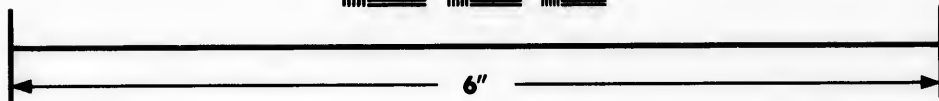
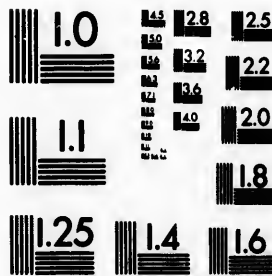


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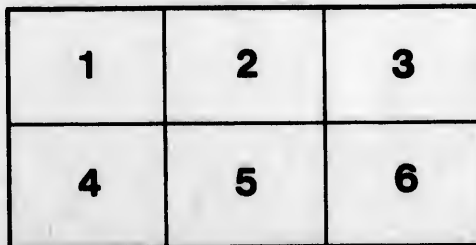
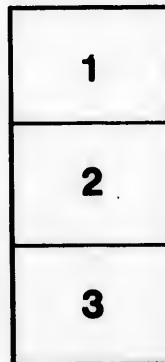
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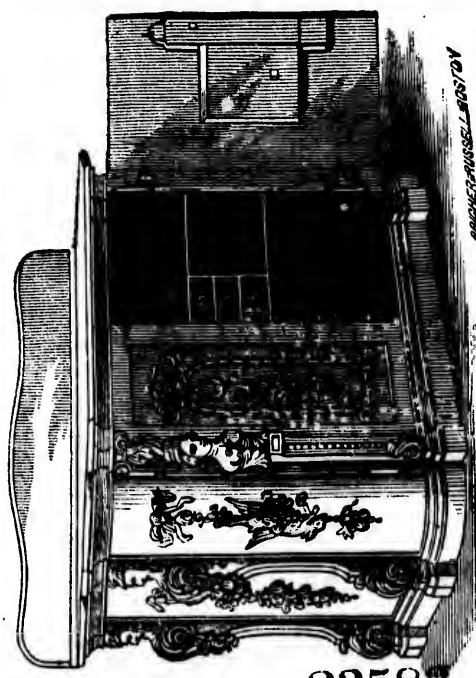
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The Subscribers desire to call your attention to their novel and elegantly finished Safes for the protection of Family Plate, Jewelry &c. Their attention has been called to this matter by the large number of robberies in Montreal and vicinity, and they have spared neither pains nor expense to produce an article which should combine elegance with security, and be esteemed an ornament to the dining room.

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WISE AND WITTY SAYINGS

OF

CELEBRATED MEN;

ANECDOTES, CONUNDRUMS,

POETRY, &c.

BY

THOMAS SELLAR.

1842

MONTREAL:

Printed by John Wilson.

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THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE
Insurance Company.

Capital, - - - - \$10,000,000 | Estimated Annual Revenue, 1865, \$5,000,000
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Head Offices:—Liverpool, London, Montreal.

Life Assurance and Fire Insurance Policies granted on moderate terms. All Losses settled **PROMPTLY** and **LIBERALLY** by the Canada Board of Directors.

Life Tables, prospectuses, and all information may be obtained of the Company's Agents throughout Canada, and at the Montreal offices, corner of Place d'Armes & Great St. James Street.

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MONTREAL.

Country Orders Carefully Packed.

P R E F A C E .

As an Advertising Medium this volume is issued for circulation amongst the families residing in the City of Montreal. The Subscriber has endeavoured to make it a cheerful and instructive fireside companion. Whilst the Reader will find in it much to amuse, he will also meet with many gems of wisdom. The selections are of great variety, consisting of Aphorisms of the Wise and Good; amusing Anecdotes; flashes of Wit, Conundrums; Poetry, &c.

To the Advertisers in this book, the Reader is indebted for its gratuitous circulation. A list of the former is given on page 10th.

The Subscriber hopes that this work will prove acceptable to the Reader, and beneficial to the Advertisers. Should another effort of this kind meet with favour and encouragement, a second volume will be issued next Fall.

THOMAS SELLAR.

MONTREAL, *January*, 1866.

SPECIAL INTIMATION

TO THOSE

Desiring to avail themselves of the Benefits of Life Assurance with the
Smallest Outlay convenient with Security.

THE

Life Association of Scotland, (Founded 1838.)

The System and Regulations of the Life association of Scotland have been so framed as to secure to its Policy Holders the *utmost value for their payments*, and include provisions in their favor on the following important points:—

Small Outlay for Life Assurance.

Non-Liability to Forfeiture of Policy.

Liberal Return for Surrender of Policy, or

Advance by way of Loan on its security.

Freedom from the Risks of Partnership.

ON 5th APRIL NEXT,

The Books will be closed for the 26th Annual Balance. Entrants on or before that date will secure ONE YEAR'S earlier participation in Profits.

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MEDICAL OFFICER,—R. PALMER HOWARD, Esq., M.D.

MONTREAL, PLACE D'ARMES,

P. WARDLAW, *Secretary.*

January, 1866.

HUNTING FOR EGGS.

Phebe was a yankee maid,
Whom to see was to admire ;
Barney was an Irish blade
Help of her respected sire.

Phebe went to hunt for eggs
In the barn among the hay,
Barney meets her there, and begs
To show her *Thukeys* lay.

Up the ladder like a cat
Barney ran the maid before ;
There she found in funny Pat,
Jokes that thrilled her bosom's core.

Phebe quite her eggs forgot
Till she heard her mama call ;
Barney whispers, "Tremble not,
You will not be blamed at all."

"Barney dear, I will I guess,"
And she dropped a tear or two ;
"If they blame, and you will bless,
By my soul I'll marry you."

Phebe ever from a child
Hated erin's scattered race,
Called them vulgar, drunken, wild,
Void of culture, void of grace.

But from that delicious hour,
Often would she say "I *swan*,
On lofts of hay, or in a bower,
I'm partial to an Irishman."

On a lovely verdant Flat,
By a stream in western clime
Phebe with her funny Pat,
Laughing, chatting, toys with time.

With her humble lot content
Often does she bless the day
When with singing heart she went,
To hunt for eggs among the hay.

G. MARTIN.

WHICH IS WHICH.—"Ah Pat!" said a school-mistress to a thick headed urchin, into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet. "I'm afraid you will never learn anything. Now what's that letter, eh?" "Sure, don't you know, ma'am?" "Because it has a dot over the top of it." "Och ma'am? I mind it well but sure I thought it was a fly-speck."—"Well now, rember Pat, it's I." "You ma'am?" "No no, not U, but I, blockhead." "Och yes! faith now I have it, ma'am! you mane to say that you, not I, am a blockhead." "Fool, fool? exclaimed the pedagogue, almost bursting with rage. "Jist as you plaze," replied Pat—"Fool or blockhead, it's no matter which ye are to me, as long as ye are free to own it.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the *sleepers* are very *sound*."

ACCIDENTS TO LIFE OR LIMB

In the Field, the Streets, or at Home, can be provided for by a Policy in the
N. Y.

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

\$5000 in case of Death, and \$25 a week while laid up by injury secured by an Annual Payment of from \$25 to \$30.

\$5000 in case of Death, without weekly compensation, for from \$15 to \$18 per Annum.

Smaller and Larger Sums in Proportion.

Policies written from \$5000 to \$10,000 on one Life,—and from 1 month to 5 years.

INDUCEMENTS.

The rates of premium are very low.

The plan is so simple that any one can comprehend all its workings.

No MEDICAL EXAMINATION IS REQUIRED, and those who have been rejected by Life Companies, in consequence of hereditary or other diseases, can effect insurance in this Company at a very small cost.

No better or more satisfactory use can be made of so small a sum.

Persons about visiting any of the following ports can obtain Policies of Insurance on their Lives, for the voyage at the rates of premium named :

SAN FRANCISCO, via Panama.	}	\$4 00 per \$1000,
LIVERPOOL, LONDON, GLASGOW, SOUTHAMPTON, HAVRE, ANTWERP, HAMBURG, BREMEN, HAVANA, NEW ORLEANS, MOBILE, CHARLESTON, SAVANNAH.		}
		\$2.00 per 1,000
		\$1.50 per \$1,000

POLICY LIMITED TO \$10,000.

Canada Agency.—104 St. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

SIMPSON & BETHUNE, *General Agents.*

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AND 395 COMMISSIONERS STREET,

MONTREAL.

Making up for it.—A committee called upon a flourishing licensed victualler to solicit a subscription for the support of a clergyman. "Can't do it, gentlemen," was his reply. "I gave five pounds to the Rev. Mr. P. yesterday." After much persuasion, however, they succeeded in getting him to put down a like amount for the Rev. Mr. R. and departed with thanks; but a minute afterwards, he was overheard giving the following directions to an assistant "Draw off five pounds' worth of liquor, and fill up with water. Take it out of the row of casks next to those that you watered yesterday for the Rev. Mr. P."

SUPERSTITION, SCIENCE, AND FREE ENQUIRY.

O superstition, could the world behold
Thy wrinkled visage, worshiped as thou art,
Not all the pomp of earth, not all its gold,
Could purchase for thee one devoted heart;
The sons of science, eloquently bold
Have felt the strokes of thy unsparing dart,
And knaves, tyranic, kneeling at thy shrines,
Have made thy dupes the tools of their designs.

To science turn, she cultivates the rough
And barren regions of the savage mind;
Her love is not the visionary stuff
Of human moles,—blind leaders of the blind.
Her ways are mild, and beautiful enough
To melt the rigor of a heart unkind;
Her truths are diamonds, such as to endure
Throughout all ages, palpable and sure.

There is a Spirit, potent and serene,
O'er all the regions of the earth abroad;
A deathless principle, an active mein,
Pure emanation from almighty God!
Thy *Free Enquiry*; in its steady sheen
The bigot's fury and the tyrant's rod
Are rendered powerless, exhaustless source
Of every blessing, onward be thy course!

G. MARTIN.

CONUBIAL HAPPINESS.

When silent night with darkness fills,
The chamber of the wedded pair
What charm can match the sense that thrills
The breast of him who, waking there,
Hears the fond being by his side
Murmur his name in dreams of joy,
And hear her, with a mother's pride,
Praising aloud their infant boy.

G. MARTIN.

Obeying the Priest.—An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop, took from his pocket a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter, exclaimed: "There doctor, snuff that will you?" The doctor did as he was commanded, and pronounced the liquor to be genuine whiskey. "Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman; "Hand it to me again if you please." The doctor again did as he was directed, and asked what he meant, "Och, thin," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health and the priest's health."



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Are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty as a safe, effectual, and agreeable
remedy for Worms. They are put up in boxes containing 30 pastilles,
25 cts per box. None are genuine but those bearing
the name "DEVINS." Try them and
BE CONVINCED.

PREPARED ONLY BY

DEVINS & BOLTON, Chemists and Druggists,
NEXT THE COURT HOUSE, MONTREAL

IRISH AND HIGHLAND WIT.

"What creatures those Irish are!" said the landlord, as he knocked a feather of white ashes from the tip of his cheroot; "it would be a dull world without them. In India, a single Irishman at a station is enough to banish blue devils. The presence of an Irishman anywhere keeps away low spirits, just as a cat in a house keeps away rats and mice. Every station should wear an Irishman as an amulet against despondency." "I have lived a good deal, both in Ireland and the Highlands," said Penn, "and the intellectual difference between the two races has often struck me as not a little curious. They are of the same stock originally, antiquarians say, and yet Ireland is a land of Goshen overflowing with the milk and honey of humour, whereas in every quality of humour the Highlands are as dry as the Sahara. Jokes don't usually come further north than the Grampians. One or two are occasionally to be found in Rosshire, over there; but they are far from common, and their appearance is chronicled in the local prints just as the appearance of the capercaillie is chronicled. No joke has been yet found strong-winged enough to cross the Kyles. That's odd, is it not?" "But have not the Highlanders wit?" "Oh, yes, plenty of it, but rather of the strenuous than of the playful kind; their wit is born for the most part of anger and contempt. 'There she goes,' sneered the Englishman, as Duncan marched past in his tartans at a fair. 'There she lies,' retorted Duncan, as he knocked the sooner over with a blow. 'Coming from hell, Lauchlan,' quoth the shepherd, proceeding on a sacrament Sunday to the Free Church, and meeting his friend coming from the church of the establishment. 'Better than going to it, Kerry,' retorted Lauchlan, as he passed on. Of that kind of rapid and sufficient retort, of the power of returning a blow swiftly and with interest, the Highlander is not in the least deficient. But he differs from the Irishman in this—that he has no eye for the pleasantly droll kind of things; he has no fun in him, no sense of the genial comic. He laughs, but there is generally a touch of scorn in his laughter, and it is almost always directed toward a man or a thing. The Irishman's humorous sense puts a stitch in the torn coat, ekes the scanty purse, boils the peas with which he is doomed to limp graveward. The best Highlander can draw no amelioration of condition from such a source. The two races dine often scantily enough, but it is only the Irishman that can sweeten his potatoes with point. 'They talk of hardship,' said the poor Irish soldier, as he lay down to sleep on the deck of a transport, 'but this is the hardest ship I ever was in in all my life.' No Highlander would have said that, and I believe that joke made the hard plank all the softer to the joker."

Do you want any berries ma'm? said a boy to a lady one day.

The lady told him she would like some, and taking the pail from him she stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind, whistling to some canaries in their cages hanging on the porch.

Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right? said the lady; how do you know but what I may cheat you?

I am not afraid, said he; you would get the worst of it, ma'am.

Get the worst of it! said she; what do you mean.

Why ma'am I should only loose the berries, and you would be stealing; don't you think you would get the worst of it?

TIME.—Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning one after another, creeping in at the windows, their fresh morning air so grateful to the lips as they pant for it, their music so sweet to the ears that listen to it, until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for his own.

R. R. R.

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ASIATIC CHOLERA.

In 1849 RADWAY'S READY RELIEF cured over 10,000 cases of ASIATIC CHOLERA, and as a preventative of this scourge saved over a million. As a family medicine it is the most useful remedy known to the world. If seized with pain or sickness, or threatened with any malignant disease, its use will quickly cure the patient, and protect the system against attacks. IN A FEW MINUTES after the application of the READY RELIEF externally, or its administration internally, the patient, seized with the most excruciating PAINS, ACHES, CRAMPS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT, LUMBAGO, FEVER AND AGUE, SPASMS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, DIPHTHERIA, CONGESTION or INFLAMMATION, will enjoy ease and comfort.

IMPORTANT.—TO FARMERS AND OTHERS residing in sparsely settled districts where it is difficult to secure the services of a physician, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is invaluable. It can be used with positive assurance of doing good in all cases where *pain or discomfort* is experienced, or if seized with INFLUENZA, DIPHTHERIA, SORE THROAT, BAD COUGHS, HOARSENESS, BILIOUS COLIC; INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, STOMACH, LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS; or with CROUP, QUINSY, FEVER AND AGUE, or with NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, TIC DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, EARACHE, or with LUMBAGO, PAIN IN THE BACK, or RHEUMATISM, or with DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS or DYSENTRY, or with BURNS, SCALDS or BRUISES, or with STRAINS, CRAMPS or SPASMS. The application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF *will cure you* of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price 25 cents per Bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S Newly Discovered Principles in Purgation.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are the best Purgative Pills in the world, and the only Vegetable Substitute for Calomel or Mercury ever discovered. Composed of VEGETABLE EXTRACTS, of GUMS, PLANTS, HERBS, ROOTS, and FLOWERS. They Purge, Cleanse, Purify, Heal, Soothe, Calm, Strengthen, invigorate and regulate the system. In sudden attacks of INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS BILIOUS COLIC, BILIOUS FEVER, ERYSIPELAS, CONGESTIVE FEVER, SMALL POX, MEASLES, SCARLET FEVER, SIX TO EIGHT PILLS will purge the disease from the system in six hours.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are an improvement on all other Pills or Purgatives in use; they will cleanse the alimentary canal as thoroughly as lobelia will the stomach, without prostrating or weakening the patient. They are the most active and thorough purgative, taken in maximum doses of say six to eight, known to the world; and in doses of one to four are mild laxatives. As alteratives, they are safer and more positive than calomel or mercury; as tonics, they impart richness to the blood, tone and strength to the system.

Price 25 Cents per Box.

PAT AT THE POST OFFICE.—The following colloquy actually took place at an eastern post office:—

‘I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a letter for me?’
 ‘Who are you, my good sir?’
 ‘I’m meself, that’s who I am.’
 ‘Well, what’s the name?’
 ‘An’ what do ye want wid the name?’
 ‘So that I can find the letter, if there is one.’
 ‘Well, Pat Bryne, thin, av ye must have it.’
 ‘No, sir, there is none for Pat Bryne at present.’
 ‘Is there no way to get in there but thro’ that pane of glass?’
 ‘No, sir.’
 ‘It’s will fur ye there isn’t. I’d tache ye betther manners thin to insist an a gentleman’s name. But ye didn’t get it after all—so I’m even wid ye, anyway—my name isn’t Bryne, sure!’

“The uses of Adversity,” are thus summed up by Punch:—

You wear out your old clothes.

Bores do not bore you.

You are not troubled with visitors.

You are exonerated from making calls.

Tax-gatherers hurry past your door.

Imposters know it is no use to bleed you.

You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries.

You swallow infinitely less poison than others.

No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial.

Itinerant bands do not play opposite your windows.

Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ears.

You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache.

No tradesman irritates by asking: “Is there any other little article you wish to-day, sir.”

And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time to know it.

A STRIKING JOKE.—Playing at cards must be a rascally business, since it is impossible to engage in it without *four knaves*.

THE ONE.—When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is *the* one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

QUITE CONTRARIWISE.—We are told that “like cures like.” We wish our clever homœopaths would invent a much more valuable system to society by which “dislikes should cure dislikes.”

WHAT IS IT?—Alfonso Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V., was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a foppish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and, heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture, “If ’tis not love I feel, pray what is it?”—“Perhaps,” said the young lady, “something bites you.”

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Royal Billiard & Bowling Saloon,

299 & 301 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

5 of Phelan's First Class Tables, also 4 First Class Bowling Allies
HENRY McVITTIE, Proprietor.

