

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

VOL. 2.—NO. 29.

## 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.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the Grumbler, will understand that from this date (May 1st) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet. —[E]

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I tade you tent it;  
A chief's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll pront to."

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

### BARBAROUS A—N.

A SONG.

Air:—"Oh! cruel Barbara Allen."

'Twas at a busy restaurant,  
The guests the waiters calling,  
And one was there, up in a chair,  
And he was—Barbarous A—n.

He made a speech, and with a screech,  
On politics was bawling;  
When then and there, down came the chair,  
And upset Barbarous A—n.

A man sat by with curious eye,  
And marked this lawyer falling,  
"Now who is he?" his vis-a-vis,  
Said, "that is Barbarous A—n."

"He'd made a good cartoon," said he,  
"An artist I will call in."  
He didn't know when he said so,  
How cruel was Barbarous A—n.

But Lord! when the cartoon came out,  
The threats were quite appalling;  
"I'll prosecute, I'll call you out,"  
Said cruel Barbarous A—n.

But let us hope the counsel's ire,  
Is fast to zero falling,  
From out the frying pan to fire,  
Remember, Barbarous A—n.

Is but poor change; so don't get grunk,  
And you won't get a mauling;  
One Boomer's worse than two cartoons,  
Oh, cruel and Barbarous A—n.

### The James Cotton Appointment.

We are led to believe by our best friends, that a no more popular and well deserved exposure, than that of Mr. James Cotton, ever appeared in our columns. We thank our friends for their appreciation and approval. We profess to be perfectly sincere in our pretension to promote and vindicate the rights of the people; and, thus prompted, we considered it our duty, last week, to at once place our two feet upon the serpent called Cotton. John A. Macdonald had no right whatever, to give Mr. Cotton any appointment under the crown; and, inclined though we are to support a Conservative administration, we must say, alas for the good old principles of yore, if such infamous evidences of Constitutional Government as the appointment of James Cotton, are to be pawed off upon the people of Upper Canada. The fact is, the Conservative party will not stand any such imposition. Too much of a good thing is good for nothing, and we may beg to assure the present Ministry that it will estrange very many respectable friends should the Cotton appointment be made. Why not give the situation to a man acquainted, not only with the mechanical working of the roads, but, also, the financial. It will not do for Mr. Cotton to be thrust down the particular throats of the Conservatives. The fact is, he can't be swallowed, no matter how much pepper and salt and seasoning is put upon the dish. We protest, once more, against this proposed appointment. The truth is, we are sick with thinking over the affair, and trust, for the sake of all decency, that Mr. Cotton will be dropped like a hot potato. Of all men in the world he is the last who should become the pet of any Government, and it is not too much to ask from the Ministry that, before they appoint Mr. Cotton, they should advertise in and about Quebec, and the suburbs of Toronto, for all information relating to him, past, present and future. We believe the story would be a queer one.

### Early ashleaves (a mark.)

—We see by the *Leader* a gentleman was saluted with a shower of ashes whilst walking down King Street. We will not be tempted to joke, and say, as we might, that it was too volcanic a reception, and the ash throwers should be ashamed of themselves, although a certain amount of *éclat* (Mount Hecla, oh!) has been the sequence. No, we will gravely endorse the remark of the *Leader*, which is, that "people should be more careful where they throw their ashes." "Light come, light go," is a true proverb. The ancients took far more care of their ashes, because they earned (urned) them.

### UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

We give a short notice of the most gratifying feature of the annual Convocation, that of the delivery of the prizes, with the short and judicious remarks of the respective examiners:

Mr. BOYD, M. A., presented Mr. J. Campbell, as the prizeman in English prose. Mr. Boyd stated that Mr. Campbell had before been very successful, and he hoped his essays would swell into volumes; in fact, he earnestly wished he might become more prosy than ever. (Cheers.)

Mr. R. SULLIVAN, M.A., announced Mr. Tamblin, as the successful French essayist; and assured that gentleman, if he should ever be in China, and could ask in Chinese for tea as well as he could in French, his pot would be pretty well replenished. (Laughter.)

Prof. BUELAND presented Mr. W. N. Keefer with the agricultural department prize (a beautifully embossed Swedish turnip), and said that this had been a *field day* for Mr. Keefer, for he had acquitted himself very creditably. His knowledge of composts was very great, and in particular of bone manures. No one, he ventured to say, who had heard Mr. Keefer's masterly exposition of the property of half inch bone, could ask the question, *cut bono?* (Laughter.)

