

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

**MASON'S FRUIT JARS.**

AFTER many years experience have been found the most reliable for preserving all kinds of fruit. Save their cost in sugar at the first filling. Pint, quart and gallon sizes in any quantity, for sale by

**W. D. MCLAREN,**  
247 St. Lawrence Street, Corner (639) of St. Catherine.

**JOHN J. ARNTON,**

WILL Sell, by Auction, during September, a most Valuable and Extensive PROPERTY, near the foot of McGill Street, suited alike for Commercial or Manufacturing purposes.

Also,  
A Splendid First-class Detached Villa Residence and Grounds on the slope of the Mountain, and a large amount of Real Estate in Building Lots and Improved Property generally.

(Established 1859)  
**Henry R. Gray**  
Dispensing  
AND  
Family Chemist,  
144  
St. Lawrence Street.  
FRESH VACCINE  
always on hand.  
DISINFECTANTS  
of all kinds.  
SEA-SIDE  
REQUISITES  
GRAY'S  
Vinaigre de Toilette

**FOLEY'S**  
CELEBRATED  
**GOLD PENS**  
Have been introduced into this Market, and are sold by Messrs. SAVAGE, LYMAN & Co., Notre Dame St. Messrs. MURRAY & Co., Stationers, Notre Dame Street, and by C. E. BURDEN, Book and News Store 27 St. James Street (Diogenes' Office).

Foley's Pens are known throughout the United States as the best manufactured

ALL THE LATEST  
ENGLISH  
AND  
AMERICAN  
FASHION  
BOOKS  
AT THE  
Diogenes' Office,  
27 St. James St.

**Bishop Oxenden's**  
WORKS.  
Dawson Bros. have just received:  
The Pastoral Office: its duties, difficulties, privileges and prospects.  
Portraits from the Bible--New Testament Series.  
Short Lectures on the Sunday Gospels from Easter to Advent.  
The Pathway of Safety: or, Counsel to the Awakened Family Prayers.  
The Earnest Communicant--a course of Preparation for the Lord's Table.  
For Sale at Nos. 55 to 59 St. James Street.



**Smoked Salmon.**  
BONELESS.  
We have just received a fine lot of the above. Heads off and back bones taken out.  
Without exception the finest fish in market.  
**KEMP & BROWN,**  
Grocers,  
McGill corner  
Lemoine street.

**ONTARIO**  
**MEDICAL HALL**  
265  
Notre Dame Street.  
Physicians' and Family Receipts carefully compounded.  
The Largest Stock of Surgical Instruments in the City.  
**C. G. Wilson**  
Chemist & Druggist.

**KAMOURASKA.**  
**Sea-Bathing.**  
The undersigned intimates to her friends that her Private Boarding House is now re-opened for the Reception of Visitors. Families, and Invalids, who may desire to enjoy the benefits of the invigorating air of this fine Watering Place, as well as the comforts of a first-class Country Residence.  
**Mrs. H. SMITH,**  
Albion House,  
KAMOURASKA.  
N.B.—In addition to the Railway Cars, there will be a Steamer from Quebec direct to the Village three times a week.

**Music.**  
**MUSIC** at a price within the reach of all.  
The most popular Songs and pieces at 5 cents each.  
**DeZouche Bros.,**  
351  
Notre Dame Street.

**Paper Hangings.**  
THE most complete Stock of WALL PAPERS in the City.  
Splendid Patterns at very moderate rates.  
**DeZouche Bros.,**  
351  
Notre Dame Street.

Vol. II.—No. 16. MONTREAL, 27th AUGUST, 1869. Price—Five Cents.

**KEILLER'S DUNDEE MARMALADE.**  
**LOCHFINE HERRINGS,**  
HAVE ARRIVED, AND ARE NOW ON SALE AT THE **ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.**  
**ALEX. MCGIBBON.**

**GET THE BEST.**

IN purchasing Works of Reference, whether Dictionaries, Gazetteers, Cyclopedias, Legal or Commercial Text-books, all experience teaches that it pays to

*Get the Best.*

Few, indeed, need to be told, in this era of Confederation, Dis-establishment, Duxbury Cable, Promising Crops, and Cheap Discounts, that DUN, WIMAN & CO.'S BOOK OF REFERENCE is the best.

FOUR ISSUES EACH YEAR—January, March, July, September.

Send to 37 & 39 St. Francois Xavier Street for terms and particulars.

For your Traveller—Get the POCKET EDITION. For your Counting House—Get the QUARTO.

**GET THE BEST.**

**LIGHT WINES**

*AT PRIVATE SALE.*

WE have still on hand about 40 (FORTY) Cases of those Choice RHENISH WINES which have been so much approved. We have just received instructions to close them. They belong to a house in France, and are probably the best sample that has been, or is likely to be, in this market for some time. There remain—

- 17 Cases of RODESHEIMER
- 7 " GEISENHEIMER
- 17 " LIEBFRAUMILCH

Please apply immediately.

JOHN LEEMING & CO.,  
Auctioneers.

**POT AND PEARL ASHES**

BOUGHT AND SOLD BY

F. M. CASSIDY,  
No. 3 Cuvillier's Court,  
St. Sacrament 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.

THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED

**"PLANTAGENET"**

*Mineral Water.*

—:O:—

THIS remedial agent has been, and must continue to be, the favourite with the people, in consequence of the quantity of IODINE, IRON, MAGNESIA, &c., it contains, as compared with other Springs, and its superior Medicinal Combination so grand, and providentially supplied. It is unsurpassed as a Tonic, Alterative, Laxative, and Diuretic; as a Beverage, it is at once cooling and healing; Aerated, it takes the place of Soda Water. To AMERICAN TRAVELLERS the "Plantagenet" Seltzer Water will supersede the Saratoga, and obviate the effects produced by change of climate. It is of much service to Ladies.

Water consumers should be particular to enquire for the "PLANTAGENET" WATER at Hotels and Apothecaries.

DEPOT: No. 15 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

Orders to the undersigned will have prompt attention.

R. J. RODDEN,

*Plantagenet, Ont.*

R. W. BOYD,

*Montreal.*

**CARRATRACA**

MINERAL SPRING WATER

FROM THE

**CARRATRACA MINERAL SPRINGS**

*PLANTAGENET, ONT.*

These most agreeable and refreshing Waters, by their continued use, afford, in all cases of Constipation, Hemorrhoids, or Piles, Determination of Blood to the head, Hepatic Affections, Diseases of the Liver, Jaundice, &c., Lepra, Chlorosis, Dyspepsia, Disordered Condition of the Digestive Organs consequent on high indulgence and intemperance, Gout and Chronic Rheumatism, in Scrofula and Scrofulous complaints, Enlargement of the Glands, &c.,

IMMEDIATE RELIEF AND EVENTUAL CURE.