White Dress Shirts,
Regatta Shirts,
Fancy Flannel Shirts,
Night Shirts,
Shirt Collars, all styles,
Plain & Fancy Silk Scarfs
(the latest novelties
always in stock.)
Black Silk & Fancy Ties
Silk and Cambric Pocket
Handkerchiefs.

J. T. HENDERSON,
Gentlemen's Haberdasher, Shirt &
Collar Manufacturer,
HOSIER, GLOVER, & C.
415 Notre Dame Street (Corner St. Peter St.)
MONTREAL.

Present address and until 1st May, 1866,
383 Notre Dame, Corner St. John.

Underclothing,
Shirts, Drawers, Hose &
Hose in silk, wool,
merino, cotton, thread
Gloves of all descriptions
Braces and Brace Ends
Kid Mitts, Comforters & c
Silk, Alpaca and Cotton
Umbrellas.
Walking Canes in great
variety, &c. &c. &c.
Shirts and Collars made
to order.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

J. G. KENNEDY,

Begs most respectfully to inform his numerous patrons and the public, that he has just received, ex steamship "Hibernian," a new and splendid assortment of **FALL GOODS**, selected by himself in England and Scotland, suitable for the present and approaching season.

Gentlemen who have not already favoured me with their interest and support, are most respectfully informed that the charges are fully 20 per cent below any other house in the City. Fit and Style guaranteed.

J. G. KENNEDY, MERCHANT TAILOR & JUVENILE CLOTHIER,
60 St. Lawrence Main Street.

CAMERON & ROSS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS

For the Sale of Country Produce, such as Grain, Flour, Pork, Butter, Cheese, Leather, Flax, Flax Seed, Clover and Timothy Seed, Pot Ashes, &c.

And for the purchase of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware and general Merchandise. Cash advances made for three-fourths value of consignment on arrival of goods, or drafts accepted for two-thirds value when attached to bill of lading.

All consignments receive personal attention, and proceeds promptly accounted for.

Particular attention given to the selecting and procuring of Merchandise. All orders being the first, if not accompanied by the money, reference will be required

448 COMMISSIONERS STREET, MONTREAL.

During the last President election a young lawyer, noted for the length of his neck, his tongue, and his bill, was on the stump, blowing his horn for General McClellan.

Getting on his eloquence, he spread himself, and said:

"I would that on the 8th of next November I might have the wings of a bird, and I would fly to every city and village, and every town and hamlet, to every hut, and proclaim to every man, woman and child—George B. McClellan as the President of the United States."

At this moment a youngster in the crowd sang out;

"Dry up, you fool. You'd be shot for a goose before you flew a mile."

At a camp meeting a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding the frequent hints from the ministers to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said:

"I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings they would sit down."

This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into the seats.

A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said:

"Oh, brother, how could you say that?"

"Say that?" said the old gentleman, "it's a fact—if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they got them on."

As a proof of the fact that girls are useful articles, and that the world could not very well get along without them, a late writer states it as a fact, that if all the girls were driven out of the world, in one generation, the boys would all go after them.

"I wish," said the slight and elegant Mrs. Fitzbob to her friend Mrs. Tigg, whose embonpoint was strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat, and you had some of my lean." "I'll tell you what is the origin of that wish," replied the fair wit—"you think too much of me, and too little of yourself."

"Mr. Smith," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean that you preached?" "No sir; I held the candle for a man who did." "Ah, the court understood you differently. They supposed that discourse came from you." "No, sir; I only threw a light upon it."

The old adage, that 'You should not count your chickens before they are hatched,' has thus been rendered by a professor of etiquette: "The producers of poultry should postpone the census of their juvenile fowls till the period of incubation is fully accomplished."

"Pray, my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, "what is the distinction between law and equity courts?" "Very little in the end," replied his lordship: "they only differ as far as time is concerned. At common law you are done for at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet, which is instantaneously and most charmingly effective the latter is an angler's hook, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, the other laudanum."

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.—Our little "two-year-old" is grandpa's especial pet. But in one of their frolics together, she struck him on the face so hard that he remonstrated, and asked if she was not sorry she hurt grandpa. The little mischief looked very sober for a while, then creeping slyly up to him, said, "Grandpa. I see berry sorry you hurt your head against my hand."

Established. 1859.

HENRY R. GRAY,
DISPENSING AND FAMILY CHEMIST.

144 St. Lawrence Main Street, Montreal.

The speciality of this Establishment is the dispensing of Physician's prescriptions.
 Country Physicians supplied at lowest prices for Cash.
 Depot for the sale of Magnesium Wire.

J. RATTRAY & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

TOBACCO, SHUFFS AND CIGARS,
 And Importers and Dealers in all kinds of Tobacconist's Goods,
206 NOTRE DAME ST.
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L. DEVANY,

AUCTIONEER & COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Agent for the Sale of Real Estate,

And Agent for the sale of Messrs. Jacques & Hay's Furniture, &c.

267 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

WM. RODDEN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST DESCRIPTION OF

COOKING & OTHER STOVES,

**Iron Furniture, Bedsteads, and Railings, Builders, Machinists,
 and Ornamental Castings, all in great variety,**

*Works, 165 to 179 William Street. Sample and Sale Rooms,
 118 and 120 Great St. James Street, Montreal, C.E.*

KNAVE AND FOOL.—Two persons of a sarcastic turn met a neighbour, and said, "Friend, we have been disputing as to whether you are most knave or fool." The man took each of the querists by the arm, so that he was in the middle. "In truth," said he, "I believe I am between both."

Counsellor Crips being on a party at Castle-Martyr, one of the Company, a physician, strolled out before dinner into the chureyard. Dinner being served, and the doctor not returned, some one expressed his surprise where he could be gone to. "Oh," says the counsellor, "he is but just stept out to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

What is "Canvassing?"—An Irish witness before the Clare Election Committee, having said he had been "all day canvassing," was directed to "define" canvassing, which he did thus: "To try to induce and force the voters to vote for Corney O'Brien, and if they would not, to give them drink till they could not vote at all."

A curious boy in Lochwinnoch parish, Scotland, asked his mother about the origin of man, etc., and was answered:

"We are all made of clay."

"Are the horses made of clay too?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "all of clay."

"Then, mother, Duncan Donelson, has but one leg; has the clay been unco dear d'ye think, when he gans wi' a timber ane?"

An old Dutch tavern-keeper had his third wife, and being asked of his views of matrimony, replied, "Vell, den, you see, de first time I marries for love—that was goot; den I marries for beauty—dat wash goot too, about as goot as de first; but this time I marries for monish—and dis is better as both!"

Lady Chandos, who was still a coquette in her advanced maturity, came to a party after eleven o'clock.

"How late you are, my charmer!" said the mistress of the house, provokingly.

"I am quite ashamed," answered her ladyship, "but my maid is so very slow; she takes more than an hour and a half to do my hair."

"Fortunately," observed one of her friends, "you are not obliged to stay at home while she is doing it."

Turner the painter was ready wit. Once at a dinner where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were present a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters* and *glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drank; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the *British paper stainers*.

CURRAN'S CASE.—Curran, on one occasion was employed on behalf of the plaintiff in a case of assault. The plaintiff had called the defendant some ugly names, and threatened him, and the defendant had taken the law into his own hands, and thrashed his opponent. Curran, however, would not hear of any palliating circumstances. The plaintiff had been struck by the defendant: no matter what offence had been given, the defendant had no right to strike and abuse his ill-used client, &c. "Mr. Curran," said the judge, "if a man met you in the street, called you a scoundrel, and spat in your face, what would you do?"—"What would I do?" said Curran. "Bedad, I'd knock him down as flat as a pancake!" It is almost unnecessary to say that the plaintiff lost his case.

J. G. PARKS,
PHOTOGRAPHER,

18 St. Lawrence Main Street,
MONTREAL.

12 CARD-DE-VISITE, \$1.50; 6 ditto, \$1.00.

BOISSEAU,
Photographer & Portrait Painter,

372 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

SUPERIOR WORK & MODERATE CHARGES.

First Prize for Colored Photographs, Provincial Exhibition 1865.

J. P. CRAIG,

FACTEUR DE PIANOS,

No. 124 RUE ST. LAURENT,

MONTREAL.

Pianos réparés et accordés, à court avis et à prix modérés.

WILLIAM McWATTERS,

HARDWARE MERCHANT,

179 St. Lawrence Main St. (2nd Door from the Market)

MONTREAL.

A complete assortment of CABINET MAKERS AND HOUSE FURNISHING HARD-
 WARE, always on hand.

Cut Nails, Hooks, Screws, Hinges, Spades, Shovels, Hay and Manure Forks,
 Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, &c. &c.

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

Book-Keeping taught in one lesson.—Don't lend them.

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day. "Right over there?" said the boy: "taint nowhere else."

A young gentleman says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "No-ing by half."

Flirt.—A beautiful but useless insect, without wings, whose colours fade on being removed from the sunshine.

"I can take no pleasure in you when you get in one of your snappish ways," as the rat said to the trap.

An "owdacious" newspaper writer speaks of doctors as gentlemen of the turf.

The worst kind of oil to have anything to do with—turm oil.

The hottle is the Devil's crucible, in which every-thing is melted.

The Difficulty of a Fast Man's Life.—Chequeing his tailors' bills.

Matrimony is a game that every young person should take a hand at.

Don't believe in any aristocracy without pluck as its backbone.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes it.

~~no~~ A crusty old bachelor says women should be spelt whim-en.

THE London Conundrum and Punning Company (Limited) has discovered what to do with the National Debt. Its idea is to leave it a loan.

What to except at a hotel—inn-attention.—*Punch*.

A WOMAN'S NO.

I said my love was deep and true ;
 She only answered with a jest,
 A mocking word, a smile at best,
 As one who naught of passion knew.
 How earnestly I tried to plead ?
 Her eyes roved idly here and there,
 Her fingers toyed with chain or hair,
 She scarcely seemed my words to heed.
 At last I said, " then is it so ?
 My darling, must I go away ?
 Have you no word of hope to say ?"
 She answered firmly, proudly, " No !"
 I turned to go and leave her free ;
 When on my arm a hand was laid,
 And in my ear a whisper said,
 " I love you : oh, come back to me !"

SEWING MACHINES.



The only place in Montreal where you can purchase a
GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINE
 Is at **65 St. Sulpice Street,**

CORNER OF FRENCH CATHEDRAL.

J. D. LAWLOR, Agent.

Gold and Silver, and American Bank Notes, bought and sold
 by **J. D. LAWLOR, 65 St. Sulpice Street.**

Writing, Book-keeping, Arithmetic and Composition,

TAUGHT MOST EFFECTIVELY BY

PROFESSOR LONG.

At his Educational Institute for adult tuition, 507 Craig Street.

Rooms for Ladies and private instruction. Young men qualified for situations in the shortest possible time.

Hours of attendance, from 9 to 12 a.m., and from 2 to 6, and 8½ to 10 p.m.

"Prof. Long is, without exception, the penman of the day."—*London Times.*

Call and see specimens and testimonials from some of the highest authorities in this city.

Under the Patronage of Prince Napoleon.

JOHN PALMER,

HAIRDRESSER AND PERFUMER,

Manufacturer of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wigs, Toupees, &c.

223 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

A complete assortment of Perfumery, and all the varied articles of Toilet, selected from the best marts in the world.

54 & 56 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

THOS. RIDDELL,

Has constantly on hand a HEAVY STOCK of the Best

ENGLISH STATIONERY,

Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c. &c., imported direct,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF RIBBONS—One of the latest fashions with the ladies is wearing long ends of a narrow ribbon around the neck. Few of the uninitiated know the significance of the same. When they wear the ends hanging in front it means that "the lady is married;" down the back, that "she has a feller coming to see her, but isn't engaged;" over the left shoulder it means, "Fellers, come follow me." If she doesn't wear any it means that she is "engaged, and don't wish to have anything to do with any other feller."

A cross grained old bachelor says that "tin" is the favorite *belle-metal* now-a-days.

A BULL.—'Patrick, you fool, what makes you stare after the rabbit, when your gun has no lock on it?' 'Hush! my darlin', the rabbit don't know that.'

"This is what I call capital punishment," as the boy said, when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

A briefless barrister ought never to be blamed, for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a cause.

The Japanese say, The tongue of women is her sword, and she never lets it grow rusty for want of using it.'

LIFE'S SUMMARY.

Deaf to insect to insect blind,
That's thy ending—man of mind!

Faltring limbs and fading sight,
That's thy ending—man of might!

Ten feet long and four feet broad,
That's thy ending—*acres*, lord!

Sunken eye and haggard mien,
That's thy ending—Beauty's queen!

Bending form and wrinkled face,
That's thy ending—queen of grace!

"Dust to dust," and naught beside,
That's thy ending—queen of pride!

"Here to-day and gone to-morrow,"
That's thy lifetime—child of sorrow!

Heavenly grace, naught else can span,
That's thy *only* hope—poor "man"!

An elderly gentleman, travelling in a stage coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly enquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered with a deal of *naivete*, "No, ma'am, " have been married twenty-eight years."

When a young man marries, the demon utters a fearful cry. His fellows immediately crowd round him, and inquire the subject of his grief. "Another son of Adam," he answers, "has just escaped out of my clutches,"—*Arab Problem*.

A little girl in Pennsylvania was lately reproved for playing out-doors with boys, and informed that, being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But with all imaginable innocence she replied: "Why grandma, the bigger we grow the better we like 'm." Grandma took time to think.

THE LARGE IMPORTATIONS

Arriving at the MART is causing a great stir in St. Lawrence Main Street.

The Wholesale Departments are piled up with stock. Extraordinary good value offering on Cash and credit.

Merchants from Upper Canada and the States will find several lines fully 15 per cent under the usual wholesale rates.

In the Retail, the crowds going over to the Mart is clear proof of the character and prices of the goods.

To list off the stock and prices is impossible.—A glance at the large arrivals in Merinoes, 2s 9d to 3s 3d; Poplinetts and Delains, 8d to 1s 6d; Prints, 7d to 1s; Blankets, \$3 to \$10 the pair; Flannels, Hoop Skirts, White Cottons, Cloths, Tweeds, Doeskins, &c. &c.

A few moments view of the stock and the value offering in the above goods will explain the advantages that are to be had at the Mart,

**31 St. Lawrence Main Street,
J. A. RAFTER'S.**

The selling prices are plainly marked on all goods.

GENTLEMEN

Who are about ordering in the Merchant Tailoring and Outfitting Branches,

ARE INFORMED THAT AT THE MART,

31 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET,

J. A. RAFTER'S,

They will have the immense Wholesale and Retail Stock of Goods to select from.

Prices the same as London and Manchester.

Splendid Tweed Suits to order	\$10½ to \$16
Halifax Suits, to order.....	\$11 to \$13
Superfino Black Suits, to order	\$15 to \$30
Youth's Suits, to order.....	\$ 4 to \$ 8
The new British Columbia Suits, most select for Fall or Winter wear...	\$15 to \$25
Gent's Atlantic Suits.....	\$16 to \$20

Also, an excellent stock of **READY MADE CLOTHING** in all the sizes.

Experienced Artists engaged. Perfect fits guaranteed.

Suits measured for in the morning will be completed by noon next day.

GIVE ME A CRUST OF BREAD.

ALTERED FROM A POEM BY MRS. EDWARDS.

Give me a crust of bread, mother,
 I will not grieve you long,
 It will keep the little life I have
 Till the coming of the morn.
 I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
 Dying of hunger and cold,
 And half the agony of such a death
 My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
 A wolf that is fierce for blood ;
 All the livelong day, and the night beside,
 Gnawing for lack of food.
 I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother.
 And the sight was heaven to see ;
 I woke with an eager famishing lip.
 Oh ? have you no bread for me ?

The rich have lands and gold, mother,
 The rich have lands and gold :
 While you are forced to your empty breast
 A skeleton babe to hold.
 A babe that is dying of want, mother,
 As I am dying now,
 With a ghastly look in its sunken eye
 And famine upon its brow.

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
 Dying of want and cold,
 While only a few streets off, mother,
 Are many that roll in gold.
 There are rich and proud men there, mother,
 With wondrous wealth to view,
 And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
 Would give *me* life and *you*.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
 Come nearer to my side,
 And hold me fondly, as you held
 My father when *he* died.
 Quick ! for I cannot see you, mother,
 Raise up my heavy head.
 Mother ! dear mother ! ere I die,
 Give me a crust of bread !

WORDS.—Beware of impure words. Filthy conversation is a fruitful means of corruption. It is a channel by which the impurity of one heart may be communicated to another. And we know who hath said, " Evil communications corrupt good manners. " Words are an index of the state of the heart. Hence says Christ, " By thy words shalt thou be condemned ; and for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. " There are those whose conversation is filthy and disgusting. Parents should guard their children from such. They should themselves avoid every indelicate expression, and check the first appearance of any such thing in their children. Avoid foolish talking and jesting. Children let your words be pure.

The most curious thing—a woman that is not curious.

R. WORTHINGTON,
PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER,

30 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

Has always on hand Large Stocks of

Standard Books, Albums, Stationery, &c., Cheap.

Parties having valuable Standard, Scarce, or other Illustrated Books, can have them exchanged or sold.

Orders taken for new Books as soon as published in the United States and England.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT AND SOLD,
NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE, MONTREAL.

IMPERIAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON.

Established, 1803.

Capital, £1,600,000 stg.

SPECIAL SECURITY FOR INSURERS IN CANADA.

This Company has invested, in conformity with the Act 26 Vic. cap.43

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,

AS SPECIAL SECURITY FOR POLICY HOLDERS IN CANADA.

RISKS ON

BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

Within the city limits, taken at the lowest current rates.

Losses promptly settled without reference to the Board in London.

W. H. RINTOUL,
GENERAL AGENT FOR CANADA,
 87 and 89 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

A CLERGYMAN in Perthshire, who is more skillful as an angler than popular as a preacher, having fallen into conversation with some of his parishioners on the benefits of early rising, mentioned, as an instance, that he had that very morning, before breakfast composed a sermon and killed a salmon—an achievement on which he plumed himself greatly. "A weel, sir," observed one of the company, "I would rather hae yer salmon than yer sermon."

