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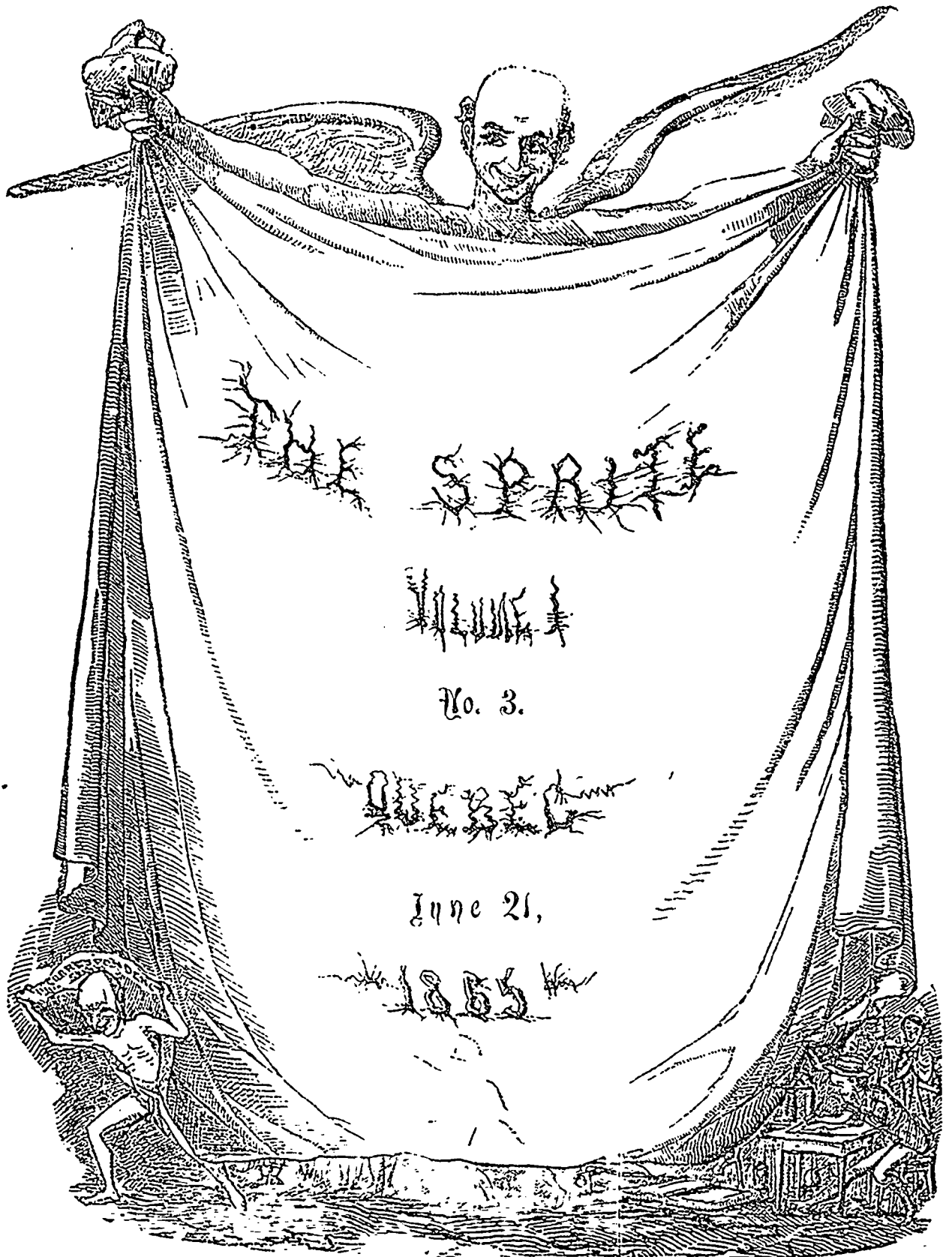
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LIBRAIRIE J. E. MATTE,

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Aussi une grande variété d'articles pour bureaux, encre, papier français et anglais; enveloppes de toute grandeur et muilage plumes, différentes marques de fabrique; livres blancs, livres de mémoire; cahiers d'exercice, etc., etc., etc.

