

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 5.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 57.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I telt ye tent it;  
A chief's among you takin' noes,  
And, bith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. XI.

#### I. Ye BAILIFF HYS IMPUDENCE.

In spite of the jealousy with which the British Constitution has guarded the privileges of the popular branch of the legislature, we have heard with the greatest terror and alarm that they have been assailed during the past week in a most outrageous manner. Be not unnecessarily agitated, gentle reader, neither Sir Edmund Head, nor Cartier, nor the Speaker, is the culprit, it is a rude, unfeeling, unpoetical bailiff. The Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, and the Habeas Corpus Act are still intact, and the country may yet be saved. Some unfeeling and irrational brute of a tailor or shoemaker has taken it into his insane head that a debt is due him by some member of the House, and not content with harbouring so treasonable and incendiary a notion, he has actually taken legal means to enforce the silly fancy of his plebeian brain. And in further pursuance of this revolutionary hallucination, a bailiff, (one's blood boils at the idea) a wretched insect of a bailiff, a legal bratwale, has served a veritable writ on one of the spouts of the great fountain of law. Was ever such an outrage known before? For our part we can only attribute the atrocious act to ignorance of the most fundamental rule of constitutional law,—that none but law makers are permitted to be law breakers. Insane creditors ought to understand that members of parliament move in a higher atmosphere where vulgar notions on pecuniary matters never trouble their heads, and where they inspire an air untainted by the breath of Mammon. In the words of the great novelist:—"Base is the slave that pays," and we wonder that even bailiffs can harbour the growling idea that in spired the foul action complained of. Fancy the rude shock it must give an honorable member who has just been enlightening the House on the Independence of Parliament, the Rights of Upper Canada, or the evils of Free Trade, to be stung back into life by the rude apparition of a Writ cooling, ordering him—*him*, a pillar in the temple of law, to cause an appearance, &c., otherwise judgment. We are glad to see that Mr. Speaker took so proper a view of the matter, and we trust that, in future, creditors will disabuse their minds of stupid fancies, and that bailiffs will recognize the hand which shelter, legislators from the remorseless talons of the law. Writs are only for plebeians; it is the peculiar function of the legislator to pity and forgive the tradesman he has designed to patronize.

#### II. UNRECOGNIZED VALOUR.

We were perfectly startled the other day in the House by the discovery of an immense mine of military wealth, where no one could possibly have suspected its existence. Of course every one has heard of the brilliant generalship of Playfair, and also of the valiant bearing of Gowan at the battle of the Windmill, but who would have thought of Simpson and Sandfield Macdonald as men of war from their youth? One would as soon have charged Benjamin with proficiency in gymnastics, or Ferguson with excessive politeness, or Ferres with modesty, as these gentlemen with military ardour. Yet they did attempt to catch the hubbly reputation at the mouths of two or three rusty old muskets in the great and decisive battle which resulted in the capture and triumphant distinction of Montgomery's. Let McGee and his Siberian army, let Yankee filibusteres and Canadian malcontents hear it and tremble. Who will despair of the country's safety with Playfair as commander-in-chief, Gowan as Adjutant and Simpson and McDonald as Majors-General. If we had no other argument against the removal to Ottawa, the folly of carrying from the frontier, these flowers of our chivalry should serve to knock the idea on the head. Let us at once reorganize the militia and give due preference to the heroes who this week walloped in the puddle of their military glory and joyously told their battles o'er again. Gowan's bravery is undoubted for he alone captured a limbeck which might have been assailed by the enemy, and rifled the pockets of a fallen general with as much ease as he would scoop out the bowels of an egg. Simpson and McDonald were unfortunately in the rear of the army at Montgomery's but they succeeded we believe, in rescuing several bottles of brandy which the routed enemy had left behind.

Some brag of General Jackson and some of Isaac Brock, And divers other heroes who've stood the battle's shock; But of all the gallant sgers, there's none that can compare With Gowan, Sandfield, Simpson, and the veteran Playfair.

Yon Greelans and Phoenicians, also Leonidas, Napoleon and Lyndner and the doughty General Cass, At fighting, boys, we're handy, but, as it now appears, Not fit to hold a candle to Canadian volunteers.

