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WILL BE RECEIVED,
REGULARLY DURING THE SEASON,
BY
W. D. MCLAREN,
247 St. Lawrence Street, Corner (639) of St. Catherine.

J. G. PARKS, Photographer,
84 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

Is the place to take your FAMILIES and FRIENDS for all kinds of PICTURES. PHOTOGRAPHS for FRAMING taken in a Superior Manner. CARTES DE VISITES, VIGNETTES and AMBROTYPES taken in the most Artistic Style. Cheap FERROTYPES, unequalled for life-like expression and durability, taken in all sizes. OLD PICTURES COPIED and ENLARGED for Framing, as good as new.

JUST OUT,
The New Preparation for
DARKENING GREY
HAIR,
Gray's Umbra

Free from
Sugar of Lead,
Sulphur,
Nitrate of Silver,
&c.
Price 50 cents per
Bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY
Dispensing and
Family Chemist
144
St. Lawrence Street.

**FOLEY'S
CELEBRATED
GOLD PENS**

Have been introduced into this Market, and are sold by
Messrs.
SAVAGE, LYMAN &
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MURRAY & Co.,
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Foley's Pens are known throughout the United States as the best manufactured

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Manufacturer of
Gold & Hair
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215
NOTRE DAME ST.
(Opposite Mr. W. McGibbon's Grocer)

At the above Establishment may be found one of the finest and most recherche assortment of Jewellery in this city.

Note the address—
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New Chart of the
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DAWSON BROS. have just received a further supply of BERGHAU'S NEW CHART OF THE WORLD, on Mercator's projection—Original Edition in English, published by Perthes of Cobourg. Price, mounted on rollers, \$6.25. For Sale at Nos. 55 to 59 St. James Street.



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DISPENSARY**

FINE PERFUMES,
Hair, Tooth, & Nail
Brushes,
Patent "Rubber
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and other Toilet re-
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For sale by
J. E. D'AVIGNON
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Use D'Avignon's
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SOUND
OYSTERS,
received daily by
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Oysters cooked in
every style.

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A supply of the
Finest Oysters
Received by
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DOLLY'S
CHOP HOUSE
St. James' Street.

Guinness' Stout and
Dow's "No. 1" in
Bottle and on
Draught.

Vol. II.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, 24th SEPTEMBER, 1869.

Price—Five Cents.

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Mr. McEwan, of Portland, having established a branch of his business at Campo Bello (N.B.), he is enabled to supply the Canadian Market with
GENUINE FINNAN HADDIES
of his own Curing, Free of the Duty exacted on American-cured Fish. Constant supplies received at the ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

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Two Vocal and Instrumental
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Classic and Miscellaneous Music,

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**THURSDAY & FRIDAY
EVENINGS,**

Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st,
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*Mendelssohn Quintette
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OF BOSTON,

Composed of the following Artists:

WILLIAM SCHULTZE, Violin.
CARL MEISEL, Violin.
THOMAS RYAN, Viola and Clarionet.
EDWARD HEINDL, Viola & Flute.
WULF FRIES, Violoncello.

Assisted by the distinguished Vocalist,
MRS. J. W. WESTON.

Tickets, with Reserved Seats, 75c. For sale
at Prince's Music Store, Notre Dame Street.
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sale at the door.
Doors open at 7. Concert at 7 1/2 precisely.



Cosmopolitan

Restaurant

PLACE D'ARMES.

THIS First-class Restaurant (established
1839) has always received a very liberal
patronage from the most respectable classes of
Citizens, as well from the Officers of the
Garrison. Upwards of 300 persons are now
daily supplied with meals at this Establishment.
Every delicacy of the season will always be
found on hand.

PRIVATE ROOMS for DINNER PARTIES.
FRESH OYSTERS received daily by Express,
and Families supplied at home, if required,
without any extra charge.

The COSMOPOLITAN makes no display
of real or sham viands in the window; the
display will always be found in the larder and
on the table.

A. M. F. GIANELLI,

Restaurateur to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

The First of the Season

*A Fresh supply of delicious Oysters
received daily at*

THE "CARLTON,"

425 NOTRE DAME STREET

N.B.—Oysters Cooked in every Style.

F. MARTIN.

ROBERT MITCHELL & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

*Steam & Hot Water Heating
Apparatus*

FOR

WAREHOUSES,

RESIDENCES,

GREENHOUSES,

&c.,

**ST. PETER & CRAIG STREETS
MONTREAL.**

SPANISH MELONS

JUST RECEIVED, EX "MORAVIAN."

*A consignment of Choice MELONS, direct from Spain—
very delicate and delicious flavour.*

ALEX. MCGIBBON, Italian Warehouse.

MOTT'S BROMA

FIFTY BOXES FOR SALE.

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

STILL THE RAGE

The Cook's Friend Baking Powder

PLEASES EVERYBODY.

1 lb. PAPERS, 25 CENTS. SIX for \$1.25.

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Valencia Raisins, Sultana Raisins—Crop 1869.

CURRENTS BY NEXT STEAMER.

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ST. JAMES' DRUG HALL,

133 St James' Street.

COD LIVER OIL,

COD LIVER OIL,

COD LIVER OIL

PURE, PERFECTLY FRESH, AND ALMOST TASTELESS.

PANCREATIC EMULSION.

PANCREATIC WINE,

For assisting the digestion, and assimilation of Cod Liver Oil:

PANCREATIC.

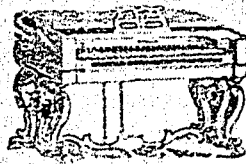
The active principle of the Pancreas, for digesting Cod Liver Oil, &c.

The above are prepared by SAUNDY &
MOORE, Chemists to the Queen, and are
the only reliable preparations of the kind.

JOHN ROGERS & CO.,

Chemists,

133 ST. JAMES' STREET,



GOULD & HILL,

IMPORTERS OF

Pianofortes, Cabinet Organs, and Musical Instruments,

No. 115 ST. JAMES' STREET,

MONTREAL.



IT IS COMING!

*The Great Moral Exhibition
of the Age!*

**Van Amburgh's & Co's
Great Golden Menagerie.**

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE ZOOLOGICAL
COLLECTION UNCONNECTED
WITH CIRCUS PERFORMANCES
on the Continent, comprising within its exten-
sive catalogue nearly

500 Wild Beasts, Birds, &c.,

of the most rare and curious varieties.
This popular and instructive establishment
will visit Montreal

For Three Days only,

And give
**TWO EXHIBITIONS DAILY
IN THE HAYMARKET,**

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
SEPT. 27th, 28th & 29th.

In this stupendous collection will be found a
long list of Interesting Specialties.

THE ONLY LIVING GIRAFFE
on the Continent, just arrived from Africa.

THE ONLY LIVING BLACK
RHINOCEROS.

THE ONLY AFRICAN ELAND.

THE ONLY HES BOKS.

THE ONLY IMPOONS.

THE ONLY HARTE BEESTES.

THE ONLY SPRING BOKS.

THE ONLY AFRICAN OUADEDS.

And many other animals now exhibited on the
Western Hemisphere for the first time.

This comprehensive and popular Exhibition,
which has been established for nearly half a
century, and which has been honoured by nine
visits from Her Gracious Majesty and the
Royal Family, has received the unqualified
approbation of

THE PRESS, AND THE CLERGY,
AND
THE PUBLIC,

wherever it has been, and is the best school
for the study of the wonders of the Creation
ever opened to the public.

THERE ARE NO CIRCUS PERFORMANCES given,
as they would be entirely incompatible with the
character and objects of the Exhibition; but a
very pleasing and instructive entertainment is
given with the wonderful

TRAINED ANIMALS,

including the feats of the

GREAT LION KING

in the den with four young and ferocious Lions,

and other savage animals.

A GRAND STREET PROCESSION

will be given on MONDAY, the 27th instanc

which for DAZZLING BRILLIANCY and

EXTENT has never been equalled.

Among its principal features will be the

GREAT GOLDEN CHARIOT OF PAC-

TOLUS,—THE GOLDEN CAR

OF CLEOPATRA,

on the summit of which

A LARGE LIVING LION

will be carried

LOOSE THROUGH THE STREETS

followed

by the Elephants,

Camels, &c., &c., and the

Dens, Aviaries and Cages, all of

them elaborately decorated and

ornamented with beautiful

pictures illus-

trating

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF HOLY

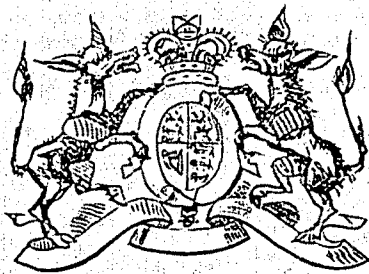
WRIT.

Exhibition at 1 and 7 P.M. Admission, 50 cts.

Children under 9, 25 cents.

It will exhibit in Ottawa, Sept. 20th; Cum-
berland, Sept. 21st; Plantagenet, Sept. 22nd;
Hawkesbury, Sept. 23rd; St. Andrew's, Sept.
24th; St. Eustache, Sept. 25th.

Look for it! Wait for it! See it!



PUBLIC NOTICE!

FRANCIS HINCKS, General Jobber, begs to inform his friends and the public in general, that he is about to re-open his office at the New Stand, in Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, where he will undertake Jobs and Contracts of every description on reasonable terms.

References—J. A. MACDONALD & Co.

N.B.—Railroads constructed with cheapness and dispatch.

A NEW BALLAD

AS SUNG BY A VETERAN POLITICIAN TO THE ELECTORS OF NORTH LANARK.

Air—"Capt. Jinks."

I'm Francis Hincks of the Windward Isles,
I come to seek your votes and smiles,
I'm sure to please you with my wiles,
If you send me to the Parly—ment:
So if you want a job, you know—
A job you know—a job you know,
You'll always be certain where to go,
If you send me to the Parly—ment.

Spoken—Yes, brother Electors! that's a part of political business I flatter myself I understand as well as any man; so if any of you want a berth in the Customs, a Commissionership, or a snug little sinecure of any kind, you've only to come to me, because you know—

Chorus—I'm Francis Hincks, &c.

