Alabama* ran,
But scarcely held her own;
Wherefore up spoke bold Captain Semmes,
When that the sun went down:

"I've a plan my lads," says he,
"So we'll try a Yankee cram,
And make an honest merchantman
Of the saucy *Alabama*."

"Put out the fires, shut off the steam,
Unship the tall-tale funnel,
A merchantman of Uncle Sam's,
We'll be from spars to gunnel!"

The crew they nimbly went to work
To make the lion a lamb,
By dawn she was a trading barque,
Was the saucy *Alabama*.

On came the roaring *Vanderbilt*,
And "Barque, ahoy!" says she,
"Have you seen ever a steamer lay
Upon the midnight sea?"

"Ho, ship ahoy!" says Captain Semmes,
"A steamer we did see,
Three points upon our larboard bow,
And she was going free."

"She was a long, low, ugly craft,
"But God bless Uncle Sam,
I hearn he's driving from the seas
That cussed *Alabama*."

Away then went the *Vanderbilt*,
After the chase so plain;
Says Captain Semmes, "When his hull's down
We'll rig up taut again."

"And drink success to that Captain's cruise,
He's a credit to Uncle Sam,
Though he'll be rifed when he gets the news,
That our story was *All a bam a*."

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

RUMPUS AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

PROF. WEIR SACKED.

JOHN RAILROAD DICKSON, M.D. RESIGNED.

MONSTER MEETING OF STUDENTS, PROFESSORS AND ROWDIES AT THE CITY HALL.

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT.

At an early hour the streets of Kingston were placarded with inflammatory posters, announcing that a monster meeting of the Students of Queen's College would be held at the City Hall in the evening, with reference to the recent row at the

College, and to denounce "the unfair, cowardly and un-British act of the Trustees in giving Prof. Weir the sack in Midwinter, without a cause." At the hour appointed for the meeting, the Hall was jammed with excited students, professors and rowdies vociferating in a boisterous manner. With great difficulty order was obtained and John Railroad Dickson, M.D., called to the chair. The Chairman in an excited and vehement manner harangued the crowd on what he had done for the College, and how little he received for it; that the meeting had been called at his instance to show the Principal and Trustees that he didn't care a tinker's curse for either and that he had more friends among the Students than the Principal against whose devoted head the Chairman's lingual thunders were chiefly launched—he considered Leach unfit by education, parts, or a knowledge of physic, to fill the Principal's chair. A knowledge of physic he held to be a *sine qua non*. The chief burden of his complaint was not by any means the wrong done to Weir, whose merit, or the right or wrong of whose dismissal he discussed not, but that the Government gave annually \$1,000 to the Medical Faculty, and he got none of it—that he was inadequately paid—that he knew more than any other professor in the Institution—was 30 years practising physic and ought to be President instead of Leach. The Chairman then read his own resignation in a most emphatic style, pausing betimes to explain its hidden meaning to the crowd who would otherwise have remained in ignorance of the signification of the misty document, and concluded a most violent egotistical and ungrammatical sputter by apostrophizing the City Branch Railroad—what benefits it had conferred upon the place, and what still greater good results would have accrued from it, had the City had the gumption to have voted the \$10,000 to purchase the right of way for him when he had the contract.

The Rev. Bible Burnet then entered the ring, pitched off his coat and went at Leach and the Trustees in slashing style. Dr. McQuesten must have had a hard nut to crack when he encountered Bible Burnet in Hamilton—his Reverence is of the genuine Church Militant here on earth—a master of posture and grimace—replete with anecdote—and endowed with a glib speech, he possesses all the elements of a bunkum speaker, on a stump top at a political mass meeting he'd be master of the occasion. He dissected the College Charter—exploded the Statutes of the Senate—beslobbered Weir—whittled Leach and the Trustees to shavings and cut up Cain and consternation generally in twinkling. His speech was received with tremendous applause by the Students whose proverbial tendency to excitability was in no measure allayed by copious libations to the God of Liquids, before entering the hall. So soon as the Rev. gentleman finished his speech to the graduates and under-graduates of Queen's College at Kingston, one of the Students chizzed at the expelled Professor, pulled a paper from his breeches pocket, fumbled it in a phrenzied manner and in a tone between the grating of a huck-saw on a shell-bark hickory, and the