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Agent for PRESSE & LUBIN'S Toilet articles and Perfumes.

Bowen's Dentifrice. Constantly on hand a large assortment of Garden and Flower Seeds, Flower Roots in season. J. S. BOWEN, 14, Buade Street. 1

# Our Ministers Abroad,

Or rather AT HOME, being a faithful account of an interview between CANADA'S DELEGATES.  
and the DIGNITARIES of DOWNING STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

(Continued.)

**W**HEN we (*the Sprite*) promised to furnish our readers with an accurate account of the sayings and doings in Downing Street, we certainly did not expect that the proceedings were to be kept as close as the minutes of the celebrated Quebec Conference. Our Courier, who resides in the metropolis of Great Britain, has informed us, confidentially, that he cannot fathom the depth of these very profound transactions. He writes that what with State Receptions, State Balls, State Dinners and sundry other State arrangements (to which he is, of course, not invited), it becomes very difficult to record the progress of *Our Delegates*. He is, however, a well-informed fellow, and as he has indulged in the liberties usually granted to Dr. Russell, George Augt. Sala and other "celebrities," of playing Paul Pry even without the assistance of the umbrella; he has favored us with a few more reliable pen and ink sketches of the progress of *Our Delegates*.

It will not be supposed for one moment that the appearance of a few *Colonists* at the particular point well known as the *imploring corner* of Downing Street, would disturb, in the slightest degree, the "*otium cum dignitate*" of that particular neighbourhood. But, and it does seem strange, there was some respect shown to *Our delegates* when they solicited admittance. We would not insinuate that such small affairs were previously attended to as matters of etiquette, but in fact, they were assiduously, and we might say religiously, regarded.

In diplomatic affairs, there is no State solemnity, at least, such has hitherto been the experience of Colonial delegates.—But a new attempt, perhaps a most presumptuous attempt, is being made to place Colonial gentlemen on the same footing as the gentlemen of the metropolis. Why are we not understood and appreciated in England? *The Sprite* could furnish an answer, but colonial modesty forbids the essay.

## DIALOGUE No. 2.

I o'clock P. M.—(the official hour for Colonists) Rt. Hon. Mr. Cardwell in the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the Colonial Office, surrounded by devoted clerks, &c., &c.

Clerk No. 14, announces OUR DELEGATES.

Mr. Cardwell is in close conversation with "our minister" from the Feejee Islands.—For some time, Canada must wait.—*Feejee* takes his departure, and Canada at length enters.—Colonial Minister bows, Canada's delegates, *DITTO*, *DITTO*.

MR. CARDWELL.—"Gentlemen, I am happy to have an opportunity of receiving the *élite* of Canadian politicians.—It will afford the members of Her Majesty's Government much pleasure to meet those who have come from a distant colony, after some serious local

difficulties, with the earnest desire of providing for a continuous connection with the British Crown.—Any assistance that we can consistently give, Gentlemen, in your praiseworthy object will, I am authorized to say, be freely offered."

JOHN A. MACDONALD.—"Right Honorable Sir, In the name of my colleagues of the Canadian Delegation, I tender our gratitude for the cordial reception that we have had, in this, the capital of Great Britain. I may briefly state that we represent the political parties of Canada, Conservative as well as Reform. We are deputed by the people of Canada to lay before Her Majesty's Government measures of vital importance to the very existence of the colony, and more particularly with respect to the maintenance of British connection. Among the points likely to arise in a conference which we now have the honor to propose, I may mention a Confederation of the British North American Provinces, the armament and defence of the country, the construction of an Intercolonial Railway, and the opening up of the North West Territory. On the latter point, I may remark that the Hon. Mr. Brown, one of our number, takes that branch under his special care. We are prepared at any moment to enter upon the important duties which we have to perform."