The Austrians and Persians came boldly to the fight, Not all those world-famed heroes their gallant souls could fight;

But when our bravo defenders to enemies gave chase, No rebel dared to meet them or look them in the face.

Then let us, without flinching, fling our challenges to the world; Let our banner (if we've got one), be fearlessly unfurled, If Macdowd, Scott, and Bonaparte, were driven into one, We've Gowan, Simpson, Playfair and the field would soon be won.

#### Catching a Turk.

—In one of the city papers we read of the matrimonial alliance of a Mr. Webb to a Miss Turk. The cuteness displayed by this *reel* in catching his spouse, makes us secure in the hope that though he has got a *Turk*, it will not prove that he has caught a Tartar.

#### THE LIBEL CASE.

Before another number of our paper issues from the press, the action brought against our publishers will in all probability have been tried and decided by a jury of "these United Counties." It would be improper for us to enter into any lengthened remarks on the case, or to forestall the arguments of our counsel by any appeals of our own; to them we leave the defence of our course during the past year. We might show that we have laid the public under some obligations to us for the amusement we have afforded them during the year; we might make some strictures upon the character of the "barrister" whose feelings have been so deeply wounded; we might justly ridicule the whole affair; we shall follow neither of these courses. We leave the matter where Allen desires it to be decided, and we have not the slightest fears of the issue. We must, however thank publicly our brethren of the press who have so generously extended their sympathy and proffered substantial aid.

The former we gladly accept, the latter, we have no apprehensions that we shall require. To those legal gentlemen who have placed their talents at our disposal we are also deeply indebted; no better evidence of the legal *status* of our opponent could be offered in our defence.

We shall have something to say in our next on other matters connected with this foolish case; in the meantime, nothing but a desire not to treat the sanctity of the law with levity restrains us from a powerful temptation to treat the case with that scorn and ridicule it deserves.

#### Lost, Stolen, or Strayed.

—Missing from the Parliament House' one of the days of last week, known as THURSDAY! The Guder will be handsomely rewarded on bringing the article or the animal—the gender is a matter of taste—to the Speaker of the Assembly. Any expense incurred for feeding the thing will be refunded by order of the House.

#### Absurd, according to her wont.

—Old Double undertook in a late issue to give a summary of English news. The following is a specimen of the creature's finished style:

"Sam Slick has been lecturing at Islenorth, a pleasant village near London, where he has now taken up his permanent abode, on the North American Colonies."

Sam Slick lectures in a village near London, where he now lives, in the North American Colonies! Who would have thought the Editor of *Old Double*, with all his faults, so ignorant, as to place London, England, near the North American Colonies! But perhaps, what the old creature meant to say was, that Samuel Slick, Esq., was lecturing on the subject of the North American Colonies, in this particular village, situated near London. If so, why did not the wise nincompoop say so.

LOST! LOST!

A what-d'ye call'm, on the untimely departure of Alderman Sheard and his faithful follower, Councilman Draymond, from the Valley of Corruption, the City Hall.

Rule Blowers ceased to speak,  
And Wilson left the chair;  
Out came their pocket-handkerchiefs  
For tears of deep despair.

St. James' Ward lamented,  
Toronto wept and sobbed,  
For two peerless city blowers,  
Who, 'twas said, had never jobbed.

With deepest of emotion  
They marked the noble pair,  
In silence heard their footsteps  
Descending down the stair;

And did they thus depart,  
And did no blowers tongue  
Call for the City Bellman  
To have the lost bell rung?

"Strayed two middle-aged men  
From near the city hall,  
One is middling short,  
The other rather tall.

The hair of both is fair  
With beams inclining to red,  
Cash in their pockets sought,  
Ditto of brass in their head.

Whoever shall the same return  
With due and proper care,  
Shall be handsomely rewarded  
With a locklet of their hair.

God save the Queen!"

OVER THE WAY.

CHAPTER III.

His legs looked quite ornamental, as I said before, as they protruded from the apothecary's window. Of course I mean Jones of the Blazers. It is needless to detail a street row. On the occasion in question, there was the usual excitement among the shopmen and the old woman, and as usual, a vigilant crusher appeared at the corner, after a proper interval to allow all angry feelings to subside. Jones being caught in the act of breaking the window, was pounced upon by an army of apothecary's clerks, and I, not feeling particularly anxious about his welfare, got into a cab and drove home as quick as possible.

