

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

(VOL. 2.--NO. 40.)

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early train. 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 prop-riate, 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' yer coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

SONG.

There is a name, whose magic sound
So softly steals upon my ear,
Like memoried music zephyr-borne,
O'er waters playing low and clear;
That sweet name swells within my thoughts,
And from them never will remove
While impulse revels in my breast—
The gladsome name of her I love!

There is a voice—I long to hear
Its accents breathing mild,
I never dreamed of melody
Until I heard its soft tones; wild
As the Æolian harp's—but soft
As harmony from spheres above
No other voice resembles this—
The sweet, low voice of her I love!

Genteel Rowdyism.

There is a certain class of individuals closely allied by nature and deportment with that well known body—the swell-mob of London—in Toronto, who, on every opportunity, at least show their teeth if they can't bite. One of this "genus," the same who, by his conduct at the late presentation of prizes in the new drill shed, drew forth a nobly merited snub from a city cotemporary, doubtless wishing to see his name again in print, committed a most cowardly assault upon a young gentleman of this city, the junior editor of one of our dailies, at a time when the latter was totally deprived of the means of defending himself. We hope these "roughs" in gentlemen's garb will be well looked after, and taught that if they go in on their muscle they must learn to respect the laws, and how to conduct themselves in a gentlemanly and proper manner—a thing of which they now seem utterly ignorant.

Toronto's Council.

"Ye good old days gone by" are never recalled more forcibly to our mind than when we occasionally, from mere curiosity, wend our way towards the City Council Chamber, and there see and hear that incongruous body yclept—the assembled wisdom of the Queen City. We cannot refrain from contrasting the palmy days when men of education, of learning, of position, sat around the Council Board and adjusted the affairs of the citizens with becoming gravity, decency and decorum—when the Hagertys, the Philipotts, the Robinsons, the Allens, and others equally distinguished as scholars and gentlemen, thought it an honor to take their seats in the Council Chamber as the chosen representatives of the people—when to spend an evening listening to the debates one was wont to hear a treat well worth the hearing—when eloquence oftentimes superior to that of the House of Parliament could boast of, would make the walls of that old hall reverberate again and again with its impassioned cadences, and when above all he who filled the high post of honor—the civic chair—was a gentleman generally both by birth and education. Alas! we say, how these things have changed. And wherefore? What has been the cause? We think we have it. In the times we allude to the Mayor was chosen by the Council from amongst themselves, thus making the position of a member of that body the highest honor the citizens could bestow, and therefore it was that men of standing in the community aspired to the post of Common Councilman with a greater earnestness than is now exhibited for the office of Chief Magistrate.

We have to contrast those times and scenes with the sorry spectacles our Council Board and Chamber now presents. We will take for an example the proceedings last Monday evening—proceedings, the enacting of which would do infinite disgrace to the lowest pot-house Billingsgate could boast of in the olden time.

We are not disposed to think too harshly of Mr. Vance for his part in the fracas that occurred on that occasion for the provocation he received from the member from St. James Ward, Alderman Sterling, was such that richly deserved a "lecturing" but another time and another place should have been chosen for the castigation. Moreover, if the Mayor had exercised his authority, as the Chief Magistrate of the city should have done, in keeping members strictly to the question in addressing the chair, not only this but many other disgraceful scenes, which occur nightly in the Council, might have been avoided. The Grumbler warned the electors last December as to the unfitness of Mr. Medcalf for the office of Mayor, notwithstanding

which he was elected, and behold the result. But, we beg pardon, our readers will excuse us for thus far expatiating on a subject the discussion of which must prove to every honest citizen a source of shame and contumely.

Course of Lectures.

The Rev. Mr. Jamot has the honor to announce to the public that the following talented gentlemen have consented to lecture during the season, the proceeds to be applied to the finishing of the spire of St. Michael's Cathedral:—
The rise and fall of this unhappy and divided country. John Macdonald, M.P.P.
Black Mail Jack in the Box, or how do you like it. Ald. Sterling
(By request)—On the beauties of honesty. Ald. Dickey
On Prison Society. Mr. H. Henry
Elocution. Messrs. Worthington and Reynolds
Lindley Murray. Av. M. Smith, M.P.P.
The course to close with a lecture on the beauties of Roast Beef and Beer by Ald. Baxter.

