

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO.48)

## THE CRUMBLER

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 prepaid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

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

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n' your coat,  
I rick you tent it;  
A chiel's amang yo' tinking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

### MASTER SURFACE.

We need not name the town or street  
Where Master Surface dwells,  
For you can meet him any day,  
At all the big hotels.  
You'll meet him in the public park,  
You'll meet him in the square;  
Like ignorance and impudence,  
You'll meet him ev'ry where.

His face is flat, and smooth as wax,  
And girt around with hair;  
No hopes, nor fears, nor burning tears,  
Have left their impress there.  
His nose is small, yet pompously  
The little pug has curled,  
And from its elevation snuffs  
At all this lower world.

And to assert supremacy,  
And cut a lordly dash,  
He curls his upper lip beneath  
A terrible moustache.  
And over all you only see  
A simper and a grin—  
The watchful sentiments that guard  
The vacant realms within.

Creation is a mirror vast,  
Presenting forms infinite;  
But he, ah me! can only see  
His lovely self within it.  
The glory of the universe,  
Sun, moon, and stars are dim;  
Oh! look not at the firmament,  
Do only look at him.

For is he not the spirit? Yeal!  
The genius that controls  
The hidden power, the mystery,  
Of sleeves and button-holes.  
If you would only see the height  
To which his soul can rise,  
Set him a going upon cuffs,  
On collars, and neck-ties.

An artist, and an oracle,  
An arbiter of taste!  
Start him on the philosophy  
And potency of paste.  
Hear him on fashion's mysteries,  
Its changes and mutations,  
And henceforth think no more about  
The rise and fall of nations.

Talk not to him of science, or  
Of knowledge on the march;  
But bow with reverence before  
Th' omnipotence of starch.  
Hear him descant on pedigree,  
On noble blood and birth,  
And never after bow the knee  
To wisdom or to worth.

How well the creature plays his part,  
He is not useless wholly—  
He proves, at least, the ugliness  
Of foppery and folly.  
A thing of paste and padding, puff'd  
With vapour and pretence,  
As void of worth and manliness  
As lie's of common sense.

Earth's toilers, in their hidden grey,  
At far beneath his ken;  
A man so great can never mate  
With vulgar working men.  
He must have wealth at his command,  
There's nothing he can lack,  
For don't you see he carries his  
Estate upon his back.

And then his tastes are elegant,  
His manners all refined,  
For don't you feel where'er he goes  
He leaves a scent behind.  
This scented snuff, this pastry puff,  
This pretty lady's fan!  
This peacock vain, this ape insane,  
This libel upon man!

Of his importance to the world,  
No wonder that he brags;  
For he is good at gorging food,  
And turning clothes to rags.  
The fellow has the face to eat  
Good dinners ev'ry day,  
Yet never does a useful thing,  
And likely never may.

He mixes not with common clay,  
Nor drinks he ought save brandy;  
This empty cob, this putrid snob,  
This Yankee doodle dandy!  
Oh! what a pity 'tis to think  
So fine a man must die,  
And sleep forgotten in the grave,  
Like either you or I.

On dit.  
— We understand John Meek Macdonald, M.P.P., is about taking a tour through this "unhappy and divided country," and that Capturing Moodie is to travel with him to take lessons in letter writing, and to act as chaplain on state occasions.

### Magistrate's Court, Whitby.

ASSAULT CASE—MULLINS vs. CONNOR.

Jeremiah Connors. (This witness was rather deaf and is eighty years old.)

J. H. Greenwood, Esq., (Counsel for the defendant): Can you approximate somewhat closely to the possible distance intervening between the terrestrial occupancies of the respective units of humanity who figure in this incomprehensible, inscrutable, and otherwise perfectly understandable action?

Jeremiah Connor: Is it the cow ye're mainin, Sir? or was ye axin if the praties was all in? (Great laughter.)

By Mr. Draper: Assuming the motive power of Mr. Connor's hand to be represented by 140 pounds, and further assuming the law of projectiles to be as 5 to 25, would the angle, at which it seems the blow was struck, be equal to the angle of 13 minutes 45 seconds?

Jeremiah Connor: Sure, and savin' yer presence, he fell on his south pole.

### FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

It is not often that we "shoot Folly as she flies," or, in other words, attempt to chronicle the vagaries of Dame Fashion. But, unable to resist the importunities of our fair admirers—we use the term advisedly—we sharpen our nimblest goose quill, and, armed cap-a-pie, we dare to trespass on the close of that celebrated lady. Her domain is guarded, we are well aware, with spring guns and pit-falls, and the mysterious avenues leading thereto watched with jealous care. Hence it is that we should keep our eyes open, and while spying out the nakedness of the land (*vide* "Nothing to Wear") exercise our usual adroitness in order to avoid being entangled in an inextricable maze. When Theseus entered the Cretan labyrinth he was furnished by his lady-love with a clue of thread, which enabled him to retrace his course. The wily Athenian was not was not more cautious than we intend to be, for we have taken into studious consideration *Le Follet*, *The Lady's Magazine*, and other similar publications. Having declared our intentions, we launch out on

Boxsters.—The Scoop with its horticultural display, we notice, has given way before the inverted Coal-scuttle. The flattened top and "toque" crown of the latter afford an unlimited field for the exercise of millinery skill. The trimming consists of an extravagant display of polished hardware and velvet flowers, all of which is very well in its way and pleasing in the extreme, as a lady's head is thereby converted into a miniature toy-shop. For producing a proper scenic effect the "curtain" is retained. The colour of the ribbons used for decoration is a matter of taste. Some prefer green;

but we dole on a flaring red, or a lively scarlet, as the effect is so ridiculous. But bouquets are suffering severely from the rage which now prevails for

**HATS.**—Hats! Hats that are hats they certainly are. All sorts of shapes and sizes, from the jaunty jockey to the stately stove-pipe. The so-called sterner portion of humanity have endured in silence the petty larceny practised of late in the matter of outer garments by the so-called weaker sex. Coat, cloak, vest, and—the trousers, have been feloniously abstracted from the masculine wardrobe, and now, Oh, horror of horrors! the sleek beaver, the dignified castor, the graceful tile, the glossy stove-pipe,—call it what you will—is appropriated. This certainly caps the climax. No wonder the heads of the young men are turned. They see the last, best mark of distinction by which the two great divisions of humanity were recognized, swept away by the envious hand of Fashion. Farewell, old hat! man must fall back on the "rowdy." But we have a method of wreaking a terrible vengeance on the fair delinquents. We may steal

**CRINOLINE.**—This indispensable is not going out, for the reason that it can go no further. We did anticipate an abandonment of this wide-spread evil, but our expectations have been nipped in the bud. Crinoline was said to be a refrigerator in summer. Will the advent of winter cause it to contract? We trow not. Like the Irishman's glass of whiskey, it cools in summer and warms in winter. One advantage connected with its use is that it gives the wearer a wiry appearance. But we hasten to

**BOOTS.**—*Ex pede Herculem*—translated, "Puss in Boots,"—will soon be a cant phrase.

**HAM.**—The hirsute adornment, gratuitously furnished by nature for the special accommodation of the ladies, seems not to be appreciated, as the treatment it receives at their hands is marvellous. On one it is frizzled and dried, on another puffed and soaked with some fatty matter; others, again, plait, twist, and twirl it, while a few give it the appearance of shavings.

**CANES.**—Have not been adopted by our fashionables; but we expect before long to see the young ladies sporting their onk on King Street, with an air indescribably magnificent. What a thought for the swells.

**JEWELRY.**—Paste and glass diamonds continue still to delude the green.

**SMOKING.**—As court fashions rule, we must not be astonished to hear of the rise in the price of tobacco. The pipe of peace will, we presume, be an indispensable addition to the family circle, and domestic troubles may be expected to end in smoke.

We have thus traced the foot-trips of Fashion, and hope no one will be offended at the levity displayed in handling a subject so dangerous. But more anon.

#### Notice.

—Opposition M.P.P.'s wishing to hear something to their advantage will, for full information, please call upon Mr. O'Halloran, M.P.P.

Professor J. G. Bowes has the honor to announce that the Toronto College of oratory holds its sessions regularly, each Monday evening, in the large brick building behind the market. The objects of the College are:—

1st.—To teach the pupils the art of making a little brains go a long way. In the present bustling age of the world, nothing is more necessary.

2nd.—To teach them the most approved mode of silencing impudence by dignity; this art is practically illustrated by the Professor's handling of some of the pupils.

