

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 33

## 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, 5 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 tugger their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

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

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, will understand that from this date (May 7th) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rode you tent;  
A child's anding you asking notes,  
And, faith, he'll peat it."

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

## THE BIRD AND THE MERCHANT.

A LAY OF ST. CATHARINES.

There is a merchant that lives at St. Catharines,  
And I hope, most sincerely, he'll see these lines;  
For, as cruelly yet has not half enough fines,  
He won't like half to see *Grumbler*'s signs."

You see he went to church one day,  
And whilst he was there pretending to pray,  
A poor young bird, which had gotten astray,  
Fluttered all around 'till it got in his way.

There are many things a man ignores  
To do in *God's house*, he'd do out of doors;  
A tippler would not increase his scores,  
A gambler he wouldn't play all fours.

And mercy seems always abiding there,  
We ask it (and need it) in many a prayer;  
And seldom is staid that temple fair  
With red-eyed cruelty's wicked snare.

Now what did this man of godly cast?  
Why he lifted his hoof, the bird fluttered past,  
And his fellow worshippers shrank aghast  
As he crushed out its little life at last.

Then he wiped his mouth and prayed all the more,  
Whilst the mother bird hovered about the door;  
Now I'd wish to know if to heaven he'll soar,  
Or will he be told, *Friend*, go down lower?

Saccharine matter.

— A lady's sack, we see, is advertised as lost. An ingenious friend of ours suggests she might have given her lover lover the sack. Is so, surely she would have remembered it?

## NOTES.

HAMILTON, 12th July, 1864.

Arrived here this morning. Delighted to find that all was unity and brotherly love—I have no doubt of the truth of Baxter's reading of the prophets. The day was glorious in every sense. The brethren were met at the station by his Lordship Bishop Farrell, and a large number of our Catholic brethren; and, after forming a committee, waited on our worthy Mayor Medcalf with a request that he, with N. C. Gowan, J. H. Cameron, and G. L. Allan, would assist at the christening of the big bell about to be put up in the Cathedral. However, there was not time after the ceremony; but the Mayor said he would send up Capt. Prince and all the blue-coats of Toronto, to assist in placing the bell in the church. The procession then formed and marched to the Crystal Palace, where a grand spread was provided, and, after justice had been done to the inner man, the usual loyal toasts were given and responded to. Song and sentiment followed in rapid succession. His Lordship Bishop Farrell being called upon, gave in fine style, "July the 1st in old Bridgetown;" Song by Mayor McIlroy, "The sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green;" song by Wilson Kennedy, "Ham fat man;" song by Dr. Irvine, "The time I've lost in wooing;" song by C. Magill, "The flag that braved a thousand years;" song by Dr. McQueen, "A big bellied bottle;" song by John Smith, "John Barleycorn," accompanied by the bones.

[Ed. Gr.—This was picked up at the station, and must have been dropped by your "devil" who was just a little tight.]

## American War.

— Whilst we were expecting to have heard of another engagement near Richmond, we start, as if from a dream, and find Harper's Ferry again in the hands of the "rebels." Rebels, forsooth! men who have shown their patriotism, courage, and daring, and who have, for over three years, maintained the supremacy of their "Arms," are not, cannot be less than true patriots. The Confederates then, are now threatening the North, and we hear of an additional call for 30,000 militia to repel the "invasion." Has it, indeed, come to this? Abo calls for men to march to Richmond, whilst his own capital, not the enemy's, is threatened. Better give up the game at once, like a man, Uncle Sam, you're losing the "tricks."

Con.

— What is the difference between a ham in a smoke-house and a wood nymph?—The one is a *ham-drying*, the other is a *hamadryad*, (ham-dried.)

Correspondence between the Captain of the "Kearsage," and Mons. Bonfile, Commission Agent of the "Alabama."

