

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 17.]

## 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," 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 tudeo you tunk it;  
A chief's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

### SERENADE.

Sung by an Irish Troubadour about one o'clock on the morning of the 18th inst.

Ah! I thin, come to the windy, my own Peggy Gorman;  
Though it's late, sure you know it's your Tady,  
astore.

Put your lips to the glass till you find it is warm,  
And I'll tury the outside, though it's frozen all o'er.

Sure, you needn't be shy, for you know I adore you,  
And an now on my way to my cot in the glin,  
And but called for to make a short station before you,  
'Till I'm able, mavournoon, to see you agin.

Oh! I good night! for the pane's almost meltin, my darlin,  
Oh! I good night! for I'm faint; but to strinthon my  
narves,

I'll just call on my way and see ould Paddy Carlin,  
And give his son Tom what I think he deserves.

### Advertisements and Advertisers.

We had often observed that the *Globe* is the only medium by which an advertisement can obtain universal distribution throughout Upper Canada. Oh, happy medium! The well known line in Horace, with the addition of one word, would be an appropriate heading to the modest statement of the brother of the man who still goes marching on—for the latest telegram from Harper's Ferry assures us that that relationship is claimed by the surviving kinsmen of John Brown. But to the text: "In medio orbis tutissimus latus"—your safest advertisement is through the medium of the *Globe*. Struck with the importance of this great fact, we cast our intelligent eye over the advertisements in that paper, with a view possibly, of inserting one for ourselves, taking care by the way, to have the words spelt correctly, which we thought might catch the eye of a reader as being contrary to the usual practice.

Of course, before proceeding, to such trivial reading, we carefully perused the immense amount

of intelligence which that able journal imparted to a wondering public; how, at Quebec, honourable gentlemen made it a point of honour, to accuse each other of want of honour, forcibly recalling to our mind the ironical expression attributed by Shakespeare to Brutus, "So are they all, all honourable men." How, in our own city, the particularly Common Councilmen made weak observations at their weekly meeting, proving an exception to the rule laid down by Solomon:—"In the multitude of council there is wisdom." How, in Virginia, the Northern troops were successfully withdrawn, a euphemism for "skedaddled." How, in Prussia, the King remained the same obdurate stick; and, in Russia, the Czar was troubled by the Poles. These items, with "Pat Mulligan fined \$2 00 and costs for being drunk and disorderly" and "Mrs. Ebenezer Higgins, of a boy," (which is only what we expected,) concluded the news of the day, for two or three *rechaufes* could hardly come under that heading.

We were delighted to find after perusing a few advertisements, that we might rush with impunity into every class of dissipation, and that there would be no danger, but merely a slight temporary inconvenience in being accidentally left out at night, with torrents of rain falling, or with the thermometer at minus 10. For, is not death baffled by Daly's health restoring pills? Will not Radway's Ready Relief cure any disease in ten minutes? Will not Watrous' Neuralgia King give instant relief to all his subjects? Will not Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers prevent even the *Mayor* becoming hoarse, or from having a bad complaint in the chest as his predecessors have had? Will not Palmer's Galvanic Battery make the halt and maimed jump up several feet and then do the outside edge backwards? If the equinoctial gales blow all the hair off your head, as we all know it frequently does, is there not virtue in Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer or Zytobalsamum? Will it not restore all your hair with more than pristine luxuriance and lustre? If you catch a bad "Botanic Toothache," (we suppose from carrying on a desperate flirtation late at night in your neighbours back garden,) will not Urquhart's drops make your teeth sound enough to crack the hardest nuts in town? If you have suffered twenty years of indescribable agony are there not hundreds of men ready to make the rest of your life perfect bliss and enjoyment? By the way, we notice that twenty years is the invariable period in these cases. Having fully satisfied ourselves that there is in these days a cheap and ready remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, including the hair of our heads, or any other man's, we continued our investigations.

"Wanted a table maid." What is a table maid? We know what a made table is and generally what a table is made of, but as Dunderreay would say, what is a maid a table of? A table maid any relation to a dumb waiter? who is clearly a table servant or servant table. Is a table maid made of wood, or would a table maid have made a table of wood if she could?

"Hands wanted by the subscriber, a good axe maker, &c. James Hourigan." We can quite feel for Mr. Hourigan whose hands we presume were cut off by his own axes, though probably he will not get fresh hands without axing.