MR. CARDWELL.—"Gentlemen, I shall lose no time in laying your proposition before Her Majesty in Council, and shall have much pleasure in communicating to you, without delay, the views of Her Majesty's Government on the subject of the proposed conference."

*Excunt omnes*, with low bows.

They return to the hotel.

CARTIER.—"Isay, Mac, *sacré tonnerre*, de ice is broke, now for de bisness."

BROWN.—"Well, Macdonald, I could see no special advantage to be derived by connecting my name so prominently with the Nor' West question."

GALT.—"Why, Brown, you are the only reliable authority among us on that topic. Your articles in the *Globe*....."

JOHN A.—"Now Galt, old fellow, drop the *Globe* for to-day; Brown is going to dine with his old friend, Sir Edmund Head, and any allusion to the *Globe* (of 1858) might spoil Brown's dinner. '*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis!*' Did you ever find the maxim so applicable, Brown?"

BROWN.—"Aye, aye, very true, very true, but while here, my friends, speak as little of that paper of mine as you can. I am George Brown, Minister of the Crown, here: not George Brown of the *Globe*."

ALL.—"Agreed, Agreed, Agreed."

Business was then dropped for sight-seeing, until further communications from Mr. Cardwell.

(To be Continued.)

## Oh, would I were an Officer !

A Ballad respectfully dedicated to the Ladies who are temporarily smitten with the gallant Officers of Her Majesty's Regiments in garrison at Quebec.

i.

Oh, would I were an Officer  
Of Britain's legions grand!  
Whose presence here inspires with awe  
The people of the land:  
Each pretty girl her heart would give  
At sight of such a swell!—  
With horses four, I'd pass her door,  
And drive in princely style,  
Sensation make, a stir create  
And scatter crowds pell-mell.  
Oh, would I were an Officer !

ii.

Oh, would I were an Officer !  
At every ball and rout,  
The partner of THE BELLE I'd be  
Although the rest might pout ;  
Not much I'd care for people who  
Might think my life a scene  
Of pleasure and unmixed delight—  
I'd live as in a dream.  
Free as a bee I'd buzz along  
And fly from flower to flower,  
My soul entranced, with bliss enthralled,  
I would not lose an hour.  
Oh, would I were an Officer !

iii.

Oh, would I were an Officer !  
Though brave I'd be in war,  
In time of peace good care I'd take  
Nought should my pleasure mar.  
BRASS, after all, is quite the thing !  
When young I was mistaken,  
I knew it not, and thus it came  
That I was quite forsaken.  
My motto for the nonce shall be  
Let BRASS and BRONZE prevail !  
Why should I not enjoy myself ?  
I know I cannot fail :  
So many of the scarlet cloth  
For days and years gone past  
Have revelled in all kinds of joy !!  
Where'er their lot was cast.  
Then would I were an Officer  
The bravest of the brave  
In peace or war  
In lands afar  
What jolly fun I'd have !

The above is what may fairly be called a literal, though an indifferent translation, of the original. The reader will also observe that the rules of versification have been ignored. We trust that the fair ladies to whom the ballad is respectfully dedicated, will pardon the disorderly and disorganized style of their devoted and sincere admirer,

FUSBOS.

## Si j'étais officier !

Ballade respectueusement dédiée aux demoiselles dont le cœur est temporairement engagé dans les régiments Royaux en garnison à Québec.

i.

Si j'étais officier de cette grande armée  
Dont l'Angleterre ici met quelques régiments,  
Par mon noble maintien toute femme charmée  
Baïsserait pavillon, au feu des sentimens  
De mon cœur chaleureux.—Oh ! je serais superbe !  
De mes quatre chevaux l'attelage princier  
Foulerait, au galop, les passants comme l'herbe ;  
Que je serais heureux, si j'étais officier !

ii.