U. S. S. S. "KEARSAGE," June 27, '64.

To Mons. Bonfile:

Sir,—Certain French pilot boats have carried some prisoners, belonging to me, into Oberbourg. That is, they would have been my prisoners if I had laid hold of them, after we had chewed up and sent to eternal smash that affraid pirate, the "Alabama." These officers and men are not the less my prisoners because I don't know one of 'em, and didn't take 'em; nary a cuss there which don't belong righteous and true to the star spangled banner. Therefore, I demand they come on board the "Kearsage," and give themselves up, or no mercy shall be showed in future. I should wish each prisoner to bring his kit, a few boxes of French plums, and a few cases of light French wines. And on these conditions they shall have the good word of one who kin whip the hull of the rebel lot,

JOHN A. WINSTLOW.

CHERRBOURG, June 21, 1864.

To John A. Winslow:

Sir,—I have receive your letters. It is the letter of a brave man. Yes; you accustomed to usage of war? No! What dam business—*par donnez moi*—is to you the *pauvre fellows* escape, and safe bestowed under the lilies of La Belle France? You catch all as you can; Monsieur Lancastré he catch all he can; and *crie crac*, he go off *pouf*, like the winds. You say, "Sir, of the 'Deerhound,' stop! render the men!" John Boulé say, "Who the h—l are you to cry, 'John Boulé,' stop? John stop when he get to Oowes. You want him? come you there." So say Jean. *I, moi parle*, do not say so strong as Jean, but, in effect, moche the same. You want France to give up poor fellows escape? Did France evare turn her face away from the unfortunates? Non! non! one thousand times. You shall have the man as was in the boats pilot, when the Yankee nation— that warlike and all-conquering nation—shall send a grande armee here, and conquer France as she is now conquering the South. Adieu, Monsieur! Excuse the plain speeching; but our Emperor is desirous (very moche) that no meestakes should arise.

I am, &c.,

BONFILE.

Selects e profanis.

— The Royal Mother (parti-coloured) Mrs. Abraham Lincoln (white), Mrs. Duckett (coloured), Mrs. John Nasmith (white).

**SHOP FRONTS.**

Shop fronts are daily "higher" raised,  
Our master's "ire" as often;  
Would they but raise our "hire" a bit,  
'T would much our mis'ries soften.

THE SHOEMEN, POOR DEVILS.

**NEW AND IMPORTANT BOOKS.**

"The Railed Savage Men, with notes on the Gorilla, the tailed men of Africa, and Mayor Medcalf of Toronto."

"Penny wise (perhaps) but pound foolish; or, Westward Ho! and back again," By Captain William Stratton Prince, Chief of Police.

"Dunnebrown," a Drama, in three acts." By Messrs. Holton and J. S. Macdonald, with notes, critical and explanatory, by M. Dorion.

"The Bucknigger's Song Book." Containing the following favourite songs, words, and music: "I kill a chile de toder day," "I lub for to miscegenate," "White gals lub Sambo dresful well," "Dis nigger's berry sure of Heaben."

"The Menagerie; or, Records of the Council Chamber." Showing the identity of the present City Council of Toronto with the celebrated German "Veheme Gericht," or red brotherhood of the fifteenth century, with an enquiry into the use of Kilkenny cats, wrangling washerwomen, or combatant councilmen. (Calif bound.)

"The Pedigree Hunter; or, Modern Stud-book." Containing an accurate table of the descent of the noted Indian horse "Lightfoot," (the property of Alderman Baxter) from the Arab mare which the prophet Mahomet rode to Mecca, A.D. 732.

**Attention!**

"Our old friends," whom we have neglected making mention of lately, must not feel offended, or think we are forgetting them—not but that "the cold shoulder" is very refreshing this warm weather. It is our intention, unless they "turn over a new leaf" before dog-days are over, to renew our attentions, and walk into their affections indiscriminately.

**O, Mighty Coalition!**

Brown and Mowat are going in without opposition; but the Jona(h) of the Cabinet is likely to be thrown overboard. The people of North Ontario are tired of their political mountebank. He defeated Cameron once by accident, and through the treachery of a false friend, who basely sold himself to the tempter; but now there is a fair field, and we hope every honest man in North Ontario will vote for M. C. Cameron.