Next day, as I expected, a heavy villain called upon me, who, after understanding that my name was Brown, and having the honor to insinuate that his name was Captain Stock—how I wished he was in the stocks—in short demanded of me a written apology, which was to be printed in all the papers.

To this demand I offered him a flat refusal, upon which the Captain said that,—

"Upon his soul and conscience I must give Jones of the Blazers satisfaction."

"Not being in the habit of using strong language," I replied, "I will content myself by remarking that I will see him hanged first."

"Sir," says the Captain, drawing himself up as if to frighten me, "will you, or will you not, refer me to a friend?"

"Certainly," says I, as a thought struck me, "to fifty, if you like. There is Major Chaff, in the third pair front, round the corner, who, I am sure, will act as my friend."

"I have the honor to take my leave then," says Stock.

"Pray leave me a lock of your valuable hair, captain," I responded, not too loud, however.

"You shall hear from me soon, sir," says the noble captain.

"You will be heard all over the city I doubt not," I replied, shutting the door.

Now this Major Chaff was an old militia officer, who had lost his wits, if he ever had any, at the battle of the Nile; since which time the mention of powder was enough to throw him into the most violent rage. I had had an introduction to him once at an evening party, when we almost came to blows, on my introducing the battle of the Frogs and Mice, as a subject of conversation.

Not to lose the fun I expected would result from the interview, I stepped over to my friend Smith, from whose windows an excellent view could be had of the Major's sitting room. I saw the Captain enter. For a time all was quiet, but presently symptoms of hostilities began to manifest themselves. A boot-jack suddenly came flying through the window, upsetting a couple of flower-pots, and causing a dreadful sensation amongst the foot-passengers. One boot, and a china ornament came next. Then there was sounds of a serious combat, with chairs and tables and fire-irons, and I could hear the Major's shrill voice invoking all sorts of maledictions on the Captain's head. A precipitate rushing down stairs followed, when the Captain bolted into the street, halless, his clothes torn, and a door-mat in his hand, which doubtless he had used as a shield in the affray.

The Captain led down the street, and the major, with an empty error in one hand and the leg of a stool in the other, gave chase for a considerable distance, when, finding that he could not come up with the enemy, he discharged the over at his retreating form, and returned home, brandishing the leg of the stool in a triumphant manner.

You may be sure the matter caused great excitement in the neighborhood; but as the eccentricities of the Major were well known, the whole affair was looked upon by some as an excellent joke. While others inclined to the belief that the Captain assaulted the Major. I took care, however, to spread my version of it.

The next day the whole matter appeared in the city papers, with various headings, such as, "Strange Occurrence," "Brutal conduct of a Captain in Her Majesty's service," "A Lunatic assaulted by Captain S——k of the Blazers." An indignation meeting was held in the vestry the same day, at which I got a Smith, a professional man, to make a speech, which did the job for the Captain. Indeed such were the conclusiveness of his arguments that, for the time, I actually did believe that the unfortunate Captain was the aggressor; and the general feeling outside ran so high against him that he came within an ace of being cashiered.

The Blazers fell into great dispute after this occurrence. Street rows were continually being got up between them and the towns-people. Every night half a dozen heads were broken, and the whole time of the police magistrate was taken up with cases arising out of fights either between the soldiers and the citizens, or the police and the soldiers. At last there was a riot, at which a couple of dozen citizens and soldiers were seriously wound-

ed—when word came down from head quarters for the regiment to go to the West Indies.

I saw Jones and Stock from a window the day they marched, and I never saw such a broken-hearted pair. Indeed I began to repent that I had been the cause of their banishment.

TO-DAY OR TO-MORROW.

Yesterday the House had a lively discussion as to whether Friday was to-day, to-morrow, or yesterday. The Speaker contended it was yesterday, in proof whereof, he quoted the rules of the House. Mr. Brown would have it that it was to-day—that is, reader, that Friday was Friday, and not Thursday. Mr. Gowans, being an independent member, had a right to think that Friday was not to-day, and that to-day was yesterday, or in other words yesterday was not Friday, but that to-day was yesterday.

