

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 14.]

## 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 inserting 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," Post Office, Toronto, and not to any publisher or newsdealer in the city.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I redo you tont it;  
A chief's amaz you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

### Song of the Ottawas Contractors.

What joy was ours when first we signed, our contracts so imposing O,  
How merrily we drank our grog, and smoked our pipes reposing O,  
And how we entertained our friends at grandest jollifications, sirs,  
And promised them all sorts of things, in most sublime orations, sirs.

If over building of a house to builders fortune brought O,  
We calculated this should pay, ourselves and those we brought O,  
And if as yet our "pile" is small, (it's not so very high, sirs),  
We hope you'll not suppose its so, because we didn't try, sirs.

We raised a "pile" when, at the first, the excavations sank O,  
When first we laid the cellar walls, we put more cash in Bank, oh!  
And if we could have kept the job until the floors were laid, sirs,  
We'd laugh the Government to scorn, and our fortunes would be made, sirs.

We had good friends in Government, who paid our bills unread O,  
Which showed that they were gentlemen, and perfectly well-bred, O,  
But now *homines* who read if your bills and cut them down, sirs,  
We can't consider gentlemen, they're fellows like that Brown, sirs.

We had a rule, a jolly rule, a most delightful one, O,  
And by that rule's proportion true we charged for all work done, O,  
Just simply—multiply by 10 the charges of the trade, sirs,  
You cannot think what pleasant sums this small expedient made, sirs.

But suddenly—ah dreadfully—was stopped our operations, O,  
The present Government walked in with all their bold intentions, O.

Down came a stern commission then, to see what we were doing, sirs,  
We poor contractors took to bed, and dream't of trouble brewing, sirs.

They flourished out a mean report of every little job, O,  
And dared, insidiously, to say we meant to rob, O,  
O, when we saw that awful thing, we thought they couldn't fail, sirs,  
To raise on all our hoarded cash, and walk us off to jail, sirs.

But ah! the news, the sorry news, that we have heard to-day O,  
The Government are not so bad, but jolly fellows they, O,  
We solemnly retract our words about their former tricks, sirs,  
They're honourable gentlemen, and senatorial bricks, sirs.

We hear that we're to keep our cash—the cash we nabbed so neatly, O,  
All that they called our robbery, they pardon us completely, O,  
Oh! never was a Government so free from petty vices, sirs,  
They mean to keep us still at work, and that at paying prices, sirs.

We honour such a Government, they're men of honour true, O,  
But yet, to be consistent men, there's one thing they should do, O,  
Just quietly, and secretly, the little fact we mention, sirs,  
In future, let all robbers go, and give them all a pension, sirs!

### A Crusade Against the Bonnages of the City Council.

It is reported that a petition similar to the following is in course of signature for presentation to the City Council:

To the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Toronto.

Humbly sheweth, that the slumbers of your petitioners, residing on Market Square, Front Street and Palace Street, were grievously disturbed by the bellowing, loud barking, and harangues of one of the members of your honourable body, yelet Coun. B—x—r, and the dogs that infest the Market Square. That when any subject is under discussion in the City Council, however trifling, the said Councilman at once raises his voice, giving the key note to the canine species aforesaid, and the slumbers of your petitioners are thereby grievously disturbed. Now your petitioners would respectfully pray, that means be immediately taken to restrain the "oratory" of the said Councilman; and the animals aforesaid, being deprived of their key note, will repose tranquilly, and thus peace and quietness will, on Monday nights, be restored to the neighbourhood inhabited by your petitioners. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.

The GRUMBLER's advice to his friend, in the event of such a petition being introduced, is to move that it be thrown under the table. The worthy Council may talk too much now and then, but free speech is the birth-right of every Briton. Let him remember the last line of "Rule Britannia"—

"Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

## LETTER FROM A CONVICT.

(Sent to us in mistake—it should have been forwarded to the Editor of the Globe.)

Prov. Penitentiary, March 6th.