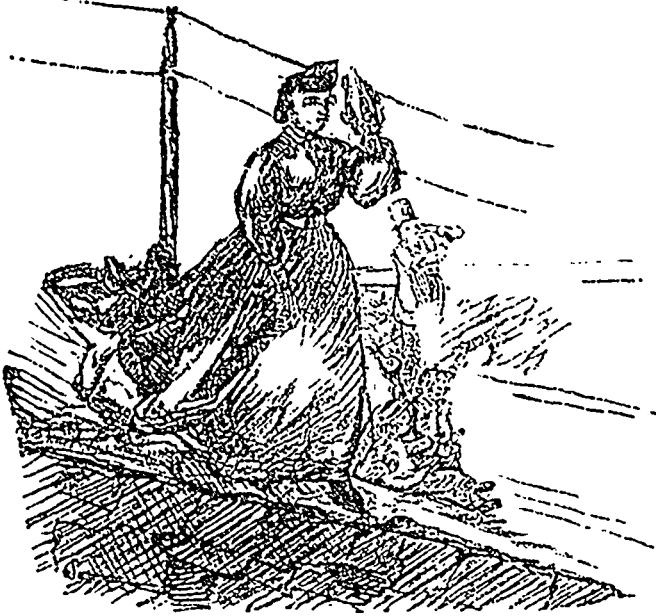
Si j'étais officier, je voudrais, à la danse,  
Être le cavalier de la reine du bal ;  
Je me rirais bien fort du vain peuple qui pense  
Que la vie est, pour moi, " l'éternel carnaval."  
" Aimer, boire, se battre," eh ! c'est toute la vie !  
D'un cœur sensible et franc pourquoi se soucier ?  
Voler de fleur en fleur, toujours l'âme ravie,  
Ce serait là mon plan si j'étais officier !

iii.

Si j'étais officier, courageux à la guerre,  
Je saurais, en un mot, profiter de la paix,  
L'audace est, après tout, fort bonne conseillère ;  
Jeune, j'étais timide, hélas ! je me trompais !  
" Du front, toujours du front !"—Ce sera ma devise ;  
Pourquoi par le bonheur tant se faire prier ?  
Bien d'autres avant moi... ; parbleu ! je me ravise,  
Et veux être hardi tout comme un officier !

## The Cricket Match.

Nothing but the most intense love of manly sports—of which we are lamentably deficient in Quebec—could induce us on such a day as this, with the thermometer up to anything, to write a line about the recent cricket match, or anything else. But, desirous to afford all the encouragement in our power to the lovers of this noble game, we will complete our brief task if we melt in the effort. We were pleased at the courage of our youth, who dared contest the honors of the field with the doughty warriors, and should have been more satisfied had the day been their own ; but it was not to be. But let not discouragement spring from defeat ; try again, and again, and again, till fickle fortune reverses her verdict. The play, generally, on Thursday, was not particularly good ; but the extreme heat of the weather, no doubt, had a great deal to do with this. The bowling of Mr. Hester on the side of the Quebecers, was excellent : that of Mr. Barton and Corporal Wright also deserves commendation. Major Waller handles the willow well and scientifically, and knows how to keep it : Mr. Pidgeon had the honor of running up the longest score, but there is room for improvement in this gentleman's play : he is too much addicted to swiping—no reference to liquidification, of course, is here intended—and was greatly favored by fortune. In the present state of the temperature, play is out of the question ; but work and practice, lads, as soon as practicable, and a strong team will be the result. In the mean time, study the *Sprite*, and there you will learn how to hit hard, and how to deliver a ball that shall rarely miss the wicket.



Scene.—The Glacis.—Departure of the 17th.

She gazed, and oh! ————— but the scene that followed was too much for the humble pencil of our artist. We have since heard that somebody fainted.



The deck of the Himalaya, and the anguish and despair of the departing Sub.

