

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 42)

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early trains. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be 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.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, will understand that from this date (May 17th) 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 rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

Song of the Bachelor.*

The day is past, my labor's o'er,
To rest and peace I fly,
Where care, tormentor, dare not come,
My bosom to annoy;
Though wife nor children me await,
To greet me with a smile,
Content I live in simple state
Nor comfort lose the while.

Whatever the times, plenty or scant,
It's all the same to me;
My hostess grants me all I want
For a sufficient fee;
Her board is daily thrice supplied
With good and wholesome fare,
Where hunger keen is satisfied,
And plenty yet to spare.

In my neat chamber, lone, I find
A respite from my toil,
Where to improve my barren mind,
I burn the midnight oil;
No noisy brats my brain confuse,
My busy thoughts perplex,
For I have courted but the muse,
And always shunned "the sex."

Sometimes indeed my heart relents,
And pants for Hymen's joys;
And then I think of the high rents,
The little girls and boys,
And find my earnings won't maintain
A wife and children too;
Add to my passions I restrain
When'er inclined to woo.

*This don't contain "our sentiment."—Ed. GRUMBLER.

Thus solitary I pursue
My unobtrusive way;
Nor dread "hard times" as others do
Who have bowed to Hymen's sway;
Then let all those who'd wish to live
A calm, contented life,
Enjoy whatever the world can give,
But ne'er enjoy a wife.

Long Branch Correspondence of the Grumbler.

"Tir Tor Houé,"

Close of the Season,

September 13th, 1864.

What must I say for not writing before, and giving the readers of the *Grumbler* my promised letter? Dear me! I'm all confused. There is so much to say about precious grandpa Padlock-Story-Teller, and about his gem of a son—G—, that I do not know how to begin. I have been sick; that is one solemn fact. Yes, the Toronto visitors have come and done it. It did not seem enough for old Mr. R—e L—s to arrive here with his slaughtering passions and prostrating manners, his coaxing ways and his inexhaustible budget of fun, fresh scented from the garden of Mōmūs; but he must needs go off home to Toronto, and send in his place Padlock-Story-Teller Jr.—the second edition of himself, though not much improved; terribly abridged, but not improved. Well, now, we all want to know if this G—e is really, truly, the production—the human invention—of the sire who was here a few weeks ago. We cannot say that we liked the youngster near as well as we did the old man; he did not have that elastic, unrestrained command of motion that his dear father used to exhibit when walking on the sparkling beach, or pacing the piazzas of the hotel. No, no, no; give us old grandpa with his very funny leg, his queer swing of the stick, and the comical set of the eye—not to say anything of the jaunty attitude of the caput-covering which used to shine so gaily. Indeed, we all used to have a scramble to see who should have the pleasure of brushing up the dear old gentleman's hat; and as for twigs for touching up the collar of his pretty coat—why we all had a twig and we all twigged dear grandpa's collar. I wonder if he has been as well cared for since he went home. We heard, here, that grandpa L—s has a fine house—no a castle—in Toronto; and that the Governor General always stops with him—that grandpa is quite a Lord in Canada, and that in England his ancestry is largely composed of nobility. Is G—e the only son? Has not that great man done something better for his country than that? One would think so. Certainly, the young'un put on airs, and dressed several times a day—

spent money and combed his hair in the middle—but, after all, he did not come to time, nor work himself into the good graces of us girls so thoroughly as his sire. Has G—e ever been to College? Or was he pitchforked into manhood—"got up" and all—without knowing anything whatever of the former twenty years? To us all, it seemed very like it. Gracious, goodness, we want the old man himself to come here once more. Perhaps he cannot come this year, for the season is just closing; but, the first thing next year he must do is to start for Long Branch, and cast himself into the arms of us angels. We hear that grandpa has been to the Falls, and St. Catherines, and all such little places, spending his time in trying to drive off, I suppose, his day dreams of Long Branch. But guess how, he couldn't do it. I know we haunt him, and do so we shall until the face of the dear creature once more illuminates the otherwise dull parlors of this place. Stacks of love to grandpa, and a special message to G—p to get up in the morning before his bed is made. More in futurity.

FANNY.

La Rue's Stratopatiëcon.

