

## 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.

(ESTABLISHED 1859.)

# HENRY R. GRAY, DISPENSING & FAMILY CHEMIST

144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

A supply of Syrups from England for the Holidays.  
Warranted made from the Fruit.

# PHOTO-RELIEVO:

A new style of Portraiture introduced  
by W. NOTMAN, Photographer to the Queen,  
MONTREAL.—Branches: OTTAWA and TORONTO.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

Balls, Parties,  
Fancy Dress  
Entertainments.

Gold,  
Silver and  
Diamond Dust  
for the Hair.

JOHN ROGERS  
& CO.,  
CHEMISTS,

133

Gt. St. James Street.

ENGRAVING,  
Chromo-Lithography  
and  
Lithographic  
Steam Printing  
of every kind.  
Wedding, Visiting &  
Ball Cards  
in every sty

BURLAND,  
LAFRICAIN & Co.,  
115  
St. Francois Xavier  
Street.

Artificial Teeth

BERNARD & DAVIS  
Dentists,  
56, Craig Street.

INVITE the  
attention of  
persons requiring Art-  
ificial Teeth to their  
large and varied as-  
sessment, comprising  
the most beautiful  
shapes and shades of  
recent manufacture.  
Dr. BERNARD may  
be consulted person-  
ally from 10 o'clock  
a.m. to 4 o'clock p.m.  
daily.

R. S. LATHAM,  
Chemist,  
Corner Beuvs and  
Craig Streets.

McDOUGALL'S  
Carbolic Acid  
Preparation,  
Medico-Pencil for  
Corns and Warts,  
Toilet Perfume  
Cases, Toilet Bottles,  
Smelling Bottles suit-  
able for Xmas and  
New-Year presents.  
Woodford's Oint-  
ment for *Chilblains*—  
safe and certain cure.  
Lubin's Jockey  
Club and Violet  
Pomade.



Vol. I.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, 1ST JANUARY, 1869.

Price—Five Cents.

## THE BEST PRESENT FOR THE SEASON IS A GOOD BOOK.

DAWSON BROTHERS have a very large stock, suited to all needs. Standard Books for Adults, and Story Books and Travels for Young People, in bright and substantial bindings. They have also a very fine assortment of Bibles and Prayer Books, and many other things, such as Desks, Albums, Zootropes, &c., appropriate to the season.

Nos. 55 to 59 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

H. Corrigan,  
*Shakespeare Inn,*

77  
St. Francois Xavier  
Street.

LUNGII every  
day from 12  
to 4.

Oysters cooked to  
order.  
A choice assort-  
ment of Wines,  
Spirits, Cigars and  
DOW'S Celebrated  
Ales.

Established 1859.  
HENRY R. GRAY  
Chemist & Druggist

144  
St. Lawrence Main  
Street,  
Montreal.

PHYSICIANS'  
Prescriptions  
carefully prepared &  
forwarded to all parts  
of the City.

H. J. Benallack

General Dealer in  
Teas,  
Coffees and Choice  
Groceries,  
Bonaventure  
Building,  
Montreal.

SPECIAL  
attention paid  
to the supplying of  
families.  
Just received, a  
select assortment of  
Fruits, Almonds,  
Candied Peel, &c.

THE ADAMS  
Tobacco Factory,  
St. Mary Street,  
Montreal.

THIS Estab-  
lishment is  
now in full working  
order.

All kinds of Fine  
and Staple Tobaccos  
of the Best Brands  
supplied to the Trade.

McMullen & Adams  
St. Mary Street.

Wm. DOW & CO.  
Brewers & Distillers,  
Montreal.

INDIA Pale  
and Mild Ales  
and Brown Stout, in  
Wood and Bottle.  
Families regularly  
supplied at their res-  
idences.

Brewery & Offices,  
98 St. Joseph Street

OPINIONS of THE PRESS

[First Notice.]

DIOGENES, a pictorial comic paper, comes out with a much pleasanter face than might be supposed to have been habitual with the old Cynic. The paper, printing and enterprise generally, have made a step beyond anything yet attempted in this much-tried line of journalism. As a general thing, the wit is a shade too deep for cursory readers and minds that seek amusement rather than study; but the capabilities of the paper may be judged from the opening or introductory cartoon, which represents old DIOGENES merrily devouring a heap of oysters to the tune of "It is our opening day," and quoting Shakespeare as follows: "Why then the World's mine oyster, which I with sword will open. The following feeling lines, (entitled "One More Unfortunate") should not be confined to its columns.—Montreal Daily Witness.

[Second Notice.]

The second number is better than the first. The wood-cutting in it is exceedingly good. It is a respectable production.—ib.

[Third Notice.]

The illustrations of our witty contemporary are a creditable proof of the progress of art in Montreal. We hope this venerable cynic will, in his lantern, search for honest men, find such a goodly number in Canada as materially to change the somewhat prevalent opinion that public men are, generally speaking, rogues.—ib.

[Fourth Notice.]

DIOGENES, to-day, contains one of the cleverest things we have seen in the way of pictorial wit. The old Cynic is represented coming suddenly into our City Council chamber and holding up his lantern to discover an honest man. Most of the Councillors sink to the eyes behind their desks, while one hides his head entirely; but the light falls upon an excellent likeness of Councillor Alexander, sitting in the calm dignity of rectitude and benevolence. The picture is entitled "Sterling Worth," and Diogenes reversing the well-known words of the Macedonian conqueror says: "If I were not Diogenes I would be Alexander."—ib.

The illustrations are extremely good. When we say that so far as the design is concerned they are worthy of John Leech, we are merely doing them justice.—Montreal Daily News.

It is very well printed, and the wood cuts are well done both by artist and engraver. We wish the new comer every success; and we hope the course of events will give the writers good subjects on which to display their genius.—Montreal Gazette.

DIOGENES.—This is the title of a new comic paper published in Montreal, and which, if we may judge from the first number that has reached our hands, is a decided hit, and deserves support. The rock on which our Canadian humorists strike is 'personality,' and indeed it is easier to be personal than witty. We trust that DIOGENES will avoid the danger, and continue to afford matter for good-humoured laughter.—Montreal True Witness.

[First Notice.]

DIOGENES.—The Athenian philosopher in his tub has reached the city of Quebec, and we must compliment the editors and proprietors of this little publication on its making its debut before a Canadian audience. The illustrations and cartoons are the best we have seen from the Metropolitan City for a number of years. The articles are also select, and are written with marked care and ability. The philosopher and his tub have our best wishes for his future prosperity.—Quebec Chronicle.

[Second Notice.]

There is room for a respectable and cleverly conducted journal of this kind in the chief city among its merits will be the notice and discussion of topics of general more than local interest, we have given another reason for the belief that DIOGENES will establish a powerful claim to an extensive support throughout the Dominion.—ib.

OPINIONS of THE PRESS

[Third Notice.]

DIOGENES.—The third number of this interesting little paper is to hand. It contains two neatly executed cartoons, one entitled "A Struggle for a Mitre." The Bishops of the Dominion are represented in it assisting each other to climb a pole, upon the top of which the coveted mitre and crozier are placed, with a couple of small fishes. DIOGENES is well worthy of being patronized.—ib.

[Fourth Notice.]

DIOGENES No. 5.—A marked improvement is perceptible both in the subjects of illustration and the reading matter in the last number of the Athenian Philosopher DIOGENES. The principal cartoon, "Justice," (ornamented with the head of a jack-ass, partially blind-folded and holding the scales, one end preponderating, with the inscription "Shilly-Shallying," "Taxed costs," "Appeals.") is very good. The following verses are descriptive of the subject:—

Must Justice be restrained by Fear?  
Must righteous judgment fail?  
Must Truth, with Falshood weighed, appear  
A Feather in the Scale? &c. —ib.

[First Notice.]

This addition to the comic literature of the sister city promises well, both in spirit and appearance. The illustrations are superior to anything yet produced by its rivals and predecessors, and the reading matter is clever and confined within the limits of good taste. The title is somewhat cynical, but judging by the vignette our Canadian DIOGENES has studied his philosophy as much at the feet of the laughing Thracian as before the tub of the sour Athenian. Let him provoke laughter at men's follies while blaming them, and all will heartily wish him success.—Quebec Mercury.

[Second Notice.]

The second number of DIOGENES is like Joey Bagstock—"deep, and d—sh sly;" tonsily, perhaps, to take with the multitude. The cartoon is excellent, and would do credit to Punch; so is the scene at the Laprairie Camp.—ib.

[Third Notice.]

The matter is certainly clever and original, and the engravings of a very high degree of excellence.—ib.

Il se publie à Montréal un petit journal anglais, satirique et comique. Pour fouetter les ridicules de son temps, il s'affuble du manteau et du nom de DIOGENE. La lanterne à la main, (ne pas confondre avec le fanal rouge du citoyen Buies) DIOGENE cherche des hommes affligés de quelques ridicules pour les immoler à sa verve caustique. Inutile de dire qu'il a beau jeu à frapper chaque fois qu'il sort de son tonneau. Souvent, DIOGENE frappe juste et lance au but ses traits acérés.—Journal de Québec.

DIOGENES is the title of a new comic paper published in Montreal, the first number of which has just reached us. The illustrations are very creditable and the letterpress entertaining. We wish DIOGENES success.—Ottawa Citizen.

[First Notice.]

This is another and the latest Punch Paper in the Dominion. It has great merit in a pictorial light, with sufficient promise of fun to make us look for more in future. And it contains within it signs of longevity, being well patronized in the advertising line. Its humour is quiet and subdued, with no approach to literature, the rock upon which all its predecessors have struck and perished. Wishing it success, and requesting it to keep free from libel, we wait patiently for No. Two.—Kingston Whig.

[Second Notice.]

The old Tub Man improves. Its illustrations are as good as in Number 1, while the matter is better.—ib.

This is a new and spirited comic weekly illustrated journal, after the style of Punch, the third number of which has appeared at Montreal. It is ably edited, and got up in good style, the engravings being first-class.—London Prototype.

OPINIONS of THE PRESS

We have received the first three numbers, and it grows more clever as it advances in age. Some of the cartoons are decidedly excellent. The last is "A struggle for a mitre," in which the coveted object is reared upon a pole, and one aspirant by standing on the shoulders of a brother is able to extend his hand provokingly near to it without the power to touch it. The reading matter is very good, displaying much liveliness and humour, but never degenerating into rude personality. We wish DIOGENES a long and prosperous career, which he certainly deserves, and hope that he will soon have to enlarge the dimensions of his Tub. The scintillations of his lantern should attract a large crowd of admirers.—Gulf Mercury.

The reading is very good, and some capital hits are made. We wish it success.—Beleuille Intelligencer.

The reading is racy, original, and by no means intemperate.—Brantford Courier.

We have received the first three numbers, the cuts of which are pungent and unmistakably significant. We recommend it to our readers.—Peterboro' Review.

The whole thing is well got up, and the paper deserves to be liberally patronized.—Morrisburg Courier.