Their combination being perfect, their merits unequalled in every respect, they stand unsurpassed in the whole long list of Mineral Waters, and must take their rank at the head of all others.

*Directions for their use.*

As a laxative and diuretic, the most obstinate case of habitual costiveness will yield to one or three tumblerfuls taken BEFORE BREAKFAST, one tumblerful generally being sufficient.

As an alterative Tonic, a tumblerful three to six times per diem.

As a cool and refreshing drink, any desired quantity can be taken at pleasure.

The Carratraca Mineral Waters are on sale by all the principal Druggists in Montreal, throughout Canada and the United States.

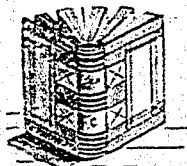
All communications must be addressed to the proprietors,

WINNING, HILL & WARE,

Office: 389 & 391 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

*Cheap First-class Account Books.*

**MONTREAL ACCOUNT BOOK COPYING PRESSES MANUFACTORY.**



A LARGE STOCK always kept on hand, in every style of Binding and Ruling.

Also,

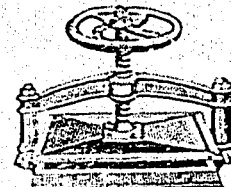
An extensive assortment of

*Office Stationery.*

SALE

or

**COPYING PRESSES.**



THE LARGEST & BEST ASSORTMENT

or

*Copying Presses*

IN CANADA,

At 25 per Cent. reduction from former price, during this Month only.

AT

**JAS. SUTHERLAND'S**

(LATE R. WEIR & COMPANY)

**STATIONERY WAREHOUSE,**

160 & 162 St. James Street.

TO TOURISTS.

*Henderson's First-class Photographs and Stereoscopic Slides*

OF LOCAL SCENERY,

At the Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James' Street.

*Alex Henderson,*  
**PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE**  
*Photographer.*

All kinds of *Out-door Photography* executed.

*Canadian Landscapes in great variety.*

Rooms—2nd House below English Cathedral, Phillip's Square.

**MECHANICS' HALL.**

*Positively Three Nights Only,*  
**MONDAY, TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY,**

AUGUST 30th & 31st, & SEPT. 1st, 1869.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE HUMORIST

*Mr. Alf. Burnett,*

Justly acknowledged as the **FUNNIEST MAN IN THE WORLD** Will give three of his delightful Entertainments, assisted by

*Miss Helen Nash,*

Versatile Comedienne and Poetic Reader, and

*Mr. James W. Sharpley,*

Champion Concertinist of the World, in his **GRAND MUSICAL MELANGE.**

**FUN, POETRY, MUSIC.**

Admission, 25 cts. Reserved Seats, 50 cts. to be had at Prince's Music Store. Commences at Eight o'clock.

JOHN RICKABY,  
Business Manager.

**ST. LAWRENCE HALL,**

Great St. James Street,  
MONTREAL.

H. HOGAN.....PROPRIETOR.

**DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.**

NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name or firm of ROBERT WEIR & CO., has been this day dissolved, and that all debts due to the firm are to be paid to the undersigned JAMES SUTHERLAND, who has purchased all the assets of the firm.

JAMES SUTHERLAND,  
ROBERT WEIR.

**CIRCULAR.**

With reference to the above Notice, I have now to announce that the business formerly existing under the style of ROBT. WEIR & CO. will hereafter be conducted under my own name, in the same premises, Nos. 160 and 162 St. James Street, and I trust that the manner in which I have transacted business during the last seventeen years will have given such satisfaction to Customers as to entitle me to a continuance of their favors.

All orders will be much esteemed, and met with the best and most prompt attention of

Yours, respectfully,

JAMES SUTHERLAND.

MONTREAL, July 28, 1869.

## OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

No. 11.

THE POOR GERMAN—(Continued).

My visit to the unfortunate native of Nuremberg, (not Wurtemberg, as unfortunately mis-printed last week), haunted me. What could I possibly do for him? To help him back to his own country would be useless. He would be at once known and arrested. I determined on consulting the "Captain." If I could only succeed in arousing his dormant energies, I felt sure of his good judgment in the matter. It was with great difficulty that I could persuade him to pay a visit to the old man in his attic. The Captain had, all his life, been swindled by real and sham foreign refugees. He had, therefore, naturally, but little sympathy with this new object of compassion. "His tale," said he, "may be true, but it is one I have often heard used before as a pretext to extort money." He, at last, however, consented to see him. We clambered up the old rickety stairs, when a sound met our ears which made us both pause. "Hush!" whispered the Captain. The old man was playing on his violin some of the grand mass music of Cherubini. I have heard, in my time, some of the great masters of this difficult instrument. I have heard more brilliant execution and more scientific precision; but I never remember to have heard finer tone or more intense feeling than marked the performance of our German friend. He was playing *De Profundis*. The instrument seemed a part of himself. Suddenly he ceased, but, shortly after, began again. This time he was improvising; it was his heart that was speaking through the tones of his instrument. Now a cry of agony, then a mournful wail, and, lastly, changing to a minor key, the sound gradually died away in a sweet melancholy strain, which spoke, as clearly as words, "God's will be done."

The music stopped again, and we heard him putting back the fiddle into its place. We still paused, for a dead silence ensued. He had evidently not returned to his work. We knocked at the door. It was some little time before he heard us and bade us enter. He was sitting on his bed in an agony of grief. Some new misfortune had evidently come upon him. For several minutes he was unable to speak, and he told us frankly and without reserve of his new trouble. His drunken son-in-law had died at last, and his beloved daughter, his Elise and her little "mädchen," (here he pointed to the portrait on the easel), were left alone and penniless in the world. He was still strong, he said, and could work for all three, but where was work to be found? And then his child—she for whose education he had starved himself—she who was delicate and accomplished as a lady—who spoke English and French like a native, and "Ah! Sirs, to hear her play and sing!"—how was she to struggle with the world? Here the Captain interposed, perhaps a little too brusquely, "Could his daughter teach music and languages?" A painful expression crossed the old man's face. She had once lived as a governess in a family in the city, where she was treated as a menial,—where her father could only see her for a short time once a week, and then in the kitchen surrounded by servants, who mimicked his foreign accent and held him up to ridicule. The Captain then told him that, in six months' time, a widowed sister of his was coming out to Canada to keep house for him, and that she was very anxious to meet with a *lady*, (he laid a strong emphasis on the word), to superintend the education of her two daughters—"would his Elise accept the office? Her father should be welcome to the house all day long if he liked, and let any one ridicule him who dared!" The old man was touched, and thanked him heartily. "But you say," said he, "the lady come not here till six months—in six months my daughter starve." Here the Captain, again a little too brusquely as I thought,

made the offer of his purse to supply the wants of that interval. But the old man's feelings were as finely strung as his violin. He was almost indignant. He had never sought charity yet, and never would! He could live on a crust a day, and his daughter should not starve!