When Rose resigned, Mac didn't know
For a good financier where to go—
So he fixed on me, and he'll tell you so,
If you send me to the Parly—ment.
At financing I'm a regular swell—
A regular swell—a regular swell—
And you'll benefit so, I can hardly tell
If you send me to the Parly—ment.

Spoken—Yes, brother Electors! I consider I *am* rather a swell at financing. Just look at what I did for you when I was in power, years ago. Why, you hadn't even a public debt worth speaking about before I took matters in hand; and you can't be a great country without a big public debt. So if you want it doubled, you've only to apply to—

Chorus—Francis Hincks, &c.

So now you've got the choice you see,
"Twixt Francis Hincks and Malcolm C—,
And if you're wise, you'll vote for me,
And send me to the Parly—ment.

Then if you want a railroad new—
A railroad new—a railroad new—
I'll tell you exactly what to do,
If you send me to the Parly—ment.

Spoken—Yes, gentlemen Electors! I know something about making railroads, and a very profitable business it is. I don't mean to the Shareholders, but to

Chorus—Francis Hincks of the Windward Isles,
Who comes to beg your votes and smiles;
And if he gets over you with his wiles,
There'll be the deuce to pay in the Parly—ment!

HOW TO RECEIVE PRINCE ARTHUR IN MONTREAL.

1. Let us bore him, run after him, stare at him and intrude on his privacy as much as possible. This is only showing respect and he has no business to be disgusted with it or he should never have been born a prince.
2. Let every society, small or big, present him with an address. This gets its name in the papers and the officers can say that they talked with His Royal Highness.
3. Should he, from good nature and desire to please, receive an address from some obscure body of very doubtful reputation but of which he had never heard, let us abuse him and vilify him in the strongest terms—this is the way to show our spirit and to make it clear to him that we are not to be bullied even by a member of the Royal Family.
4. Let the National Societies get up a row about precedence in his presence. This will give him a great idea of the dignity of our Dominion.
5. Let the St. Crispin Society insist upon presenting an address first.
6. After having satisfied our snobbishness by going through any quantity of idle, useless ceremony of quite a superfluous character, originated only in our own brains, let us go home to declaim against the "barbarous requirements of Royalty" and the immediate necessity for

"CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE."

JUST HOW THESE THINGS END.

We are sorry to record a breach of the friendly relations which have subsisted for so many years between our esteemed friends Jones and Brown. Jones, it seems, was explaining at some length to Brown the various causes of his ill-success in life. Brown, desiring to change the subject, proposed that they should step into Alexander's and have some soda-water. They stepped in accordingly, but Jones was not to be "shunted off" in that manner, so he resumed: "If I could only have a fresh start, that is all I would ask."—"Well here you are,—darn the expense!" exclaimed Brown with enthusiasm, snatching at the same moment a certain confection, value one penny, from the counter, and presenting it to his friend. "What do you mean?" said Jones. "Why," replied the other, "didn't I hear you say just now that all you wanted was a *fresh tart*? What do you call this?" The words were scarcely uttered before such an ominous change passed over the countenance of Jones, that Brown sprang to the door, where, however, he was overtaken by the tart, which deposited its *nucleus* of raspberry jam on the back of his New Dominion Paper Collar. Jones, we are told, talked for some time about a "hostile meeting," and was only led to give up the idea on reflecting that a man of Brown's propensities was sure of the gallows some day or other, and that, if anything, he would rather see him hanged than shot.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.



OW rejoice all ye dwellers in Beaver Hall and be glad ye swells of St. Catherine Street, for the immortal *Jenkins* has taken up his abode among us! No longer shall your kettle drums, your musical *soirees*, or your tea fights be unrecorded, save in the columns of the scoffing *Star*. Now

shall the elaborate toilet of Mrs. City Councillor Wiggins be fitly recorded and full justice be done to the fascinations of Mrs. Captain de Boots.

"Jenkins" gives as a gentle intimation of his presence in the columns of a morning contemporary, wherein he records the arrival of Prince Alfred. There, he tells us, with some simplicity, that Lord Alexander Russell *first entered* the sacred precincts of the car containing His Royal Highness. He does not, as an inferior artist would do, weaken the effect by dilating upon the trembling awe with which the gallant nobleman approached the royal presence. He knows there are some achievements which, in their majestic daring, are beyond the power of language, however flowery, to exalt.

Then he recounts how the Prince stepped upon the platform, and "*enjoyed* a few minutes conversation with his *admirers*," after which he entered his carriage and drove off to the residence of the Hon. John Rose, where he was entertained at dinner. Although there can be no doubt that "Jenkins" was present at that entertainment he does not give us any particulars thereanent, and the Cynic can only express a hope that His Royal Highness *enjoyed* his dinner, at least as much as the conversation of his *admirers*, and that he derived even more benefit therefrom.

Seriously, DIOGENES would suggest to the chroniclers of the movements of H. R. H. that this absurd style of writing can only tend to excite the derision of our republican neighbours, and can be neither agreeable to the Prince nor to those who sincerely respect him.

VERY FUNNY!

The press and the public have all along been under the impression that the Government would not venture to foist Sir Francis Hicks upon them in the face of their almost unanimously-expressed disapproval of the job. Sir Francis, on the other hand, seems to be equally certain that he will be welcomed with joy and gladness. It is curious to contrast Sir Francis's credulity and the public's incredulity.

The Cynic suggests a new spelling of the noun, which in future should be Hinckscredulity.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A correspondent enquires why this department of DIOGENES has been recently discontinued? The Cynic assures him that its temporary absence has been only owing to unavoidable changes in his literary staff. This column, which was originally introduced simply as an experiment, has turned out, as far as it has gone, extremely successful. It is the only one of its kind in the Dominion, and should be the medium of interchange of thought among literary men. He has good means of knowing that the institution of this little portion of

the paper has given, so far, great satisfaction to those for whom it was intended. He would take, however, this opportunity of saying that it never was designed to be exclusively *literary*. Questions on art and science, or, indeed, on any subject not absolutely frivolous, will always be welcome.

During this interval, the following Queries have been lying in the Cynic's Tub:—

Query.—Can any of your correspondents furnish me with the real origin of the word "Canada?" I have seen many, but am still unsatisfied.—"J. D.," Waterloo.

Query.—A friend informs me that the English word "News" was originally derived from the letters of the cardinal points of the compass—N. E. W. S., from which all news comes. Is this correct?—"J. M.," Montreal.

Query.—In Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur," and again in "The Idylls of the King," we find—"Clothed in white *Samite*, mystic, wonderful!" What is *Samite*?

Query.—What is the origin of the word *bull*, in the sense of an Irish Bull?—A. B.

WHAT I WOULD I WERE.

RABIES NO. 8.

I would I were a bird
Of song and plumage rare,—
A songster from some distant land,
Some climate bright and fair:

But then I would not be a bird,
And on queer diet feed;
For little birds you always find
Quite early "run to seed!"

Then, would I were a horse.—
A steed of famous breed;
A courser great, of high renown,
Unequaled as to speed.

I guess I wouldn't be a horse,
I cannot see the fun
Of doing what's your "level best,"
Then find your "race is run."

Well, p'raps I'd be a pig,
And try *that* for a while,
And eat and drink, and sleep all day,—
In short, just live in *style*:

But then, pigs are such dirty things,
Of husks they never tire;
Besides, they wallow in the *mud*—
An act I don't *admire*.

Well, perhaps, I'd better be a sheep,—
At least, I'll think it over;
For, unlike men, when "gone to grass,"
They always "live in clover!"

PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE!

A portion of our mercantile community is exercised concerning the alleged misconduct of a certain Anglo-Canadian Firm towards a brother merchant.

Without committing himself to an opinion on the merits of the case, DIOGENES would simply remark that it is unreasonable to expect a CROOK to be straight-forward.

A ROCKY REVERIE.

'Tis sweet to stroll upon the rocks,
And watch the flowing tide ;
To gaze o'er ocean's vast expanse,
To watch each vessel glide

Like fairy bird, on snowy wing,
Cleaving the western sky ;
Gladdening the lonely watcher's heart,—
Lighting that watcher's eye.

'Tis sweet, on moonlit eve, to gaze
On scenes thus fair and bright,
Till fancy bears the soul away
To realms of endless light.

Here, Charles broke on my reverie,—
Said he, " My dear, I wish
You'd not forget, those vessels' freight
Is less of love than fish ! "

And that each bark, which seems so fair,
And stirs your very soul,
Is but some grimy-looking craft,—
Some collier carrying coal !

EVA HEAD.

DEAR OLD DIO.

Honestly now, *don't* you feel a little anxious to know, how your fondly-loved Eva, has fared since you left her at Montenegro? Don't you feel a few qualms of conscience when you reflect how you left her, an unprotected female, in a bachelor's establishment on the Montreal Mountain?

Well, my philosopher, you espoused my side, if you didn't espouse me, and so this time I forgive you.

I have been staying, reading, living, whatever you may call it in your horrid vocabulary, at Newport, R.I., since the death of poor Henrico. Alas, poor Henrico! I feel as the cabmen did under similar circumstances; he said no one could tell "how he missed his missus!" I'm afraid you'll say the salt air has weakened my puns. Well, well, it often happens. So, my dear Cynic, forgive me this time. And, oh my! you don't know what a pretty place this Newport is. Why, Dio dear, I have only seen one plain girl since I have been here, and I can't complain of her, for she had a plaintive voice, and explained to me that she was going to get rid of her freckles very soon by using Ladd's "Bloom of Youth."

Oh, Dio! don't put this last in print, please,—that's a dear! I didn't intend to write it,—only my pen slipped. Well, you know, we go down to the beach every day, and its such awfully jolly fun! We all don such nice suits, just like queens, you know, and then let the surf come rolling all over us. In fact, we are regular slaves of the surf, and this going down on the beach, is becoming *habeeachual** with us. I saw Dr. Barker down here the other day, but he didn't recognise me: he seems to grog very much and wears a *whig* now, dear old man! You can't imagine what lots of swells are here just now,—(now, you provoking Cynic you know I don't mean that stale old pun about "swells on the ocean.") E. H. K., and that candidate for the moated Grange—you know him; he was ogling me too, the monster, but I don't think he'll *suet* me; no I never can forget dear Henrico you know, *mon cher* Cynic.