The cuts are very good, and the text sparkling with wit. We wish it success.—Waterloo Advertiser.

We hope the cynical philosopher will succeed, and obtain a liberal support.—Stanstead Journal.

The first number bears evidence of talent and wit of a high order, while it is at the same time free from vulgar personalities. We quote two pieces from it on our first page.—St. Johns (Q.) News.

DIOGENES is decidedly ahead of anything of the kind ever attempted in Canada, in so far as the general 'get-up' is concerned. The typography is handsome, and the engravings are excellent. The 'quacks' are of a higher order than have hitherto characterized publications of this class. Altogether it is a sheet of no mean order, and we wish it a long and useful career.—Huntingdon Journal.

DIOGENES is not at all particular how it punches its contemporaries and officials around Montreal. Typographically it looks well—neatly got up; and, with the wit and satire displayed by its editor, it must command a large circulation.—Granby Gazette.

DIOGENES is the name of a new comic paper started in Montreal. Its "witticisms" are very good, being of a somewhat superior style to what is generally found in publications of the kind on this side of the Atlantic.—Halifax Express.

DIOGENES. This new comic illustrated paper, published at Montreal, can be had at Geo. E. Munton's. The engravings are very cleverly executed, the cartoon in the number before us being worthy of Punch in its best days.—Halifax Citizen.

The first two numbers make a good appearance—the reading matter and illustrations being somewhat racy, not even inferior to Punch across the Atlantic.—New Glasgow (N. S.) Eastern Chronicle.

The third number of DIOGENES, a weekly Comic Paper printed at Montreal, is received. The paper is well got up mechanically, and is certainly the best of its kind yet produced in the Dominion. The jokes and cartoons are excellent. The "Games of the Bishops" is a capital thing. We welcome DIOGENES to our sanctum very cordially.—The Union Advocate, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Montreal has a new comic illustrated weekly entitled DIOGENES. The opening numbers have some good hits, and promise well. The cartoons are creditable in design and execution. We trust our Provincial neighbors will appreciate the merits of DIOGENES, and enable him to keep his lantern trimmed and burning.—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

DI O G E N E S .

In response to the wishes of numerous friends, it has been decided from this day to open up a Subscription List in Town and Country.

DI O G E N E S will be sent every Friday, free by post, to any part of the Dominion, and be delivered within the City limits, at the rate of

\$2.50

per Annum, payable in advance.

Intending Subscribers are requested to notify their wishes to

DI O G E N E S,

Box 543, P. O.,

MONTREAL.

The following have been appointed Agents for the sale of DI O G E N E S in the principal Cities and Towns of the Dominion:—

- HALIFAX..... Messrs. MORTON & CO.
- OTTAWA..... " HAUSER & FULTON
- "..... " JONES & HOLLAND
- KINGSTON..... Mr. HENDERSON.
- TORONTO..... " IRVING.
- QUEBEC..... Messrs. HOLLIWELL, and MIDDLETON & DAWSON.

Through whom back numbers may be obtained on application.

Monthly Parts, neatly stitched in coloured wrappers, will be ready for issue in a few days.

price One Shilling.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY VISITS.

DIOGENES decidedly objects to this custom, but, as a comparative stranger in Canada, what can he do to put a stop to what has, from time immemorial, been looked upon as a necessary mode of ushering in the New Year? Consequently, he feels bound to throw his Tub open to visitors, and he hopes that to-day it will be filled with all the rank, fortune, talent and beauty of this Metropolis. Nevertheless, he wishes to raise his voice against the absurd system of once a year, rushing about from house to house, drinking a glass of "something" under each roof, and indulging in dismal platitudes during the space of three minutes and a half. DIOGENES is prepared to swear, (if for this once only he may be allowed to do such a thing,) that the following conversation will take place from 50 to 100 times in every house, where the ladies sit in state to "receive" visitors on the First of the Year.

*Scene*—A House in Montreal; the shutters partially closed, so that the carpet shall not be faded by the rays of the sun; the room choked with furniture (from which all the chintz coverings have been removed for this imposing occasion), and the Mistress of the House, decked out in her most gorgeous array, prepared to entertain (?) her guests.

Enter one guest,—say Mr. Jones,—after falling over two or three chairs, and severely injuring his shins.

*Mr. Jones.*—How-do, Mrs. Smith? the compliments of the season to you.

*Mrs. Smith.*—The same to you, and many of them, Mr. Jones.

*Mr. J.*—How dreadfully cold it is to-day!

*Mrs. S.*—Yes; the weather is unusually severe. Have you paid many visits?

*Mr. J.*—This is my thirty-fourth, and I have still twenty-five left to do. How many visitors have you had?

*Mrs. S.*—Oh! You are my forty-second. Will you take a glass of wine?

*Mr. J.*—Thanks; a glass of sherry, please. Have you seen this week's DIOGENES?

*Mrs. S.*—Oh, yes! isn't it good? Whose likeness do you think is the best in the cartoon?

*Mr. J.*—It is really hard to say; they are all so good.

*Mrs. S.*—The paper seems quite a success. I am so glad of it, for we always look forward to getting it every Friday.

[*Ring at bell heard.*]

*Mr. J.*—I'm sorry, I must be running away. Good bye, Mrs. Smith; remember me kindly to your husband.

*Mrs. S.*—Good bye, Mr. Jones. (Exit Jones.)

Robinson now enters; and the same conversation commences again.

And so it goes on, all day long, with little or no change; and DIOGENES humbly desires to know what good can possibly ever come of it. Every one objects to the insane system, yet nobody attempts to give it its *quietus*. It is not only a melancholy waste of valuable time, but it is in many cases productive of actual harm; for it stands to reason, that, when gentlemen, and more especially young gentlemen, have been incautiously accepting a glass of wine at every house, where they visit, they are not perfectly certain, as the afternoon wears on, whether they are standing upon their heads or their heels.

Therefore, ye leading matrons of Montreal! let it be given out, authoritatively, to-day, that this is positively the last time that you will "receive" on New Year's Day. When it ceases to be fashionable with the leaders of fashion, the absurd custom will have received its death-blow, and the frenzied jealousy that has been engendered between Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, because Mrs. S. has received five more visitors

han Mrs. J., will be numbered amongst the things of the past.

DIOGENES concludes his remarks by wishing all his readers a "Happy New Year."

## PERSONAL.

Before the year 1868 is buried in the tomb of his "astonished ancestors," (*vide Daily News*.) DIOGENES returns his sincere thanks to numerous editors and correspondents who have kindly approved of the course he has hitherto pursued. He again begs to state, for the information of would-be contributors, that nothing will induce him to admit into his columns any malicious attack on private individuals; and that even in discussing the public conduct of public men, his articles will never transgress the boundaries of legitimate *persiflage*. As this is the last time that DIOGENES will touch upon this topic, he respectfully lays before the public the following summary of his social creed, in the words of two celebrated English authors:—

"If there is anybody under the canister of Heaven that I hate, it is the slanderer who goes about like a boy-constructor, and circulates his calomel upon honest folks."

MRS. GRUNDY, A.D. 1868.

"It is not goode to speake evill of all whom we knowe bad; it is worse to judge evill of any who may prove goode. To speake ill, upon knowledge, shewes a want of charitie; to speake ill, upon suspicion, shewes a want of honestie. I will not speake so bad as I knowe of manie; I will not speake more bad than I knowe of anie. To knowe evill of others, and not speake it, is sometimes discretion; to speake evill of others, and not knowe it, is always dishonestie. Hee may be evill himselfe who speakes goode of others upon knowledge; but hee can never be goode himselfe, who speaks evill of others upon suspicion."

MR. ANON, A.D. 1668.

## RHETORICAL TRICKS.

It is not unfrequent for an educated speaker, who is addressing a mixed crowd, and who wishes to gain a few seconds for thought, to express a statement in plain Saxon words, and then to repeat exactly the same statement in grandiloquent terms derived from the Latin. This artifice frequently escapes detection, and the ingenious speaker effects his object. Dr. Johnson, in the same way, thought in pure English, and then translated his thought into what Macaulay has called, Johnsonese. "The Rehearsal," said Urso Major, "has not wit enough to keep it sweet." Then, after a pause, "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."

But a fault less excusable than even this is, for a writer to express in two consecutive clauses of a sentence, one and the same idea; at the same time uniting the clauses by some illative particle. It may be said that this is never done. Here, however, is a specimen of the trick, taken from an article in the *Chatham Planet*, which was lately republished in the *Daily Witness*:—

No man can communicate to others knowledge of which he is not himself possessed; and, consequently, whatever knowledge it is deemed necessary to impart to the great mass of society must first exist in the mind of him to whom the office of instructor is entrusted.

Now, it may be remarked with respect (or rather disrespect) to this sentence, that not only is the truth enunciated in its first clause self-evident, but it is also actually identical with the proposition that forms the second clause. The whole sentence, therefore, is utterly without value, and, as such, has attracted for a moment the cynical attention of DIOGENES.

SOME ACCOUNT OF AN INTERVIEW THAT TOOK PLACE RECENTLY BETWEEN DIOGENES, THE CYNIC PHILOSOPHER, AND JOHN ALLEN, "THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK."

(Continued.)

DIOGENES is unwilling to weary his readers with more of John Allen's conversation, and will, therefore, conclude in a few words the narrative of Mr. A's career. He was beyond all doubt a consummate hypocrite, and completely bamboozled the philanthropic agents of the Howard Mission. The following extract from the *New York Tribune* will exhibit the full extent of his duplicity and their credulity:—

The culminating point of the prayer meeting yesterday was John Allen's public announcement of his hope of conversion, and his prayer for divine help and guidance. He was deeply moved, and spoke timidly as though he felt his unworthiness. He was John Allen to the last, but a modified and solemnized John Allen. His prayer was simple, but direct. The scene was indescribable,—the emotion overpowering. Every heart seemed to sympathize with John and to put up a prayer for his full salvation. The enthusiasm was so great that, after the meeting had been dismissed, a second one was spontaneously organized, and it was with difficulty that the house could be cleared. Since then John has repeatedly requested his friends to pray with him in private, but until to day he did not seem to have any hope of forgiveness and was downcast and disquieted; but now he believes he has found that peace which passeth knowledge. It is to be hoped that he will be able to hold out in the good work upon which he has so deliberately entered.