ARTIFICIAL WANTS.—Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not run in debt is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich, will believe this, but it is as true as God's word. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

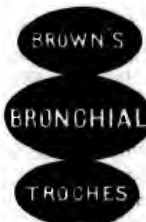
WANT OF DECISION.—Sydney Smith, in his work on Moral Philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little "brass," as it is termed: "A great deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who if they had only been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as we can.

"It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an extended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see the success for seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty five years of age, so that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time for over-squeamishness at present, that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation."

"Less loud the roar of ocean's wave, that driv'n
By stormy Boreas, breaks upon the beach;
Less loud the crackling of the flames that rage
In the deep forest of some mountain glen;
Less loud the wind to wildest fury roused,
Howls in the branches of the lofty oaks;
Than rose the cry of Trojans and of Greeks,
As each, with furious shout, encountered each."

Daily Homes.

'Pay no attention to my bad temper, John,' said a passionate man to his servant, 'for you know that my ill-humor is no stoner on than it is off again.'—'Yes, sir,' replied John; 'but it is no sooner off than it is on again.'



"A SLIGHT COLD," COUGH, Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, which might be checked with a simple remedy, if neglected, often terminates seriously. Few are aware of the importance of stopping a Cough or "slight cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if not attended to, soon attacks the lungs.

The efficacy of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES is demonstrated by testimonials from Physicians, Surgeons in the Army, and eminent men wherever they have been used.

They were first introduced in 1850. *It has been proved that they are the best article before the public for COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, the Hacking Cough in CONSUMPTION, and numerous affections of the THROAT, giving immediate relief.*

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS

will find them effectual for clearing and strengthening the voice.

From MR. T. DUCHARMÉ, for many years Chorister of French Parish Church, Montreal.

"It gives me great pleasure to certify to the efficacy of your Bronchial Troches, in an affection of the throat and voice, induced by public singing. They have suited my case exactly, relieving my Throat and clearing the voice so that I could sing with ease."

From REV. HENRY WILKES, D. D. Pastor of Zion Church, Montreal.

"When somewhat hoarse from cold or over exertion in public speaking I have uniformly found Brown's Troches afford relief.

"I have been much afflicted with BRONCHIAL AFFECTION, producing Hoarseness and Cough. The Troches are the only effectual remedy, giving power and clearness to the voice."

REV. GEO. SLACK, Minister, Church of England,
Milton Parsonage, Canada.

"Two or three times I have been attacked by BRONCHITIS so as to make me fear that I should be compelled to desist from ministerial labor, through disorder of the Throat. But from a moderate use of the Troches, I now find myself able to preach nightly, for weeks together, without the slightest inconvenience."

REV. E. B. RYCKMAN, A.B., Wesleyan Minister, Montreal.

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SOOTHING SYRUP, FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

Which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is **SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS**. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and **RELIEF and HEALTH** to your **INFANTS**. NEVER HAS IT FAILED, IN A SINGLE INSTANCE, TO EFFECT A CURE, when timely used. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in term of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak, in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and *pledge our reputation for the fulfillment of what we here declare*. This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the **MOST EXPERIENCED** and **SKILLFUL NURSES** in New England, and has been used with *never-failing success*, in **THOUSANDS OF CASES**.

It will almost instantly relieve **GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WINDICOLIC**, and overcome convulsions, which if not speedily remedied, end in death.—*Do not let your own prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be SURE—yes, ABSOLUTELY SURE—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used.*

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JOHN F. HENRY & Co.,
515 ST. PAUL STREET,
WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

The man who did not think it respectable to bring up his children to work, has just heard of his sons. One of them is a driver on the canal, another of them has been taken up as a vagrant, and a third has gone to a public institution to learn the shoemaking business under a keeper.

A clerk in a New York mercantile establishment relates a colloquy from which a sprightly youth in the same store came out second best. A poor boy came along with his machine, inquiring, "Any knives or scissors to grind?" "Don't think we have," replied the young gentleman facetiously, "but can't you sharpen wits?" "Yes, if you've got any," was the prompt response, leaving the interrogator rather at a loss to produce the article.

THE LADIES AND THE GENTLEMEN.—At a recent festive meeting, a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed: "The ladies—the beings who divide our sorrows, double our joys, and treble our expenses." Upon which a lady proposed: "The gentlemen—the sensitive individuals who divide our time, double our cares, and treble our troubles." The married man didn't stop to hear any more.

The story of the endeavor to tamper with the loyalty of the Irish soldier during Smith O'Brien's rebellion, is very characteristic of the British soldier in general. "Surely, if you saw Shane, or any of your friends in our ranks, you wouldn't fire on them?" "Be dad," was the answer, "if the next man was my own mother, I'd shoot him if I got the order."

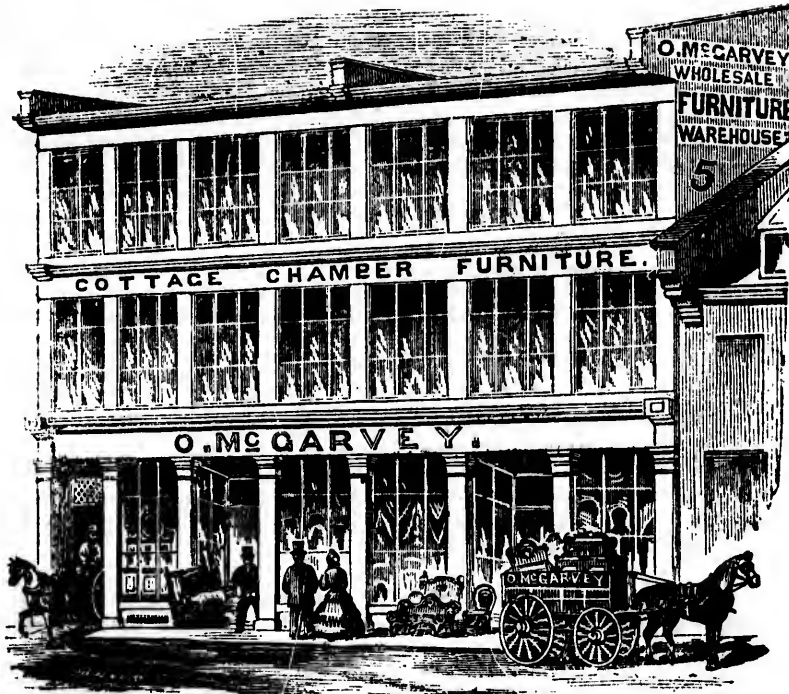
Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with a handful of flowers in green dells, on hills, and daisy meadows—with bird's nests *admired but not touched*—with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts, directed in affectionate and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to the practice of benevolence and to the remembrance of Him who is the fountain of all good.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

GOOD REPORTS.—That most flippant of diplomats Prince Schwartzburg, was so grossly impertinent as to remark sneeringly to Lord Ward, that English diplomatists spoke shocking bad French. "Ah," said the English nobleman to the Austrian satirist, "you must remember that we have not had the advantage of having our capital cities so often occupied by French troops as some of the continental nations."

This sharp comment on the German's text was as creditable to Lord Ward as a reply of an English ambassador to Napoleon, at the time of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. "I will make an attack on England," said that most imperious of muscular gents, the First Consul, in a burst of fury, to Lord Withworth. "That is your affair, sir" was the reply. "I will annihilate you!" roared the Consul. "Ah, sir, that is *our* affair!" was the calm and noble reply of the representative of a great people.

The most curious thing—a woman that is not curious.

The wedding ring is put upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, because, it is said in the original formulary of marriage, it was placed first on the top of the thumb, with the words: "In the name of the Father;" then on the next finger, with the words: "And of the Son;" then on the middle finger, with: "And of the Holy Ghost;" and finally on the fourth, with the "Amen."



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603 and 605 CRAIG STREET, (new Nos.)

SCOTCH BULLS.—Two operatives were conversing the other day about a fine cemetery recently made in one of the most flourishing of our Border towns. One of them with whom the "newfangled graveyard" was evidently no favourite, boldly, but amusingly, expressed his aversion to it in the remark, "I'll rather dee than be buried in sic a place!" With equal disregard of the logic of facts, his companion, who held an exactly opposite opinion of the cemetery, retorted; "Weel, if I'm spared in life an' health I'll gang naewhere else!"—*Edinburgh Courant*.

A FRENCH EPIGRAM —

Tu parlez mal par tout de moi,
Je dis de bien par tout de toi ;
Quel malheur est, le notre,
L'on ne croit ni l'un ni l'autre.

TRANSLATED FOR THE WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR.

While you speak of me nothing but ill,
I say nought but good about you ;
How unlucky that nobody will
Believe that we either speak true.

An impatient boy waiting for his grist said to the miller, 'I could eat the meal as fast as the mill grinds it.' 'How long could you do so?' inquired the miller. 'Till I starved to death,' was the sarcastic reply.

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

A little boy running along stubbed his toe and fell on pavement. "Never mind my little fellow," said a bystander, "you won't feel the pain, to-morrow. "Then," said the little boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

What are you about there? said a gentleman to a boy whom he found in his orchard, disposing of a few apples to great advantage, viz: in hat and handkerchief—for pocket he had not. I'm about going, said the boy.

A SHARP JEST.—'So I understand Mr. Tooke you have all the blackguards of London with you,' said O'Brien to him on the husting of Westminster. 'I am happy to have it on such good authority as one of the greatest of them,' said Tooke.

"BRINGING UP."—A person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up. For instance, a man who has been brought up by the police seldom turns out respectable.

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

It is a bad boy who goes like a top—no longer than he is whipped.

DOWRY.—The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behaviour modesty.

"Poor Dick! how sadly he has altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, yes, of course," replied the other, "directly a man's neck is in the nuptial noose; every one must see that he's a haltered person."

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"How is one to get rid of poor relations?" asked a millionaire of a friend. "I declare," he continued, "if they're not just like my fits of the gout; the oftener they come, the longer they stay." "Well then," responded the friend, "you should resort to the same means of getting rid of them—*thin diet*."

Talleyrand was worried for his autograph, and to one of his persecutors he thus wrote—"Will you oblige me with your company to dinner on Wednesday next, at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool among them."

"Jeannie," said a Cameronian, to his daughter, who was asking his permission to accompany her urgent and favoured suitor to the altar,—"Jeannie, it's a very solemn thing to get married."—"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it's a great deal solemnner not to."

THE CATASTROPHE.

"Poor fellow! So young too! Well, sooner or later
We all bid farewell to the pleasures of life.
'Tis but just—" "What! has anything happened to Slater
Is he dying?"—"No! no! but he's taken a wife."

"My dear," said a gentleman to a young lady whom he hoped to marry, "do you intend to make a fool of me?"—"No," replied the lady, "Nature has saved me the trouble."

A lady, who affects great learning and classicality of speech, but whose knowledge of language is rather limited, alluding to the speech of one of the newly-elected members of Parliament, said "it was very spirited and classical in style, but rather too *ad clatrapandum*."

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine, sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

"Dennis, my boy," said an English schoolmaster to his Hibernian pupil, "I fear I shall make nothing of you; you've no application."—"An, sure enough, sir," said the quick-witted lad, "isn't it myself that's always being tould there's no occasion for it? Don't I see every day in the newspapers that 'no Irish need apply,' at all, at all?"

A man must have a very bad opinion of himself not to be willing to appear what he really is.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you should become wise, as that they should be recognised as teachers of wisdom.

AN ANCIENT OPINION OF LOVE.—It is a pretty soft thing this same love; an excellent company keeper—full of gentleness and affability; makes men fine, and go cleanly; teacheth them good qualities, handsome protestations; and, if the ground be not too barren, it bringeth forth rhymes and songs, full of passion and tenderness.

PROVERBIAL.—The reason why policemen are never run over is, that they are never in the way.

AN IRISH TOAST.—The following toast was given at an Irish society's dinner. "Here's to the president of the society, Patrick O'Raferty; and may he live to ate the hen that scratches over his grave!"

It is customary in some churches in America for the men to be placed on one side, and the women on the other. A clergyman, in the midst of his sermon, found himself interrupted by the talking of some of the congregation, of which he was obliged to take notice. A woman immediately rose, and wishing to clear her own sex from the aspersion, said:—"Observe, at least, your reverence, it is not on our side."—"So much the better, good woman, so much the better," said the clergyman; "it will be the sooner over."

An 'airy SITUATION.—A barber's.

MARRIAGE LICENCES

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MONTREAL.

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SIDNEY SMITH wrote to a friend, "I have seven or eight complaints, but in all other respects I am perfectly well."

WOMEN.—The morning star of infancy—the day star of manhood—the evening star of age. Bless our star!

"I'll give that girl a piece of my mind!" exclaimed a certain young fellow.—"I wouldn't," replied his uncle: "you've none to spare."

"Tell your mistress that I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to a punning domestic of his lodging-house.—"Very well, sir, mistress will put it down as *rent*."

To prevent the kitchen door from creaking, keep a servant girl whose beau comes to see her of an evening.

A GRAVE SIN.—Writing a lying epitaph.

A GOOD guess at a tailor's name.—Mr. So-and-so.

A BREACH which every gallant soldier avoids—a breach of politeness.

"Ah, Charley," said one little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house."—"Pooh, that's nothin," rejoined the other; "papa's going to get a mortgage on ours."

GOOD LOOKING-GLASS.—"Miss," said a fop to a young lady, "what a pity you wasn't a mirror."—"Why so?" said the blushing lady.—"Because you would be such a good-looking-lass."

"MAKE way, gentlemen," cried a fussy M. P. to some people in the park the other day; "make way, we are the representatives of the people." "Make way yourself," replied a sturdy member of the throng, "we are the people themselves."

SELF-DEFENCE.—"What is the best attitude for self-defence?" asked a pupil of a well known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

INSURANCE.—The following toast was recently pronounced at a fireman's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

"Marriage," said a fretful husband, "is the graveyard of love." "Yes," replied his wife, "and you men are the grave-diggers."

A LOVER gazed in the eyes of his mistress until she blushed. He pressed her hand to his heart, and said, "My looks have planted roses on thy cheek; he who sows the seed should reap the harvest."

A LAWYER'S LETTER.—The following is said to be the copy of a letter sent by a member of the legal profession to a person who was indebted to one of his clients:—"Sir, I am desired to apply to you for twenty pounds, ducto my client, Mr. Jones; if you send me the money by this day week, you will oblige me; if not, I will oblige you!"

ONE WORD.—"Sire, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant.—"If you say two," answered the king, "I will have you hanged."—"Sign," replied the soldier. The king stared, whistled, and signed.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—A Persian poet gives us the following instruction upon this important subject:—"When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults, and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is in vain to straighten what is curved."

DEFINITION OF A DENTIST.

A Dentist, love, makes teeth of bone,
For those whom fate has left without;
And finds provision for his own,
By pulling other people's out.

R. W. COWAN,
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JOHN MONK.

E. H. RIXFORD.

WORLDLY RICHES.—If from bare worldly wealth a man seeketh honor, he is deluded, for he is not thereby truly honourable; he is but a shining earthworm, a well-trapped ass, and gaudy statue, a theatrical grandee; with god who judgeth most rightly he is mean and despicable; no intelligent person can inwardly respect him.—*Barrow.*

Ambition often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to fling him down.

It is wise and well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a rainbow.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wrathful.

We ought to be able to endure almost everything in old age, for we have at the worst but a short time to be miserable.

During the Stormy days of 1848 two stalwart mobocrats entered the bank of the late Baron Anselm Rothschild, at Frankfort. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing. You must divide with us."—"Very well," said the baron; "what do you suppose the firm of Rothschild is worth?"—"About forty millions of florins," they replied. "Forty millions, you think, eh?" said the banker. "Now, then, there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin a-piece. Here's yours."

WOMAN'S WIT.—"Do let me have your *carte de visite*," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. Of course the gentleman was delighted, thinking he had made an impression on the lady's heart, and in a short time the picture was sent. She gave it to the servant, with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative, "Well, when he comes, tell him I am engaged."

GENERAL SHERIDAN is said to be as witty as he is brave, and excessively fond of conundrums. One day he astounded the grave and quiet lieutenant-general by asking him why a grape-vine is like a soldier. Of course, General Grant couldn't begin to guess. "Well," said Phil, "it is because it's *'listed and trained*, has *tendrills* (tendrils) and *shoots*." The lieutenant-general gazed fixedly for a time upon his favourite officer, then bowed his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and quietly remarked, "You'll do."—[But General Sheridan "won't do," if he thus steals his jokes from Tom Hood.]

ONE day the philosopher Bias found himself in the same vessel with a crowd of sorry scoundrels. A tempest came on, and instantly the whole band began to invoke the succour of the gods. "Be quiet, you wretches!" said the sage; "if the gods perceive that you are here, we are gone!"

ONLY ENOUGH FOR ONE.—Sheridan was once staying at the house of an elderly, maiden lady in the country, who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterwards she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." Just a little, ma'am—enough for one, but not enough for two."

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 School Copy Books executed in the most approved and modern styles.
 Estimates given, and Contracts taken for every description of Printing, and for orders of any magnitude.

An Inspection of their Samples is respectfully solicited.

"Humble as I am," said a bullying American spouter at a meeting, "I still remember that I'm a fraction of this magnificent republic."—"You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

I see you are on the watch, as the thief said to the guard chain.

Men slip on water when it is frozen, and on whiskey when it isn't.

BEAR AND BEER.—Very bad spelling is sometimes the best, as in the case of the English beervendor, who wrote over his shop door, 'Bear sold here.' Tom Hood, who saw it, said it was spelled right, because the fluid he sold was his own 'bruin.'

THE SIMPLICITY OF GENIUS.—When Bewick was asked to what he owed his marvellous success in portraying beast and birds, his answer is said to have been that he supposed 'looked harder at them' than most men did. So Mrs. Siddons, when questioned as to the art with which she produced such electrifying effects on the stage, said she 'simply did the best she could.'

What trees are those which, when fire is applied to them, are exactly what they were before?—Ashes.

When I speak ill of women in general they all abuse and contradict me; when I speak ill of one woman in particular, the rest admire and agree with me.

A wife in San Francisco lately put up a petition for divorce in the court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The court, a confirmed old bachelor, wouldn't admit the plea, because almost every married man would be liable to the same imputation.

Many of our "slang" sayings have a classical deviation. When one calls his comrade a "brick," he is only paying a compliment uttered a thousand years ago:—An Eastern prince, on being asked, "Where are the fortifications of your city?" replied, pointing to his soldiers, "every man you see is a brick."