**The boot(y) on the other leg.**

The Northern accounts state rather dolefully, that "The Confederates, in their present Maryland raid, plunder indiscriminately." Example is deucedly contagious, and as the Southerners, by so doing, are only following the example the Northerners have set them for these last three years, why our friends at the North needn't wonder.

**KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.**

"It's gude to hae a friend at Court,  
Whin'll geede ye muckle help, sir;  
It's gude to hae a muckle pouch  
Well fitted wi' m'ale an' sulphur."

DEAR GRUMBLES,—The Semiannual Agricultural Horticultural Floricultural Mechanical Industrial Exhibition of Messrs. Baxter, Briggs, Tibbodo, Flanigan, and Wilson, came off here, in the King Street Wood Shed, last night, and never did the managers better sustain their reputation for knowing their own rights and daring to maintain them. The old shed looked as gay as a girl at a christening; all the big bits of bark and chips were nicely gathered into a corner, and the small ones raked level and tramped down. The roof and sides were nicely whitewashed, and the rafters fizzlejigged with paper gimcracks; in fact, in the graphic language of Josey's stump speech at the opening: "Hovery thin' wud ootility could devise, himmaginashun suggest, hand taste happrove, was 'appily combined in a grand focus, not forgettin' the ladies, dear thing." I verily believe, as my uncle Toby says, that the scheme of the managers, for boldness of conception and brilliancy of execution, is not to be surpassed by any undertaking short of an Asiatic or European fame. Old Larry, the North Star and shining light of the concern, was as busy as a weaver's shuttle, flying to and fro lest the judges should make asses of themselves by not awarding prizes to him. But to particularize is invidious. All the managers vied with each other in directing the judges aright, and they succeeded to a charm; the most entire satisfaction pervaded the exhibitors—I mean the managers—I mean the judges—for each was *potter*, and *potter* was each, three in one, an inglorious Trinity. Subjoined is a list of the most important of successful exhibitors:

*Agriculture.*—Best Cow, J. J. Burrows; Best Calif, Charles Wilson; Best Steer, Peter O'Reilly.

*Horticulture.*—Best bunch of Carrots, M. W. Strange; Best Cabbage, J. L. Snook.

*Manufactures.*—Best assortment of Crockery, Noel Kent; Best Cradle, J. Parke; Best Office Furniture, P. J. Buckley.

*Fine Arts.*—Best Portrait in Oil, Sir William Allen; Second best, A. S. Kirkpatrick; Honourable mention, John O'Shea.

*Water Colours.*—Best Landscape, R. M. Wilkinson—Subject: "A Lucius on the St. Lawrence;" Second best, R. M. Wilkinson—Subject: "Provincial Penitentiary; Honourable mention, Messrs. Hope, Deacon, and Vandon.

*Statuary.*—Best work in Bronze, Sir Henry Smith; Second best, in Plaster, Alex. Phillips; Honourable mention, John Newman.

*Armourers' Work.*—First Prize, Wm. Mantou; Honourable mention, Tom Flynn.

More anon,  
TEMPOS FUORI.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

RUSSELL, Kingston.—Have received no answer to our letter. How's that?  
P. C. A., Chatham.—Please remit.  
OLD MAN, Quebec.—A few lines would be acceptable. Will see you in the "ancient capital" soon.