DEAR SIR,

As you kindly inserted in your influential journal a letter from an inmate of this industrial establishment, I would ask that you make me your debtor by communicating to the world the story of my wrongs, as contained in this epistle. This institution is a disgrace to a civilized community. Take my own case. True, I was tried and convicted of forgery, and sentenced to four years incarceration. But see what I suffer. I am not allowed an apartment to myself, but am compelled to associate with uneducated persons. I am forced to work from morning till night at degrading manual labor, and that too without compensation. The food is abominable. Think of water and porridge, and remember too that I was always used to all the delicacies of the season. When I do anything amiss, brutal keepers compel me to get on an instrument of torture called a tread-mill. My clothing is coarse, plain, and of an unfashionable cut. Just think of it. Every body is now wearing short coats with pockets at the side, while here I am with nothing but a loose sack. Although moustaches are in fashion I am not allowed even this slight gratification. My pants are of a very old fashioned style—not the slightest attempt at peg-tops. The only comfort I have is the thought that my hair is short, very short in fact, and, in this respect alone, am I like my fellow mortals outside. Trusting your vigorous pen will bring about a different state of things, by exposing the tyranny and cruelty of the keepers, I beg to subscribe myself as I am called here.

44.

### Not this Man—Another.

The Hon. Sidney Smith requests us to say, that the Sidney Smith who is at present engaged in the management of "The Seven Sisters," at the Royal Lyceum, is not the late Post-master General. This explanation is deemed necessary, as it was feared that the long experience of the late honourable representative of mail-bags in stage business, and the high reputation which he achieved as a comic actor, would have led the public to a misapprehension as to his present calling. He begs to say that he is still in the old play-house, though at present acting as "sup,"—the leading members of the company having been entirely changed.

A PROMISE NOT LIKELY TO BE FULFILLED.—Old Abe has promised "fighting Joe," that if he bags the whole of Lee's army within the next three months, his name will be altered by Act of Congress, from "Hooker," to Hook'em.

**A Chronology of the Most Important Events of the Past Year in Toronto.**

*Jan. 1st.*—1862.—One of Old Jones' turkies died of loss of blood, after an operation on the throat. The person who performed the operation is unanimously acquitted of manslaughter at the trial which takes place before a jury, at six o'clock on the evening of the same day. Verdict.—"Kill another!"

*Jan. 5th.*—Mr. Sardanapalus Smith, and Miss Angelina Jones are married at Joineh Church, by the Rev. Mr. Tighemtight, who, (out of pure respect for the bridegroom,) presents the bride with a silver spoon engraved with her initials, "A. S. S."

*Jan. 17th.*—It being a rainy day, Mrs. Araminta McGaunnon, borrows old Jones' new silk umbrella, "for two minutes."

*Feb. 3rd.*—A French laundress calls on the Hon. John Jenkins for settlement of a quarters washing, and is informed that the hon. gentleman is "O. O. T.," (signifying out of Town,) but as on leaving she catches sight of the hon. gentleman behind the window curtains, she comes to the conclusion that the hon. gentleman is "O. O. T." (signifying "out of Tin,") and that she will "never wash him again!"

*Feb. 14th.* (St. Valentine's Day.)—Old Jones' Cook—Betsy Jane Parker—receives a magnificent Valentine, which represents two lovers in a grove, encircled by roses, (or cabbages,) but as Betsy Jane happens to have a pug nose, red hair and squints with one eye, old Jones' youngest daughter hints at the probability of Betsy Jane's having sent herself the valentine in question, at which cruel remark Betsy Jane turns very red, (hair included,) squints worse than ever, and gives a months warning.

*March 1st.*—Nothing particular this month. Everybody being as "mad as a March hare," and so, not in any way accountable for their actions.

*May 1st.*—Mrs. Sardanapalus Smith again goes out shopping, but this time does not see "why a girl should be so mighty nice indeed, just because she happens to be married!" and so accepts Capt. Dashaway's invitation to a military pic-nic, early in June, without asking her darling Sardanapalus' leave.

*June 8th.*—Old Jones dies from laughter over THE GRUMBLER—at least he would, but THE GRUMBLER does not come out till later in the season—however old Jones dies—and is decently buried by the editors of the different journals in Toronto, with all the unpaid accounts of subscribers generally, for as there was not too lively a certainty of their ever being paid they will now be settled with old Jones to a "dead certainty."

*Sep. 25th.*—An M. P. receives a bad 60 cent piece in change, and being of a charitable turn of mind, generously puts it in the collection plate the following Sunday at Church! The name of the generous individual does not transpire.