And then the drives, and flirtations, and the sails, and the sells, and the "pork-an-beans," as *M. Assolant* would call it;

* Habitual? Ed. Dio.

Dio dear, I tell you truly, if it wasn't for indigestion, and sorrow at poor Henrico's loss, I would ask you down here—can't you come? "Tub be or not Tub be," as one of your writers says:—do write and let me know, and bring down plenty of shin-plasters with you dear old Cynic—and please six pairs of 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ "Jouvins" from whoever advertises most in your paper, my philosopher.

Please dont let Mrs. Dio see this; and, oh! Schwartz says remember him to—on second thought no, as he says we have enough *weeks* here as it is.—Sara Jane sends a "sable osculation," and says she wishes you wouldn't put so much politics in, for she knows "some white folk's" niggers' "gwine to be killed with jest such foolishness"—and she has discarded you for the "Dominion Monthly."

Your own ever,

EVA.

ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

A rumour has been current for some days in "The Capital," and has even found its way into the newspapers, that a successor to the present Minister of Public Works has been selected, and that, solely on account of his competency for the office! Surely the Millennium must be near at hand! It is believed, and on good grounds, that Joseph Merrell Currier is to be the new Commissioner. Now, J. M. C. is neither a violent political partisan, nor a great talker. He is not a deep schemer. He has not aided in the concoction of any little midnight jobs. He has never bartered his principles for pelf or place. He has the character of being honest in all his dealings, and, odd to say, pays his debts! These negatives and affirmatives go some way towards making up a desirable man. He is actually so unpretending, that the world would be astonished at seeing a man in an office who was not above attending to its duties. But the discouraging feature remains. He is believed to be intimately acquainted with the management and details of business generally, and with the special business of the office in question in particular. If this does not prove a bar, DIOGENES will, even yet, have hopes of his appointment.

Well, well! we shall see. The times are pregnant:—who can say to what prodigy they may not give birth?

ROSES HAVE THORNS.

'Tis a sad thing a melancholy truth! but nevertheless, young men and women, and, sometimes, their seniors, too, will flirt. Not even the holy bands of matrimony are always a bar to the pleasant and innocent dissipation.

Mrs. B.— and Mr. C.—, both in chains—were, recently, under the influence of a severe attack of the gentle malady. And the fever waxed warm. "Remember Mr. C.—," said Mrs. B.—, "that you are forbidden to covet your neighbour's wife."

"True Mrs. B.—," said Mr. C.—, "but here, as in every thing, the ladies have the advantage of us:—I am not aware that it is anywhere forbidden to covet your neighbour's husband!"

"Perhaps, not," said the lady, "but the prohibition extends to your neighbour's animals. I think it probable that one of these, (which, it is needless to name), was intended to supply the deficiency."

Mr. C.— flirted no more that day!

EXTRACT from Specimen Page, ENCYCLOPEDIA CANADENSIS (in press).

HINKS *Fr. cy Gub.* (compare Anglo-Saxon HUNKS—"OLD HUNKS," a *sordid fellow*; now obsolete in polite society: trace same root in HUCKSTER) *fam.* politician—CANADA: *genus* Office-Seeker.

RATHER NICE.

R.—, an elderly man, was admiring a fine, chubby baby which a pretty young mother was exultingly exhibiting. The pretty young mother had been sensible enough to select a man just old enough to take care of her. R.—'s commendation assumed this horrible shape—"What a tit-bit it would make in some of the South-Sea Islands."

"I believe they prefer *old men*, there," said the pretty young mother, "and so do I!"

R.— felt bound to fall in love without further notice!

A NEW PRONOUN FROM THE "DOMINION GRAMMAR."

NOM. : Hic—Hæc—Hoc.

GEN. : Hink—Hinks—Hunks.

The (hard) cases will be supplied hereafter.

ANNEXATION AND INDEPENDENCE.

A little pirate ship was manned
By men of desperation ;
A moody discontented band,
Who called her "Annexation."

To every British port she sailed,
But met a cold reception ;
No specious promises availed
To sanction the deception.

"What's to be done?" the Captain cried,
"Our ancient worn-out rigging,
By wind and weather often tried,
Seems but a type of 'prigging.'

They're all beginning to find out
Our smug pretensions hollow ;
We'll change our pattern in and out,
For something they can swallow."

Repainted then, from stern to bow,
No stars and stripes were seen,
But here and there her hull, I trov
Was "wearing o' the green."

Then was she "Independence" called,
A lofty sounding name ;
'Twas strange—the Britons, unappalled,
Saw through her just the same.

A harmless joke is upright,—fair,
Though easy of solution ;
No little pirate cock-boat e'er,
Can make a *revolution*.

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

No. 13.

BRIDGET—(Continued).

I spoke in my last of the fact of Bridget, having two lovers. This is not all. She is irrevocably betrothed to both, to her own great embarrassment. Now, do not judge lightly of poor Bridget until you hear the circumstances, which are these:

About three years and a half ago, Bridget became acquainted with Zephyrin Bonceur,—an extremely good specimen of a French Canadian. You may trust Bridget for that: she never had any sympathy for "loafers." Zephyrin is a native of Gaspé, and, as may be guessed, an amphibious individual. From his boyhood, he had served on board some of those small crafts which ply between the different ports of the Lower Provinces and Quebec. Latterly, he had become permanently attached to a schooner, which plied at regular intervals, between Montreal and St. John, N.B. One would not think him exactly the man for Bridget to take up with. He is considerably older than she, and no one can call him handsome. However, tall men always like little women, and *vice versa*. Bridget is a giantess, and Zephyrin a little spherical-shaped man, like, as he facetiously observes, *un gros boudin*. The courtship was not long. Like Celia and Oliver, they "no sooner saw than they looked,—no sooner looked than they loved,—no sooner loved than they asked each other the reason,—no sooner knew the reason than"—Bridget asked him how much money he had! This was a clencher! He honestly replied, three dollars and sixty-three cents! Now Bridget had had some little savings, but had been persuaded by a gentleman from New York to invest them in bonds of the Irish Republic, which, as yet, had not produced the promised dividend, although she was assured they would ultimately be paid at the City Bank. Zephyrin was ardent, enthusiastic and willing to marry at once, but Bridget,—an extremely sensible girl where Irish Republican agents were not concerned,—declined the proffered honor, and, at last, succeeded in convincing her swain that it was not desirable to marry on three dollars and a half. The prudence and good sense which she showed, only excited her lover's ardour the more. He became heroic,—desperate,—and ready to go through fire and water for her sake. At last the matter was settled thus: He was to attach himself to some vessel about to cross the Atlantic,—was to remain abroad for two years,—not longer,—to live upon almost nothing, and save almost everything, and, at the end of two years, was to return to claim Bridget's hand; while she, on her part, was to try and save some money too. The parting was tender and pathetic, and Zephyrin went forth to seek his fortune. What follows is almost "Enoch Arden" over again; but it is a true story. A year passed away, and no news of "Zeph." There was nothing very extraordinary about this, seeing that neither of the lovers could read or write. Now Bridget considered reading and writing most useless accomplishments in a woman, but, like many of her sex, rather despised the absence of them in a man. Besides, how else could she hear anything of the wanderer? Another year past away. Bridget became fretful

and impatient. Another six months and still no news: Bridget indignant: yet another six months and Bridget—had formed the acquaintance of Lance Corporal Smart, of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles. Her friends said she was right. Bridget was twenty-seven. Zephyrin had promised to be back in two years, but had out-stayed three. He was either dead or would never come back. Now the Corporal was three years younger than Bridget and, like all her friends, was very steady. He was a teetotaler, (which much advanced him in Bridget's eyes), and could read and write well;—in fact, was employed as a clerk in one of the military departmental offices, by which means he more than doubled his pay. He had some money in the Savings Bank. He had obtained leave to marry. Bridget had consented. He had gone to Ottawa with his regiment, whither Bridget was to follow him next month.

Such was the state of things, till, one day last week, when I was talking to the Captain, there suddenly came a furious ring at the door. Bridget proceeded to open it, and then—a loud scream, followed by a still louder shout! and Bridget was sobbing in the arms of a little round man, with bronzed complexion and iron grey hair! I guessed what had occurred. This was Zephyrin come back. The Captain soon called him by name, and shook hands with him. By bits and jerks he told us his story. He seemed, almost, to have lost his French Canadian accent, but had acquired one much more unintelligible, and which, I afterwards heard from the Captain, was derived from the "pigeon-English" of Hong Kong.

He had sailed to Bombay and while there had earned some money in the employ of a merchant. Had sailed to Calcutta, was more prosperous, opened a little shop of his own and got on better still. Sailed for China, was wrecked and lost everything. He did not imitate "Enoch Arden." He did not remain "under a palm tree" on an island in the Southern Seas. He got himself picked up by a French vessel and taken to Hong-Kong. He was soon on his legs again. His knowledge of both French and English turned out very useful to him. Suffice it, that, having got a friend to write a letter home to Bridget telling her of the misfortunes he had suffered,—which letter she never received,—he went to work again. He made several voyages to Manila and again opened a shop at Hong-Kong. When he thought the proper time had arrived, he set sail for England with a quantity of Manila and Chinese goods of his own. These he had sold in London and he had now come to claim his bride with two hundred and seventy-five pounds in good Bank of England notes in a large leather pocket-book which he always carried about his person, not being willing to trust it into the hands of any of those "banking sharpers." He had also brought some Chinese curiosities which he presented to Bridget before he had been with her five minutes! "Zeph" remained till late that evening. We had him up into the parlour, to the great disgust of Mrs. X—, and the great amusement of every one else. He had plenty of yarns to tell and by no means despised the cold beef and grog with which our landlady regaled him. Bridget is in despair. She evidently despises neither "Zeph" nor his money—but I think she personally prefers the Corporal. "Zeph" has certainly not grown younger or handsomer during his travels; his speech is louder and coarser; he has not learned to read and write and he—drinks grog, which is Bridget's abomination. The embarrassing part of it is that "Zeph" knows nothing about the Corporal, nor the Corporal about "Zeph." Each is ignorant of the others' existence, and Bridget has not the courage to undeceive them. It appears, that some years ago, there was a drunken row in Champlain Street, Quebec, between some soldiers and civilians. The whole affair was not very creditable, but "Zeph" was concerned on the civilian side, and was most unmercifully beaten over the head by the buckle of a soldier's belt. Ever since that day "Zeph" has not had a good word for the British Army and still less for individual members of it. Bridget says that if "Zeph" once hears about the Corporal, he will go direct to Ottawa and kill him with that sailor's knife of his, and then he will be hanged! Bridget evidently has no idea of getting rid of both lovers, but declines to say which she prefers.