**Correspondence of the New York Herald.**

Toronto, C. W., June 10, 1864.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Herald,

DEAR SIR:—This City is indeed a good school to learn the value and sincerity of British neutrality towards our glorious, self-sustaining, world-defying, Union. I have been here now nearly a week, have used my ears and eyes as your correspondent should do, and a more filthy Gomorrah of Secession was never anathematized by that truly Christian minister, the excellent Brownlow. The openly disgusting predilection of the inhabitants of this City for the South—and the Southern cause, is perfectly revolting. A man calls for a glass of beer in a Toronto restaurant—let him be ever so thirsty, before he drinks, he turns his head towards the South almost invariably, and utters a sort of formula, "God send them luck." An old hypocrite attempted to explain this away one day, by representing that the words were really "her's luck," and the turning round purely accidental, but I am not so to be deceived. All water pails are painted blue, formerly, (say four years ago,) they were invariably red! When pressed, the inhabitants themselves cannot explain this away. Southern wood is cultivated in every *parterre* and is worn in every lady's *boquet* in profusion. Formerly it was considered vulgar, "A Southerly wind and a cloudy sky," is the song at all sporting parties, and the Front Street bordering on the bay, I hear, is to be called Front Street! I have noticed particularly the houses now in course of erection. The front is generally Southwards, but if not, the back of the house is sure to face the North. This can never be accidental. A complimentary species of nick-name has, of late, come up for those young ladies who spend a great deal of time in promenading the fashionable streets and ogling young gentlemen Secessionists. These gay damsels are called "Beauregard's." Miss \_\_\_\_\_, a well-known belle of Toronto, is known as "the General," that is General Beauregard. I give one more instance. Two men, one described as a North countryman, were brought up the other day before the Police Magistrate here, for being intoxicated. The one, a Hamilton man, who was proved to have assaulted the police, was fined half a dollar and given six-months to pay that trifling sum. The other was fined fifty dollars! I attended, thinking the poor fellow might be a Yankee, but I found he was a Yorkshireman, from England. Great was the magistrate's confusion when I explained that the man, in effect, was an Englishman, and not a Northerner, as they had fancied. "I said 50c's," said the worthy dispenser of the law; and for that sum the North Countryman got off. But why relate these things? There is no need to inflame the already just wrath of the great Eagle, who sits calmly on her eyrie, waiting till the mist of the rebellion has floated away, that she may drive her powerful talons deep, deep, into this pestiferous hot-bed of smoking and violent secession.

NONES.

"Ice pitchers"  
—An ice pitcher must be closely akin to a snowball thrower. They should be discouraged.

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

Oh! think not all who call thee fair,  
Are in their horrid words sincere;  
And if they offer jewels rare,  
Lend not too readily thine ear.  
The humble ring I lately gave,  
May be despised by thee—well, let it;  
But, Mary, when I'm in my grave,  
Think that I pawned my watch to get it.

Others may talk of feasts of love,  
And banqueting upon thy charms;  
But did I not devotion prove,  
Last Sunday at the Royal Arms.  
My rival ordered tea for four,  
The waiter at his bidding laid it;  
He generously ran the score,  
But, Mary, I did more, I paid it.

I know he's dashing, bold and free,  
A front of Jove, an eye of fire;  
But should he say he loves like me,  
I'd, like Apollo, strike the lyre.  
He says he at your feet will throw,  
His all; and if his vows are steady,  
He cannot equal me, for—oh!  
I've given you all I had, already.

Mary, I had a second suit  
Of clothes, of which the coat was braided;  
Mary, they went to buy that flute,  
With which I thee have serenaded.  
Mary, I had a beaver hat,  
Than this I wear a great deal better;  
Mary, I've parted too with that,  
For pens—ink—paper for this letter.

The Revenue from Breweries and Distilleries.

A number of correspondents have recently addressed us regarding the manner in which the revenue is supposed to be realized from the different breweries and distilleries throughout the Provinces. To some of the complaints—setting forth the inefficiency of the *modus operandi* by which the excise is sought to be obtained—it will have been noticed a city paper has afforded publicity in its columns. The universal dissatisfaction expressed relative to the incompleteness, if not looseness, which characterizes the collection of this excise upon whiskey, seems to be occupying large grounds for justification; inasmuch as, it is asserted, a great many manufacturers contrive—and successfully so—to defeat the object for which the system of excise was established. According to the information given us, there are several well-known instances of distillers and brewers regularly and systematically withholding true returns of their monthly or semi-monthly manufacture. Of course this is a serious matter, as far as the revenue is concerned; to say nothing of the criminality of those persons who perpetrate the wrong. However, it would be a difficult task to undertake the discovery of the alleged cunning and art (employed by certain parties) with which to keep in operation a safe mode of misrepresenting their manufacture; but steps might be adopted so that the fraud could no longer exist. It does not seem unreasonable

