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WHEN YOU WANT

ANYTHING IN THE FUR LINE,

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GO TO HEALY'S second-hand Book Store,

495 Craig street, if you want rare literature at low prices. Highest figure paid for second-hand books.

A CONTRAST.

Baron Von Wrangel died the other day, the oldest General in the world. He called his son to him some few years ago and said: "You have disgraced yourself; you know what happens a Von Wrangel who disgraces himself," at the same time handing him a revolver. The young officer shot himself on the spot.

Now, if a young Montreal scapegrace was handed a revolver, he would have made a bee line to the nearest pawn office and raised the wind. This point of dissimilarity might furnish a curious subject of study to the ethnologist.

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYME.

I.

A Grit met a Grit who was just passing by,
And he said: fellow voter, can you tell me why
You are getting along so much better than I?

We came to this country together, you know,
And brains, strength and judgment, as far as they go—

II.

Are mine, while, friend Sandy, you are but so, so.
Yet here I behold you well dressed, fat and sleek,
With gold in your pocket and brass on your cheek,
While I am still delving away with my pick.

III.

I vote the straight ticket as taught by the *Globe*,
Yet my hat it is shabby, and shabby my robe;
In fact I'm a dozen times poorer than Job.

IV.

Ah! friend said the Scotchman you speak like a book,
Though we drink from the self-same political brook,
I'm prosperous and thriving, you're down on your luck

V.

You can boast a keen wit I am free to confess,
You are well educated, but nevertheless
You're Irish—the rest I shall leave you to guess.

VI.

As for me the one-half of your talents I lack;
But I move with my kindred who hunt in a pack,
And hence we can keep inside of the track.

VII.

"The Grit and the Tory are all in my eye,"
Said the Grit to the Grit. Remarked Pat with a sigh:
Are honor and honesty fled?—then good bye.

WHO IS HE?

He was a literary character—so he said. And we believed him, judging from the dilapidated condition of his clothing and the dirty appearance of his shirt and collar, which led us to infer that he was not on good terms with his washerwoman. He wore long hair, which, unkempt, flowed over the shoulders of his seedy-looking coat. From these invariable characteristics we placed implicit confidence in his statement that he was an author, and perhaps one well known to fame. He was seeking employment, and produced as testimonials a Rine badge and seven tickets "good for one drink at the bar." He could produce other similar recommendations, he said; but we told him that was sufficient, and instructed him to return on the morrow. On his departure our "special devil" found a memorandum book with the applicant's name inscribed, in which the following entries were made in blue ink:—

Disbursements—1 bottle rye, 25c.; 1 box matches, 1c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; 1 pipe, 1c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; tobacco, 3c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; Rine badge, 10c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; Bologna sausage, 5c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; onions, 2c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; needle and thread, 3c.; 1 bottle common whiskey, 20c.

It is needless to say that we have decided on not availing ourselves of the powers of this genius, who we are

persuaded will perform his functions in right ryeal style, but will recommend him to Mr. Galdou, editor of the *Daily Witness*.

BUZZES.

—The compiler of the "All Sorts" column of the *Montreal Herald* is hypochondriac, if we are to judge by his attempt at wit.

—Mr. Rine says a man of the name of Stanley came to him one day with tears in his eyes, and confessed he had drunk enough liquor to float a sixty-four gun frigate. If he has not actually drunk so much whiskey, then has he told a lie as big as the British fleet at Bezika Bay.

—Among the many great sinners whom Mr. Rine has converted is a journalist. The tavern keeper did not care about the conversion of the others; but when they saw the newspaper man going back on them, they covered their faces with their togas and exclaimed, "*Et tu brute!*"

PERSONALS.

JOHN SMITH arrived in town last night, and is putting up at Joe Beef's.

STEPHEN J. MEANY has taken another bee line across the Atlantic.

THE HON. MR. LAFLAMME left town yesterday.

MR. RINE lectures on temperance, and is intoxicated with success. His followers all over imitate him, and pour out their R(h)ine W(h)ine.

THE JURY MAN OF THE FUTURE.

He must be respectable and wear a paper collar.

He must turn over a new leaf after Christmas, and go to Church regularly once a year.

If he cannot write his name, he will have to make his mark.

He must take in one religious at least. If he means do not permit a daily, he will subscribe to a religious weekly, and in that case we would recommend *The Wasp*.

He must believe everything, as by so doing he is sure to strike the right thing, always supposing anything is right.

He must go in with the full intention of never sending any one for trial.

It would be a recommendation if he belonged to either the Union men or Gangemen.