*Nov. 14th.*—The Rossin House is found to be on fire, but owing to the valuable and efficient aid of the Toronto Fire Department, the fire is in a very short time allowed to burn itself out,

till the magnificent building is entirely destroyed. It is reported that one of the bystanders, wishing to aid the Fire Company in putting out the fire, actually threw a whole tumbler of water into the flames! As soon as the fire is discovered the bells (Belles) are heard loud and shrill. The ladies behave with unheard of courage—one lady being so perfectly calm as to faint away, but finding no gentleman near anxious to distinguish himself by carrying her out, she comes to the conclusion to walk out as fast as she can, and save her dry goods. Our tragic scene occurs in the midst of the confusion, viz.: A gentleman is seen tragically seated on a small portmanteau in one of the passages, and is heard to exclaim in a saint voice,—"Portar! portar! if some wascally portar does not come to my assistance I shall inevitably lose my portmanteau containing all my property! As the box in question no doubt contained the gentlemen's "bivains" some ladies help him out with it.

*Dec. 20th.*—Dramatic scenes and striking incidents in the matrimonial career of Mr. and Mrs. Sardanapalus Smith. Cause—an argument about their Xmas dinner—he wants goose and apple sauce—she wants roast beef, and asserts that he's "goose enough! besides is a tailor that he always wants a goose!" Mr. S. immediately proposes a divorce, which brings Mrs. S. to her senses, and goose is triumphant!

*Dec. 31st.*—Mr. Sardanapalus Smith does not see why he should always be tied to his adored Angelina's apron string, so goes out to dinner, and coming home at two o'clock in the morning slightly "salubrious," mistakes the baby for his adored Angelina's pet puddle puppy, and kicks it off the bed into the fireplace! And thus—sad to relate—perished a child who, though only three days old, had that very morning distinctly uttered a gurgling sound resembling "Gr-Gr-Gr-r-r-rah!" Evidently an infantine effort to ask for THE GRUMBLER!

**TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.**

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, a Member of Parliament, or elsewhere, President of the Council:

STANLEY STREET, 6th March, 1863.

My word to you, I'm afraid of this letter. I spent last night wid a one-eyed man who did a little fancy work in ninety-eight, that didn't improve his glazin. After the fifth tumbler, "Terry" says he over to me, "what are they doin in Parlemin?" "What would ye give to know?" says I, bein a little taken aback at a question that would puzzle the ould boy himself. "Let me tell you" says he, "that they don't seem to know down there whether the grey goose or the white goose is the gander, for they are puttin out convaynient min wid their election committees, and ruinin themselves wid their honesty."

"Thighim" says I, "but what's the difference as long as Brown's in, for he'll make disturbance enough to divart attinshun from any little eccentricities that they may indulge in at

the first onset." "God grant it," says he, not knowing very well what he was sayin, "but whin did you hear from him—I mane that bull-headed blacknized cousin of yours?" "Read that," says I, handin him over your last epistle which was written at an angle of forty-five, and apparently under a great disarrangement of the alphabet—"Blur and turf," says he, "do you mane to tell me, that there's any such under-standing betwene John Sanfield and John A.?" "There's the sworn President of the Council for it," says I, "and what more can you ax." "Thunder and agus," says he, "but I'm glad they're both Scotch!"—"Mannin the two other bukkies; "but don't you think he overstepped it, in lettin it out?" "Och! mavouneen," says I, "did you ever hear of the printhers eye bein put out on a protestant bible?" "And," says I agin, "I'd rather take him on Burness Poems, or on Hay's Balads of Ireland, if I wanted to put a lasp on his lip, than on anythin that hadn't the Maccabees in it." "That's sevar," says he, "but we'll have to take him as he is, and I'm afraid there's no help for it." "Lave it here!" says I, stretchin out my fist to him, "and if that was the way in which Ireland thrated all her distinguished sons, it would be so much the better for us. "Minny a hole might be picked in that same man's coat; but if the saygulls were at him, like those in Hinawtha at the ribs of the king of fishes; they could never lave him naked, because annder all he wore Thomas Darcy McGee."