The Captain was nettled, but only for a moment. He was a truly charitable man, and to have his bounty refused was to him a novelty. In early life he had known the want of money. When he became better off, he had given of his substance freely—often carelessly. He was too apt to think that all the ills of life could be cured by dispensing what Thackeray called "pills of *Napoleons d'or*." He detested the class of philanthropists who go about

"Sowing hedge-row texts, and passing by."

He, too often, went to the other extreme of throwing money into the ditch, where it produced nothing but dirt. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, this careless, indolent man of the world could at times give excellent advice. Here is an illustration: He spoke to the old man with deep feeling in the German tongue. He assured him that the money was only offered as a loan, and could be repaid to him when better times came. He was well acquainted with people in the city who had long wanted to find an artistic wood-carver, and he could get him plenty to do. "And remember," said he, still a little sternly, "it is your duty to sacrifice your pride for the sake of your daughter, and," (pointing to the easel), "to protect that lovely child from harm."

He had touched the right chord at last; the appeal was irresistible, and, like a skilful tactician, he followed up his advantage. It was soon agreed that we should all three assemble, that evening, in the Captain's room, after dinner, to talk the matter over, with the assistance of a little tobacco.

As we came down stairs, I could not help remarking a curious expression on the Captain's face. "If," said he, "I do not make that old man happy before he dies, may I be——" Here he shut his door violently, but I fear the expletive was a strong one. This was the first time that I had ever known him approach a profane expression.

May'st thou succeed in thy object, thou strange compound of indolence and benevolence! Of one thing I am certain, the old man has already made *three* happier than thou wast yesterday!

(To be continued.)

## MATRIMONY.

DIOGENES is so pleased with the ingenuity of the following advertisement in the *Gazette*, that he willingly gives it a gratuitous insertion:—

"Wanted, a Lady, to superintend the household of a Widower. Remuneration liberal, and no menial labour. A young widow preferred. Address — *Gazette* Office."

The old style of matrimonial advertisement, such as, "A gentleman, aged 46, tired of celibacy, wishes to meet with a lady who," &c., seems to be exploded, or at least it is confined to the London *Weekly Dispatch* and sundry imitative Yankee journals. It is certainly a capital idea to have a lady in the house, as it were on trial. Though doing no "menial labour," one can judge whether she is able to "superintend" menials, and observe whether she drops her "h's," and sundry other more or less important peculiarities. And then, if she is not up to the mark, the widower is in no way compromised, and the widow can be dismissed at a month's warning with no bones broken on either side.

At the same time, the Cynic says to the advertiser, BEWARE! young widows are artful! They may make the sweetest and most amiable of housekeepers before they are wives, but may insist on your dining on "cold shoulder" twice a week ever after. In any case, let not the lady have more than *three* children!

## FAIRY LAND—MY FAIRY LAND!

Thou building odd, of strange design—  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!  
 We bow before thy granite shrine—  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!  
 Thou ne'er wast raised by mortal hand,  
 O pile, of vast proportions grand!  
 Titania's home, and—Coal Oil stand!  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!

Uplift the Thistle to the skies—  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!  
 "Nemo me," thy motto cries  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!  
 Let vulgar tongues and lyres be banned  
 While Dio's Poet takes his stand,  
 And sings the praise of Coal Oil—and  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!

O! Shade of Shakspeare, hide thy head!  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!  
 A bard is here, though thou art dead—  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!  
 But Ariel, here, wields *gallon-tin*,  
 While Puck's bright glee is "*Shop within*,"  
 Till worse than Hadès is thy din—  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!

Oh wretched taste, and worse device!  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!  
 'Tis mystical, and far from nice—  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!  
 Pray, grave the stone, and don't be green,  
 "Lacessit" can't mean Paraffine,  
 And "Nemo me" 's not Kerosene—  
     Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!

## THE PHILOSOPHER WARNS.

To all ladies who love their lords, and desire to retain them, DIOGENES gives advice and warning. DO NOT GET STOUT! Bantingize, corsetize, squeeze, run, row, chop logs, starve, do anything, everything, to keep down weight and extension. Neglect of this may lead to crape and bombazine,—to weepers and disconsolate widowhood! Every ounce of sugar may be a nail in a loved husband's coffin; every sip of Guinness may be the precursor of a briny tear from eyes that yearly smiled on a loved companion at Cacouna! Ladies, digest what follows and shake! On a certain morning, not long ago, a gentleman, to whom care and trouble were unknown,—so thought somebody,—and sane withal, arose early from his bed, leaving the partner of his joys, (they had no troubles in the firm), to her blissful dreams, shaved himself, curled his ravishing whiskers, laid on just a suspicion of *rouge*, dressed himself, (in his best,) perfumed his handkerchief, lay down on his back, and sent a bullet through his heart!

The consequences of this event may be more easily conceived than narrated; a singularity, however, there was,—rumour, among her hundred tongues, could not find one to assign a cause for it. But the mystery was to be solved. Shortly after it occurred, a gentleman appeared, in haste and terror, and produced the following note:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have decided to kill myself to-morrow! Life is insupportable. I adore my wife, but she has grown so stout!—she that was of such a ravishing figure when I married her! Adieu, my friend! Tell my wife I prefer to die rather than to be unfaithful to her, or to separate myself from her by means of the law. Farewell! and pity me!"  
 Comment can add nothing to the force of this lesson for ladies.

VESTED RIGHTS.—A tailors' strike.

## "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

T—LL—Y.—"I wonder how much there really is in it?"  
 G—r.—"There are so many different stories—I should like to know before I take it."  
 C—RT—R.—"Dat dam Rose, I don't tink he left much in it!"  
 DIOGENES.—"Gentlemen, it's about time one of you unlocked it. I am ready to throw a light upon it whenever you like."

"Nature abhors a vacuum," as was wisely remarked by a young lady who popped into an *ice air-hole*!

## "CHIPS."

## SPLINTER THE SECOND.

"Great oaks from little acorns spring"; and everything of moment in the universe had a small commencement, so I have hopes after all, this minute splinter may fester in some one's moral hide to good effect. Was it not a small stone that killed Goliath?

Oh girls, girls, girls! What awful sins you must some day plead guilty to! What a great deal you have to answer for! Good husbands spoiled, good authors nipped in the bud, good sons turned into premature cynics and satirists! *Et pour quoi?* because nine out of ten men,—as men are now-a-days—prefer the rapid and shallow, to the slow, but deep. Did you ever see one of that too numerous class, the "girl inappreciative?" I have and still enjoy good health,—but I never hope to meet another. Once upon a time, I was fascinated,—as is the lot of fools and philosophers,—with four-feet-three of prospective bliss, and I fondly hoped for reciprocity and a cottage.