**City News.**

The fair maids of the fountain are at present employed in making themselves aprons of MAPLE leaves. The waterfalls are completed.

The Rifles have renounced their former intention of playing on dumb instruments; and they receive the best sort of payment—the thanks and applause of the public.

It is currently, reported that His Excellency, the Governor General, spilt his coffee yesterday morning, seriously scalding one of his fingers.

Mr. Smith, of this city, has presented the Military School with two baby-jumpers, to employ the leisure hours of the junior members of that invaluable nursery.

A body of men is being organized for the purpose of drawing people up Mountain Hill on parlour skates, which are to be strapped on gentlemen's hands, the legs being used as handles, wheel-barrow fashion.

**THEFT.**—A gentleman of highly respectable connexions was yesterday discovered to have stolen a pocket-handkerchief from a lady with whom he was on intimate terms. The police are already on his track.

**To an anxious enquirer.**

Mr. McDougall has not gone to Washington either to take office in President Johnston's cabinet, or to enter into negotiations for the annexation of Canada to the States.

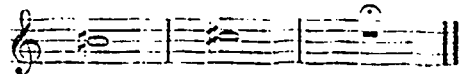
**The Clothes (close) of the Rebellion.**

Mrs. Jeff. Davis's morning dress and crinoline—and the capture of what they covered.

**The New York Herald.**

We are extremely glad to see our contemporary the "Herald" growing in wisdom as he grows in years. We have received private advices from New York, that Mr. Bennett, after he succeeds in paying off the National Debt of the United States by means of his wonderful subscription, intends to purchase a Lunatic Asylum for his own especial use, and in which, he will pass what remains of his honorable and beneficial career. He has made arrangements that, at his death, it shall be converted into a hospital for the especial treatment of ANGLO-PHOBIA.

**Maternal advice to a young Lady.**



*A flutter from PECH, his book.*

**A Respectful Enquiry.**

What family must a lady have before she can fairly be considered a matron? Will our friend, the Editor of the *Mercury*, please answer this question, and solve the doubts which he has been the means of exciting. The *Mercury* says that,—

"The British nation may be congratulated on the arrival of another royal baby; and the Princess of Wales bids fair to become a matron long before she becomes a Queen."

We trust, when the Princess of Wales does become a matron, that the *Mercury* will give its friends early information of the fact.

Our advice to mankind on the 19th of June, 1865.  
*Keep Cool,—If you can.*



### VINCULUM JURIS.

(A Legal Knot.)

Highly important from England.

By a private letter received from Mr. H. Bernard, Secretary to our Delegation, we understand that nothing has been done; the results we are not at liberty to communicate.

Appropriate name for a Soldier.

GENERAL SLAUGHTER of the Southern Army.

*The Captain's Wife, or the wicked Waiting Maid, by Miss M. E. Baddon, author of Rory O'Floyd, &c., &c., &c. Written expressly for the Sprite: 3 vols.*

VOL. I.

Lemon Ice, if you please, said the lovely Clara Polkinton to Captain Edward Montague Smith, of the Royal Quebec Hussars, as they playfully promenaded through Mrs. Marchbank's brilliantly lighted conservatories. Alas! could she have foreseen the misery to be entailed on both from that simple request, the beautiful young creature would have cut the waterfall from her head sooner than have uttered it. But, ah! in this age of flauunting, flirting, Photo-Albums, and steel crinolines, who can foresee the future. Foolish, foolish age! Blind, blind youth! which can enjoy an ice cream when—but, enough, we anticipate. Forgive us, kind reader,—continue and learn.

VOL. II.

No costume more became Clara Polkinton, spoiled child of rich and successful parents, than her riding habit and tall beaver, and, never, had she looked more lovely, than when, the day after Mrs. Marchbank's party, she set forth on her faultless Arab of the purest blood (though with a slight dash of the French-Canadian pony) whose long and ragged mane swept the ground as he caracolled through the Sally-port.

