

MORE ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

The following charming sentence appeared in an "editorial" of the Montreal *Daily News* on the afternoon of the last day of the year, and re-appeared in all its glory on January 2nd:—

"Certainly Train's insane lubrications on the Fenian question are without doubt among the most nonsensical literary productions in existence."

DIOGENES knows *one* writer in Montreal whose lubrications will compare favourably with the wildest rhapsodies of Mr. Train. It was, probably, this same writer who, in a recent article, spoke of the *erotic* imagination of one of our most respected citizens. Three theories may be formed with respect to the use of this objectionable adjective. First, that the writer did not know the meaning of it. This is possible, though hardly probable. Secondly, that it was a typographical error. This is hardly probable from the context. Moreover, ordinary decency, (had this been the case), would have prompted the writer to correct the misprint at the earliest opportunity. Thirdly, that it was an impertinent, and at the same time unsuccessful effort to be facetious, for which the self-satisfied wag deserved to be—DIOGENES will not say what.

This last is the theory DIOGENES unhesitatingly adopts, and as a slight proof that an erotic imagination may exist even in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the *News*, he reprints, not without some misgivings, the following passage from what the editor calls "*an interesting letter which we commend to the attention of our readers*":

"I found, on arriving at Folkestone, that the pier was literally crammed with people, of whom the fair sex made a large proportion, and as usual, the outside edge was lined with the youngest and fairest looking ladies of the crowd, and the display of legs was, to say the least of it, a great treat to any one who made a practice of admiring that sort of thing."

Fie! fie! Mr. Editor.

"TIS HUNKY."

DIOGENES has frequently noticed, and with much pain, that many phrases and expressions, which should be "familiar in our mouths as household words," are perfectly strange and unintelligible, especially when used in the Upper Circles, where you may hear young ladies chattering French, German, and Italian, while sublimely ignorant of their native tongue. The word "Hunky" occurs to DIOGENES from the fact of his having had occasion to use it at the hospitable board of one of Montreal's Merchant Princes, who was entertaining a select company at dinner a few evenings ago. The Cynic protests there were not two people at the table who understood him.

While the idea was fresh in his mind, DIOGENES commissioned one of the Poets of his Staff to write a few verses exemplifying its meaning, and here he comes "copy" in hand:

" 'Tis pleasant to meet,
On the broad crowded street,
The poor Savoyard and his monkey;
But to give a few cents
As a small recompense,
Is better than pleasant—'tis Hunky!

And pleasant the battle
Where new "Sniders" rattle;
Though to like it a chap must be spunky;
But I really must say
To be out of the way
Is better than pleasant—'tis Hunky!

And 'tis pleasant to be
On the deep raging sea
(That is, if a person's not funky);
But to be safe on shore
When the winds howl and roar,
Is better than pleasant—'tis Hunky!"

A DIALOGUE

By Dr. WATTS (his name.)

A tutor with his pupil once did walk,
The one repeating his well-studied task:
This said, the two began to talk,
And many questions did the younger ask.

Pupil.—How doth the busy Mr. KING
Improve his store of cash?
And need we fear that awful thing,
An everlasting smash?
How it is done, I cannot think,
Although I have been told
That he has made no end of chink,
By gamboling in gold.

Tutor.—Not so, my boy: he'd tell you, nay;
He ne'er from home doth stir,
But gathers money all the day
From every customer.
He has a way, this Mr. KING,
That men in him do trust:
And so, he collars everything,
When other banks do bust.

Pupil.—But evil men about the town
Will say, as they do sup,
That when a bank is going down,
He helps to blow it up.

Tutor.—Few men delight to say what's right,
But let their passions rise;
And when the money market's "tight,"
They bless each others eyes!

Pupil.—And many men, I'm told, to-day
Obtain much gold and pelf,
And do it in so slick a way,
I'd like to try myself!

Tutor.—Oh, TOMMY, you should never do
As naughty people preach,
Lest Mr. KING should come to you,
And spank your little breech:
Nay! do not now begin to cry
Nor sob for future woes;
True—Mr. KING is very sly,
But so is Mr. ROSE!

A POLITE PROFESSOR.

"SHORT HAND.—Professor — has removed to St. Antoine Street, where, so soon as the excitement of a New Year has worn off, he will be happy to meet his friends."—*Montreal Herald*.

This advertisement, like the responses uttered by the ancient oracles, is worded so singularly that it admits of a two-fold interpretation. Either the Professor is an Epicurean philosopher who has recently been living "not wisely, but too well," and accordingly requires a few days to recover from the effects of self-indulgence; or his friends and patrons are "convivial cusses," and he has reason to dread that the New Year, treading closely on the heels of Christmas, may have partially incapacitated them for the study of the stenographic art. In either case, the Professor probably understands his own business, and DIOGENES begs to congratulate him upon the apparent wisdom of his advertisement. The successful practice of Short-Hand demands both a clear head and a steady hand; and these essential qualifications are liable to be temporarily impaired by too liberal a participation in the festivities of the season. If either of the hypotheses of DIOGENES be incorrect, he offers a sincere apology to the worthy Professor.