

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY- APRIL 30, 1864.

(VOL. 2.--NO. 22

THE GRUMBLER.

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I needn't put it;
A child's among you taking notes,
Am't, faith, he'll pront it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

Lines suggested by the late sad catastrophe which befel Ensigns Acres and Brownrigg, (16th Regt.) on the morning of 9th April, 1864, while boating on Toronto Bay.

Last night we met them 'mid the festivo throng,
And mark'd their merry laughter, loud and long;
'Neath winking smiles, and dazling tapers bright,
Those manly features beam'd with living light.

We heard their tongues in honey'd accents speak,
With ears bent, eager some response to seek;
Eyes then met eyes, with glance which none can tell
But those who've "lov'd not wisely but too well."

Precachce the plighted troth! the word was given
Which binds true hearts in union this side heaven!
"Romantic schemes and fraught with loveliness,
Filled these young breasts with thoughts of happiness.

Little didst wot they, so soon the spell
That bound them should be broken by a knell,
Home on the dark and watery abyss:
To summon them to realms of woe and bliss!

Not as the spoiler comes, came death to them,
Girt on his brow with sickness' diadem;
But suddenly their youth and promise fair
Vanish'd from earth, as bubbles in mid air.

They fitted 'cross our path, fresh with fond hopes,
As bombs the chamois down the mountain slopes,
Appear'd a moment on this fleeting scene,
Then lost forever, as they ne'er had been!

And now Ontario's dark and deep blue wave
Hath furnish'd for these gallant youths a grave;
Far from the land wher'd that gave them birth
They sleep, no longer to awake on earth!

Sad was their fate! Heaven's unimpeded decree
Hath set these two young gallant soldiers free
From all we trust, save dross of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away.

A change.

— It is said that the Ladies of Salt Lake City have resolved to change the word "Mormon" to the more appropriate term "more men." A significant change. How's that?

YE SHAKESPEARE OAK.

On Saturday last we manfully faced the pelting rain and elbowed our way through the crowd, for the purpose of witnessing the planting of the Shakespeare Oak and hearing the oration of George Anthony Barber as advertised in the *Leader*. Reader, were you there? If so, do you blame us for *grumbling* at the *barbarous* attempt at oratory exhibited on that occasion. We think you don't. True, the weather was unfavourable—but, oh ye shade of Shakespeare, that speech! We give a synopsis, ahem! Fellow countrymen, this is a most auspicious occasion.—(Voice: Shure an its *rainin like blazes*.)—We are gathered here to day to celebrate, as Englishmen only can, the greatest poet the world has produced.—Voice: Tom Moore for ever.—Ahem! We can never forget the days of our childhood.—(Thrus for you.)—We can never forget the rural scenery of England!—(Faith it can't hate Derry hills.)—I'm proud to be an Englishman.—(Maybe and I couldn't rub the consats out of ye in less time nor ye could spell phthisic, big as ye are.)—This is an English Oak.—(D—l the bit better is it fur that.)—May it be emblematical of our institutions.—(Shure it lanes all to wan side.)—Afording shelter to all who may seek a refugo beneath its branches.—(Sowl on it but there's a *dig* at D'Arcy.)—Ahem! you will excuse me if I treat—(I'll take a small decocksun of eye-wather wid crush'd limon in it,)—you to some poetic flowers pluck'd from the domain of the great player-poet, &c., &c.

Ahem! Canada is my adopted country,—(faith that's news, and didn't Harry Henry call the jail his City residence,)—but I was born in England and my love for the land of my youth, in the words of the great poet, "at each remove but drags a lengthening chain."—(Ye pelferin thafe, isn't that from Goldsmith—Bob Moodie couldn't do worse nor that whin, sez he, as Shakespeare says, "The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,"—and I think I can say, in safety, of Shakespeare, "We never shall see his likes again."—(Put a corker in his mouth—be me consience but he's a purty spaker.)—I hope I am not taking up too much time.—(Baxther an you shuk travel in the same harness.)—My friends, I thank you for your kind hearing.—(Shure an it's me that's sorry I can't return the compliment.—Such is but a small portion of the *oration* delivered on this interesting occasion; we, in mercy to our readers, refrain giving it in *extenso*. Suffice it, that our hopes of the morning "Lad but allured to fly," like "Pip," our Great Expectations were sadly crushed and we returned home from the great event speculating on the words of Scotland's bard:—

Oh, could some bodie the giftie gie us,

To see oursels as ithers see us,
It wad frae macy a blunder free us,
A foolish notion.