We had the pleasure of witnessing this interesting war show, and consider it the best we have seen, the mechanical part of the arrangement being exceedingly well managed. The armies on the march present a faithful picture of the scenes that are being enacted on the soil of our neighbors on the other side. Any one desiring to have a good idea of war, our advice is to go and see the above. Since we last saw Sam Cowell we have seen nothing to equal Mr. Whiston's comic entertainments, which is connected with the Stratopatiëcon, and alone is worth the price of admission. There will be an afternoon performance this afternoon, commencing at three o'clock.

Our M. P. P.'s on a Bust.

We understand that the two *brilliant* that represent Toronto in Parliament, are securing oatmeal to send to Sauguené to assist John McNutrich in his election. Could they not at the same time begin a canvass themselves for honest John, they could easily point out all that they have done for Toronto—"Seat of Government at Toronto," Re-building Governor's residence, drain on Church street, and a new book about being published by John McDonald, M.P.P.; on this unhappy and divided country, dedicated to Capt. Robt. Moore! We think the above recommendations would assist our members in John McNutrich's election.

Madaline.

What's in a name? O! there is much,
And Shakspeare well its magic knew,
When he with more than Raphael touch
Such lovely portraits drew.

What's in a name? O! it is sweet
To name the name I love so well;
Around it all the graces meet,
Within it all the cupids dwell.

'Tis sweet as her who it does claim,
Enough all men to lovers make;
And did you know my fair one's name,
You'd almost love her for it's sake!

What's in a name? Go ask the flowers
What's in the sun when it does shine:
Or ask this lovely world of ours
What where it but for Madaline?

Grand Excursion of the City Bucks.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

SPLENDID PROCESSION.

Admirable Police Regulations.

IMMENSE STORES OF PROVISIONS, &c.

Pursuant to prior agreement the Mayor and Corporation, with their friends, met at the city hall on Tuesday afternoon last for the purpose of proceeding to the Union Station, there to take the cars for Portland, whither they were bound on a "grand fizzle." It was quite evident that some of worthy councillors had made deep investments in soap and starch from the trim figure they cut, and were likewise "death on broadcloth." Of course there always are on such occasions some dirty exceptions, but these were totally eclipsed by the magnificent toilettes of their more distinguished compeers. The procession proceeded to the station in the following order:—

- The City Bellman.
- The Mayor.
- Band.
- Ald. Baxter.
- Police Magistrate.
- Aldermen and Councilmen.
- Luggage Wagon.
- Lightfoot, laden with "prog," tag, rag and bob-tail.

Serjt. Cummins.

Posse of Police.

Whilst the band cheered the way to the train with the enlivening strains of the Rogue's March, the aspect was "grand in the extreme," particularly the huge boxes and barrels of provisions for some of the "knowing ones," with great foresight suggested the propriety of thus providing against compromising the dignity of the Corporation in case of a lack of victuals, seeing so many capacious maws in the party.

Of course such a spectacle could not but draw great attention as it passed along, and it was noticed that the Evening Leader boys in particular "swelled the throng," Sergeant Cummins was in charge of the party, and to him is entrusted

ed the responsibility of bringing the party safe back. His Worship Mr. Boomer will also, for the good conduct and well being of the worthy Councillors and Aldermen, hold Court each morning and summarily dispose of all offenders.

The cars started with their precious burden amidst the cheers of the Bellman and policemen, and the wailing of Alderman B—x—tr's yard of cotton.

Theatrical Notices.

CIVIC LYCEUM.—On Monday night was produced the burlesque of "The Plebeian Council, or, Off to Portland." The caste was good and the piece well put on the boards, with this exception, that nobody knew his part, and had it not been for the services of the efficient prompter, Mr. Ratcliffe, the whole thing would have been a total failure. The plot was as follows. The City Council are, with a few exceptions, supposed to be a lot of very common men, of low extraction and little education or manners, having been elected to civic honors for this very good reason that very few would offer himself as a candidate and risk being brought in contact with some of these men. The Council have been invited by the Grand Trunk R.R. for some reason of political economy, to take a trip to Portland, and as their heads are full of nothing else, their present object is to get through the evening as quick as possible, and without transacting any more business than they can help, that they may have a talk about the spree in prospect, which proceeding is naturally very advantageous to the wards which they respectively (not respectably) represent.

