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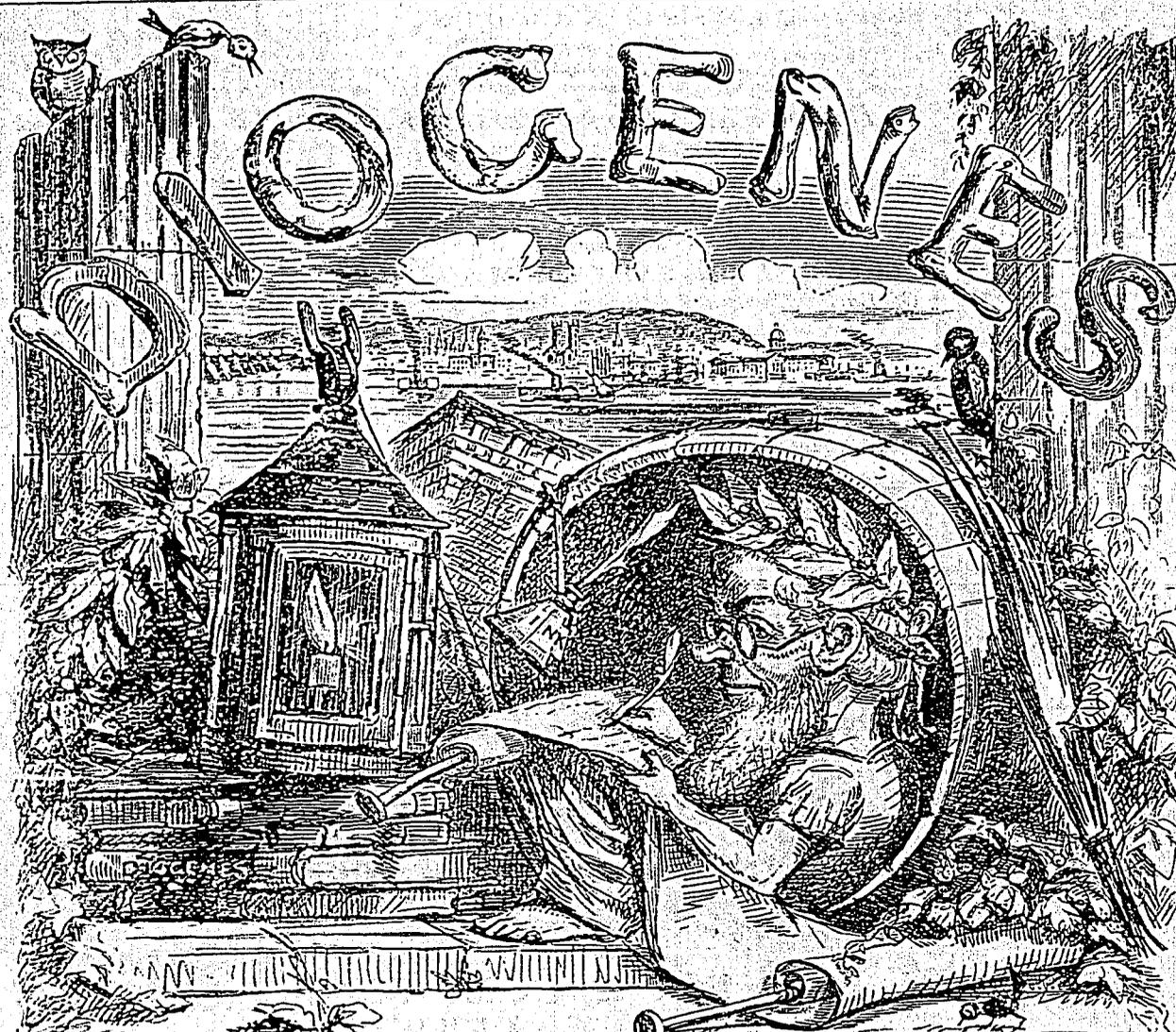
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 LIGHT ROLLS
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Vol. I.—No. 23. MONTREAL, 16th APRIL, 1869. Price—Five Cents. FALKER

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 ONE AND TWO POUND POTS.
 ALEX. MCGIBBON, ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

FRESH
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 Fresh Salmon,
 In hermetically
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 A supply just
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 Shades in Gold,
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 Wire Screens and
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LUNCH every
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 Oysters cooked to
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THE NEWEST
 PATTERNS in
 every variety. Plain
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Consisting of the thrilling Drama, in two Acts, of the

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Doors open at 7.30, to commence at 8 precisely.

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WANTED, a Superintendent for the People's Telegraph Co.; he must be a thorough Operator, and will be required about 1st May to inspect the Company's line whilst building between Ottawa and Quebec. Address, with particulars, S. B. FORTÉ, Chairman; or A. JOSEPH, Treasurer, Quebec; or Wm. McNAUGHTON, Esq., Montreal.

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RESTAURANT employs 3 Cooks,
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Of English, Swiss and American Make, of Superior Finish,
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DIOGENES.

Vol. 1 will be completed by the publication of the 26th No. on the 7th prox. It is intended to bind a limited number of copies in embossed cloth, and, as some of the back numbers will have to be re-printed, intending Subscribers should lose no time in notifying their wishes at the Publishing Office, 27 Great St. James Street.

No. 1 of Vol. 2 will be published on the 14th May.

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GAS FIXTURES

OF

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JUST RECEIVED AT

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A NEW SONG & CHORUS,
"CORA BELL,"

BY
GEORGE S. WILSON

(A Young Man at Dawson's),

Price 25 Cents.

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FOR the Prettiest Line of DRESS GOODS for Travelling and Sea-side Suits, go to

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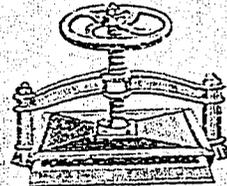
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MRS. BROWN IN KANNIDAY.

MISTER DYOGENYS :—

I'm sure never was a respectable 'oman, as 'ad travelled, more thankful than me, to sit down in peace, as the sayin' is, in a easy chair, a being able to roominate for five minutes, over the trials I've ad to go thro' since I parted with Brown, at Liverpool, as is the dirtiest 'ole as ever I seed, as as got the streets arf full of sailors, as is the ill-mannerdest fellows sure, tho' one of them did arm me orf the tender, all along of Brown aving to stay beind and fish my best bonnit out of the water, as cost 7s. 6d. in Edgeware Road, as is the latest Paris fashun, and not worth a penny now, all along of the salt-water, as is not to be tooked out of Morayantike with no scouring drops watsumever. But lawks—a-claisy. What with being worried with them stemurs, and that there railway, thro' aving 'ad no snuff, as was in a box in the left 'and drawer of the dresser, as was bought at auction, as was forgotten by that girl Susan, as Brown took out of a orphan assylum and got no thanks for it, I've forgotten to introduce myself.