Talleyrand was one day leaving a council of ministers when he met a courtier distinguished for his imprudent gossiping. "Well M. Le Prince," he cried, "what has passed in the council to day?" "Four hours have passed," replied the Prince, gravely.

—Probably the wittiest saying in the language is Douglas Jerrold's definition of dogmatism—that it is puppyism come to maturity.

—"Ma, why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell, my son; why is it?" "Because it gets licked and put in a corner." "Susan, put that boy to bed."

Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembled only the 'effigy of a man,' said the stout gentleman, Why Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last.—And you, replied the other, look as if you *had been at dinner ever since*.

A good wife exhibits her love for her husband by trying to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort.

A poor wife. "dears" and "my loves," her husband, and would't sew a button to his coat to keep him from freezing.

A FLIRT is like a dipper attached to a hydrant. Everyone is at liberty to drink from it; but no one desires to carry it away.

BACHELORS.

As lone clouds in Autumn eves,
As a tree without its leaves,
As a shirt without its sleeves—
Such are Bachelors.

As creatures of another sphere,
As things that have no business here,
As inconsistencies, 'tis clear.
Such are Bachelors.

A Frenchman writing a letter in English to a friend, and looking for the word preserve in the dictionary, and finding it means to pickle wrote as follows:—May you and your family be pickled to all eternity.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.—'I wish I had your head,' said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. 'And I wish I had your heart,' was the reply. 'Well,' said she, 'since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership.'

They say that woman caused man to commit his first sin. But if she hadn't induced him to sin in eating, no doubt he would very soon have sinned of his own accord in drinking.

GIVING WARNING.—A gentleman who did not live very happily with his wife, on the maid telling him that she was about to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding from morning till night, said, "Happy girl! I wish I could give warning, too."

The Ugliest Hood in the world.—Falsehood.

"All maidens are good," says one moralist; 'but where do the bad wives come from?'

ONE FOR HIS LORDSHIP.—A country carpenter having neglected to make a gibbet, which was ordered by the executioner, on the ground that he had not been paid for the last he had erected, gave so much offence that the next time the judge came to the circuit, he was sent for. "Fellow," said the judge, in a stern tone, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?" "I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter, "had I known that it had been for your lordship, it should have been done immediately."

Some young ladies dressed out in finery resemble the cinnamon tree—the bark is of a greater value than the body.

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English, French and American Garden and Agricultural Seeds.

HUMBLE ASPIRANT.—A candidate for auditor of public accounts was called upon for a speech. On rising, he commenced:—"Gentlemen, you have called on me for a few remarks, I have none to make—I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker. I do not desire to be a speaker—I only want to be an auditor."

A mayor of one of the communes in France lately made the following entry upon his register:—"I, mayor of —, found yesterday, in the forest of —, a man, by the name of Rollin, committing an act against the laws. I commanded him to surrender, whereupon he set upon me, heaped me with insult and contumely; calling me a rag-muffin, a precious old dolt, and an awful and contemptible scarecrow—all of which I hereby certify to be strictly true."

TO MY WIFE.

The following exquisite ballad was written by Joseph Brennan, an Irish exile, who died in New Orleans several years ago, of consumption, at the age of twenty-eight. It is touchingly beautiful :

Come to me dearest, I'm lonely without thee ;
Daytime and night-time I'm thinking about thee ;
Night time and day-time in dreams I behold thee—
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.

Come to me darling, my sorrows to lighten ;
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten ;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly ;
Come in thy loveliness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing ;
And thoughts of thy love, with its manifold treasure,
And circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.

Oh, Spring of my Spirit! oh, May of my bosom ;
Shine out of my soul till it burgeon and blossom ;
The past of my life has rose-root within it,
And thy foundness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figures that move like a song through the even—
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
When shadow and sunshine are chasing each other!

Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple,
Opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple ;
Oh, thanks to the Saviour! that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened ;
Dear, are you sad now, to know I am saddened ?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love.

I cannot weep, but your tears will be flowing ;
You cannot smile, but my cheek will be glowing ;
I would not die without you at my side, love,
You will not linger where I shall have died, love.

Comfort me dear, ere I die of my sorrow ;
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow ;
Strong, swift, fond, love, as the words which I speak,
A song on your lips, and a smile on your cheek, love.

Come, for my heart in your absence is weary ;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary ;
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee,
Come to the arms that would fondly caress thee.

A VALID OBJECTION.—A gentleman recently advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to enclose her *Carte de Visite*. A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms.—“Sir, I do not enclose my *carte*, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass.”

A. CARSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 58, Great St. James Street, Montreal.

A. C. feeling grateful for the liberal support which has been extended to him since he commenced business in the above stand, and trusting that he has been able to give his customers satisfaction both in the quality of his goods and the style of cutting, begs to say that his FALL & WINTER STOCK is now complete, with a full assortment of FRENCH, ENGLISH, and GERMAN BROAD CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, BEAVERS, VESTINGS, &c. All of which has been bought on the most favorable terms, and will be sold at the lowest possible price. Call and examine.

GALBRAITH & BROWN,
TAILORS & CLOTHIERS,

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MONTREAL.

ALL ORDERS SUPPLIED AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

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T. F. STONHAM,
Transparent Window Shades,
SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.
 Scenery of all descriptions painted to order.

Stores, Dwellings, Churches, and Saloon SHADES made to order at short notice.

No. 81 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

Gentleness disarms the fierce, melts the cruel, and corrects whatever is offensive in manners.

Happiness abounds most among the lowly; there are more blossoms in the valleys than on the hills.

HAWKIE'S POLITICS.—"I am neither," said our public lecturer, "a Tory nor a Radical; I like middle courses—gang ayont that, either up or deun, it disna matter—it's a wreck ony way ye tak it."

Whom did he Marry?—"Tom whom did you say our friend B. married?"—"well; he married forty thousand pounds—I forget her other name."

WHAT IS WEALTH.

Wealth is something more than gold,
More than luxury and ease;
Treasures never to be told
May be found apart from these.
Men, who great possessions own,
May be needy none the less:
They are rich; and they alone,
Who have store of nobleness.

Palaces are dreary domes—
Fair demesnes, but deserts wild,
If there be no happy homes,
Gentle thoughts and manners mild.
Trust me, though his lot be small,
And he makes but slight pretence,
He who lives at peace with all
Dwells in true magnificence.

If you'd prove of noble birth,
O beware of judgments rash;
Scorn to measure human worth
By the sordid rule of cash.
Gold and silver may depart,
Proudest dynasties may fall;
He who has the truest heart
Is the richest of us all.

"Wife," said a married man, looking for his bootjack, after she was in bed, "I have a place for all things, and you ought to know it by this time." "Yes," replied she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

"Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'iron horse' has but one ear?"—"One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?"—"Why, the engine-ear, of course."

Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—it's a human privilege."

PUTTING DOWN A LAWYER.—A brow-beating lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied, 'In company with two friends.' 'Friends!' exclaimed the lawyer; 'two thieves I suppose you mean.' 'That may be so,' replied the witness, 'for they are both lawyers.'

WHICH IS THE BEST?—'I love you, Ruth : you surely have been able to discern it ? My love is ardent and sincere. Oh, say that you'll return it,' 'Return it. Paul ! No no ; not I, I've striven hard to gain it ; and now I've got it, by your leave, I'd rather far retain it.'

COMPLIMENTARY.—A barrister, not over young or handsome, examining a young lady witness in court, determined to perplex her, and said, ' Miss, upon my word, you are very pretty !' The young lady very promptly replied, ' I would return the compliment, sir, if I were not on oath.'

THE MIND.—Elevation of mind imparts grace and dignity to form and features : but of all sentiments benevolence towards our fellow creatures, and pure disinterested love are the most valuable ingredients in the ' Elixir of beauty.'

DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT,
Corner Craig & St. Lawrence Sts.
MONTREAL.

NEWSPAPERS, PERIODICALS, MAGAZINES
 NOVELS, SCHOOL BOOKS, SONG BOOKS,
 MEMORANDUM BOOKS, PASS BOOKS, ACCOUNT BOOKS
 INKS, PENS, PENCILS,
 ENVELOPES, LETTER PAPER, NOTE PAPER,
 AND EVERY THING IN THE BOOK AND STATIONERY TRADE;
 SUPPLIED AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

A Hibernian senator, speaking of suicide, said, 'The only way to stop it is to make it a capital offence, punishable with death !'

A Minister having walked through a village churchyard, and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gate post the following line :—
 "Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

The distinguished individual known amongst the ancients as Cupid, has recently changed his name to Cupidity, and devotes his attention to matters of money as well as matrimony.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. Perhaps this accounts for the habit some people have of always closing their eyes in church during sermon.

A witty chap indites the following good things:

The match was a regular greenback match
That could by law be stayed;
His offer a legal tender was,
And she was the tender maid (made.)

There is no danger of hard times among shoe-makers, because every shoe is sold before it can be got ready for market.

Never present a lady with a rose as a token of love, unless you mean to keep your faith in violet [inviolatē.]

A collector presenting a bill to Sherridan for the hundredth time, apologised for its soiled and tattered appearance. "I tell you what I'd advise you to do, my friend," said Sheridan; "take it home and write it on parchment."

A lecturer the other day contended with tiresome prolixity that art could not improve nature, until one of his hearers losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "You are wrong, sir, very wrong, for I am sure you would not look so young without your wig."

A Conjugal Hint.—In former days Mr. Graham was session-clerk and practica teacher, and although he faithfully and ably discharged all the duties of his double office, still he occasionally fell into the sin of drinking a little too much. His spouse, as a matter of course, was sorry to witness this failing of her gūdeman, and often remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct; but the husband turned the point of her rebuke by a simply exclaiming, 'True, I get mysel' whiles half fou: but do ye na ken, my dear, if it hadnt been for that bit fau't, ye ne'er wad hae been Mrs. Graham.'

"Putting your foot in it," it seems, is a term of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindoostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and there remain until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. In our country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it."

'Paddy, honey, will you buy my watch?' 'And is it about selling your watch ye are, Mike?' 'Throth it is darlint.' 'What's the price?' 'Ten shillings and a mutchin of the crature.' 'Is the watch a dacent one?' 'Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it never once desaved me.' 'Well, here's your tin, and now tell me does it gō well?' 'Bedad an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, Leinster, not bearing Dublin.' 'Bad luck to ye, Mike, then you have taken me in. Didn't you say it never desaved you?' 'Sure an' I did; nor did it, for I never depended on it.'

I am surprised, my dear that I have never seen you blush.
The fact is, husband, I was born to blush unseen.

The smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth.

A PARADOX.—If a young lady wishes to encourage her lover when he gives her a *quære*, the best thing she can do is to *re-press* him.

TERRAPIN RESTAURANT,

CRYSTAL BLOCK,

289 Notre Dame Street,

MONTREAL.

J. & W. C. GARLISLE, Proprietors.

JOINT-STOCK SWEARING.—In Connecticut a certain justice was called to the gaol, to liberate a worthless debtor by receiving his oath that he was not worth twenty dollars. "Well, Johnny," said the justice, on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and never will be?"—"Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount at present."—"Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear to the rest; so go along, Johnny."

JOSH BILLINGS'S PROVERBS.—It costs more to borrow than it does to buy. If a man flatters you, you can kalkerlate he is a rogue, or you are a fool. Keep both ise open, but don't see morn harlf you notis. If you ich for fame, go into a graveyard, and scratch yourself again a tume stone. Young man, be more anxus about the pedigree yur going to leave than you are about the wun somebody's going to leave you. Sin is like weeds—self sone and sure to cum. Two lovers like two armies, general git along quietly until they are engaged.

A tale is told of Black John, the last of the Cornish Jesters, that, one day, after he had for some time amused the guests, and had drunk his full share of, the ale, he fell, or seemed to fall, asleep. Of a sudden he started up with a loud and terrified cry. Questioned as to the cause of his alarm, he said to his master, "Oh, sir, I was in sog, (sleep), and I had such a dreadful dream. I thought I was dead, and I went where the wicked people go."—"Ha, John," said Arscott, of Tettecott, in his grin voice, wide awake for a jest or a tale, "then tell us all about what you heard and saw."—"Well, master, nothing particular."—"Indeed, John!"—"No, sir; things was going on just as they do upon earth—here in Tettecott Hall—the gentlefolks nearest the fire."

ST. LAMBERT HOUSE

Choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

No. 8 ST. LAMBERT STREET, NEAR NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

Hot and Cold LUNCHEONS at all hours; and from 11 to 1 P.M. a general one to all.

JAMES MEEK, Proprietor.

FEMININE LOCKJAW.—An ungallant old physician, having been called to attend a lady, who had stuck a thorn in her foot, and was frightened at what she supposed to be symptoms of lockjaw, put a quietus upon her ejaculations, if not upon her fears, by roughly exclaiming, "Madam, I have never seen a *woman* die with the *lockjaw*."

A GOOD DEFINITION.—A little girl in school gave as a definition of 'bearing false witness against your neighbour,' that 'it was when nobody did nothing and somebody went and told it.'

A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's, is because of the friction of the tongue and sweetness of the lips.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day,
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow,

If those who've wronged us own their faults,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?
To-day, my love, to-day,
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide—if chide we dare?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If love, estranged, should once again
Her genial smile display,
When shall we kiss the proffered lips?
To-day, my love, to-day,
But if she would indulge regret,
Or dwell with by-gone sorrow,
When shall we weep—if weep we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys,
The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them,
To-day, my love, to-day.
But cares, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear,
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

Why is an old man's house more easily entered than a young man's?—His gait is broken, and his locks are few.

Why is a printing-press like the forbidden fruit? Because from it springs the knowledge of good and evil.

"Papa," said young hopeful to his bankrupt parent, 'why am I like Mr. Coxwell?' "Can't say my dear," returned papa; 'don't see any resemblance.' "Because I'm an heir o' nought (æronaut)." Bankrupt parent doesn't see it.

Barnes, Henry & Co.'s

[SUCCESSORS TO JOHN F. HENRY & Co.]

Wholesale Patent Medicine and Perfumery Warehouse,
513 & 515 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL, C.E.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,

JOHN F. HENRY.

B. S. BARRETT,

MANAGER.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR

DOWN'S' VEGETABLE BALSAMIC ELIXIR, HENRY'S VERMONT LINIMENT.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup	Mexican Mustang Liniment	Drake's Plantation Bitters
Radway's R. R. Remedies	Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Mrs. Allen's Hair Preparations
Burnett's Standard Toilet Goods	Ayer's Cherry Pectoral	Rexford's Gingerbread Nuts
Burnett's Flavoring Extracts	Ayer's Pills	Alden's Condition Powders
Constitution Water	Bristol's Sarsaparilla	Marshall Catarrh Snuff
Herrick's Sugar-coated Pills	Hostetter's Bitters	Florida Water
Herrick's Strengthening Plasters	Dutcher's Magic Blueing	Hap-e-man's Cement
Tanner's German Ointment	Odous Kallunterios	Sterjing's Ambrosia
Hall's Hair Renewer	Rouge, Lily White, &c.	Gray's Hair Restorer
Helmhold's Buchu and Sarsa	Hoffland's Bitters	Cheeseman's Pills, &c., &c.

TRAVELLING AGENTS,

T. B. SCAGEL, T. W. CHAMBERLIN, W. S. BARRETT AND F. S. HENRY.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER,

Will restore grey hair. It will restore dry, faded and discolored hair to its original color, and change dry, brash, wiry hair into beautiful silken tresses. We have such confidence in its merits, and are so sure that it will do all that we claim for it, that we offer \$1,000 reward if the Hair Renewer does not give satisfaction in all cases, when used according to the directions. We claim as follows: It will restore the hair to its former natural color. It will keep the hair from falling out. It will cleanse the scalp. It will leave the hair lustrous, silken and glossy. As its name indicates, it will renew the growth and color of the hair. It is liked by all who use it, and it is a splendid hair dressing. It is rapidly increasing in popularity everywhere, such as no other preparation for the same purpose has ever enjoyed, simply because it effects the changes we claim for it—an unequalled Hair Restorer and Hair Dressing. To prove it try a bottle.

R. P. HALL & Co., PROPRIETORS, Nashua, N. H.

BARNES, HENRY & Co., Wholesale Agents,

513 & 515 (old No. 303) St. Paul St., Montreal, C.E.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon fire, abateth his heat, and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom, but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly.

The velvet moss grows on sterile rocks, the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches; the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins; the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the receding year—and heaven be praised, something green and beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul, will in the darkest hour of life, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temple of the human heart.

I'VE DREAMED OF HAPPINESS.

I've dreamed of happiness
To see it fade,
And known the sweetest bliss
The grasp evade.

I've dreamed that friends would prove
Through coming time
The wealth of youth's young love
To strengthen mine.

But time would bring a change
In outward show,
One word would oft estrange
The friendly flow.

I've dreamed that love was pure,
By heaven lent.
That could all things endure,
Wherever sent,

But ah! I've often known
An icy chill
When purest love had flown,
The heart to fill.

Though earth's bright and fair,
Its flowers bloom
To shed their fragrance rare
Round joy's sad tomb.

But in a future age
Shall ope to view
A fairer, brighter page,
In grand review.

Immortal Hope shall twine
Its wreath of green
Around the brow of time
In fadeless sheen.

No vision then shall flow
With time away,
But shall with beauty glow,
In sweet display.

McCLURE & CASSILS,

(SUCCESSORS TO RINGLAND & EWART,)

Importers of Staple Dry Goods,

HOSIERY, GLOVES & HABERDASHERY,

SHIRT AND COLLAR MANUFACTURERS,
CANADA SHIRT STORE.

400 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

MOTHER WIT.—Said an Irishman to a telegraph operator, 'Did you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?' 'No,' replied the operator. 'And do you charge for signing his name, sir?' said the customer. 'No.' 'Well, then, will you please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here,' handing him the following—'To John McFinn—at London—(signed)—Patrick McFinn.' It was sent as a tribute to Pat's shrewdness.

If you desire to be truly valiant, fear to do an injury; he that fears not to do evil is always afraid to suffer evil; he that never fears is desperate; and he that fears always is a coward; he is the true valiant man that dares nothing but what he may do.—*Quarles.*

If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. Some are friends at thy table, but not in the time of thy affliction, A faithful friend is the medicine of life.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immediate hope as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest to the sky.