"Volunteers attention! a ready made suit to be sold cheap." This must surely be intended for young barristers; who always find some difficulty in procuring suits.

"Board may be had in a brick house with double windows, made warm with all the comforts this city usually affords." It is difficult to make out whether the house, the windows, or the board are made warm, and how they are made warm with all the convenience this city usually affords; perhaps it is a delicate way of alluding to hot plates at dinner time, but these are a luxury seldom met with in a Toronto boarding house.

Mr. Ryan advertises "ladies skates with straps, fish ketles, &c." We think Mr. Ryan must have confused ladies skates with the fish called skaites, though that fish is not found on this coast, perhaps he has a horrible desire to soil the ladies (heels or soles. He should certainly be bound over to keep the peace.

We congratulate the ladies in having secured the valuable services of Robert H. Gray, for their exclusive benefit. That gentleman informs the public that "in future he will devote all his attention to the manufacture of 'Hoop skirts,'." We trust he will not seriously injure his health by his devotion to the ladies.

*Appros* of skirts; we observe that Mrs. Tanner still continues to lift the ladies skirts. Could not some enterprising Yankee invent a new machine for "lifting" mortgages; it would have a ready sale in this country.

"Bricks for a Piano Forte." We really must raise our powerful voice against publicly printing such shams as this. It surely would be much better, for instance, supposing that these bricks are required to perform at some Cave of Harmony, as doubtless they are, to put in such advertisement as this, "Wanted, a few accomplished musicians accustomed to play on the piano tunes of a lively and popular strain, and to accompany Buffalo singers."

There are other advertisements which are worthy of comment not to say elucidation, but we must not trespass too much on the kind attention of our readers. At some future period we will bring under their notice some of the advertisements in the *Leader* of an equally eccentric character.

**POOR GRITS.**

"Save me from my friends."

Poor Grits, poor foolbills, sickle Grits,  
Hommed in on every side.  
Poor Brownies, have you lost your wits  
At being sorely tried.

John Sandfield pulls you by the nose,  
While Giorgio cuffs your ears;  
Alas! between your friends and foes  
You're ample cause for tears.

"Come here," says Mac. "Go there," says Brown,  
And Tories shout, "Hear, hear."  
No wonder that your wits have flown,  
Or that you're pale with fear.

It's hard for you to take a stand  
When Giorgio holds you down,  
And Sandfield threatens to close his hand  
Unless you give up Brown.

**THEATRE ROYAL.**



Jesse..... Mr. Canina.  
Manager..... Viscount Monck.  
Heavy Man..... Mr. Benjamin.  
Low Comedy Man..... Mr. Tom Ferguson.  
1st Clown (a lineal descent,  
of Jack O'arty) } M. Etienne Cartier.  
2nd Clown..... Mr. McGee.  
Walking Gentleman..... Mr. J. H. Cameron.  
Negro Delineator..... Mr. Scoble.  
Contortionists..... Messrs. McDougall, How-  
land, and Wilson.  
Prompters..... The Editors of the *Globe* and *Leader*.  
Scene Shifters..... John S. and John A. Macdon-  
ald, and G. Brown.

The Manager of this costly place of amusement  
begs leave to announce that, having strengthened  
his company by the addition of Mr. George  
Brown, he will shortly produce (at great expense)  
a new and original farce, entitled,

**OLD TIMES COME AGAIN, OR, '54 AND '63.**

With the following excellent cast of characters:  
Tosche..... M. Cauchon.  
Morin..... M. Cartier.  
Drummond..... Mr. Scotte.  
Chabot..... Mr. McGee.  
Ross..... Mr. Sandfield Macdonald.  
Chauveau..... M. Dorion.  
McNab..... Mr. J. H. Cameron.  
Gayley..... Mr. Gall.  
J. A. Macdonald..... Mr. J. A. Macdonald.  
Spence..... Mr. Foley.  
Brown..... Mr. Geo. Brown.

This piece will open with a great sensation  
scene, in which Sandfield Macdonald and George  
Brown will fight a duel.

**Parliamentary Proceedings.**

Our worthy representatives in the Lower  
House have introduced since the Session com-  
menced, some good jokes which are worthy of a place  
in our columns. We shall endeavor to find out  
every joke introduced, and duly credit them to  
their authors. We commence the series to-day.  
By Mr. Powell—a joke regarding mud; by Mr.  
Crawford—a good joke on Powell; by Mr. J. A.  
Macdonald—a joke relating to mileage; by Mr.  
Ferguson—a joke regarding Mr. Archambault;  
By Mr. McGee—a joke on Mr. Denis' head; by  
Mr. Denis—a capital joke on Mr. McGee.