My name is Brown! Mrs. Brown, as is probably unbeknownst to you, tho' may be acquaint thro' that young Scratchley, as lectures in that there 'all in London, where the big figgers is in verry hidjious persitions, as if that kind of men is to be found in Hgypt, must be awful to the young women and should be smotherd 'tween pillers, as 'ad used to be for the idrofobic, as folks do say is ighly dangerous, and there as the sayin' is, I've lost the thread of my story, as it were about that Scratchley, as tells all my private life to a ridiculous haudience, as 'ow the perlice ought to

put a stop to, a spicing out my movements, as is always talkin' to the cooks and gals. Excuse me, sir, if in this 'ere tryin' momint, I jist take a wee drop of the best British, as is comortin' to the feelins' and, as is a soothin' thing to the afflicted.

Well, as I were a goin' to say, this is 'ow I came to Kanniday.

Says 'ee to me, says Brown, "them papers is always talkin' about hemigrashun to the Kullonies. Now as times is 'ard and livin' igh, I propoze you go and see what kind of a country Kanniday is, and then come back and give your experience to the young folks eer, as will be valuable, and from age and personal appearance, you is safe to be treated well, and no attemp's at kissin', as used to was in days gone by."

"Lor, Brown," says I, "your haudacity and himperence takes away my breath," and so it did, and 'ad to take a drop to bring myself to myself agin.

"Brown," says I, "'y'er want to get rid of me and then go a larkin' among the gals, which is disgraceful at your time of life, as you see them dressed out like real ladies, and is no better than they should be; as I flatter myself, I is safe from him-sult, as is aggrawatin' to the feelins', and I'll go."

Well, the partin' over, I 'ad to take a tea-spoonful of that cough mixtur', as the Doctor give me last spring, for the asthmy, as is troublin' at night, and underminin' to the constitushun, — as the sayin' is, a stitch in time saves nine.

So orf I started, in a stemur of the Hallen's line, and my feelins' 'ad better be untold, for what with the 'eaving of the ship, and the smell of the mashinery, as is fied by the worst kind of ile, as my nose ever smelt, as Brown says is always a sniffin' up the bad smells in the koleray times and imaginin' as 'ow I've got the himsecshun. Well, as I were a sayin', I thought my hinsides would never quiet themselves agin, as reminded me of a Heaster Munday excurshun to tea and perrywinkels at Ramsgate.

But I must say, as 'ow the young men as tends on the passengers in them ere stemurs is verry purlite, and knows 'ow to treat a hunpercted female, as is travellin' by 'erself, tho' I must say, as I wished them further, tho' persistin' as 'ow I ought to 'ave a little bite and a drop of

sumthink to ease the digestshun, as is 'ighly dangerous, and no peppermint 'andy.

I'm sure when we arrived at Portland, I must a weighed a good deal lighter than when I left 'ome; as the sayin' is, "a rollin' stone never does gather no moss," and certainly I did feel a little 'uffy when one of the passengers said to me: "Mrs. Brown, your figger is greatly improved since you came aboard." Says I, to 'im, "I belongs to a 'ighly respectable family and aint none of your laith and plaistur creeturs," as I append to see passin' along the wharf just at that moment, with 'umps on their backs like the Drumedary, as is seen in the Zological Gardings, as is fed at five P.M.

Well, as I was a goin' to say; on leavin' the stemur; says one of the passengers to me: "Mrs. Brown, come and 'ave a partin' glass to keep the cold out of your stomach, durin' the long railway journey you're a goin' to make, and to drink Old Lang Syne," whatever that is, for my father never did see the use of teachin' any gal Latin, and never let us read Shakespear, nor nothink that such waggerbones as 'im ever wrote, as is played in Grinwich fair with the fat woman and the dancin' dogs, as is not taught by kindness, but by crujelty to animals. "Well," I says to 'im, "Mr. Parkins, I never refuses a good hoffer, so whenever you're ready, I'll foller." So off we started, and afore long enters a public 'ouse, as is called in Merryker, a saloon.

Says I to the young man be'ind the bar, "what kind of lickers do you recommend?"

Says he to me, "Miss, we 'ave soderwater or lemonade fixins, but ther' ain't no licker or speerits eer, but, if so be, as you feels werry ill, my Bos

as is a Doctor will give you a certiffkit, and you can 'ave what you like," — as give me sich a turn, never 'avin' 'ad nothink to do with medical examinashun in my life.

"Young man," says I, "are you aware who you're a speakin' to?" and throwed myself violent into a sofy chair; the leg of it being unbeknownst on Parkins' favorite foot, as 'ad a bunion and two corns on it, and a 'ollerin' tremendous — as 'ow the young man turned round and said to me: "I a'int a goin' to 'ave no row eer, so skeddaddle." Says I, "come out Mr. P——, I a'nt a goin' to wet my lips, or spend a farthin' in such a 'ole." So I bounced hout and leaves P—— to fight it out, as is British custom and manly likes.

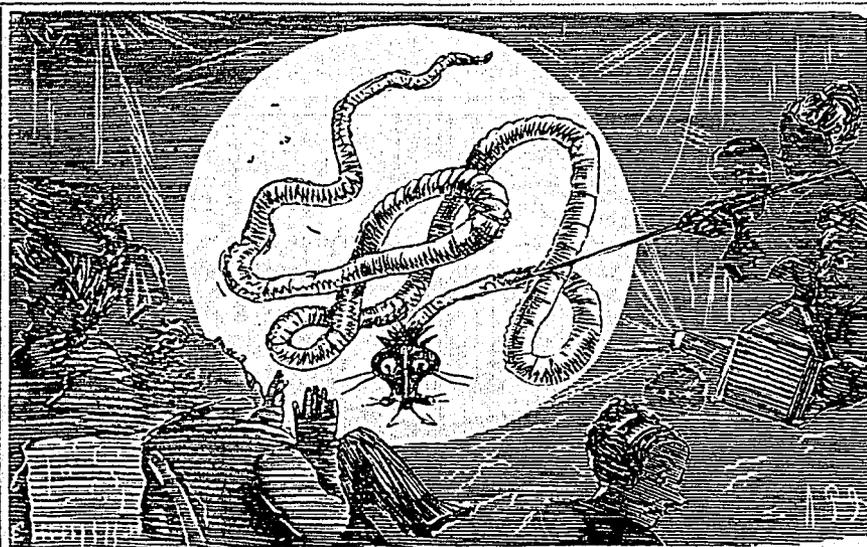
I then entered the stashun, as these eer houtlandish creeturs calls the depo, as is that strange, and is no place for a person to get a mouthful 'olesun to eat, as the meals is that bad with them there chickens and tea, and every one a worryin' like mad and a askin' of you every kind of questshuns, as is a

noosance and upsets me that bad, as made me forget to pay and 'urry to the door, when a young woman calls 'arter me: "Guess marm the tea and fixins cost 7s sents;" as is a strange money and started me like.