3rd.—To instruct them in the rules of *deportment and maintien*. As some of the young men have been somewhat neglected in their youth in these respects, the Professor is careful to provide the most improving examples that can be procured from the lanes and back streets of the city.

4th.—To accustom the pupils to speaking in a noise. To this end, several, if not more, are expected to hold forth at the same time, by this happy means, a greater amount of talking is got through with in one hour, than is possible in Parliament in four.

5th.—To prepare pupils for the House, the Bench or the Bar; so that, in whatever high position mature age may find them, it may discover them discharging the duties of their office in such a way as to reflect honor on the College.

It having been reported that some of the students have had connection with the *bar* before entering the College, this is to contradict such rumors, and to throw them back into the teeth of those who dare circulate them.

In order to give an idea of the strictness of the regulations, we append an extract or two.

"Students are strictly forbidden to imitate the bellowing of bulls, or the bleating of sheep. Crowing is not so severely dealt with, however, as the crowing of the cock is the emblem of pluckiness, a quality which the Professor admires; and braying like an ass is allowed, on account of the similarity of style to the utterance of the College.

"No person is allowed to blow bubbles during regular sessions; the pastime is not objected to on the score of immorality, but on account of the slopping of the floor with the soap-suds.

"Any student who smokes a cutty pipe in session, is reprimanded; if he presume to address the chair with it in his mouth, he is suspended, until he forsakes his offence, and apologizes.

"Any member desiring to swear or be profane, has to use the Hindostance language."

When it is added, that the heavier exercises of the College are relieved by jokes, *buffo* songs, *bon mots* and posturings, contributed principally by a student named BAXTER, it will be evident that its claims to a public support are greater than any such institution could ever show before, and it looks confidently for a continuance of the steady support with which it has hitherto been favored.

#### TENDERS.

The undersigned will receive at his office, near the skylight in the Court House Buildings, between the 5th of Nov. and the 17th of March, sealed tenders (prepaid, and stamps enclosed for answer,) for 1 cord of mixed beech, maple, and a little hemlock, free from worms, snails, and knots; also for  $\frac{1}{2}$  ton of Scranton coal, (scuttle included) both to be carried up five flights of stairs to his office. The lowest tender will be accepted, and payment to be made by order on the chamberlain, or deducted out of contractor's taxes.

No Methodist need apply.

YOUNG JAMES.

#### H. M. ON SCOTT'S ARCHITECTURE.

IN THE LEADER OF LAST THURSDAY.

Very good, Mr. H. M., you have already *done* Poetry, Painting, and Music; now stained glass gets its turn; we suppose sculpture, stained glass, and rhetoric come next, and then cookery, needle-work, and the noble art of self defence. You may easily get the proper style of criticising the N. Art, by studying the "Life of Sayers," an hour daily for a week or two; for your study of the ordinary art we recommend that classical work, "The Cook not Mad," unless you prefer to take lessons from some charming kitchen deity, in *propria persona*. What do you say to that, H. M? Have you any views on that point?

"Which a friend lent us a few days ago." He did, did he? Who was the man? Perhaps it was—*not no, surely* it couldn't be a bookseller, just receiving a fresh stock and willing to have the book made famous for nothing?

"Scott stands at the head of his profession." Tremble, O! Kauffman, Storm, Smith, Langley, Thomas, and all the rest of you! From this day your status is settled; H. M. has decided that Scott is boss of the shanty. Won't lucky Scott put that in the *Times*, though! And, of course, will declare that H. M. is the Prince of Musicians, Drawing-masters and Critics. "You scratch my, &c., &c., (old and coarse proverb.)

You showed some sense, H. M. in commencing your Architectural notes, with an abstract of Scott. It might be hard to nail you on a mistake in rhap-sodies, about English scenery and Canadian prodigies; but get on the subject of windows, bevels, mouldings, styles, and we will shake you so, that the very finger-nails will fall off you, if you talk nonsense. Did you look in your dictionary to find the meaning of "herring-bone"? Can you define the words, Isodomon, Gypsoplaste and Grub? Are you well up on Construction? What is the proper angle for carrying a load? How many feet-square are there in a square foot?

We suggest, that the next paper be on "The history, potency, brilliancy and destiny of the *Gru-muzen*." There is a theme for your pen, though it were long as some of your own hints after ideas, and as stiff as a Federal falsehood. Try it!