In this state of doubt, what does Bridget do, but what every other sensible person in the house does, when in difficulty;—consult the Captain. He has promised, when he goes to Ottawa next week, to see the Corporal, and break the news to him. I am afraid that the Captain,—military man though he be—in this case, like the rest of the boarders, sympathises rather with the sailor than the soldier.

Ladies take warning from poor Bridget and do not cultivate

"TWO BEAUX TO YOUR STRING."

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIO:—Certain "green and yellow melancholy" individuals are busy just now predicting your speedy demise. Will you permit me to express a hope that, should such an event unfortunately occur, you will die a natural death,—not *didactic*?

Yours faithfully,

ZENO.

* It is needless to say the Cynic does not intend to die at all!

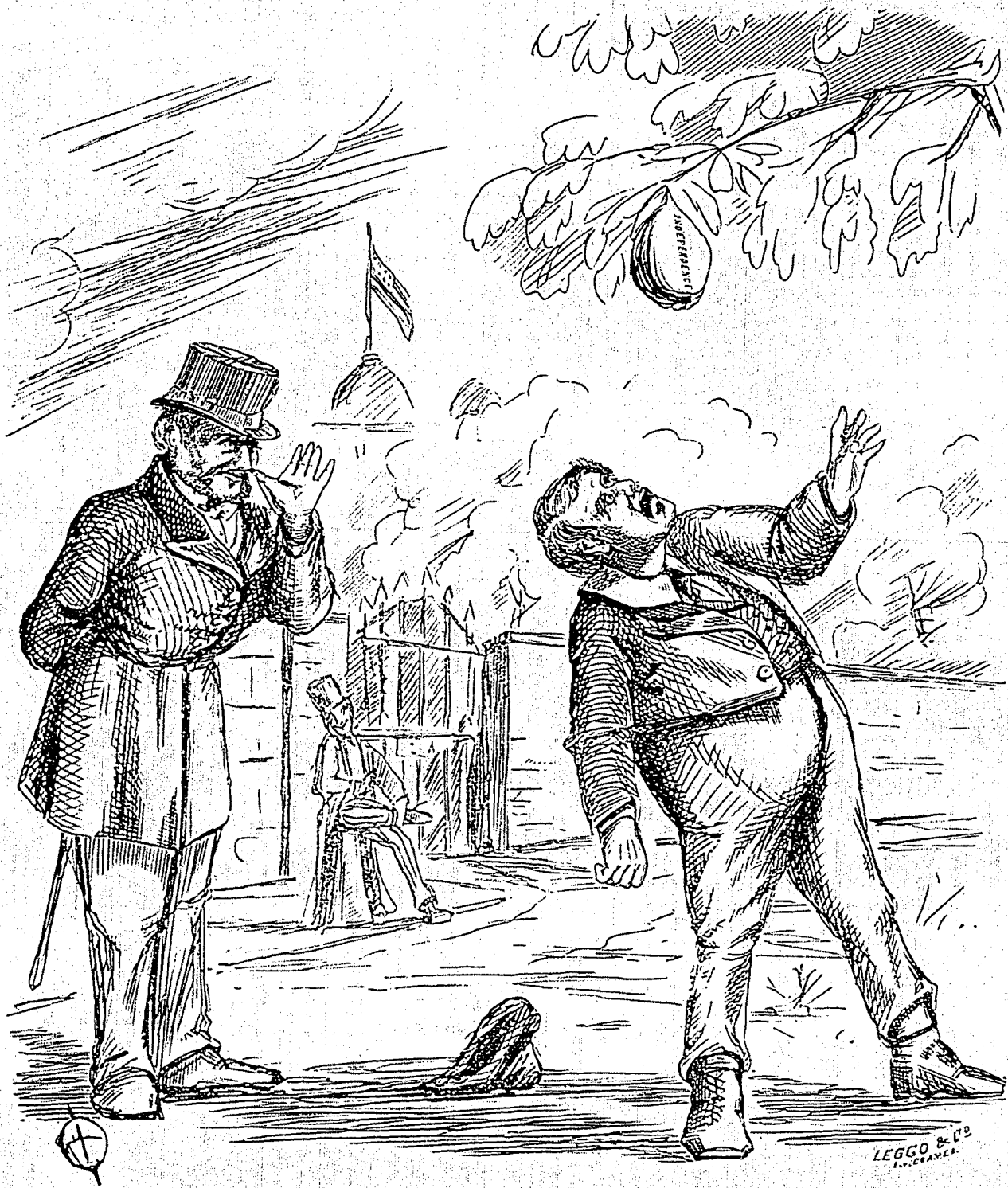


A TEMPTING OFFER.

JONATHAN—"I'm told, Ma'am, you don't make any objection; and I'm sure the young lady is sufficiently sensible to appreciate a good offer."

Mrs. BULL—"If she wishes it, I'm sure I don't object. She is old enough now to know her own mind; and 'as it is' purely a matter of taste, I have no wish to interfere!"

Miss MAPLE-LEAF—"Mamma, I think 'I'm owre young to marry yet,' and I'm not quite sure that celibacy is not, after all, the happier lot. Thanks to your kindness and forethought, I am assured an ample competence. I only hope the Stewards I may be called upon to select will do their duty. If they do not, you can tell the gentleman to call again. Meantime, I am deeply sensible of his kind intentions."



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

H—T—N.—“It’s a very pretty plum—a very pretty plum, indeed! Enough to make anybody’s mouth water!”

CH—MB—N.—“Don’t you wish you may get it? That plum will take some time to ripen yet; and when it falls, I fancy ‘Othello’s occupation will be gone!’”

(See Speech of Mr. Chamberlin at the Bedford Agricultural Show.)

AUNT TABITHA'S TOUR.
"COUSIN WILLIE AND THE BIRDS."

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

"Speak well of the bridge that carries you safely over!" If the Grand Trunk deposits you, for forty-eight hours, at Fogville, pray don't be ungrateful, and complain,—for Fogville seems to have been specially designed for such an emergency.

Such were my thoughts, on making my appearance, on Sunday, at a comfortable breakfast, at which my Aunt and Mr. Brown were already busily engaged. I verily believe that, finding me a "bore," they stole a march on me by getting up very early, and thus managed to indulge in a matutinal "spoon," undisturbed by the proverbially long ears of "little pitchers,"—a favorite phrase of my Aunt's, which she uses for my edification, though, for the life of me, I have never been able to discover any trace of such appendages in our crockery.

Everybody was pleased with everything,—except, perhaps, our being kept awake all night by a wretched little cur, that seemed to have to do all the barking for the village, and kept up an incessant yelp day and night. But even he had his friend and admirer,—for my Aunt declared that his bark made her feel quiet at home,—it reminded her so much of Martin Luther! Mr. Brown's face here exhibited slight signs of mystification, which became more and more intense as she proceeded, for, although not particularly well up in history or literature, he had a vague idea that he had heard, somewhere before, of Martin Luther, and that he wrote novels, or was a popular preacher.

"That Martin Luther," continued my Aunt, "is a remarkable creature! While leaving home, just as we were going out of sight of our house, I waved my handkerchief to bid them all good-bye, when what should I see but Martin Luther wagging his tail, just like a Christian!"

Here Mr. Brown's amazement at this remarkable trait was so evident, that I ventured to relieve him from his perplexity, by informing him that my Aunt had called her favorite terrier after the great German Reformer, as a special mark of her admiration for him. Her excessive reverence for him, I confess, I greatly suspect to be due to the fact, that, though late in life—(for, as she remarks, "it is never too late to mend,")—he saw the error of his ways, and, by abandoning celibacy, set a very good example to his sex.

Thinking that I had better leave Mr. Brown to the undisturbed enjoyment of the numerous interesting canine anecdotes that I saw were coming, I slipped out of the room, and stole off into the woods for a ramble; and when I was out of hail, the temptation to play truant came so strongly upon me, that I succumbed. It is true that I had a vague impression that my Aunt, in spite of her strict Sabbatarian notions, would, for once, forgive me for keeping out of the way. If I had any doubt, I gave myself the benefit of it,—although I have been almost persuaded by my Aunt that I am sure to be hanged. She is never tired of telling me that every man that has been hanged played truant on Sunday when a boy; and as I am sometimes an offender, I suppose I ought to take a somewhat gloomy view of my future.

But my rambling tastes, in spite of all that my Aunt says, are owing, not to a tendency towards the gallows, but to an old notion that I cannot get rid of, and for which I am indebted to my little cousin Willie.

He was a queer, quaint child, who, all the old women used to say, was too good and too pretty to live,—a thing they never said of me. He used to have the oddest ideas, that did not seem a bit like those of a child. I have often heard his old Irish nurse, Biddy Sullivan, say that she verily believed that he was a "fairy child," which "the good people" had changed for the real Willie, and that he would be sure to go back to them before long; and, as far as that went, she was in the right,—at least, he did not stay with us very long. Often and often I thought of what the old woman said, when he would come out with some queer outlandish speech that would puzzle my Aunt and myself completely. Once I used to be almost afraid of him,—only he was too good and too fond of us for any one to fear him.