SCENE 1ST—Council Chamber. The Mayor, a fleshy old plebeian, sitting sideways in the Chair of State, with his legs dangling over the arms, a short, black pipe in his mouth and his hat on the back of his head. Councilmen and Aldermen reclining round the room in all sorts of negligent attitudes; some on the Board, some on the backs of chairs, and some in the ante-room drinking whiskey hot. Two of the efficient (?) T. P. F. and the City Bellman at the door. In the gallery, two Leader boys and a Leader girl, a mangy pup, and three or four of the fancy, who have come to the Chamber with the hope of seeing a bully fight. 2½ James, also a lean plebeian, has fallen asleep in his chair, and presents a very ludicrous appearance, one of the members having playfully drawn the tails of his coats over his head and pinned them to his collar, and partially deprived him of his nether garments. An officious member gets up and states that the Chamberlain was sent to England some time ago, at his own request, for a trip—ostensibly for the purpose of selling the City Debentures, and he would like to know what he effected? Several members here jumped up and requested him, by Heaven, not to press the subject, as the debentures are lying on the Montreal market, and it would hardly be worth while to expose the rotten state of the city finances, as the new Council will be sitting in a month or so, and it would be better to leave them to get in the mess. Members see the force

of the argument and go to the ante-room for a smoke.

Song by Psalm Singer Dickey, (a respectable member):—"Oh, no! We never mention it."

A member, a purveyor of meat by trade, now takes the chair and reads a very interesting report regarding cess-pools, butchers' offal and night soil, stating that no one is to remove the same without order of Council, and when removed, to be sold to farmers for the purpose of fertilizing the agricultural districts—proceeds to be used to defray contingent expenses of the Council on their trip to Portland. Cries of "Carried," "Carried," but Bennett who objects to having his drinks paid for in the above manner, proposes that the yeas and nays be taken, which is done, but he being the only nay the measure is accordingly carried.

Song by Falstaff (Baxter)—"I'm off to Portland."

The Clown now leaves the Board and takes the chair, and having left his hat in the ante-room put on that left on the table by the former chairman, whose head was very large, and as the Clown's is a very small one, the hat quietly settles down on to his shoulders, entirely hiding from view his comic phiz. At this, of course, the whole Council is highly delighted, any little buffoonery always being well received, as it relieves the monotony of business. The Clown then factiously proposed that this Council do now go into committee of the whole hog or none on this amendment, which was that they all go and lick, which was of course carried, and they all leave for the ante-room, where there is soon a devil of a row, Stiggins having been caught drinking soda-water, an unpardonable offence in the eyes of many, and he was accordingly put out. The fat Mayor, who by this time has had a comfortable snooze, wakes up and sings out "Order!" in a very brisk manner, intended to convey the idea that he had been wide awake all the time, and knowing the general state of affairs when he was really awake, he thinks this to be the most appropriate thing he could say under any circumstances. However, perceiving that there is no one in the room, toddles off to the ante-room, where he finds the lads very lively and some very drunk, so he says, "Boys, let's adjourn," which they of course agree to, and they all leave. Those who are unable to walk are carted home, and the others adjourn to John Cornell's, where they give themselves up to the seductions of the flowing bowl. This, as A. Ward says, is a brief schedule of the synopsis of the play—not a very hunky plot, but a faithful account of what really takes place every Monday evening at the Civic Lyceum.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- G. A., WEST WINCHESTER—Received yours. Will continue to send.
- S. & Co., WINDSOR—Yours came duly to hand. \$3 40. Quebed.
- J. G., QUEBEC—Will send paper on receipt of one dollar.
- J. B., OTTAWA—Received twenty dollars.

A Hard Case.