GAGNON, WATSON & CO.

IMPORTERS OF

British and Foreign Dry Goods,

No. 303 NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

Why is a besieged city very like matrimony? Because those who are in, want to get out; and those who are out, want to get in.

Why do ladies wear such extraordinary things as crinoline?—Because all the heavenly bodies move in eccentric circles.

A Conundrum with a very Obvious Answer, (recommended for mild tea parties.)
—Why is electricity like the police when they are wanted?—Because it's an invisible force.

Why is that which destroys a town and makes a martyr? Cannonization.

Why is a baby when cutting its ivories like a breakfast cup? Because it's a *teething* (tea-thing.)

Why is a marriage-certificate like an article the public could not do without? Because it is a *noose*-paper.

Why are cobblers eligible for medical diplomas?—Because they are all skilled in the art of heeling.

Why are milestones very unsociable?—Because you never see two together.

What belongs to yourself, and is used by every one more than yourself?—Your name.

Why ought the pig be the cleverest of animals?—Because he has a hogs-head of brains.

Why are young ladies' affections always doubtful?—Because they are only Miss-givings.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?—Because though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Why is a young lady like a poacher? When she has her hair in a net.

What tree represents a person who persists in incurring debt?—The willow (*will-owe*)

What is that which is full of holes, and yet holds water?—A sponge.

What does a glazier get when he breaks his own work?—His labour for his panes.

Why is a dull and plausible man like an unripped gun?—Because he is a smooth bore.

ONE FOR HIS NOB.—A barrister entered the hall with his wig very much awry, of which he was not conscious, but was obliged to endure from almost every observer some remark on its appearance, till at last addressing himself to Mr. Curran, he asked him, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?"—"Nothing but the head," was the answer.

SYMPTOMS.—'I am afraid,' said a lady to her husband, 'that I am going to have a stiff neck.' 'Not at all improbable, my dear,' replied her spouse: 'I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married.'

OLD ENGLISH PROVERBS.—God hath often a great share in a little house, and but a little share in a great house.

If every man will mend one, we shall all be mended.

Crosses are ladders that lead up to heaven.

Prayer brings down the first blessing, and praise the second:

He who will thrive must rise at five;

He who hath thriven may sleep till seven.

The child saith nothing but what is heard by the fireside.

The hasty man never wants woe.

To forget a wrong is the best revenge.

JOSEPH USHERWOOD,
House and Sign Painter,
GRAINER, GLAZIER,
Plain and Decorative Paper Hanger, &c.
59 ST. URBAIN STREET, MONTREAL.

Whitewashing and Coloring punctually attended to.

Gold goes in any gate except that of heaven.

The truest wealth is contentment with a little.

There is no coward like an ill conscience.

That suit is best that best suits me.

The body is sooner well dressed than the soul.

If things were to be done twice, all would be wise.

Stay a while, that you may make an end the sooner.

“My brudrin,” said a coloured preacher, descanting on the difficulties of the sinner, “it am easy to row a boat ober Niagary Falls, but a tremenjus job to row it back again.”

Why are cobblers eligible for medical diplomas? Because they are skilled in the art of heeling.

'Boy you are not far from a fool.' 'Well as we ain't more than three feet apart, I give in to that,' was the reply.

As a toast fit for any celebration take—'Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself.'

The following anecdote is told of Daniel O'Connell:—Meeting a prolific pamphleteer, whose productions generally found their way to the butterman, he said, "I saw something very good in your new pamphlet this morning." "Ah" replied the gratified writer, "what was it?" "A pound of butter," was the reply.

A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely afterwards. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none." "Yes," said the husband, with a sigh, "but it's very long since."

A coquette is fond of fancy for a moment—faithless for a year—fickle for ever—a painted doll—a glittering trifle—a feather—a toy—a bubble—a transitory pleasure—an eternal pain—an embodiment of absurdities—and a collection of contradictions.

"Papa," said a boy, "what is punctuation?" "It is the art of putting stops, my child." "Then I wish you'd go down into the cellar and punctuate the beer barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor."

"How do you like me now?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room with a sweeping train of muslin following her. "Well," said he, "It is impossible for me to like you any longer."

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responding to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state agin."

An old widower says, when you pop the question, do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not, you can say you were only in fun.

☞ A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said,—'She is one mutton as is small.'

The characteristic of Spanish wit is excessive stateliness. Of their proverbs, "He who has nothing to do, let him buy a ship or marry a wife." "From many children and little bread, good Lord deliver us." "A fool is never a great fool unless he knows Latin."

A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up hill work." "Good," said the friend; "I would rather go up hill than down hill at any time."

"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young lady remarked, as she followed her beau to the door who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was the reply.

BARBER.—A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" said she to one of her guests.—"Rossini! indeed I do; he is my favourite composer."—"Are you familiar with his Barber?" (of Seville.)—"Oh, dear no; I always shave myself."

Queen Caroline pressed Bishop Rundle to tell her of her faults. "If it is to please your majesty," said he, "I will tell you of one. Persons come from all parts of the kingdom to see your majesty when you attend Whitehall Chapel. It is therefore to be lamented that you talk so much to the king during divine service."—"Thank you, lord bishop," said the queen; "now tell me another of my faults."—"That I will do, with great pleasure," said he, "when your majesty has corrected that which I have just mentioned."

TASTES DIFFER WITH REGARD TO BIRDS.—The infant delights in *crows*, but hates the *thrush*; some lunatics are *raven* mad; gluttons are fond of *swallows*; persons with bad colds indulge in *hawks*; fast men glory in a *lark*; and every good husband loves his *little duck* of a wife.

WILLIAM P. JOHNSTON,
First Prize Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,
 No. 398 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL,

Has on hand, and is prepared to make to order, on the shortest notice, Gentlemen's
 BOOTS and SHOES of every description.

PAINFUL.—An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banker for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor, by "Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty!"

Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman—so much so as generally to attract notice. He was once riding along a turnpike road, when a wag approaching noticed the peculiarity, and thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport, when, as he drew near, he thus accosted the poet:—"I say, young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?"—"Yes," replied Coleridge, "I did; and he told me if I went a little further I should meet his goose."

LORD NORBURY was celebrated equally for his wit and his severity as a criminal judge. At one time, as a special commissioner appointed to try the culprits in one of the Irish rebellions, he had in course of a sitting, convicted a great many.—"You are going on swimmingly here my lord," said a council for the prisoners.—"Yes," answered his lordship, significantly, "seven knots an hour."

HARK! AGAIN THE WINTRY GALE.

AIR,—“ *Whistle d'er the lave o't.*”

HARK! again the wintry gale
Onward comes with snow and hail ;
Lonely is the curlew's wail
Among the hills so dreary.
Gather'd round the blazing fire,
With the friends our hearts desire,
Dark December's blasts may tire
Themselves, ere we be weary.

Who would wish for summer skies,
When he sees bright glancing eyes
Quickly darting back replies
That make his heart right cheery ?
What care we for winter's snows,
Borea's blasts, or ocean's throes,
Love her rosy garland's shows ;
And, then, who would be weary ?

Winter nights, though ne'er so long,
Quickly pass when swells the song ;
Or, midst a merry laughing throng
Of lasses, blythe and cheery.
Away from me with summer bowers,
Scented meadows deck'd with flowers,
Give me storms and wintry showers—
But eke my lovely dearie.

COMMON SENSE.--An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor :—“ Common sense, my son is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making.”

“ A new way of dispersing a mob has been discovered, which is said to supersede the necessity of a military force ; it is, to pass round a contribution-box.

THE COQUETTE REPROVED.

“ 'Tis strange that I remain a maid,
Though fifty swains have homage paid !”
“ The reason you have told,” says Fanny,
“ You just had forty-nine too many !”

POINTED AND RATHER DRY.—A Mr. Miller, of Ballumbie, had in his employ, amongst a number of others, one man who had through his own folly, descended from the position of a landed proprietor to that of a laborer. Mr. Miller found fault with him for some work he was doing badly. The man threw down his spade in a huff, and said, ‘ Ye're owre pridefu’ Davie Miller —I mind ye when ye neither had cow nor ewe.’ ‘ Yes,’ replied Mr. Miller, mildly—‘ Yes, James, and I mind you when ye had baith.’

Ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life.

Richter enumerates 600 distinct species of disease in the eye.

About the age of 36 the lean man generally becomes fatter and the fat man becomes leaner.

THE WALNUT—A GERMAN STORY.—Under a great tree close to the village two boys found a walnut. "It belongs to me," said Ignatius, "for I was the first to see it." "No, it belongs to me," cried Bernard, "for I was the first to pick it up;" and so they begun to quarrel in earnest. "I will settle the dispute," said an older boy, who just then came up. He placed himself between the two boys, broke the nut in two, and said: "The one piece of shell belongs to him who first saw the nut; the other piece of shell belongs to him who first picked it up; but the kernel I keep for judging the case." "And this," he said, as he sat down and laughed, "is the common end of most lawsuits."

Puny minds are always fond of show; gaudy trumpery in personal decoration affords ample proof of mental imbecility.

"*My bark is on the sea,*" as the cur said when the captain threw him overboard.

Friendship, it is said, is love without its wings. But we have an old friend, who, although he has no wings, can fly unto a passion with extraordinary ease.

JAS. H. MARSH,
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QUARRELLING.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. 'It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts the sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbours. In nine cases out of ten, the better case is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet.

ABERNETHY ANECDOTE.—The celebrated surgeon, Mr. Abernethy, used occasionally to pass a joke on the medical profession. Happening to get a fall when walking in the Strand, he felt sprained and stiff on rising. A gentleman passing, who assisted in helping him said to him. 'shall I call a doctor, sir?' 'For heaven's sake not,' replied Abernethy: 'but be so kind as to call a hackney-coach.'

A miserable old bachelor, who knows that the present is not leap year, says; "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

An Irishman once wrote a friend's address on both sides of a piece of paper, 'Be-cause,' he said, "if he lost one, he would be sure to have the other."

A wave by which many a poor fellow has been carried away—the wave a lace edged cambric handkerchief.

No man alone can make it; but a couple of women can make it, without hands. What is it? A quarrel.

A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarns of a clerk as long as her patience would permit, said to him:

'Friend what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary in thy business.'

A lady wished a seat in a crowded hall. A handsome gentleman brought her a chair, "You are a jewel," said she. "Oh, no, I am a jeweller; I have just set the jewel."

A gentleman who was fond of wine said it had two bad qualities: "If you put water to it," says he, "it spoils it, and if I don't it spoils me."

NATIONAL WIT.—Italian wit is highly dramatic, spontaneous, genial. Among its proverbs are—"The dog earns his living by wagging his tail." "Make yourselves all honey, and the flies will devour it." "The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse." "He who takes an eel by the tail, or a woman by the tongue is sure to come off empty-handed."

French wit is characterized by *finesse*, brilliancy, dexterity, point, brevity. In *repartee* the French are unrivalled. Their conversation is not only an art, but a fine art. In punning they are unequalled. In no literature are there so many proverbs which speak disparagingly of the fair sex. "Man is fire, woman is tow—the devil comes and blows." "A woman conceals only what she don't know." "To get chickens one must coax the hen."—"Scratch people where they itch."

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immoderate hope as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest to the sky.

☞ A certain minister going to visit one of his parishioners, asked him how he had rested during the night. "Oh, wondrous ill, sir," replied he, "for mine eyes have not come together for three nights." "What is the reason of that?" said the other. "Alas, sir," said he, "because *my nose* was betwixt them."

☞ "Come here my lad," said an attorney to a lad about nine years old. "A case is between the devil and the people; weich do you think will be mostly-like to gain the action? The boy replied, "I guess it will be a hard squeeze; the people have the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers!"

The greater the difficulty, the more glory is there surrounding it. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

KNOWING.—A thousand things are to be thought of in the judicious management of your book of friends and acquaintances. "Sir," said a man in Pall Mall to Walpole, who had ignored his salute; "sir, you knew me in Bath!"—"Aye sir," replied Walpole; "and when we are in Bath, I shall be glad to know you again." Profound is the philosophical discrimination contained in this wise saw of the cream of fine gentlemen.

"Dan," said a little four-year-old, "give me sixpence to buy a monkey."—"We've got one monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother.—"Who is it, Dan?" asked the little fellow.—"You," was the reply.—"Then give me sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts." His brother "shelled out" immediately.

A person who dined in company with Dr. Johnston endeavoured to make his court to him, by laughing immediately at everything he said. The doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent "Ha, ha, ha!" becoming intolerable, "Pray, sir," said the doctor, "what is the matter? I hope I have not said anything that you can comprehend."

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CATCHING THE ENGLISH ACCENT.—A fashionable Irish gentleman, driving a good deal about Cheltenham, was observed to have the not very graceful habit of lolling his tongue out as he went along. Curran, who was there, was asked what he thought could be his countryman's motive for giving the instrument of eloquence such an airing. "Oh," said he, "he's trying to *catch* the English accent."

A POET once wrote in a lady's album:—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

A later writer, mindful of the many good things that people think of saying when it is too late to say them, writes:—

"Oh, of all sad thoughts when the moment is fled,
 The saddest is this, 'What I might have said.'"

A schoolmaster struck "ile" the other day, but it was only a non-ile.

HE DINNA KEN.—Old Lord Alphinstone was asleep at church, while the minister, a very prosy preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped, and cried; "Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone."—A grunt, and then, "I'm no sleepin', minister."—"But ye are sleepin'." I wager ye dinna ken what I said last."—"Ye said, 'Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone.'"—"Aye, aye, but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that,"—"I wager ye dinna ken yoursel."

MURMURS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made!

Rev. R. C. Trench.

INFLUENCE OF AFFECTION.—There is a good deal of chattering about involuntary affection in the world, and all that; but a young lady should never let such foolish notions enter her head. She should allow the pride of conscious strength of mind to keep her above every foolish, vain, and nonsensical preference towards this precious fop, and that idle attendant on a lady's will. She should lay it up in her heart as an immutable principle, that no love can last if not based upon a right and calm estimation of good qualities; or at least, that if the object upon which it is lavished be not one whose heart and whose head are both right, misery will surely be her portion. A sudden preference for a stranger is a very doubtful kind of preference, and the lady who allows herself to be betrayed into such a silly kind of affection, without knowing a word of the man's character or his position, is guilty of indiscretion which not only reflects unfavourably upon her good sense, but argues badly for the nature and groundwork of that affection.

When is a cake not a cake? When it is ice all over.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it's a-drift.

What is the best sign for a bad inn? A violin (a vile-inn.)

What quadruped does a naked negro resemble? A black bear.

Why is a philosopher like a looking-glass? Because he reflects.

When is an undertaker like one of his other jobs? When he's a coughin'.

Why is the letter S like blotting-paper? Because it makes ink sink.

Why is a lover like a knocker? Because it's bound to a door (adore.)

THE VICAR OF BRAY.—"Sailing leisurely upwards from Windsor and Eton, we pass Monkey Island, and its fishing temple, erected by the third Duke of Marlborough, and arrive at the little village of Bray, in Berkshire, famous all over England for the accommodating vicar, who once resided in it. He changed his religion according to the ascendancy of the day: a Protestant to please one government, a (Roman) Catholic to please the next, and again Protestant to keep on good terms with the third; arguing all the time, that he was consistent and sincere to the one great fundamental principle of his life, which was upon no terms, if he could help it, to part with his comfortable incumbency of Bray."

A public writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers would observe the miller's creed—always shut the gate when the grist is out.

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IMPERTINENCE ANSWERED.—"Where do you hail from," queried a Yankee of a traveller. "Where do you rain from?" "Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan. "Neither do I hail—so mind your own business."

There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, but there are many more slips after the cup has been drained by the lips.

THE Duches of—once beautiful and replete with wit, was congratulating herself on her youthful looks and pretending that she was born at least twenty years later than she really was, when her daughter, more beautiful than her mother, endeavored to put a stop to her exaggerations by crying aloud, "Oh, mama, do at least have a year between our ages."

A sentimental young lady having asked a gentleman why he didn't secure some fond one's company in his voyage across the ocean of life, replied that he would do so, were he certain that said ocean would be *Pacific*

A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow upon the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was one of the few. "You cannot find his equal, you know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "don't know, but I'll try."

—A John Bull, conversing with an Indian, asking him if he knew that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian. "Do you know the reason why?" asked John. "Because God is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the savage's reply.

—An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking with him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor with, "Arrah now, be off wid ye, or I'll put a pain in yer head widout putty."

—A celebrated song writer asked Douglas Jerrold. "Have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "O, yes," said Jerrold, "I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

An old Dutchman had taken a wife for the third time, and being asked ' ' Jews of matrimony, replied—' Vell, den, you see first time I marries for love—dat was goot; den I marries for beauty—dat was goot too; but this time I marries for monish—and that was better as both."

To love is everything; love is God,—*Leon Goslan*.

Paradise is always where love dwells.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

Love is precisely to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth.—*Balsac*.

Heavens sunshine will requite the kind.—*Byron*.

Slight small injuries, and they will become none at all.—*Fuller*.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.—*Johnson*.

Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love—*Jean Paul Richter*.

He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift*.

Life is a sleep, love is a dream; and you have lived if you have loved.—*Alfred de Musset*.

It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled.—*Longfellow*.

The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom; to serve all and love but one.—*Balsac*.

Why is true wit like a diamond?—It cuts as well as shines.

Why are lawyers and doctors safe people by whom to take example?—Because ^{they} always practise their professions.

Men often attempt, by the light of reason, to discover the mysteries of eternity. They might as well hold up a candle to see the stars.

Modesty to the female character is like saltpetre to beef, imparting a blush while it preserves its purity.

A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for living, replied that he kept a hot-house.

In bringing up children, if we oppose violence to violence, passion by passion, we try to put out the fire with boiling oil.

The damsel who was accused of breaking a young man's heart, has been bound over in the bonds of matrimony to keep the pieces.

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PORTRAITS AND VIEWS COLORED IN OIL OR WATER.

People who "fall in love" sometimes injure their "ribs" for life.

An infamously old bachelor being asked if he ever witnessed a public execution replied, 'No, but I once saw a marriage.'

Slanders issuing from red and beautiful lips are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing rose.