to ask that a more thorough inspection of the distilleries and breweries should be made, and that, too, somewhat oftener than has been the custom. Among the complainants there are those who profess their own particular honesty, and allege that that high virtue in themselves is outraged by the presence of this fraud on the part of others less honourably disposed than they. It strikes us, that the honest distiller—apparently aware of the frauds, and, it is reasonable to suppose, cognizant of the means used to create it—has much of the remedy in his own control; his knowledge of dishonesty in other quarters should not be conjoined to himself, but might very readily be transferred to the person whose business it is to protect the interests of the government, and, at the same time, secure equal justice to the whole distillery and brewery community. In the event of absolute fraud being practiced upon the government by one individual manufacturer—not to say by any alarming number—the question of inadequate and, perhaps, fruitless service at once arises. It is the business of the inspectors to see that the revenue is thoroughly and rigidly secured justice; and, if there are cases of these officials colluding with distillers and brewers, or winking at malpractice, or slovenly performing their duties, it is time the particular localities were made known, and instead of the charges and accusations being preferred in general, they should be made specific. The honestly inclined manufacturer and the strict inspector, possess a good deal of the instrumentality through which to put a stop to frauds; they, consequently, should, as a first step, unite their efforts with a view to the exposure of the guilty parties, and to the accomplishment of a permanent system of check, so as to prevent further operations of a similar description. Such a course would be auxiliary to any action the government might deem it necessary to take. For a general remedy various suggestions have been made. From one direction comes a proposition that an inspector to look solely after excisemen should be appointed; and from another, the idea originates that there should be an exciseman at each distillery. One correspondent, however, very wisely consigns the work of remedying to the Minister of Finance. The question, certainly, is one of considerable importance, and now that attention has been drawn to it from so many quarters, the necessity of some speedy negotiation is plainly presented. That complete returns are rarely ever made, is an impression which largely prevails among the public; but that the evil was obtaining such extensive proportions could scarcely be believed, until these complaints reached us, not only numerously, but from all parts. We believe there are the best possible grounds to justify the government taking action in this matter. It is due to the public, and to the honest distiller and brewer, that a stop be put to such wide-spread interference with the real objects of the system of revenue.

UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

A memorial from a coloured man by name, William Stratton Prince, was read before Congress on the 12th ult. The memorial sets forth that Mr.

Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, was totally unfit for the office he held; and according to the opinion of the said W. S. Prince, was daily betraying the interests of the "Western Pound," as the memorialist persisted in calling the Western Continent. That he had passed him, (the petitioner,) frequently in the public streets, without betraying the least knowledge of his presence, though the petitioner was actively employed in sticking up hand-bills when the said Abraham Lincoln was nominated, only about four years since, and had "seen Massa Lincoln many times since." That, in fact, he had treated the memorialist, who was in a position of dignity, being Chief of the Peeters, (a society formed for collecting orange-peel,) with contempt and disrespect, and he, therefore, prayed for his dismissal forthwith. Congress, amid shouts of laughter, ordered the memorial to be handed to the waste paper basket, and directed the sergeant-at-arms to cowhide W. S. Prince if he should again have the audacity to intrude himself on the notice of the Honourable House.

Only one Glass.

Northern accounts say that, with a glass, the rebels can plainly be seen driving off cattle and carrying off plunder of all kinds from Sharpsburgh. This fact clearly proves the inspiring effect of one glass, (let the temperance people preach as they choose,) as the Northerners, through its medium, can plainly see innumerable hookers.

The Lady Helena and the Horse-Shoe.

