

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 15.]

## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early trains. Copies may be had at all the News Dealers. 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 not 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 rede you tent it;  
A chiel's anane you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

### The Marriage of the Prince of Wales.

WRITTEN FOR THE GRUMBLER.

Once the Norse-man came a conqueror,  
Riding through the white sea-foam,  
With strong arm and thirsty sword-blade,  
Sea and land alike his home;  
And the winds his white sails filling,  
Unto Britain did he roam.

Till, he came a ruthless conqueror,  
Singing o'er the sat sea-foam,  
And with blade and battle-axes,  
Won and held a British throne;  
And upon the page of glory  
Left a record of his own.

Now again he comes a conqueror,  
Mightier than in days of yore,  
And an empire more enduring  
Than the old shall he restore;  
Love, all-conquering, wet with sea-foam,  
Moors his bark on England's shore.

Once o'er Britain did the Norse-men,  
Sway the sceptre with the sword,  
But a fair and royal lady  
For their Queen they now afford;  
And love's sceptre, all-subduing,  
May she hold with her fond lord.

Now the Norse and Saxon nations  
In two noble hearts are wed,  
When o'er the latter's wide dominions  
The snowy wings of Peace are spread;  
And the olden memories waking,  
Bright hopes on her future shed.

Dove-eyed Peace, of snowy pinions,  
Fold thy wings on England's throne;  
Sweet-eyed love, of accents tender,  
Make their hearts thy changeless home;  
Cherub Hope, forever smiling,  
Never from their palace roam.

And when to the sceptre cometh,  
May they well themselves approve,  
Like to them who reigned before them,  
Girded with a nation's love;  
And when here they reign no longer,  
May they reign with God above.

## THE MAYOR ON HAIR-SPLITTING.

According to the reports in the daily papers last week, a wooden subject was introduced into the City Council last Monday se-night, in the shape of a bill to provide for the measurement and sale of cordwood. Ald. Carr, who is a sort of old hen in charge of all walks, gardens, avenues, and woods, was its sponsor. The usual preliminaries having been gone through, the Council went into Committee of the Whole on the Bill, and Ald. Jarvis was called to take the chair. After the second clause had been read, Coun. Edwards, who is not fond of "going it blind," found that the Bill was not printed, and moved that the Committee rise and report progress. Ald. Carr, from some reason not stated in the report, was opposed to this motion, and told the Council if they did not go on with the consideration of the Bill he would relinquish the parentage. The chairman put the motion "that the Committee do rise," (by mistake), which always has the effect of "killing off" any Report or Bill, and the Committee rose accordingly, the majority voting in favour of Coun. Edwards' motion. Tell it not on King Street: publish it not in the Market square! the Mayor actually, to please Ald. Carr, declared the Bill slaughtered. Ald. Jarvis properly characterised this "hair-splitting" conduct of the Mayor as "mean, paltry, and contemptible." The poor people of Toronto who have been long swindled in the wood market, will therefore have to go on submitting to extortion until Ald. Carr comes down from his high horse, or the Mayor gets better posted up in the rules which govern legislative bodies. Verify these worthies have the fullest faith in the old couplet, that

"Doubtless the pleasure is great  
In being cheated as to cheat."

### Sticking to His Colours.

—When the Brigade Majors were appointed lately, and Colonels of Militia instructed to send their returns through the Brigade office, Col. the Hon. Sir E. P. Tache became virtuously indignant, threw up his commission, and washed his hands of the defence of the Province. We all lamented the action of the "gallant Colonel," and thought that no more would his martial form be seen, clothed in the uniform of Her Majesty. But Mr. Tenson has come again. The *Globe*, in reporting the proceedings relative to the Prince of Wales' marriage in the Legislative Council, says that Col. Tache was attired more gorgeously than any of the other members. The *Leader* reporter, who seems to be better posted in military matters, tells us that Sir E. P. Tache sported his Colonel's uniform on the occasion. The "old war horse" deserves the thanks of the community, now that he has gone back into the traces.

## IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OFFICE,  
12th March, 1863.

DEAR GRUMBLER—As the country desires an explanation of the Double Majority principle, the Executive Council have determined to present, through your columns, the accompanying lucid enunciation of its chief features. Please accept the endorsed cheque for \$100, and also the assurance of our high consideration:

Yours admiringly,  
J. S. MACDONALD.

To THE GRUMBLER,  
21 Nordheimer's Buildings, Toronto.