**AN HEROIC POEM.**

Written by a Horse Marine of the Kingston Field Battery, on the late occasion of its being ordered out for inspection by Brigade Major Shaw.

(Air.—*John Gilpin was a Citizen, &c.*)

Our valiant chaps turned out to-day,  
And true it has been said,  
More gay and festive cusses  
To battle ne'er were led.

With gallant Drummond in command,  
A dog of war let slip;  
"Hurrah! my bully boys," says he,  
"Keep a stiff upper lip."

"I'm going to raise the devil! Lads,"  
Says he, "there is no law  
That submits us to inspection  
By such a thing as *Shaw*."

"That's so," quoth bold Kirkpatrick—  
And a comely youth is he,  
No fairer is there to be seen  
In all our company.

"As sure," said he, "as this bit glass  
Is stickin' in my eye,  
There will be dirty work to-day,  
And we maun do or die."

"This fellow *Shaw* would be our boss;  
But even that's not all,  
He tried to boss the riflemen  
Below at Montreal."

Whereupon our Ebenezer riz,  
We gave a thundering yell  
In approbation of the words  
That from Kirkpatrick fell.

But *Kirk* fell too, for his war steed,  
Affrighted at the sound,  
With a sudden start, a rear and kick,  
Pitched *Alick* on the ground.

Quick then jumped up the *Beauty* bold,  
Beamed with mud and dirt,  
"Have no concern," said he, "brave lads,  
The devil a bit I'm hurt."

"But grope around among the dirt,  
And see if ye can spy  
The wee bit glass that, when I spoke,  
Was stickin' in my eye."

So soon was *Alick* put on top  
His battle horse again,  
He sat uneasy in his seat,  
As if he were in pain.

The vicious horse, impatient grown  
Of rider, spur, and rein,  
Set off in furious mad career,  
And scoured along the plain.

In vain the bugle called him back  
In vain our Captain swore;  
Away flew *Alick's* riding cloak,  
Yet onward still he tore.

In vain poor *Alick* tugged the rein,  
And muttered many a curse;  
The more he pulled, the more he wnt,  
It made the matter worse.

Away went *Alick*, and away  
Went *Alick's* head-gear rig;  
Away went snobbard, pouch and sword,  
They were not buckled trig.

So, stooping down, he clutched the mane,  
It was a comic sight,  
Bare-headed, without coat or sword,  
He roared with all his might.

And at poor *Muggy* many a joke,  
The jeering crowd let fly,  
For scampering off without cap or sword,  
Or the bit glass in his eye.

"Stop him boys! stop him boys!" *Alick* roared,  
Still the uncompromising jade,  
Regardless of her riders screams,  
Quick, tracks for the forest made.

And the devilish brute, with *Mug* aback,  
Was observed in the distance to fly,  
The last that was seen of our brave horse-  
marine,  
Or the wee bit glass in his eye.

**CITY COUNCIL.**

CONCERT ROOM.

MONDAY EVENING - - - NOV. 1st, 1863.

LAST NINE VERSES OF THE TALENTED TROUPE.

*New Songs, New Dances, New Everything.*

**PROGRAMME.**

- My poor old horse* ..... Coun. Baxter,
- Orange and Green*, (for this occasion
- only) ..... Medcalf & Hynes.
- I wish I had a fat contract* ..... Ald. Strachan,
- I would I were a boy again* ..... Ald. Carr,
- I will be an Alderman* ..... Coun. Boxall,
- I don't shave on Sunday* ..... Coun. James,
- Evening Hymn* ..... Ewart & Dickey.
- Fancy Dance - - - - - Miss Mitchell.

The performance will conclude with the laugh-  
able farce, entitled

**PUTTING THE STREET RAILWAY IN ORDER.**

- Clever ..... Ald. Jarris,
- Oily Gammon ..... Mr. Bowes,
- Humbug ..... Ald. Love,
- Dead Head ..... Coun. Baxter,
- Tim Ware ..... Coun. Boxall.

Prices as usual.

J. G. Bowes,  
Manager,  
Jno. Carr,  
Treasurer.

**CORPORATION RELICS.**

The following relics can be seen in the Member's  
Room, City Hall Buildings:—

An excellent photograph of Councilman Baxter's  
horse, phaeton, and crutch.