Dr. CROFT presented Mr. W. B. McMurrich, as the successful competitor for the prize thesis on *Malt*, and stated that the thesis evinced great pains and research in chemises, and the knowing sciences.

The CHANCELLOR then rose, and said that too much importance could not be placed on the possession of an universal (he would not say University) education. He hoped the gentlemen present would never forget, or forgive, their *Alma Mater*; and, in obedience to the "early closing movement,"—(laughter)—he now declared the Convocation closed.

### Aw. M. Smith.

—We have it on the best of authority, that the Member for East Toronto has succeeded in getting his first and only bill through Parliament. Well done Aw. M.!

### Water Lots.

—Our big brother the *Globe*, in trying to screen the Christian politician and the city members in their base act in trying to defraud the ratepayers of Toronto out of \$200,000, and has raised a charge against the City Solicitor by stating that we threatened repudiation. Mr. *Globe*, the falsehood will not go down, and you can't force it down. The ratepayers of Toronto who read the papers, know who their real friends are.

SIT LEVIS TERRA. J. G. B.

There are no monuments like virtuous deeds,  
The good and bad live in men's minds and hearts.  
As the fair fruitful season marks a year,  
Made bountiful by God; and old men say:  
"Aye! 'twas the year of plenty." So they note  
The next by storm and tempest. Both years live,  
But, ah! how differently. The raging storm,  
Leaves its fierce impress and desolation,  
Graven deeply on men's souls; but the fruitful year  
Is blessed even for ever. We speak of it,  
All lovingly and reverently; as if 'twere sentient,  
And could mark our praise, from out the change-  
less past.

So, a good man's memory needeth no monument;  
But such fair tribute is kind as well as graceful.

#### THE TRADES.

We are sorry to perceive that trade is in such  
an alarming state at present. A general strike  
has taken place among the smiths—the carpenters  
are dreadfully cut up and the shoemakers find at  
the last, that it is impossible to make both end  
and most. The bricklayers swear that the monopolists  
ought to be brought to the scaffold. The glaziers  
having taken some pains to discover the cause of  
the distress, declare they can see through the whole  
of it. The gardeners wish to get at the root of  
the evil and consequently have become radical  
reformers. The laundresses have washed their  
hands clean of the business. The dyers protest  
that things never looked so blue in their memory  
as there is a slow demand for fast colours. The  
weavers say their lives hang by a single thread.  
The booksellers protest we must turn over a new  
leaf. The ironmongers declare times are very  
hard indeed. The cab-men say business is com-  
pletely at a stand. The water-men are all aground.  
The tailors object to the Government measures,  
and the undertakers think that affairs are assum-  
ing a grave aspect. Two watch-makers of this  
City have stopped this morning, and what is more  
extraordinary, their watches have stopped too.  
Verily when will things "take a turn."

#### THE MAYOR AND THE BISHOP.

We have had forwarded to us two manuscripts:  
the one purporting to be the rough draft of our  
worthy Mayor's unassisted letter to Bishop Lynch,  
agent the Host question; the other, Bishop Lynch's  
proposed reply. Neither of these documents was,  
however, used, and it seems pretty clear that  
Roman Catholic Bishops (when they write letters  
of mystification) and Protestant Mayors both, have  
(and have need of) confidential and judicious ad-  
visers.

Toronto, May 28, 1864.

Your REVERENCE.—A disputation of pertinax  
respectable citizens come to me this morning,  
to know if "mine Host," as it is called, is to be car-  
ried, which they was fearful it might lead to serious  
breaches of the peace. Your Reverence would  
oblige by informing me if your intentions is such.

Hoping your Reverence is in good health, as it  
leaves me at present.

I am yours, &c.,

F. H. MEDCALF.

His Reverence, the Bishop Lynch.

(Answer.)