### DOCUMENT ENCLOSED.

On accepting office we found the country on the road to ruin. The gigantic frauds of our predecessors; their awful mismanagement; their hideous corruption; their frightful favoritism; their outrageously unconstitutional acts; their terrible extravagance; all, all, combined to lower this Province to the lowest depth of degradation. We could imagine no single principle sufficient to bring order from chaos, health from disease, purity from corruption, therefore was compelled to look out for a double one to meet the case. Thus sprang into existence the Double Majority System of government. We are not very clear on its practical working, but in theory it is perfectly simple. When defeated by a majority from one section of the Province, the members of the Cabinet representing that section, if they feel inclined, may resign. It is not absolutely necessary that they should, (See note on Rep. by Pop.) but it may be safely said that they may. When this resignation takes place, that portion of the Cabinet which shall possess the confidence of its section of the Province shall carry on the government until defeated; or it may make overtures to the Opposition and select from its opponents a sufficient number to fill the vacant offices. Hence half a cabinet may rule the whole country, or a cabinet may be half Grit and half Tory at the same time. Should the latter be the case, each portion of the Cabinet shall have supreme control over such section of the Province as it represents. This will admit of two policies, being pursued at the same time. The benefits likely to accrue from such an arrangement are obvious. The other principal feature in our present policy is to abuse heartily the acts of our predecessors and take credit to ourselves for the virtue we evince in abstaining from committing what we have often called, their crimes.

J. S. MACDONALD,  
M. H. FOLEY,  
W. McDOUGALL,  
A. WILSON.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES' MARRIAGE.

THE CELEBRATION IN TORONTO.

### Startling Demonstration.

Toronto is immortalized. If the Queen has any desire to perpetuate a feeling of loyalty in Canada towards herself, and the crown she wears, she will immediately knight half our citizens, Tuesday last being the day on which H.R.H., the Prince of Wales was tied in the bond of wedlock to the daughter of Prince Christian, of Denmark, our good city signalized the event with a grand demonstration—the like of which was never before seen in Toronto.

From careful telescopic and meteorological observation, it was noticed that the sun rose about the usual hour; and from a precise examination it was also discovered that most people ate their breakfasts about the same time as on other days. The only exception was the Mayor, who lay in sackcloth and ashes all the previous night by way of atonement for his municipal sin of proclaiming only half a holiday.

The Grumbler, desirous of giving a faithful and true account of how the day was spent, sallied forth at early dawn to see what there was to see, and hear what there was to hear, having first kissed affectionately Mrs. Grumbler and all the little G.'s. Having wandered about for hours without seeing anything of particular moment, he betook himself to the Victoria Rink, having been kindly passed in by the obliging proprietors. There he saw a sight which would soften the heart of an Abbe Dominican, or a Father Celebiate. Ladies on the "magic steel" (ride Leader) now skating on the perpendicular, then on the rectilinear, then on the horizontal, now on their feet, then on their heads, and so on in regular rotation. What glorious exercise, we mused within ourselves, as we watched the progress of the sport! But we must listen on.

Our space will prevent a lengthened notice of the salute of twenty-one guns at the old fort, or of the parade of the 10th battalion. It is only necessary to say that the guns were loaded with powder after the usual fashion, and that a very distinct report was heard after each gun went off. In the battalion march we noticed that the men walked on their feet, and not on their heads; and that the mounted officers got on their horse's backs rather than on their heads—a proceeding which we cannot take time to explain, but which struck us as very extraordinary, considering the important nature of the demonstration.

Donning our swallow tail, and fortifying ourselves against the inclemencies of the weather we proceeded to the St. Lawrence Hall, where a hall was given "under the patronage of the citizens." As we were about entering with our Jomium on our arm, and a dozen "episodes" (see A. Ward—his book) by our side, a rude, uncouth-looking fellow at the door demanded our ticket. Raising ourselves to our natural height, and assuming an air of injured innocence, we loudly demanded, "What ticket?" "You cannot pass in here, sir, without a ticket," replied the indignant youth who kept the door. "You mistake," we replied, "is not this hall under the patronage

of the citizens?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, we are entitled to pass in. If you were a scholar, my boy, we would reason the matter with you after a logical fashion. As there is truth in a syllogism, you cannot prevent us from entering this room. Are not the patrons of a ball always admitted free? The citizens are the patrons of this ball. We are a citizen, and therefore entitled to pass in. Clear the way." The youth was indignant, and had evidently been to see the "Seven Sisters," for while placing himself between us and the door, he burst out into a laugh, and exclaimed, "I can't see it." The brute! we muttered, as we left the place in disgust. He is neither a scholar nor gentleman; nor does he know how to keep the door at a ball room. [Mr.—THE GRUMBLER hopes that no one will be so crazy in future as to give a ball under false pretences. He has no desire to find himself placed a second time in such an unenviable position.]