No, I really don't think I shall mention her name, thank you, but if your hair is of a certain color, with eyes to match,—well,—perhaps you *do* look a trifle like her; but she was "inappreciative," and one afternoon when I had devoted myself to her, and had read to her in my most impressive manner the wittiest chapter in "*Vanity Fair*," she thanked me seraphimically, and "did I recollect that delightful book of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's—"*Sibilla the Sorceress*," or the "*Idiot Dormouse*?"—Perhaps I did and perhaps I didn't, but I don't believe I got married, and for the sake of humanity I hope *she* didn't! Another;—so there is! I had forgotten you my dear! Step out if you please and I will introduce you!

The "girl too appreciative," ladies and gentlemen;—ah!—I see you recognise her. The enchantress, who listens with flattering attention to any witty thing you may say,—who smiles soul-torturingly in the wrong place; and overwhelms you at the conclusion with a glance which is death to a bashful man, and says, "Oh thank you,—thanks very much!" as a parting shot. I would get married my reader,—I would indeed,—but how can I? Now I leave it to any right-minded young person amongst you how can I? when one of these fair one's will put such a question as was put to me the other day by— (well—I'll let you off this time!) "What do you write for DIOGENES—the advertisements?"

And I want to know, why you wear such *chignons*, my dears, and wherefore that *head*? Oh it is stylish is it? and you think it becoming do you? Becoming?—*absurd* would be nearer the mark my dear; so you don't agree with me; well I can't find brains as well as advice young lady, so go your way—a fitting answer to the question, why don't the men propose!

Flimsy sketches, you say, these. Of course they are, but what of the subject? you can't draw blood from a stone, and that is my apology for chips picked up by the wayside. I have got one or two very large splinters laid by, which have troubled me a bit these last two weeks; *prenez garde, messieurs*, for you are more open to criticism than your sisters; but there!—What will you have? Nothing! You surprise me, I thought everybody drank in Montreal.

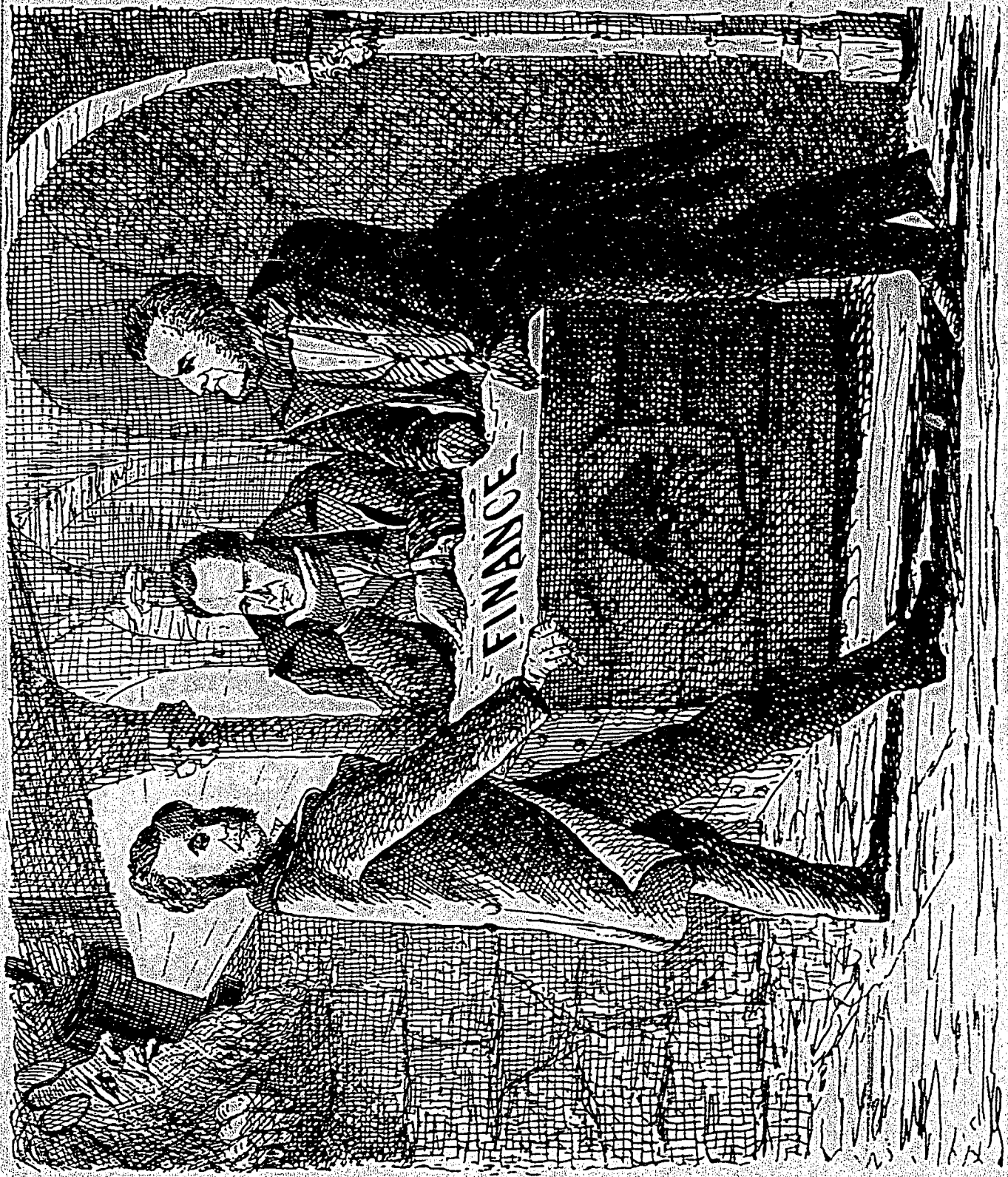
Perhaps it is best not to mix drinks—so you are safe *messieurs*—until next week.

DIOGENES learns from the cable despatches that the Oxford crew are out every day in training. The Cynic has no doubt, however, that to-day they will be *in*, and in first, too!

The Cynic is glad to hear that the Volunteers have paid for the bovine slain by a stray rifle bullet at the Point St. Charles ranges the other day; but he scarcely thinks it will pay them to make many similar *bull's eyes*.