CLEAR GRIT LAW.

We are authorized to state, that Mr. John Bell, Q.C., is in no manner to blame for the recent miscarriage of the great conspiracy indictment against Bowes, Gowan, and Boomer. It is true that the indictment did not contain the word "conspire," but that was the fault of "Mr. Bell's clerk." The draft, of course, was all right, and the wight of a clerk, of course, did not copy correctly. It is true that the indictment was preferred, although no leave of court or judge was first obtained, according to the statute in such case made and provided. That, also, was the aforesaid "wight." We understand that about three months since he was sent to the judge to obtain the necessary consent, but has never been heard of since. We rather think that a more reliable clerk will be found by the attorney employed to prefer an indictment against Messrs. John Nasmith, John McNab, John Bell, Gordon Brown, and Recorder Duggan, for having conspired, combined, and confederated together to have preferred an indictment contrary to the provisions of the *Veracious Indictment Act* against Bowes, Gowan, and Boomer. The tables are turned. Those who were so rabid to have law carried out illegally, may find that it can be carried out legally—to their own discomfort.

— The soul of the man that would cheat a printer must be so small, that if it were placed on a white plate, and the strongest lens that was ever manufactured brought to bear on it, one could not distinguish the minutest particle. A newspaper man, speaking to us a few months ago, said that a Mr. So and So lately denied three printing accounts. The remark passed, we thought nothing more of it; but about a week ago that man was sent to the Lunatic Asylum. What better fate could happen him?

— Mr. Fred. Cumberland has lately issued a time-table about as complicated as the English Bradshaw, but displaying less ability, and containing some superb blunders. For instance, that the Mail Train, North, connects with stage for Meaford, Owen Sound, &c., instead of, by steamboat. People generally, when they are travelling, procure a time-table for their guidance on the route, but we would advise them beware of the Northern Railway Time-Table. We must make some allowance for its being the first *literary production* of the "Colonel," and no doubt his brain was rather confused, but really Mr. Fred you should be more careful.

JOHN A.

Diinna ask us gin we lo'e you,
Troth we need na tell,
Diinna ask us gin we lo'e you,
Ask it o' yoursel.

Though the sports, wud tasks together share,
Have long since pass'd away,
And youth's bright dreams have followed them,
Yet still we trust John A.

Now manhood's cares around us throng,
And adverse battles rage,
But the bands around our youthful hearts,
Have finer grown with age.

Though the sports, wud tasks &c.

We know his honest manly heart,
Holds sacred friendship's chain,
We know that fraud, or sordid gain,
Have never stain'd his name.

Though the sports, and tasks, &c.

Our country's interests are his own,
Ours, too, are ne'er betray'd,
As friend to friend and man to man,
Our hope is on him stay'd.

Not bad.

— The City Chamberlain (whose lady, we regret to say, is in ill health) is desirous of visiting England and Scotland; and, for the better enabling him so to do, asks for a grant for \$500, for expenses, from the City Council, so that he may endeavour to dispose of city debentures in England. Now we profess to admire impudence; but really, Alexander, you suit us too well. We always thought you a modest man, but were not prepared to hear of such self-sacrificing efforts on behalf of the city. You are too generous by half.

Royalty in disrepute.

— We were reminded of the fickleness of the "vox populi" on visiting the Music Hall the other evening to hear Vandenhoff, when the "Royal mother," who resides on Front Street, entered at an unseasonable hour, and was greeted with a "tremendous cheering?"—not a bit of it, instead, a storm of hisses, clearly showing that even "Royalty" cannot disturb with impunity the equanimity of the sovereign people.

A rich idea.

— A prominent lawyer of this city on being called on for a song, at the St. Georges dinner, pleaded bad voice, hoarseness, &c., and, at last, after much pressing, modestly consented, and coolly pulled out of his coat pocket the song and music—he expected to be coaxed.

A HARD PILLOW FOR THE NORTH.—FORT PILLOW.

— A friend of ours remarked, by way of jest, to a Biddy, the other morning, whom he did not know, "It's a sharp morning, Bridget," to which she made reply, "Not half as sharp as yer honour's nose." Again, on meeting two daughters of Green Erin, he said to one of them, "I hope you are well?" to which the other replied, "nastauter," "She's betther nor whin she was sick."