I remember well one Sunday, when we were at the Three-Mile Church,—my Aunt, Willie, and I. The windows being open, I noticed, before the service commenced, the birds singing, and the pleasant sound of the water-fall close at hand. I heard all sorts of birds,—jinnets, robins, Tom Kennedys, and many others whose names I did not know. Willie behaved very well until we began to chant the Litany, when, all of a sudden, I noticed his eyes open with intense surprise, as he listened with the greatest delight to something outside. At length, he got so excited that he kept constantly turning round and "nudging" me, whispering "Do you hear them? Do you hear what they're saying?" I could not make out what the child could be dreaming of. My Aunt, every now and then, would frown dismally at him, and he would relapse into quiet; when, presently, his eyes would steal towards the window, and the same singular look of delight would come over his face again.

On my asking him what he meant by his very odd behaviour, he seemed much surprised. "Didn't you hear the little birds outside all saying their prayers, and joining in with us? I could hear one saying, every time we did, 'Good Lord deliver us!' These were the very words it kept repeating; and then another bird began to sing with us, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!' I am sure it meant what it said, for it sang ever so much, as if it wished what it was saying should be

heard. But they didn't get tired of singing it, as we did, for they kept up the same song—O! there they are now, singing the very same words over and over again, as plainly as can be. I have been wondering who can have taught the birds all they know, and whether the angels, which they say can fly, and are always singing hymns, may not sometimes turn into little birds, so as to be able to sing to us."

My Aunt was greatly shocked at his listening to the birds, instead of to Parson Grimes,—for, as she sternly remarked, "they have no sense and no souls, and they couldn't sing hymns if they were to try; and even if they could, they might sing till they were tired, but they couldn't be heard. It's of no use for any except good Christians to sing hymns,—for all others—heathens, heretics, beasts and birds—are all alike, and are another to Providence. So be a good boy, or you'll be no better than the birds!"

My Aunt's homily didn't cure him of the odd notion that he had got into his head. In fact, it was a source of deep regret to her, that, just before he was taken away from us, he didn't seem to hear or to mind anything we could say to him; but when a little bird began to sing outside the window, his eyes brightened, and he made us a sign to be silent, and so he kept on listening to the last, as it sang the same words to him over and over again.

My Aunt has groaned and lamented many, many a time over his mispending his last moments in listening to the song of the foolish little bird; but she hopes he will be forgiven in the next world, and I'm disposed to think that he will be.

I never could get this notion of Willie's out of my head. Every time that I go into the woods, I fancy I hear the birds, the trees, and the brooks all saying something, though what it is I cannot tell. Sometimes it is very cheery, and sometimes it is solemn enough. Often, in the middle, I hear the sound of the wind from a long way off, and as it passes over-head, the leaves begin to rustle and to dance merrily, and the sunbeams go flitting and skipping about on the moss, as if they were off on a holiday. But in the evening, when the shadows grow dusk, and the wind dies away, I can hear the trees whispering and murmuring to one another, till I sometimes feel half frightened, and hurry home,—just as I felt once when I went into the Cathedral at twilight. There was no one there but myself, and as I saw the figures of the saints looking down at me silently from the windows, I grew half afraid of disturbing them by my footsteps, and was glad to steal out on tip-toe into the open air.

I cannot help feeling that Willie, young as he was, had a vague glimpse of truths that are worth more than all the hard axioms of my Aunt's cast-iron Christianity,—truths that extend our sympathies to all creation, enable us to hear the litany of the woods, "and tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

I hurried back to the hotel somewhat sooner than I intended,—not because I was oppressed by the solemn voices of the woods, but because I had serious misgivings that Mr. Brown might be taking advantage of my absence to whisper soft nothings into the ears of my confiding Aunt!

Thank your stars, DIOGENES, that you are not blessed with a maiden aunt on the shady side of fifty, who is spoiling for a lover! How I acquitted myself in the performance of the onerous duties that were so unexpectedly imposed upon me, I shall tell you in my next.

Yours very truly,

AUNT TABITHA'S NEPHEW

CORAM THE RECORDER, SEPT. 20TH.

The Court, as we said in our last, was full, and we, who have fed sumptuously every day since, confess that we have had terrible qualms of conscience when thinking of the Recorder's sufferings while undergoing a week's fast, waiting for us to listen to his judgment in the Great Oyster Case. For the rest of the audience too, we feel acutely, particularly for the Parsons and the Cabmen. The first hate waiting for dinner,—saying short graces before meat, and long-enough ones after it. "Cabby," we are afraid, swears if his dinner is not ready. We hope the Church does not do so when there is no dinner. We shall be glad to be reassured on this point, for DIOGENES hates all immorality. We know that there is no difference between the sensations of a hungry Parson and a hungry Cabman. We know that like causes produce like effects. We know that, *emptus venter non precepta audit*, and, in short, we fear that all this delay of ours, causing so much fasting, must have caused much profane swearing. "Plooky Peter" says it did. "*Venter mihi crepitat*," said the Clerk:—"Don't speak so loud," said the Recorder, who begins to forget his Latin, and who only heard something about "my eye." Don't speak so loud;—we must not be heard swearing in open Court.

At length, however, we must let the hungry Justice speak, and now we hasten to publish the judgment.

"I have searched," said the Recorder, speaking with a kindly look at the empty shells,—touching remains of the "Carlton's" Exhibit No. 1— I have searched "all history." DIOGENES protests,—for he has twenty-four hours' license to abuse the Judge if he chose,—that the Court did not look as if searching had been hard work, for His Honor was round, plump, and comfortable. Had he searched, it was not in burning the midnight lamp, for no shadow of the "pale cast of thought" was to be seen on his honest brow. All about the worthy gentleman bespoke the easy conscience,—the sound sleep,—the inward peace of a man who takes

things easy, and who enjoys a pleasant salary with excellent digestive powers. To search "all history," involves an amount of labour which would ruin any powers of digestion, corrupt all sources of happiness, and destroy, for ever, our most excellent Beak—but we are glad to think that he, like other Judges in higher Courts, merely used the expression for forms' sake. "I have searched all history, then, and I find nowhere recorded the name of the inventor of the Oyster—neither in Strabo, nor Pliny, nor Dion Cassius, nor in Goody Two Shoes, nor in Knickerbocker's New York, nor in Sinbad the Sailor, nor in Gulliver's Travels, nor in Macaulay's "England," nor in Debreit's "Peerage," do I find the name of the inventor of the Oyster. As with too many of the greatest benefactors of our race, his name has perished in the gray mists of a hoary antiquity; and though his spirit mingles in the Halls of Valhalla"—here the Recorder got a little misty himself, dispersed by the spirit,—not sure whether it was Spirits of Wine or Old Rye, and doubtful about the mingling with anything but water, with three lumps of Redpath's refined;—but seeing John in our Tub, looking as if ready at the climax of the sentence to come out with his "Neesh! Neesh!!" and feeling that his climax had vanished in these villainous Gothic walls, he looked severely at "John," and told the Crier, with the bad cold, to enforce silence. The Crier, forthwith, with a gasp and a frown, cried "d—order." During this diversion he left the inventor of the Oyster, climax and all, to his fate, resuming—

"One thing, however, I have discovered, that our glorious bivalve was known in the time of Antoninus Pius, Heliogabalus, and other Roman Emperors:—had it not been for this our American cousins, who boldly assert that every thing was invented in New England by a Yankee, would long ere this, have found a name for the inventor. Rome, however, even in the days of Heliogabalus, was older than Boston; therefore, as I said before, the name and fame of the Oyster inventor,—patent and all,—have vanished in!"

"*Tinnet amas*," suggested the Clerk, who is always grunting Latin. "Yes," said the Recorder, grasping at the relief, vanished ten years ago. Oysters, then, were known in the days of the Romans, and the fame of English Oysters had reached the city of the Seven Hills, so that Julius Cæsar was sent to fetch a cargo of them. He went and found our Island occupied by a few tribes of turbulent savages, called by him, and all Roman historians, "barbarians:" but he found the Oysters—ate them, and, to shew how he respected the "savages," called the molluscs "NATIVES"—a name which, during Two Thousand Years, has made the English Oyster famous. How he came back, without leave, or fish either, overturned the government and sent King Brutus to "paddle his own canoe," may be seen in the life of Julius Cæsar, by his nephew, the Emperor Napoleon, Vol. 45—

"Page?" said a distinguished Q.C., preparing to take a note. "*Passim*," said the Recorder. The learned Q.C. knows "Erse," but no Latin, except, indeed, that a glass of potheen is Latin for roast goose; he felt that in presence of so many of his countrymen he ought to look as if he understood the word, so he wrote down "pass him," thinking it looked learned, though not intelligible.

"Natives,"—continued the Judge, with the air of a man who was sure of the assent of his audience,— "Natives" were eaten by the Romans, and have been eaten ever since. For preparing a "native" for his fate is the defendant brought before this Court; for completing the history of a dozen or more, stands DIOGENES accused to-day. To be eaten, the oyster must be opened; no one will contend that the Romans,—made of iron as they were,—ate them—shells and all! The Oyster to be eaten. I repeat, must be opened. This settles the case. Into the manner of opening I am not called upon to decide—whether cruel or the reverse. If Mine Host of the "Carlton" had no right to open the oyster, then he is guilty of "forcible entry and detainer." Of this he is not accused, nor could the "Sec. for the So. for the Sup." institute such an action. To maintain such an accusation, the Oyster himself must have appeared and made affidavit of the facts. If it be alleged that, being deaf and dumb, he could make no affidavit, then, on an *avis de perjurii*, the "Sec." might have been appointed Attorney, *ad litem*, to all Oysterdom—but, before this Court, the Oyster could not come complaining, by his Attorney, the "Sec. for the So. for Sup.," of forcible entry and detainer, or for a burglarious entry even. Over such crimes and misdemeanors I have no jurisdiction; my power being limited to the punishment of breaches of the peace to the extent of "five bob or eight days." Against the first defendant then, Plaintiff's action must be dismissed, *sans à se pouvoir*, on being appointed Curator to the Oyster family."

At this stage of the proceedings, the irrepressible "John" had very nearly committed himself again, but as the "Neesh! Neesh!" was this time applauding the decision of the Judge, the Court was to his "failing" just "a little kind."