She rode slowly till she reached the St. Foy toll-gate, when she put her hand in her pocket to procure money to pay the toll, and found she had forgotten her purse, but she found, what?—a silver spoon. This, she carelessly threw to the seedy guardian of the Queen's highway, saying imperiously, "Take that, and be hanged!" In a moment the Barrier flew open and Clara rode on.—At

that instant, in the distance, might have been perceived the Marchbanks' carriage, as it rolled through the gate; the toll-keeper drew out a handful of change, and amongst it the spoon given by Clara. It bore the well-known Marchbanks crest, recently procured from the Heralds College. Horror!! The next morning Clara was arrested by Judge Maguire on a charge of arsonically stealing spoons with intent to kill.

VOL. III.

The trial is over. Ably defended by Mr. P—u, Q. C., Clara is acquitted amidst the plaudits of Judge Mondelet.—The diabolical plot of the Wicked Waiting Maid is revealed. Capt. Smith had stolen the spoon (with particles of lemon ice clinging to it) which had touched his Clara's lips, but in the confusion of bidding adieu, dropped it in the hood of Clara's cloak. Clara's maid found it there, and to gratify her jealousy, for she entertained a hopeless passion for the Captain, had dropped it into Clara's pocket. The result we all know.

"Now, Montague, we can be truly happy, cried Clara, as she listened to the strains of the Rifle-Brigade-Band-Masters horn on the Esplanade."

Alas! never, dear one, he replied, as he stroked his lavender-colored moustache. I have three wives already, one in Otaheite, one in Jerusalem and a third who, when last heard of, was travelling in Madagascar. Whilst he was still speaking, a Brevet Brig. Gen. approached him, and said,—“I guess, Stranger, this 'ere letter is for you.” “Good heavens,” cried the Captain, “What! what is this? my three wives died the same night in an equinoctial gale in Prince Edward's Island in their efforts to swallow Confederation,” and he fell back in a swoon, speechless.

Clara and Montague are man and only wife. They are happy; so is the baby. The wicked waiting maid is expiating her fearful crimes in one of the Public Offices. We decline to say which.

FINIS.

Lotion.

A N O D E.

Sing a song of tenpence,  
A bottle full of rye;  
Wine and Beer are much too dear,  
For one so poor as I.  
When the bottle's opened,  
And the 'Toddy's done,  
Go and borrow tenpence more  
And buy another one.

Some folks are never satisfied.

We cannot agree with you, Mr. Grumbler: we think the larger the family of a clerk, the smaller should be his salary, and we are happy to see that our ideas are carried out. He who is not contented with such an arrangement must be very difficult indeed to please.

Contradiction.

Rumor has been busy with the name of Mr. Scoble. It is said that he has been commissioned to proceed to England and the States, and inquire into the various modes of Militia organization.—We are authorized to say that the above report is a *militious* invention of some person or persons unknown.



## Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Sprite.

MONTREAL.

Sir,—I was driving a few days ago with a young cousin of mine, and our conversation, for some time, (fact, I assure you) was about political affairs; but it suddenly turned to a more congenial topic:—now, said I to Annie, it seems strange to me that you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone. O! dear no, she remarked; not the brimstone; only the *spark*.

Yours, truly,

TEDDY MILES.

If Mr. Teddy Miles would insinuate, that he, like his cousin, is young, we don't believe him. Evidently he is a relic of the era of tinder-boxes. Ed.

TORONTO.

*Sweet Sprite*,—You expect me to write to you, and who could have the heart to disappoint such a darling. The heat here is intense; there is nothing stirring, not even news, or, what ladies value (so the horrid men say) much more than news. If anything happens you shall hear from me again. In the meantime, believe me,  
Your devoted admirer, AGNES.