CORPORATION CONCERT.



CITY HALL BUILDING, CITY HALL SQUARE.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 1st, 1864.

GRAND BILL, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CITIZENS GENERALLY.

Overture by the City Council, *en masse*.

SONG:

If I had a thousand a year..... John Carr

VIOLIN SOLO:

Scratchings from the Duke of Argyle. Ald. Strachan

SONG:

Blow, blow ye winds..... Ald. Baxter

RECITATION AND DISSERTATION:

On "Salaries"..... Ald. Sterling

SONG:

The Jolly Fat Man..... Coun. Farrell

AMUSING DIALOGUE:

By..... Aids. Love & Dickey

STUMP SPEECH:

The benefits of a Western Market... Coun. Canavan

INTERMISSION.

SONG:

What man would be without a wife... Ald. Wallis

ESSAY:

The benefits of the Maine Liquor Law... Ald. Ewart

SONG:

What would I give to be Mayor?... Coun. Edwards

DISSERTATION:

On the Usury Laws..... Coun. James

SONG:

I'm not myself at all..... Coun. Dunn

A CAPITAL DISPLAY OF BUNCOMBE:

By..... Coun. Thompson

SONG:

The useful young mare..... Coun. Tinning

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN:

By..... Baxter and the Company

A large attendance is expected, and the arrangements are all under the immediate superintendance of

ALD. J. E. SMITH,

Wire-puller.

— The "Mammoth Circus" intends permanently locating at Quebec—having done Hamilton, West Northumberland, East and West Montreal, Kingston, Sherbrooke and Cataragus, in which places it has met with unbounded success. This troupe contains more "Stars" than any other heretofore exhibited in this country and have only to regret one accident since the commencement of their tour, viz.—at North Waterloo, where Mr. Foley, the celebrated "tumbler," having lost his seat from the Golden Chariot, broke his arm. At the enchanted palace, where they intend exhibiting when they reach Quebec, a goodly support has been secured, and "roughs" of the "brown colour" will not be tolerated.—God save the Queen.

Great Rejoicing.

— In anticipation of the Hamilton Election, sundry of our Grit friends made great preparation. Dr. Agnew intended having an exhibition of laughing eyes, and the members of the party to have access free of charge. Lots of hot coffee, oatmeal and sulphur. But, alas! poor McElroy was beaten. Buchanan elected—supper postponed—oatmeal sent to Bruce—awaiting the Hon. Mr. McMurrich, who, we believe, is getting out a large importation, for his Election in September next.

Too Good to be True.

— There is no truth in the report that the Committee that collected funds to defray expenses to Quebec, have refunded the same. On the contrary, we hear Wallie went to Hamilton on Tuesday last, with funds which we supposed to be the balance collected from the dupes.

— The London *Free Press* states that the scow "Foley," bound from the West to Quebec, struck on the Grit rocks at Waterloo, last week, and became a total wreck. The underwriters have taken her off their books.

McCord on a Bust.

— Naughtly *Leader*, why interfere with a good arrangement, let McCord go to England, why should he be kept at home to pine away, when a trip to the Covenanters grave would no doubt do him a great deal of good. The rate-payers don't care—let Mr. McCord enjoy himself, and sell the poor man's goods for taxes. Go in gentlemen, throw away the funds, but a day of reckoning is at hand.

City Council.

— We, the *Grumbler*, are surprised at the Council not voting us a bonus last Monday evening, considering the vast benefit the city has derived from our unremunerated services during the last year. Baxter, why did you forget us, when you had the opportunity of doing your country a service? Alas! how seldom do we meet with that prince of virtues—gratitude.

Dough-ty Nasmith.

— If ever bitter spleen rankled in the breast of man, it found a lurking-place in the bosom of John Nasmith against ex-Mayor Bowes, because, forsooth, the ex-mayor caused a quantity of light bread to be seized from the *honest* ex-Alderman's bread-cart, and given to the charitable institutions of Toronto. Our readers must be aware of the "conspiracy" in the matter of issuing tavern licenses, with which he charged Mr. Bowes, Mr. Gowan, and Mr. Boomer. Well, the trumpety charge has failed, and poor "Jock" will have to bottle up his ire until some new opportunity presents itself; but we would advise him strongly not to draw the cork until he is sure of his mark. The result of the last "affair" must recall to honest John's memory the old adage, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

SIMON TO M. H. F.