Well, God knows, people will begin to think that I'm layin it on wid a throwl; but the truth comes aisy to me, and if there's a strhake of poetry in a body, he can no more hide it than the earth her primroses. Don't think I'm forgettin Michael; only that I began on you first, I could lade him handsomely through minny a paragraph. I'm glad that the paper's nearly done, for I feel in a similar condition myself. Howsomidiver, I have room for one line more, and that is just where I'll write

Your lovin cousin,  
TERRY FINNEGAN.

**Theatrical.**

—The indefatigable Manager of the Lyceum has succeeded in securing those celebrated artists, the Editors of the *Globe* and *Leader*, for the burlesque now having such a successful run on the stage. These accomplished gymnasts will perform every night their extraordinary feat entitled "On the fence." No change in the prices.

**Fatton to be Rewarded.**

—The V. C. of Toronto University deserves to have some public acknowledgment of the services rendered by him to that institution, from which he receives an annual income. The University Association will receive subscriptions. It is the intention of some of the learned V. C.'s admirers to present to him a new pair of spectacles.

**An Act for the Protection of a Confiding Public.**

The following Bill has not been noticed in the Parliamentary despatches of the *Globe* or the *Leader*; but our readers have the authority of *Tas Gintunna* for saying that it is in the charge of Ferguson Tom, M.P.P. for the "lamb" of South Simcoe.

Whereas, it has come to our knowledge that certain of our loving subjects are in the habit of extracting profit upon their wares from others of our loving subjects, under circumstances rather prejudicial to the pockets of the latter,

Therefore, be it enacted that:—

1. Any baker who is known to cheat or defraud his customers by mixing beans, alum, starch, bone-dust, whitening, potatoes, or any spurious ingredients in his bread; or when baking pies, lifting the lid off the same and taking out part of the inside, shall, for every such offence, be compelled to sit in his oven directly the batch is drawn, for the space of half-an-hour.

2. Any butcher who shall be known to stick a lump of fat under his scale, so as to make it weigh down, and thus deprive his customers of their rights, shall, in cities and towns, be made to stand in the Police Court every morning from the hour of ten to twelve, as a warning to the respectable portion of the community, who daily congregate within the walls of the aforesaid court; and any butcher known to "blow" his meat, or use other means of deceiving the public, shall, on conviction for said offence, be made to hand over said blow meat for the benefit of the public institutions where he resides, without acknowledgment in the journals published in the city or town where the offence may be committed.

3. Any tavern-keeper who shall be known to mix water with his liquors, or use logwood in the manufacture of a bad article of wine or brandy, shall be smothered in a butt of his own swipes.

4. Any teetotaler who shall be known to drink less than two quarts of gin, rum, whiskey, or brandy in the course of a week, or prefer brandy sauce on pudding to a sauce in which no liquor is used, shall be appointed next President of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance.

5. Any tailor, employed in cutting out a suit of clothes, who shall be detected in cabbaging less than two-thirds of the said cloth, shall be compelled to sit upon his goose, red hot, for the space of one hour.

6. Any shoemaker, bootmaker, cobbler or tailor who shall be known to put more than three stitches to an inch, shall be expelled from the associations connected with the aforesaid callings.

7. Any grocer who shall be known to sell horse beans for coffee, sloe leaves for tea, mix sand with his sugar, water with his vinegar, or brick-dust with his pepper; shall for such serious offences, be ducked in a loghead of treacle, and then rolled in feathers.

8. Any barber or barber's apprentice, who, when shaving any customer, shall fail to cut the chin of the aforesaid customer, or neglect to thrust the brush of lather into his mouth, shall have his own head shaved, and his bare block

publicly exposed in his own shop window, as a monument of his incompetence.

9. Any married man, who shall be known to kiss another man's wife, shall be fined \$40 and costs; and double that amount for kissing a single woman.

10. Any woman who shall be in the habit of gossiping in other people's houses, and minding every other body's business but her own, and failing to have her husband's dinner cooked at the regular hour; shall be kept from skating for the period of one week, for each such offence which she has committed.

11. Any man, who arrives at the age of forty without having taken unto himself a help-mate, shall be banished to the Manitoulin Islands for the remainder of his days.

12. Any soldier, who shall be found sneaking after the servant girls, or found with his arm round the waist of one of the aforesaid class, even though the thermometer be 30° below Zero, shall be compelled to marry, as a punishment for his crime.