A clever contemporary tells us that the Princess Helena found a horse-shoe and insisted on carrying it home, as she said it was lucky to find a horse-shoe. He remarks: "There is in this the truth of nature, that levels all ranks and makes the world akin." We agree with him almost entirely, for the touch of a horse-shoe from a kicking horse will level a man of any rank and leave him aching (akin,) to the world.

Strachan, Attention!

We would call the attention of the Chairman of the Board of Works to the present disgraceful state of the side-walk on the West side of Post Office Lane. It is positively dangerous for a person to walk along the lane after dark, in such a deplorable condition are the planks. We trust that we will not be compelled to take up our quill again to write about this matter.

Solomon on Councils.

Solomon says:—"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety;" but he doesn't say that there is decency, common sense or gentleman-like demeanour. So we may deduct, with tolerable certainty, the conclusion, that councils in Solomon's time were pretty much the same sort of Bearganders they are at the present day.

### THE CHANGE.

I gave a ring to my true love,  
A ring of ruby fine;  
Said she, "Thou art mine own true love,  
And surely I am thine."

'Twas summer, and the small birds all,  
Sang sweetly on the plain;  
But autumn's leaves were strewing about,  
Ere I saw my love again.

Her brow was sadder than of yore,  
I whispered, "Thou art mine,  
But I miss thy sweet and glad some smile,  
And I miss—the ruby fine—

The winter came, the stormy time,  
I saw my love no more;  
For death has taken my love away,  
To the true and golden shore.

### The Athenaeum Music Hall.

This well-known place of amusement was opened for the entertainment of the public on Wednesday evening, by Mr. Henry Morehard, with a well-selected Company, and we are glad to say, was well patronized. Miss Fanny Archer, an old Toronto favourite, appeared on the boards, and was received with that applause which she so well merits. The comic duet between her and Mr. Pemberton, was well sustained, being several times encored. Of Mr. Pemberton's acting we have a high opinion and think he will become a favourite with Toronto. The Antonio Family performed some of their most difficult gymnastic feats with that perfect ease and success which has always attended their efforts, and we venture to say that the applause bestowed on them, (especially in their classic groupings,) was well merited. Mr. Stanley Gardner gave us "Happy little Moke," in a style which reminds us strongly of his brother, it was deservedly encored, as, indeed, were all his performances. The remainder were such as would deserve the patronage of our citizens, the low price of admission leaving an evening's enjoyment in the reach of everybody.

### ROYAL LYCEUM.

Our little temple of the Muses is again to be opened during the ensuing week by Mr. E. T. Stetson, long and favourably known to our theatre-going citizens as an actor of sterling merit and enterprise. We understand that Mrs. Stetson will sustain the rôle of leading lady; a fact which will be greeted with much satisfaction. Further particulars will be given next week.

### Spalding and Rogers Circus.

The above circus, now on its summer tour, gives two entertainments in this City on the 25th and 26th instants, and from the already favourable reception it has had in Western Canada, no doubt it will be largely patronized here. American exchanges are loud in their praises of the establishment.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

ENLARGED & IMPROVED,  
CORRECT & COMPLETE.

## ROBERTSON'S Canadian Railway Guide,

FOR JULY.

Published under the supervision of the Railway Companies.

CONTENTS OF THE JULY NUMBER:

The latest Time Tables of

THE GREAT WESTERN OF CANADA,  
Main Line and Branches.  
THE GRAND TRUNK OF CANADA,  
Main Line and Branches.  
THE DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE.  
THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.  
THE VERMONT CENTRAL.  
THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.  
THE PORT HOPE, LINDSAY, & BEAVERTON.  
THE BUFFALO AND LAKE HURON.  
THE NORTHERN OF CANADA.  
THE PORT HOPE AND PETERBORO'.  
THE OTTAWA AND PRESCOTT.  
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Making the Guide the most complete work of the kind ever published in Canada.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,

Publisher and Proprietor.

No. 5, the "Leader" Building.