Alh, Michael, my beauty,
The straight path of duty
N'er, yet has been travelled by you ;
And now we all rue it,
That you did not pursue it,
And still live in famed Waterloo.

The crisis to parry,
The mail bags to carry
In a Lower Canadian canoe,
Was a difficult task,
And 'twas no use to ask
Assistance in famed Waterloo.

From Isaac's new book
A leaf, sure, you took,
And it was a great scandal to you ;
As with " Our House,"
It is " nix cum a rous,"
So it was in the famed Waterloo.

The course you're pursuin'
Leads straight to ruin,
And gives conscience so many sad twiches ;
To ride on the fence
Is a deuced expense,
And plays hob with the seat of one's breeches.

LAW COSTS.

In these days of personal politics and party corruption—when venality and speculation are reduced to a system, and the easy logic of coarse abuse, bandied all around the political " ring," proves every man who is " in " to be a " *corruptionist*," and every man who is " out " to be banking after the public purse—it is truly refreshing to find one great mind sedulous of plain uses, and careful of the interests of that large class of Her Majesty's subjects who are unfortunate enough to go to law. During the session of Parliament now interrupted by the re-construction of the Ministry, we understand that a " pure and simple " patriot in the west has addressed himself with vigour to remedy one of the most crying abuses in the country—the payment of lawyers. That they ought not to be paid, is conceded by every roguo who has lost a bad cause ; and as for the rest, we need not trouble ourselves with their opinions. The friend of the public to whom we allude, has wisely disregarded all the minute considerations which arise from considering both sides of the question, and has applied himself to a grant reform in a trenchant and unsparring manner. Some of the " wire pullers "—who are base enough to think of paying their butcher's bills, and that sordid crowd of careful wretches who are uneasy about their tailor's—at once raised a factious cry, that the author of this great attempt was himself unable to make a living by the law, and was therefore determined that nobody else should ; but he, calmly superior to the voice of calumny, brought in his bill, and submitted to the wisdom of Parliament a unique specimen of legislation, of which, we only fear, the age is not yet unworthy. For comprehensiveness and simplicity, we have met with nothing like it. It states a grievance which everybody confesses who dares to speak out, and it proposes a remedy

" which nobody can deny " to be effectual. Not to keep the world waiting too long, we present our readers with the " little bill " entire, and leave it, without comment, to that admiration which true genius always commands, and to that gratitude which purses too long deeply wounded cannot fail to feel.

THE BILL.

" An Act for the destruction of Lawyers, and for the more primitive Administration of Justice."

Whereas lawyers are a nuisance, and the country groans beneath their exactions : wherefore to abate the said nuisance, and to relieve the burdens of her loving subjects in this behalf, Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of Mr. Scratch-hard, enacts as follows :—

1. That all lawyers, solicitors, and other dealers in " ready made " or " judge made " legal wares, do work for nothing, and find themselves.

2. That all common law judges, whether of the superior or the lower bench, and all chancellors and vice-chancellors and other administrators of justice do the same.

3. That all bailiffs and other process cormorants be put to labour during Her Majesty's pleasure ; and that the Crown Land Department be charged with the duty of finding them plenty to do in the making of trunk roads. *Proviso*, that the same shall not be Grand Trunk.

4. That all litigants do settle their own quarrels with liberty of appeal to the law of nature and Mr. Justice Lynch, according to the practice in ancient times before manners were corrupted by legislation.

5. That " the ring," (24 feet), take precedence of " the bar." *Proviso* :—That in the matter of liquors the " utter or outer bar " take equal rank.

This bill having been duly read and Committed an " enterprising " young member, Mr. Scratch-hard-er, moved to add the following clauses :—

6. That to ensure the rigorous exemplary enforcement of this Act in Upper Canada, Mr. Scratch-hard be, and is hereby appointed, Chief Superintendent of all and every the officials and characters aforesaid, during the term of his natural life, with power to commit any absurdity he pleses on the floor of the Commons of Canada, when their duties grow tiresome and the House desires a recess *pour se delaisser*.