Says I to her, "speak English, and I'm willin' to pay what's fair and proper;" when a genteel young man comed up to me and said: "Miss, permit me;" and I gave 'im my purse, as was a present from Brown, and 'e paid the young woman and asked leave to see me to the cars, as they call the railway carriages 'ere, and werry thankful I was to 'im.

Well, hat last the train started, and my purlite friend remained at Portland, and the last I see of 'im were a wavin' 'is 'and, saying,—"my respects to Queen Vic, and may she shine like a star in the glorious striped rag of the United States, and may the British Constitooshun flourish till the glorious eagle circumvents the poles like a flash of gresed lightning"—as is not at all correspondin' to the hidea as was told me as 'ow the Yankees always try to run down old England, as never shall be slaves.

We 'adn't been started more than ten minutes, when the Gard he come to me and says, "your tickit marm." With that I 'unted in 'all



COMFORTING.

MAN WITH SCIENTIFIC TENDENCIES SHOWING MAGIC LANTERN TO A FEW FRIENDS (some of them interested in the Pork question.) "Here you see an interesting sample of the Trichina Spiralis. This agreeable Entozoon inhabits pigs, pork, bacon, and brawn; and frequently occurs in sausages. Taken into the system through the alimentary canal, he will in a very short time reduce a human body to a cullender, as he perforates freely in all directions in search of a "cist," or an agreeable spot to fix his abode. He multiplies his species with much energy. In a single piece of pork, measuring tooth part of an inch cube, 365,963,124 healthy examples have been counted; and it has been calculated, by a learned Professor, that an adult thus affected might form a residence for _____," (At this point the audience left.)

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

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

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

I ham, onnerred sir,

Your respectful servant to command,
MRS. BROWN.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

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

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

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

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

"WHEN IRISH SHALL BE FRENCH—FRENCH IRISHMEN."

—New Reading.

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

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

NEEDLE AND NOODLE.

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

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

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

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

NOBS AND SNOBS.



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

THE OPERATION OF CUPPING.

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

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

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

RATHER MIXED.

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

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

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

HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS.



fair correspondent, who has lately made a journey from the Western States, informs DIOGENES that on one of the railways there, she saw this notice :

"Gentlemen will not and others must not spit on the floor."

And the facetious conductor had on his checks the following, which is worthy of preservation in the Cynic's columns :

"Gentlemen who expect to rate among the ladies, will not expectorate upon the floor."

DIOGENES is asked to commend these notices to the attention of certain travellers on the Grand Trunk Railway.

MONTREAL, April 13th, 1869.

DEAR DIOGENES,

I do not think that it is possible to find in the whole range of literature two more truthful lines than those of the late Thomas Hood,—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

These words were lately brought to my recollection, when I was reading the names of the gentlemen who compose the newly-formed "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Amongst them are the names of several well-known sportsmen, and I could not help thinking whether any of these gentlemen had ever for one moment reflected on the fearful and unnecessary pain that they frequently cause in the course of their exciting sports. I am not about to inflict upon you a dirge-like discourse, which you would probably, O! Cynic! fling promptly into your waste-basket; but I claim a few minutes' attention to the words of two wise men, whose bodies are now mouldering in dust. The "Correspondence of Charles James Fox and Gilbert Wakefield in the years 1796-1801," was published by Cadell in 1813, with the sanction of Lord Holland; and I select a few extracts from this comparatively rare work for the benefit of your sporting readers. Fox, I must premise, had injured his hand by the bursting of a gun. Upon this occasion his friend Wakefield writes to him as follows :

"Am I, Sir, indecently presumptuous and free—am I guilty of too dictatorial an officiousness, in pronouncing those pleasures to misbecome a man of letters, which consist in mangling, maiming, and depriving of that irretrievable blessing,—its existence,—an inoffensive pensioner on the bounty of the common feeder and protector of all his offspring?"

To this appeal Fox makes the following reply :

"I think the question of how far field sports are innocent amusements is nearly connected with another, upon which I suspect you entertain opinions rather singular; for, if it is lawful to kill tame animals with which one has a sort of acquaintance, such as fowls, oxen, &c., it is still less repugnant to one's feelings to kill wild animals. But, then, to make a *pastime* of it? I am aware that there is something to be said upon this point. On the other hand, if example is allowed to be anything, there is nothing in which mankind, civilized or savage, have more agreed, than in making some sort of chase, (for fishing is of the same nature,) part of their business or amusement."

To this Wakefield answers in letter XXV :

"With your leave, the question of *animal food* is no more involved in that of *rural sports*, as commonly pursued, than the question of *racks and tortures* is connected with that of *capital punishment*. I would not now state, is it lawful and expedient to kill animals at all? but, is it philosophical and humane to leave numbers of them to perish by pain and

hunger, or to occasion the remainder of their lives to be perilous and miserable? for such, I presume, are the inevitable consequences of *shooting*, in particular. As for *hunting*—to see a set of men exulting in the distresses of an inoffensive animal, with such intemperate and wild triumph, is to me the most irrational and degrading spectacle in the world."

Mr. Fox, *apparently run to earth*, then terminates the discussion in the following words :

"I believe I had best not continue the controversy about field sports; or, at least, if I do, I must have recourse, I believe to authority and precedent, rather than to argument; and content myself with excusing rather than justifying them."

This, O! Philosopher! is the old, old story, "Pleasant but wrong." "Video meliora proboque; Deteriora sequor." In a case where Fox failed to justify, I scarcely imagine that any Montreal sportsman can make a successful defence. "The words of the wise are as goads," and I make no apology for requesting the insertion of them in your columns. They are well worthy the attention of the Society's Secretary, if he has never before met with the discussion.

With the best wishes for the success of the Society, I remain, respected DIOGENES,

Yours, faithfully,

PHILOZOIST.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

We have, most of us, seen those singular and incongruous collections of animals of diverse and opposite natures, instincts and habits,—cats, rats and mice; owls, hawks, sparrows and tomits; lambs and wolves; foxes and geese; &c., &c.—that manage to live in unity and to get on very well together. But the most remarkable instance of this species of triumph over nature, that was ever known, is exhibited in the Cabinet of President Grant. There we find a Swedenborgian, a Dutch Reformer, a Unitarian, a Universalist, a Roman Catholic and two individuals of unknown creed; while the President himself, is a Methodist. Let any exhibitor beat this if he can! It is just possible the heterogeneous cluster may be amalgamated into unity. The age of miracles is not yet past. But Methodist as he is, the President must certainly have methods exclusively his own, to ensure its safe and certain fulfilment.

THE BEGGAR AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

"Come buy without money and without price."

All day long by the door, weary,
Door that I may not enter in,
Here I watch through the Sabbath dreary,
Until the shadows of night begin.
Your charity, kind sir!
Before you go in to pray,
For you know what the parsons say,
"Who gives to the poor he lends to God;"
It must be true, but it seems to me odd,
If He loves us so much, as the parsons say,—
His House has no place where the poor can pray!