Mr. Jamot feels confident, with the above array of talent, the lectures cannot but prove a great success.

Hon. John McMurich.

It is now well understood by most parties here that if the above eloquent and active representative of the Saugeen Division did not do much towards advancing the interests of his constituents he was very far from neglecting his own. We have designated him an active and an eloquent man; and did he not prove himself as such, when it is now ascertained that the late Clear Grit Government had not been much more than forty-eight hours in power until he forced them to give him a cheque for TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!! for a fictitious claim trumped up in some way or other in relation to a bogus line of steamers bearing upon the opening of the Nor'-West—a nice penny for John; and an active and eloquent man he must have been to do the people of this Province out of the sum so speedily. Then, and not satisfied with this comfortable result of his persuasive powers, he made the same Government appoint his brother-in-law Inspector of Inland Revenue, while in addition he badgered them into making another connexion of his family receiver of tolls on the Port Dover Roads. In relation to this latter office we may observe that not only did the incumbent receive the tolls, but he kept them; and when Mr. Gotton applied on behalf of the present Government for them, some thousands of them were not forthcoming, and are now lost to the country. So that we see the men of the Saugeen Division, as

well as the Province at large, have paid pretty well for their whistle in picking up this same McMurrich and placing their interests in his insatiable grasp.

We think that it would be advisable in them to cut the connexion now that they have an opportunity of doing so. They have had sufficient evidence that the political, aye, and the Christian creed of the Hon. John is "number one," and that outside his own aggrandisement and that of his family there is nothing to be looked for from him. He is thoroughly and hopelessly selfish and unworthy the esteem or countenance of any community. On the contrary, his opponent is a man of great energy, liberality and sound practical views. His address is manly, straightforward and to the point. He has no political sins upon his head, and may be termed a thorough specimen of a liberal-minded and clear-headed Scotchman, whose fortune places him beyond the reach of the petty temptations before which such men as McMurrich fall instantly. We cannot, then, doubt the success of his appeal to the men of Sauguen, when he has to deal only with an opponent so worthless and selfish as the one now in the field.

BROCKVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

We stop the press to confess to our readers that the *Grumbler* is converted. The time was when the *Grumbler*, like everybody else, believed spirit-rapping to be a humbug; but the *Grumbler* has seen the error of its ways.

The first sheet of this week's issue was just about to be come-at-ibus when the spiritual operator rapped out from the other world the despatch to be found below. Its importance, and the necessity for immediate publication, forced us to take from our columns the ditty of the Brockville poet promised to be given this week, and to substitute instead the telegram sent us *ab inferno* in such hot haste. The ditty will certainly be forthcoming next week.

BY ST. MICHAEL & CO.'S LIGHTNING SPIRIT LINE.
(Midnight Despatch.)

LIMBO, YESTERDAY.

The following has just issued from headquarters, with orders to be inserted in the *Grumbler* forthwith, otherwise the publication of the said paper will be stopped instantan, *a la* New York *World*.

PROCLAMATION!!!

HEADQUARTERS, }
On the Corner, or thereabouts. }

To all whom it don't concern, and to several, more or less, whom I think it does—

Whereas I, F. Warbler Ollardi, late of Kensington poor-house, in the parish of Hole-in-the-Wall, but now of no place in particular, feel, &c.,

And, whereas, on behalf of my liege lord and master, Richard, it is my duty, and if it isn't, it's all the same, &c., &c.,

And, whereas, I feel inwardly convinced and outwardly moved to believe that one deacon has been falsifying, without just cause or provocation, my ancestral root and tree—lock, stock and barrel—in that scurrilous rag, the *Grumbler*—

And, whereas, if it wasn't the said deacon, it must have been that other son of a sea-lawyer, the

mottled attorney who hands out on the first flight, a few doors above the post office, at the sign of the skinned hand—

And, whereas, I don't care for either of them, or any other man under fourteen stone—

And, whereas, either of them and both of them are only Canadian aborigines—

And, whereas, mine is an honor "to the manor born" of all such needy trash—

And, whereas, if it wasn't either of them, and is neither of them, it doesn't make any difference anyway—

Now, know you, the said deacon, and likewise you, the said mottled Scotch-Irish attorney, *alias* nobody-at-all, that on and after, and now and henceforth and forever, I, a true Spanish knight and quill-driver, hold myself ready and willing to vigorously prosecute and maintain that the organ wherein lieth my sense of smell is full-blooded, and without flaw, spot or blemish, and that my heels were never grafted, but came of the simon-pure Ollardi stock—

All which I dare maintain, and am ready to make good in single combat—mortal, pugilistic or otherwise.