ROMAN CATHOLIC PALACE, May 28.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter is received, and, in reply  
thereto, I beg to inform you that it is *not* our in-  
tention to have any procession on the streets to-  
morrow (Sunday); but we intend to carry the  
Host (not mine Host) in the garden annexed to the  
Cathedral. But I would wish to remind your  
Worship that, at the treaty of Quebec, all our  
religious rights were specially guaranteed to us;  
being made an especial point by the great Charle-  
magne (then Emperor of the French), and an  
additional sanctity was added to this otherwise  
solemn treaty, by its being signed by *St. Anthanasius*  
(representing His Holiness the Pope,) on  
those very plains where the patriarch prepared to  
offer his son as a sacrifice, and which are still  
known as the Plains of Abraham. I need hardly  
add, to a scholar of such Biblical research as your  
Worship, that the Host is of the greatest possible  
antiquity, and, by our pious forefathers, was used  
as a means of collecting the alms of the well-dis-  
posed Catholics of that day, for we find in the  
parable of "the Good Samaritan," that "he took  
out two pence, and gave them to the Host." I  
will not, however, multiply instances, or I might  
refer your Worship to "Caesar's Commentaries,"  
that great General repeatedly says, "I marshalled  
the Host," thus proving that the greatest com-  
mander of antiquity was as good and pious as a  
Catholic, as he was able as a General.

(Signed) J. J. LYNN †.

To His Worship the Mayor.

#### Advertise! Advertise! Advertise!

On taking up the morning issue of the *Leader*  
of Thursday week last, we were strikingly re-  
minded of Mr. Trollope's book, entitled, "Brown,  
Jones, and Robinson," in which the principle of  
advertising, as pursued by that eminent firm is  
amusingly elaborated.

In a rather lengthy account of the annual meet-  
ing of the Orphan's Home, held on the previous  
evening, after merely stating that the adoption of  
the report was moved by the Chancellor of Upper  
Canada, whose remarks in recommending the House  
to the favourable consideration of the public were  
truly eloquent and pathetic, as they always are.  
We read that Mr. R. A. Harrison seconded the  
motion "in a fluent and brilliant oration." Shades  
of Cicero and Demosthenes! Out of respect for  
our own estimate of real eloquence and oratory, we  
must protest against such puffing; and, for the  
credit of the Press, we must inform the community  
that no reporters were present, and, therefore, the  
account of the proceedings must have come from  
another source—we need not say from whence.  
We will only add that its motto is, "Advertise!  
Advertise! Advertise!"

Wanted, a Well-informed Local Porter.

The letter of Mr. James Porter to the *Leader*, in  
reference to a case of cruelty which was said to  
have occurred in one of the City Public Schools,  
is, we are informed, now copyright, having been  
purchased by the editor of the "Complete Letter  
Writer." It will grace the next edition, we hear,  
which is now in press. Mr. Porter is attempting  
to explain that the boy (said to have been improp-  
erly corrected by the mistress of the school) was,  
in reality, injured by other causes. He says:  
"There is sufficient evidence to prove that he had  
for some time suffered sorely from tight boots, and  
had been struck on his heel by a large boy with a  
stone; and two of his schoolfellows affirm that  
they saw him thrown from the back of a pig on  
Richmond Street, which, they add, bit his foot and  
his clothes." There is to be a key published with  
this letter, (although a model of elegant composi-  
tion) we are glad to hear; and then we shall know  
whether the large boy threw a stone at the smaller,  
or struck him with one hand, holding the stone in  
the other to give impetus to the blow, as school-  
boys jump with weights in their hands. We shall  
also know whether the pig or Richmond Street bit  
the boy, and why (if the latter) Richmond Street  
should be more viciously disposed than other  
streets, as, for instance, Stanley Street. There is  
a street in London, England, called Cateaton  
Street, doubtless from its propensity to devour the  
feline tribe; but why Richmond Street should bite  
an innocent boy puzzles us. We long for the key,  
and the explanation, when, in the memorable words  
with which Mr. James Porter closes his despatch,  
no doubt, "justice will be done to all concerned."

#### Dissolution of Parliament.

— Even a break of a Ministry has its good  
as well as evil effect. It will give the electors of  
Toronto an opportunity of sending into private  
life two of the most incapable men in Parliament.  
Aw. M. and "our unhappy and divided country,"  
were elected, pledged to support no Ministry that  
would use its influence in bringing the seat of Gov-  
ernment back to Toronto. In less than one month  
after their election, they broke their pledge, and  
at a time when they had the power of forcing the  
Ministry of the day to do Toronto justice. They  
neglected their duty, and, for the past two months,  
have been doing all in their power to assist the  
water lot owners in fleeing Toronto. A day of  
reckoning, however, is at hand, and the electors  
will not forget them.