Why is the letter t like an island? Because it is in the midst of water.

How can you convert a man into malt liquor? By employing him as porter.

Why is an egg like an octoroon? Because it has more white than yellow.

'Didn't you tell me, sir, you could hold the plough?' said a farmer to a man whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah, be aisy now!" said Pat. "How the deuce can I hold it, and two horses drawing it away from me?"

LOCKS.—Dear Miss Chibbles says, that even if a woman had as many locks upon her heart as she had upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way to it.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he played in the great drama of life. 'I mind my own business,' was the reply.

The pulse in children is 180 in a minute; at puberty it is 83; and at 60 it is only 60.

A Newburyport paper proposes to change Byron's cynical lines:—

Seek roses in December, grain in chaff,

Believe a woman or an epitaph,—

thus, to suit the times:—

Seek roses in December, grain in chaff,

Believe a woman, or the—telegraph.

WITHOUT THEE.

A SONG FROM THE FRENCH.

Sweet the breath of the zephyr
In the silent evening hour;
To the faithful friend who sigheth
Sweet is the mystic bower;
But the balmy breath of the evening
And the bower on the glimmering lea,
Without thee, O my beloved,
Have lost all charms for me.

Pleasant the sound of the waters
When they leap o'er the rocky bed,
Pleasant the shadow of midnight
When the white stars gleam overhead;
But the wave and the fragrant grasses,
And the stars on the gloomy sea,
Without thee, O my beloved,
Have lost all charms for me.

Fair is the flower which blossoms
Mid the dews of the breezy morn,
Fair is the note of the song-bird
At dawn in the distant corn;
But the flower spangled with dew-drops
And the song-bird's note of glee,
Without thee, O my beloved,
Have lost all charms for me.

However much a pawnbroker's shop may be crowded, it is always a *loan-sum* place.

I am a broken man said a poet. So I should think, was the answer, for I have seen your pieces.

Unrighteous gain has destroyed millions; but has never made one man permanently prosperous and happy.

In spite of all that puritanical people say against dancing, it is unquestionably a *merry-toerious* arrangement.

~~no~~ The most unpleasant vocation in the world is *Pro-vocation*.

SWEET WORDS fly like honey-bees from the flowerlips of a lovely woman, penetrate the heart as with the shaft of love, and then fill the puncture with honey.

"IT'S MIGHTY HARD."—A minister who had lost his wife and who had become weary of his second edition of single state, was once instructing a congregation from the passage, "Use this world as not abusing it, etc." In the course of his remarks, he took occasion to mention some things which a christian could dispense with in this world. In the category he placed a wife. He had, however, scarcely said "A man may do without a wife," when his experience stoutly protested, and he finished this branch of the subject by saying, in the simplicity of his heart, "but my brethern, it's mighty hard!"

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PLAYING WITH EDGE-TOOLS.—A physician passing by a gravestone maker's shop, called out, 'Good morning, neighbour; hard at work, I see. You finish your grave-stones as far as 'In memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next.' 'Why, yes,' replied the old joker, 'unless somebody is sick, and you are doctoring 'em then I keep right on.'

LOSING HIS BALANCE.—"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavouring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter.—"Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give an account of himself."—"Of course not," replied the other, with an expression of much surprise; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

Which are the only letters of the alphabet likely to be shaken out of a paper-box?
K. N.

Why is a lady disposing her Jewels, like a fishmonger? Because she sells *her rings* (herrings.)

Why are the organs of vision of a person that squints, like questions? Because they're queries (qucer eyes,)

When is the moon like a man who has changed his last twenty-five cent shinplaster?
When she is near the end of her *final quarter*.

A wife who often stormed at her husband, was sitting with him at the breakfast table, when suddenly, amid loud coughing, 'Dear me!' she exclaimed, 'a bit of pepper has got into my windpipe!'—'Hurricane pipe, you mean my dear,' coolly rejoined her sarcastic spouse.

The woman who rushed to the soldiers 'arms' has been sent to prison for having Government property in her possession.—*Melbourne Punch*.

A confirmed bachelor says the reason woman so seldom stammer, is because they talk so fast a stammer has no chance to get in. People stutter because they hesitate. But who ever knew a woman to hesitate about any thing.

The following error in punctuation is a good illustration of the use of the comma. At a banquet this toast was given:—"Woman—without her, man is a brute." The reporter had it printed:—"Woman—without her man is a brute."

LONGEST AND SHORTEST.

The sweet west wind is flying
Over the purple sea,
And the amber daylight dying
On roadway, hill, and tree;
The cattle bells are ringing
Among the slanting downs,
And children's voices flinging
Glad echoes through the towns,
"O summer day! so soon away!"
The happy-hearted sigh and say—
"Sweet if thy light, and sad thy flight,
And sad the words, "Good night! Good
night!"

The wan white clouds are trailing
Low o'er the level plain;
And the wind brings, with its wailing,
The chill of the coming rain,
Fringed by the faded heather,
Wide pools of water lie;
And birds and caves together
Whirl through the evening sky.
"Haste thee away, O winter day!"
The weary-hearted weep and say—
"Sad is thy light, and slow thy flight,
"Sweet were the words "Good night! Good
night!"

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WANTED.—An intendant bride who is willing to begin house keeping in the same style in which her parents began.

Twenty fashionable young ladies, who dare to be seen wielding a dusting brush; or darning their brothers' stockings, if a gentleman should happen to make an early morning call.

The same number of independent young ladies of "good family," who dare to wear their last winter's bonnet to church on a fine Sunday.

The same number of young ladies, "who are anybody," who dare to be seen in the street wearing shoes with soles thick enough to keep their feet warm.

The same number of young ladies of sufficient age "to go into company," who dare confess that they have made a loaf of bread or a pudding.

"I am like a hone," said a school master of himself. "I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it."

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RATHER SHARP.—A gallant gentleman of the old school in one of the street cars, the other day give up his seat to a lady who, as is almost always the case under like circumstances, failed to make the proper acknowledgement. Standing a while after the car had moved on, he stooped over as if to listen, and said to her:

‘What do you say, madam?’

‘Nothing, sir,’ was the reply of the starting lady.

‘Oh,’ said he, ‘excuse me; I thought you said thank’ce.’

A Barrister having wearied the Court by a long and dull argument, the Judge suggested the expediency of his bringing it to a close, “I shall speak as long as I please,” he replied angrily. “You have spoken longer than you please,” retorted the Judge.

EQUALITY.—An eccentric old gentleman being waited upon with his surgeon's bill, cogitated some time over its contents, and desired the man who called with it to tell his master that the medicine he would certainly pay for; but as for the visits he had received, he should return them.

We have no need to go to the theatre to be made tender, but among the poor and unfortunate.

Nearly all beginnings are difficult and poor. At the opening of hunt the hound limps.

“Boys,” said a village pedagogue the other day, what is the meaning of all that noise in school? “It's Bill Sykes, sir, who is imitating a locomotive.” “Come up here, William,” said the schoolmaster; if you are turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off.”

Justice pursues the enemy of good with leaden wings, but it will lay hold on him sooner or later with iron hands.

PADDY TO HIS MISTRESS.

ARRAH, Kitty, I love you to madness,
I swear by this cross o'er and o'er—
If you let me, I'll kneel down with gladness,
And your beautiful self I'll adore;
The ancients, we're tould by Herodotus,
Used worship to cowl statutes of stone,
Then surely less guilty and odd it is,
To worship the rale flesh and bone.

When Paris loved Leda's fair daughter
(Oh, he was the deuce of a boy),
Away from her husband he brought her
To lofty and wide-streeted Troy;
But I don't intend for to carry
You over the ocean for to roam—
But, darlin', I'd ask you to marry,
And be queen of your own little home.

You tell me to wait till the Shrovetide,
But to waste time, you know is a sin,
And always in summer the love-tide
Far stronger and warmer sets in,
Och! look at the birds in the bushes,
O How each has a husband though coy;
Then, Kitty, away with your blushes,
And make sure of your own little boy.

BABIES.—Babies resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly, neither are good for much till they arrive in maturity; secondly, both are bred in the house, and also are the flower of the family; thirdly, both have to be cradled; fourthly, both are generally well trashed before they are done with.

A spinster, no beauty, nor young, nor good tempered, applied to a magistrate for advice as to how she could get rid of a troublesome suitor. ‘O, marry him, marry him!’ was the response, ‘I'd see him hanged first!’ said she. ‘Exactly,’ rejoined the magistrate; ‘you marry him, as I advise and the odds are it will not be long before he hangs himself.’

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CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &c., engraved and embossed in every colour.

TWO DIPLOMAS and FIVE FIRST PRIZES awarded at the late Provincial Exhibition.

A Showman while descanting on the habits and ferocious character of the alligator, having represented the one on exhibition to be some twenty feet in length, when in truth it was but seven feet, Nick said it reminded him of the Western orator's response to his opponent: "That allegation is false, and the allegator knows it."

A friend in conversation with Rogers said: "I never put my razor in hot water, as I find it injures the temper of the blade." "No doubt of it," said the poet, "show me the blade that would not be out of temper if plunged into hot water."

A north countryman in Scotland, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the roadside, where a pig found him, and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared out — "Wha's kissin' me now? You see what it is to be liket amang the lasses!"

Why is the sitting of a naval court on board ship, like the first act of the American Revolution?—Because it's a sea-session.

Which is the oldest tree known to man?—The *elder* tree, of course.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never *saw* it.

When is a ship like a nobleman's wife?—When she's fastened to a pier (peer.)

When your hair gets into disorder, what heathen deity should you name?—Comus (comb us.)

My first I do, my second I do not; my whole you are?—Love-ly (lie.)

Why is divinity the easiest of the three learned professions?—Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

THE MERCHANT.

Tare ant tret,
Gross and met,
Box and hogshead, dry and wet
Ready made
Of every grade—
Wholesale, retail,—will you trade?
Goods for sale,
Roll or bale,
Ell or quarter, yard or nail;
Every dye,
Will you buy—
None can sell as cheap as I.
Thus each day
Wears away,
As his hair is turning grey;
O'er his books
He nightly looks—
Counts his gains and bolts his locks.
By and bye
He will die,
But the Ledger Book on high
Shall unfold
How he sold—
How he got and used his gold!

Why are washerwomen the most unreasonable people? Because they expect soft water when it rains hard.

My first is always bitter to my second; my whole is both bitter and sweet?—Woman (woman.)

What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?—“Fiddle, D.D.”

Which is the easier to spell—tweedle-dee or tweedle-dum?—The former, because it is spelt with more o's.

At a printer's festival, on Franklin's birthday, the following was the fifth regular toast. "The editor and the lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, replied, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions respecting things of which I was ignorant."

What town in Ireland would an Irishman name to a fellow countryman when in the act of "flooring" him?—Down, Patrick!

The man who "carries everything before him"—The waiter.

A lady went out, taking her lap dog with her, which did not go before her, behind her, nor on one side of her. Where then did it go?—On the *other* side.

CHEAP COFFIN MANUFACTORY.

MATHIAS JANNARD,

MANUFACTURER OF

COFFINS,

Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Main Streets,
MONTREAL.

Inventor of Double Grooved Air Tight Metallic Coffins, Patented Dec. 5th, 1865.

M. Jannard took the First Prize for Coffins at the Provincial Exhibition for C.E. held in Montreal, September, 1865.

"Gently the dews are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five bills presented to him at one time.

"What flower of beauty shall I marry?" said a handsome young spendthrift to his miserly governor. To which the governor replied, with a grim smile—"Mari-gold."

What is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done?—Stop a minute.

FELLO DE SE.—Verdict on an old beau's black moustache.—Dyed by his own hand.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case."—"Ah, sir," replied the conscientious witness, "but just think of what I *didn't* say."

"How pleasant were the wild beliefs
That dwelt in legends old—
Alas! to our posterity
Will no such tales be told!
We *know* too much; scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves,
Our only point of ignorance
Is centered in ourselves."

Thus the little minutes,
Humbly though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of duty,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

Who dies in vain
Upon his country's war-fields, and within
The shadow of her altars?

Immortal seed
Deep, by heroic suffering' hath been sown
On all the ancient hills; and generous hope
Knows that the soil, in its good time, shall
yet
Bring forth a glorious harvest? Earth receives
Not one red drop, from faithful hearts, in vain.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feel,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood, with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all withip our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our lands will till;
And others then our streets will fill;
And other birds will sing as gay;
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.—*Amen.*

"What a fine head your boy has!" said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block—ain't you, my boy?"—"Yes, father," replied the boy, "teacher said yesterday that I was a young blockhead."

ADORING.—A husband complained of his wife before a magistrate for assault and battery, and it appeared in evidence that he had pushed the door against her and she in turn had pushed it against him, whereupon the counsel for the defendant said that he could see no impropriety in a husband and wife *a-doring* each other.

ADVICE ABOUT MARRIAGE.—A prudent and well disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice:—"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married." "Yes," replied John, "I am." "Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give you, and that is never to marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife I was worth just fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and when any difference has occurred between us since she always throws up the odd shillings."

GOT AN AWFUL COWLD.—Two Irishmen in crossing a field, came in contact with a donkey, who was making "day hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked—"It's a fine large ear that bird has for music Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowlid."

ROBERT W. BOYD,
GENERAL COLLECTOR,
58 St. Francois Xavier Street,
MONTREAL.

A prominent bachelor remarked to a lady that soap-stone was excellent to keep feet warm in bed. "Yes," said the young lady, who had been an attentive listener, "but some gentlemen have an improvement on that which you know nothing about." The bachelor turned pale and maintained a wistful silence.

A lover wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he intended to retire "to some secluded spot and breathe away his life in sighs." To which the lady replied, by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard of.

BANKRUPT LAW EXPLAINED.—"Sambo, what is your opinion ob that bankrupt law?"—"Tink him fust rate, Pompey; "I apply for de application myself." "Just explain him principles." "Why you see here, now; just lend me that half dollar you got for whitewashing." Pompey hands him the money and Sambo deliberately puts it into his pocket. "Dere den," says Sambo, "now, I owes de shoemaker tree shilling, and you a half dollar besides de grocer's bill; I divide him according to de debt." Pompey—"I take the half dollar back." Sambo (with amazement)—"Do you tink dis child green? I'm a bankrupt, you get yours wid the oder creditors!"

What time is that which, spelt backwards and forwards, is the same?—Noon.

Why is England like Japan?—Because it worships yellow sovereigns.

Why are billiard players like cats?—Because they frequently make "scratches."

When may a man be said to swallow cause and effect?—When he drinks gin and—bitters.

Why are birds in spring like a banking establishment?—Because they are promissory notes, and rejoice when the branches are flourishing.

Why is vice like personal property?—Because it can always be willed away.

Why is a jest like a fowl?—Because it contains a merry-thought.

Why is a lady who flirts with every man she meets like a person whose skin cracks in cold weather?—Because she is liable to have had chaps on her hands.

Why is a pudding like a siege? Because fire and batter are necessary for both.

THE FIRST JUBILEE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

We have dashed together like waves and rocks,
 We have fought till our shirts grew red;
 We have met in the shuddering battle shocks,
 Where none but the freed soul fled,
 Now side by side, in the fields of fate,
 And shoulder to shoulder are we,
 And yet know, by the grip of our hands in hate,
 What the strength of our love may be,
 Oh, the lilies of France and old England's red rose
 Are twined in a coronal now.

GERALD MASSEY.

A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

MIDAS (we read,) with wondrous art, of old,
 Whate'er he touched at once transformed to gold,
 This, modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
 Touch *them* with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

"What are you going to give me for a Christmas present?" asked a merry damsel of a poor, but good young man, who meekly replied that he had nothing to offer but his humble self. "The smallest favors gratefully received," was the cheerful response.

Why is a very angry man like 59 minutes past 12? Because he is just ready to strike one.

Why is an Irishman turning over in the snow like a mounted policeman? Because he is pat-rolling.

Why is a petroleum dealer like an epicure? Because he lives on the fat of the land.

A fine woman is like a locomotive, because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, and transports the males.

Notwithstanding all the fuss that is made about the telegraph, lightning communications, like ordinary letters, go from post to post.

✗ If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, young man, you may get your hat. ✗

They say all Ireland is going to America, and we can easily believe it, for a "Cove of Cork" may doubtless be seen in New York at any time.

In some instances ladies who can scarcely lisp out "Yes" when they are married, learn to say "No" pretty glibly afterwards.

BOILING THE MATE.—"Are you the mate?" said a man to the Irish cook of a vessel lying in port. "No," said he, "but I'm the man that boils the *mate* (mate.)"

FABRIQUE DE CERCUEILS À BON MARCHÉ.

MATHIAS JANNARD,

FABRIQUANT DE



**Au Coin des Rues Craig et St. Laurent,
MONTREAL.**

Inventeur des Cercueils Métalliques hermétiquement fermes à doubles rainures, brevetés le 5 décembre, 1865.

M. Jannard a renporté le premier pour des Cercueils à l'Exposition Provinciale du Bas-Canada, tenue à Montreal en Septembre, 1865.

The voyage from Ireland here is a long one, but it seems easy enough to a Bridget (abridge it.)

My bark is on the sea as the little dog said when he fell overboard.

Pity without relief is like mustard without beef.

Prize fighters and Turks are both *muscle*-men.

Standing water is unwholesome—so, too, is a standing debt.

Sunshine brings the roses, but it requires cloudy weather to produce snowdrops.

The most constant man that ever lived would be sure to find, at the end of ten years, that his love for his wife was a *decade* passion.

MY DEAR—An expression used by a man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

“Can you read smoke, ma?” she asked, “Why,” replied the child, “I’ve heard of a volume of smoke, and I thought you could read any volume.”

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—A bachelor sea-captain, who was remarking that he wanted a good chief officer, was promptly informed by a young lady present, that she had no objection to be his first mate. He took the hint—and the lady.

THE SCHOOLMASTER’S TOAST.—The fair daughters of England: May they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociality and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination by a modest Christian deportment.

JAWY.—Some slandering bachelor says it is much joy when you first get married, but it is more *jawy* after a year or so.

THE BIRD IN THE STORM

The rain was falling, the winds were calling,
The clouds swept over the sky,
When ’mid the alarm of darkness and storm,
A shower of song swept by—
Lays the little wee birds, “’Tis I,”

“Ah! is it not dreary, and are you not weary,
Poor little wee bird?” I said;
“How lonely and queer you must feel out here,
Just under the tempest dread—
Ah! birdie, you’ll soon be dead!”