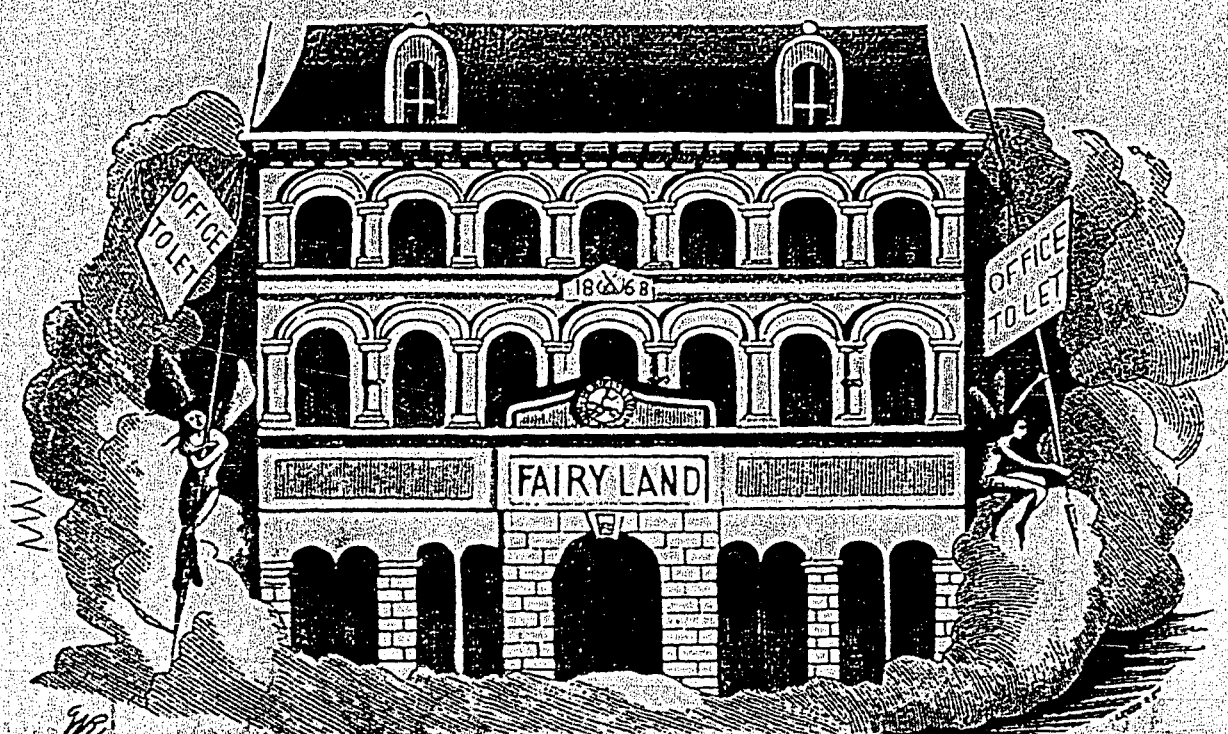
What's the odds? 5 to 2 on Oxford!





T—H.—V. C—RT—R. G—T.  
"FRIENDS IN COUNCIL;" OR, "IS THE GAME WORTH THE CANDLE?"

(See preceding page.)



THIS IS A VIEW OF FAIRY LAND.



THIS IS A PORTRAIT OF THE FAIRY.





## THE NEW COMMUNION.

"An effort is being made in one of the churches in Cherokee county, Ga., to exclude from the Church all female members who wear hoops, paniers, Grecian bends, small hats, or use cosmetics, paint, or other appliances to make an external show."

Are we to go to nameless woe,  
Shut out from joy, sent down below,  
For little airs and graces?  
Must we in hoods and shapeless cloaks,  
In Eastern veils, or hideous "pokes"  
Conceal our lovely faces?

No hoops! they're traps by devil set;  
No *paniers*! they are folly's net  
To catch the silly nincompoop!  
No Grecian bend! no high-heeled boots!  
No small hats, feathers,—glance that shoots!—  
No simper, grin, or mince or stoop!

Cosmetics! must we use no soap?  
Paint no one dares to add I hope  
To nature's beauteous ornament:  
The blush that mantles on my cheek  
Shows with more power than words can speak  
My anger at the scorn he meant!

But who can hope to walk aright,  
What can escape the eager sight  
Of those who search for wickedness?  
What other things for outward show  
Mean these vile men,—don't stop me, oh!  
I feel in a state of *kickingness*!

I've coined a word! I'm better now,  
But oh! I'd fain get up a row,  
With these confounded Pharisees,  
Who with a keen and eager air,  
To drag a convert to their lair  
Would compass broad and narrow seas.

They howl at music, groan at joy,  
Condemn sin, yet their time employ  
In telling tales censorious;  
But, pious men, please look within,  
Inspect your hearts, seek there for sin,  
And lead lives meritorious.

Then humble, lowly,—preaching peace,—  
All senseless quarrels soon will cease,  
And nought be known but charity.  
Organs may swell, and hymns be sung,  
Then will joy-bells of love be rung,  
Which now are but a rarity!

## A NOTE OF WARNING.

A writer in the *Gazette* expresses great concern lest our Lacrosse and Snow-Shoe Clubs,—organised expressly to develop the Dominion muscle,—should be permitted to degenerate into mere gambling institutions—in other words, become nurseries for blacklegs. DIOGENES does not quite go the length of the writer, who says "honest and fair running is out of the question: how to plan and connive so, as to allow the betting men to make *haul*, seems to be what they are coming to." The Cynic does not think the Clubs either openly or covertly encourage gambling. It is quite possible, however, that a few outsiders, of the so-called "sporting" fraternity, who are fond of hanging about the grounds when the games are in progress, would willingly degrade individual members into ministering to their vicious propensities. The moment Clubs, or members of Clubs are found guilty of conniving with betting men DIOGENES will hoist an alarm signal. Then indeed, he may predict the decline and fall of the "national game," and of national athleticism.

## "RUBBISH SHOT HERE!"

Prince Arthur is tall, slender and lithe, and his face has the marked family likeness, and reminds one of the portrait of the Queen as well as that of Prince Albert. It is a fair, modest, smiling, blushing face, with soft side-whiskers Englishing the German of it, and light blue eyes which seem to see and thank everybody. As for the Prince's garb, he wore a dark blue coat with a black velvet collar, and a standing linen collar on the top of that, which gave him a manish look; grayish plaid trousers, a plain black necktie and lavender color gloves, striped with black. So he came down the gangway with his natty tile held gracefully aloof from his smoothly-combed head, bowing and smiling anon to spectators and the Highlanders, who saluted, and followed to his carriage by the Governor General and other dignitaries.—SPECIAL *Telegraphic despatch from Halifax to the Montreal Daily News.*

## THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 1.

## EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTIGAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XVIII.



HAVING done our "level best" to conciliate Dr. Barker,—to propitiate the Grand Trunk authorities, by judicious and well-timed praise of their chronometer and their Depot,—to enlighten the travelling public as to the productions and population of the Forest City, and to pay a passing tribute of praise to the culinary department of the St. Lawrence Hall, I will now "take Time by the fore-lock," and hold on to him firmly, while my readers are whirled off to the scene of General Butler's achievements, the "City of the Spoons," more commonly known as New Orleans, the Crescent City of the South.