P. S.—Is'nt it strange; but, certainly, that which we think most about we are most likely to forget. Society here is agitated and distressed beyond description at an incident which occurred last week. You must know that there was a very agreeable and, I may say, distinguished evening party given by the Colonel of the 171st, at which most of the celebrities, civil and military, of the neighbourhood were present. I was there; so was my cousin Emily, and Capt. Fitzkillankum, of the Skibbereens. It is said, and, I believe, with truth, that there is *something between* poor Emily and the gallant captain. In the course of the evening the madcaps proposed a game at blind-man's-buff. We all joined in it. It was poor Emily's turn to be blinded, and, being very active, she made great sport for us; we knocked over chairs and tables, and some of us got knocked over ourselves, in the most delightful way imaginable. This went on for some time, but at last Capt. Fitz., out of compassion, I believe, for poor Emily, placed himself in a position to be caught. Poor Emily caught him with one hand by the epaulet (the Skibbereens always wear epaulets) and with the other by ——— wait a moment; you will, alas! know too soon. "I have you! I have you, Fitz.!" cried poor Emily, delighted. Some of the romps pulled the captain away, and she had'nt him at all;—*she had only—only—HIS WIG!* Imagine the result, *sweet Sprite!* I can write no more!

P. S.—Poor *fidele* shares my sorrow. This morning she refused her cream, and, at dinner, looked at a liver wing, shook her head, turned round, and left it untouched.

P. S.—Poor Emily has just informed me that the loss of a wig will not, necessarily, entail the loss of a rib.

## Applications to Parliament.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next session of Parliament for a Bill to abolish examinations for Candidates for admission to the Study of the Law, and, for a Bill to abolish the examination for permission to practise. We sincerely believe that the result of this will be a very considerable improvement.

## To Ann.

It is not for thy dark brown eye,  
Nor for thy damask cheeks, Ann,  
(Tho' both with any beauty's vie,  
That thee, my fond heart seeks, Ann.

Nor is it for thy flowing locks,  
That shame the raven's wing, Ann,  
Nor those small hands, just made to box  
The ears of some poor thing, Ann.

Nor is it for thy faultless form,  
Nor for thy love-like whisper,  
My Ann, to you, my heart grows warm;  
In truth, 'tis for—*Thy Sister.*"

\* These verses are inserted with the idea that the publicity we give may lead to the detection and exposure of the cruel deceiver. We have reason to believe that he is conspiring in Cornwall.—*Ed.*

## Opinions of the Press.

For a man to repeat his own praises is not exactly the thing; it may fairly be regarded as the puff direct, and should be specially reserved for itinerating professors and other quacks and mountebanks. But how different the question when a *Sprite* is in the case. He, like other monarchs, can do no wrong, and, moreover, is to be commended for rejoicing in the praises and homage of his subjects and liegemen. He draws the following from his archives, in which hundreds of similar testimonials of friendship and amity remain for the delectation of his friends and the inspection of the curious:

"This seems to us the worthiest successor our much lamented and ever-beloved *Punch in Canada* ever had. We wish the *Sprite* a long and prosperous life."—*Montreal Gazette*.

"It bears the name of Mr. C. E. Holliwell, as Publisher, and that of Mr. G. E. Desberats, as Printer. This fact, we should say, gives sufficient guarantee to the public that the columns of the *Sprite* will be devoted only to the sphere of action which properly belongs to a well conducted comic or satirical paper."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The appearance of the *Sprite* is very good, and the illustrations neatly executed.—The articles in this number are racy and original."—*Ottawa Citizen*.

"The contents of the first number promises well for the management of the sheet. There are several excellent hits, and care has been taken, in selecting the contributions, to exclude all purely personal matters."—*Montreal Transcript*.

"Its contents are what is needed in Canada, wit without personality. It is got up in a manner that does credit both to the originator and to the printers."—*Quebec Daily News*.

"The literary merits of this number are also respectable; and some of the articles possess a piquancy and spriteliness which afford a good promise of future success."—*Quebec Gazette*.

"It promises to be worthy of support, and is in careful hands."—*Ottawa Union*.