List to their praise for wealth and gladness!
But such as I dare not venture in;
Bless him for hunger and pain? 'Twere madness;
Mock him by rags? It would be a sin.
Your charity, kind sir! &c.

Hark! we can come without price or paying:
Where? To the pew where the rich man prays?
'Twould cost me more for a Sunday's praying,
Than ever I'd beg to the end of my days!
Your charity, kind Sir! &c.



BILLIARDS.

EXERCISES WITH THE LONG CUE.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1.—Is in doubt how to apply the chalk to the end thereof.</p> <p>2.—He determines on climbing up ;</p> <p>3.—But cometh to grief.</p> <p>4.—Nothing daunted, he trieth again.</p> | <p>5.—But not succeeding, adpeth another plan.</p> <p>6.—Which does not meet with the approbation of the marker.</p> <p>7.—In a moment of inspirataion he hits on this simple and effective plan.</p> |
|--|---|

LAMENTABLE.

Tears! bitter tears, gushed from our Cynical eyelids, as we read the following:—"Montreal and Toronto weep over each other's successes, and cheer over each other's failures." This shocking uncharitableness must not,—shall not,—be permitted to continue. DIOGENES constitutes himself the Cobdenian negotiator for the occasion, and ordains that, henceforth, the waters of Ontario and old St. Lawrence shall mingle in peace, sweetened by Redpath's Super-Refined, and stimulated by a liberal infusion of unadulterated Morton's Proof.

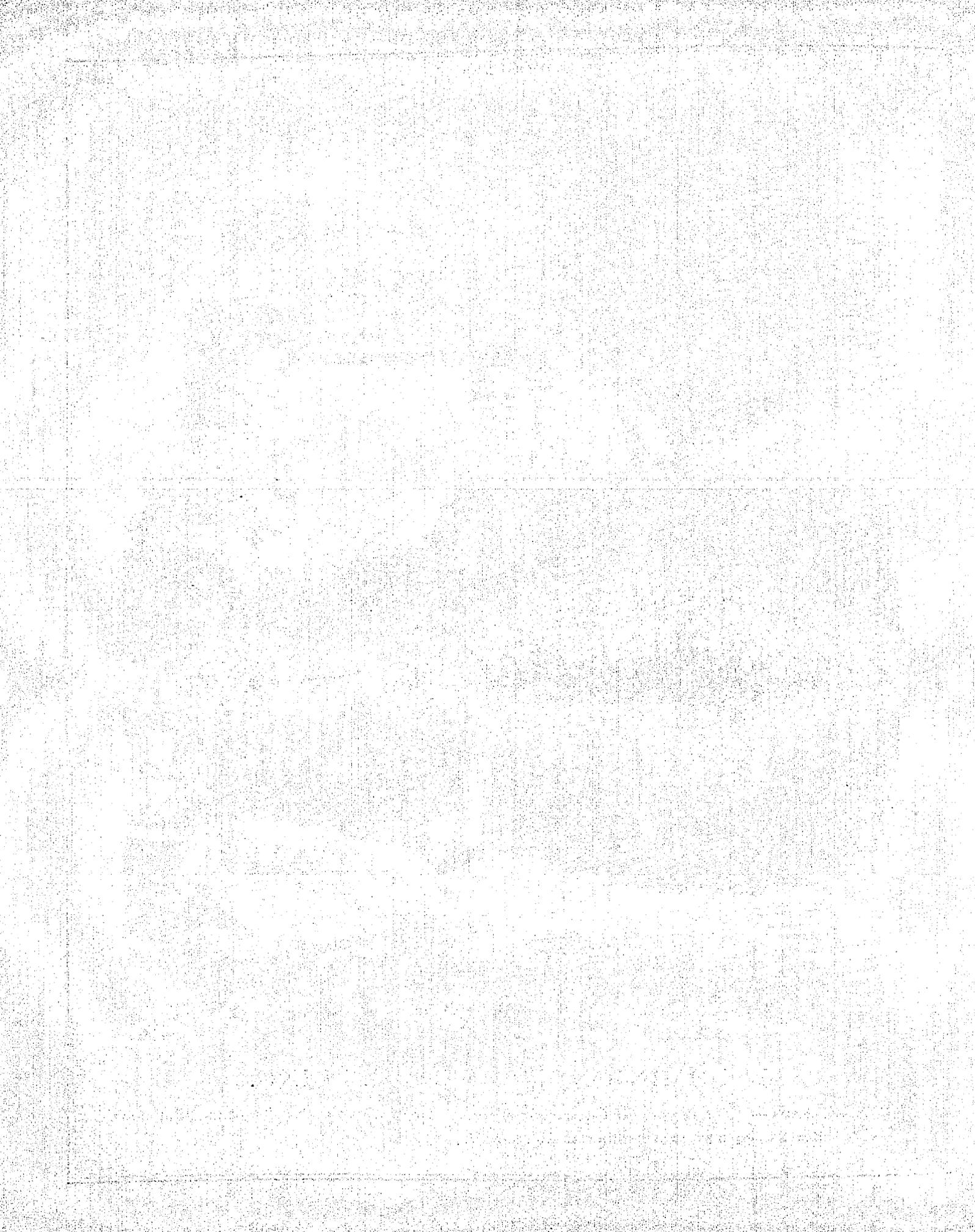
WANTED—A KING.

Poor Spain is in perplexity. Her Crown is in the market, or rather, hanging upon the hawthorn, and no one appears desirous to clutch the diadem of Ferdinand and Charles and Isabella. DIOGENES begs to inform Serrano, Topete, Prim, and all whom it may concern, that Canada can supply, at a moment's notice, a candidate with the requisite qualifications. For further particulars apply to the Hon. G—B—, Toronto, or elsewhere.



A DOMINION EASTER OFFERING.

Miss CANADA.—“ Thank you, Sir George! I've been waiting for him such a long time! But don't you think, after all, he may prove rather troublesome”?



"MY HAT."

A YANKEE TALE.

(Concluded.)

Not a single word was addressed to me, during the relation. I observed a start of surprise, when I mentioned Mr. Dubeledge, and one, yet more marked, when I had to speak of Commodore W—kes. There was conversation in an under tone, which I did not hear; I must except one remark. It occurred in the part of my narrative, when the daughters of General B— appeared on the scene. "Many of you," said the Commander of the vessel in which we were, "know General B—, intimately; did you know of his having any daughters?"

A general negative was given.

"Depend on it, those ladies were the daughters of Jeff. Davis. What a prize we have missed!"

I afterwards discovered that this surmise was correct, and vowed never to put faith in women again.

I must not forget to state, that the allusions, and they were many, to my hat, induced smiles, but there was a significance in them that I could not understand.

Numerous questions were put to me when I concluded; not the slightest prevarication was detected; I had told all and was quite ready to swear to my deposition.

The Captain ordered the purser to be summoned; whispered a few words to him, and then directed him to see that I had another glass of grog, and a berth provided for me. He was also to direct the officers of the watch, to post a sentinel.