A picture of Mr. John Bugg and his man Friday,  
attending to Corporation contracts (1854).

A fair picture of Councilman Dickey, with Cor-  
poration funds for excursion, in his hand, and, at  
the same time, refusing to hand the same over.

The identical pen-jacket that Captain Moodie  
wore at the Mayoralty contest of 1856—also, the  
piece of silver paid the City Bellman, for crying  
him round the ward.

An oil painting of W. H. Boulton, as Mayor,  
prior to his leaving Toronto, and his creditors  
behind him.

**Council's Proceedings.**

MONDAY EVENING LAST.

Ald. Strachan contended that the Finance Com-  
mittee had the appointment of all the clerks, and  
the Council had no right to make any appointment.  
He was of opinion that Coun. Boxall was trying to  
fence the city and the Council, and hundreds of  
dollars were lost to the Council by Coun. Boxall's  
carelessness.

We protest against Ald. Strachan bringing such  
charges against Coun. Boxall. We cannot agree  
altogether with Ald. Strachan in this matter, but  
we do object to Coun. Boxall carrying the papers  
and letters belonging to the Wharves and Harbours  
Committee in his pocket, and refusing to let the  
other members see them. We don't object to Coun.  
Boxall getting a fat contract from the Grand Trunk,  
for which, no doubt, he will be well paid, but it is  
too bad Strachan was not allowed to divide in the  
profits. Boxall, don't keep all the pickings; give  
poor Strachan a little, if only to keep him quiet.

That \$190.

Will John Riteley, Jr., and "Cheap Tra-  
velling" Henderson, bear in mind that our patience  
is nearly exhausted. Will you let us know about  
the \$190, or must we call a public meeting upon  
the subject?

Mortimer Smyth, Esq., M.P.P.

We are happy to inform the public that by  
the wonderful exertions of Mortimer Smyth, Esq.,  
M.P.P., while in Quebec, we are likely to have  
Church Street macadamized.

Query.

Can Councilman Baxter inform us as to  
where all the old carpets and coal-scuttles, which  
have been used in the City Hall, are put to?

Wanted.

Wanted, by a young gentleman, whose  
present engagement will soon terminate, a situa-  
tion as lackey in some respectable family—a coun-  
try engagement preferred—unexceptionable refer-  
ences—address, box 170, Kingston Post Office.

### Answers to Correspondents.

**News-dealer.**—We supply over forty news agents per week on the same terms as those named in our letter, and we cannot deviate from them on any account.

**C.M.K., Augusta, Maine.**—You may expect to hear from us within the next week.

**R.T.—J.S.—J.B.—A.R.—R.W.—C.L.—Kingston, C.W.** Subscriptions received.

### To News Agents.

The early edition of the *Grumbler* is always published on Saturday, in time for the early morning trains which leave this city. By ordering supplies of our paper direct, from the office of publication, news agents are certain to have them in time for Saturday's sale. These facilities cannot be offered by any news agent in the city.

### To the Public in General.

We are always glad to receive original contributions from outside Toronto, as we desire to make the *GRUMBLER* welcome in every part of Canada. But, it must be understood, that gross personalities find little favour with us, though harmless jokes are not so objectionable. If correspondents desire to vent their spleen, let them seek out what concerns the public, and they will be allowed considerable latitude. City Councils, especially, affect us as a scarlet cloak does a bull, and we are always disposed to administer wholesome chastisement for their frequent delinquencies.

### The Rule of Three and Reduction.

The Police Commissioners have notified Sergeant Smith that he is to be reduced to the ranks. Without desiring to pre-judge the action of the Commissioners, we must say, that their reduction of an officer of such long standing in the force, as Ser. Smith, without preferring any charge against him, savours strongly of the tyrannical. Whatever the cause, it cannot be denied that the public is entitled to know something of it, and Ser. Smith should have a hearing. Mere caprice is no justification for injustice, and the sooner we hear what Smith is charged with, the better it will be for all parties. There must be no underhand work in matters of this kind, we are determined to see justice done.

**SOMETHING IN A NAME.**—It would not be improper to designate Major Tom Fergusson, M.P., as the *Ursa Major* of the Sedimentary Militia.

**TRUE TO NATURE.**—There is no rose without a thorn—so the flowery member for Montreal Centre has experienced. His thorn his Holtou.