After this escapade we had not time to visit the Orange supper, where the Grand Master was scotched more severely than even the "Papist snake" was handled by the same honourable gentleman, because he voted for the Separate School bill.

Wearied with our days adventures we returned to our humble dwelling, and during the shades of night dreamt that the Prince of Wales was standing over ourselves, and as we supposed he was about to say, "Rise, Sir Knight Grumbler,"—we awoke to find—it was but a dream.

### Tit for Tat.

—It is a poor rule that don't work both ways. The Leader of Thursday, in speaking of Sol. Gen. Wilson's bill to substitute stamps on papers and parchments used in law proceedings, says, in reference to the officers of the Crown, at present retaining the fees—"The calling of a few of such officers to a sharp account might be productive of temporary good in the particular cases; but the only radical remedy is to take away the opportunity of wrong doing." The Grumbler is glad to see that the Leader has commenced a crusade against the defaulters, but it is the old story of seeing a mote in your brother's eye and completely forgetting the saw log in your own. The Leader should, before going any further, argue in favour of a certain gentleman paying up what is due on the York Roads, which would be productive of general good to the finances of the Province. Perhaps the "we" of that journal is waiting for the returns asked in Parliament on the subject by the member for Halton.

### From Ailing Columbia.

—The telegraphic despatches of last week announced the important fact that "General Hooker is on the alert." Any of our readers who can inform us of his geographical whereabouts will receive one year's copy of the GRUMBLER free.

Another lucid telegram tells us "the government is in excellent spirits and sanguine of success." If so the whole question of the war is settled. If the government of the United States is in excellent spirits it is certainly preserved—just what the North has all along been contending for. It may, however, turn out that it is in a worse pickle than ever. We await events to decide.

### A Modest, though Characteristic Request.

A report has been before the City Council for some weeks, one clause of which is that no person shall be eligible to the Mayoralty, unless he has previously served two years in the Council.—Leader.

THE GRUMBLER condoles with the Mayor on the rejection of the report. His Worship, it may be as well to state, feels somewhat sore at this clause of the report being thrown out, as may be judged from the following little document, which our "devil" found in contiguous proximity to the Mayor's chair in the Council Chamber:—

To the Honorable the Legislative Council and Assembly of Canada:

The petition of the undersigned humbly sheweth—

"That he has for five years filled the office of Mayor of the City of Toronto, by reason of unseemly divisions among his opponents, and the low calibre of the gentlemen who opposed him; that during those five years he has obtained a thorough knowledge of the stupendous intricacies of the finances of the city; that by his suavity and bland manner he has conciliated enemies and made friends (some say in sufferance, but that is a slander); that there are certain matters connected with the administration of the affairs of the city, such as the disputes between the corporation and the railway companies, the settlement of the water lots' question, the reconstruction of the jail; preventing the consumption of too much gas on the streets at night, and other questions of a like nature, which require the highest order of talent, so as to prevent loss to the city; that there are certain matters connected with the admission of patients to the Hospital which no other persons know so much about as the undersigned; that, moreover, the salary attached to the office is a matter of consideration to the petitioner, who has been unfortunate in business.

"The undersigned therefore hopes that your honorable bodies, seeing the important consequences which hang upon the continuance of himself in the Mayoralty of the City of Toronto, will enact that no person, except the present incumbent, shall be considered duly qualified to fill that position, unless he be of the full age of three score years and ten, have acquired property of the yearly value of £3,999 19s. 9d. sterling, and have had forty-five years experience in municipal affairs.

"And the undersigned will ever pray, &c.

JOHN G. BOWES,  
"Mayor."

### Rather Sealy.

—A correspondent in South Oxford, elated at the election of the champion of the Grit party, sends us the following sparkling attempt at a pun on the defeated candidate's name:

"The entrance of the Hon. George Brown into the contest at South Oxford did not Bode-well for the success of the aspiring young man who was anxious to represent the Riding in parliament."

We publish the above as a warning to punsters generally, and hope the good folks of South Oxford will give the maker of it a wide berth—that is if they have any faith in the Johnsonian theory.