What a bitter satire this report now seems to DIOGENES, as he pens the record of Allen's subsequent proceedings! After having duly received the rent for his dance-house, and swindled the great American Showman out of a manuscript lecture, the "Wickedest Man in New York," (once more to quote his own words) "guessed he could run the machine alone, without any help from Mr. Barnum." He accordingly at once proposed to turn his infamous life and unenviable notoriety to profitable account, as a public speaker. A New York reporter who visited him about this time, found him slightly intoxicated, and rather disinclined to speak about his simulated reformation. After saying that "he didn't much like them praying folks any ways," he boldly announced his purpose of appearing in public as a preacher, when "he was goin' to sweep everything in Water Street." He finally acknowledged that he should charge a fee for admission, and expected by his lectures and moral exhibitions to raise the large sum of \$100,000. This sum, he declared he would place in the hands of Mr. Peter Cooper, or William B. Astor, for the purpose of erecting a large Magdalen Asylum on the banks of the Hudson River, a short distance above New York. He, (Allen), was of course to be installed as Chief Manager of the Institution. In pursuance of this magnificent design, he promptly advertised that he and the boy Chester would make their first public appearance, on a stated night, at Stamford, Conn. Tickets, 50 cents; children, half-price. A crowd assembled to hear him, attracted by the sensational accounts that had been published in even respectable New York journals. His "pals," Ikey Slocum, and "Big Dick Marvin," acted as money-takers on the occasion, and transferred into their pockets from the Stamford "gulls" a considerable quantity of shin-plasters. But when time was called, and the expectation of the audience was at his height, John Allen made his *début*, like Andy Johnson, in a pitiable state of intoxication. A row ensued. The duped inhabitants of Stamford demanded back their shin-plasters. Their demand was stoutly resisted by Ikey and his companion, who assured the audience that there was nothing wrong with Allen, and that he was quite ready to go on with the exhibition. The sequel may be imagined.

The news of Allen's *fiasco* was a severe blow to the Howard Mission. Religious zealots were staggered by his iniquity, and Oliver Dyer almost repented having published in *Packard's Monthly* his account of the "Wickedest Man." The moment that his lease with Mr. Van Meter had run out, John Allen painted out the sign above his door, wherein the public were informed that his place was "a home for fallen women." Again his dance-house became a Pandemonium,

and evil spirits, male and female, again thronged to his den. The end soon came. Captain Thorne, of the Fourth Precinct, aided by three officers, made a descent one morning on 304 Water Street, and arrested John Allen and his wife, five women, and "Boston Tom." DIOGENES drops the curtain, while this select Company is before the Police Court.

He has but little more to say. He would not have alluded at all to so odious a subject, had he not believed that a great moral, and one that is little understood, underlies the whole painful narrative. Nobody for one instant doubts the loving-kindness, zeal, and integrity of the New York missionaries. But however well-intentioned, they are notoriously weak-headed; and having now by their blind credulity rendered themselves the laughing-stock of the ruffians and abandoned women of Water Street, it will be long before they can hope to effect another foot-hold in the same foul "rookery." If DIOGENES is correct in his views, they announced their Revival prematurely. They foolishly attempted to sow the seed of Christianity, before the soil on which they had to operate was prepared to receive it. The denizens of the Fourth Ward need moral improvement before their spiritual wants can be successfully attended to. They must be cleansed before they are Christianized. Degraded characters like John Allen, Kit Burns, and Ikey Slocum, should be regarded with strong suspicion, when they are declared by enthusiasts to have leapt, as it were, into Paradise, from the rum-shop, the dance-hall, or the rat-pit.

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYMES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

No. II.

"HUSH-A-BY BABY."

Hush-a-by, Wilkins, go play with your top,  
Repeal is "spilt milk," and now leaves but a slop:  
When the cry ceases, you'll find that the squall  
Has floored your pet project—Vail, Annand and all!

"HUMPTY DUMPTY."

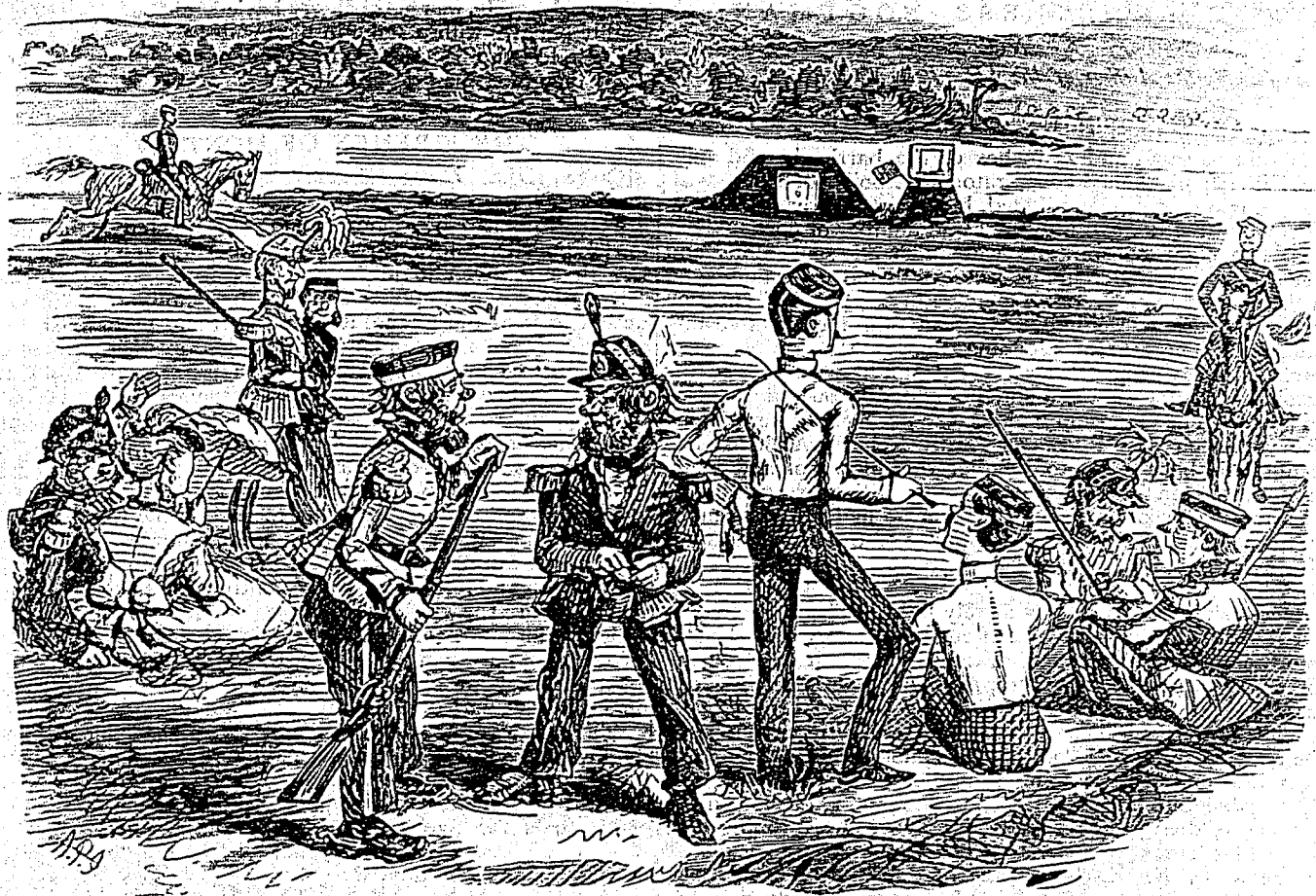
Martin I. Wilkins had a great fall,  
With Annand, the "Minute of Council," and all;  
All the big Leaders, and all the trained men  
Can't set up a costly Convention again!

"A SONG OF SIXPENCE."

Sing a song of sixpence, Repeal has gone to grass,  
Wilkins, Vail and Company, each proves himself an ass:  
None can stay the havoc that all around is seen—  
Isn't it a pretty dish to set before the Queen?

VOX DEI VOX POPULI DEBET ESSE.

The *Evening Telegraph*, of the 26th December, quotes Carlyle on the Jamaica Question as follows:—"A Lord Chief-Justice spoke for 6 hours to prove that there is no such thing, or ever was, as Martial Law, and that any Governor, commanded-soldier, or official person, putting down the frightfullest mob—insurrection, Black or White, shall do it with the rope round *his* neck, by way of encouragement to him. \* \* \* there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with Human Society, from its first beginning to its ultimate end, an Actual Martial Law of more validity than any Law whatever." Tom Carlyle! DIOGENES agrees with you that all insurrection, rebellion, and sedition *must* be put down—with fire and sword if necessary; but is, what you call, "Actual Martial Law" of more validity than the Law of God? Justice, as dispensed by the paid expounders of the Law of Man, may be faulty, but the Law of God saith, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed."



A REMINISCENCE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

*First Volunteer:* BE THEY REG'LARS?

*Second Volunteer:* YA'AS; AND ONE HEARS SO MUCH SAID ABOUT THEIR SUPERIOR BEARING. MUST SAY, I DON'T SEE IT.

A FEW WORDS ON THE "GRECIAN BEND."

DIOGENES, like the pleasant writer of the "Ab Antro" essays in the *Gazette*, has been pursuing some researches into the history of the "Grecian Bend." He has not been so successful as he wished to be. He can find but one reference to it in modern times, and will be grateful to any correspondent for further light on the subject. In a Satire entitled "Progress," which was published in 1849 by John Godfrey Saxe, *DIOGENES* has discovered the following allusion to the outrageous fashion in question:—

"To-day, she glides along with queenly grace,  
To-morrow, ambles in a mincing pace.  
To-day, erect, she loves a martial air,  
And envious train-bands emulate the fair;  
To-morrow, changing as her whim may serve,  
'She stoops to conquer' in a Grecian curve."

A note on this passage informs us that Terence (who wrote comedies a little more than two thousand years ago) alludes to this, and a kindred custom *then* prevalent among the Roman girls:

"Virgines, quas matres student

Demissis humeris esse, vincto corpore, ut graciles fiant."

The sense of this passage may be given in English, with sufficient accuracy, thus:

Maidens, whom fond maternal care has graced  
With stooping shoulders, and tight-girdled waist.

A SURPRISE.

Yes—it is,—it is her writing,  
Like fairest copper plate,  
And my love has been inditing  
A note to intimate,  
That tho' sharply she refused me,  
Her meaning was not such;  
And altho' she once abused me,  
She now finds she loves me much.  
When I made my declaration,  
On my knees, with start and stutter,  
I had settled each tarnation  
Sentence that I ought to utter;  
But, "some how or an other,"  
I quite forgot my speeches,  
For her troublesome young brother  
Had upset a jar of leeches,  
And one on the carpet crawling  
Fixed on my unlucky calf,  
Which, of course, set me a-bawling,  
And caused my love to laugh!  
Why do I stop—confound it—  
I'll open the note, I will—  
I broke the seal and found it  
Was the *butcher's weekly bill!*

## THE BRAINLESS FOOTMAN;

NOT

By the Author of the "Headless Horseman."

## CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER III.

Within 10 yards and 23 inches of the barricade, and quite close to the blackened conspirators, the boiler of the magnificent engine suddenly exploded, blowing the driver into 997 pieces, and the fireman into the same number of portions, bar 12. The eight conspirators were also all sent aloft, and when their scattered remains were collected, they numbered in the aggregate 5,420, or an average of 677½ each. On such solemn occasions we like to be exact in these interesting statistics. The fate of Blondina B. was also sealed. The force of the explosion threw the cars off the track, and the heroine of our story was found imbedded in the ruins—alas! no more. The explosion had been too severe for her system. She was even past Radway's Ready Relief. Alphonse had fortunately been able to weather the blow up, and might have been seen by a casual observer, withdrawing his hand from the pocket of the mangled one, who had risked so much on his account. Oh! for the depravity of the brute creation!