This term, often applied, is a very expressive one, and is becoming every day more and more applicable to a large and increasing number of the youth of Canada. A boy of twelve lights his pipe now-n-days as soon as he is out of reach of his father's eye. At fourteen he takes a drink with the other b'hoys, and goes to the Atheneum. At seventeen he finds it necessary to "stick" some poor devil of a tailor, in order that he may lounge on King street with the other swells in the day, and fraternize with other beasts at night; and when he arrives at the age of twenty-one his character is formed. His capabilities of enjoyment are confined to two spheres—a whiskey mill in the day, a brothel at night. Yes, there are a hundred young men in Toronto to-day who have respectable fathers, and loving christian mothers—if they have not already broken their hearts—whose every day life is that of a vagabond. Yes, a vagabond! We know of no other name so appropriate. Do these young men reflect; or have their consciences been drowned with their morals? What are their hopes in this beautiful world? Do they not know; or, will they not learn, from the history of a thousand miserable wretches who have gone before them, that they are now laying the foundation for a life of misery and disgrace? Has not sufficient reason been left them by the devil they are continually thrusting down their throat, to teach them that every day and every year, it will be more and more difficult to begin a life of decency? We will take it for granted that they escape a jail and a lunatic asylum—is that all they live for? Is it the height of their ambition to walk the verge of hell without tumbling in? Is the respect of the good and true of no value to them? and what decent man respects the loafer of a bar-room, and the touter of a brothel. Do they not aspire to win the love of pure and noble women in this world, and thus achieve the height of happiness within the reach of man? God forbid that they should while they lead the life of a vagabond, and woe to the victim that thus forms an alliance with vice.

What cowards these hard cases are to allow whisky to conquer so easy a victory over their manhood. Where is their "will power"—the first attribute of a reasoning being? Have they not the courage left yet, to say I will be respectable, and to keep their word? We fear not; those who spend the half dozen years of their early manhood in debauchery, seldom reform, indeed, there is not much left worth reforming; every vestige of nobility and heroism has been wetted out of their system, every pure instinct has been destroyed by vile associations, every chivalric feeling has been trampled upon by bawds, and the last vestige of virtue has been swept away in a tornado of intoxication. What is there left, except, for the use we now make of them, to point this moral. Nothing! yes, there is something, besides, they should be a scare-crow warning to the rising generation, they are the vile contrasts, to those who live a life of purity

and virtue, they are the beacon on the tower of a moral pest house, for who that sees them, and knows their history, will not avoid the contamination of their society, in order to escape the abyss of infamy into which they have fallen.

The Blowers on the Way.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

(Per Sub-Marine Telegraph.)

We met at the Union station arrayed in all the finery com'atable from "the poor man's friend" and other kindred establishments. Baxter was the observed of all observers, owing to the extensive style of his "get-up." On his head was the Allen bat of Police Court notoriety. His coat was a blue-mixed, bottle-green, linsey-woolsey, and very dirty—said to have cost 4s at Wakefield's—the pattern made by four women—chalk-marks being still on it. Before starting, owing to the fear of the unknown dangers of railway traveling and other causes, the blowers individually invested ten cents in life insurance policies. At starting the chaplain, the Rev. Stiggins, opened the proceedings with prayer, after which he exhorted—warning all to eschew personalities and vulgarisms while on the trip—such conduct being only fit for the Council Chamber. At the close Councilman James officiated as precentor, and opened a basket of champagne to render his voice more liquid and mellow while giving pathetic effect to that touching old air, "I'd rather have a guinea than a one pound note."

The champagne was a donation from a city official, supplied by Baxter to said official at \$30 per basket, manufactured at the goose-pasture distillery, and infernal swill at that.

Every thing went well till reaching Cobourg, on leaving that station, Baxter missed S. M. McDowell, and insisted on stopping the train for him, the conductor refused, this refusal preyed so much on his feelings that he withdrew himself for a while to solitude, as was supposed, but on a rigorous search being instituted, he was discovered consolately sitting beside the engine-driver eating bread and beef, while the tears were hopping down cheeks. There was great rejoicing in his recovery for how could the citizens afford to lose the corporation of Toronto.

Nathan-el Dickey, President of the Young Mens Christian Association, produced a "deck" of the "devil's pichers" and engaged with Stiggins in a friendly game of eucbre, at which Nathan won his "tea-money." He abused the waiters at it, and afterwards thanked God for the little snack which he said many a poor devil would have made a meal of, (this little snack consisted of a feed—second only to Baxters).

Old "bus-wig" secured a deck berth in the sleeping car. Coun. Bennett and O'Connell sang at his head "rise, sons of William, rise." Oad Boomer and Jailer Allen tried a few drinkables, which had the effect of transporting them to a greater state of bliss, than would send many an "unfortunate" down for 30 days. They declared that Baxter's tippie was "pizen", and a man

drinking it was not to be held responsible.