#### Jurisdiction.

— We see that the Ontario Literary Society  
will discuss "trial by jury," at their next meeting.  
We are surprised at this. Apart from the antiquity  
of the custom (itself a fair argument in favour of  
ought but an old coat), we find that although com-  
monly thought to have been established by Alfred  
the Great, a thousand years since, it is, in fact,  
of much more ancient origin. The royal Psalmist  
expressly says, "In *Jewry* is God known."

**THE HOUSE.**

"THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

Once there lived—as old histories learnedly show  
—a  
Great sailor and ship-builder, named Mr. Noah,  
Who, a hulk put together, so wondrous—no doubt  
of it—  
That all sorts of creatures could creep in and out  
of it.  
Things with heads and without heads; things  
dumb; things loquacious;  
Things with tails and things tailless; things tame;  
things pugnacious;  
Rats, lions, curs, geese, pigeons, loads and donkeys,  
Bears, dormice and snakes, tigers, jackals and  
monkeys;  
In short, a collection so curious, that no man  
E'er since could with Noah compare as a showman.  
At length Ch-r-y M-u-e-k with that very cute  
head of his,  
Designed a much stranger and comical edifice;  
To be called his "New House"—a queer sort of  
menagerie,  
To hold all his beasts—with an eye to the treasury.  
Into this he has crammed such uncommon mon-  
strosities,  
Such animals rare, such unique curiosities,  
That we wager a pound—not to speak it uncivil—  
This wonderful house beats the ark to the d—l.  
Lest you think that we bounce—the great fault,  
we confess, of men—  
We proceed to detail some few things as a specimen  
Of what are to be found in this novel museum.  
As now it is open you may all go and see 'em,  
Two woods, of two shades, grain and polish and  
gilding,  
Are used, this diversified chamber in building;  
Not a nail, bolt or screw, you'll discover to lurk  
in it,  
Though of Smiths there are plenty every evening  
at work in it;  
With "sons of the plough," who, their wisdom  
ne'er keep scaled,  
Yet allow in their midst a profitless Sand-field;  
A leader whom nobody follows, a pair o' Knight's,  
With courage at ninety degrees of old Fahrenheit's;  
Full a hundred "Jim Crows" wheeling round  
about—round about,  
And many a "Turner" is this house to be found  
about.  
Of Hogs-heads, Lord knows there are plenty to  
spare of them,  
Yet many a Cooper is kept to take care of them.  
Two "preachers are kept, holy men, in this ill  
grim, age,  
To make every night their pure Radical pilgrimage.  
There are more—but enough—if you're a *virtuoso*,  
You'll see for yourselves, and just now you may  
do so;  
And if you don't say this new house is a wonder,  
We're Dutchmen—that's all—and at once knuckles  
under.  
— By what great feat did the Opposition snuff  
out the Ministry? De-feat, of course.

**LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.**

TORONTO, June 16, 1864.

**MY DEAR GRUMBLER:—**  
I think it was very naughty of your correspon-  
dent not to see that the *Estinguisher* was in work-  
ing order at St. James' last Sunday evening. I am  
afraid his proposition is impracticable, and, for the  
sake of something new, I would suggest that a  
moveable bottom be prepared to the pulpit, which  
should (any at the end of twenty minutes) gradu-  
ally descend, giving his reverence sufficient time  
to pronounce the benediction before he was lowered  
to regions below.  
If any of our influential parishioners will take  
the matter in hand, I shall be most happy to ten-  
der for the contract.  
Yours, truly,  
ANGRY BESSIE'S HUSBAND.

**A General burst up.**  
— We see that some Canadian gentleman has  
given Mr. Morton Edwards, the sculptor, an order  
for a bust of His Royal Highness the Prince of  
Wales. It is to be presented to the City of Toronto.  
The Prince of Wales is a Colonel of some regiment.  
Would that he were a general; and in that  
case, when we loyally set up the graven image,  
we should have every excuse for a *general bust up*.

**Fortifying the Lakes.**  
— "And what may you be at?" we enquired  
(this broiling morning) of a jovial looking son of  
Erin, who, in spite of the blazing sun, was busily  
engaged on the roof of his cottage. "Is it what am  
I doing, you're axin'? Faith thin, sir, I'm just  
doin' the same as I seen the Yankees is doin', for-  
the lakes (leaks)."