## CHAPTER IV.—THE CONCLUSION.

Our task becomes comparatively light. The characters of our romance having been blown out of our story and elevated into the ethereal atmosphere of the azure sky, it only remains for us to dispose of our hero, Alphonse, the Brainless Footman.

Two months subsequent to the harrowing circumstances of the above-mentioned catastrophe, Alphonse might have been seen late one night issuing from beneath the portal of a respectable but hardly aristocratic-looking residence in the purlieus of the Quebec suburbs. His eyes were rolling wildly, and his hands were covered with clotted blood: whilst in his dexter fist he grasped an axe of the kind ordinarily used for splitting cordwood. From his excited manner it was quite evident that he had been splitting something else than cordwood. *He had. HE HAD JUST DEMOLISHED HIS WIFE!!*

Before many hours were over, the bloodhounds of the law were on his track, and that evening he was lodged in gaol. In due time he was brought to trial, found guilty by an intelligent jury, and sentenced to be hanged. His astute lawyer, however, having perceived that one of the jurymen during the long and impartial trial had fallen asleep, obtained a new trial, without the slightest difficulty or delay, under a writ of error. A second time he was brought up for trial: a second time found guilty and a second time sentenced to be hanged. A second time he was respited; but on this occasion it was because some one in the Court had handed a newspaper (which contained an account of the opening of the Victoria Bridge) to one of the jury when they were retiring to consider their verdict. This objection was of course deemed valid, and a third time he stood his trial, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. A third time he was respited because his counsel was able to prove incontestably that the Judge had taken one glass of sherry too much! It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back!

Alphonse himself at last became tired of all this shilly-shallying, and bethought himself of an easier system of putting a stop to all this uncertainty. A nail in the wall, and his suspenders were enough. He availed himself of their valuable services, and, the morning following his third trial, was found in his cell, dead as a coffin-nail!

He died game! His appetite on the morning of his suicide was unexceptionable, and, owing to the extreme liberality of the gaol authorities, his last breakfast consisted of an unlimited quantity of beefsteak, the whole of which he devoured

ravenously. He was accordingly buried, as our readers will readily believe, with a stake in his inside!

Our tale is told. As for the moral of it—it may be more easily imagined than described.

## THE FIREMEN OF MONTREAL.

Quite right, *Daily Witness!* Quite right, Mr. Alfred Perry! DIOGENES figuratively pats you on the back. It is a shame that the Firemen should be expected at all times to risk their lives for the paltry pittance of \$300 per annum; less than is given to juvenile clerks, who have only themselves to keep, or to policemen who frequently have little to do but to wear the Corporation uniform and perambulate the streets. Have nine-tenths of the public any idea in what the duties of these men consist? If not, DIOGENES will tell them. They have day and night to be fully prepared by the aid of one element to repel the attacks of another, and it is only those who have faced a conflagration in all its fury who know the arduous nature of a fireman's calling. These ill-paid and hard-working men may be summoned at any moment, any night, and often every night, to answer the fire alarm and confront the danger of perishing in the flames, or of being crushed by falling walls, while they are gallantly attempting to save life and property. Frequently they are deluged with water from the hose, and are compelled to work indefatigably for hours, encased in icy clothing, with no possibility of obtaining a change. Often, too, after returning to their quarters they are obliged to turn out again to another fire in a different part of the city.

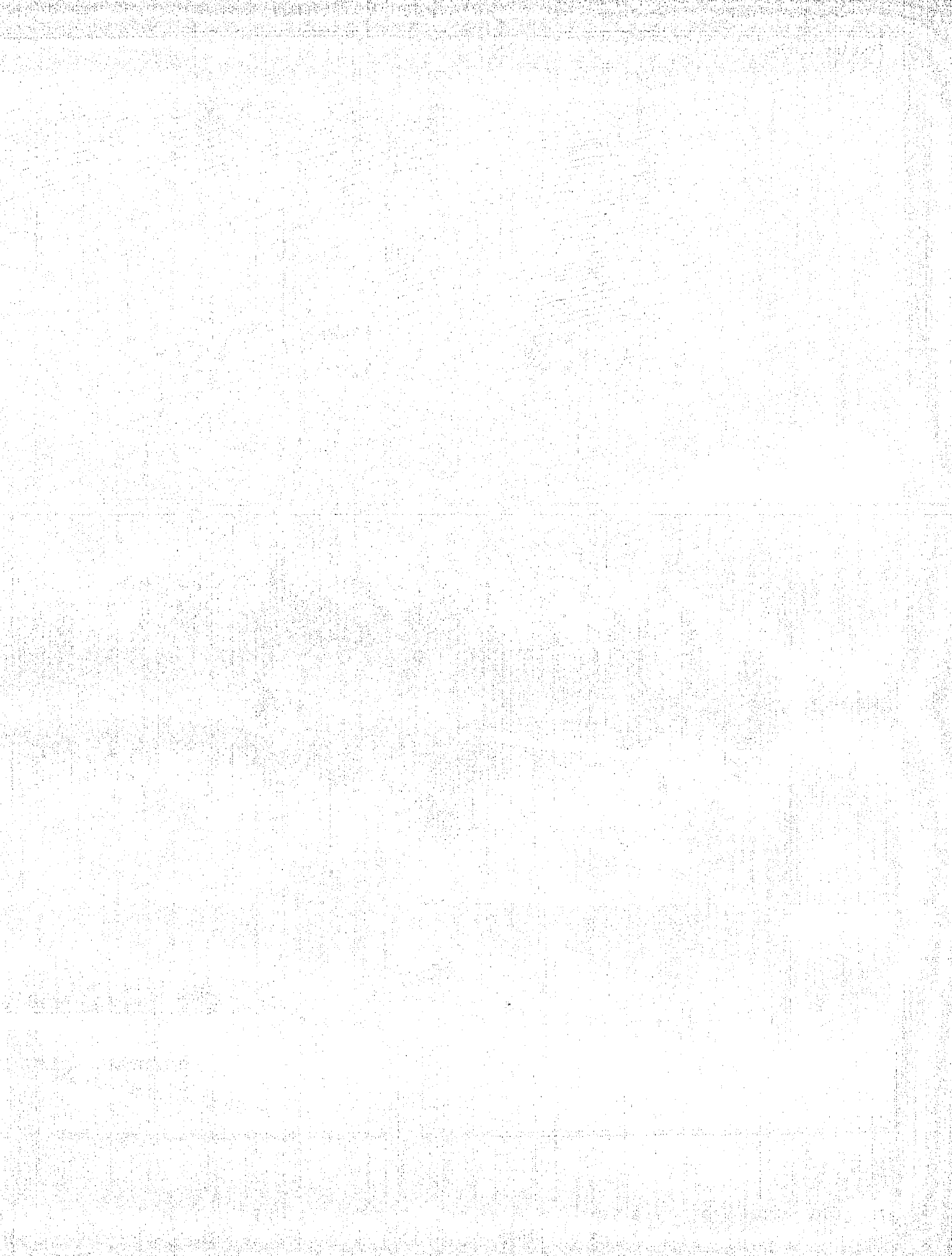
The readers of DIOGENES may think that this picture is highly colored, but do not our cemeteries contain the bodies of several of these devoted men who, within the last few months, have died at their posts,—hose-branch in hand?—As regards the \$300 a year, of course the answer of the Corporation is, "We can get men to face the danger for this despised sum; why then should we give more?" True, quite true, you can; but why trade on the necessities of poor men by offering so paltry a remuneration? Imagine yourselves, if you can, in the position of these firemen, and then ask of your own consciences whether the sum of \$300 per annum is an adequate "compensation" for services so valuable. Your answer must be in the negative; and now that a new year is at hand,—a season when the heart involuntarily opens to the sufferings and wants of others,—let simple justice be done by increasing the insignificant pay of these brave Firemen.

## FREE TRANSLATION BY AN AMERICAN.

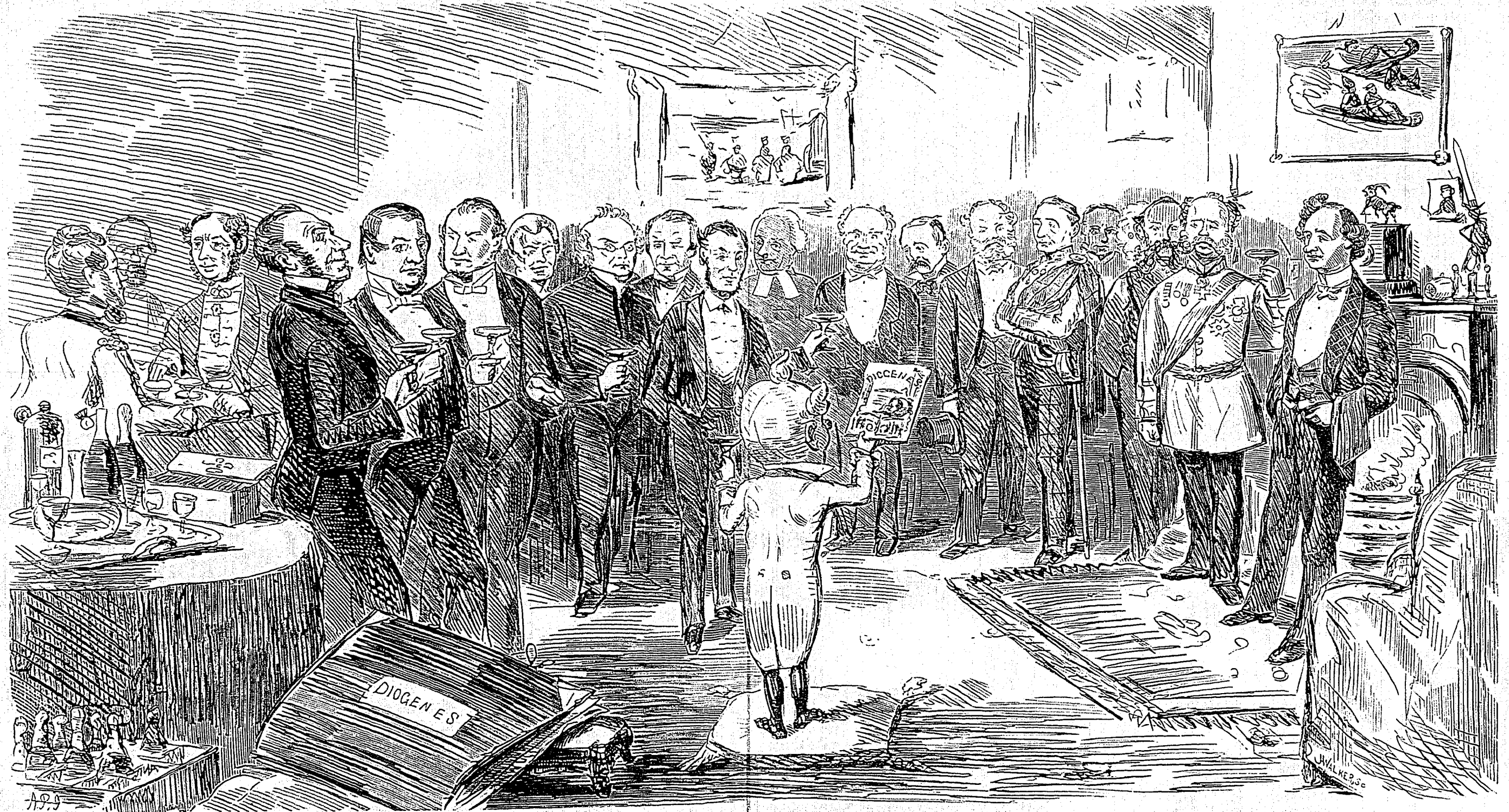
*In Vino Veritas.* Brandy peaches.