"But," resumed the Recorder, "the action failing as concerns the first defendant, it cannot be maintained against DIOGENES; if the first defendant, as opener of the Oyster, is declared innocent, then, as a necessary inference of law, no Oyster was opened at all; consequently, unless the Philosopher swallowed him—not "in the shell," but shell and all,—no "Native" was swallowed, dead or alive,—with or without vinegar. The only thing proved,—and with that this Court cannot here interfere,—is, that the Cynic did take sundry "raw nips," but as, legally speaking, no Oyster had been eaten, of course the "Pale" could hurt no native, hurt no one—not even the Philosopher—for the Court is glad to certify, as

known by frequent personal experience, that nothing but genuine "stingo" is to be found at "Mine Host's." Besides, the death of the Oyster has not been proved—the *corpus delicti* has not been produced—the law will not condemn, unless the body is seen; as in the celebrated case in Liverpool,—the tide may have carried away a living child; and there is a "tide in the affairs of man" which may, at its ebb, have carried off a living Oyster! The action, therefore, as concerns the second Defendant—the most excellent DIOGENES—is likewise dismissed.

"Remains only the question of costs. The "Sec. for the So. for the Sup." ought not to pay the costs, seeing that he acts, in a manner, on behalf of the Queen, against whom no costs can be awarded, and is, besides, no doubt, actuated by the very laudable desire of saving the "natives" from bad usage—from roasting, for instance, or pickling. On the other hand, no action ought to be dismissed by any Court,—none has ever been dismissed by me,—without costs. I dismiss these actions, therefore, and condemn the Bailiffs who served the summonses, to stand trial."

DIOGENES will not attempt to tell the sensation which this decision produced. Every man in Court heaved a deep sigh of relief: all present felt that, henceforth, no man need fear to eat Oysters, for unless they can appear legally represented in Court, the "So. for the Sup." must confine its attentions to fellows who pluck feathers from chickens which persist in kicking after the spinal cord is broken.

"A FELLOW FEELING MAKES US WONDROUS KIND."

The above well-known and oft-quoted line has been attributed to half the authors in the English language, and, last week, an esteemed contributor fell into the common error of setting it down to Shakspeare.

The ink of our friend's paragraph was hardly dry, before the great "Onontio" of Montreal criticism—who, just now, makes it his business and pleasure to watch for Diogenesian peccadilloes,—rushed into our Tub—as fast as his legs would carry him,—and, in a state of excitement, bordering on lunacy, demanded a volume called "Familiar Quotations." This volume is an exceedingly handy one for persons with short memories, and is much in request among writers whose literary talent lies in the direction of "stuffing." To his intense joy the critic discovered that the line was not Shakspeare's, but that of Shakspeare's great delineator, David Garrick.

The Cynic has been informed that the critic was anxious to communicate his discovery to the principal journals of the Dominion, but as such a proceeding would have involved trouble and expense, he has contented himself with carrying about with him one of the free copies, with which DIOGENES is pleased, weekly or weakly, to regale him, and shewing it to his admiring friends at street corners. As the number must soon be soiled and worn, DIOGENES has given instructions for his critical friend to be furnished with another on application at the office of his Tub.

APOLOGETIC.

Some stupid people imagine that, in our "Hielan contributor," who was fined for kicking up a row in the Recorder's Court the other day, we meant to indicate the very grave and reverend Signior, of the Montreal *Witness*, and we are even told that that most esteemed representative of temperance principles, feels aggrieved at the idea of his being enthusiastic on behalf of Oysters, and "fixins." DIOGENES hastens then to say, that the contributor, who rejoices in the same well-known name of John, is no relative of John of the *Witness*—that he is the laughing, comical, dancing, jolly, "young John" only; and we hereby heartily apologise to our venerable friend, who is none of these, for inducing the belief that he could jump on a Tub, or do, or say, any funny thing. We must add, however, that we do not see how such a mistake could occur. Surely a career of thirty years of most consistent Bœotian dullness—thirty years of a *Witness* which never said a lively thing or was known to provoke a smile, ought to have assured the world that its editor was no contributor to our pages; but to make the matter perfectly clear to the reading world, we hereby declare that he did not jump on our Tub, that he did not shout "Neesh," that he was not in Court with a Gulgarray bonnet on, that he was not fined for riotous conduct, and, finally, that he highly disapproves of Oysters, on account of their affinity to the "Pale."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GOURMAND.—You are quite right. Both McGibbon and Crawford are large importers of Haddies, but we are not aware that either of those gentlemen has graduated at *Adduce*combe.

CHICAGO BOY.—Certainly. You have a perfect right to bolt your food, and to eat with your knife; and, if you pay your board bill regularly, even to expectorate on the carpet. If your landlady again presumes to object, remind her that this is a free country, and that the habits she demurs to are sanctioned by the highest authorities, both here and in the neighboring Republic.

JEUNE LITTEKATEUR.—A literary *Chiffonier* is one who makes a precarious living by picking up scraps of erroneous quotations, clerical errors, wrong dates, &c., &c., which he sells to the dealers in such commodities. Sometimes he will start a newspaper on the strength of a few subscriptions and advertisements paid in advance, but the publication rarely lives more than a month or so. We have no opening for such an individual in our establishment.

DIOGENES.

The Proprietor is happy to announce that arrangements are being made for the illustration of **DIOGENES** in the first style of art, both as regards Designing and Engraving. In the course of a few weeks, it is hoped that **DIOGENES** will be the best illustrated, as it is now the best printed paper in the Dominion of Canada.

In an early number will be commenced a

History of the Events of 1837 & 1849,

written in a broad vein of humour by an actor in the scenes he has undertaken to describe. The recital cannot fail to be interesting as well as amusing, and it is believed it will throw a new light on many subjects hitherto imperfectly understood or purposely misrepresented.

New contributors have been secured with a view to giving additional zest to the *Cynic's* pages, and no pains will be spared to render the paper in every way deserving of the liberal patronage accorded it.
Sept. 3rd, 1869.

Business Notices.

Mr. Buss, of Place d'Armes Square, is just now doing a "big thing" in Oysters, not only in the city, but in the country. Mr. B. is enterprising, and enterprise deserves success. Messrs. Bancroft and Sharpe import the real Baltimore Oysters, by Express daily, from the beds.

Who does not know that Prince of Restaurateurs, Giannelli? He advertises the best of cheer, potable and edible, and seems destined before long to repeat his great achievement of 1861, when he dined 12,000 persons, including H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and suite. There is not a more courteous and obliging host in the city than he of the Cosmopolitan, and the *Cynic* is glad to hear that he is driving a flourishing business.

Mr. Wilson of the Ontario Medical Hall, Notre Dame Street, succeeded not long ago to the old established business of Evans, Mercer & Co. Attention is drawn to his advertisement in another column.

Pancreatic Emulsion and other reliable antidotes to Consumption, are advertised by Messrs. John Rogers & Co., St. James' Drug Hall, opposite the Ottawa.

The Prince Arthur Galop, just brought out by Mr. Prince, bids fair to be a great favorite. The *Cynic* fears Mr. P. has set too small a value on his talent. Thirty cents for an original piece of music brought out with a due regard to publishing proprieties, seems absurdly low.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club are, as we expected, going to pay us another visit. Anything more delightful than their last performance, **DIOGENES** never heard.

The "Magasin du Louvre" now forms a conspicuous feature in Notre Dame Street. The Messrs. Macdonald draw attention to various novelties in Silks, Mantles, Laces, &c.

Spanish Melons, unapproachable in succulence and flavor, have just been imported into this country, for the first time, by Mr. McGibbon, who has also received a large supply of New Fruits of this year's crop. See advertisement on second page.

ONTARIO MEDICAL HALL.

265  265

NOTRE DAME STREET MONTREAL.

CHARLES G. WILSON, CHEMIST & DRUGGIST.

Special attention paid to the compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions. Remember the address:

CATHEDRAL BLOCK, 265 NOTRE DAME ST.

THE PRINCE ARTHUR GALOP

PRICE, 30c.

Just published and for sale by

HENRY PRINCE, Notre Dame Street.

To Smokers. LATEST LONDON NOVELTIES

THE "ABYSSINIAN" PIPE AND "SENSATION" POUCH, AT M'CONNKEY'S, 32 St. James Street, (Opposite the "Hall").

NEURALGINE,

A safe and certain cure for NEURALGIC PAINS in the Jaw, Face, Head, Neck, &c., &c. It will also be found of great service in improving weak digestion, loss of appetite, &c., &c.

GOULDEN'S PECTORAL BALSAM of HOARHOUND

An invaluable and never-failing remedy for Coughs and Colds, Whooping Cough, &c., &c. Prepared only by J. GOULDEN, Druggist, (Near the Market) 177 & 179 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

(Established 1842.)

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON, CONFECTIONERS.

MARRIAGE BREAKFASTS. SUPPERS, WITH MADE DISHES. LUNCHEON, TEA & COFFEE. 391 NOTRE DAME STREET.

ROBINSON & CO.,

Stock and Share Brokers, 57 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.



RUSTIC INITIAL NOTE-PAPER.

Every lady should have a "BOX." ONLY 50 CENTS.

GEO. BISHOP & CO., Fashionable Engravers, 65 St. James Street, Montreal.

LAVENDER,

Merchant, & Military Tailor 295 NOTRE DAME STREET, Has now received his FALL STOCK

OF TWEEDS, DOESKINS, BEAVERS, &c. Of the Best Quality. BLUE AND DRAB KERSEYS FOR COACHMEN'S BOX COATS, &c., &c.



350 Notre Dame St.

J. WHITTAKER,

Late Master Tailor 4th Battalion RIFLE BRIGADE.

Only First-class Tailoring. LADIES' RIDING HABITS AND JACKETS.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!! OYSTERS!!!

Try a Can of our celebrated XXX OR EXTRA CAN OYSTERS. ONLY 36 HOURS OUT OF THE SEA. We are the only direct shippers of Oysters in the city. Leave your orders at headquarters, AMERICAN OYSTER CO. J. B. BUSS, 17 Place d'Armes.