Lines by an Extra Writer of the Legislative Assembly.

As a tribute to the talents (financial and otherwise) of Messrs. Alexander and Simpson, these lines are humbly dedicated, in the hope that even the country loses their able services, these two gentlemen will discover what "True Economy" is. By that time Mr. Alexander will be Minister of Agriculture, and Mr. Simpson Minister, of Finance.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, to write to-day,  
And I wish that I were dead;  
For the extra-writers have lost their pay,  
And have lost their daily bread.

And who is the cause of this awful woe?  
I heard an extra cry,  
As an empty office he wandered through,  
And wiped a tearful eye.

The echo answered woe, indeed,  
For woe was all around;  
'Twas woe up in the empty air,  
And woe upon the ground.

And woe say we, and woe say all,  
Much woe to Simpson, too,  
Until he has a heart to feel,  
And something else to do.

Long live these great economists,  
And may they always find  
Good men to do their dirty work,  
And none of little mind.

The poor clerks of the Government.  
Ho snubbed or smote them down:  
The minions trembled at his frown,  
And fainted at his frown.

May this man of the Upper House  
Forever live and smile,  
And grind and grate small salaries  
Of poor clerks all the while.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

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

STANLEY STREET, 10th March, 1863.

Well, if I'm not longin for Patberick's Day to come: whin not a sow! less then eight thousand of us will turn out up here, ready for anythin from a game of marvels to a murder, and determined to sport the ould flag from St. Mary's down to St. Paul's, without an inch of ground to spare betwix us. That's the sight that warms the cockles of my heart and brings to mind ninnny an anshent custom and glorious epoch. I suppose you have to throang a dose of Friuch among yez down there, to thry any such caper; but I don't see why; for we, at laste, ought to be friends, and not forget Fontenoy and Killala, or Banthry Bay, I dunna whieh.

I'm raley glad that yez are behavin so respectable attords nich other in the House; for I must say that it's more then I expected at first. But as George is not there yet, I'm afraid I'm countin my chickens afore they're hatched. Howsomdiver, he may do better then I'm anticipatin, seein that he is an althered man in more then one respect—and room there was for that same. Shure I tould you that nothin could keep him out of Parlemt; and right I was in my conjecture, believin that yez would'nt intherfare much

wid his return, for sartin reasons. If you can only get him off that foolish representation question, he's bagg'd as safe as the hare you snared the night we were chased by long Jack Grady the game-keeper; for, you persave, yez have all the rest in yer own hands, so long as there's a pinny to be made out of yez.

Is'nt it a wonder that Mister Howland had'nt his commercial policy ready for Mister Blose whin he axed him for it the other night in the House? Shure there's nothin more simple in the world then footin up that same question. Let yez begin by levyin a duty of one per cent. on all American lecturers who visit us—permittin them to invoice themselves at their own valuation or that set on them by some of our lithery societies. Can anythin be plainer? There's a mine of wealth in it; and satisfied I am, that if you minshun the thing to the Minister of Finance he'll agree wid me, that it may be about as reasonable a source of rivinuc as some he may be axed to adopt afore the sesshun's over.

I'm gettin out of, consait wid the Opposition, becase it's only wid squibs their fightin; but I'm thinkin that John A. is only lyin low to take better aim at yez. 'Pon my consuns, a finer fella niver bruck the bread of life; and sorry I am that he's not friends wid the whole of yez, and in among yez besides. Could'nt yez turn out some Frincheunan at a venthur, and make place for him? Shure, the devil a loss it would be to Tom Ferguson if the whole of them were out of the House, as Mister Archambo—who, I suppose, is some relation to Bladder-um-boo—can tell. Look into the matter, and refer to it in your next.

Was not John Sanfield the bitter joker to move an adjournment the other night in consequence of a "stoppage of gas?" Shure he was puttin the cart afore the horse, for sich a thing couldn't have possibly occurred until the adjournment had first taken place itself, or while there was a single soul of yez awake and talkin. It was a great bit of fun intirely; but not a very logical noshun to be made by the Attorney General himself. I suppose you lassed at it until your heart was nigh bruck; for you're the boy that knows the ups and downs of it.