DIOGENES is no croaker—but he observes with some anxiety the proportions of the "point noir" on the horizon of the South East corner of Europe. A late telegram leaves no doubt that the Turkish Government, goaded to madness by the conduct of Greece during and after the Cretan rebellion, has now concentrated troops on the Thessalian frontier; while the advisers of the Hellenic King, positively refuse to yield anything to the protests of England and France.

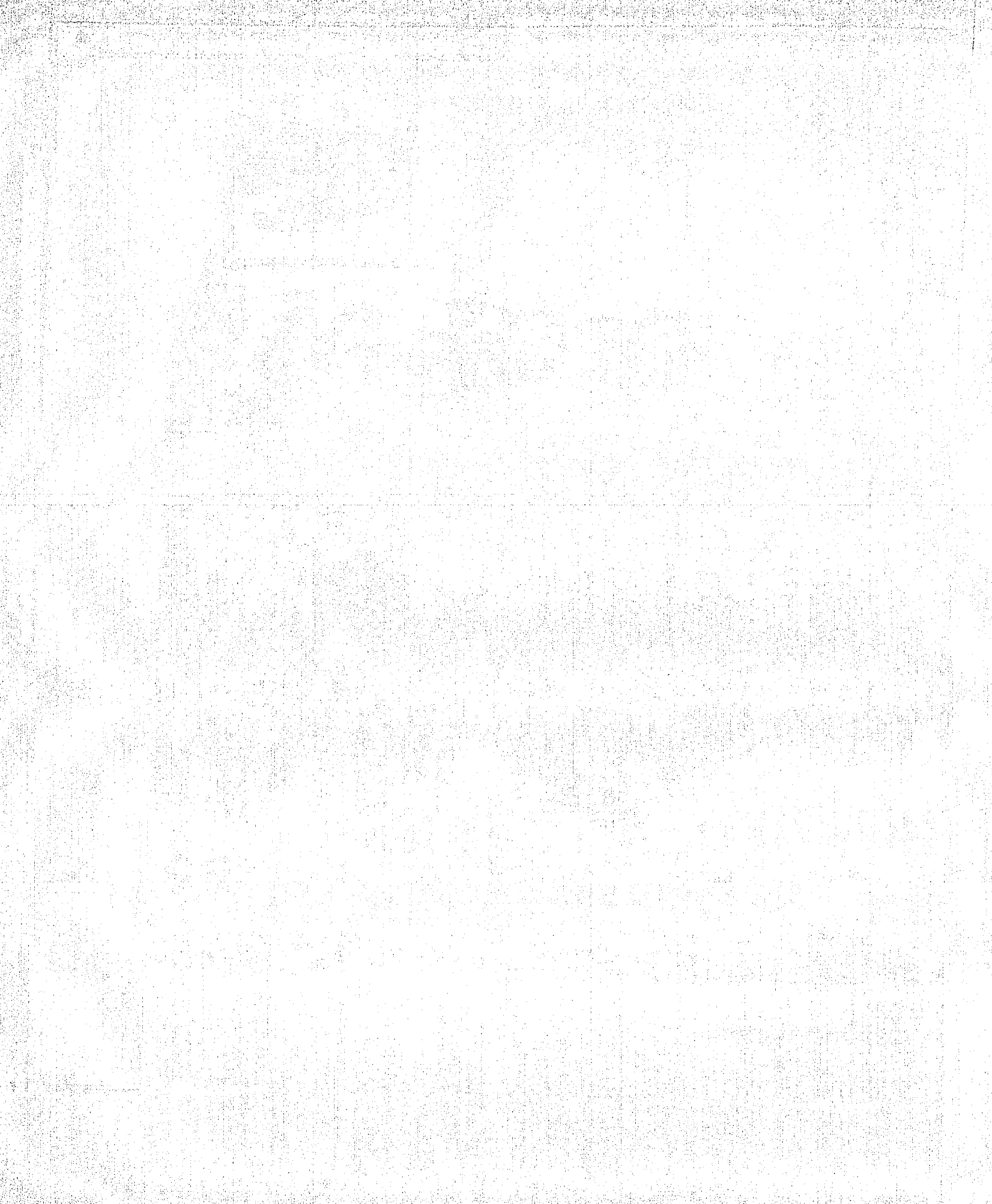
The success of our New Year's festivities is closely dependant on the happy and judicious amalgamation of *Turkey and Greece*;—and any one must see that the torch of war once ignited in such a locality can only be extinguished with great difficulty. But on the other hand, when one bears in mind how "continual dripping wears away stone," one cannot be surprised that the patience of the Ottoman Government has at length been worn out by the incessant "splurgings" of *Greece*.







THE NEW-YEAR.  
DIogenES RECEIVES A FEW DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.



A PRACTICAL MAN AND HIS POET.

DIOGENES at the present moment is under what is called "Grand Trunk influence." He has received, he supposes from the author, (with an urgent request for notice) a Poem on "The Grand Trunk Railway: its Achievements, Institutions, Scenery, Military and Principal Characters. By J. T. Breeze, a Canadian Poet, author of Poems on Toronto, Belleville, Kingston, Picton, Saughanash Shore, Niagara Falls, Confederation, The Martyred President, &c., &c., &c."

As the best compliment that can be paid an author is to quote his finest passages, DIOGENES has much pleasure in adorning his columns with the following sublime panegyric. The speeches last week at the "Brydges' Banquet" were rather ordinary samples of post-prandial oratory, and did but scanty justice to the merits of the guest. DIOGENES, therefore, is persuaded that the Managing Director of the G. T. R. will be delighted to read the ensuing tribute of praise from the pen of Mr. Breeze, "a Canadian Poet."—

To C. J. BRYDGES, ESQ.

Hail! Julius Caesar of the present age,  
 Towering above thy foes' most subtle rage;  
 Firm dost thou stand as stands the troubled earth  
 When earthquakes rave and mighty winds have birth;  
 Unmoved, but in the orbit God designed  
 For all the attributes of thy mighty mind.  
 No boasting Pompey can thy mind subdue,  
 Nor Cicero's words deter its purpose true—  
 It sweeps a compass like the mighty sun  
 That rules the planets in the course they run.  
 O! how vast the great machinery  
 O'er which thy mind doth cast its eyelight free  
 To plan, arrange, and well dispose the whole  
 With all the powers of thy capacious soul.  
 Thy country's good lies near thy heart benign,  
 Perpetual good thou dost for it divine;  
 Thy mental powers are tutored from their youth  
 Neath master minds who rule the world of truth.  
 Thou hast done well to raise our country's fame;  
 When troubles rise thy purpose stands the same.  
 Thou would'st do better if thy power could,  
 But out of evil brought'st the utmost good.  
 No humble mind could sway the power that thou  
 Dost bring to bear upon our country now.  
 Long live to lend the light that Heaven hath given,  
 And shed its lustre on our country even;  
 Then shall thy name be hallowed evermore,  
 And sound in song upon our favoured shore!

This magnificent burst of genuine eloquence is scarcely amenable to the ordinary rules of criticism, as it does not bear the slightest resemblance to any composition, inspired or otherwise, that DIOGENES has ever met with. Happy is Mr. Brydges in having Mr. Breeze as his Poet, and happy is Mr. Breeze in having Mr. Brydges as his Patron.

WANTED TO KNOW.

Has the lady who, in a recent novel, was represented as "sitting upon thorns" suffered any great personal inconvenience from her apparently disagreeable position?

Has the school-boy, who was sent home for the rest of the day, ever returned with it?

When "*pop* goes the weasel" is he dead or alive, and what sum of money does the pawnbroker lend on the animal?

What is the number of miles in the Halifax Repeal League?

And, where are indignant old ladies supposed to come from when they "draw themselves up"?

SCOTCHED—BUT NOT KILLED.

DIOGENES has learned with considerable satisfaction that the respectable Dispensing Chemists of the city have determined on throwing to the dogs—not their physic, but the odious and demoralizing patronage of the 33 per cent. Physicians. As yet, however, only one Chemist has openly announced himself sound on the discount question, and entirely dependent on the good opinion of the public. In pursuance of his expressed intention, DIOGENES has transferred to his columns the advertisement of Mr. Gray, and the Cynic hereby calls upon his numerous and respectable readers to "remember" that orthodox "apothecary." In thus drawing attention to a particular tradesman, DIOGENES wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is actuated solely by a desire to encourage the others, and not, as is the fashion with *pseudo* "inoffensive" daily papers, to represent the latest advertiser as the only respectable man of his calling. The Cynic has no intention of resorting to a system of puffing, which sensible newspaper-readers and respectable advertisers have long since learnt to despise. A puff in a local items column is now-a-days an insult to ordinary intelligence, and is only to be found in journals that have become more or less fossilized.

DIOGENES is informed that the number of Chemists who still hang on to the skirts of the Medicos, is confined to some half a dozen. He thinks it right that their names should be published as an act of justice to those who, like Mr. Gray, have had the courage to resist an odious exaction. If any gentleman of the Chemist's Association will be kind enough to furnish DIOGENES with the necessary information, and at the same time give a list of the professional individuals who exact discount, the Cynic will return to the subject in an early number.

In the meantime he awaits the advent of an Auctioneer who will announce his intention to forego the 50 per cent. discount he has hitherto demanded on advertisements graciously dispensed to the city papers. The Cynic will also be glad to publish the name of the newspaper proprietor bold enough to refuse discount to an Auctioneer, and honestly give the real advertiser—vizt., the individual who employs the auctioneer to sell his goods—the benefit which properly belongs to him.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The softest, gentlest ray of Heaven  
 Shining ere time began;  
 The purest gem to woman given,  
 The noblest trait in man.

The voice that bids the wretched live  
 And cheers each aching heart;  
 Together, joy and comfort give,  
 But pine and die, apart.