Given at headquarters, &c.

his
F. WARBLER X OLLARDI.
mark.

Countersigned,
his
ELISUA X BOELL.
mark.

Photographic Portraiture.

After being besieged for months by all the fair beauties of our city and surrounding country, for a *carte de visite* of our noble self, we at last consented to undergo what to us before appeared a most excruciating torture, and decidedly we were most agreeably surprised at the rapidity with which the sitting was made by the gentlemanly operator we patronized, and we candidly think the *cartes* which we received are rather flattering, but that is a fault which very few will dispute about, and our advice to any person wishing a picture it to go and do likewise. The establishment we refer to hardly needs remark at our hands, being so well known to most of our readers as to render comment superfluous. Messrs. W. A. Carson and W. L. Ash, the gentlemanly proprietors of these rooms, have thoroughly refitted their place this summer, making it the most complete in the Province. Be particular in going to the right place, which is the north-west corner of Yonge and King streets.

Street Railway.

It is now really a pleasure to take a trip in the street railway cars, either on Queen or Yonge street. The arrangements are capital and the road in perfect repair throughout. The cars are always on time, and everything in connexion with them is conducted most admirably. Truly, the street railway is a great boon to our city—a fact which is becoming daily more apparent from the manner in which it is managed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHNSON—We think with you, that Captain Prince acts both as chief and commissioners, and any meeting called is only a sham, as Captain Prince instructs the gentlemen what to do, and they are all obedience. It would do the Captain a great deal of good if his salary was cut down \$400, and as Mr. Jarvis is anxious to be Mayor let him have the honor of this popular move.

LAKE SIMCOE—As yet we have not heard of any party putting a new boat on Lake Simcoe, but believe an effort will be made next season, which we hope will be successful. We feel the route is being injured under the present management. We hope Perry or some steamboat man who stands well with the public will take the matter up at once.

NORTH SIMCOE—Yes, we believe Mr. McConkey is about giving a large amount to the poor of North Simcoe, in consideration of getting rid of Angus Morrison, and hopes that the Niagara people will keep the nasty fellow away. If they do he has promised to give the electors the discount on the silver which was paid away at last election.

ELEN—We suppose the reason you have not heard Mr. John Macdonald hold forth lately is your church on Elm street is from the fact that a general election is not near at hand. We have no doubt as soon as canvassing commences again you will have Brother Macdonald holding forth as usual.

WILLIAM—There is no truth in the report that Mr. Medcalf intends running for the Sauguen Division. He feels very keenly the necessity of remaining at home, as the commissioners are about reporting on Sergeant-Major Cummins' case, which Mr. Medcalf took such an active interest in last year.

MAC—It cannot be true that the Grits are collecting funds to pay John McMurrich's election expenses. You must have been misinformed.

G. H. D., BARRIE—We find by reference to our list that your subscription commenced on the 1st of March, 1864.

G. & Co., CINCINNATI—Our terms for advertising are invariably cash in advance. If you want advertisement remit.

E. O., BROCKVILLE—Your papers were mailed in advance of ordinary subscribers.

G. H. H., QUEBEC—Did not receive your first communication.

T. R. D., LONDON—Could not under any circumstances do what you ask.

J. W., OMEHA—Would be much obliged.

Niagara Election.

At the nomination which took place the other day at Niagara Mr. Angus Morrison had the show of hands. We trust and believe that at the close of the poll he will have the show of hearts and names as well; for it must be observed that Niagara would be untrue to its best interests should an uninfluential and inexperienced man be elected in his stead.

TO D.

No Heaven born poet's burning lay,
 No muse's brilliant, glowing lyre;
 No lamp of night or orb of day,
 No mountain capped with crimson fire;
 No dazzling tint of rainbow light,
 No meteor blazing in the night;
 No pearly fount or crystal spring,
 No flowers that blow or birds that sing;
 No cavern gem or gorgeous ray,
 No golden cloud of summer's day;
 No seraph's hymning strains sublime,
 No vesper song at eventime;
 No vision of sublimity,
 Nor earth nor heaven can mirror thee.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES—NO. VI.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Minister of Agriculture, &c., or elsewhere.