“While the storm is raging, is my time for singing”
Says the little wee bird to me;
“Though the clouds bedim, yet I warble my hymn,
And I die not, though cold it be:
For my name it is hope,” says he.

So the song it is gushing, and seems as if hushing
The atmosphere, tempest stirred;
Softly and clear it falls on the ear,
Through clouds and through darkness heard,
The song of the sweet wee bird.

ALL lawyers may be said to belong to the *Fee-nian* Brotherhood.

EVERY plain girl has one consolation. If she is not a *pretty* young lady, she will, if she lives, be a *pretty old one*.

PRINCE NAPOLEON is described as too fat to represent the *Bony-parte* family.

DOMESTIC MAGAZINES.—Wives who are always blowing up their husbands.

TABLE OF INTEREST.—The dinner-table.

HOUSEWIFERY.—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives, now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

WOMAN is a better observer than man, and carries introduction further than he; she is consequently more penetrating, and is a much better judge of the moral and intellectual value of those about her.

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a tint from it. Apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

A young lady of fourteen, being asked at a public school examination if she could decline a noun, promptly replied that she hadn't being taught how to *decline*, but she knew how to *conjugate*.

"I wish you would pay a little attention to your arithmetic," said an anxious man to her careless son. "Well, I do," was the reply; "I pay as little attention to it as possible."

DISPUTING.—When you dispute with a fool, your opponent is nearly certain to be similarly employed.

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FOR THE OLD LADIES.

A TEA-PARTY without scandal is like a knife without a handle.

Words without deeds are like the husks without the seeds.

Features without grace are like a clock without a face.

A land without the laws is like a cat without her claws.

Life without cheer is like a cellar without beer.

A master without a cane is like a rider without the rein.

Marriage without means is like a horse without his beans.

A man without a wife is like a fork without a knife.

"Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own may be, a year hence."

A CONTRAST.

We have rarely read, says a late English writer, anything more simple and touching than the following contrasted poems. We cannot ascertain the name of the writer.

MAN'S LOVE.

When woman's eyes grow dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
The man's love fadeth ;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens,
He stays but a moment near,
When that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle—
He meets at the very gate
Business and bustle ;
He thinks not of her within,
Silently sighing,
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying !

And when her heart is still,
What though he mourneth ?
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth.
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's lights setteth,
And the true-hearted dead
Thus man forgetteth !

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek ;
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love !

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand ;
She watcheth ever there
His wants to understand ;
His yet unspoken will
She hastens to fulfil.

She leads him when the moon
Is bright o'er dale and hill,
And all things, save the tune

Of the honey bees, are still,
 Into the garden bowers,
 To sit midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
 To feed on breath and bloom,
 She brings posy rare
 Into his darkened room ;
 And 'neath his weary head
 The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
 His lamp of life doth dim
 She never wearieeth,
 She never leaveth him ;
 Still near him night and day,
 She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
 And the turf is on his breast,
 Deep in her bosom's core
 Lie sorrows unexpress ;
 Her tears, her sighs, are weak
 Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
 Balm for her spirit's pain,
 And though her quiet eyes
 May sometimes smile again,
 Still, still she must regret ;
 She never can forget !

☛ If a speculator "misses his aim," everybody cries out "he is a fool," and sometimes "he is a rogue." If he succeeds they besiege his door and demand his daughter in marriage.

"SAMBO, can you tell me in what building in Scarboro' people are most likely to take cold?"

"Why, no, me strange in de town, and can't tell dat."

"Well, I will tell you. It is de bank."

"How is dat?"

"Because dare are so many drafts in it."

"Dat is good; but can you tell me, sah, what made dare be so many drafts in it?"

"No."

"Because so many go dere to raise the wind. Yah! yah! yah!"

COMMON, NOT VULGAR.—Sir Walter Scott once happening to hear his daughter Anne say of something that it was vulgar, gave the young lady the following temperate rebuke:—"My love, you speak like a very young lady. Do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar*? 'Tis only *common*. Nothing that his common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon."

When is a cigar like an old maid?—When there is no match for it.

When is a tourist in Ireland like a donkey?—When he's going to *Bray*.

SONG—THOU'RT GANE AWA'.

Thou'rt gane awa', thou'rt awa',
 Far, far frae hame and me, Mary ;
 Thou'st left thy lover here to fa'
 A prey to love for thee, Mary.
 Aft, aft I seek thy place o' rest,—
 Thy grave, the hame o' me, Mary ;
 And oh ! the wish springs from my breast,
 That I were there wi' thee, Mary.

I wander o'er the scenes so dear,
 Where we hae strayed before Mary ;
 But sad and dolefu' walis I hear,
 For thou art there no more, Mary !
 Nor can I sound the artless strains,
 I've sung sae aft wi' thee, Mary ;
 For only sorrow's sighs and pains
 And tears are left to me, Mary.

Though gane awa', gane far awa',
 To realms beyond the sky, Mary,
 Still lest thy lover here may fa',
 Oh ! bend a guidin' eye, Mary !
 And see him dowie at he grieves,
 And sighs soon to be free, Mary ;
 And hear him haff the hour he leaves
 This world for Heaven and thee, Mary.

RATHER HARD.—An irreverent modern French writer says :—“ A physician prescribing to a sick man always reminds me of a child snuffing a candle—it is ten to one but he snuffs it out.”

“ FÁIX ! ” said a humorous Irishman the other day in the petroleum diggings, “ ye may call Amerikey a contenenet if ye plaze, but to my thinkin', it's a beautiful oil-land (island). ”

HAND AND HEART.—An old maid is móre liberal than a young one. The latter may always be willing to lend you a hand ; the former will give you one, and thank you too.

NOT DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.—“ I always sing to please myself,” said a gentleman, who was humming a tune in company.—“ Then you're not at all difficult to please,” said a lady, who sat next him.

A MINISTER'S MISTAKE.—A young gentleman of eighty-four, having taken to the altar a young damsel of about sixteen, the clergyman said to him, “ The font is at the other end of the church, sir.”—“ What do I want with the font ? ” asked the happy groom.—“ Oh, I beg your pardon,” said the clerical wit, “ I thought you brought the child here to be christened.”

A poet carried some versés to a critic, and desired his opinion of their merit. After reading them, the critic observed—“ My dear sir, these lines need fire.” And he threw them into the grate.

Why are books the best friends ?—Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offence.

☞ A lemonless Irishman was observed one evening slicing a potato into a hot whiskey toddy. 'Why, what are you about?' inquired Charley. 'It's punch I'm makin, dear!' quietly replied Pat. 'But why are you slicing that in?' 'To give it a flavor.' 'What! a potato flavor?' 'Sure, and isn't a flavor a flavor, whether it's lemon or pitaty?'

THE STEEPLE.--On one occasion, Curran was associated with a barrister, who was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take holy orders. The judge who presided observed that the case under consideration involved a question of ecclesiastical law.—"Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though"—in a whisper to a friend behind him—"in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple."

THE WORST.—A leather medal having been offered for the worst possible conundrum, the prize was unhesitatingly awarded to the following, selected from several hundreds sent in:—"Why is the rascality like the breast of a fowl?—Because it is a piece of *chicane*."

JOHN PARSLOW,

Stationer & Account Book Manufacturer

442 ST. PAUL STREET,

MONTREAL, G. E.

At a bachelor's party the other evening, a guest gave a toast, "The ladies—the sweet-briars in the garden of life." Being asked what authority he had for calling them briars, he replied that a friend of his who had a very sweet-looking wife had informed him privately that she was a *thorn in his side*.

—Dr. Johnson once dined with a Scottish lady who had hotchpotch for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it she asked him if it was good. "It is good for hogs, ma'm," said the doctor. "Then, pray," said the lady, "let me help you to a little more."

The pious and eloquent Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down, said one day to a lady of his acquaintance, who had been very neglectful of the education of her son, "Madam, if you do not choose to fill your son's head with something, believe me the devil will."

If a woman weeps readily, it is a sign she has a tender heart?—There couldn't be a better *cry-teary*'s (criterion.)

A MATCH FOR A QUEEN.—After Sir Paul Methuen had quitted court, Queen Caroline, who thought she had a talent for joking, frequently saw him when she dined in company, during the king's absence at Hanover. Once, when she dined with Lady Walpole at Chelsea, Sir Paul was there as usual. People that play off their wit upon others, generally harp upon the same string. The queen's constant topic for teasing Sir Paul was his passion for romances, and he was weary of it, and not in good humour with her. "Well, Sir Paul," said the queen, "what romance are you reading now?"—"None, Madam; I have gone through them all."—"Well, what are you reading, then?"—"I have got into a very foolish study, madam—the history of the kings and queens of England."

WELL MATCHED.—Dr. Busby, whose figure was beneath the common size, was one day accosted in a public coffee-room, by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with, "May I pass to my seat, O Giant?" When the doctor, politely making way, replied, "Pass, O Pigmy!"—"Oh! sir," said the baronet, "my expression alluded to the size of your intellect."—"And my expression, sir," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."

DON'T ATTEMPT IT.—Did the Mississippi dry with a teaspoon—twist your heel into the toe of your boot—send up fishing-hooks with balloons and fish for stars—get astride a gossamer and chase a comet—when a rain storm is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella—in short prove every thing hitherto considered impossible to be possible—but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't.

REPARTEE.—I once heard Lord Brandlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, "As sober as a judge." It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. "It is perfectly true," replied the judge, "as most of those old saws are. They are characteristic, at least; for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is of a nobleman. Thus we say, 'As sober as a judge,' and 'As drunk as a Lord.'"

A LAWYER'S QUESTION ANSWERED.—"What did he say? Come, give us his very words: none of your interferences, sir," said a lawyer to a witness. "I do not like to answer that question," was the reply. "Ho, ho, so you are afraid to answer that question, are you!" said the lawyer. "I knew I should drive you into a close corner. Come, out with it, and none of your shrinking here." "I should rather be excused," said the witness. "Then I shall appeal to the court to commit you for contempt," said the lawyer. "Well, sir, if I must answer," said the witness, "he told me this morning that he had no money." "Why, sir, what language did he use?" Why, I asked him to lend me half a crown, and he said he couldn't, for you lawyers had robbed him of every penny of his money, and if he didn't get out of your clutches very soon, his children would starve."

Which sea would a man like to be in on a wet day?—Adriatic (a dry attic.)

What is cabbage?—A plant popular among tailors with large families.

Why is a barrister like a retail liquor dealer?—Because his business depends upon his standing at the bar.

Why is a portrait painter commencing a portrait, like the House of Commons preparing to vote on a resolution?—Because he is ready to take the eyes and nose.

Why is your dinner after you have eaten it like city property?—Because it belongs to the corporation.

Why should tourists, intending to visit the Dublin exhibition, take with them their mutton, honey and eggs?—Because there is only one *u* (ewe,) one *b* (bee,) and one *n* (hen) in the whole city.

Why is a railway train the exact reverse of an army?—Because it generally has the van at its rear.

What two counties in Ireland would you suppose to be lighter than the rest?—*Cork and Down.*

What county in Ireland would suggest the idea of a shuffling, underhanded trick?—*Sligo* (sly-go.)

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THE FEE SIMPLE.—A lawyer's.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD MAID.—A *lass*—too late!

NOTICE OF MOTION.—The railway whistle.

SIDEREAL.—A pretty girl who walks out with her lover on starlight nights will be apt to learn something of the *sigh-deary-all* system.

THE BEST KIND OF SERVANT FOR HOTELS.—*Inn*-experienced.

RARE.—Lodging house lady: "Do you like meat rare, sir? New lodger: "No, madam, I like it three times a day."

Why is hunting for honey like a legacy?—Because it is a *bee-quest*.

Why are miners like nervous people?—Because they are *ore* (o'er) anxious.

RESIGNATION.—“Ned has run away with your wife,” said one friend to another.—“Poor fellow!” replied the forlorn husband.

A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners !
 Who shall know him by his dress ?
 Paupers may be fit for princes,
 Princes fit for something less,
 Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
 May beclothe the golden ore
 Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
 Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar,
 Ever welling out of stone ;
 There are purple buds and golden,
 Hidden, crushed and overgrown ;
 God, who counts by soul, not dresses,
 Loves and prospers you and me ;
 While he values thrones the highest
 But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
 Oft forgets his fellows then ;
 Masters, rulers, lords, remember
 That your meanest hinds are men ;
 Men by labor, men by feeling,
 Men by thought and men by fame,
 Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
 In a man's enobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
 There are little weed-clad rills,
 There are feeble inch-high sapplings,
 There are cedars in the hills,
 God who counts by souls not stations,
 Loves and prospers you and me,
 For to him all vain distinctions
 Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands, alone are builders
 Of a nation's wealth or fame,
 Titled laziness is pensioned,
 Fed and fattened on the same,
 By the sweat of others foreheads,
 Living only to rejoice,
 While the poor man's outraged freedom
 Vainly lifted up its voice.

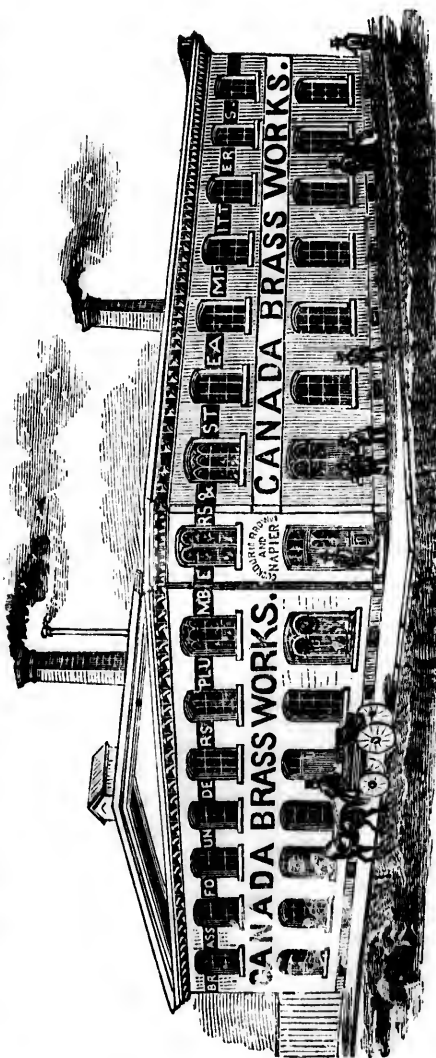
Truth and justice are eternal,
 Born with loveliness and light,
 Secret wrongs shall never prosper,
 While there is a sunny right ;
 God, whose world-heard voice is singing
 Boundless love to you and me,
 Sinks oppression with its titles,
 As the pebbles in the sea.

A SCHOOLMASTER said of himself, “I am like a hone, I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it.”

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MONTREAL, C. E.

A READY ANSWER.—One day, a labouring brick-layer was called as a witness, in an action, before Chief-Justice Ellenborough. When he came up to be sworn, his lordship said to him, "Really, witness, when you have to appear before this court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance."—"Upon my life," replied the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well-dressed as your lordship."—"How do you mean?" said the judge, angrily.—"Why, faith," said the labourer, "*you* come here in *your* working clothes, and I'm come in *mine*."

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

A brook went dancing on its way,
 From bank to valley leaping,
 And by its sunny margin lay
 A loving infant sleeping,
 The murmur of the purpling stream
 Broke not the spell which bound him.

It is a lovely sight to view
 Within this world of sorrow
 One spot which still retains the hue
 That earth from heaven may borrow ;
 And such was this, a scene so fair,
 Arrayed in summer brightness,
 And one pure being feasted there—
 One soul of radiant whiteness.

What happy dreams, fair child, are given
 To cast their sunshine o'er thee ?
 What cord unites that soul to heaven
 Where visions guide before thee ?
 For wandering dreams of cloudless mirth
 O'er thy glad features beaming,
 Say not a thought—a form of earth—
 Alloys thine hour of dreaming !

Mayhap, afar on unseen wings,
 Thy silent spirit soaring,
 Now hears the burst of golden strings,
 Where angels are adoring.
 And with the pure angelic throng
 Around their maker praising,
 Thy joyous heart may join the song
 Ten thousand tongues are raising !

LEIGH HUNT.

It appears that "Thackeray's Magazine," in London, paid the Poet-Laureate of England, Tennyson, sixteen hundred dollars for a poem, and the following two verses are just one half of it, or eight hundred dollars worth :—

"What does little birdie say,
 In her nest at peep of day ?
 Let me fly, says little birdie,
 Mother, let me fly away,
 Birdie rest a little longer,
 Till thy little wings are stronger ;
 So she rests a little longer,
 Then she flies away.

"What does little baby say,
 In her bed at peep of day ?
 Baby says like little birdie,
 Let me rise and haste away.
 Baby, sleep a little longer,
 Until his little legs get stronger,
 And, after waiting like the birdie,
 Baby, too, shall fly away."

What is the difference between a crockery dealer and a cabinet-maker ? One sells teasetts, and the other settees.

The sword of reproof should be drawn against the offence, and not against the offender.

It must be lamented, that many are as lost to the softest tongue of reproof as the deaf adder is to the sweet voice of the charmer; they are always administering the bitter pills of calumny for the sweet cordials of charity.

It is the content which accompanies our fortune that renders us truly happy. Often our ambition binds us to the fact that, at the starting point, we leave behind us all the treasures we seek in the far-off jail.

A hypocritical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "Let no evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it, "How does the owner get in."

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"Sam, why am members of Parliament like de fishes?"—"I don't meddle wid de subjee,' Pomp." "Well, don't you see nigga, because dey am so fond of debate."

Lord Catham, who was almost as remarkable for his manners as for his eloquence and public spirit, has thus defined good breeding: "Benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves" in the little daily occurrences of life."

If a girl thinks more of her heels than her head, depend upon it, she will never amount to much. Brains which settle in the shoes never get above them. Young gentlemen will please put this down.

That young man to whom the world "owes a living" has been turned out of doors—his landlady not being willing to take the indebtedness of the world on her shoulders.

A shrewd little fellow, who had just began to read Latin, astonished the master by the following translation: "*Vir*, a man, *gin*, a trap—*virgin*, man-trap.