1. A Western judge, whose name still classifies a law;
2. The blackest character in Shakspeare's book;
3. A Dutch commander, London once did hold in awe;
4. An ancient minstrel's wife, lost through a look.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A salve for the "Bite of a Rope;"  
 A tear from the "Wind's Eye;"  
 A wrinkle from the "Face of Nature;"  
 A stave from a Barrel-organ; and  
 A picture of the Ass that *braed* at "Bonnie Doon."

## PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS TO DIOGENES :

## "THE CONFESSIONAL."

RITUALISM.—On Sunday night the Rev. Mr. Wood preached a sermon in favor of the Confessional. He said the main object of his recent journey to England was to consult others, older than himself, on the propriety of introducing the practice—a question which had been long on his mind—and, acting on their advice, he had determined to receive confessions from all who desired to make them. No doubt the practice had been abused. It should not consist in improper inquiries of penitents; but properly managed it must be a great "ease" both to the penitents and the clergy.—*Montreal Herald.*

See also a recent article in the *Daily Witness*,—a hint from which has been embodied in the following lines:—

My Cynic friend, you've heard, no doubt,  
I lately cross'd the broad Atlantic  
To seek the best advice about  
A point that nearly drove me frantic.  
And now illumined with new light,  
No longer fearful of transgression,  
I practise (when I can) the rite  
Of full Auricular Confession.

Of course for universal "ease"  
This offer of Confession made is :  
And luckily it seems to please  
One class especially—the Ladies.  
Men shun Confession—strange to say,  
They don't appreciate the system—  
But though they've always kept away,  
I frankly own—I never missed 'em.

'Tis sweet to breathe absolving words  
O'er pouting lips and drooping lashes,  
More sweet than to Creation's lords  
With bushy beards and big moustaches ;  
And if those only who "confess"  
Can hope, of grace to be the winners,  
'Tis sweetest to remit, I guess,  
The petty sins of pretty sinners :

For oh! my friend, I can't believe  
Their sins are really very awful—  
They merely copy Mother Eve  
In sometimes loving things unlawful ;  
And when the Penitents rehearse  
In trembling tones, their peccadilloes,  
I bless them that they are not worse,  
And send them smiling to their pillows !

## INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.

The public mind has of late been much occupied with the subject of Divorce for "Incompatibility of Temper." A few years ago arose the question "Why don't girls marry?"—Nearly every newspaper in England was loud in its denunciation of the "pretty Horse-breakers,"—those young ladies who, preferring the luxuries of their aristocratic homes, carriages, horses, livery-servants, maids, balls, parties, routs, dresses and the Park, sneered at marriage, a husband, a house in Brompton or at Peckham, and £500 or £600 a year, with domesticity and boiled mutton for dinner.—Nor was the rising male generation allowed to escape; all expensive habits were attacked. Why should Marmaduke, who is a clerk in the War or Foreign Office, keep his park-hack, and dine at the Epicurean with all the luxury of early peas and iced champagne? Why should Harry frequent Tattersall's, and why should Arthur employ Poole to cut his coats, and sport a stall at the Opera? Even the minor matters of Regalies de Londres and Brandy and Seltzer Water were touched upon, and public opinion—that self-constituted critic of men and manners—proclaimed aloud that ease and vanity kept the sexes apart and would continue to do so until it

(public opinion) should bring them to a proper understanding of their own enormities. The affair was supposed to involve the vital existence of the aristocracy, and some did not hesitate to assert that if things continued long in the same way, England would be ultimately depopulated. Many enthusiasts rushed into an opposite extreme, and it was not uncommon for young couples, hand in hand, to seek the altar of Hymen, after an acquaintance and courtship not exceeding two months' duration. "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," is an old saw, but not the less true. Many apparently charming and engaging persons conceal the lurking demon of ill-temper, who often shows his horns only when it is too late to recede, and what fate more unhappy than to be linked like a lame ass with a clog tied to its leg, to a partner whom you cannot really respect and esteem.

But whilst quoting early and ill-assorted marriages as prolific in incompatibility of temper, there are others which we must take into consideration of more personal interest for us with respect to the subject we have taken in hand.

There are two great epochs in a man's life; the first is his choice of a profession, and the second and greatest is his choice of a wife. Indeed it has been said, "On marriage one's wellbeing not only here but hereafter mainly depends." In France a young couple are hardly ever allowed to choose for themselves. There the *mariage de convenance* or *mariage de raison* prevails; it is generally a mercenary affair arranged and settled by the parents, and tacitly acquiesced in by the parties themselves, possibly because they consider it too much trouble to dissent, or more probably because they feel that their lot might be cast, peradventure, with some one infinitely more disagreeable. In England it was formerly the custom to make up marriages much in the same way. A young lady was helress to a property—her parents or guardians immediately looked round for some eligible young proprietor in the neighbourhood, and joining land to land was all that was talked of, as if it was more sacred than the rite of joining man to wife. Fortunately the *mariage de convenance* is not now in vogue in England, as it can never bring the true happiness through life, and the true solace in old age, which it is the appointed mission of marriage to fulfill. It is calculated only to bring about the verdict of 'incompatibility of temper,' and is so ably satirized in Mr. Robertson's Comedy, "Ours," that we quote the passage: "I, Brew-house, Malt-kilns, Public-houses and premises, take thee 'Landed Property, Grass and Arable Farm, Houses, Tenements, and Salmon Fisheries, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold for evening and dinner parties, for carriage and horseback, to love or to tolerate till mutual aversion do us part."

But still there is a serious stumbling-block to matrimonial happiness. "What is the appointed end and aim of every sensible woman?" asks a worldly lady of her daughter. "To make an eligible match," is the worldly reply. And of what does an eligible marriage consist now-a-days? A carriage and pair, a footman, the sea-side, or a spring tour, a few dinners, so many bonnets, and a certain supply of new dresses per annum. A mercenary man marries for money; a mercenary woman marries for position. Such a childish passion as love never enters the head of the present generation. Cupid might put his bow and arrows up to auction, and they'd be knocked down to some Jew pedlar for an old song. A young lady speaks of her intended, "Oh! I like George very well, and then he's got lots of money," but what are the gold mines of Ophir or the jewels of Golconda to the true, the pure, the real love. "A virtuous woman is a crown unto her husband," and he unto her a strong tower of support against the day of trouble. The victims of the *mariage de convenance* are sometimes to be pitied, as they are more sinned against than sinning, but ye seekers after

mercenary marriages—ye searchers after the pomps and vanities of this life—have naught to thank but your own wicked imagination for *your* incompatibility of temper. Some weak ones say, "We dread the opinion of the world, which would place us in the category of fools, if we married for love alone." Fools ye are already. The Emperor Theodosius married Eudocia,—a poor girl.—Catherine, consort of Peter the Great, had a Swedish dragoon for her first husband. Guizot's daughters, as my friend of the Club Window informs me, married for love,—a proceeding which Parisian *bon-ton* characterized as "very indelicate"; but did this weighty judgment affect their happiness in the least, or cause their husbands to repent their choice? *Dos est sua formâ puella*, "her beauty is a maiden's dower," and Syracides observes, "Forego not a wife and a good woman, for her grace is above gold."

DIOGENES has been at some trouble to show the origin of much of this incompatibility of temper. Marriage can never be happy if man and wife are unsuited to each other, and though DIOGENES does not approve of long engagements, he yet says, "Do not marry unless you are sure you can agree with your future partner." It occasionally happens that love is discovered to be all on one side, but though you love at present without return, *nil desperandum*, despair not at all; affection and constancy will work wonders in the end, and if you have linked your fate to a worthy object, you shall in no wise lose your reward. It is sad indeed to love, and to love in vain—to see that, whilst your heart is wholly offered on the shrine your of divinity, she in like manner casts hers at the feet of another idol that does not even respect what you would die for.

Pan loved Echo; Echo, Satyrus; Satyrus, Lyda.

"*Quantum ipsorum aliquis amantem oderat,  
Tantum ipsius amans odiosus erat.*"

Sappho, the poetess, loved Phaon, the boatman, of Mitylene, but Phaon's heart being otherwise engaged, Sappho took a sensation leap from the Leucadian Rock.

Says Horace:

"*Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida  
Cyri torret amor; Cyrus in asperam  
Declinat Pholoën.*"

And Allan Ramsay evidently had this verse in view when he wrote the "Gentle Shepherd":

"Then I like Peggy; Neps is fond o' me;  
Peggy likes Pate, and Pate is bauld and slee,  
And loes sweet Meg;—but Neps I downa see.  
Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then  
Peggy's to me, I'd be the happiest man."

In the above, we can see without spectacles that, from the moment of civilization's emerging from the mists of an obscure mythology until the present, the proverb, if not entirely correct in its wording, has yet held good in many instances, "The course of true love never ran smooth." Never mind, my reader, go to the fountain head, dam the stream a little here, widen the channel a little there—the course of true love *can* be smoothed, and the man who wins his wife as wife should be won, need never fear the dreadful sentence, "incompatibility of temper."

In conclusion, DIOGENES would severely censure the highly reprehensible occupation of "Peacocking." The Peacock, as every one is aware, is the type of pride, and "Peacocking" might well be bracketted with that vice in the catalogue of the Seven Deadly Sins. DIOGENES much dislikes to find on entering a room a young Pea-hen endeavouring to monopolize the attention of every Peacock present, or to come across the Peacock who endeavours to cut him out of a dance, and finally carries his partner off to supper from under his very nose, after having pecked and

plumed himself with all the vanity of his tribe. If Pea-hen or Peacock were to mate with any other bird less shallow of brain, the lamentable result would undoubtedly be "incompatibility of temper."

Take heed, therefore, ye sons and daughters of men—be not taken with the outside of the cup and platter—trust not the glare of the tinsel or the glitter of the gewgaw—dwell not too much on external appearances, but think on "the toad which, ugly and venomous, yet bears a precious jewel in its head." Let your thoughts when married be—What can I do to make my husband or wife happier, and our home more agreeable? The *Spectator* says,—"It requires more virtues to make a good husband or wife, than what go to the finishing of the most shining character whatsoever." *Lector, Vale!*

#### "ROBBING POOR MEN OF THEIR BEER."

Captain Williams of the Melbourne Slate Quarry, Eastern Townships, has decreed that all the workmen who refuse to sign the temperance pledge must quit his employ.

The above editorial appeared a day or two ago in the columns of the *Montreal Witness*. DIOGENES assumes the statement to be correct, and that henceforth none but rigid teetotalers will be privileged to dig and delve in the Melbourne quarries. The Cynic has not the distinguished honour of Capt. Williams' acquaintance. He does not know whether he is an off-shoot of the Army, Navy, or Horse Marines,—a local volunteer, an ex-commander of a river steamer or a raft, or a mere "ganger" over quarries.—Whoever he may be, he may be set down as an exceedingly "Earnest Teetotaler," resolved to enforce his doctrines where he cannot persuade.