It is five o'clock on a bright summer morning; and at Numero 13 Strada di Lazzaroni, *some are mourning*, indeed: time has not quenched the heart-rending sorrow which A. Head,—richest of merchants, but most miserable of men!—feels at the untimely loss of his cherished daughter, Eva. His favorite cup of *Mocha* stands untasted by his side, as if it were *mocking* at his woes; the harmless muffin and the innocent egg

still remain on the table, gazing at each other in mournful silence, as though they would ask, if they could, "why this thus-ness," while the unopened box of sardines, whose fate it had been, in their early youth, to be hermetically sealed, wriggle uneasily in their confinement, as if they felt slighted at their owner's inattention! It was a handsomely furnished room in which Mr. Head "nursed his sorrow" and neglected his digestion, almost carrying the observer back to the days of the Mediaeval Ages: chairs, with elaborately carved backs and impracticable seats of horse-hair, which neither Jane, or *Sara*, ever took the trouble to dust; mirrors of *ormolu*, whose deceitful face would distort your features into an exaggerated Grimaldi, or transform you into a highly-toned caricature of a T. R. supernumerary; carpets of a rich and complicated design—rare and tasty as the cover of the *New Dominion Monthly*,—all these evidences of wealth and liberality lay scattered around with profuseness. But when

"Lovely woman stoops to folly,"

as Eva had done, the unanswerable question,—

"What can soothe her (father's) melancholy?"

follows, as a matter of course.

Eva's brother, a fair-haired, dark-skinned lad, of some ten summers, (and, had you done me any injury, I would add "as many winters,") was seated on the coal-scuttle in an attitude characteristic of childhood, and, at the time this chapter opens, was busily engaged sucking the paint from off a rocking-horse which his too-indulgent mother had, in a weak moment of amiability, purchased for him. A loud ejaculation from his father, (he, probably, wished him farther, for he fared worse directly after,) followed by a heavy blow on his right ear, diverted him from his occupation, and I haven't the slightest doubt but that if he had been old enough to be a fool or a City Councillor, he would probably have "rejected the motion" instant.

What a strange mystery is this same education of children, by-the-bye! It has never been made plain to me why parents always go in so strongly for making their eldest child such a supernatural genius: when I was young it always seemed to me that the younger branches of the family got all the *honey*, while I got all the *whacks*. But I am apt, like certain Presbyterian ministers I wot of, to stray sadly from the matter in hand, and, if I wasn't afraid that ill-natured critics would say it was all the French I knew, I would once more treat you to a *revenir*.

In the midst of the Hub-bub, (not Boston, my boy), incidental to the spanking and otherwise due correction of the youthful Head, who, though being exceedingly *a-verse* to the operation, sang anything but a *Hymn* of praise during the infliction, there was a rattle of wheels—it was

\* Poetic license.—[Ed. Dio.]

a decided case of *wheel or whoa*—as the vehicle, which caused the interruption, drove up to the door, and a lady, dressed in mourning, descended the steps. As she knocked at the door, Hope knocked at the door of the bereaved father's heart, for he knew "her gentle footstep," and presently he heard "the dear, familiar voice;" although, in the interest of truth, it must be owned, the dear familiar, *etcetera*, was in most decided altercation with the cabman as to the correct fare. A leap, a sigh, a violent sneeze, and a start which upset and completely demolished the family coffee-pot, were the only outward signs which A. Head gave of the intense joy he was suffering, but a mighty upheaving of his nostrils, and that intense working of the lower jaw, so natural to one in his situation, made even to the bystanders, the feelings of a father *à l'apparent*. One little ladylike blush on the ebon cheek of the widowed Eva, and the pair, father and daughter, were in each other's arms, where, for the present, we will leave them, after first (at considerable expense and any amount of trouble) taking the pen-and-ink sketch of "Our Fair Heroine," which the author has great pleasure in handing to the public as a most appropriate heading to Chap. xviii. Before returning, however, to the pitiless Henrico, a remark made by the fair Eva, as she passed the threshold of her father's house and noticed the disturbance inside, must not be omitted. "Be quiet, you brats, can't you?" she exclaimed; "if this house is No. 13, that is no reason you should *all* be

AT SIXES AND SEVENS!!

### CHAP. XIX.

Gaily rose the sun, on the morning of the 31st of June, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, on the north side of the Montreal Mountain,—anon the cry of the newsboy was heard on the streets, "Here's your DIOGENES and your *Daily News*;" while peacefully, side by side, slept these two unconscious antagonists in the basket of the urchin; higher and higher (unlike the critic of the former paper, whom you can't hire at any price) went the orb of day, tipping with its refulgent brightness the summit of Mount Royal, roofing the graceful Drill Shed with crimson fire, *Sheddon* a flood of light on the Grand Trunk office in McGill street, and making a very *fairy land* of the now immortalized Rue St. Francois Xavier!

And this same sun, which, from six a. m., or earlier, to eight a. m., or later, was employing itself so poetically, at the hour of nine a. m. was occupied in the very practical, and prosaic task of throwing a light on Henrico's matutinal meal, as covered with confusion and bacon-fat he stooped to replace the fragment of pork which fell from his fork, when the fragment of conversation fell from the lips of his neighbor. Concealing himself behind the burly form of the well-known "Fred," he listened eagerly for more, but without success, and, once again re-seating himself, "he took the chair" and the remainder of his breakfast in a frightfully perturbed state of mind. The remainder of the morning he spent looking at the brokers' shops, the City Bank, and other *places of interest* which abound in the city, and, in order to encourage trade, which was frightfully dull, he stepped into one of these establishments. It was a *Weird* looking place, and, after asking various questions as to the state of the funds, and other matters on which brokers are popularly supposed to be posted, Henrico drew from his *porte-monnaie* a one-dollar bill on the Royal Canadian Bank, and requested the urbane money-changer to give him silver therefor; he was offered 3 per cent., but objected, declaring that dis-Count won't take less than 5 per cent., and left the shop in disgust, asserting that he would be a party to no such transaction. A few steps further on brought him to that street,—St. Sacrament,—where, be small silver ever so scarce, you can always get plenty of change, and where brokers and commission merchants, who have, apparently, nothing else to do, make a living, and a fat one at that, by obstructing the sidewalks, with their hands under their coat-tails,—hands only withdrawn to settle with the old peach-woman for a half-dozen of "rally nice one's, Sur." He was much delighted, too, at the sight of the juvenile clerks employed by these gentlemen,—prim quill-drivers, who affect Knickerbockers and red stockings, and whose sole occupation seem to be reading dime novels in the day time, and leaving the offices unlocked at the mercy of burglars during the night. Here he stayed a few seconds to gaze upon the majestic proportions of the Telegraph office, which ought to have inscribed over it, *Oi Polloi*, or the "Great Unwashed." Stepping inside to transmit a message to Mr. Seward, he was pleased to find the officials exceedingly obliging, in contrast to those of certain other establishments which he afterwards visited—one of them actually allowing him to tell a graphic story of his adventures and escapes, which occupied the best part of an hour. The carters on the Foundling street stand next came under his notice, and he was immensely gratified at the peculiarly skillful manner in which they were allowed to obstruct the foot-way across that street: they seemed a *truculent* class, at all events in this locality, and Henrico was glad to find himself safe on the quay, a "*quayre*-looking place, entirely," as he heard a Milesian remark who was standing near by. Having a great desire to see one of the ocean steamers which were lying at their dock, he stepped on board the *Peruvian*, and was shown over by an obliging "bo'sun," who explained the different parts of the vessel to him, and was willing to take any number of *affidavits* as to the superiority of the process by which the boats were lowered: descending into the saloon thoughts of a retrospective nature crowded through his mind,—thoughts