I had my grog, was shewn a berth, and directed to turn in. Of what transpired from that moment, until the middle of the next day, I was perfectly unconscious, for I believe I was asleep before my head touched the pillow, and, as I was informed, could be aroused only by being "dowsed"—in due nautical fashion—with three or four buckets of water. When I did succeed in getting my eyes and ears into use, I was greatly surprised by being told that it was twelve o'clock, noon. What could have caused this extraordinary sleep? I was, naturally and by practice, a short and light sleeper. It was a mystery, but as it was only one in a long and uninterrupted sequence of mysteries. I did not trouble myself to think much on the subject. I was hastened on deck, and when there, was ordered to get into a boat that lay alongside. The boat carried me to another vessel, that had her steam up, was under weigh, and ready for departure. She started the moment I got on board: her course was northerly. This was maintained for a couple of days, and then, suddenly, the ship was hove to, and very particular and peremptory orders were given to the look-outs. With myself, I chanced to see that a letter was sent. Of course I did not learn the contents of that letter while on board: I did afterwards; but how, when or where, is of no moment. It will be as well to give it here. It ran as follows:

Ship ———, off Savannah,
&c., &c.

COMMODORE:—Herewith I have the honor to transmit you a report of a very extraordinary case. I also send a very extraordinary person, who came on board the ——— under very extraordinary circumstances. He claims to be acquainted with you. The report embraces his narrative in full; you will also see that he was submitted to a severe and searching examination. We were not satisfied with this, and, by the assistance of the doctor, who mixed his grog, we put him into a sleep from which he was not easily aroused: we took advantage of this, and made a minute scrutiny of himself and of all belonging to him. We even divested him of his shirt; but found nothing that threw light on the affair. His hat, from the part it plays in the narrative, was the chief object of suspicion. Fortunately, we had a man on board intimately acquainted with hat manufacture. It was placed in his hands, and was most thoroughly overhauled. In fact, it was taken completely to pieces, but the labour was thrown away. The man says he could stake his existence on the fact that it has never been tampered with or in any way disturbed since it left the hands of the maker. Under these circumstances, the individual is sent to you to be dealt with as you may see fit. The whole business is so extremely suspicious that every one engaged in the investigation feels there is more in it than has as yet been discovered; but all think the person in question has been a passive instrument in the hands of cleverer people. In a word, all look upon him as more fool than knave.

I have the honor to be,

&c., &c.

To Commodore W—,
Commander W. I. Station.

It will be thought that the man who publishes a letter in which he, himself, is thus complimented, merits all that was said of him.

About an hour after we hove to, the look-out at the mast-head hailed,—"Ship in sight."

"How does she bear?" roared the first lieutenant.

"Right ahead."

"Start the engines," said the Captain, "and steer for her."

On we went, and as the other ship was steering for us, it was not long before we were within signalling distance.

"The Commodore!" said our Captain, as the stranger ran her flags up the mizzen. "This is fortunate."

We had previously shown our bunting.

"Signal Despatches," was the next order.

"Come on board," was the reply.

By this time the two ships were not more than a few cable lengths apart, and an officer was sent on board the Commodore with despatches. Not a word was said to me, but I presumed that I should soon follow, and I could not avoid reflecting on the reception I should meet with from my former kind acquaintance. I did not entertain any apprehensions for my personal safety. I even went so far as to think that Commodore W—kes was aware of the purpose of my strange wanderings, and privy to all that had been done in the matter. I had ample opportunity to think, for a considerable time elapsed before anything further was done. At last, another signal was made from the Commodore's ship, the purport of which was sufficiently apparent in the order I received to get into a boat. I was rowed to the other vessel with all speed. The Commodore was not on deck, and I was at once conducted to his state-room. He was sitting there by himself, and we were alone. His countenance was serious, clouded; but he civilly pointed to a seat.

"Now, sir," was his first observation—"if you can, I beg of you to throw some light on this perplexing business."

"Commodore, most willingly I would, but I have not the power. I have told all, even to my surmises. Nothing, to my perception, has occurred to give the slightest clue to the puzzle. Indeed, I was in hopes that I could look to you for a solution of the mystery."

"Strange, most strange!" said the Commodore. "Please permit me to look at your hat."

I handed the hat.

The Commodore surveyed it attentively on all sides, and in as well as out; I had great difficulty in restraining a smile when he placed it so close to his eyes that the idea suggested itself he was calling his nose into the scrutiny.

When he had done, he put the hat down, and was silent for some moments. "Are you sure"—this was said in the manner of a man whose thoughts were far away from his subject—"the guns at Savannah were shotted? I need not have asked the question. My officers, who are good judges in such a matter, inform me they were."

He again relapsed into abstraction, and ten minutes or more passed without a word or a movement.

Suddenly he started as out of a dream. "I believe you to be perfectly innocent of wrong in this business, and shall not detain you. That it had an object, I cannot doubt; but what that object was I cannot divine. It perplexes me beyond measure. Dubeledge may, probably, be able to explain. That you have played a part, or served a purpose, is evident enough. We are now somewhere abreast of Charleston. I have ordered certain ships to rendezvous here, and expect them in a few hours. One of them will be despatched to New York to bring down volunteers for the fleet. You shall have a passage in her, and, to this, I append but one condition,—that you call on Mr. Dubeledge and place yourself at his disposal."

"Commodore, pardon me, but I cannot accept your kindness with that proviso. I will call on Mr. Dubeledge, but sooner than be sent another such an errand, or engage myself in any way to that gentleman, I would remain a prisoner with you till the end of the war."

"Well, well, so be it," said the Commodore with a smile. "I don't know that I have any right either to detain or force conditions on you. Too well I remember a former attempt to handle porcupines." The Commodore stopped, and his smile now changed.

Strange as it may appear for a thorough-bred Englishman to make such an avowal,—I sincerely pitied this gentleman. He had, all along, treated me with grievous and distinguished kindness. I believed, still believe him to be a high-minded, honorable man. If he went astray, no ignoble motive conduced; he was misled by an excessive zeal for his country's service.

"One word more," he said. "This business materially alters our relative positions. Pardon me,—I say it with great regret—but you must no longer regard yourself as my guest. You shall receive every necessary attention, but I cannot invite you to my table. We may perhaps meet, in happier times, and when I am no longer bound by the restraints of the service."

I could not fail to acquiesce in this. I thanked the Commodore most sincerely for his favours, and retired from the cabin. I did not see him afterwards.

Early next day, the expected ships arrived. I was transferred to the vessel bound for New York, and was soon on my way to the North. A packet, directed to Mr. Dubeledge, was handed me as I stepped over the side of the flag ship. Once more I began to breathe freely, and to look forward to a peaceful, happy life in my old quiet pursuits.