**A LAWYER'S REASON FOR NOT VISITING TOM THUMB.**  
—*De minimis non curat lex.*

### The Royal Lyceum.

Pressure of other matter on our columns, has prevented our noticing the re-opening of our little Temple of the Muses, by Mr. A. Macfarland.

The interior of the House has been re-painted and freshened, presenting a much better appearance than under the former management. Since the re-opening, the audiences have been fair, and the acting of the several members of the company excellent. M. Felix A. Vincent, a young actor of much merit, has won golden opinions for himself during his short engagement, which closed last night. We hope the public will give Mr. Macfarland that patronage which an enterprising manager deserves—well filled houses.

### THE ATHENÆUM.

The feature of the week at this place of amusement has been the clog dancing of Messrs. Stewart and Diamond, and we must say that the management has made a hit in engaging them. Their dancing is really well worth seeing, and a spare evening could not be better employed than in paying friend Bayless a visit. The rest of the company are, as usual, well up in their respective roles. Pay them one visit.

### SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS.

This well known and highly popular troupe, under the sole management of the renowned Sam Sharpley, commence a series of entertainments on the 4th instant in the Music Hall. Their tour through the Canadas has been a perfect triumph, and we don't wonder, with two such "contrabands" as Sam Sharpley and Cool Burgess, and a programme that cannot be offered by any troupe that travels. Sam Sharpley has earned for himself the title of "Prince of Managers," and well he merits it.

### TO SMOKERS.

Lovers of the fragrant weed are, perhaps, not aware, that at Messrs. Carlisle and McConkey's, Terrapin Restaurant, is to be found one of the largest and best assortments of Meerschaum, Briar and other pipes in Canada, and for which they have been awarded the highest honor they can receive, namely, the diploma from the Provincial Exhibition Association of 1863. Their stock of Tobaccos, Cigars and Fancy Goods, cannot be excelled in Canada. They import direct from the manufacturers in the different articles mentioned above, so that they can sell, (wholesale and retail,) as cheap, if not cheaper, than any house in the trade.

### The Grumbler on Skates.

Messrs. Rice Lewis & Son, corner of Toronto and King Sts., are, as usual, first in the market with a well assorted stock of best English skates, of the most popular patterns. The London, Oxford and Sheffield's Club, the Ladies Favourite, &c., &c. Their prices are moderate, and a better quality of skates have never been sold in the city. Skaters should call and judge for themselves.

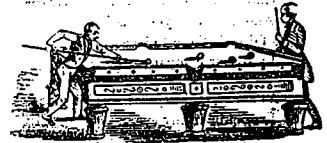
### THE TOM THUMB TROUPE.

The little people who have been on exhibition in the Music Hall since Monday last, have drawn a succession of crowded houses, and all this with three *leaves* daily. It is a matter of doubt who attracted the greatest attention, the gallant General and his beautiful little wife, or the humorous young Commodore and Miss Minnie Warren. The Commodore's laughable impersonation of a crow pleases the juveniles exceedingly, whilst his songs and dances never fail to please the audience. The troupe give their last performance to night—also, giving *leaves* at 11 a.m., and 3 p.m.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

### W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH



SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS,

SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.

Patented November 15, 1863. Manufactory, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cushions repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. None but the best tables made at the establishment.

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

"Walla Walla" is the favourite exclamation of the East Indian Kitimatig when ever he sees anything he thinks very beautiful, anything super-excellent. How those fellows would apostrophize the splendid articles to be seen at Messrs. WALLS, King Street, and in terms, too, which might almost be mistaken for the name of the Firm.

A Photographic Album is, verily, a marvel of beauty. Happy are we who, in these latter days, have at our command for a small sum these splendid depositories for all the notabilities of the age. Turn but the page, and the wisest of earth's sons, the fairest of earth's daughters greet you; and in this hallowed nook affection's hand has bestowed her rarest treasures. C. A. BAKER'S, Toronto St., stock of these beautiful albums is not to be surpassed.

### THE CANADIAN RAILWAY GUIDE

### FOR NOVEMBER.

Will be issued on or about the 16th of next month, immediately on the Winter Arrangement for Canadian Railroads coming into effect.

Advertisements, to secure insertion, should be sent unto the office, 60 King Street East, by the 8th instant.