7. That the said gentleman, being a " Minister of Justice " by virtue of the appointment contained in the clause next preceeding, his salary and " casual advantages " be regulated by section number 2.

Proviso :—That he may appoint and dismis at pleasure any number of deputies to assist him in his arduous duties, so that their total remuneration shall not exceed any sum which he may choose to pay them out of his own pocket.

This useful Act awaits the settlement of the present ministerial crisis. Osgoode Hall is preparing to defeat it, and the Benchers have subscribed for a new wig and a waistcoat for Mr. Gwynne, but we believe that the triumph of justice is only a question of time.

Crafty Ambition ending in Political Shipwreck.

Oh ! satelless appetite of restless minds,
Whom *low* in dust, at last, Ambition finds !
Whose votaries o'er ignorance would reign,
Rather than bend their wills, their tongues restrain ;
Whom neither Nature's dictates, laws of man,
Can hinder from so marrying every plan
Fram'd for the commonwealth, the public good,
Which hath the iron hand of time withstood,
That the fair fame of all the world to them
No more is than the puppet's diadem !
With whom nor character nor name is safe,
Whose minds the shadow of a shado would chafe,
If thwarted in their visionary dreams.
Like shadows fitting 'cross the morning beams,
Unsatisfying food to sinful man,
By which the fall of *Angols* first began !
The bane of mortals, throughout every age,
Emblazon'd on undying history's page !
Whose crafty schemes, deep as the azure sea,
Reap no reward, save its owd treachery !
Which hates the excellence it cannot reach,
And God-like wisdom heaven sends to teach !
Full many a victim at thy chariot wheels,
Like Juggernaut, now madly writhing keels !
From the Great Alexander's, onward down
To the small remnant left of Geordie Brown !

Remarkable Events in Bristol's Almanac.

MARCH 5.—Tabular Bridge across the Menai Straits, England, opened, 1850. We hope our friends across the lines will, by this anniversary, be reminded of the absolute necessity of bridging over the *many straits* that this " cruel war " is leading them into, and forfeit the title of Sumpter mules, which they are likely to acquire as bearers of excessive taxation.

On the third of this month, Egbert first assumed the title of King of England ; but we must not necessarily conclude that threat his court and himself got *tight all*.

On the fourth of this month, 1193, Saladin the Great died at Damascus, and, from this time, to avoid confusion, as well as in compliment to this illustrious monarch, (who wore a green mantle) all table herbs are generally entitled small Salad-ing.

Melancholy Out-astrophe.

— We regret to announce that our cat (a tabby) expired at an early hour yesterday morning, in a coal bin, deeply regretted by a large circle of admiring friends. She had lately been very " subject to kittens," and has left five orphans totally unprovided for.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Accounts have been rendered to all subscribers in our debt to this date, and all those not remitting within one week, will be struck off our list. Our terms are strictly cash in advance, and we carry them out to the very letter. Subscribers will, therefore, please remit at once.

GEORGE BROWN.

THE SOLOQUIZES ON THE RESULT OF THE HAMILTON ELECTION CONTEST.

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hours,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never wish'd the victory ours,
But they were sure to gain the day.

I never had a piece of bread,
On one side buttered nicely o'er,
But as I raised it tow'rd's my head,
The butter'd side fell on the floor.

I never made a telling speech,
But sure it was to tell against me,
And thro' the *Grumbler's* columns reach,
Each banlet in this Countairie.

I never call'd a good man "bad,"
Or tried his name to blacken o'er,
But sure it was to "turn me mad,"
And make him better than before.

AMUSEMENTS.

Report says that the Lyceum has been leased for the summer season, but as to the truth of it, we cannot say. Anyone that takes the Lyceum has got to put his shoulder to the wheel, if he intends to make a "piece."—Mr. W. Hill, a talented member of the Toronto Dramatic Club, (Apollo Hall, King Street West,) takes a complimentary benefit tendered him by the Members of the Company, on Tuesday evening next. The programme is a good one and, doubtless, Mr. Hill will have a crowded house. Miss Julia Vincent has kindly volunteered and will sustain two characters.—George Vandenhoff, the celebrated Dramatic Reader, has been giving a series of readings under the auspices of the Re-union Committee of the Mechanics' Institute. His selections are given in a style that stamps him as the first dramatic reader on the continent. The Music Hall was filled to overflowing on each occasion, and we are certain that the coffers of the Mechanics' Institute have not suffered by the engagement.—Martin Murray's Music Hall, Hamilton, is looking 'upward and onward,' and bringing lots of the "to be joyful," to Martin's pocket. Fanny Archer is "warbling" there, and is very popular. The Antonio family are also under an engagement with Murray.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEWS-AGENT, MONTREAL.—Our entire edition of last week was exhausted by Monday night, consequently we could not fill your order. *Ten other News-Agents will accept the same answer.*

SIXON, HAMILTON.—Please send your P. O. address.

