



A REMINISCENCE OF MONTMORENCI.  
GOING TO THE CONE.



THE DAY AFTER.

### SHARPS AND FLATS.

DIOGENES, who is ever ready to commend where his approbation has been merited, has seldom an opportunity of bestowing his approval on the official acts of his American neighbors: but the police of Albany have recently earned his unqualified admiration. Two young men were, last week, removed from a church, for *singing out of tune*, by some constables of Albany. This unmusical annoyance which is so common amongst ourselves, is evidently one which the artistic "peelers" of Albany are unable to support; and DIOGENES can thoroughly appreciate the agony which a properly-constituted policeman must endure on hearing "A flat," when the expected sound is "B sharp." It was urged against the offenders that they were seceders from the choir, and had adopted this plan to harrass their late brethren; but DIOGENES looks upon this charge as an unworthy attempt to detract from the critical acumen of those who are always accustomed to *be sharp* in pouncing upon a *flat*.

### DISEASED CONUNDRUMS BY OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR.

What kind of confectionery did the river resemble during the flood?

An ice-jam (a nice jam).

Why is a wheelwright like the driver of a liquor wagon?

Because he *liras* wheels to make *felloes* (fellows) tight.

### YOU DON'T SAY SO!

What city may be considered the metropolis of *trichinae*?  
*Trichinopoly*, I guess!

### LATEST FROM OTTAWA.

(By Telegram.)

The Privy Council met this afternoon. The Red River country occupied their attention. Dr. Quackenboss, the celebrated American entomologist, was introduced. The Doctor laid before the Council a statement showing that he had successfully defended the Abyssinian Expedition against the onslaughts of the Tsetse fly, which, it was predicted, would make mincemeat of rank and file, gnaw up the staff, and even honeycomb the artillery. He proposed to free the Red River country from its pests, the grasshoppers. He offered to keep the entire territory free from the ravagers at 20 cents per square mile per annum, and to hop the race out of existence in three years. The proposal was favorably entertained, but the Government appeared inclined to purchase the patent, rather than make annual payments,—the more especially as they were convinced by the Professor that his system would be effective should another pest appear at home, in the shape of a formidable Opposition.

### THE "CAPITAL."

1ST SWELL.—Aw—were you at the fire last night?"

2ND DITTO.—"Aw—yes. Would you believe it? They actually threw *cold water* on it? Everything like excitement must be discouraged!"

1ST DITTO.—Aw—precious dull, ain't it? There's one consolation, however—it won't last forever. The Bluenoses will insist on a change, and Howe knows "how to do it."