**A TRAMP OF EVILS.**—That which brought up  
our M.P.P.'s from Quebec.

**BLIND GUIDES.**

MR. EDITOR.—I am sorely in need of your ad-  
vice. By virtue of the fact that I am lessee of a  
small grocery store in a retired thoroughfare in  
Toronto, I am a power in the State; in short,  
not to put too fine a point on it, I'm an elector.  
The moment I found myself in this responsible  
position, I felt it my duty to qualify myself by  
study and reflection for the onerous duties of my  
new position. I read Blackstone, Burke, De  
Loime Junius, and all the constitutional writers  
down to Cobbet and Wilkes, without finding much  
to guide my course in the turbulent maelstrom  
of Canadian politics; I came finally to the con-  
clusion that Provincial parties were rather pro-  
miscuous, if not considerably mixed, and that I  
must not look to the stable institutions of Eng-  
land for hints on the hybrid Anglo-Yankee poli-  
tics in vogue here. Of course I subscribed at  
once for the *Globe* and *Leader*, expecting to have  
both the "bano and antidote," though which was  
which I was not, nor am I yet, prepared to say.  
Not content with this I inserted diverse advertise-  
ments after the manner of Chaffinch the fabric-  
ator of masculine habiliments, e. g., "How is it  
your complexion is so clear? Because I buy my  
sugar at Slocum's;" "Tom Stiles is never trou-  
bled with neuralgia, because he gets his coffee  
from Slocum;" "People never lose their eyesight  
when they read by Slocum's candles." But to  
return to our muttons as the French say, I was  
just as wise about Canadian politics as before.  
*The Globe* is a regular newspaper. Ishmaelite  
its hand against every man, &c., (you know the  
rest.) Moreover, it is the recognized bully of the  
press. Traitors, corruptionists, abandoners of  
principle, dishonest, shameless, past redemption,  
are all they who bow not the knee to Baal of the  
*Globe* office. Names in dark black letters dance  
in hideous profusion down its columns. The  
first time Mrs. Slocum saw them she nearly fainted  
away, thinking that all the ill-starred members  
thus pilloried were dead. By the way, wouldn't  
it be a good idea to vary the columns a little?  
Of course Macdougall must be black, for he is  
"past redemption;" but Rymal is still salvable,  
and might be put in mauve; while Patrick who  
is not altogether lost, could figure in light pink,  
and McKellar in invisible green. I soon found,  
that from the *Globe* I got denunciation instead of  
argument, bullying for persuasion and theory,  
without the slightest admixture of the practical.  
This was scarcely the political school for a plain  
practical man like Sam Slocum. The *Leader*  
was still worse. If the *Globe* is an Ishmaelite,  
the *Leader* is a regular sycophant, a chip in por-  
ridge, all things to all men and yet nothing to  
nobody. The editor seems to parody Sir Allan  
McNab's political creed, and say, "The York  
Roads is my politics." All you can get out of  
him is, "If the House think so and so, they'll do  
so and so, and if they don't see so and so, so and  
so they will not do;" or, "This will be the ques-  
tion for the House to decide when they meet;  
if they reject the bill it will probably be thrown  
out, but if not, the chances are that it will be-  
come part of the law of the land," and all such

swill-milk composition as that, just as if I did  
not know all that without his wasting a column  
and a half of paper to tell it me. I want to be  
treated to some sound nutritious literary food,  
not diluted water gruel. Do poke these fellows  
up like a good Gammelen, and oblige,

Your benighted fellow subject,  
SAM SLOCUM.

P. S.—Teas and sugars always on hand 25 per  
cent. below prime cost. S. S.

**DIZZY HEIGHTS.**

The Height of Temerity:—Messrs. Rymal and  
Patrick daring to have a mind of their own, and  
not voting at the dictation of the *Globe*.

The Height of Impudence:—Cartier boasting  
of his honesty.

The Height of Assurance:—Daily impeaching  
Foley's veracity.

The Height of Chastisement:—The infliction of  
a three hours' speech by Ferguson.

The Height of Coolness:—Simpson the coal-  
itionist, preaching retrenchment.