SHELL OYSTERS.

CARRAQUET, SHREWSBURY, AND YORK RIVER, (VIRGINIA.) SHELL OYSTERS, Just received, and for sale by the Dozen, Hundred, or Barrel. J. B. BUSS, 17 Place d'Armes.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

BANCROFT & SHARPE Are now receiving daily their CHOICE BALTIMORE OYSTERS Direct from the Beds. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT No. 93 ST. JAMES STREET.

MAGASIN DU LOUVRE,

278 Notre Dame St. MACDONALD & CO. NOVELTIES IN SILKS, HOSIERY, FASHIONABLE DRESSES, MANTLES, BONNETS, HATS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RUFFLES, LACES, &c. The Millinery Show Room of this Establishment is now open. N.B.— Dress and Mantle making in the Newest London and Paris styles on the premises.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,

Great St. James Street, MONTREAL. H. HOGAN, PROPRIETOR.

(Established 1849.)

British and Continental Lace House EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PURE LACE From the least expensive to the most elaborate and costly, comprising HOLLAND, BRUSSELS, VALENCIENNES, MALTESE, POINT DE FLANKE, POINT DUCHESSE, AND SPANISH POINT LACE.

Including all the Leading Specialties suitable for the approaching Festive Season.

Large collection of Novelties adapted for WEDDING and BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION.

Price Lists, together with Patterns and Description, forwarded on application to any part of the Dominion or United States.

Wm. McDunnough, (Successor to James Parkin.) British and Continental Lace House 250 NOTRE DAME STREET. (Established 1849.)

GRAND LACROSSE TOURNAMENT

IN HONOR OF

H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR

To be held in MONTREAL and to continue four days.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB.

PATRONS.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES A. WINDHAM, K.C.B.

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. EARLE,
CAPT. FRASER,
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J. T. MOLSON, ESQ.,
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A. W. OGILVIE, ESQ., M.P.P.,

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N. H. HUGHES, ESQ., President MONTREAL CLUB,

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E. A. WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

W. GEO. BEERS, ESQ.,

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SPECIAL PRIZES.

- 1—MONTREAL LADIES' PRIZE—"All Montreal Twelve" vs. Ontario (Whites). Twelve Gold Medals—value \$200.
- 2—MONTREAL MERCHANTS' PRIZE, for the Championship of Canada. Open to all. Gold Medals—value \$100.
- 3—MONTREAL CLUB PRIZE, for First Class Clubs (winners of former prizes excluded). Gold Medals, value \$100.

- 4—MONTREAL CLUB PRIZE, for Second Class Clubs (Whites). First prize, \$70; second prize, \$40.
- 5—MATCH between twenty-four Squaws. First prize, \$24; second prize, \$12.
- 6—GRAND INDIAN WAR DANCE, in full costume. Prize, \$25.

INDIVIDUAL PRIZES.

(Whites only.)

FIRST-CLASS CLUBS.

- 1—Accurate Throwing, 40 yards straight. Silver Medal
- 2—Accurate Throwing, 40 yards diagonal. Silver Medal
- 3—Accurate Throwing, 80 yards curved. Silver Medal.
- 4—Long Throwing, overhead. Silver Medal
- 5—Long Throwing, front. Silver Medal
- 6—Dodging (past greatest number of checkers without dropping the ball). Double Silver "Crosse"
- 7—Dodging (past greatest number of checkers, ball to be thrown past checkers). Double Silver "Crosse"
- 8—Checking, without injury to Dodger. First prize, Silver "Crosse"; 2nd, do.

- 9—Facing. Silver Medal
- 10—Goal-keeping, 10 yards. Silver Medal
- 11—Goal-keeping, 20 yards. Silver Medal
- 12—Do. 30 yards. Double Silver "Crosse"
- 13—Catching, 20 yards, straight ball. Silver Medal
- 14—Catching, high throw, perpendicular. Silver Medal
- 15—Catching, 100 yards, long curved. Silver Medal
- 16—Pretty Feats with the ball and crosse—one player. Silver Medal
- 17—Pretty Feats with the ball and crosse—two players. Silver Medal each

SECOND-CLASS CLUBS.

- 18—Accurate Throwing, 40 yards, straight. Silver medal
- 19—Accurate Throwing, 40 yards, diagonal. Silver medal
- 20—Accurate Throwing, 80 yards, curved. Silver medal
- 21—Long Throwing, overhead. Silver medal
- 22—do from do
- 23—Dodging (past greatest number of checkers without the ball). Double silver crosse
- 24—Dodging (past greatest number of checkers, ball to be thrown past checkers). Double silver crosse
- 25—Checking without injury to dodger. 1st prize, double silver crosse; 2nd, ditto

- 26—Facing. Silver medal
- 27—Goal-keeping, 10 yards. Silver medal
- 28—do 20 do do
- 29—do 30 do do
- 30—Catching, 20 yards, straight ball. Silver medal
- 31—Catching, highest perpendicular throw. Silver medal
- 32—Catching, 100 yards, long curved. Silver medal
- 33—Pretty Feats with the ball and crosse, one player. Silver medal
- 34—Pretty Feats with the ball and crosse, two players. Silver medal each

INDIAN PRIZES.

(Open to members of all Indian Clubs in the Association.)

- 35—Accurate Throwing, 40 yards—\$5
- 36—Do. 80 do. \$5

- 37—Long Throwing—\$5
- 38—Long Throwing—2nd prize, \$4
- 39—Facing—\$5

- 40—Goal-keeping—10 yards—\$5
- 41—Do. 20 yards—\$5

RACES.

(Open to Whites and Indians.)

- 42—Half Mile. \$5 or silver crosse
- 43—100 yards Dash, picking up the ball at full tilt, and carrying it on the crosse without dropping. \$5 or silver crosse
- 44—100 yards Hurdle Race, over 10 flights, ditto ditto. \$5 or silver crosse.
- 45—Quarter Mile Race. \$5 or silver crosse
- 46—One Mile Race. \$5 or silver crosse
- 47—Squaw Race, 60 yards. 1st Prize, \$5; 2nd, \$3; 3rd, \$2

Other prizes, amounting in all to about \$1000.
No player will be allowed to compete without producing a certificate of membership from his club.
Only clubs enrolled in the National Lacrosse Association are qualified to enter.
Second Twelves of first-class clubs may enter for second-class club prizes.
Winners of two silver medals will have the option of taking one gold medal instead.

DECISION OF JUDGES FINAL.

Entries for Special Prizes, Free. Entries for Individual Prizes and Races 12½ Cents. Indians Free.

Any competitor guilty of rough or ungentlemanly play during the Tournament will be excluded from further participation.
The Committee is in negotiation with the different Railway and Steamboat Companies and Hotels for reduced fares.
No betting allowed on the grounds.
The Tournament will open at Nine o'clock each Morning, and Two o'clock each Afternoon.
Entries to be made with the undersigned on or before 4th of October.

J. R. MIDDLEMISS,
Secretary Montreal Club.

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

Income, - \$2,000,000. Assets, - \$4,500,000. Deposits, - \$100,000.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

- 1.—IT IS PURELY MUTUAL.
Because all the profits of the Company are divided among the insured. The Guaranteed Capital Holders never share in the profits.
- 2.—DIVIDENDS ARE ANNUAL.
Payable on all Cash Premiums, on first renewal, and on Loan Premiums, on fourth renewal.
- 3.—ITS DIVIDENDS ARE MADE ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES,
Each policy-holder receives the benefit of each payment, and of the time his capital has been in the Company, precisely as every well conducted business-house divides its profits among its partners.
- 4.—ALL POLICIES MAY BE MADE NON-FORFEITABLE.
On Annual Premium Life Policies after three years, and on all others after two years.
- 5.—PREMIUMS.
All Cash Rates lower than those of a majority of the Companies. Half note rates as low as safety will admit.
- 6.—NEARLY ALL RESTRICTIONS REMOVED FROM ITS POLICIES.
No extra charge for Railroad employes. No extra charge for insuring the lives of females.
- 7.—IT DOES NOT LIMIT TRAVEL AS OTHER COMPANIES DO.
Its Policies allow the insured to travel and reside in any part of the United States and Europe, at any and all seasons of the year, without extra charge.
8. DIVIDENDS SETTLED WITH POLICY.
In the settlement of all Note Policies, a dividend will be allowed by the Phoenix Mutual for each year on which the insured has received no dividend. The number of dividends will always equal the number of outstanding notes.
- 9.—ITS CHARTER AFFORDS THE FULLEST LEGAL SECURITY TO ITS INSURED.
It issues Policies for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands. Creditors may also insure the lives of debtors.

For rates and all other information, apply to

A. R. BETHUNE, *General Agent,*

CORNER NOTRE DAME AND ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

M. GIBSON, *Solicitor.*

Agents wanted in vacant localities. Apply as above.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
MERCHANTS' EXPRESS COMPANY
OF THE
DOMINION OF CANADA.
INCORPORATED BY THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT, 31 VIC. CAP. 91.
Capital - - - - - \$200,000
2,000 Shares—\$100 Each.

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The necessity for a Canadian Express Company has long been felt by the Mercantile, Banking, and other interests in the Dominion. To carry out in an effective manner this long wished-for desideratum, a Charter for a Company to extend its operations throughout the whole Dominion was granted at the first session of Parliament at Ottawa.

Stock-books will be opened immediately in the various cities, towns and villages throughout the Dominion, so that the stock may be apportioned as nearly as possible to the business of the locality; and in order that the stock may be fairly distributed, the following resolution has been passed by the Board: "That no person shall be allowed to hold more than 100 shares of the capital stock of the Company in his, her or their name, without the permission, in writing, of the Board first having been obtained."

Any person intending to be an applicant for an agency (if approved), will have a stock-book furnished him for his locality on application to the Secretary.

August 31, 1864.

CHEAP INITIAL STATIONERY.

"Rustic" and "Dove" Note-Paper,
At the Lowest Remunerative Prices, at the
DIOGENES' OFFICE,
27 St. James Street,
(Opposite the Post Office).

