

## RABIES—No. 3.

144; OR—LE *gros* CAVALIER.

Across the German Ocean,  
On the banks of Zuyder Zee,  
There stands a pretty little town,—  
'Tis called Was-wollen-zie.

And there beneath the lindens  
At eve of summer day,  
Meinheers at pretty Fraulein's *squint*,  
*Castin' their eyes* that way.

Von Heuchster was a Deutcher, grim,  
A *Burgher* rich was he,—  
It seems so strange in modern days  
A *beggar* rich should be!

He fell in love, (oh fatal fall,  
That follows sure the spring)  
With fair Katrina Schlafenziewohl—  
A giddy, *vohlish* thing,

Who lived in a castle  
Surrounded by a fosse,  
And tho' not right,—at dead of *night*,  
Her *knight* he used to cross;

A "ladder of rope," with eager hope  
She'd ready to meet the boat,  
And joy would quick, *beam in her eye*  
When he did cross the *moat*!

Von Heuchster came one fatal night,  
The vind was blowing high,  
But tho' the rope was somewhat *frayed*  
He wasn't *afraid* to try.

He takes von s'thep—the rope gives vay—  
Vat ish to be, must be:—  
Drei hundred pound of Deutcher bold  
Sink 'neath the Zuyder Zee!

His body on the following day  
Caused fishermen a scare,  
For when they tried to haul their *nets*  
*It* almost made them *lare*.

Katrina lived until she died  
A curious kind of death—  
Let us by her fate be *forewarned*—  
She died *for want* of breath!

## "RUBBISH SHOT HERE."

"A glance at the table of *contents* that fill the pages of this handsome volume cannot fail to arrest the attention of the reader, and he will be amply repaid by its perusal. The book is written in a *manly vigorous* style, suited to the importance of the subject. The first *settlement* of a large portion of our New Dominion, is not only including the names and places of residence of the hardy band of the U. E. Loyalists that first pitched their tents in the *solitary wilderness*, but giving us much of their personal history, and *amusing anecdotes* connected with their habits and customs, rendered doubly *interesting by the sufferings they endured*, and the dangers to which they were exposed."—*Montreal Daily News*, June 14. *Review of Dr. Canniff's "History of the Settlement of Upper Canada."*

\* \* A liberal reward will be given at the office of DIOGENES to any one, who discovers in the third sentence of the above quotation, the verb, to which the word *settlement* ought to be the nominative.

## OF COURSE.

The Bank of Montreal eleven and the Crescent Club played a match on the Garrison Cricket Grounds Saturday afternoon, the former winning in one innings, with runs to spare.

Something more added to the "rest." The Bank can now "spare" any number of "runs!"

## EDITORIAL.

Lañctot has disappeared and his stirring appeals to the laboring classes to co-operate in contributing to that celebrated "fund" of which he alone was Treasurer, are no longer heard. But the chairman of the Road Committee is striving hard to emulate his illustrious predecessor. Perhaps those excursions to the classic shades of Coaticook, have left a lasting impression on his mind. The speeches of this worthy, in council, during the last quarterly meetings, conclusively prove that he is training for the demagogue *role*. On Tuesday evening, his frantic appeals for justice to the poor carter were strongly flavored with aspirations towards the Mayor's chair. He has also won the hard hearts of the butchers, by advocating the retention of the pigs within the boundaries. With the support of the carters and the butchers, he is tolerably certain to be the next "Lord Mayor of Montreal." As the self-elected champion of the carters, he has attempted to abolish a salutary police provision, which was adopted for the protection of the public. In his eager bid for popularity, he has forgotten entirely his mandate as City Councillor. He was elected to represent all classes of his ward. He has chosen to become the champion of *one* class to the extreme detriment of *all* others. By appealing to the very worst passions of the mob, he is imitating the illustrious Lañctot. He merits and will probably meet with the same fate. It is time that every well disposed citizen should frown down these attempts to introduce mob-law into this city. Alderman David deserves credit for being perhaps the *cleverest* French Canadian in the Council. He has great *natural* cleverness,—some would call it craft,—but he must not allow success to extinguish all honorable sentiment. The public demands of its municipal representatives, independence, honesty, and a fearless advocacy of the right; and any pandering to mob prejudices or passions, will surely meet general reprobation and end in disgrace. There has not been for years a more honest or earnest set of men in the Council than we have to-day. With the exception of a few members, whom it is to be hoped, the citizens will unseat as soon as their term of office expires, our Municipal Councillors would do credit to any city. As the result of a determination on the part of the electors, to support independent and incorruptible Councilmen, we have a state of municipal affairs almost unparalleled in our history of our Corporation. The streets are well cleaned, and so far as the limited finances will permit, our roads are in better repair than ever before. (No thanks, however, to the Chairman of the Road Committee.) The execution of all contracts is strictly insisted upon. Formerly, it was the exception to find a contract rigidly carried into effect. We hear no more of jobbery and corruption on the part of Councillors.

With the exception of Alderman David's astounding and utterly groundless charge against the carters' numbers, nothing has been heard for some time tending to blacken the character of any official. If Alderman David had been half as sharp in the Coaticook matter, he would have saved Mr. Lañctot and others from considerable odium. The Drill Shed is a standing monument of the administrative ability of the Alderman. From the day of its inception to the present, he has been on the Drill-Shed Committee, and the public see the results of his handiwork every day. If the affairs of the Road Committee are better managed this year than last, the credit is not due to him, but to the infusion of new blood in the Council, and the resolve, on the part of the majority, to follow the dictates of their own judgment, rather than the leadership of charlatans.

DIOGENES will always advocate a high standard of respectability in candidates for municipal honors. It is only by aiming at perfection that we can purge the Council Chamber of imbecility. The tax-payers must be convinced of the necessity of choosing as their representatives intelligent, independent, and honest men. Demagogues and clap-trap orators are not the men to be entrusted with the destinies of a great and rising city; and the shallow artifices used by Alderman Ferdinand David in order to gain popularity pending the next election of a Chief Magistrate will go far to open the eyes of the public to the absolute necessity of inaugurating a further change in the *personnel* of the Civic Government.

\* \* DIOGENES reproduces this week a cartoon from the *London Judy*; also some illustrative lines. With all deference; however, to his *London confrere*, the Cynic thinks Britannia's question to her daughter scarcely *pertinent*. From a less tender mother it might, perhaps, be deemed *impertinent*, for no doubt ought to exist anywhere that Miss Canada has always been firm in rejecting the foolish advances of her over-confident cousin over the way.