13. Any officer known to pass a pretty girl on the street without winking at her, or staring her straight in the face, shall be compelled to go without his brandy and water for the space of one half hour.

14. Any sewing girl who shall be known to neglect painting her face, or wearing hoops so large as that a foot passenger may pass her on a ten foot sidewalk, shall be doomed to remain single all the days of his life.

15. Any milkman who shall be found milking a pump at the hour of midnight instead of the cow, shall be made to sit upon the pump three hours for each offence, as a warning to other milkmen.

16. Any Member of Parliament who shall neglect to send homo to his country residence at least 500lbs. weight of stationery, during each session of Parliament, shall be considered as having committed a serious breach of privilege, and shall be liable to expulsion therefor.

17. Every young man over the age of fourteen, who shall refuse to lecture before a public audience upon the most abstract subjects in philosophy and science, shall be tied to his Mamma's apron-strings for a period of at least six hours for each such offence.

18. This act shall be a public act.

**Lancer Rankin Again.**

"He spoke of the immorality of public men, and the effect of their conduct upon the public."—*Parliamentary Report.*

—Will this amiable and moral individual stop prating of "immorality!" American greenbacks weigh heavily on his conscience, and as gold rises his spirits sink. *Hinc illa lachryma.*

COMMITTEES to be formed during the present Session of Parliament:—

Mr. Buchanan, on brevity; Mr. Cartier, on codfish; Mr. Rose, on flowers; Mr. Cauchon, on pigs; Mr. Smith, on horse-shoeing; Mr. McBeth, on the drama; Mr. White, on colors; Mr. Bell, on steeples; Mr. Bureau, on furniture; Mr. Knight on heraldry; Mr. Baby, on children; Mr. Street, on highways.

**BROWN REDIVIVUS.**

Richard's himself again! The big gun is once more on the road to the sporting shop, to cut and Jew, to hack right and left, and display the time honoured bob-tails! All hail to the ex-chief! May his shadow never grow less!

Why this apostrophe? The event is no unimportant one. The appearance of the ex-leader in the House is the *Mene, mene, tekel upharsun* of the government. John Sandfield is up the spout, little Adam will be once more let loose among his briefs, his pleas and declarations. D'Arcy will again have time to enlighten a benighted public on the lessons of revolutions; Michael may rollick among the jolly Dutchmen of Berlin; Macdougall may return to his cultivators and agricultural essays; and the rest of them; to those avocations which more befit them than holding the reins of the government. What a day of jubilee that will be, the avaricious followers of John Brown are for once sitting in the cold shade of Opposition!

Apreros of the return of G. B., it has been whispered to us that a new Ministry is already in progress of formation. At least it has an existence on paper, whatever else may become of it. Acting according to that higher light which the member for South Oxford received in his late visit to Great Britain and the "land o' cakes," and which has already caused him to discard conventions, of which he was the chief introducer into the Province, he now sees great beauty in coalitions and concessions, and is ever willing to form part of the tail of whatever government may be formed. That these suggestions are not ill-founded will be seen by referring to the following list, which was picked up in Ingersoll on Thursday night last, one hour after the polls had closed:—

Premier & Attorney Gen. West.	Hon. J. A. Macdonald.
Finance Minister.	Hon. George Brown.
Postmaster General.	Hon. Mr. H. Kilbuck.
Minister of Agriculture.	Hon. Mr. Ross.
Solicitor General West.	Hon. Oliver Mowat.
President of the Council.	Mr. J. B. E. Durion.
Attorney General East.	Hon. Mr. Durion.
Solicitor General East.	Hon. Mr. Laberge.
Receiver General.	Hon. J. H. Cameron.
Commissioner of Public Works.	Hon. Mr. Cauchon.

A note added to the list expressed the thought that this conglomeration will be able to obtain a working majority in the House, as it includes leading members of all shades of politics, from both sides of the House. A strong government, Mr. Brown is assured, is what the country requires, and he is willing to sink minor differences for the attainment of that end.

It might be questioned by some persons, what would become of Rep. by Pop. in the hands of such a Ministry? But as Mr. Brown has discovered that the best way of settling the difficulty is to make application to the British government—a *la* Ottawa Buildings—said decision to be a finality, it is believed that the government would be able to get along, without being seriously troubled with this nightmare of shabby politicians.