The passage to New York was pleasant and tolerably quick. In all my peregrinations, however I may have been deluded by men, the elements were true and consistent, and favoured me with remarkably fine weather. I was permitted to go on shore immediately on our arrival, and hastened at once to Mr. Dubeledge. I soon found the gentleman and was warmly welcomed back; to which I have no doubt, I made a sour and surly return, for I was by no means in an angelic state of temper; and the lordly merchant saw it and redoubled his politeness. I handed him his packet and, without deigning to ask an explanation, was about retiring. He begged me, almost imploringly, to remain, at the

least, until he had looked over the Commodore's letters. I complied, but did not neglect to make the concession a favor. The task occupied him some time; while engaged, he glanced frequently at myself and much oftener at my hat. "Hang that hat!" I thought; "never shall it see the outside of Canada again." When Mr. Dubeledge concluded, he quietly put the papers aside and informed me that the Commodore had furnished him with a narrative of my adventures; and he was kind enough to infer that I must have had a most delightful expedition; a little exciting, perhaps, towards its close. "But," said he, "have you no further information to give respecting the blockade-runners, their haunts, or their manœuvres? The United States government is extremely desirous to have correct information on these points."

"It is not in my power, sir, to give any further information."

"Of course you are aware of the object and purpose of your journey."

"Perfectly, sir, perfectly." Pride told the astounding lie, as it has told many such another before.

I again got up to go, and, despite a pressure, at first polite, then very earnest, and, at last, almost rude and imperative, to remain till the next day, I *did* go. I ran, yes, actually ran, and at the top of my speed, to a railway station; found a Montreal train ready to start, jumped into a car and in two minutes was on my way to Canada, rejoicing. My narrative now, will be as rapid as my feelings. I reached Canada without let or hindrance, flew over her fertile plains, through her smiling valleys, and across her mighty streams, and, after a change or two of trains, with a delight that I cannot describe, once more saw the spires of fair Ottawa glittering in the sun.

I hastened to my old quarters, the Russell House, and was soon receiving the congratulations of my worthy host and other friends. Several very dreadful destinies had been assigned me. I had been traced correctly enough, to New York; it was known that I had sailed with the dreadful Commodore; and there, where certainty ended, imagination commenced. One perfectly reliable bulletin put an end to my mortal career by drowning. By another, still more veracious, I had been shot. By a third, the yellow fever had kindly interposed. The fourth consigned me to a youthful grave through the instrumentality of a hatter.

It was not long before I enquired for Sir Marmaduke. He had departed the day after I left and had not since been heard of.

My next enquiry was for letters. There were several. I took them to my room and sat down to look over them. The first I opened had arrived by the train that I came with. It contained money and these lines:—

"I saw you running through the streets of New York, and so fast, that I could not catch you. I also saw your hat. You have fairly won your bet. I enclose you \$200.

Yours,

M. K."

My second letter was as follows:—

"Please call at the M— Bank. You will find \$2,000 placed to your credit."

My other letters contained nothing that in any way connected them with this narrative.

"So, so," thought I, after ascertaining that there really was that amount of money at my disposal; "the thing is not so bad after all. To be sure the journey was barren enough, but fruit awaited my return. All's well that ends well. Be content, man; give up musing on the purpose thou hast been put to for the remainder of this day, or, thou wilt be more stupid than the ass; he quietly munches his thistles when relieved of his load. Sit down and take thine ease in thine inn."

I obeyed the monitor and—rewarded him with good cheer. When I went to bed—never mind— I forget all about that, except that I heard platoon—firing and a cannonade.

When I rose next morning, my head was not quite so clear as the sky that tempted me out for a walk. I pursued, almost unconsciously, an old familiar road, and soon found myself seated where I had often sat before,—on a ledge that overhangs the mighty falls of the Chaudiere. Here I sat for three mortal hours, straining my mind for light, but none came, not even a ray. The mist that floated over the cataract was a frightful emblem of my ideas. So it must be, I suppose, till accident, or the actors in the drama, deign to unfold this more than Eleusinian mystery. I got up to return to my hotel, determined never to waste so much time upon the subject again.

At this moment, by a singular chance, a gentleman with a photographic apparatus, walked on to the ledge where I was standing. He informed me he had come to take views of the Falls. Curiously enough, an idea took possession of me that I would be photographed; the more especially, as I was wearing, what I may justly call, my celebrated hat, and of which I felt desirous of securing some lasting memento. Inquiring, I found that I could have my desire gratified. I gave the gentleman to understand that, in this matter, I had more regard for the hat than the head, and related sufficient of my adventures to interest him greatly. He took my hat in his hands and inspected it with much care and much curiosity. While this examination was going on, my hat chanced to touch a liquid used in the photographic process. My companion turned to get something to cleanse it; when he looked at the hat again, I was amazed to see him start as if the rock was opening beneath his feet:

"What is this?" he exclaimed, pointing to a spot on my hat.

I looked, and in an instant the mystery that had so long perplexed, lay unveiled before me. Portions of two words, were distinctly visible:

"tant '—tel"—were the fragments. "Pray, sir, apply more of the liquid," I cried; "there lies an important secret." He did as I desired; moistened the hat on all parts, and in a few minutes we were able to read

"The intelligence from Canada,—New York,—Cuba,—Nassau,—reached its destination. Its importance is incalculable. It will enable us to frustrate the Federal projects and secure an early and an easy triumph for our glorious cause and country."

How I felt, what I said, what I did, or what I thought at this moment, I care not to relate. The donkey had before him the load he had carried so patiently and so well. His employment was vividly depicted, and its purpose loomed up distinctly before him. It said, plainly as though the record had been in the largest letters ever shaped, "you are a sorry idiot." "O! Sir Marmaduke; O! Mr. Dubeledge; O! Don Pedro; O! a score of others; including even, those lovely dark-haired deceits; you did not use me well! I will not say all I think of you; it might send many to La Fayette; perhaps, to a more exalted position; but you made a fool of me!" When a man has been made a thorough fool, he says, or ought to say, very little; and when he has been well paid for the infliction, unless he is worse than a fool, he will say nothing! I will resolve to forgive my enemies, deceivers, and persecutors; but I cannot venture to say that I shall ever pray for them.