G., DUMVILLE.—Send us correspondence and talk to the News-Agent in your village.

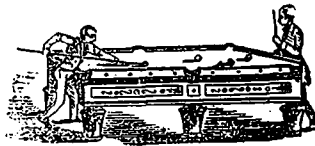
K.—Our terms are 40c's. per line, for one insertion.

W. R. T., CONROUG.—You will please remit, and save further trouble.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH



SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS.

SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.

Patented November 15, 1862. Manufacturer, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Customers repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. None but the best tables made at this establishment.

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

Presuming that our readers are of literary habits and requirements, we take this opportunity, most gracious patrons, of introducing to your very favorable attention and support our friend Charley Backus, of Toronto Street, as a noble specimen of the *genus* Bookseller-Stationer-and-News Dealer. Though he is related to the Divinities—being great grandsoh of the Jolly God—he is not above requiring and receiving the aid of us mortals, and we solicit for him, therefore, the patronage of this intellectual community, promising that pleasure and satisfaction await his patrons. His stock of Novels, Fashion Periodicals and Fancy Stationery, is selected with a view to pleasing our fair readers, and for the sterner sex he has sterner stuff.



TO THE PUBLIC!

OUR NEXT NUMBER

WILL CONTAIN ANOTHER

SPLENDID POLITICAL CARTOON!

INTRODUCING

TWO PROMINENT CANADIAN POLITICIANS!

Country News-Agents will please note that all orders for next week's issue of the *GRUMBLER* should be forwarded to our office by Wednesday next. By extra facilities, we are enabled to put our country edition to press in time for the late mails on Friday night, and our city edition, as usual, at three o'clock on Saturday morning. The wholesale price of the *GRUMBLER* is \$2 per hundred, and all orders, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the cash.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS.



THE "GRUMBLER."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

It must be satisfactory to the lovers of fun to see the improvement of our sarcastic and witty contemporary, the *Grumbler*, or *Canadian Punch*.—*B. C. Canadian, Brockville.*

This spicy publication has a very good engraving as a frontispiece in the present number. The hits are as good as usual. Grumble away, old fellow.—*Union, Ottawa.*

The promised political cartoon appeared in the last issue. In design and execution it is excellent.—*Advance, Barrie.*

Saturday's *Grumbler*, the only real *Punch* in Canada, comes to us embellished with a caricature of Sandfield Macdonald, Cartier, and George Brown, in which the attempt to catch Cartier is very cleverly shown up.—*British Whig, Kingston.*

Last week's *Grumbler* is exceedingly well spiced. The *Grumbler* is getting very racy, and is rapidly coming into public favor.—*Canadian, Sarnia.*

This piquant little sheet contains an excellent cartoon. The whole thing is well done, and if these cartoons are kept up from week to week, without fear or favor, will render the *Grumbler* a greater favourite than ever.—*Home Journal, St. Thomas.*

This laughter provoking little sheet is a welcome visitant to our sanctum. It deals its growls all around, irrespective of parties or persons.—*Eastern Townships Gazette.*

This little sheet continues as spicy as ever, and has firmly established itself as an "institution" in our community.—*Leader.*

We hail with pleasure the *Grumbler*, witty and sarcastic as ever, without descending to vulgarity. Its sparkling hits at the follies of men and the times, evince much ability, and the investment of a little capital and perseverance would soon render it the *Punch* of Canada, and one, too, of which the Province might justly feel proud.—*Dumfries Reformer.*

OUT,
IMMEDIATELY ON ISSUE

OF
SUMMER TIME TABLES
OF
GRAND TRUNK
AND

GREAT WESTERN RAILROADS,

ROBERTSON'S
Canadian Railway

GUIDE,
FOR MAY,

PRICE TEN CENTS.
For Sale by all News Agents throughout the Canadas.