The Height of Pettifogging:—Mr. Dunkin's  
quibbles on every conceivable question.

The Height of Wisdom:—Mr. Amos Wright's  
eloquent silence.

The Height of Luxury:—Mr. Foley's naps on  
the Treasury Bench.

The Height of Appreciation:—Mr. Drummond's  
estimate of himself.

The Height of Blindness:—Other people's esti-  
mate of Mr. Drummond.

The Height of Gravity:—Mr. Benjamin after  
dinner.

The Height of Purity:—Mr. White.

The Height of Folly:—Mr. Cauchon thinking  
himself a statesman.

The Height of Tantrification:—Being treated  
to a column of the "Chronicles of Carlingford"  
once a fortnight in the *Globe*.

**A Joke by Rymal.**

—What is the difference between George  
Brown and a cook? The one clings to the Joint  
Authority and the other to his authority over the  
joints.

**School for Orators.**

—Why ought the electors of Brock Divi-  
sion become the best speakers in the Province?  
Because, just now, they are studying Blair's  
Rhetoric.

**Shooking.**

—Why may the member for Chicoutimi be  
claimed by both the supporters and opponents of  
the Government? Because every man of them  
has his Price.

**Russia and America.**

—It must be extremely gratifying to our  
Republican friends to remember that the Czar of  
all the Russias expressed so great sympathy for  
them in their endeavors to conquer their Southern  
brethren. His liking for the North was very  
natural, seeing that he contemplated following  
their example in crushing unfortunate Poland.

**IMPORTANT FROM QUEBEC.**—In accordance with  
an address from the Legislative Assembly, the  
Premier laid on the table a copy of THE GAUMMEL

**ROUGE,**

You that love a ruby lip,  
Or a rosy cheek admire,  
Do not rashly strive to sip  
Honey from a prickly briar.  
Inopulous lover stay a while,  
Colours fade like beauty's smile.

Celia's cheeks were round and red,  
Rivalling the blushing rose;  
My poor heart was captiv'd led,  
Slave to colour, crimson glow.  
O, I revell'd in a tint,  
Rav'd and told my love in print.

In the parlour once we sat—  
I and Celia close together—  
How my heart went pit-a-pat,  
As I talk'd about the weather.  
Lovely was her danna's cheek,  
I felt se charmer I could not speak.

O,—my arm slipped round her waist,  
On her cheek I pressed a kiss—  
"Gracious! what is this I taste—  
"What suspicion drowns my bliss!"  
Alas! one rose has faded quite,  
One dimple's red, the other's white.

Celia's pa came in the room,  
Noticed that my lips were red,  
Saw her cheek, and spok'd my doom—  
Show'd me out, sent her to bed.  
Since no crimson cheeks can charize,  
I think of rouge and take alarm.

**TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.**

To the Hon. Mr. Mc Gee, down at Quebec, Member of Parlemt, or elsewhere, Preedint of the Council:

STANLY STREET, 26th March, 1863.

Ahl! be dad! I knew that yez would soon brake up afther the thirty days were over, and yez got yer six hundreded dollars snug and oily in yer pockets. Shure its the lawyers that know how to work the thing nately; for the minnet they found there wasn't another piny to be ned out of the scsshun, they flew up to Coort here, determined to knock a decent pound out of a scsshun of their own, by way of makin up for the short allowance that they b'lieve themselves put on through your cheese pazin economy and your incorruptible detarmination to husband the riveness of this prosperous colony. I'm afraid, howsomdiver, that yez will have to go back to the ould six dollars a day; for let me tell you, that this payment in advance, when the scsshun is to be a long one, will embarras yez more then yez have bargained for, and lave the country in the lurch besides. On the part of most of the mimbres, there'll be a sort of sinee that they're workin for nothin—yez will have to be forkin over a few dollars, now and thin, to various jokers that spint all they got—and there will be sich borrowin, and goin in debt for board and things, that the sait of Government will become anythin but a desirable resort to a large number of our represintatives. At laste, wherein had they their six dollars a day joggin along beside thin, they would be for cuttin their coat accordin to their cloth, and be kept up to doin some thin for their constituents and the Province at large, besides. Darcy, d'ye know that I am a grate admirer of the Poles; from the way they

handle the seythe and Jay, down the Rposhans in awards, in regular ould Irish fashion—nippin thin across the waist, and lavin one half of thin staggerin in their breeches, while the other was playin lep frog at their feet. Mustn't ik be refreshin, and inspirin to those who are not much beother off thin those braves, and who require to have their tethers linnenced or their spanshels knocked off altogether?