DIOGENES, it need hardly be said, admires temperance, and is not at war with teetotalism. The *style* with which these lines are traced will never be employed in ridiculing those who, in the exercise of a noble self-denial and for the benefit of health, family, or reputation, refrain from the use of alcoholic stimulants. But the Cynic contemns with all the force of his philosophy the ignorant fanaticism which decrees that a body of hard-working labourers—not all of them, he would fain believe, positively hoggish in their abuse of liquor—shall be deprived of an opportunity of earning bread for their wives and little ones during the hardest months of a semi-arctic winter, if they refuse to pledge themselves to a total abstinence from their mid-day beer or half-and-half. Capt. Williams, with an aqueous soul beating in his uncompromising bosom, doubtless believes he is promoting the cause of temperance. DIOGENES, on the contrary, thinks him a type of that Repression which acts as a stimulant to Crime—helps to fill our gaols and asylums, and sends forth guileless children to beg from door to door until they become adepts in fraud and falsehood. Such misguided devotion to principle—such intemperate zeal for temperance—as that displayed by this Capt. Williams, can only awaken commiseration. If drunkards cannot be persuaded to lead a sober life, it is morally certain they can never be forced. If the advocates of teetotalism would only consent to be a little less "thorough" and display less intolerance of human weakness and frailty, their numbers would increase rather than diminish. As it is, DIOGENES notices, with regret, that they display a fanaticism little calculated to win the sympathy of those who, equally with them, deplore the existence of a gigantic evil, and an intolerance calculated to repel rather than attract the objects of their misguided solicitude.

#### INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

Soup Kitchens were introduced during the 1st Crusade by Godfrey de *Bouillon*, and to this redoubtable warrior, and not to Soyer, is due the invention of *Potage à la Palestine*.

## HANDBOOK for STRANGERS VISITING MONTREAL.

## NO. VII.—SCULPTURE.

DIOGENES, having already directed public attention to the Nelson Column and Fountains of the City, proceeds to describe minor works of statuary, which are none the less worthy of notice.

## THE BAS-RELIEF AT THE BACK OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

In passing along St. Paul Street, let the stranger take a glance at the pediment of the building and the sculpture in its tympanum. At first sight, this appears to be a veritable antique. DIOGENES, from his long residence in Greece, should be a judge of these matters, and, when he first beheld this work of art, pronounced it to be a representation of the "beardless Bacchus." The wand was there, but the helmet and shield were new symbols, which puzzled him. A friend informed him that it was meant for Britannia. If so, he trusts, that however beautiful it may be in an artistic point of view, it may be immediately removed. It is not seemly that Her Majesty's Custom House should be surmounted by a figure of Britannia in a state of intoxication. Individual sons of Britannia may at times have given way to this vice, but surely Britannia herself, in all her collective wisdom, never fell tottering on her shield in such a helpless condition,—at least, since the Dutch were in the Medway. The late humorous editor of the *Evening Telegraph* once suggested that Britannia was "sea sick," when this portrait was taken. Such a thing never could have occurred. Britannia rules the waves, and not the waves Britannia.

## THE COLOSSI IN WELLINGTON TERRACE.

In recent discussions on the erection of the proposed statue to the Queen, nobody seems to have remembered that we have already a statue of Her Majesty of noble and gigantic proportions. The Queen is guarded by her faithful defender, the late Duke of Wellington, who keeps at a respectful distance from his Royal Mistress. When seen from a distance, the whole Terrace suggests the idea of two ponderous ships of war moving side by side, with an enormous figure-head to each. The addition of a few masts and stays would entirely complete the illusion. The workmanship of these statues is bold and vigorous, if not very refined.

DIOGENES would not like to live in a house immediately under one of the colossi. He thinks his Tub safer. Not that these exquisite productions are made of massive brown stone. They were cut in wood by a distinguished ship-carpenter and afterwards made brown and "beautiful for ever" by some predecessor of Madame Rachel. As Lowell sensibly sings,

"What need of such a *deal of stone*  
When *stone of deal* is cheaper?"

## THE NEW STATUE OF ST. PATRICK.

Far be it from DIOGENES to seem to ridicule the memory of the great Patron Saint of Ireland. Be his birth-place in Scotland or France, any effigy of the great civilizer should be an ornament to Montreal. He asks the stranger, unhesitatingly, is it an ornament? The Cynic is not short-sighted, but altogether fails in seeing whether the figure be bad or good. He expected a noble statue placed on the ground in the centre of the square, and not a vague, indistinct creation in white and gold, standing sentry on the top of the Hall. St. Patrick dwelt among men and not in a pigeon-house, surmounted by gilt fireworks.

While on the subject of St. Patrick's Hall, DIOGENES assures the stranger that very pleasant re-unions are often held therein. DIOGENES attended the Bachelors' Ball, as in duty bound. He continued making love to "the fairest of

her sex," with whom, on Christmas Day, he had been *tobogganing*. (May Jupiter bless the word, and teach us all how to spell it.)

On calling on the lady, next day, he was rather astonished that she did not remember the offer of marriage which he had made to her on the previous evening. The lady is not deaf. Can it be that the peculiarities of the building are such that DIOGENES was not *heard*?

## THE PRIZE FOR IMPUDENCE.

When Montreal lost her wise and good Bishop, it seemed only natural that her citizens should unite in erecting some kind of a monument to the memory of one so loved and revered. After much discussion (not carried on in the most dignified spirit), it was determined to erect some kind of a monument in the Cathedral grounds. Some weeks ago a Committee advertized, in the vaguest terms, for competitive designs for the said monument. In matters of this kind, three things are usual: to offer one or more premiums for the best designs; to give the competitors some idea of the general views of the Committee; and last, but not least, to state the amount of funds at their disposal. All this was neglected. In spite of this, several artists were foolish enough to send in designs, all of which were summarily rejected. DIOGENES did not examine these drawings, and therefore cannot say whether they were bad or good. The competitors cannot complain of the rejection, because no agreement was ever made for their acceptance. But the letter which each competitor received, after the rejection, is, in its way, a model. He is told, *for the first time*, how much money is to be spent. He may, if he *wishes* (that is the word), send in a new design, next month. Be it noted that there is still no premium offered, or any indication of the wishes of the Committee. Not a word of apology, or even thanks for the trouble to which he has already been put; and, finally, as a climax, he is told that he can have his design by sending to a certain office in the city. Surely, had a gentleman left a parcel by accident in a merchant's office, there would be found some light porter to carry it to his residence. DIOGENES is anxious to know the names of the members of this Committee, to see what they look like in the street, and whether they appear as other men.

DIOGENES sincerely trusts that no artist will again *wish* to send in a design to this Committee.

Persons totally ignorant of the ordinary courtesies of society can know nothing whatever of Art.

## A CONTRIBUTION FROM BEAUPORT.

DIOGENES believes from the bottom of his heart that the following, which he submits to a probably indignant public, is positively and absolutely the very worst riddle in the world.

Why is the difference between Ontario and Quebec the same that exists between a man and a monkey?

Because the one has a tail, but the other hasn't—thus, O—Q.

P. S.—A few of the discerning public may possibly find the *cue* to this *tale*. DIOGENES sincerely forgives them if they do not.

## A RIVAL TO THE ABOVE.

What is the difference between a cattle-drover and St. Patrick's Hall?

The one has a *cow stick* that is his property, and the other has no *acoustic* properties at all.

AN OBVIOUS TRUTH AND A NECESSARY FICTION.—That Quebec rules the Dominion and that Cartier is its prophet.

**TAILORS.**

**COACHMEN'S LIVERY GREAT COATS.**  
Just received,  
*Superior Drab and Blue*  
**DEVONSHIRE KERSEYS,**  
for  
COACHMEN'S BOX COATS,  
at  
**LAVENDER'S,**  
295 Notre Dame Street.

**JOHN GALBRAITH,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
110 Great St. James Street,  
*Mechanics' Hall.*

Having still on hand a Choice Lot of Winter Goods suitable for Gentlemen's wear, and being desirous of disposing of them during the coming Holidays, he offers them to his customers and the public in general at greatly reduced rates.  
Blanket Coats, Pea Jackets and Canadian Tweeds, &c., made to order in the best style, and warranted to fit.

**BOOKS and STATIONERY.**

**WORTHINGTON'S**  
Immense stock of CHRISTMAS BOOKS, &c., &c., now opened out at 101 Great St. James Street, and at 465 Notre Dame Street.  
All the Latest and Finest Publications received.

**ELEGANT GIFT BOOKS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.**  
Charmingly Illustrated Books for Children. Dissected Maps and Games in Boxes. Christmas and New Year's Cards and Stationery.  
Gilt, Silvered, Glazed and Tissue Papers for decorative purposes.  
Plain, Fancy, and Foreign Stationery. Albums, Scrap Books; the New Novels, &c.  
For Sale by  
**C. H. KIRBY, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,**  
397 Notre Dame Street.

**THOMPSON & DUFF,**  
Publishers' Agents,  
Montreal, Toronto, and London.  
Agents for Messrs. Blackie & Son,  
Glasgow.  
London Printing & Publishing Co., London.  
Messrs. A. Fullarton & Co., Edinburgh.  
Messrs. Cassell, Peffer & Galpin, London.  
Messrs. Johnson, Fry & Co., New York.  
and Agents for the principal Publishing Houses in Great Britain and the United States.

**STORAGE.**

**STORAGE FOR ALL**  
Descriptions of  
MERCHANDISE,  
IRON, SALT, &c.  
Hervey's Elevator,  
Canal Basin.  
Brick Stores.  
Corner Colborne and Wellington Streets.  
Coal Oil Shed,  
At the Tanneries.  
**JAMES HERVEY,**  
21 Sacrament Street.

**OYSTERS.**

**AMERICAN OYSTER CO.**  
J. B. BUSS,  
17 Place D'Armes.  
**HOME DEPOTS:**  
Fair Haven, Conn.; Baltimore and Westover, Maryland.  
We are receiving daily, per Express, direct from our own Beds, Can, Keg, Bulk and Shell Oysters.  
If you want the BEST OYSTERS in the City, leave your orders at headquarters,  
17 PLACE D'ARMES.  
No Troy, Albany or Boston frozen Oysters sold by us and presented as Baltimore Oysters. By purchasing of us you will save 25 per cent., and will receive two days' fresher Oysters than any others sold in the city.

*Christmas Dinners.*

**WILD TURKEYS**  
for  
*X'MAS DINNERS*  
for Sale at  
**BAIRD & CRAWFORD'S,**  
123  
Great St. James Street.

**RESTAURANTS.**

**COSMOPOLITAN.**  
This First-class Establishment enjoys the patronage of the most respectable classes of Citizens and Officers of the Garrison.  
The very choicest Viands and Liquors always supplied, with the best attendance, and at the lowest rates to be met with in the city.  
The finest qualities of Oysters received daily by Express.  
Call and judge for yourselves.  
**A. M. F. GIANELLI, Proprietor.**

**WILLIAM & ISAAC,**  
Queen's Chop-House,  
136 Great St. James Street.  
Luncheon every day from 12 o'clock.  
Oysters in perfection.  
Wines and Cigars of the Best Brands only, kept in Stock.