Several members contended that to-day—that is Friday—was to-morrow; and one member waking suddenly up, protested that "he'd be giggered, if it wasn't next week." The affair is no laughing matter. It involves serious questions: Is to-day yesterday, or is it not, and if it is not what was yesterday? Was yesterday to-day, or was it Thursday or Friday? Was there a Thursday in the outgoing week, and if so, when was it? These questions remain to be answered. If yesterday was to-day, and to-day was no day, what is to become of the new breaches in the Island we should like to know? They were made on Thursday, but if Thursday was yesterday, and if yesterday was to-morrow, these breaches can not have yet taken place—clear as mud, certainly not. We and Speaker Smith are great people!

Friendly Advice.

—We recommend the intelligent editor of *Old Double*, who, after an attentive study of two weeks, did us the honor last Monday to misunderstand one of our jokes, to read "Gulliver's Travellers." For being a "gull" himself, he will not fail to appreciate the facts there set forth. Let us caution him, however, that the enemies of that work are eternally attempting to ruin its circulation by hinting that it is fictitious, in fact only a satire on the men and manner of the times; of course, the Editor of *Old Double*—we beg your ladyship's pardon, *Old Double*—will see through the dodge at once.

We and Lord Brougham.

21, Nordheimer's Buildings.  
April 10, 1859.

MY DEAR LORD BROUGHAM,—You are really very kind. But we think it too far for your Lordship to come to Toronto in your present state of health. Besides we have engaged capital counsel—and the poor creature is really daft.

With many thanks for Your Lordship's kind offer, we remain,

Your Lordship's

Lord Brougham, &c., &c., Most obt' serv't,  
London. GROMBART.

## THE COLLEGE BOY'S COMPLAINT.

Respectfully dedicated to the Senate of the University of Toronto by the boys of Upper Canada College.

Cheerily ring the voices of spring,  
O'er the shrill cool April blast;  
The birds twitter forth their opening hymn,  
And the leaflets are opening fast.  
'Tis the dusky pine, in a dying blue,  
Old Winter his death dirge sings,  
But no merry shout of boyish glee  
From the walls of the College rings.

The beavers peep from their wintry sleep,  
The beetle drowns out its mid-th,  
And the trees hummo on their gurb of green  
To gladden the wakening earth.  
Joyous and free in its fresh spring glew,  
Chirps even the meek little cricket;  
But an acre of mud is all we can get,  
For the bat, the ball, and the violet.

W'd a verdant lawn in the times agone,  
Where we gambol'd and played at our ease,  
Till our old play-ground was ruthlessly spoiled  
By that odious senate's decree.  
The dear old spot must in silence rot,  
Or in building lots be sold.  
Oh, it galls our hearts as we sit to think,  
On the good lost times of old.

E'en the squirrel now, from bough to bough,  
In its joyous gymnastics may spring,  
But o'vor a swing, a bar, or a pole,  
From the senate can college boys wing.  
'Tis the time has been, in summer's sheen,  
Many hours we sported away,  
But an all flagstaff in a desert of mud,  
In all that is left us to-day.

"All work and no play" is as bad, sure, to-day,  
As when you, old griffins, were boys;  
Our play-ground give back with its coating of grass,  
And hurrah! for our old college joy.  
And this we can tell, we shall travel as well  
On the hawthorn pathway of knowledge,  
If you give a free rein to the playhour sport  
Of the pupils of old U. C. College.

Cheerily ring the voices of spring  
O'er the shrill cool April blast;  
The birds twitter forth their opening hymn,  
And the sternness of winter is past.  
In the old play-ground, let our voices resound,  
At old British cricket once more,  
And with bats as with books, we'll beat all the world,  
As we did in the good days of yore.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The want of space and time last week, prevented us from remarking upon the misdeeds of our unfortunate civic grannies, and as a consequence of our neglect, they have been getting themselves into a very amusing squabble. Now that the appointment of Mr. Brunel has really been made, it would ill-become us to say much—although having frequently had to talk severely to Mr. Brunel, and at times imagined he was rather slippery, yet on the whole we are rather pleased at the appointment. Certainly no one can understand the position and wants of the works of the city better, than Mr. Brunel, and as no one doubts his ability, we are disposed to give him a fair trial. If he will only observe two points, we think his success is certain—and these are to keep within bounds in his expenditure, and to treat with urbanity, persons of an inferior position who may have business with him.