squeaking of Prof. Mowat, read an address of condolence to the Students, to which the Professor in touching terms replied, deploring his ejection from his College Chair in mid-winter, with the present exorbitant price of fuel and his family so ill provided for. He concluded by thanking the students for their sympathy, and expressed a hope that it would take a practical form in the shape of a subscription for him and his family—as good precept without example, is like good counsel without effect. The Professor's reply was most impressive and moved several of the maudlin freshmen to tears. At this juncture a general rush was made by the Students for the rostrum and a fight ensued between them as to who should have the floor. The Chairman, unable to quell the tumult declared the meeting dissolved when a scene of clamour and confusion ensued which baffles description, amid which our reporter left. This ended the monster indignation meeting—a grand fizzle. If the meeting had taken place at the instance of any other person than John Railroad Dickson, M.D., the movement would have been cordially endorsed by the citizens, for unquestionably a very great wrong has been done to Professor Weir. But the Doctor's reputation for selfishness is so thoroughly established that people declined to countenance the movement when initiated by him, suspecting that he had some selfish motive for so doing—and the sequel proved that his conduct in this case, was no exception to the rule with him. He did naught at the meeting but relate the sad story of his own wrongs—what an eminent fellow he was, how much he had done for the College—and then tried to win a name for independence by reading his resignation of his chair in the College. A fig for his independence, but applause for his prudence in leaving the Institution like a well-bred cur, when he saw preparations making to kick him out.

The blackguard manner in which the Government of Queen's College is conducted is a scandal to the Province, and calls loudly for a suspension of its charter. The Institution has become a one man power in the hands of Leach, the unscrupulous Principal. Professors are dismissed without a trial or even a charge being preferred against them, in gross violation of the Charter, and without even the courtesy of notice commonly extended to a groom. Brats of boys, graduates of the College and minions of Leach—to use the simile of Bible Burnet—embellish the hall of Queen's College, and are appointed to chairs. Broils of the most unseemly nature take place continually between the different faculties. Students meeting together in the College after hours, are forcibly dismissed by the Police by order of the Principal and Johnny Paton. The Classes are deserted for the neighbouring places of amusement—confidence exists nowhere—and general anarchy reigns supreme.

The Credit Bridge accident.

—The sad accident at the Credit Bridge is a heavy *debit* against the efficiency of the safety arrangements of the Company.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the Varieties we had a good round of amusement during the past week. Miss Lizzie Mitchell, danseuse and vocalist, makes her bow before Torontonians on Monday night. Matt Thompson had a rousing good benefit last evening, he is full of originalities. "What harm?" "What harm?" Dick Sands, who, during his short stay at the Varieties was very popular, is now clogging it in Chicago. Richard will visit the Queen City soon again. Jimmy Leon, on Thursday, was requested to take a look at Mr. Boomer's radiant countenance, for having, it was said, something in his possession that didn't belong to him, but as the evidence went very clearly to prove that Leon was in the right and *did* own the article in question, he was honourably acquitted and left Toronto if anything, more popular than ever. He is now engaged at Daly's Casino, over Martin Murray's Restaurant, Hamilton, Canada, where hundreds nightly are turned away, so great is the eagerness to hear him in "No Irish need Apply." Duprez and Green's Minstrels "show" in the Music Hall next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Prentiss, the *avant courier* of the troupe put in an appearance before us the other day and tells us that they have taken more of the "o' be joyful" on this tour than on any previous one. The *Quebec Mercury* of the 13th thus speaks of their performances in that city:—

"The Minstrels were greeted with another large and appreciative audience last night, and the bill was, if anything, the most attractive yet produced. The choruses, sentimental songs, and comic ditties, were, as usual, well rendered, and the jokes and humorous delineations of negro life kept the audience in continual good humor. The season closes to night, and it is to be hoped that those who have not yet attended will take advantage of this last opportunity of witnessing the performances of one of the best troupes that has ever visited Quebec."

Jackson Haines, a champion skater, has been drawing large crowds at Riley and May's fashionable and highly popular West End Rink. Haines is a marvel on "irons" and "on ice" too. He leaves for Montreal to day.—A Prof. Grenville Wood, gave a "social concert" last night at the Music Hall.—The Toronto Dramatic Club, at the old Apollo Hall, "ring up" next Tuesday evening for the eighth time, in "The Travellers Room" and "His Last Legs."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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



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The English Chop House has become a bye-word with old and young in Toronto, and well may it be so, for a more popular restaurant never existed. Fancy, fifteen cents for a splendid dinner, with all the et cetera. From 12 a.m. till 12 p.m., the rush of business is the same, and you hope will still increase.

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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*.