P.S.—Since writing the above we have received special telegram from Quebec, which informs us that negotiations towards the effecting the coalition foreshadowed in Mr. Brown's programme have already surrendered. The present men can be upset at any time.

## THAT REPORT!

(SPECIAL TELEGRAPH TO THE GRUMBLER.)

QUEBEC, March 3.

Whack! smash! crash! Everything is going to the dogs; there is a fearful commotion here. The reporter of the *Globe* is to be hanged and quartered to-morrow, and the member for Lambton is to be put in the stocks for 24 hours.

All about that report, you know. The all-absorbing question is "who stole it?" "Who struck Billy Patterson?" was not a circumstance to the great question of the present day.

I await further developments, which I will telegraph at the earliest possible opportunity.

[We fear our correspondent is unnecessarily exercised about this matter. He has evidently more conscience left than the representative of the large sheets. Who in the name of fortune would expect our brother of the large sheets to understand anything about morality in matters of this sort? It's all a lot of buncombe. That if the *Globe* reporter did steal it; was it not all in the way of business? Everything is fair in war; and evidently it does surprise us a little that any one should feel abashed at the conduct of the *Globe* reporter—as if, indeed, it were anything new. Out upon these men of tender sensibility.]

We really trust that such serious consequences as our correspondent seems to apprehend will not come to pass. It would be a terrible thing if the legislation of the country should be suddenly stopped by any extraordinary pranks on the part of nature, such, for instance, as a volcanic eruption, or the knocking of a couple of planets together. What become of us all, if the wise heads now assembled in our ancient capital, were to be summarily sent about their business? The thought is too much for us. Bring the smelling bottle, Angelina dear!—*Ed. Grumbler.*

## UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

The meeting held on Thursday night to prove to everybody, what everybody was already perfectly convinced of, viz.: that the Report was a humbug, and the reporters humbugs, was a perfect success. The hall was crowded to the ceiling, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands who were outside. In fact the jam was so great that the Rev. "Casual Advantages," alias, "General Superintendent of Altercation," and the Editor of the *Guardian*, were to take seats on the roof, where they sat amusing themselves by squirting tobacco juice through a hole in the roof, on the speaker of the evening. On being remonstrated with on account of their indecent behaviour, the Rev. Superintendent of Altercation replied, that he did so because he fancied it might prove "casually advantageous" to the interests of the meeting. The Editor of the *Guardian*, gave as his reason, that man was a "free agent," and consequently Victoria College should receive six fifths of the endowment fund, and the rate of interest restricted to 7 per cent. As the Rev. gentleman proceeded, his head began to swell with excitement, and the gas which was

flowing from his mouth entering his ears, he became balloonically inflated, and rose rapidly in the air. We are informed that as he rose he struggled frantically to retain his hold on earth, and in his agony grasped the Superintendent of Altercation by the left leg, but it was useless, from the large quantities of gas which had entered the Editor's head, they were both lighter than atmospheric air, and consequently shot up rapidly into the air. When last seen they were directing their course to the planet Mars, where it is supposed they will land. After their disappearance, the meeting proceeded harmoniously. The Chairman commenced by taking the chair. This brilliant stroke of genius was loudly applauded, in-somuch so that he was obliged to repeat it. For a full account of the meeting we refer our readers to those reliable journals, the *Leader* and *Globe*.

## ROYAL LYCEUM.

The plentiful application of printer's ink in the shape of mammoth posters, programmes, and "ads" in the city dailies, announcing the intention of Manager Linden to produce the "farical, nonsensical and dramatical" extravaganza of the Seven Sisters, created quite a *furor* among theatrical goers in particular, and the whole mass of our citizens in general. Monday evening witnessed its first representation to a house crowded to suffocation. Mr. De Groat's acting as "Mrs. Pluto," "Frau Vonhyssonslophen," and "Biddy McGee," brought down vehement applause and roars of laughter. Mr. Daly as "Cuffee," the contraband of war, was much better than we expected; his song, "Josiah and his Dinna," and local hits were particularly good. The production of the Seven Sisters brings several new faces to the Lyceum, and although they are on this occasion behind the scenes, still theirs is the most laborious part—that on which the success of the piece stands or falls. We refer to the well-known comedian, Mr. Sidney Smith, stage manager of the Metropolitan, Buffalo, who has the management of the piece, and Captain Ira Earl, the indefatigable and gentlemanly Treasurer and business manager of the same institution, to both of whom the citizens are specially indebted for the way in which the piece has been presented to the public. We cannot close our notice without complimenting Mr. Linden for the enterprise he has displayed in bringing this piece on our boards. The Seven Sisters will run all next week, if not longer.