STANLEY STREET, September 2, 1864.

Aweel, Darcy me mon, how's a' wi' you? Brawly, brawly, I trow; for ye ken that we Scotchmen hae got it a' our ain way the noo, for our broad, hamely tongue is the langage o' the Coort, ye ken; instead o' that divlitch Irish or English wi' a' its bletherin that gars ilka body laugh, and, if I maun come out wi't, is sae distasteful to yourself. Hey! laddie, did na Charlie Anderson mak a fine job o' it? Dell tak it if he's na g[e] the callant that kens how to gar the premier tnk a pickle sneeshin, although he doesna loe a bane in ane o' yer bodies. Sax hundred a year wi' thravlia bits wad na faiche ae body; and Charlie and maister Lizars ken that weel. Maybe ye'll gie a gude word for some ither o' that ilk, sae as that the Irish gabberlunzies may be knockit in the head, and thrue hearted Sawnie placed in charge o' the public siller until a' his kists are fu' enough. Ye'll hae a mull at the Council table I speer, and after a' the warke is ower ye'll be for takin a wee soup parritch or a mouthfou o' brose ye ken by the way o' keepin the auld bluid warm, and—Oh! begorra, Darcy mavourneen, I'm sick of it; I couldn't keep it up another mimin, although I know that if I could desert my colors and hoist the tartan at this momint it might be an odd pound in my pocket. But I'd rather allanab wait for better times, when the people of this Province will be guided by mizures and not by min; and whin one nasunalty will not be permitted to ride rough shod over another. Take a civil hint from an ould frind, and one who is a thrue admirer of your undoubted janus, and don't be a party to sustainin or cloakin the acts of corrupt offishals before the Province. Don't lind yourself to that time-serving policy which for the sake of a temporary triumph of power, does absolute injustice to any man or body of min in the State. I know you are fond of fair play in your heart. Hae it thin, at every risk and you will find the people of this Province will support you.

In John A.'s new relanshuns I know he has a difficult card to play. But of the result of the Coalishun there is now but little doubt. All par-

ties are dissatisfied; and before the next sesshun of Parliament closes the new combianshuns will be exploded and scattbered to the winds. Mind you, I give you my word on that. You can't blend oil and wather, or keep out the tide wid a pitchfork. What will kill the Coalishun, is, the the distribu-shun of patronage. The Scripther tells ye that ye can sarve two masters, and its the attempt to do so that will lade to the disruptshun of the present arrangements. Look at the thing yourself. There's unity in the Council only. Take a peep at Niagara and Petherboro and see if I'm not right. Well, as for Petherboro, if the electhers of that county return the Clear Grit aristocrat Colonel Haultain instead of the generous, high-minded and active Charles Perry, who did more towards buildin up the town and county then any man in it, all I have to say is that they are an ungrateful and disreputable pack. I have known that same Charley Perry for years, and a finer fella doesn't step in shoe leather; and Terry Finnegan, bad and all as his eye is afther that unfortisunate row in the Horticultural Gardens, would walk every step of the way to Petherboro to put even one vote in the way of that same boy.

Sure we had a very interestin time in the City Council here on Monday night last in consequence of a Christian son of Crispin—that some blaggards say is occasinly too full of the sperrit to give perfect uthurance to his words, the scoundrals—havin been somewhat offensive to Mr. Aldherman Vance, who, bein born somewhere about the rock of Cashel, replied wid a elight tap of his knuckles on the intellectual phiz of his opponet; although I hear he might as well have struck a bullock's bladder stuck in a foot-ball, there was so much mutton about the jollers of my joker. Darcy dear isn't it disgraceful work for an humble and weakly professor of Christianity to be pickin up nasty little reports for the purpose of retalin them against his betthers and sowin the seeds of dissenshun in a body that ought to be united and have all its energies concentrated harmoniously upon the well boin of our city? But you know, allanab, that in this country where society is not as yet properly graduated there is minny a beggar placed on horseback who has not *nause* enough to persave that while he is ridin to the ould boy he is bespatherin himself wid mud from top to toe, and makin himself the laughin stock of the community at large. The Lord keep me out of the clutches of an apostotical son of wax; although there was more than one of them in my own family; for this much I'll say, that the divil a more dangerous character I've iver met in the whole coorse of my life, than a converted shoe-maker.