"It is more after the style of "*Punch*" than anything that has as yet been issued in Canada, and presents a very creditable appearance. The articles in the number before us are racy and original."—*Dundas Courier*.

"The style of the paper is neat and the articles racy; we expect soon to see it become a favorite."—*Daily Prototype*.





SCENES AT THE DRILL SHED, No. 1.

Drill Sergeant—Sh'n.  
 Candidate for Military honors, with }  
 imperfect knowledge of English, } M'ssieu.  
 Drill Sergeant—(Emphatically)—Cus it—a feller must always be jabberin  
 French—IPATTENSHONG.

### The Return of the Delegates.

We have been requested to state that on the arrival of the delegates, Messrs. Brown, Cartier, Galt and Macdonald, a procession will be formed at the wharf to escort them to their residences. The following will be the order of the procession:—

ADVANCE GUARD OF SMALL BOYS.

A QUEBEC POLICEMAN.

A DEPUTATION FROM CHAMPLAIN STREET.

A MILITIAMAN IN UNIFORM.

A BAND OF POLITICIANS, *blowing their own trumpets.*

PRIVATE CARRIAGE WITH TWO OF THE DELEGATES IN COURT SUITS.

THE HON. MR. BROWN IN A CARRIAGE,  
*Solus.*

ANOTHER DELEGATE IN A CALECHE.

THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION ESCORTED  
 BY A POLICEMAN.  
 THE GAOLER.

A CONSTABLE, WITH STAFF.

REAR GUARD OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Escort of an Admiring  
 Populace.

Escort of an Admiring  
 Populace.

### Profanity.

Certain American Jefferson Bricks affect to look upon England as nothing better than a halting place on the broad road terminating in Pandemonium. We question if they will be over-burthened with English company when they reach the inevitable destination of all liars, slanderers, and false witnesses. Just now the American journals are commenting on the extension of profanity in conversation, caused, they allege, by the war. Would it not be more correct to put it down to natural growth and increase?

The *Syracuse Courier* says:—  
 "The people of this land are certainly distinguished, to an extent unknown in other countries. except, perhaps, Great Britain, by profaneness."

We do not deny that there is a great deal too much of wickedness, of all kinds, in Great Britain; but if the pictures of American cities, drawn by Americans themselves, are to be accepted, there is no country on the earth, nor region *under* it, that will supply a parallel to their own.

### American Praise.

An American journalist remarked, that Queen Victoria had made royalty respectable.

### The Sprite is Mighty,

And his influence is resistless: it flies quick and carries not. It was only last week he had occasion to allude to the number of *infants in arms* that were to be found in certain schools, and, already, the authorities have issued an edict, commanding that, for the future, none will be regarded as eligible for admission under eighteen—with or without nurses.

### BUSINESS NOTICES.

Advertisers will find *THE SPRITE* one of the most valuable mediums for communicating with the public which exists in the Province. Its circulation will be very large; it will be everywhere read and preserved; which last is of the first importance to advertisers; and it will go amongst every class of society. Our space, in this department, is very limited, and early applications will be necessary.

Terms:—10 cts. per line for short advertisements; if over ten lines, 8 cts. per line. For second insertions, 5 cts. per line. Special contracts can be made.

Subscriptions will be received for the *Sprite* from the rural districts, (\$2.50 per annum,) but, in all cases, they must be paid in advance. Cash or P. O. Orders addressed to Editor, will be duly acknowledged.

We shall be happy to receive contributions; but it is almost needless to remark that they must be of excellent quality, and suitable for a publication of a high order. Respectability is a *sine qua non*. In a short time we shall pay, and liberally, for articles of sterling merit.

All communications to be addressed to the "Editor of the *Sprite*, Post Office, Quebec." We shall strictly adhere to the rule of rejecting unpaid letters. Books for review, &c., can be left with our publisher, Mr. Howell, Buede Street, (opposite the post office,) Quebec.