Shure its my heart that was grieved for the way that Dinmark was distress'd the other day, regardin the shape of the British Crown. What d'ye think, avourneen, but it wouldn't fit into the corners of the Princess Alexandras pocket handkickers; and the commotion was so dreadfull, that upwards of six hundreded needlewomen together wid the Ministry were put to their wits inds to overcome the difficulty. Begorra, I don't think it would be any harm to give it a little parin to make it fit; becase you see its med lik a heart wid the bottom cut out of it; and I'll lave it to Michael Murphy of the Hibernian Society, if it doesn't look like that same. Och! me bouchal, if it was the shape of the ould Irish tiara—a bee hire of goold so flamin wid the glories of the past as to rindher superfluous the prisence of a single preashus stone—if it was of this shape I say, how bewtifully it would glide into the corners of the delicate lawn and costly lace. And shure Her Majesty the Queen, jest might as well have ordereded it to be used as the other one; for she wears it—and pon my consins, I sometimes think its unnot to herself—and sartly its as anshant and as dignified as the one she's in the habit of usin more plentifully. Besides, you see, if there was an odd little bit of preference given to it in this way, it might lade to throwin a strake of Irish in among the crown'd heads of Europe, that might one day or other save a good purpose in behalf of the British Empire.

Do yez get whisky and tobacey down there free? The raison why I ax you is, that I think yez oughtn't to be worse off than our Corporation up here, who, accordin to the Police Magistrate, have snagger quarters then is generally supposed by the citizens. I don't think the Mayor smokes, but as for dhrinkin I'd like to see the man that would thicken his tongue or glaze his eye. Barrin one relaxed tee-totaller that spint a night at Lanty Fagan's, I don't think I ever met the aqel at some of these boys. This joker findin himself rather dhray about the muzzle in the middle of the night, gets up and gropes his way to the bar that was unfortshunatly left open. When Lanty viz at six o'clock to take down the shuthers and bust the decanters, he had to go out for a gallon of sperrits to start his business agin. There my joker lay on the flure, afther imptyin the three rows and a small lamp wid about a naggin of coal oil in it, that was on the counter. It was mortal warm at the time, and at the incuslet in the afternoon, the jury, led astray by the oath of a frind of his that hadn't seen him for a week, gave in a verdict that he died from the incansus use of

ice wather while in a grate hole. The docther agreed wid thin, the poor man.

Well, I suppose yez are gaberin a strinth for the ninth. You'll need all yez can sum up, for George is determined to hold yez to the one point. Howsomdiver, the back handspring turned by the refractories on the Separate School question is all in your favour, as it ldoesen his houl upon thin. Nivertheless, I'm lookin for new combinations and a few ugly reencounters as the French say. Keep your eye steadily on your own position and see how far you can stride on the rope widout losin your balance. If there's any fear of your fallin you can get four sturdy follas to take houl aich of a corner of the Ladder and spread it ready to receive you. You needn't be afraid of goin through it, if you were twice the weight and had Michael on your back. I'm done now and have only jest time to subscribe myself.

Your lovin cousin,  
TERRY FINNEGAN.

**Retrenchment.**

The Hon. Mr. Macdonnell intends bringing forward a measure this Session to reduce the Sergeant at Arms to a Corporal.

**The Two Bells.**

The House ought to be merry enough sceing there are two Bells it it; but unfortunately one of them is a dumb-Bell, and the clapper of the other is seldom set in motion.

**Novel Recreation.**

We understand that the clerks in the Receiver General's office are all deeply engaged in the study of "Blair's Rhetoric," although it is generally supposed his "Grave" would be more agreeable to most of them.

**Valuable Presentation.**

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to acknowledge, through his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, the receipt of a beautifully bound tylo of the *North American* newspaper, laid generously at her feet by the Hon. the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

**Quite a Mistake.**

The *Leader* calls the rebellious Clear Grits "Copperheads," which we take to be rather a compliment than otherwise. Considering the locality of the Bruce mines whence we obtain our copper, we should say that the "copperheads" must be a decidedly *Superior* article.