**Genuine Singer Machines.**  
— We would'nt, for the world, call our charm-  
ing *cantatrice*, Miss Kate Macdonald, a machine;  
but she is a *genuine singer*, though we don't think  
the advertisement we see is hers.

**Mr. Coun. Edwards.**  
— The worthy Councilman, assisted by Ald.  
Sterling and 2½ per cent. James, are about holding  
Temperance meetings on Stanley Street. Could  
they not get John Mr. McDonald to do the pray-  
ing? He is a poor Member of Parliament, but  
they say good on a long prayer.

**Kingston.**  
— We see by the *British Whig*, that some  
*Bombastes Furiosos* of the County Council have  
threatened to summon us before the bar of the  
Council Chamber, for some remarks we made re-  
garding them which they did not relish. Well,  
we don't mind going if they *treat us well*.

— Young Simpkins having kept late hours  
during the last week or two, received a short cur-  
tain lecture from "the dear, good old lady," wind-  
ing up with the glowing peroration, that "She  
could not help wondering that young men will  
continue to divulge in such recesses of desertation  
when they must be aware that they are repairing  
both body and mind."

**Pedigree Wanted.**

— Why does Francis Moore advertise "War  
ballads, North and South; rebel rhymes and rha-  
psodies, and *Lyrics of Loyalty*?" We suppose the  
*Liaries of Loyalty* are his own composition; but  
Francis Moore should speak more politely of the  
war ballads of the South. If the rebel rhymes  
have animated the Southerners in the heroic re-  
sistance they have made, we should be very apt to  
think the "rhapsodies" more spirited productions  
than even the "loyal effusions." *En passant*, may  
we ask, is this gentleman a descendant of old  
Francis Moore, the English almanac-maker, whom  
his *confessors* used to call the *Molian Harp*, or *won-  
drous lyre*?

**Awful Demoralization.**  
— We learn from Northern sources, that *now*  
"General Imboden's command is thoroughly de-  
moralized." These successive accounts are really  
fearful to think of. General Lee's army was de-  
moralized some time since; yet, singular to state,  
their deplorable state of demoralization—although  
it may "point a moral or adorn a tale"—has not  
by any means pointed out the way to "Richmond oh!"  
"They made a calf (Medcalf) in Horeb."  
— We understand that our worthy Mayor was  
jesting with the Common Councilman who slept  
on his post Monday night; and, as the Mayor is  
as well posted in Biblical as in English History, he  
accosted him pleasantly as "Eutyclus." "Ha!  
Eutyclus," said the Mayor. "As much like Euty-  
chus as you are like Saint Paul," responded the  
Councilman; "when the citizens elected you Mayor,  
they did as the Israelites did in Horeb." "Did in  
Horeb?" returned the Mayor, "what d'ye mean?"  
"Why," said the argute Councilman, "they made  
a calf (Medcalf) in Horeb, and worshipped the  
molten image." His worship vanished.

**Globular reformation.**  
— We hail with joy an announcement in the  
*Leader* of Wednesday, "Globes of a new pattern,"  
are advertised. This, indeed is cheering. We  
suppose that Mr. Brown's retirement from political  
life has something to do with this notice; be that  
as it may, "Globes of a new pattern," which are  
thus promised us, we are quite sure will be duly  
appreciated by the public.

**Can any good come out of Galilee, o?**  
— Who is the *Leader* Galileo? In that great  
print we find a short article on the abolition of  
religious tests at the University of Oxford, (lately  
carried in the British House of Commons), opening  
with, "The world moves! Who will say, there is  
nothing new under the sun?" Why, of course the  
world moves. If it didn't, it wouldn't *follow my*  
*Leader*; and as for new things, why we see there  
is a new clothing establishment, and it is very  
probable we shall have a new Ministry, or "as  
good as new," as the ladies say of their turned silks.

**The Review.**  
— Not a bad idea, that. Reviewing our  
"bold soger boys" at Niagara Falls. Maybe Cor-  
cob-and won't tremble in his skin. We expect to  
hear of a diplomatic correspondence on the subject  
shortly.

Address to the Great Dublin Barrister.