The shelving of Mr. Brunel, has, however, created a great commotion in civic politics. Ald. Sheard, who evidently came into the council under the impression that he was commissioned with a supreme power to sweep corruption from the city govern-

ment, has seen fit to resign, and as a matter of course, Mr. Drummond, who had become his shadow, was compelled to do the same. Now that these two gentlemen are gone, our hope for the new Council is slight. There was always that in Ald. Sheard which inspired a sort of confidence in the Assembly, a something on which we could depend, that is utterly wanting in his absence. Then his manner was so pleasant; he was so gentle and lamb-like in his demeanor, and he was so easily persuaded to renounce any error when convinced he was wrong; so full of amiability and so liberal in his sentiments, talking so kindly and tenderly to the young fledglings in the council, and never imputing any improper motives to anybody, but always so manly and generous. Ah me, what we have lost—no one can tell. Of course, it is a certain fact, that the twenty-six gentlemen who remain, with the Mayor at their head, are nothing but "jobbers," and ready at any moment to sacrifice the interests of the city at the shrine of political partizanship. Now that Ald. Sheard has written it, in his exceedingly polite and general valodictory epistle, (which by the way, is a fair specimen of the man himself,) no one will venture to deny, that our city is placed at the mercy of a band of political robbers. What will become of us the future will only reveal. The wonder is, however, (that Mr. Sheard, who is so immaculate himself, did not remain to watch and check the prodigality of his colleagues, but we suppose the tender feelings of the good man would be distressed, and his principles contaminated by the associations which surrounded him. Had he imolated himself on the altar of purity, and remained in the Council to stem the tide of corruption, we are sure the citizens would have taken early occasion to testify their appreciation of his labors. As it is, we understand the electors of St. James' Ward intend presenting him with a leather medal. We would suggest as an inscription, the picture of a mule on one side, and a sulky child on the other.

And so the Avenue—the pride of the city—is to be cut in two, and Agnes Street continued across it. All hail to the erudite and classic Griffith for the noble stand he took in resisting the innovation; and as for Boxall, to whose efforts we may ascribe the success of the proposal, may cracked tin horns, milk pans and kettles be his doom for ever.

That excellent illustration of good nature, Mr. Ald. Ewart, is industriously engaged in the laborious avocations of his office, and a number of bills of immense importance will be introduced by him in a short time. It will only need one of his elaborate and eloquent addresses to convince even the Council of the utility of his measures.

We cannot conclude without congratulating the city on the accession to the Council of Mr. M. O. Cameron, who, seriously speaking, would be an ornament to any assembly. His ability, legal and otherwise, combined with his urbanity, are such as to ensure him a high position in the Council.

Thanks.

—We have to thank a number of our brethren of the press for many kind favors during the last few weeks. We can't do much in return beyond thanking them, but they can have the assurance that their kindness, which has cheered and encouraged us, will not be forgotten.

## PORTRAITS.

By a Blind Man in the Gallery.

JOHN A. McDONALD.

No. 2.

Some doubt exists as to the birth-place of the Hon. John A. McDonald; the general opinion being that he first saw the light on board an emigrant vessel bound to this country. This opinion is considerably strengthened by the fact that in all his public measures he has been at sea continually. Very little is known of his childhood, except that he graduated at Kingston—generally supposed to be at the Penitentiary—where he displayed his youthful genius by bilking all the basket women in the neighborhood who gave what is commonly known as "tic." At college our hero was generally accounted a young man of promise; which his subsequent career has fully borne out—inasmuch as the memory of man, according to the Grits, runneth not back to the time, when he did ought but promise." The acquirements, which he attained, by his studies, may be briefly stated:—A love of good liquor, a taste for fun, a hearty contempt for discipline, the art of smoking, two black eyes, and the maledictions of the Professors.

With the useful stock in trade, the subject of our sketch commenced life, and soon won honorable distinction as a lawyer for the public, who are more generous and far-sighted than the Professors. His practice was extensive. All the "hard cases" of the Province were sent to him. So that it was no wonder that in a short time he found himself in Parliament, where, after undergoing various vicissitudes of fortune, he still remains, having attained to the position of Attorney General.

His appearance in the House is striking. His features are decidedly cute, and his hair looks quite knowing. His manner of walking shows that his understanding is decidedly weak, and the points of his boots turn up with an expression of cunning that there is no mistaking.