**Separate Schools.**

It is considered, in well informed political circles, that the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald is not likely to come off Scott free yet, on the Separate School Bill; as it is confidently asserted that on any future reference to the measure, the Upper Canada vote can't get Biggar.

**Singular Wager.**

We understand that the Minister of Finance, in evidence of having completely recovered his strength, has made a bet with Lord Monok that he will dance a "break down" with the Public Chest under his arm. John A. thinks that, after the appointment of so many Commissioners, he is likely to succeed to a miracle.

**NURSERY RHYMES.**

Like our older brother Punch, THE GRUMBLER doth proceed to compose rhymes until every city and town in British North America is immortalized.

There was a young lady in Galt,  
Whose father made money by malt,  
His end drawing near,  
She embalmed him in beer,  
And added a sprinkling of salt.

There was a rich maiden in Guelph,  
Whose daddy had plenty of pelf,  
She had suitors galore,  
Fully twenty or more,  
But all she cared for was herself.

There was a fair maid in Niagara,  
Whom "bloods" called a regular staggerer,  
She, while walking one night,  
Met the "Woman in White,"  
Which frightened this feminine swaggerer.

There lived a braw Inssie in Ottawa,  
Of porter she could put a good pot awa',  
It doubled her chin,  
So she changed it to gin  
From which she could never be got awa'.

There was a young lady in Barrie,  
Whose name, for a better, was Carrie,  
She loved a Surveyor,  
Renowned for his hair,  
But the fellow declined her to marry.

**DIALOGUES OF POLITICIANS.**

NO. 1.—HON. G. B. AND HON. W. M'D.

"If thou best be; but O how fall'n how chang'd!"

G. B.—Welcome, McDougall, to the pure atmosphere of Upper Canada; the pestilential air of Quebec seems to have paralyzed your wits and blunted your moral sense; you are not the great McDougall that you were. That foul apostasy of yours has quite unnerved me; I shall never be the man I was. But say, McDougall, all is not lost; there is still place for repentance, and you will be welcomed as a lost sheep to the Clear Grit fold again. Throw up your office, be yourself once more.

McD.—Well, come, that's pretty good. Throw up my office, go into the cold shade of Opposition again. Excuse me, I'm far too comfortable where I am. A big salary and pickings are not to be passed heedlessly by in these hard times for any foolish scruples about consistency. I intend to hang on like a barnacle to a ship's bottom, I can tell you.

G.B.—O Mac! my faith in human honesty is well nigh gone. I thought in my simplicity of soul, whoever else proves false, McDougall's certain to be true. Nature seemed to have marked you out to be the Grittiest of the Grits. The narrow, long, Puritanic face, the short, thin hair, sparse whisker, lack-lustre eye, compressed mouth, long frame and laughterless temperament seemed to stamp you as born a Grit. Ah! how have I been deceived.

McD.—Come, now, none of your nonsense. Grits like office as well as any other men. You were just as ready to take office as I was, Mr. George.

G. B.—Yes, to save my country—

McD.—And fill your pockets.

G. B.—Do not interrupt me. But not at the

expense of honesty. To be a traitor to U. C., to vote against Rep. by Pop. and yield to Separate Schools, to cringe to Johnny Crapeau and the Papist clergy—never, never, never!

McD.—Oa, tell that to the marines. That may do very well for the people; but you and I who have been behind the scenes know better.

G. B.—Did I not stipulate for Rep. by Pop. with checks and guarantees?

McD.—Bah! you said so, I know; but we know better between ourselves. What did Dorion, Thibaudeau and Loberge say? The fact is you left the matter in *nubibus*, or rather in a Scotch mist; and it wouldn't take much guessing to tell which part of your crew would have come out right. Why did not you reduce your programme to black and white as we did?

G. B.—Had not the treachery of Sir E. Head thwarted our noble designs for the regeneration of Canada, there would have been a political millennium.

McD.—No doubt, for when once you get firmly seated in power, your demagogisms, like mine, would have vanished. You benighted oppositionists are at liberty to rant as you like, but we ministers must be more circumspect and conservative.

G. B.—But, Mac, consistency is a jewel.

McD.—It may be, but I fear it is not in your *boutique*. We have not forgotten your dealings with Hincks yet. He was a saint one day and a scoundrel the next; and if Sicotte had only taken you into the cabinet, rep. by pop. would have slept for a short time at any rate. You have not forgotten that he refused to shake hands with you in Toronto. You have a good memory for slights. *Hinc illa lachryme*.