Once, in a debate on the army, a succession of speakers had rung the changes on the stock argument that we were not a military nation. "No," retorted Lord Palmerston, "we are not a military people, but depend upon it we are a fighting people." And the House rang with cheers on all sides.

Sheridan had a very convenient formula for acknowledging all the new publications sent him: "Dear Sir, I have received your exquisite work, and have no doubt I shall be highly delighted—after I have read it."

The song of the wife, whose stingy husband is away abroad, and refuses to send her any remittances, "Thou art so *near* and yet so far."

"When I talk seriously to you," said a parson to his hearers, "you fall asleep, but were I to bring a fool here to talk nonsense, you would be all attention."

A lady, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his ugliness of person, once said to Rogers the poet, "What do you think?—my husband has laid out fifty guineas for a baboon on purpose to please me." "The dear little man," replied Rogers, "it's just like him."

An Irish lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose to apologize thus:—"May it please the court, in the hate of debate, I called your honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, your honors."

A gentleman seeing an Irishman fencing in a very barren and desolate piece of land, said, "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat? a flock of sheep would starve to death on that land." "And sure, your honor, wasn't I fencing it to kape the poor bastes out iv it?" replied Pat.

A "creature" being asked by a lady the other evening if he loved oysters, replied: "My dear madam, my love for oysters amounts to a few raw" (furore.)

There is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going to work and turning up something.

Why is a fool like twenty hundred weight? Because he's a simple-ton.

What corns are the least troublesome? Acorns.

Why is an author the most peculiar of animals? Because his tale comes out of his head.

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him sage.

Here is a fifty-year old *jeu d'esprit* that is quite 'as good as new.' A rich old gentleman, of the name of Gould, married a girl not yet out of her 'teens.' After the wedding he wrote the following couplet, to inform a friend of the happy event :

" You see, my dear doctor,
Though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen
Fell in love with old Gould !"

To which the doctor replied :

" A girl of nineteen
May love Gould, it is true ;
But believe me, dear sir,
It is gold without u !"

Not unlike this was the retort of the young lady to an aged lover whose name was Page. He found one of the damsel's gloves, and returned it with these lines :

" If from your glove you take the letter g,
Then glove is love, which I devote to thee."

She answered :

" If from your name you take the letter P,
Then the page is age and that wont do for me."

~~It~~ In 1358 it was enacted that " no lady or knight's wife should have more than one velvet or damask gown for the summer ; that all ladies should wear russet or camelot three Jays in the week under penalty of ten shillings per day ; and that a surveyor should examine the ladies' wardrobe." Just fancy such a surveyor in these days !

WHAT is the difference between a crockery dealer and a cabinet-maker ? One sells tea-sets, and the other settees.

Why is a thief your only true philosopher ?—Because he regards everything from an *abstract point of view*, is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.

Why are lazy people's beds too short for them ?—They are too long in them.

Why are washerwomen foolish ?—They expect to catch soft water when it rains hard.

What belongs to yourself, and is used by everyone more than by yourself ?—Your name.

Why is a very angry man like 59 minutes past 12 ?—Because he is just ready to strike one.

—What root does iced punch resemble ?—Liquor-ice, of course.

How should a lover go into his fair one's house ? Always with a ring and never without a rap.

Why is a man's chin the most unlucky part of his body ?—Because it is constantly getting into serapes.

A SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

THE HORRORS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Come, listen awhile to me my lad,
 Come, listen to me for a spell !
 Let that terrible drum
 For a moment be dumb,
 For your uncle is going to tell
 What befell
 A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he my lad,
 And with beauty uncommonly blessed,
 Ere with brandy and wine
 He began to decline,
 And behaved like a person possessed ;
 I protest
 The Temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad,
 He went to a tavern one night,
 And drinking too much
 Rum, brandy, and such,
 The chap got exceedingly "tight,"
 And was quite
 What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad ;
 'Tis a horrible slumber he takes—
 He trembles with fear,
 And acts very queer.
 My eyes how he shivers and shakes
 When he wakes,
 And raves about horrid great snakes !

'T is a warning to you and me, my lad ;
 A particular caution to all—
 Though no one can see
 The viper but he—
 To hear the poor lunatic bawl,
 "How they crawl !"
 All over the floor and wall !"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad,
 Next morning he took to his bed,
 And he never got up
 To dine or sup,
 Though properly physicked and bled ;
 And I read
 Next day the poor fellow was dead.

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad !
 Of the viper concealed in the grass ;
 But now you must know,
 Man's deadliest foe
 Is a snake of a different class ;
 Alas !—
 'T is the viper that lurks in the glass.

J. G. SAXE.

Why does a cat run after a mouse ?—Because the mouse runs away from the cat.

Why is a blacksmith like a safe steed?—Because one is a horse shoer and the other is a sure horse.

Why is the letter t like your nose?—Because it goes before you [u].

What is most like a draw bet?—Queen Elizabeth's portrait.

How many legs has a horse?—Ten, two fores [fours] and two behind.

Why are the poker, shovel, and tongs, like the order of the Garter?—Because they are appendages to the great [grate.]

What is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat?—It is an admitted fact that one swallow does not make a summer, but one cat can make a spring.

~~See~~ Sam, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in de world? Cause dey nose eberything.

Why is a convalescent dyspeptic like a reprieved criminal? Because he can't *die-jest* yet.

It is an ancient conundrum, "Why is Queen Elizabeth more remarkable than the Falls of Niagara? Because they are a *wonder*, but she was a *Tudor*." But here is an improvement on it:—A Norfolk farmer built himself a homestead, and instead of one "half-door" in the middle, set a door in each wing. Being asked why he called his house "Elizabethian," he replied, "Because, you see, it is a Tudor (two-door) cottage."

An Irishman who lives with a vegetarian, writes to a friend that if he wants to know what illigant living is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing and the supper of what was left at breakfast.

Knowledge cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome, and like deep digging for pure water; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immediate hope as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest to the sky.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will be likely to love all. The heart, in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror, which it warms and fills.

A lady who painted her face asked Parsons how he thought she looked. 'I can't tell, ma'dam,' he replied, 'except you *uncover* your face.'

A Frenchman cannot pronounce "slip." The word sounds "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-clad, he said to a boy, "Ish dish a war sheep?" "No," replied the boy, "it's a ram."

—Milton was asked, "How is it that in some countries a king is allowed to take his place on the throne at fourteen years of age, but may not marry until he is eighteen?" "Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a woman."

Why is a stove like an old smoker? Because it cannot do without a pipe.

Why is an active waiter like a race horse? Because he runs for the plate.

What is that which a man may have never possessed, and yet leave behind him?
A will.

"Pa, they tell us about the angry ocean; what makes the ocean angry? "Oh, it has been crossed so often."

A lady walking a few days since on the promenade at Brighton, asked a sailor whom she met, why a ship was called a "she?" The son of Neptune ungallantly replied, that it was because the darn rigging cost so much.

Why is a cannon ball on a level plain like a lump of baker's dough? Because when fired it generally ends in a roll.

Why is an Irishman turning over in the snow like a mounted policeman? He is pat-rolling.

Why is it unlikely that an omnibus will be struck by lightning? Because it always has a conductor.

What man wants—all he can get. What woman wants—all she can't get.

Upon what line have the greatest number of accidents happened? On the C. R. I. N. O. Line.—*Punch*.

What would be an appropriate exclamation on finding a hole in your stocking?
Darn it.

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree? Because we are glad when he leaves.

Why is a bridegroom at the altar like a sailor? Because he's a marr'in her.

What is the greatest stand ever made for civilization? The ink-stand.

When is a steamboat like a witness in a trial? When it is bound to a-pier.

Dr. Thompson took occasion to exhort his man David, who was a namesake of his own, to abstain from excessive drinking, otherwise he would bring his grey hairs prematurely to the grave. "Take my advice David" said the minister, "and never take more than one glass at a time." "Neither I do sir" said David; "neither I do; but I care unco little how short the time be between the two."

—For what do you wink at me sir?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily, to a stranger at a party. "I beg pardon, madam," replied the wit, "I winked as men do looking at the sun—your splendor dazzled my eyes."

—Sir Isaac Newton's nephew was a clergyman. When he had performed the marriage ceremony for a couple he always refused the fee, saying, "Go your ways, poor wretches, I have done you mischief enough already."

When is a cat like a tea-pot? When you're *teas in'* it (tea's in it.)

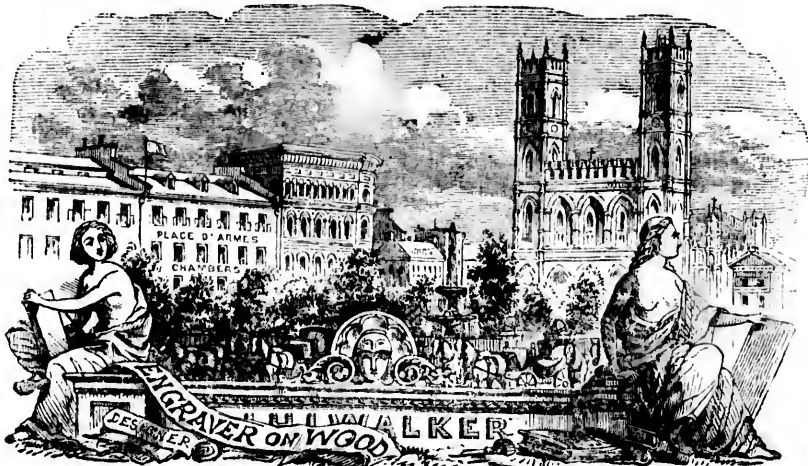
Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

A man may be known by three things—by his conduct in money matters; by his behavior at table; by his demeanor when angry.

With every child we lose we see deeper into life, as with every added lens we pierce farther into the sky.

Where real true fortitude dwells, loyalty, bounty, friendship and fidelity may be found.

J. H. J. WALKER,



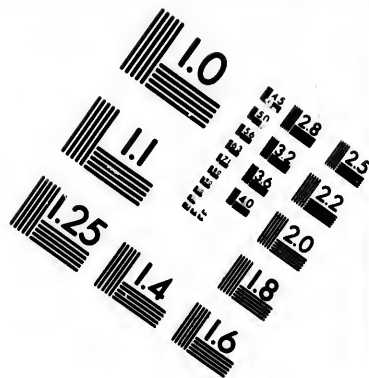
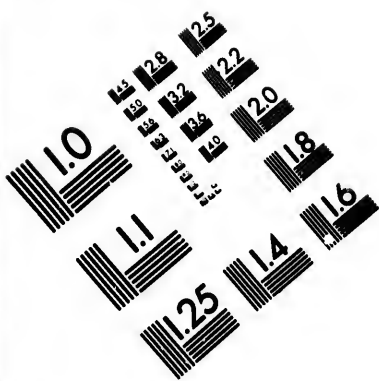
Designer and Engraver on Wood,
PLACE D'ARMES CHAMBERS, PLACE D'ARMES,
MONTREAL.

It is the ordinary way of the world to keep folly at the helm and wit under the hatches.

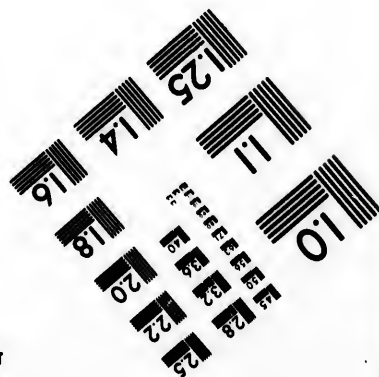
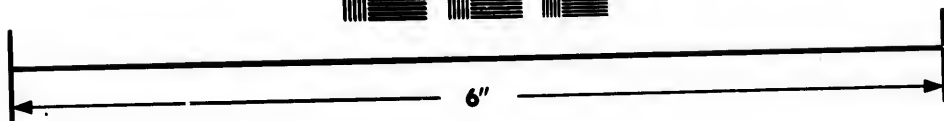
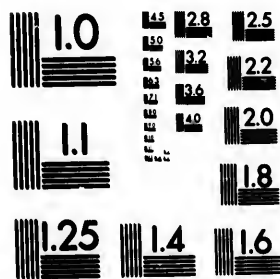
OLD MEN.—They are indeed long shadows and their evening sun falls coldly on the earth; but they all point toward morning.—*Richter.*

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is not so fair as a fruit offering of good deeds.—*Jean Paul.*





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Fonteuille, being asked one day by a lord waiting at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied:—"A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

If the sun could speak, what would it say to a budding rose?—You be blowed.

CHINESE MAXIMS.

Good sayings are like pearls strung together, inscribe them on the walls of your dwelling and regard them night and day as wholesome admonitions.

The cure of ignorance is study, as meat is that of hunger.

Petty distinctions are injurious to rectitude ; quibbling words violate right season.

In learning, age and youth go for nothing ; the best informed takes the precedence.

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own doors, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbour's tiles.

By learning, the sons of the common people become public ministers ; without learning, the sons of public ministers become mingled with the mass of the people.

A gentleman, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, inquired, "Did they call each other ugly?"—"No."—"Or old?"—"No."—"Well, well I shall soon make them good friends."

The celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, sir, was a digression ; now for the argument."

Budæus, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, was engaged in deep study in his library, when his servant came running to him in a great fright, to tell him the house was on fire. "Go," said he, with perfect calmness, and hardly raising his eyes from his book, "and inform your mistress ; 'tis her concern, you know I never interfere in domestic matters."

It is common to speak of those whom a flirt jilted as her victims. This is a grave error. Her real victim is the man whom she accepts. This reminds us of a simile : "A coquette is a rose from whom every lover plucks a leaf ; the thorn remains for the future husband."

It was said by that remarkable man, "Life is short, and why should speeches be long ?"

A German writer says a young girl is a fishing rod—the eyes are the hook—the smile the bait—the lover the gudgeon, and marriage the batter in which he is fried.

An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the 22nd April. Her husband, who was present, observed, 'I always thought you were born on the *first* of April.' People may well judge so, responded the matron, in the choice I made of a husband!

No JUDGE.—A learned judge, who shall be nameless, while trying a case during the last circuit, saw just in front of him a person wearing a hat, and desired one of the officers to make that man either take off his hat or leave the court. "Your honour," said the supposed offender, who turned out to be a lady in a riding habit and beaver, "I am no man!"—"Then," said his honour, "I am no judge."

"If you ever think of marrying a widow," said an anxious parent to an heir, "select one whose first husband was hung; as that is the only way to prevent throw his memory into your face, and making annoying comparsons." "Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor, "she'll praise him by saying that hanging would be too good for you."

A "GREEN" ISLANDER.—In a criminal court, the council, dissatisfied with his want of success with an Irish witness, complained to the court. Paddy replied "Shure, an' I'm no lawyer, yer honour, and the spalpane only wants to puzzle me."—"Come, now, do you swear you are no lawyer?" said the council.—"Faix, an' I do; and yez may swear the same about yourself, too without fear of perjury."

PITY.

The wounds that pain and grief have made
Are seldom cured by laughter;
Who has not felt the dreadful blade
As deep the moment after?

But pity from the lips we love
Is Friendship's best endeavor;
And, like the rain-drop from above,
Makes all look fresh as ever.

EPIGRAM.

"These boots were never made for me;
They are too short by half.
I want them high enough, d'ye see.
To cover all the calf."

"I see," said Last, with stifled laugh,
To alter them I'll try,
But if they cover all the calf
They must be six feet high."

—A certain clergyman preached from the text: "Adam, where art thou?" recently, and divided his discourse into three parts: first all men are somewhere; second, some are where they ought not to be; and third, unless they mend their ways they will eventually find themselves where they'd rather not be.

"I'm attached to you, and yet I wish myself away," as the overloaded donkey said to the cart.

The oldest piece of furniture is the multiplication "table." It was constructed more than a thousand years ago, and it is as good as new.

A man's best fortune—or his worst—is his wife.

A couple were censured for going to the country houses without an invitation. 'Don't be hard on them,' was his suggestion, 'for if they waited to be invited, they might go nowhere.'

Let days pass on, nor count how many swell
 The episode of life's hack chronical :
 Changed the abode, of late so stern and drear,
 How doth the change speak, "Love hath entered here."
 How lightly sounds the footfall on the floor,
 How jocund rings sweet laughter, hush'd no more ;
 Wide from two hearts made happy, wide and far
 Circles the light in which they breathe and are,
 Liberal as noontide streams the ambient ray,
 And fills each crevice in the world with day.

SIR E. B. LYTTON.

EPIGRAM—ON WOMEN.

Women were born, so fate declares,
 To smooth our linen and our cares,
 And 'tis but just, for by my troth.
 They're very apt to ruffle both.

THE NEW BONNET.—The new half-handkerchief style of bonnet is thus described in a contemporary:—

"A sort of cup to catch the hair,
 Leaving the head to 'go it bare,'
 A striking example of nothing to wear,
 Is this bonnet abomination."

Again:—

"It makes a woman look brazen and bold,
 Assists her catching nothing but cold ;
 It is bad on the young, absurd on the old,
 And deforms what it ought to deck."

A GRAVEYARD INSCRIPTION.—The following inscription has been copied from a gravestone in Essex :

"Here lies the man Richard,
 and Mary his wife ;
 her surname was Prichard,
 they lived without strife
 and the reason was plain—
 They abounded in riches,
 They had no care or pain,
 And his wife wore the breeches !"

Thou poor leaf so sear and frail,
 Sport of every wanton gale.
 Whence, and whither dost thou fly
 Through this bleak autumnal sky ?
 On a noble oak I grew,
 Green, and proud, and fair to view ;
 But the monarch of the shade
 By the tempest low, was laid,
 From that time, I wander o'er
 Wood and valley, hill and moor ;
 Whereso'er the wind is blowing,
 Nothing caring, nothing knowing ;
 Thither go I, whither goes
 Glory's laurel, Beauty's rose.

Macaulay.

An American editor published a long leader on hogs. A rival paper in the same village upbraids him for obtruding his family matters upon the public.

Why is the Catholic Bible called the Danvers Bible?

- Because the former ~~at~~ translation from the Latin Vulgate was published by the English at Danvers, In Belgium (1609) and the latter also from the Latin Vulgate, was first made and issued from another English College at Rheims (1582)

Jane Lappin

From a friend.

Montreal
July 21-1866

cribed

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