

AN EXPLANATION.

An injurious report has gone abroad that His Worship the Mayor has established that witty and funny paper, *The Clown and Horse Collar*, with the sole object of killing DIOGENES. The Cynic is glad to announce that there is no truth in this rumour. Kill off DIOGENES! After that, the Deluge! Do people imagine that His Worship is so insane so as to undertake so impossible an adventure? Besides the absurdity of the thing, no human being could believe that our illustrious and patriotic Chief Magistrate would ever think of depriving his beloved people of the blessings showered upon them by a writer who has so long been their guide, philosopher and friend—a beacon to illumine their darkness, as wine to gladden their hearts. DIOGENES is, therefore, delighted to absolve His Worship of this heinous sin; for it would grieve him to suppose that a Magistrate, who concentrates in his single person all the cardinal virtues, and many besides, to a greater extent even than his eminent predecessor, Mr. Beaudry—it would grieve the Philosopher to suspect aught of His Worship but what is just, benevolent and angelic. We are, however, happy to state that His Worship is really owner and editor, or at least a regular contributor, to our contemporary's brilliant pages. We are able to communicate to our readers one of his last contributions, although we regret that we can only insert a few verses in our present number. We will endeavour to give the remainder of this noble lyric in succeeding issues. It was sung by His Worship at the late dinner given by him in honor of H. R. H. the Prince Arthur and *suite*:

A SONG OF WELCOME!

Prince Arthur, born of Royal line,
I'm glad to see you at my table;
Spare not the victuals or the wine,
But eat and drink while you are able.

Come, let us fill our glasses fair,
As o'er us waves yon' civic pennant;
Don't feel so shy—for I'm the Mayor,
And you are only a Lieutenant.

I'm told of cash they keep you scant,
Which oftentimes must sorely trouble you;
But tell your Ma you'll never want
A dinner while lives W. W.!

There! Mr. Beaudry may rival His Worship in other respects, but could he write like *that*? No! DIOGENES emphatically says,—No!

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

The following delicious sentence concluded a theatrical puff in the *Telegraph*, yesterday:—

"If no one has seen the character before, they should not lose the present opportunity of doing so now."

It is charitably hoped the "notice" was *communicated*.

SOMETHING MORE THAN "ASSURANCE"

SCENE THE 1ST.—An Office in ——— Street. Signboard overhead.
"The Moon Jew-You-All Assurance Co. of New York."

Enter a Merchant wishing to pay a premium,—say on the "John Collins."—The smiling "agent," or "representative," or whatever you may call him, receives the money with unction, glancing in a self-satisfied sort of way at the large printed "card" hanging on the wall, as though desirous of drawing his client's attention thereto. This is the card:

NOTICE!
—
MARINE INSURANCE
DONE AT THE
LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

SCENE 2ND.—Enter a Merchant to collect a loss.—The "agent," "representative," or whatever you call him, frowns—spurts out something like "fraudulent claim;" the large printed card has, somehow or other, been reversed, and now reads:

NOTICE!
—
THIS COMPANY IS NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE
ACTS OF ITS AGENTS.

The Merchant retires dumbfounded, and, after consulting his friends, decides on trying the "glorious uncertainty of the Law."

"PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE."

The Ass has long been esteemed the paragon of patience, but Canadian Conservatives put poor "Neddy" to the blush. With an American-born Radical "friend," Governor of Ontario; a Clear-Grit husbandman's son, Governor (in expectancy) of the Nor'-West; a Brockville Radical,—a son of Vulcan,—Attorney General of the same promising territory; a Clear-Brownite made head of the Customs; and last,—not least,—a Captain of Engineers, taken fresh from the Army at Halifax, placed on the Executive Council at £500 a year, because he married into the family of a disappointed Nova Scotian politician! All this, one would think enough to tire out the hosts of aspiring Conservatives who have, for years, fought the Premier's battles; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that they still hold on, though heart-sick with "hope deferred," and charitably conclude that they are in the "cold shade" only because it "can't be helped!" Party history has seldom known such extraordinary abnegation!

TRADE LYRICS.—No. 1.

"THE COOK'S FRIEND."

Ye nymphs! whose art benignant fires my strain,
Learn how ye Culinary fame may gain—
Use BAKING POWDER, when you're making bread,
The COOK'S fast FRIEND—'twill stand you in good stead.

The dough, responsive to the potent spell,
In all its sentient atoms, rises well,
And, when the oven yields the well-done batch,
Say if your "friend"-less efforts *this* can match!