Hail! to immortal A—n! Heav'n preserve his life!  
Bray out ye trumpets loud, with cornet shrill and  
fife!  
Wide let the banner float, and broad the pennants  
stream,  
Once more let's free our city from Nasmith's Jack-  
less stream.  
Oh! shades of Shiel and Grattan, and you renown-  
ed Wylde,  
Pray look ye down benignly on this your fav'rite  
child;  
Throw round his manly form your panoply of  
power,  
And shield his modest face in this his trying hour;  
Vouchsafe him far less diffidence, more firm and  
stern resolve.  
Remembering the great issues his failure might  
involve.  
*His failure*, did we say? Ah, never let such word,  
In our inmost thoughts have place, or ever once  
be heard.  
The man who's practised long, like A—n, at the  
bar,  
Stands high above all factions; he'll shine like  
brightest star!  
His sweet persuasive tongue and mouth, when  
open'd wide,  
Can shut up Cadi Boomer, wring tears from all  
beside;  
Annihilate Jim Boulton, most honest of his clan,  
And even big Sted Campbell, or any other man!  
Then down with drivelling folly, for A—n is  
the vote!  
What tho' he learns his speeches for most part off  
by rote,  
And has enough of learning to let him just mis-  
quote.  
What tho' he grinds poor widows and orphans on  
the street,  
And sells their broken chairs to afford himself a  
treat!  
What tho' he visits March Street in hopes to get a  
suit,  
And hangs around the Police Court, until he's  
taken root.  
What tho' he's been out late wand'ring in the night,  
And sometimes has been known to join a jolly  
fight.  
This all arises, somehow, from practising at bars,  
Instead of being in time to catch the City cars;  
Yet for all his venial faults we'll cling to A—n  
still,  
For it's by no means the first time he's trod it on  
the "mill."

— The Americans profess great admiration  
for *Hudibras*, and endeavour to prove, as far as  
we can judge, their wish to follow his precepts.  
Here's one of them:—

He that fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day;  
But he that is in battle slain,  
Will never live to fight again.

### ROBERTSON'S WAR MAP.

We have received from the publisher a copy of  
the above, being the same map issued in the *Daily  
Leader* some time ago, and the exclusive use of  
which has been kindly granted by the enterprising  
proprietor of that journal to Mr. Robertson. The  
map, which is surrounded by advertisements, is an  
excellent medium for advertising, and is of great  
service to those who take an interest in the doings  
on the other side.

### TICKET OFFICE.

The attention of the travelling public is specially  
directed to the Grand Trunk Railway Ticket  
Offices, at the corner of Scott and Front Streets,  
and at the first door west of the Queen's Hotel.  
The former office is under the management of Mr.  
R. Arnold, a gentleman long and favourably known  
to the Canadian and American travelling public;  
and the latter under Mr. J. F. Sweeney, who, by  
his gentlemanly attention to the wants of those  
who patronise him, has become universally popular.  
At the above offices tickets east and west, to  
all points in the United States, Canada, Nova Scot-  
ia, or New Brunswick. Both the above gentle-  
men give all possible information as to the above  
routes, so, when the reader purposes travelling,  
let him give them a call.

### Mayor Medcalf and his Ghost.

— If the Mayor attends an Orange Lodge,  
Reynolds is there; if the Mayor attends a Temper-  
ance Meeting, Reynolds is on hand; if the Mayor  
goes to a Missionary Meeting, Reynolds is in the  
building; if the Mayor is in the Council, and is  
going to make a Buncombe speech, Reynolds is on  
hand attempting to report the same. Now, we  
have no objection in letting Mr. Medcalf choose  
what associates he likes; but we do protest against  
the Chief Magistrate of Toronto having a man of  
Reynolds calibre always at his heels. We have no  
objection to Mr. Medcalf having Reynolds at his  
house; but, in all decency, when the Mayor dons  
his official coat, let him leave Reynolds at home.

### The last appeal.

— The Ministry have *carte blanche* from the  
Governor General to do as they like; stay in or  
appeal to the country. The Grits say in derision,  
that the Corruptionists never could possess a  
*carte blanche*, their fame is so blackened, and if  
they appeal to the country, it will be, indeed, like  
the celebrated picture, "The last Appeal."

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

### NEW BOWLING ALLEY.

Mr. John Warwick, of the Montreal House, King  
Street, has opened in connection with the Hotel an  
exceedingly well fitted up and commodious bow-  
ling alley, a thing that has been much required in  
Toronto. So far he has had no reason to complain  
in his efforts to cater for the "sports" and we  
trust he may coin the "spoons" without ceasing,  
for time to come.

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BARRISTERS, ATTORNIES,  
SOLICITORS & C.,  
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M. R. VANKOUGHNET,  
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