TO TOURISTS.

Henderson's First-class Photographs and
Stereoscopic Slides
OF LOCAL SCENERY,
At the Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James' Street.

W. CLENDINNENG,
(late Wm. Rodden & Co.)
Founder, and Manufacturer of Stoves, &c.,
Works, 165 to 179 William Street,
City Sample and Sale Room, 115 and 120
Great St. James Street,
and 532 Craig Street,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

Selling off Cheap the Largest Stock in
the City,
GEORGE ARMSTRONG,
Cabinet-Maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker,
Corner Victoria Sq. & Craig Street,
MONTREAL.

BUILDERS
WILL FIND
REGISTERS of all sizes,
CHIMNEY CAPS, double and single,
PIPE HOLES,
STOVE PIPE RINGS,
SWEEP HOLE DOORS and FRAMES,
FURNACE DOORS and FRAMES,
SASH WEIGHTS, all sizes,
FANCY DOOR PANELS,
And every description of
BUILDERS' CASTINGS,
AT
115 Great St. James Street,
532 Craig Street East;
Or at the Montreal Foundry and City Works,
165 to 179 William Street.
W. CLENDINNENG.

CHAMBER AND PARLOUR SUITES.
Manufacturer of
ELASTIC SPONGE MATTRESSES
Superior to Curled Hair.

HEARSEs, Coffins, Crapes,
&c., &c., constantly on hand, and all
that is requisite provided at the shortest notice
and in the best manner, on application to him,
without causing any trouble to the friends of
the deceased persons. A liberal discount to
the Trade. Also on hand and for sale, FISK'S
PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

FRENCH Fancy Stationery
at the DIOGENES' OFFICE, 27
Great St. James Street.

Wholesale Stationery.

(Circular.)

The Partnership heretofore existing between ROBERT WEIR and JAMES SUTHERLAND having been dissolved by mutual consent, the undersigned begs to intimate that he will carry on the

WHOLESALE STATIONERY BUSINESS

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, in the capacious premises situated at No. 24 (corner of) HOSPITAL and ST. JOHN STREETS, hitherto occupied by Mr. Duncan Bell.

The undersigned left for England on Friday, 6th inst., in order to purchase a complete Stock in the best English markets. This Stock will be laid down in Montreal at the

Lowest Remunerative Rates, such as will command the patronage of the trade. It will be ready for inspection shortly after the 1st Sept.

A visit from Customers is solicited before they make their Fall purchases. Samples and prices will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT WEIR.

24 ST. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL, 20th Aug., 1869.

ALFRED BAILEY, ARCHITECT,

PLACE D'ARMES HILL

QUANTITIES TAKEN, AND ARTIFICERS' WORK MEASURED.

Barnjum's Gymnasium

19 University Street.

THE EVENING CLASSES have commenced. The Classes for Ladies and Children will commence on the 1st October; also a special class for Young Gentlemen on Monday and Thursday afternoons, from 4 to 5.

Full particulars as to terms, hours, &c., can be obtained on application to Mr. Barnjum at the Gymnasium.

VICTORIA COLLEGE UNIVERSITY.

Faculty of Law.

SESSION OF 1869-1870.

PROFESSORS:

- Civil Law—Hon. A. A. DORION, Q.C.; JOSEPH DOUTRE, Q.C.
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- Commercial Law—JOHN A. PERKINS, M.A., B.C.L.
- Roman Law—G. A. GZOFFRION, B.C.L.

The LECTURES will be delivered in the Rooms of the Faculty, at L'INSTITUT CANADIEN, No. 111 Notre Dame Street, commencing on TUESDAY, the 5th October next.

For further particulars, Students may apply to JOHN A. PERKINS, Jr., Secretary.

GOODALL'S Playing Cards, SMITH'S METALLIC MEMORANDUMS, PIRIE'S ANTIQUE NOTE PAPER & ENVELOPES, at the **DIOGENES' OFFICE,** 27 Great St. James Street.

A. MOREL,

Vegetable Medicine Manufacturer

337 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

Wonderful Powder For Children who are not nursed, also for Adults of weak constitution.

Magic Pain Extractor For Cholera, Rheumatism and other pains.

Infallible Purgative And sure cure for Chronic Constipation.

Cough Syrup For all Diseases of the Lungs.

Vegetable Mexican Bitters For Dyspepsia.

Sarsaparilla, The only true and reliable Blood Purifier.

New Dominion Salve For all Diseases of the Skin.

The Fair Sex Vegetable Health Restorer.

Spanish Hair Restorer For the Growth of the Hair and Beard.

THE INDIA AND CHINA TEA COMPANY,

39 BLEURY STREET, (Late of Hospital Street.) MONTREAL.

Teas of Every Kind IN ANY QUANTITY.

AT THE **LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.**

Uncolored Japan Teas from 52 cents; Pure Young Hysons, from 55 cents; Genuine English Breakfast Teas, from 50 cents,—quality guaranteed.

TRADE MARK ON EACH PACKAGE.

ANTHRACITE

SOFT COAL.

Eureka! Eureka!! Eureka!!! THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

EVERYBODY agrees with the *Telegraph, Witness and The Gazette* that the inventor should be liberally patronized who will enable the public to take advantage of the low price of Soft Coal by inventing and supplying a stove specially adapted for burning it.

The DOMINION FOUNDRY COMPANY beg to intimate that they are now able to furnish Stoves in which Soft Coal can be used, with as good results as the best Anthracite, and without any inconvenience from the fouling of pipes or the generation of gases.

Eaton's Patent Automatic Ventilating Stoves

Are now supplied with *Wilson's Improved Fire-Pot and Vacuum Damper,*

And the great problem of burning Soft Coal in Heating and Cooking Stoves is now fully solved.

Householders will save fuel and secure ample ventilation in their houses by using these Stoves.

The D. F. CO. are also prepared to execute promptly all orders for heavy and light castings of all kinds. Builders, contractors, &c., will find it to their advantage to give the Company a trial.

Samples of Castings and Stoves can be seen at the City Office, ST. PATRICK'S HALL, No. 732 Craig Street; and at the Works, Point St. Charles.

Dominion Foundry Co. of Montreal. C. F. HILL, Agent. September 1, 1869.

WEEKLY LINE TO HALIFAX, STRAITS OF CANSO, AND CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,

Calling at PICTOU ONCE A FORTNIGHT, commencing SATURDAY, June 13.



STEAMERS

Alhambra & Oriental.

The above-named Steamers will leave T Wharf, Boston, for the above Ports, EVERY SATURDAY, at TWO, P.M.

Through Tickets from MONTREAL to HALIFAX, can be obtained from FRANK PICARD,

Ticket Agent Vermont Central Railway, 30 St. James Street.

Passengers leaving on FRIDAYS, at 4:30 P.M. will make direct connection with the above Steamers.

W. GEO. BEERS,

DENTIST.

Office & Residence

12 BEAVER HALL TERRACE MONTREAL.

HOWARD'S PATENT VENTILATOR.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

"Having thoroughly tested it, I am of opinion that it is a most perfect ventilator."—Prof. Smallwood, M.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

"It may be employed with good results, particularly in sleeping rooms and houses situated in malarious districts."—Prof. Joseph Henry, President Smithsonian Institute, Washington City.

"Its application to dwellings, churches, hospitals, schools, railroad cars, and all occupied premises, will supply the inmates thereof with nothing but pure air, totally obviating the objections against currents of air."—Frost report unanimously adopted by New York Association for the Encouragement of Science and Art, March, 1869.

"This discovery is very useful, and this apparatus should be used wherever ventilation is required."—From report of Inspectors of Prisons and Asylums for the Province of Quebec.

"One of the most important devices yet invented to secure ample and complete ventilation."—*Scientific American*, New York.

"It is not only a ventilator, but a filterer of the air as well."—Dr. Debois D. Parmelee, Chairman of the Polytechnic Association, New York.

VENTILATION MADE EASY.

The Great Desideratum of the Age. HOWARD'S PATENT VENTILATOR.

A scientific invention of cheap construction and simple adoption, warranted to secure the admission, without draught, of PURE AIR into any Building, Railway Car, or Passenger Vessel.

Wherever tried, this Ventilator has proved a perfect success, and its adoption has been warmly recommended by leading hygienists of Canada and the United States.

HOWARD'S PATENT EXHAUSTING APPARATUS for the expulsion of Foul Air from Public Buildings, Manufacturing Establishments, Private Houses, &c.

This Apparatus can be readily adopted to any building at a moderate expense. Examination solicited by

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SHOULD TAKE NOTICE, THAT **RICE BROS.**

Are now turning out several NEW STYLES OF PAPER COLLARS, SHIRT BOSOMS, CUFFS, &c.,

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MEMORANDUM OF THE

AMOUNT OF LIFE ASSURANCE BUSINESS IN CANADA in the various Offices licensed by the Government, compiled from the Returns to Government:

CANADA LIFE	55,476,359
Standard (late Colonial)	4,435,916
Etna Life	3,606,896
Life Association of Scotland	3,206,184
Connecticut Mutual	1,723,000
Scottish Provincial	1,703,000
North British and Mercantile	1,350,000
Royal	1,162,533
Union Mutual of Maine	801,000
Phoenix Mutual	750,000
Commercial Union	710,311
London and Lancashire	591,565
Atlantic Mutual	490,000
New York Life	302,600
Equitable, of New York	141,500
Travelers, of Hartford	130,700

The figures of American Companies are understood to be in AMERICAN CURRENCY, so that they should probably be diminished by about one-fourth of the sums given.

The Rates of the CANADA LIFE are lower than those of British or Foreign Offices; and its larger amount of Assurances and Investments in Canada than any other Company, are satisfactory evidences of the popularity of its principles and practice.

The interest earned on investments is now alone more than sufficient to meet the claims from death, as shown by the following figures:

Amount of claims from death year ending 30th April, 1869	\$61,300
Interest earned on investments	63,315

leaving the main portion of the premium income for permanent investment.

DONALD MURRAY, GRN. AGENT, 77 St. James Street.