

meal of the voracious and unboiled lobster. A lifetime of gratitude and indigestion would not serve to repay the debt which Angiretta M. Higgins owes to her unknown and gallant preserver."

"Mark di Barkerola, at your service; but who disclaims all rewards save one," responded our hero, as he courteously squeezed the lovely digits extended towards him by the fair Angiretta.

"And that?" she said, as the rouge upon her cheeks turned pale, by contrast with the natural blushes that now suffused her beautiful countenance.

Placing his lips to her pearl-like ears, Mark whispered something, which deepened the crimson to the ruddiness of an autumn sunset, and caused her to look earnestly at nothing in particular, with even greater assiduity.

Would you know what he said? You shall,—but, meanwhile, don't let us forget poor De Smythe, to whom, during the foregoing colloquy, a fearful accident had happened.

It was first made apparent by Annie—as we, in future, will call her—who, chancing to glance in his direction, gave vent to her feelings in another and prolonged squeal.

The cause of her alarm was but too evident. There he stood, but with a pitiable lack-lustre on his face; for, having chanced to cast his eyes at our heroine some few minutes previously, they had fallen on the ground, and, at that precise moment, still lay there.

With his customary presence of mind, and the aid of his pocket-handkerchief, our hero picked them up, and soon returned them to their natural position in De Smythe's face; and then all three wended their way home to Guessport, the gentlemen—in true American fashion—enlivening the journey with conversation and tobacco juice.

I would here remark that persons who expectorate on the boundless "parairie" cannot expect to rate as gentlemen. [Good, but old.—Ed. Dio.]

Of course, after the disclosure of his feelings, which this incident had afforded De Smythe, he felt it was morally impossible that Mark and he should reside under the same roof; so, being an exceedingly muscular man, he

REMOVED HIS ABODE TO THE NEXT STREET!!

(To be continued.)

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

No. I.

"VITTELS."

Vittels is considered good medsin for the humane stum-jak. Vittels is of too kinds,—fresh and cand,—so called cause they're so darned bad that most peeple cand eat em! I shall speak of cand vittels in a footur number. In Ameriky fresh vittels konsists of beaf, mutton, pork, hog, swine, sucking pig, and Sinsinnatty hamms. Some pork is so fat that it is kalled porker, and a cute "down-easter" is trien to raise porkest.

In France they chews frogs, in Spain snales, in Italy sluggs, in China puppy doggs tales, in England the kud of reflexshun. The President of the U. S. of Ameriky chews tobaccoer, and eschews the Reverdy Johnson treety, & Montreal has the inestimable priviledge to chews its own Mayor, who is the primo toad-eater to the airistokrisy in gineral, & differs from the Mayors of Diomed in dietary respees, they havin been adickyted to humane flesh, even

as evil tales accoos the enlitened natives of Figi of luncheon on baby with cold mishunary on the sidebored.

Wunee I was in England, in redooed circumstanzas, & hired out at the Grovenor House. In the mornin I was konsiderabul hungry, when the boss says to me: "I guess you'll 'eat these rooms, d'yer understan." "Nary," says I. "You'll 'eat these rooms," says he. "Darn the thick end of my Aunt Sal's black and white tom-cat's tail," says I, "won't I get nothin elts." "No," says he. "Wall, if you aint the allfireddest meanest kuss ever kovered six meels a day," says I, darned pesky, "may I"—Here we kolided. He got fits, you bet. Yoors,

PELEG PLUG.

ON DIR.—It is stated, in City Hall Society, that since Judge Coursol, acting on a high principle of honor, declined to break the pledge he freely gave to His Worship the Mayor not to oppose the latter's pretensions to another year's tenure of office, Graveltown stock has gone up some thirty-five or forty per cent.

DIOGENES is in a position to supplement the above highly important information. He can state, on the very highest authority, that a distinguished Revenue Officer is so elate over the not unexpected result, that he is content to let Lewis triumph,—the Bending Warehouse escapades having been already comfortably "boxed," under his own immediate superintendence.

"THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.—How is it that citizens who see all the liquor traffic, and who would gladly sign petitions to limit it to short hours at night, will, at the same time, sign a requisition and pledge themselves to vote for a rumsellers' candidate, perhaps even a notorious bar-room frequenter and drunkard? What kind of consistency is there in such conduct? Is duty to the public a nullity or a farce? Is there no conscientiousness in the discharge of one of the most solemn of all trusts—that of putting good and true men into office? Our civic elections are approaching, and it really seems to us that the citizens in each ward where there is to be an election look into this matter, and not allow any unsuitable man to walk the course."—*Montreal Witness*, Jan. 20.

DIOGENES is not a subsidized organ. The liquor-sellers do not make up the deficit between the cost price and the issuing price of his sheet, nor in any other way do they pecuniarily endorse his pretensions to the character of "Guardian of the public morals." The Cynic is nevertheless constrained to say, that, in his opinion, a worse candidate might be found than the individual said to be indicated in the foregoing paragraph. The "rumsellers' candidate" (if there be such a person) may be a strictly honest man, although fond of an occasional "tipple." DIOGENES dare be sworn there are many such who never diddled their creditors and founded moral newspapers on the proceeds. He dare also aver that it would be wiser in the citizens to place even a "notorious bar-frequenter and drunkard" in the chair of a City Councillor than one who, having "done the thing 'gainst which he writes," is still known to be a maw-worm and a hypocrite, whose antecedents, in other respects, denote him as eminently qualified to carry out the rôle of corruptionist and jobber, and who

"Compounds for sins he is inclined to,
By damning those he has no mind to."

CON.

Why are the Rupert's Land half-breeds more inhospitable than their country's bears? Because the latter would not turn away even a Governor—if they were hungry!