G. B.—These are all weak inventions of the enemy. But here, Mac, let me intreat you to return to your allegiance; all shall be forgiven. Sandfield is a reprobate; Foley is a ranting Irishman of unsteady principles; you remember how he abused the Scotch over his wine at Inimittou; Wilson is a pretence hand, very unstable and as useless as green wood; but McDougall you may yet be of use.

McD.—Because you can't get a snug berth, is that any reason why you should make every body else uncomfortable? I can't see it in that light. I'll vote for Separate Schools, Popish monasteries, Jesuits, Credit Foncier, or any other thing, but by George, (I don't mean you,) I'll stick to office as long as office will stick to me.

G. B.—Must I then give you up. I cannot leave you thus in political slavery and blindness think how it would harrow up my very soul, freeze my heart's blood, and make me shed tears the finest cambric could not stop, to pillory in big black block letters, thy once honoured name.

McD.—You may fill your *Globe* with black or blue McDougall's till the type runs short, for all that I care. I've squatted on the Crown Lands, there I'll try to stay.

G. B.—Well, I must leave you now; next week I'll talk with you again. Meanwhile, McDougall, think on what I've said. We'll speak when next we meet of the convention, joint authority, and reminiscences of happier days.

McD.—Well, good-bye till next we meet, but don't think you can bully me, "or any other man." *Au reservoir*.

**POLITICAL NURSERY DITTY.**

BY J. B. MACDONALD.

If I had a Clear Grit what wouldn't go,  
Do you think I'd flatter him—no, no, no,  
I'd just crack my party whip, and say gee, whoa,  
Get up, Noddy.

Potato Rot.

—People need not charge the vapourings of the President of the Hibernian Society to the account of the Emerald Isle. Ireland has suffered from rotten *Murphies* before.

A Parliamentary Showman.

—Why was Mr. Langevin in the Kierzkowski case, like Barnum exhibiting a bear? Because he stirred up the House with a long *Pole*.  
Hope Yet.

—Mr. Street, the member for Welland, shows signs of relenting towards the Government. This might have been expected; for every body knows that "it is a long thoroughfare that has no turning."

Query.

—Why was the Grand Jury so convulsed at their last presentation? Do you give it up? Because a hot Murphy stuck in their throat.

New Publication.—"Sketches (in pencil) of Country Justices of the Peace," by Hon. A. Wilson, Editor of the "Policeman's Guide."

**SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.**

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

LOOK HERE!—WARNER'S CONCERT HALL, Yonge Street, near King Street, is now open every evening for the season, with the celebrated TWILIGHT HARMONISTS, consisting of the NEWTON FAMILY. LITTLE IVY'S songs alone are worth going half a mile to hear. Admission free.

Let a gentleman be ever so well dressed, his coat of the best broadcloth, his shirt of irreplaceable linen, his vest of the most delicate texture, his unmountainous cut in the highest style of art, his boots of patent leather—let him be the beau ideal of a well-dressed man, his attire incomplete, his appearance unfinished, his toilet faulty, unless his head is surmounted by a good hair-such a one as our friend G. M. KELLY, of 101 King Street East (Salt's Old Stand) manufactures and sells at his establishment. We cordially recommend him and his wares to our million and one readers.

Eating and drinking are among the commonest circumstances of life, and a man who eats a good dinner may be prepared for any event. To enable our friends to provide themselves with the means of battling against the ill effects of his appearance, we intend to visit the Terrapin. Any time between 6 in the morning and 12 at night, dinners or suppers, hot and cold, can be served up at the establishment at a moment's notice. The selections of music are first-class. Bird and Hebert's air playing and contribute much to while away an evening pleasantly.

Baby-amusement is an art not only acquired by a long and arduous practice, and one which takes its time, but is short run to learning of this kind? We answer—Yes. Buy a Baby's Friend. Mrs. Trencher has them for sale at the low price of \$3.00 to \$1.00. Who would be without them? Let young husbands, old husbands, young wives and old wives, procure them at once. To gratify your wishes, 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 good illustrations of self-evident facts, when we desire to inform our millions of readers that there are more than one hundred and seventy-five advantages to be derived from patronizing friend C. A. Backus, of Toronto Street. His stock of Novels particularly, is a novel institution—his Periodical 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 the art of purchasing their Books, Stationery and Periodicals to the best advantage.

[Excerpt.]