I submitted to the photographic process, and sometimes glance at the result,—taking care that no one else shall do the same! Evidently, I appeared as I felt, for a more asinine countenance never surmounted a pair of shoulders. Vanity, however, found a solace,—it was all owing to my hat. That hat! It has now the place of honor in the United Service Museum, Scotland Yard, London, and well it has earned the distinction.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"The Saviour of his country not yet saved," Sir George Etienne Cartier, Baronet, G. C. M. G., War Minister of the Dominion, and Chief Extinguisher of the Hudson's Bay Company, arrived in town yesterday. He was met at the Station by a large number of personal friends, whose gratitude generally consists in "the expectation of favors to come," and a hundred stalwart riflemen of the Grand Trunk Brigade—principally old soldiers of the Empire—gave him a rattling salute, in obedience to orders. Sir George looked uncommonly well, and seemed to appreciate the attentions paid him. In the evening the Hon. Baronet left for "the capital" amid a blaze of fireworks.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

The small,—the infinitesimal,—patronage bestowed on literature, by the gentlemen of the Civil Service in Canada, has long been the subject of remark and surprise. It is almost incomprehensible. As an instance, an amusing little *brochure*,—relating entirely to themselves—"Memorials of the Civil Service Regiment,"—was published a short time ago, and of this, positively, but one single copy was sold in the service, and that one was purchased by a subscription among fifteen,—just one cent each! Enquiry has been made at the Statistical Department, (Miscellaneous Branch,) and it is found that, on the average of ten years, exactly 7s. 3d. per annum has been expended by the entirety of the governmental officers, (out of their own pockets,) for books, pamphlets and papers. DIOGENES has thrown the light of his lantern upon this enigma, and has penetrated the mystery. He finds that the present state of affairs is entirely attributable to the large gratuitous circulation of interesting literature by the Government, in the shape of Blue Books!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ARMINIUS." "CHIPS."—Respectfully declined.

"R," Kingston.—The sketch will probably be used at an early date.

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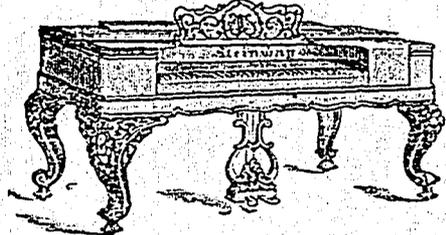
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before 30th April next in the
CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

obtain a year's additional profits over later entrants, and the great success of the Company warrants the Directors in recommending this very important advantage to Assurers.
Sums Assured \$5,300,000
Amount of Capital and Funds 2,000,000
Annual Income 200,000
Assets of about \$150 (exclusive of uncalled capital) for each \$100 of liabilities. The income from interest upon investments is now alone sufficient to meet the claims by death.
Every information afforded by
DONALD MURRAY,
GENERAL AGENT,
77 St. James Street.

INSURANCE.

OFFICE OF THE ORIENT MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
New York, 28th January, 1869.

THE following STATEMENT OF the AFFAIRS of this COMPANY, on the 31st day of December, 1868, is published in conformity with the provisions of its Charter:—

ASSETS,
31ST DECEMBER, 1868.

Cash in Banks.....	\$123,801 16
United States Stock..	441,575 09
Stocks of States and Corporations, and Loans on demand	162,517 09
	\$727,893 24
Subscription Notes (of which \$254,826.20 are not yet used)..	565,101 35
Bills Receivable, Uncollected Premiums and Salvages.	293,824.21
Accrued Interest and Unsettled Accounts.....	22,458 50
	\$81,384 06
Total amount of Assets...	\$1,609,277 30

The Board of Trustees have resolved to pay Six per cent. Interest on the outstanding Scrip Certificates to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on or after the 1st March next.

After allowing for probable losses in the case of vessels out of time, and unsettled claims, they have also (in addition to a Bonus of Ten per cent. paid in cash on the Subscription Notes) declared a Dividend, free from Government Tax, of Twenty-five per cent. on the net amount of Earned Premiums of the year ending 31st December, 1868, for which Certificates will be issued, on and after the 1st March next, to Dealers entitled to the same.

The accumulations of this Company having reached, with the past year's earnings, the sum of \$700,000, they have further resolved, in view of the increased business of the Company, to postpone the redemption of Scrip until the total accumulations exceed \$1,000,000.

By order of the Board,
CHARLES IRVING, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Joseph Gaillard, jr., | Leopold Bierwitz, |
| George Mosle. | Simon de Vissert. |
| Edward F. Davison. | Alex. M. Williams, |
| A. LeMoigne, jr. | Alex. M. Lawrence, |
| E. H. R. Lyman. | Fred. G. Foster, |
| Henry H. Kunhardt, | George Christ, |
| John Auchincloss, | Richard P. Rundle, |
| Lawrence Wells, | John D. Diz, |
| Francis Cottinet, | James Brown, |
| Charles Luling, | N. D. Carlisle, |
| Alex. Hamilton, jr., | Theodore Fachiri, |
| George F. Thomas, | C. L. F. Rose, |
| Carl L. Recknagel, | Wm. S. Wilson, |
| W. F. Cary, jr., | F. Cousinery, |
| Cornelius K. Sutton, | Gustav Schwab, |
| Edward Haight, | John F. Schepler. |

EUGENE DUTILH, President.
ALFRED OGDEN, Vice-President.
CHARLES IRVING, Secretary.

NOTICE.

This Company issue, when desired, Policies and Certificates, payable in London and Liverpool, at the Counting Rooms of Messrs. **DRAKE, KLEINWORT & COHEN.**
The undersigned continues to receive applications for Open and Special Policies, and to effect Insurances on Ships, Cargoes, and Freights, with the above well known Company, payable in Gold or Canadian Funds.

HENRY MCKAY,
No. 1 Merchants' Exchange.
Montreal, Feb. 4. 1869.

TEAS.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

The MONTREAL TEA COMPANY, 6 HOSPITAL STREET, MONTREAL, Importers, send carriage free, on receipt of the Cash, or payable to Express on delivery, Four 5 lb Packages, Two 12 lb., or One 25 lb., and Half-chests. Silver 25c at par. The usual premium for Notes sent by Post for Teas, added to the order. No Dyes to make them look well, or poisonous matter in the Teas sold by this Company; all are warranted healthy and pure. Where there are no Express Offices, Teas are sent to the nearest station. Send on your orders. Everybody speaks well of the Tea. Common Congou—Broken Leaf, 55c; Fine English Breakfast, 50c., 60c., and 65c; Finest Sonchong, a rare English Breakfast Tea, 75c; Japan, good, 50c. to 55c.; Fine, 60c. to 65c.; Very Finest, 75c.; (Green Tea), Young Hyson, 50c.; Fine, 60c. to 65c.; Very Fine, 85c.; Gunpowders, Twankays, Oologs, and other Teas, equally cheap, quality considered. Beware of Pedlars offering Teas in small quantities, as from this establishment.

HOUSE FURNISHING.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO. have in Stock all necessary articles for parties Furnishing House:—

ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,
FORKS, SPOONS, LADLES, TABLE
CUTLERY,
JAPANNED TRAYS, BRITANNIA
METAL GOODS,
&c., &c.

271 Notre Dame Street

SEEDS.

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!

JUST RECEIVED,

MY NEW SEEDS from France, England, and the United States, all guaranteed FRESH. One of the best collections in CANADA, either in FLOWER, VEGETABLE, or FIELD SEEDS.

A liberal discount allowed to Dealers and Agricultural Societies.

Flower Seeds delivered free by post to all parts of Canada and the United States at the rate of 25 packets for \$1.00.

See *Caul and get Catalogues.*

JAMES GOULDEN, Druggist,
177 & 179 St. Lawrence Main Street,
MONTREAL.