What are ye goin to do wid Parsons of the Montreal *Telegraph*? Begorra, the correspondent of the *Ladher* ought to get a good blow out for havin tetchud the dirty accusashun of your Montreal frind in the way that he lues. Supposin ye were all mog-gallors atself, sure it wasn't the Province that ped for it, but our neighbors who were on the look out for a little experance, and who were willin to pay a thrille for that same. There's no use in makin such bones about it. It was the first

time it happened yez in the Lower Provinces, and I'll lay you a taster it will be the last. A body would think, from the way that unmitigated brigand Parsons spoke, that it was upon a timperance excurshun yez all went instead of a jolly batheth, wid no very clearly defined object, barrin to show the Buccososs how much yez could ate and dhrink at their expinse. Besides, sure yez were nothin but a kind of Jackall expedition aint out before the rale min who have now taken the matter in hands, and who, no doubt, will be able to behave thimselves, at laste for the few days they are to be at Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island. I hear that you are to accompany them. Well, thank God for that much, for it will be the savin of time. If this raches you in time, howsomever, take my advice and get George on the go, for let me tell you that I once saw him back of Knox's Church here, about one o'clock in the mornin, whin the moon was shinin as bright as day, practicin the Highland fling while he was houldin on by the fince. So you see you have some grounds to go on. I'm done, and it's time for me.

Your lovin cousin,
 TERRY FINNEGAN.

The Hon. William Macdougall.

The Hamilton *Times* of Thursday last declares that upon the return of Mr. Macdougall from the Lower Provinces he will immediately obtain a constituency. Possibly he may; but however high we may value the opinion of our cotemporary, we beg to differ with him on this occasion, as we think it will not be so easy for the Hon. William to walk into Parliament as they imagine. A constituency may, no doubt, be found, but there is sure to be some one to oppose the worthy Commissioner of Crown Lands, which will render his election less secure than they think for.

TO NEWS AGENTS.

Our News Agents in Quebec, Montreal, Brockville, Ottawa, Prescott, Cobourg, Port Hope, Hamilton, London, Chatham and Windsor will have by this time received their accounts up to the end of the present year, 1864, all of which must be remitted before the 9th of September, or papers will be stopped.

Peterboro Election.

— Affairs seem to be taking the right turn in this division, as there is not the slightest doubt but that Mr. Perry will receive a large majority in this constituency.

That Bear Garden.

— What "Barnum" is to New York the Bear Garden, *alias* City Council, is to Toronto. The only difference being that the "Garden" is free to the public and the bears are uncaged—a nuisance—the remedying of which would be a consummation devoutly to be wished. The specimens on exhibition are unique and well worthy of inspection, especially by strangers. There is no danger—not the slightest, as the animals have been deprived of their teeth.

THE SONG OF THE "ELL."

A LA HOOD.

(Written for the special perusal of "late-hour" Merchants.)

With visage sallow and pale,
With figure lank and thin,
A youth stood clad in a manly garb
Behind a counter, within—
Sell! Sell! Sell!
Chained as if in a cell,
And still with a voice of doleful air
He sang the song of the "ell."

Sell! Sell! Sell!
While the sun is shining bright,
And clip! clip! clip!
Till aided by gas-light,
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the Afric or Turk,
Or to be laid in a youthful grave—
If this is manly work.

Measure—Measure—Measure—
All day and night confined,
Measure—Measure—Measure!
Till my eyes grow nearly blind!
Ell, scissors and pen,
Pen, scissors and ell,
Till over the goods I fall asleep,
Unfit to measure or sell.

Oh! girls with brothers dear!
Oh! ladies with husbands and sons!
It is not Dry Goods you're buying out,
But the lives of loving ones.
Sell! Sell! Sell!
So full of care and distress,
Measuring at once with a double ell
The span of life—and a dress.

But why do I talk of thee?
Thou phantom so ghastly pale,
Thou seem'st so like unto me
Thy look don't make me quail—
Thy looks don't make me quail,
I dream of thee in my sleep;
Oh! God, that life should be so dear
And Dry Goods sold so cheap.

Sell! Sell! Sell!
My labor is never done;
But what do I gain? a salary small;
The stream of health—hath run
A visage pale—an eye grown dim—
A diet—a Sunday stroll—
Robbed of pure air—my health purloined—
No time for mind or soul.