They're vexed up here becase yez wont give thim a chance of forain the brigade of militia min that yez promised to do. Now if yez did promise to do that, yez mustn't brake your words, becase that brigade would be one of the finest in the whole country, from the fact that the devil a soul would be let into it that wasn't as genuine a Paddy as ever kicked a foot ball or danced a jig. I'll look into the case further, afore I say much on the subject; but, shure, I'm sensible enough, that neither you nor Michael would have a hand in it. Begorra, I think myself, that if we had a few hundred Tipperary boys up here wid muskets in their fists, it would be better then openin up the Nor' West; as we'd soon taich the regulars manners, and thry and take a shtrip of land from our friends on the other side of Lake Ontario.

I haven't much life in me to-day some how or other, although I didn't sit up late neither. I think we got home betwix two and three; but I had the devil's work wid little Tom Kelly, who got badly hurt wid a broken tumbler: that was meant for a policeman that was thryin to take the landlord. Tom didn't know who struck him wid it; and what'd does he do, afore any explanation could be given, but lay a very psable and clane lookin stranger that sat just behind him, almost dead wid a blow of a chair. Sich ruckshins I niver witnessed since I left Rooskey, whin they boilt a gauger in a still one night for intherfarin wid a runnin that was goin on in a bog near Mary Callabans. I declare, to tell you the thruth, I had to turn me head away and almost have the place whin I saw his legs stickin out; but he couldn't have suffered much, as the licker was nigh a red hate, and there was almost enough to cover him.

I have done at present, and thrust you are in good health. When you see Michael tell him that the editor of the *Leader* is very much plazed wid his althershins of the mails. He used to be plazed wid Sidney Smith's arrangements too, which is rather generous on his part. I see yez are fightin a little about printin; but my advice to you is not to let it all out for a few days; and you'll find that there may be some reason in the hint, afore long. Don't dispose of all your contracts too airy, allanah, for the longer you keep a few of them on hand the more attinshun will be paid to yez. This is a quare world! isn't it? That it is so, in troth, is the opinion of

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

P. S.—Ogle R. and John Hilliard are invited to walk wid us. Ogle R. has consinted to propose the health of the Administhrashun, and John McWatt or Tom Cotton, it is thought, will return thanks. T. F.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

We understand that the Hon. John A. Macdonald is writing a history of the "Reformation," and that upon its completion, he will join the Hon. Messrs. Foley and McGee upon their new work "The Decline and Fall, &c."

Hon. John Sanfield Macdonald is busy on the Tin mines of Cornwall, with which, it is said, he is about to identify his interests more nearly.

The Hon. Mr. Howland is busily engaged on the "Theory of Storms," with a view of demonstrating the speediest method of raising the wind.

The Hon. Mr. Evanturel is not engaged on anything.

His Excellency the Governor General is hard at work on a treatise regarding the best mode of preserving life at the Council Table. It is thought that a glance will also be given at the floor of the House.

THE "WHAT IS IT," OF POLITICS.—The Double Majority principle.

## AWFUL.

No gas! Such is the story which flashed across the wires from Quebec on Monday night last. The House could not proceed with its deliberations (?) on account of a lack of gaseous matter, and adjourned on motion of the head of the government. We think the public should hold Mr. Sandfield Macdonald responsible for such an outrageous act as this. When it is remembered that the country pays \$600 to each worthy representative of the people now assembled in the ancient capital, it is really too much to be told, that the House must shut up for want of gas. Will a people, ground to the very dust with taxation, almost irrevocably sunk beneath the load of debt which is piled upon by the corruptions and extravagances of our rulers—(see *Globe* of any day for the past ten years or so),—will such a people, we say, listen with complacency to such an announcement as this? Never! "Britons, never, &c. &c." Just fancy the awful waste of gas that was made in the early part of the session; and a scarcity of the article already! It is the old story of a feast or a famine. Why did not the premier call upon our old friend Tom Ferguson? He would have been good for four hours good, on a stretch, especially if Mr. Scott's separate school bill were brought up, or Rep. by Pop. mentioned. We really hope the premier will not be so absent minded in future, if such an accident should again occur.

## BILLS INTRODUCED.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

- Mr. Langevin—An Act to fix the rate of interest.  
Mr. Bourassa—An Act respecting interest.  
Hon. Mr. Currie—An Act to amend the Common Law Practice Act.  
Hon. Mr. Cameron—An Act to cut up the Common Law Practice Act.  
Hon. Mr. Wilson—An Act to cut down the Common Law Practice Act.  
Hon. ————An Act to extend the Common Law Practice Act.  
Mr. Crawford—An Act to limit the Common Law Practice Act.  
Mr. Piche—An Act to amend the Act relative to interest.  
Hon. Mr. Mowat—An Act to vary the Common Law Practice Act.  
Mr. Tasse—An Act relating to interest.  
Mr. Rankin—An Act respecting morality.

## VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS.

Speaking of the pay of M. P.s, we are of the opinion, that the number of days in a lunar month is more suggestive of the amount they ought to receive for their services during the session, than the number contained in a calendar month as now arranged.

Innocent little children, when they accompany their dotting mamma's in the street, should not, when they run, be so clad as to engender the idea that a parasol with two handles had been accidentally blown away from some person.

When you go to a small theatre, where the por-

formers are within a few feet of you, be sure to bring some fashionable cantatrice so near you, with your opera glass, that you can see nothing but her mouth.

When you salute a lady in the street, don't do so as if you were suddenly struck by the colic into an angle of forty-five embellished with an unmeaning grin.

## Great Cry and Little Wool.

—The Council with which the City of Toronto is at present blessed (?) has carried off the palm in the way of long windy debates ending in nothing. To attend a meeting of the City Council is an indignity that few of the citizens dare undergo. The speeches are wishy-washy, stale, flat and unprofitable. This gaseous body sat for four mortal hours the other night, according to the reports in the daily papers, and succeeded in passing one amendment to the market law, by which the fee payable by henwives was reduced from thirteen cents to five. Just figure fourteen Aldermen, fourteen Councilmen and a Mayor, spending a whole evening and the gas of the city, to obtain such a result.

## Keen Wit.

—Why is skating so very popular? Because it is an ice amusement.

The contributor of the above was immediately paid off, and recommended to write for the *Globe* or some other funny paper—he was not in our line.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after this date THE GRUNDLEN will be issued on Friday morning instead of Saturday as heretofore. News Agents will therefore receive their copies in plenty of time for Saturday's sale.

News Agents whose orders are filled at our office, will please remember that we only fill their orders as long as the cash on hand lasts. Note this, orders must reach us by Thursday morning to secure attention.

## ONTARIO DRAMATIC CLUB.

Several young men of this city having formed themselves into a club with the above cognomen, for the purpose of giving dramatic entertainments, we dropped in on Thursday evening, and were much pleased with their performance. The pieces were "The Seven Clerks," and "Bombastes Furioso." The acting of Miss Pierce and Mr. Frank Wright, the leading lady and gentleman of the company, was excellent. We are informed Mr. Frank Wright takes his first benefit on Thursday evening next, to we are sure, a crowded house. The hall is situate on the corner of Bay and Adelaide streets, entrance on the latter.

## THE ATHENEUM.

During the past week the Athenaeum, notwithstanding other attractions, still holds its own, and the singing of Messrs. Corrie and Aitken is, as usual, up to the mark. We understand that arrangements are now in progress for enlarging the hall, so as to accommodate the numbers that are turned away nightly, and that new talent has been engaged, of which due notice will be given.

## ROYAL LYCEUM.

The "Seven Sisters" has, as we premised, drawn well, and although this is the end of the second week of its production, yet the same large audiences are attendant. The last scene, the birth of the butterfly, is a marvel of mechanism, and is without exception the best scenic display that has been seen on our boards. This (Saturday) evening is positively the last opportunity that the public will have of witnessing its production, as it will be withdrawn to make way for other novelties.

## New Slang Phrase.

—The all absorbing question at Quebec is, not "who stole the donkey?" But "who stole the Ottawa report?"

## SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Agents and Convancers should apply early for samples of Brooks' & Rodds' Patent Self-Measuring and Self-Ventilating Funnels, 27 King Street West, Toronto, P.O. Box, 639. 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.

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

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

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

DRAWING FROM NATURE.—There are few of our readers, and their name is legion, who have not expressed heartfelt regret while visiting some of the beautiful and characteristic scenery in "this Canada of ours," that they were unable to make a pencil sketch to serve as a memento, or to transmit to a friend at a distance. Pen and ink sketches of remarkable places are all very well in their way, but without the facile pen of a Russell fails to convey the correct idea of the appearance that the clever pencil of an Androm'os, of the *Illustrated London News*, can do. But in order that there may be no regrets of this kind in the future, Mr. Wood is now teaching "Drawing from Nature," at his rooms, 40 King Street East. He offers 250 advantages in favor of his system in the *Globe*, which our readers would do well to peruse, and then give Mr. Wood a call.