of the numerous passengers who had suffered from that affection of the stomach which Mark Twain calls "Oh, my!" and at last, as he was ushered into one of the staterooms, and had the comfortable bunks pointed out, the sight was too much for him, for it brought back, all too vividly to his recollection, that time, when, like the Boston suburb, he, too, was a *Bunker ill*!!

The St. Helen's Island gun, at this moment, belched forth its summons,—its "dinner din," as some one called it,—and Henrico, with a soul full of the sights and sites he had seen, turned his steps homeward, or rather Hotel-ward: passing up Exavier street, as Cockneys call it, his attention was attracted by a sign, which read as follows: "Fairie Land—Coal Oil sold here." It puzzled him much, but, though the meaning was exceedingly obscure, he, fortunately for the safety of the coal oil and the city, resolved not

TO THROW A LIGHT UPON IT!!!

### CHAP. XX.

The author will give ten cents, cash,—his note, endorsed by the Cynic for one hundred thousand dollars,—and a free ticket to see the Fire Marshals,—to any man, woman, or child who will point out to him a city so utterly void of means of recreation, relaxation and amusement, (for its size,) as the *Cité de Montréal, Districte de Montréal*, as a "*Tiers Sain*" hath it.

But after the first day which Henrico passed, as described in the last chapter, a long interval elapsed before he was again able to "take the floor." A severe attack of indigestion, caught at Island Pond, prostrated him for over three months; and here, with an apology for digressing, let me have a word about the luxuries of an Island-Pondian *déjeuner*.

Shades of tough beefsteak, which was a *mistake*; memories of coffee, of which I have good *grounds* to complain; buckwheat cakes, which must have been *buckwheat*ed the landlord by his ancestors; mutton chops, which must have been the identical "Chops of the Channel," they were so "rough" on us; liver that was *liter* than the bread, which it was ill bred in them to put before us; tea, which they showered down upon us till I felt my cup was, indeed, running over; ghastly remembrances of the night-mares, from which *exhorst* nature suffered in consequence, I spurn ye from me as too dire experiences ever to be repeated. Again I say, *avaunt*!

For the foregoing advertisement of the "delicacies" which the tired traveller may obtain at the "Island Pond House," Vermont, the landlord, in consideration of his letting me off for so low a sum as 75 cents in "shinplasters," is charged nothing, and, with this small but well-deserved tribute to his house, I pass on; as he has a monopoly it can in no way injure him, and, therefore, my conscience acquits me.

Henrico, after undergoing a severe course of treatment, and narrowly escaping destruction by taking *Bath Brick* for *Bristol Sarsaparilla*, eventually recovered, and, on the first fine day that he was able to be out, took a trip towards the West End in search of a house. The heights of Beaver Hall were scaled, and soon that boast of Montreal,—the far-famed Crystal Palace,—broke upon his view. Henrico felt sorry, as he gazed at it, that it had never "taken unto itself wings," for there would have been some chance, then of its flying away; at present, as it stood,—an eye *soer*, and immovable,—all that Henrico could see of the *Palace* were the *Palmaces* which surrounded it. He paid a short visit to the Priests' Farm, also, and, going over the chapel, inscribed his name and the following line:

"Si monumentum queris, circumspice."

which he asserted to mean, "If the monuments are queerish, the church am spicy;" and, this done, he returned to "the Hall" to tea, after first securing reserved seats in the dress circle of the Montreal Theatre Royal, where, he had been given to understand, from sundry puffs, *newsed* and *heralded* abroad, he might enjoy a pleasant evening's amusement: of what he saw, and what he thought,—of the *primevly* way in which he paid for his ticket, and sundry other *detales*,—the curious may learn by expending five cents on the next number, in which this most original story is, like a Guinea-pig's tail,

TO BE CONTINUED!!!

### ETYMOLOGICAL.

The *Gazette* observes that the editor of the Kingston *Whig* is somewhat *cynical*. But this, surely, is not surprising, for etymology—(Latin, a dog,)—naturally suggests that the particular quality attributed to the worthy Doctor should be found in one who, after all, is confessedly a Barker!

### "CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED."

The *Herald* had a learned article on Tuesday, on the "Linguistic Future of the World," in which, if DIOGENES can understand him, he comes to the conclusion, that all men will some day speak one language. Of course, they will; the *Herald* is an example, itself, of what that language will be, and when all the world does speak it, we shall roll out of the way and "douce the glim," for it will be no use for us to say any thing when all the world talks nonsense!

DIOGENES.

**Business Notice.**

Mr. Alfred Burnett, whose advertisement appears in another column, is par excellence THE Mimic of the United States. The Cynic intends to roll his tub to the Mechanics' Hall on Monday, sure of an evening's entertainment.

(Established 1849.)

**British and Foreign LACES and EMBROIDERIES.**

The only House in the Dominion devoted exclusively to the sale of PURE LACES.

**Real Lace**

From the simple to the most costly production.

Large Collection of Pure Laces

suited for

Wedding & Birthday Gifts.

BRITISH, PARISIAN & BELGIAN NOVELTIES

Received Monthly at

Wm. McDunnough,

(Successor to James Parkin.)

250 NOTRE DAME STREET.

(Established 1849.)

**ARRIVAL**

OF

**New Patterns**

OF

**ENVELOPES.**

**PRIE'S**

BARONIAL, ANTIQUE, OXFORD, MERCANTILE, and GOVERNMENT.

IN ALL SIZES.

AT

JAS. SUTHERLAND'S

(Late R. Weir & Co.)

STATIONERY WAREHOUSE, 160 & 162 St. James Street.

**STEPHEN'S INKS**

A Large Stock of the above just arrived, ALL KINDS AND SIZES.