Sell! Sell! Sell!
For my employer's sake,
With energy and zeal,
As if my future I'd make—
Measure—clip—and sell—
Sell—clip—and measure,
As if for all this heartless work
One day I'd find a treasure.

With visage sallow and pale,
With figure lank and thin,

A youth stood clad in a manly garb
Behind a counter—within,
Sell! Sell! Sell!
Chained as if in a cell,
And still with a voice of doleful air,
(Would that his tone could reach the "Fair,")
He sang the song of the ell.

The York Roads.

Our cotemporary of the *Globe* whenever he gets a chance endeavors to plant his "bunch of fives" between the eyes of our friend of the *Leader*; and we admire his pluck for that same; only that we cannot endorse the course he pursues in that relation when the interests of the public are endangered by it. In his issue of yesterday morning he treats us to a lengthy dissertation on the benefits that would accrue to the Counties of York and Peel if the above roads were purchased by the County Council; and vaguely hints that there is a mine of wealth to be realised by the transaction. Now, Mr. *Globe*, why don't you tell the truth and shame the devil? Why did you not give the facts and figures at your command regarding these roads? Your own model man and his friends had the management of them for the last ten months, and notwithstanding that scarcely any amount of labor has been done upon them, they are at this moment largely in debt. Why attempt to betray the rate-payers of the counties in question into such a snare as this? Here you find a property in the hands of the Government, that is and has been unremunerative, and you wish to saddle it upon the people of York and Peel for the purpose of gratifying your own spleen. Why did you not tell us that the roads, notwithstanding the fabulous thousands that you say have been realised from them, are now deeply in debt, although scarcely anything has been expended in keeping them in repair during the last twelve months? Why did you not tell us that they are at present, in some place, almost unpassable, and that thousands of dollars will be required to put them in anything like good condition, before tolls can, with any great degree of justice, be collected upon them? Why did you not tell us that portions of the road built or kept in repair during the time they belonged to the late company are now infinitely better than those, comprising the ten or twelve miles, upon which your friends had done work during the Clear Grit reign of terror? Aye, Mr. *Globe*, why did you not tell us all this, together with the additional fact that you make this move simply with a view to gratifying your spleen against your old enemy of the *Leader*, and with the further intention of getting some of your own creatures placed at the gates, &c., once more? We ask you now for the facts and figures of the past ten months regarding those roads while under the economical management of Mr. Jacques, and defy you to produce them. Let us have them in black and white; and then, if the Counties Council buy the roads, or any other corporate body in Canada, good speed to them, we say.

Notes and Queries.

—Mr. Tunis advertises an "English Woman for August." What sort of a woman has he for September?

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The attention of the reading public in the Western end of the city is called to the new establishment of Mr. George Ross, at 270 Queen Street West. Mr. R. has a large, varied and well selected stock of the latest Novels and Periodicals, as well as a supply of the latest English, American and Canadian newspapers. He has also made arrangements with the proprietor of a large Refinery, and is prepared to sell the best Oils at low prices, together with a large assortment of Lamps, Burners, Chimneys, Wicks, &c., of the newest patterns.

ENLARGED & IMPROVED,

CORRECT & COMPLETE!

ROBERTSON'S Canadian Railway Guide, FOR SEPTEMBER.

Published under the supervision of the Railway Companies.

CONTENTS OF THE AUGUST NUMBER:

The latest Time Tables of
THE GREAT WESTERN OF CANADA,
Main Line and Branches.
THE GRAND TRUNK OF CANADA,
Main Line and Branches.
THE DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE.
THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.
THE VERMONT CENTRAL.
THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.
THE PORT HOPE, LINDSAY, & BEAVERTON.
THE BUFFALO AND LAKE HURON.
THE NORTHERN OF CANADA.
THE PORT HOPE AND PETERBORO'.
THE OTTAWA AND PRESKOOT.
THE STANSTEAD, SHEFFORD, & CHAMBLY.
THE WELAND RAILWAY.
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NOTICE.

Managers and Superintendents of Canada Railways are respectfully requested to forward by the 23rd inst., a copy of their latest time tables, for publication in Robertson's Canadian Railway and Steam Navigation Guide, for the month of October. Also any other information useful to the travelling public. Address,

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,

CAN. R. R. G. OFFICE,

5 Leader Buildings, Toronto, C. W.