Barring his hair, one of the chief characteristics of John A.—which, by the way, is a corruption of John-ny (ee) is his brown coat. He is as fond of a brown coat as Phillip Vankoughnet is attached to old hats. Of course there is no denying that this peculiarity was adopted to spite Mr. Brown, the leader of the opposition.

Mr. McDonald is no orator, but, like Col. Prince, he is a savage old lion when provoked, and will not hesitate to send a man down to a very warm place in a debate, but he is so good-natured that immediately afterwards he will ask the same man "below" to take something hot. Of late the Attorney General has taken to cold water, which has considerably spoiled his usual sweet temper, and some people say that he has even gone so far as to take the "pledge." If so, we sincerely hope that he will make no distinction between his manner of keeping this "pledge" and all the other pledges.

No Relief.

—No action has yet been taken by Parliament for the relief of Mr. Davidson of Berlin, whose case was set forth in our last issue.

## THE GOVERNMENT CREW.

Air—"Irish Shanty."

Of all governments now in the world,  
The greatest is the one we live here,  
Sure the form of the best politicians,  
And Cartier's the jolly Premier.  
With a whack into an man an addy,  
Now then boys a cheer for the p'imeer—wha-ack.

Then the Conservativo's glory, John A.  
Attorney for Canada west,  
Och, of all the great host of humbuggers,  
Sure he is the loidest and best  
With a whack into an man an addy,  
Now then ye devils a "tigger" for John A.—wha-ack.

A hearty old trump's the Inspector,  
Our man of Finance, Mr. Galt,  
Puts a tax upon paper and books,  
And takes it off whisky and matt.  
With a whack into an man an addy,  
Clear ye're throats, boys, a tenor for Galt—wha-ack.

And Sidney who sticks by the Post,  
So wisely advised by his betters,  
As his learning was rather deficient,  
Was content to begin with the letters.  
With a whack into an man an addy,  
Boys, a good one for Sidney—wha-ack.

What man about Sherwood or Rose,  
Dare open his mouth to say evil,  
Or refuse to support Philip Van,  
Whose now bat was eat up by the weevil.  
With a whack into an man an addy,  
Now boys, a sneecor for the whole of them—wha-ack.

## THE THEATRE.

The performance at the Lyceum last week embraced "The Man of the World," "Henry IV.," "The School for Scandal," and some other pieces, that men of taste unhesitatingly pronounce "no flies." The audience, we may remark, comprised all the people of taste in town—and it is really wonderful what a devilish tasteful community we are. One would think, from past experience, that all our taste, as a people, lay in our mouths. However, commend us to Mr. Bass's *Sir John Falstaff*, give us his *Sir Peter Teazle*, when bored to death by duns and *Old Double*, and above all, let us revel in his *Sir Pertinax Macmuffophon*—let us enjoy his rendition of the man who wore his way up in the world "by bowing," and we shall promise to forget for a season, all the miseries of this life, printer's devils included.

We congratulate the Manageress, Mrs. Marlowe, on the improved manner in which the drawing room scenes are being got up. Attention to detail is half the getting up of a play—and female taste in such a matter is undeniable. When gazing on domestic scenes, we like to see them embalmed in all the comforts of a home—such as neat chairs, tastefully arranged. Embalming a scene with chairs is rather a strange expression, to be sure—but is it not Eliza Cook who once embalmed an "old arm chair" with sighs—not size; and why should not Mrs. Marlowe be allowed to entertain a scene with chairs. A chair is always a pleasing domestic sight, and peculiarly balmy when one is tired.

To return to the theatre, or rather to turn from it, as our limited space is being intruded on, we shall not follow the stupid example of *Old Double*, and draw comparisons between the players, and be-

spatter them indiscriminately with praises that they have as much right to as the Man in the Moon. We think it more just to the players and the public, to say that a piece is well played or it is not. And it gives us pleasure to say, that the Lyceum now is not below its best days; and as we understand that our young manager, Mr. Marlowe, is about to make necessary alterations in the box s during "Passion Week," we may anticipate the good time is coming, otherwise, the closing of the theatre next week would undoubtedly put us in a passion.

## WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

We understand an effort is being made in our City Council to amend the law relating to weights and measures, by which Mr. Piper, the present incumbent, will lose his office of Inspector.