FIELD SEEDS!
GARDEN SEEDS!
FLOWER SEEDS!

A FRESH and pure lot of imported SEEDS, in every variety, just received, and for sale by

RICHMOND SPENCER,
Chemist, &c.,
CORNER OF MCGILL & NOTRE DAME STS.
Country orders punctually filled.

FRESH & GENUINE

1869 FIELD, 1869
GARDEN, AND FLOWER SEEDS.

THE attention of the public is invited to the very extensive and superior stock of FIELD, GARDEN, and FLOWER SEEDS now offered at the CANADA AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE, St. Ann's Hall, over St. Ann's Market, by WM. EVANS, Seedsman to the Board of Agriculture for the Province of Quebec. Descriptive Catalogues of Vegetables and Flowers, with directions for their cultivation adapted to this climate, may be had on application at the Hall. Attention is also invited to his very complete assortment of Agricultural and Horticultural Implements, Tools, &c., which comprises nearly everything necessary for the farm and garden.

HATS & CAPS.

AN inspection of our extensive Stock of MEN'S, YOUTH'S, and CHILDREN'S FASHIONABLE HATS is solicited, 1000 doz. to select from, at

COWAN & DESAUTELS'

Old Established

HAT AND CAP EMPORIUM,
Corner Notre Dame and St. Peter Sts.

1869.

LATEST SPRING STYLES.

WILLIAM SAMUEL

HAS just received and opened several Cases of the Latest Novelties in HATS,

FOR SPRING WEAR,

and respectfully solicits a call from his numerous patrons and the public.

367 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

COLLARS.

THE CANADIAN COLLAR FACTORY,

Nos. 580 AND 582 CRAIG STREET.

Messrs. RICE BROTHERS, the Proprietors of the FACTORY, have constantly on hand a large supply of PAPER COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRT-FRONT, &c., of all styles. Their goods are manufactured from the best of Plain, Enamelled, Linen, Imitation, Linen-faced, and Marseilles paper, imported direct from England, Germany, and the United States. They are also continually introducing new styles, which, for neatness and elegance, far surpass those of any other in the market. Trade strictly wholesale.

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NEW DOMINION CEMENT

The Best Article ever offered to the Public.

WE challenge the world to produce an Article of superior merit for mending

FURNITURE, LEATHER, WOOD,
CROCKERY, GLASS, CHINA, BONE,
PORCELAIN, MARBLE,
RUBBER, MEERSCHAUM,
IVORY, &c., &c.

Full Directions with each Bottle.

Price, 25 cents.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Local and Travelling Agents wanted in every Town and County throughout the Dominion.

LIBERAL TERMS TO THE TRADE.

Sample Bottles sent by Mail on receipt of Price.

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E. F. McAVAY & Co.,

Sole Proprietors & Manufacturers,

153 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

(opposite Ottawa Hotel.)

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ST. LAWRENCE HALL,

Great St. James Street,

MONTREAL.

H. HOGAN, PROPRIETOR.

SPRING MEDICINE.

THE Safest and Best is the PLANTAGENET

MINERAL

WATER.

R. W. BOYD,

Agent, Place d'Armes.

TAILORS.

JOHN GALBRAITH,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAS REMOVED TO

110 ST. PETER STREET,

(3rd Door from Craig St.)

He extends a cordial invitation to his Customers and the Public to an inspection of his NEW SPRING STOCK, which he offers at low prices.

TO THE MILITARY.

J. WHITTAKER,

350 NOTRE DAME STREET,

Late Master Tailor 4th Batt. Rifle Brigade, Having opened business at the above address, and being a practical artisan, respectfully requests the patronage and support of Officers of the Staff and of the Line, and Volunteers; also, gentlemen of business, skilled mechanics and workmen.

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ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

Of every description, and of the very best quality, for Sale by

JOHN MURPHY,

No. 8 BURLING STREET.

LUBIN'S PERFUMERY,

comprising twenty different kinds, YARDLEY'S TOILET SOAPS, FLAVORING ESSENCES, prepared expressly for Family use.

HENRY R. GRAY,
DISPENSING AND FAMILY CHEMIST,
141 St. Lawrence Main Street
(Established 1859).

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully dispensed and forwarded to all parts of the city.

N.B.—This establishment is entirely dependent on the good opinion of the public, as no percentage is paid to physicians to induce their prescriptions.

A NOVELTY in COLLARS, manufactured by MESSRS. RICE BROS., called "THE ALARM," is very pretty, graceful, and easily adjusts itself to the neck.

NEW DOMINION DYEING & SCOURING WORKS,

78 1/2 Craig Street, near St. Antoine.

FIRST PRIZE, MONTREAL, 1860.

FIRST PRIZE, STATE OF NEW YORK, 1867.

GEO. POCOCK, } Proprietors.
JOSH. HOESE, }

GOOD HARD WOOD!

THE CHEAPEST FUEL!

FIREWOOD (four feet long): Maple, Birch and Beech for sale, cheap, in the Yard at the Corner of St. Mary and Barclay Streets, opposite the Government Wood Yard.

ED. J. CHARLTON & CO.

CHEMISTS.

HAVE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS PREPARED

AT THE

CITY DISPENSARY,
No. 252 Notre Dame Street.

J. EUGENE D'AVIGNON,

Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons,

CHEMIST & DRUGGIST.

Pure Drugs and Chemicals, Perfumery, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Combs, and other toilet requisites of best quality and at low prices.

A large assortment of fancy Scotch Goods.

CITY DISPENSARY,

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CORN FILES!

THE CHEMICAL FILES FOR CORNS.

Used with so much success in the Relief and Cure of CORNS,

FOR SALE AT

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CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,

375 Notre Dame Street,

And at the

EAST END BRANCH,

211 & 213 Notre Dame,

(Corner of St. Gabriel Street).

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REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT AGENT,

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Special attention given to the Renting of Shops, Warehouses, and Dwellings, furnished and unfurnished; the Collection of Rents, Buying and Selling of Real Estate, Negotiation of Loans, &c.

BROKERS.

FRANK BOND,

STOCK AND SHARE BROKER,

7 St. Sacrament Street,

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All descriptions of Stocks, Bonds, &c., Sterling Exchange, American Gold, and Railway Shares, bought and sold, strictly on Commission.

Investments made in Mortgages, Real Estate, &c.

HAIR DRESSERS.

NOTICE.

TO THE LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per last Steamer, 2 Cases of

COUDRAY'S PERFUMERY.

Also on hand, everything requisite for the Toilet, of the Finest Quality, and at the Lowest Prices.

HAIR WORK, in every style, Ladies' and Gentlemen's WIGS, BRAIDS, &c., &c.

PALMER'S ABYSSINIAN SHAMPOO,

for cleansing the head.

HERRING'S MAGNETIC BRUSHES,

for removing Dandruff.

HOT and COLD BATHS.

J. PALMER,

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