Coun. Canavan appeared rather excited, being most of the time in his shirt sleeves, it appeared as if his mind was not satisfied with the amount of cloth the tailor had put in his coat, its back of longitude was admirably adapted for taking back sights.

Tinning, Smith, and Thompson addressed the "ignoble vulgars" at Belleville. Major Robt. Donnison inspected the volunteers at Shannonville while the train had a speed of 40 miles per hour, his rendition of the famous "goose-stencil," appeared to delight them.

Vance took a right wing of the council, consisting of Canavan, Love and O'Connell off the train at Kingston, as they had got nauseated at Baxter's arrangements and company. Baxter remonstrated and urged that Mr. Brydges would meet the Excursionists at Montreal and ask them to tea, Vance and his wing "could not see" this, and called their fat friend a greasy imposter.

On the arrival of the train at Montreal, the huge member from the "goose-pasture" employed a detective to discover Brydges' invitation to tea, unsuccessfully. Bus-wig and Baxter's crowd had to carry themselves and dirty luggage to a *tripe shop* at the market. There was not a soul there "so mean as do them reverence," they gorged themselves at the rate of 20 cents each, including a horn of "all sorts," and started for Portland at 2.

Before leaving, their money run short, but James extricated them from their unpleasant dilemma by "doing bills" at discount.

Some ruffian stole the Mayor's left boot at Montreal, this he says will be a boot-less excursion for him. So mote it be.

Moral reflections in next week's *Grumbler*.

A Whoop from the Grumbler.

"Fiat Justitia ruat cœlum," say we, and as the Empress Eugenie has issued her fiat that "hoops shall be no more," in other words that the young and lovely, the graceful and symmetrical portion of the *Grumbler's* subjects, yclept the "fair sex," must abandon those indispensable articles of feminine apparel known as Crinolines. We, on our part, must and shall, as we have ever heretofore, take up the cause of our clients and battle as best we can against the cruel edicts of dear little Eugenie, "or any other man." What! the very idea is an absurdity—fancy our Jemima promenading King street *all in to a point* and swelling it in a "Shaker," No! No! No!

"There's naught but care on every hair,

In every hour that passes O:

What signifies the life o' man?

An' t'wars na for the lasses O?

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears

Her noblest work she classes O:

Her pretence' han she tried on man,

And then sto made the lasses O.

An' when nian mak'it Crinoline,

Which ilka' thing surpasses O,

Auld Nature stricke' out wi' joy,

An' clâp' it on the lasses O."

Ladies! we appeal to you. Are you going to

tamely submit to the encroachments and dictation of any one? If you do 'twill create a *revolution!* that's what's the matter. Stand upon your rights!! and if they try to force you by raising the price of cotton and steel, then we say (patriotically) *take to the barrels.* Where would your skirt-lifters be? How could you display your pretty little skating-boots *et cetera,* and your ducks of Balmoral—and where your comfort and happiness if you abandon the use of the crinoline? Ocho answers, "Where?"

BROCKVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MOURNFUL EXPERIENCE OF YE FAST YOUNG MAN,
SIR ROGER.
Air—"Lord Lovell."

Sir Roger he sat in office so cool,
A stroking his auburn beard,
When up to his book-keeper's three-legged stool
Came a lady presenting her keerd, keerd keerd,
Came a lady presenting her keerd.

"When will you settle, Sir Roger," she said,
"And pay me my bill," said she;
"I'll pay when I'm ready," Sir Roger replied,
"You may go to Hong Kong for me, me, me,
You may go to Hong Kong for me."

"I wash for a living, Sir Roger," she said,
"And its mighty tough work," said she;
"You owe me twelve dozen an' five at the least,
And its time that you settled my fee, fee, fee,
And its time that you settled my fee."

Sir Roger turned white and then he turned red,
As red as his auburn hair,
"You're surely mistaken, good woman," he said,
"I can't owe you more than a pair, pair, pair,
I can't owe you more than a pair."

"There is no mistake, Sir Rogers," she said,
"I've long wash'd your dicker's three;
Have you never a thought that when I am dead
My ghost an' those dicker's you'll see, see, see,
My ghost an' those dicker's you'll see."

"I'll tell you my mind, Sir Roger," she said,
"You deserve to be hang'd," said she;
"I'd wager a trifle you'd rob a hen-roost
As quickly as now you'd cheat me, me, me,
As quickly as now you'd cheat me."