We are of the opinion that it is nearly time that Mr. Piper was dismissed, for he has been notoriously remiss in his duties, by which a large number of people have been grossly defrauded. As an instance we may mention the case of an eminent firm on Front Street, Cartier, Macdonald & Co., whose "measures" have been found to fall deplorably short of the required standard. The "weights" they have used appear to have been heavy enough to accomplish anything they might desire, but Mr. Piper should see that they are of the proper kind. This one matter is sufficient to condemn Mr. Piper, leaving altogether out of the question the fact that "balance" of trade has been deranged the whole year, and the balance at one bank has been against us for some time past. We are not very anxious in the matter, and have only to hope that whatever change is made "measures" of the right "stamp" will be secured, whatever may be the result, we hope the Council will "pay the piper."

## The White Glove Assize.

—Who says that Toronto is a wicked city? Show us the man who will dare to make the insinuation and we fling down, as a gauntlet of defiance, one of the white gloves presented to the Chief Justice by Mr. Sheriff Jarvis. If we go on at the present spanking pace of improvement, we shall soon have a local millennium in these United Counties. Perhaps, however, this is only a periodical fit of good behaviour; the venerable Chief Justice stated that he had never before heard of the presentation of the gratifying token since he had been called to the bar. If the future is to be judged by the past, another fifty years may elapse before any one shall see it again. We can only hope that if this is to be the case, the Chief Justice may live long enough to receive a second pair, that the Sheriff, who, by that time, will be a venerable patriarch, will survive to present them, and that THE GRUMBLER may "be there to see."

## Right and Wright.

—We were agreeably surprised at an announcement in the *Christian Guardian* of last week that a Mr. James Wright has been united in matrimony to Miss Armstrong. It is not often in these sinful times that justice and power are united; we congratulate the happy couple on the fact that right is at last allied with the strong arm.

## A PLEA FOR LEGISLATIVE DEBTORS.

O Bailiff spare M. P.'s.  
Your ruthless hands forbear,  
Treat poor men as you please,  
But legislators spare.  
If others break the laws,  
Why nail them on the spot;  
From statement keep you claws,  
Your writ shall harm them not.

## On Dit

—That the Bailiff, whose temerity provoked to score a rebuko from Mr. Speaker this week, was attempting to serve a writ on the Hon. Sidney Smith, in an action for damages at the suit of the "Queen's English." According to another report, it was a suit in the case of "Cant vs. Gowan," in an action for remuneration for services rendered.

## Don Quixote Again.

—Mr. Gowan informed the House the other day, that at the celebrated "battle of the Windmill," where he extinguished himself so nobly, he commanded the "right wing" of the forces. We are informed that the only "wing" the brazen member for Leeds had anything to do with, was that with which he took flight to the lime-kiln, before the action commenced. We should like to add a feather of that serviceable member to our museum of curiosities.

## The Musical Friend

—Is the title of an exceedingly cheap musical weekly, got up in a most attractive form and filled with most popular, and what is better, the best music of the day. Three or four pieces of different variety are contained in each number, which are sold at 12½ cents each. Wiman & Co. are the agents for Canada. The yearly subscription is \$5 per year.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

Residents in the north part of the city will find at the Store of Mr. Willows, corner of Agnes and Yonge Streets, everything that they may require in the grocery line. His attention and pleasing address are not the least attractive features of his establishment, and his prices are well known for their moderation.

MR. WILLIAM DUFFIN, the lessee of the News Stand at the Union Station, has constantly on hand everything in the shape of News Papers, Magazines, Time Tables, &c. Mr. D.'s energy and attention entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

We beg to direct those of our readers who may require the services of a Dentist to Mr. J. W. ELLIOTT'S Rooms, on King Street, a few doors west of the Globe office. We can speak from personal knowledge in the highest terms of Mr. Elliott's skill in every branch of his profession, and are sure that any one suffering from decayed or otherwise diseased teeth, will do well to place him or herself under Mr. Elliott's care. Mr. J. W. Elliott has now resided some two years in Toronto, and is rapidly becoming distinguished as one of the most, if not the most, skillful and attentive Surgeon Dentists in Toronto. Remember Mr. J. W. Elliott, King St., between Yonge and Bay Streets.

## THE GRUMBLER

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