

my pockits, but ne'er a bit could I find my purse, as 'ad my tickit as I 'ad bought at Liverpool, as 'ad thought to be 'andy like: so that young waggerbone must a stolen my purse, and is a warnin' to travellers and a 'umbug like the rest on 'em.

I'm sure it were fortinit I sowed up my bank notes in the linin' of my dress, as 'ad to be ripped in public, as paid the gard, tho' a losin' business all along of me, not a hunderstandin' this money.

Well, I was that tired, I fell asleep and didn't wake up again, tho' a shaky carriage is a disturbin' thing, till I 'erd a man cry out, "Highland Pond, when I woke up suddint, a dreamin' of Scotland, as I 'erd the travellers a ruslin' to the 'otel to eat, as they said, as I tried to foller in a 'urry, thro' 'ighly dangerous, thro' not knowin' where the Pond was. But lawks-a-daisy, I'm that tired, I'll leave my adventures hup to Montreal, unto a future day, as will be rested and more tranquil like.

I ham, onnered sir,

Your respectful servant to command,  
MRS. BROWN.

### "WHAT'S IN A NAME."

The title of a book is in many instances, (as it certainly ought to be,) a brief index to its general character. Not always, however. Among some publications that, under the heading of "Good New Books," the *Daily News* advertises for the Messrs. Dawson, DIOGENES notices a volume which is mysteriously entitled:

MY TIN ROD HARM: OR, HOW I BECAME A  
FLORIST. By Mrs. Maria Gilman.

This is rather a hard nut to crack, and it is difficult,—very difficult,—to trace the immediate connection between the two titles. But, perhaps, all is for the best. Some people, between whom and their money the separation is proverbially quick, will probably buy the book to satisfy their curiosity. Thus, trade will be benefited, and nobody hurt.

P.S.—A little bird has just whispered to the Cynic, that the title of the volume in question may possibly be "My Ten-Rod Farm." Really, the conjecture appears far from unreasonable; but then, is it not a little severe upon the compositor and the proof-reader of the *News*?

### "WHEN IRISH SHALL BE FRENCH—FRENCH IRISHMEN."

—New Reading.

Councillor Jordan, of the Montreal Corporation was entertained at a Complimentary Dinner on Wednesday evening, at the "Cosmopolitan." The exact purpose of the feed is only known to the initiated, but the future incumbency of the Mayor's chair is supposed to be not remotely connected with it. The Cynic notes that his Old Friend of the Stone Quarries took credit to himself for securing the admission of reporters to the meetings of Committees. The worthy Alderman has apparently arrived at the conviction that there is such a thing as public opinion, and that henceforth the highest civic duty will consist in "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." With the Chief Magistracy in prospect it is not at all wonderful that he should have a keen appreciation of his many virtues.

His Worship Mayor Workman was absent through indisposition; nevertheless, the Cynic notes in the *News* report, that Mr. Jordan was "deeply thankful" for his Worship's presence, —which looks as though the worthy Councillor's speech had been put in type before it was delivered.

### NEEDLE AND NOODLE.

DIOGENES has much pleasure in quoting from a Montreal daily paper the following interesting and neatly-worded paragraph:

"We have just seen a needle which *has been used* for thirteen months constantly in a \* \* \* Sewing Machine, *by one of the Nunneries* of this city (the Sisters of Mercy.)

The Cynic, having been nearly as fortunate as the recorder of this item (though in a different way), begs to recount his

experience: He has seen a noodle, who, for a considerable period, has been constantly employed in the manufacture of local items' puffs, but who, notwithstanding his long practice in the art, is just as big a noodle as when he first commenced the business.

### NOBS AND SNOBS.



N Thursday last, April 8th, 1869, a very pleasant Concert took place at the Mechanics' Hall. The Programme of that Concert is now lying before the Cynic, and he finds that more than three-fourths of the vocal music was sung in English. To counterbalance this apparent disadvantage, the first part of the Concert is called in the Programme, *Parte Prima*, and the second, *Parte Seconda*. Will any one kindly inform DIOGENES of the reason for this snobbery? Are the aristocracy of Montreal ashamed of the English language? Some of them, as the Cynic is aware, do not understand it very well; but the question naturally arises do they understand Italian any better? As Hamlet says, "Ay, there's the rub."

### THE OPERATION OF CUPPING.

A correspondence, which possesses a thrilling interest for the public, has lately taken place between two Railway officials, and may be found in the *Gazette* of April 14th. The "Local Supt., E. D. Grand Trunk Railway," "with Mr. Eaton's permission," begs the "Loco. Foreman of Running Shed, Point St. Charles," to accept from him "a Silver Cup." DIOGENES respectfully draws attention to the Capital Letters.

The Local Supt. declares pathetically in his letter, as printed in the *Gazette*, "I could think of no more appropriate motto than that borne on the shield of the noble and 'ancient family of the De Cliffords, '*Semper Parclaus*,' and 'this you will find inscribed under the engine.'"

As the Cynic does not quite understand the full signification of the word *Parclaus* in the remarkable motto of the noble and ancient De Cliffords, he is unable to confirm the assertion of the Local Supt. with respect to its strict appropriateness: but, under any circumstances, it is extremely gratifying to learn that an inscription so extraordinary as *Semper Parclaus* is carefully concealed "under the engine." This is as it should be,—and the Local Supt. may rest assured that his conduct in this matter of the inscription will meet with universal approbation. DIOGENES ventures to express a hope that no rude hand will ever be found to turn up the engine, for the purpose of deciphering the mysterious hieroglyph.

### RATHER MIXED.

The *Daily News* of to-day puts the following into the mouth of Sir G. E. Cartier:—

"I feel satisfied on my own account, *but* on account of my countrymen, *not* on account of the great Dominion of Canada."

Good Heavens! DIOGENES wonders what Sir George—always the object of fervent adulation in St. Nicholas street—will say to this. Is it a case of "bwandy and wa'r" in the upper storey of the *News* office, or simply the result of a renewed hammering in the lower? The Cynic pauses for a reply.