**BOARDING-HOUSE.**

**ISAACSON'S HOTEL,**  
67 St. Gabriel Street.  
Mrs. ISAACSON has vacancies for Boarders. Also, some large unfurnished Rooms, with or without Board, very suitable for Officers' Quarters.  
Dinner each day at 6 P.M.

**STOVES and CASTINGS.**

**W. CLENDINNENG,**  
(late Wm. Rodden & Co.)  
Founder, and Manufacturer of Stoves, &c.,  
Works, 165 to 179 William Street.  
City Sample and Sale Room, 118 and 120 Great St. James Street,  
and 58 1/2 Craig Street,  
MONTREAL, P.Q.

**THE DERBY.**



**SECOND ANNUAL GRAND SWEEPSTAKE**  
On the "DERBY," 1869.  
1,000 Subscribers at \$2.00 each.  
1st Horse ..... \$500.00  
2nd do. .... \$300.00  
3rd do. .... \$200.00  
\$1,000.00 to be divided amongst Starters ("not placed").  
Tickets for the above Sweepstake are now ready at  
**WILLIAM & ISAAC'S,**  
Montreal, Dec. 17, 1868.



**Devins' Vegetable Worm Pastilles**  
Prepared only by  
**DEVINS & BOLTON,**  
Chemists,  
MONTREAL.

**CABINET-WARE.**

**HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.**  
GEO. ARMSTRONG, Corner Craig Street and Victoria Square, solicits a call from parties about to furnish, where they can examine one of the largest and most varied stocks in the city. The Parlor Furniture is of the best quality and latest designs, either plain or handsomely carved.—in Walnut, polished or in oil finish.  
The stock of Sideboards, Bookcases, Chamber Sets, Hall Furniture, &c., in Walnut, is worthy of attention.  
New Patent Spring-bed, so low in price as to be within the reach of all parties.  
G. A. is sole Agent in the Dominion for the sale of the beautifully finished Metallic cases patented by "Fisk," also the full Glass Casket, which has not yet been equalled elsewhere.

**INSURANCE.**

**LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.**  
FOR FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE.  
Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.  
*Head Office, No. 7 Royal Exchange, England.*  
**ROMEO H. STEPHENS,**  
Agent for Canada.  
Office—36 St. Francois Xavier Street.

**NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Incorporated A. D. 1841.  
Assets, \$12,000,000, and no Stockholder.  
The above Company have appointed the following gentlemen to be Directors for the Dominion of Canada:—  
*President:*  
WM. WORKMAN, Esq. (President City Bank)  
*Directors:*  
F. P. POMINVILLE, Esq., Q. C., of Cartier, Pominville & Betourney.  
A. W. OGILVIE, Esq., M.P.P.  
VICTOR HUDON, Esq., Merchant.  
**WALTER BURKE,** Genl. Agent,  
Herald Building,  
51 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

**ARCHITECTS.**

**ALFRED BAILEY,**  
*Architect,*  
PLACE D'ARMES HILL.  
Quantities taken, and Artificers' Work measured.

**ENGRAVERS.**



**THE BISHOP, of 53 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,** requests the pleasure of an Order during the Holidays from the Ladies and Gentlemen of Montreal for Fashionable Visiting Cards, Monograms, &c.

**X'MAS! X'MAS!! X'MAS!!!**  
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.  
(Estab. 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 influence their prescriptions.

**RAILWAYS.**

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA.—1868.—**Trains now leave Bonaventure Station as follows:—  
**GOING WEST.**  
Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and all points West, 8.30 A.M.  
Night do. do. at 8.30 P.M.  
Accommodation Train for Kingston and Intermediate Stations, at 7.00 A.M.  
Trains for Lachine at 5.30 A.M., 7.00 A.M., 9.00 A.M., 12 Noon, 3.00 P.M., 4.40 P.M., and 5.00 P.M.  
**GOING SOUTH AND EAST.**  
Accommodation Train for Island Pond and Intermediate Stations, at 7.00 A.M.  
Express for Boston at 8.40 A.M.  
Express for New York and Boston, at 4.30 P.M., via Vermont Central.  
Express for New York via Plattsburg, Lake Champlain, Burlington, and Rutland, at 5.30 A.M.  
Do. do. do. 4.40 P.M.  
Express for Island Pond, at 2.00 P.M.  
Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Guelph and Portland, stopping between Montserrat and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Waterville, and Conaticook only, at 10.10 P.M.  
Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains. Baggage checked through.  
The Steamer "CARLOTTA" leaves Portland Every Saturday afternoon, (after arrival of Train from Montreal on Friday night) for Halifax, N.S., returning on Tuesdays. She has excellent accommodation for Passengers and Freight.  
The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 5 P.M. for St. Johns, N.B., &c. Tickets issued through at the Company's principal Stations.  
For further information and time of arrival and departure of all Trains at Terminal and Way Stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Station.  
**C. J. BRVDGES,**  
Managing Director.  
Montreal, 5th Oct., 1868.

LOOK HERE.

The old place is as lively as ever!

W. D. McLAREN,

St. LAWRENCE STREET,

Corner (937) of St. Catherine.

(Established 1845.)

Has constantly on hand

GROCERIES

Suitable for

All Seasons,

And of the very BEST QUALITIES.

TERMS CASH.

DEPOT & MANUFACTORY

OF THE

COOK'S

FRIEND

BAKING

POWDER.

The best in use.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

For the protection of the public the following TRADE MARK has been registered, and no Package is genuine without it.



GROCERIES.

**KEMP & BROWN,**  
Dealers in  
Choice Groceries,  
Provisions, Fruits, Syrups, &c.,  
Have on hand  
A LARGE & WELL-ASSORTED STOCK  
SUITABLE FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.  
Corner of  
McGill and Lemoine Streets.

**MAYFAIR SHERRY,**

45s. per doz. per doz. 45s.  
Fit for a Gentleman's Table.  
Bottles and Cases included.

**BAIRD & CRAWFORD,**  
Wholesale & Retail  
Tea Dealers, Grocers,  
and  
FOREIGN WAREHOUSEMEN,  
123 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

Bottles and Cases included.  
Fit for a Gentleman's Table,  
45s. per doz. per doz. 45s.

**MAYFAIR SHERRY.**

CONFECTIONERS.

**L AND O' CAKES!**  
and  
Confectionery for the Holidays!

**CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON,**  
(Established 1842.)  
391 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Seed and Ornamental Cakes of all the different kinds; also,  
Pound, Currant, Citron, Queen and Lad, Cakes;  
Scotch Bun and Short Bread;  
Confectionery of all descriptions;  
French Cream Bon-Bons.  
CRYSTALLIZED FRUITS.

We also invite the attention of our Customers and the Public to the beautiful assortment of FANCY BOXES of English, French and German manufacture.

CORNUCOPIAS in variety, &c.  
**CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON,**  
391 Notre Dame Street.

AMUSEMENTS.

**THE VARIETIES, ST. PETER STREET,** between NOTRE DAME and ST. JAMES STREETS.

The Proprietors of this new and commodious Hall have much pleasure in announcing to the public that, On and After CHRISTMAS EVE, the 24th instant, Every Evening will be presented, at Half-Past Seven O'Clock, a most VARIED, ATTRACTIVE, and BRILLIANT COMIC and MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT, consisting of OPERATIC, VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—GREAT CHARACTER IMPERSONATIONS and DANCES by English and French Artists.

The Programme will vary every evening.  
Prices of Admission.—Reserved Seats, 50 cents; Chairs, 25 cents. Seats in body of Hall, 15 cents. Soldiers and Volunteers in uniform, 10 cents.  
Refreshments at reasonable prices.

MUSIC.

**MUSIC.**  
The undersigned will furnish Balls, Parties, &c., with a **QUADRILLE BAND**, or with a **VIOLIN and PIANO**. The best Music used as soon as published. The Piano, Violin, Flute, Clarinet, Cornet, &c., taught before 7 P.M., at moderate rates.  
Orders left at 50 Hermine Street will be attended to.  
**PAUL McINNES.**

CHEMISTS.

**X'MAS SYRUPS,**  
Warranted from the Fruit, and not from the artificial essences. Just arrived from England a large selection of **FRUIT SYRUPS** for retail trade only.  
**HENRY R. GRAY,**  
DISPENSING AND FAMILY CHEMIST,  
144 St. Lawrence Main Street,  
(Established 1859.)

CIGARS and TOBACCOS.

**HOLIDAY PRESENTS.**  
The undersigned begs to inform his Customers and the Public that he has just received a large assortment of Meerschaum Pipes and Cigar Holders, Seal Skin Cigar Cases and Pouches, Vesuvian Boxes, Morocco and Russian Leather Cigar Cases, Tobacco Jars, and the latest novelties in Pipes, &c.  
Also just received direct from Havana, a Fresh Supply of CIGARS, comprising the following celebrated Brands:—Partaga, Regalia, Reine, Londres, Princesses, Rose de Santiago, Conchas, Henry Clay Regalia, Henry Clay Conchas, Cabanas, Figaros, &c., &c.  
**S. BRAHADI,**  
TOBACCONIST,  
277 Notre Dame Street,  
(Cathedral Block.)

**CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.**  
The SUBSCRIBER would respectfully call the attention of his friends and the public to his fine Stock of  
Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes,  
Tobacco Jars, and  
Choice assortment of Tobaccos & Cigars,  
Presents suitable for the ensuing Holidays.  
**H. SWAIN, J. R.,**  
241 McGill Street.

FANCY GOODS.

**ATTENTION!**  
SANTA CLAUS, and all other kind friends who delight in adding to the many pleasures of this holiday season, by presenting Christmas Gifts as well as Christmas greetings, can hardly fail to suit themselves, at 386, Notre Dame Street, where they will find a choice and varied assortment of Toys, Fancy Goods, &c.  
**F. B. WRIGHT,**  
(Opposite C. Alexander & Son's.)

**READ THIS!**  
Toys, Crockery, and Coal Oil, for the Holidays, at the **DOMINION BAZAAR**, No. 105 Mountain Street, opposite the Market.  
**CHAS. T. M. ORR.**

1868.—1869.

EXHIBITION.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.

**HAVE** now received and opened for the inspection of the Public, the whole of their assortment of **GOODS FOR THE HOLIDAYS,**

Consisting of

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

JEWELLERY,

FRENCH CLOCKS

and BRONZES,

ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,

PAPER-MACHE GOODS,

Ladies' & Gentlemen's Dressing

Cases and Bags,

JEWEL CASES AND WORK BOXES.

FANS AND CANES,

—AND—

A LARGE VARIETY OF FANCY GOODS.

—ALSO,—

SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SETS,

SPOONS,

FORKS,

LADLES,

NAPKIN RINGS!

&c., &c., &c.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.,

391 Notre Dame Street.