## ATHENEUM CONCERT HALL.

This novel and peculiar institution, under the directorship of Mr. D. T. Corrie, is still "marching on." Notwithstanding the counter attraction every evening in the city, the Hall is crowded to excess. Mr. Corrie's "Freedom of opinion" and "Fireman Mose" are decidedly the best lines in this week's programme. Mr. Aiken and the Newton family are still on hand in their popular roles.

## Astray.

"Mr. Bodwell's brother said with another great man, 'Je suis l'etat,' and sent forth his edict."—*Globe.*

—If Mr. Bodwell's brother wished to be correct in his quotation, he would have said "L'etat cest moi."

## SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Agents and Canvasers should apply early for samples of Brookes' & Rodds' Patent Self-Measuring and Self-Ventilating Funnel, 27 King Street West, Toronto, P. O. Box, 659. Sample forwarded on receipt of \$1. Liberal terms.

With a spirit and enterprise which has always characterized them, the firm of E. R. Hall & Co. have issued No. 1 of the Canadian Penny-Song Book, containing ten popular ballads, all of which can be obtained for the small sum of a penny. When we remember that a penny is generally charged for a single ballad, then will be seen the advantages of E. R. H. & Co's book. There is no doubt that it will take the place of the vast number of American productions now circulating in Canada.

Baby-amusement is an art only acquired by a long and arduous practice; and one naturally asks is there no short road to learning of this kind? We answer—Yes. Buy a Baby Jumper. Mrs. Tanner has them for sale at the low price of \$3.00 to \$4.00. Who would be without them? Let young husbands, old husbands, young wives and old wives, procure them at once. To gratify your wives, husbands purchase a Skirt Lifter at fifty cents. You will then have pleased your wife and quieted the baby, and thus insured domestic peace and happiness.

It is unnecessary to give a column of wood illustrations of self-evident facts, when we desire to inform our million of readers that there are more than one hundred and seventy-five advantages to be derived from patronising friend C. A. Backus, of Toronto Street. His stock of novels, particularly, is a novel institution—his stationery department can't be beat, and in the periodical branch he is A. 1, and always ahead of time. He can teach his patrons in one lesson on the art of purchasing their books, Stationery and Periodicals to the best advantage.

Messrs. Ritchey & Harris, No. 5 St. James' Buildings, King street East, are extensive dealers in Stores, Grates, Tin, Sheet-iron, Japanned Goods, House Furnishing Hardware, with a splendid assortment of Coal Oil Lamps. The respectability, promptitude and liberality of the members of this firm (who, apart from their business, rank among our personally popular men) have gained for them an extensive and rapidly increasing trade, and any of our readers requiring anything in their line cannot do better than to give them a call.

Artists as well as Poets are considered to have the gift of genius born with them, which impression has helped to keep thin the ranks of the former by damping budding genius. But such may be the case no longer, as an Apostle of Art has appeared among us in the person of Mr. Wood, who is prepared, in fifteen lessons, to teach a system of painting from Nature, with as much claim to art, truth and style as Ruskins. His collection of the works of some of his pupils is very fine. Every young lady particularly should learn his method. His rooms are No. 40 King street East.

Among the numerous manufactories that attest the enterprise of our citizens, we have much pleasure this week in calling attention to the Foundry of Messrs. J. G. Beard & Sons, on the corner of Queen and Victoria streets, where they manufacture Stoves of many patterns and Hollow-ware in great quantity. The enterprise and spirit they have thrown into their business, together with the well-known standing and integrity of the firm, should gain for the Messrs. Beard a position among the manufacturing community of Canada second to none. Their extensive Sale-rooms are at 118 King street East, where a very large business is done by them. Their "Steward Cooking Stove" is an article of their manufacture that has won golden opinions, and all persons desiring to purchase stoves should not fail to call and examine it.