AT

JAS. SUTHERLAND'S

(Late R. Weir & Co.)

STATIONERY WAREHOUSE, 160 & 162 St. James Street.

**Royal Fire and Life Insurance Company**

Of Liverpool and London.

Capital - - - Two Millions Sterling, With

Large Reserved Funds.

Annual Income - - - - - £800,000 Stg.

**Fire Branch.**

Very Moderate Rates of Premium. Prompt and Liberal Settlement of Losses. Loss and Damage by Explosion of Gas made good. No Charge for Policies or Transfers.

**Life Branch.**

The following are amongst the important advantages offered by this Company

- Perfect Security to Assurers.
- Moderate Rates of Premium.
- Large Participation of Profits—The Bonuses being amongst the Largest hitherto declared by any Office, and divided every Five Years.
- Exemption of Assured from Liability of Partnership.
- Claims Settled Promptly on Proof of Death.
- Liberal Allowance for Surrendered Policies.
- Forfeiture of Policy cannot take place from Unintentional Mis-statement.
- No Charge for Policies or Assignments.
- Medical Fees paid by the Company.

Tables and Forms of Application, with all other information, can be obtained by application to

H. L. Routh,

W. E. Scott, M.D., Medical Examiner. Alfred Perry, Fire Inspector.

Agent.

**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.**

**HOLDSTOCK'S AUTUMN SKETCHES**

OF

**CANADIAN SCENERY.**

Some Fine Specimens at the

DIOGENES' OFFICE,

27 ST. JAMES STREET,

(Opposite the Post Office).

**McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL.**

**CHANGE OF TIME.**

THE CLASSES of the FACULTY OF MEDICINE will commence on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1869, instead of 2nd November, as previously announced.

Matriculation Examinations will be held on the FIRST SATURDAY of OCTOBER, and the LAST SATURDAY of MARCH, of the current year.

G. W. CAMPBELL, A.M., M.D., DEAN OF FACULTY.

**CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON**  
391 Notre Dame Street.

ICE CREAM and WATER ICES, SODA WATER, with Choice Syrups. LUNCHEON-TEA & COFFEE, FROM 10 A.M. TILL 6 P.M. Choice Assortment of Confectionery.

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

Calling at PICTOU ONCE A FORTNIGHT, commencing SATURDAY, June 12.



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.

**To Smokers.**

LATEST

**LONDON NOVELTIES**

THE "ABYSSINIAN" PIPE

AND

"SENSATION" POUCH,

AT

MCCONKEY'S,

32 St. James Street,

(Opposite the "Hall").

**Sea Bathing!**

**Sea Bathing!**

**ST. LAWRENCE HALL CACOUNA.**

THIS HOTEL is now open for the Season. During the past winter the following additions and improvements have been made:—Large Ball Room; Ladies' Parlour; Gentlemen's Reading and Smoking Rooms; enlargement of Dining Room, and Sixty additional first-class Bed Rooms, with other extensive alterations, which now make the Hotel replete with everything conducive to comfort and convenience.

A first-class Stable has been built in connection with the Hotel, for the board of private horses.

The rates of board for families will be as moderate as possible, arrangements for which can be made with H. HOGAN, Proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, or at the Hotel in Cacouna.

An Omnibus and Baggage Wagon are in attendance at the Boats and Cars. Telegraph Station in the Office of the Hotel.

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.

**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 118 Great St. James Street, 532 Craig Street East; Or at the Montreal Foundry and City Works, 165 to 170 William Street. W. CLENDINENG.

**W. CLENDINENG,**  
(late Wm. Rodden & Co.)

Founder, and Manufacturer of Stoves, &c., Works, 165 to 170 William Street. City Sample and Sale Room, 115 and 120 Great St. James Street, and 532 Craig Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

# Phoenix Mutual Insurance

OF HARTFORD, (CO N.)

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.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD LINE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS,

Commencing MAY 1, 1869.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

MAIL TRAIN leaves ST. ALBANS at 6.20 a.m., and connects at Burlington with the Rutland Road, and at White River Junction and Bellows Falls with Trains for Boston, Worcester, Springfield and New York.

DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.40 a.m., for Boston, &c., arriving in Boston at 10.30 p.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 3.30 p.m., for Waterlop, Boston, and New York, arriving at Boston at 8.40 a.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with Cheshire R. R. for Boston and Worcester, and with Vermont Valley R. R. for Springfield, &c., arriving in New York at 12.30 p.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

DAY EXPRESS leaves Boston via Lowell at 8 a.m., for St. Albans, Montreal, &c., arriving at Montreal at 10 p.m.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Boston via Lawrence and Fitchburgh at 7.30 a.m., Springfield at 7.45 a.m., for St. Albans.

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Bellows Falls at 10.10 p.m., receiving passengers from Vermont Valley R. R., leaving New York at 12.15 p.m., and from Cheshire R. R., leaving Boston at 5.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with Train leaving Boston at 5.00 for Montreal.

Sleeping Cars are attached to both the Night Express Trains running between St. Albans and Boston, and St. Albans and Springfield.

G. NERRILL, General Supt.

CRYSTAL GASALIERS.

JUST RECEIVED.

A large lot of  
CRYSTAL GASALIERS,  
Crystal Brackets,  
CRYSTAL HALL LAMPS.

FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICES.  
ROBT. MITCHELL & CO.'S,  
St. Peter & Craig Sts.

W. GEO. BEERS,  
DENTIST.

Office & Residence

12 BEAVER HALL TERRACE  
MONTREAL.

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

THE CARLTON RESTAURANT  
BY J. MARTIN,

IS NOW OPEN,

WITH A CHOICE SELECTION OF

WINES, SPIRITS, LIQUEURS, &c.

Luncheons from 12 to 3.

DINNERS & SUPPERS AT ALL HOURS

425 NOTRE DAME STREET,

Five Doors West of St. Peter.

BEST ASSORTMENT OF  
SILKS,

VELVETS,

POPLINS, and

SHAWLS.

To be found in Town at

BROWN, CLAGGETT & MCCRIVILLE'S  
463 Notre Dame Street, West End.

ALL THE LONDON

"COMIC WEEKLIES"

Regularly Received

AT THE DIOGENES OFFICE

Simpson & Bethune,  
Fire,  
Life,  
and Marine  
Insurance

Agents.

OFFICE:

102 St. Francois Xavier Street.

Selling off Cheap the Largest Stock in  
the City.

GEORGE ARMSTRONG,

Cabinet-Maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker,  
Corner Victoria Sq. & Craig Street,  
MONTREAL.

CHAMBER AND PARLOUR SUITES.

Manufacturer of

ELASTIC SPONGE MATTRESSES

Superior to Curled Hair.

HEARSEs, Coffins, Crape,  
&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.