"And there's your barber, Sir Roger," she said,
"He is to be pitied, I vow," said she,
"He should shave every lock off your curly red
head,
If he's paid in the way you pay me, me, me,
If he's paid in the way you pay me."

"A guinea-gold ring, Sir Roger, you flash—
Give you a chance and it shows;
If you're bent upon cutting a terrible dash,
Why don't you get one for your nose, nose, nose,
Why don't you get one for your nose."

"Sir Roger, you board in a grand, big house,
And your learning the languages dead—
Forget not the tale of the cheese an' the mouse,
You may nibble a hole for your head, head, head,
You may nibble a hole for your head."

Gordon Brown.

Notwithstanding our inability to perceive any extraordinary amount of brightness or ability in the gentleman above named, yet we must confess our utter astonishment—aye, indignation, that a sheet lately started in this city should seek to throw approbrium upon one who, at least in his private capacity, is without reproach, and as far as his public character is concerned, has not done much harm, so far as we have been able to discover. The words "coward," "political cut-throat," "robber," "slanderer" and "assassin," we would only expect to find in papers of the *National Police Gazette* stamp—a paper published in New York, and noted for its brilliancy in Billingsgate flights. We protest on behalf of the Press against such American innovations being introduced amongst our Canadian journals, even in the shape of a satirical sheet, and we would advise the publishers of the "document" referred to, to be a little more choice in the selection of their phrases when bespattering the fame of respectable citizens. We feel confident the public will agree with us in condemning such uncalled for epithets being used towards Mr. Brown.

Oh, for a drink I was the subject of our thoughts as we wended our weary way up in the Western portion of the city, when a lucky thought struck us that our old friend Thompson lived in the vicinity. We immediately made tracks for his neat little place, where we were sure of a hearty welcome and prompt attention, as, indeed, is every one who favors him with a call. Any of our worthy citizens wandering up in that neighborhood, our advice to them is to drop in, and we will guarantee them the full value of their money and the right change back. His stock of Ales, Cigars, and Liquors, we can confidently recommend to any one having the least pretensions to be a judge of such articles. Don't forget the Victory Saloon, cor. of Brock and Queen Sts.

"Knowledge is power," an oft quoted saying, which we heartily coincide with, and our advice to those wishing that very useful acquirement is to call on our friend Rooney, of the Union Station, where he can be supplied with all the requisites. His stock of light literature, consisting of the latest novels, illustrated papers, periodicals and magazines of the day, for cheapness and variety cannot be excelled by any similar establishment in the Province. Before buying elsewhere give him a call, and remember his depot is at the Union Station.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

Commencing Monday, 12th Instant.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY.

LA RUE'S GREAT WAR SHOW,

THE WONDERFUL

Strato-Pateticon, or Walking Army,

FROM THE TREMONT THEATRE, BOSTON.

THE MOST THRILLING OF ALL MODERN Miracles, embracing an astounding combination of 90,000 moving and acting figures and models of Men, Horses, Animals, Ships, &c., vividly re-enacting the principal battles, both by sea and land, of the Great Southern Rebellion.

MR. J. W. WHISTON,

The greatest of living Humorists, will appear at each Exhibition, in his amusing and laughable Comic Parlor Entertainment, entitled

"Whiston's Otto of Oddities."

Admission 25 cents. Reserved seats 50 cents. No half price. Doors open at 7½. Exhibition to commence at 8 o'clock.

An Afternoon Exhibition will be given TO-DAY at three o'clock, when the children of Public Schools will be admitted for TEN CENTS' each.

For particulars see programmes and bill of the day.

D. O. LA RUE, Agent.

B. PALMER, Advertising Agent,
Toronto, September 7, 1864.]

ENLARGED & IMPROVED,
CORRECT & COMPLETE!

ROBERTSON'S

Canadian Railway Guide,

FOR SEPTEMBER.

Published under the supervision of the Railway Companies.

CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER 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.
THE STANSTEAD, SHEFFORD, & CHAMBLY.
THE WELLDAN RAILWAY.
THE LONDON AND PORT STANLEY.
THE BROCKVILLE AND OTTAWA.
COMPARATIVE TIME TABLE.
CANADIAN POSTAL GUIDE.
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