The English Chop House has been so long and favourably known to our citizens as one of the most popular resorts of the kind in this City, that it is hardly necessary to call the public attention to it in these columns. The eating department is now especially under the experienced management of Mr. L. Hunter, known to every one as A 1 at his business, and as heretofore, meals are served up at all hours of day and night at a woman's notice, and in a style to suit the most fastidious. The numbers who daily visit the English Chop House, attest the fact of his popularity. The bar is well supplied with wines, also cigars of the best brand, equal to those of any other establishment in Toronto.

### NOTICE.

To the Managers & Superintendents of the  
CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

Managers and Superintendents of Canada Railways are respectfully requested to forward by the 23rd inst., a copy of their latest time tables, for publication in Robertson's Canadian Railway and Steam Navigation Guide, for the month of August. Also any other information useful to the travelling public. Address,

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,

OAK R. R. G. OFFICE,

5 Leader Building,

Toronto, C. W.

### ARRIVAL OF DR. LA'MERT

IN TORONTO, O. W.

TO THE NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED.

Dr. L. La'Mert, of 37 Bedford Square, London Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh; M. D. of the University of Erlangen, &c., begs to inform his Patients, and others seeking Medical advice, that he has arrived in Toronto on a Professional visit, and may be consulted personally or by letter on all cases of Nervous and Physical Debility, and on the various disorders resulting from Sedentary Habits, Excess, Accident or Climate, daily from 10 till 2, and 6 till 9, until the 30th of July, at 174, Adelaide St., West, in rear of the Upper Canada College, when his visit will positively terminate. Where a secret infirmity exists, involving the happiness of a life, and that of others, reason and morality dictate the necessity of its removal, for it is a fact that premature decline of the vigor of manhood, matrimonial unhappiness, compulsory single life, local and physical debility, etc., have their source in causes the germ of which is planted in early life, and the bitter fruit tasted long afterwards. The numerous cures effected by Dr. La'Mert, during his previous sojourn in Canada—some in cases which had been pronounced hopeless—have led to many inquiries as to the probability of his paying a Professional visit to Toronto, and it is in consequence of these enquiries that the above announcement is made. The great experience derived by Dr. La'Mert, both whilst assisting his father, Dr. Samuel La'Mert, of London, in his extensive practice, and in the various hospitals of Continental Europe, affords an ample guarantee, to those seeking advice, of being under the care of a legally-qualified Practitioner. Dr. L. La'Mert's name is to be found in the "Medical Register," published under the authority of the Medical Council of Great Britain, and is, consequently, not to be classed with the names—in many cases assumed—of a horde of adventurers, who, through the public press, seek to impose upon the credulous and unwary, by the publication of qualifications and the advocacy of specifics that are never beneficial, and in most cases positively injurious. Dr. La'Mert's work on "Self-Preservation," with Engravings and Cases, revised by Mr. L. La'Mert, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, &c., describes how all the attributes of Manhood are lost or suspended, how they can be invigorated and restored to an advance period of life, and is intended to enlighten thousands on important subjects, in regard to which they are entirely ignorant. The work may be had in Toronto, price 25cts., or free by post for 50cts., of Mr. Backus, Bookseller, 10 Toronto Street, or of Dr. L. La'Mert, 174 Adelaide Street West, until July 30th, 1864.

The "Shades" Saloon, on King Street. Why the very name is associated with cool breezes and load liquors—the very appellation is grateful in this broiling weather. Talk about "the cold shades of opposition," the question is: could there be a successful opposition to the "Shades." Not we answer unhesitatingly, good liquors and courteous treatment (everything iced but welcome) go far to render a tavern, so far as taverns may be, immortal. "A tavern immortal," says the cynical drinker of cold water and weak Becca. Yes; is tavern can be immortal as Jove. Who says the old Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, will ever die? Who says so, doubts Shakespeare's immortality, and is a catnip lover and a corruptionist. And so we bespeak immortality for our favourite houses of call, the "Shades" and incontinently set down the man who wrote "Shades of evening close not o'er us," as an ignoramus, at least as far as good hostilities were concerned.