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MASON'S FRUIT JARS.

AFTER many years experience have been found the most reliable for preserving all kinds of fruit. Save their cost in sugar at the first filling. Pint, quart and 1/2 gallon sizes in any quantity, for sale by

W. D. McLAREN,
247 St. Lawrence Street, Corner (639) of St. Catharine.

JOHN J. ARNTON,

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

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

(Established 1859)
Henry R. Gray
Dispensing

AND
Family Chemist,

144
St. Lawrence Street.

FRESH VACCINE
always on hand.

DISINFECTANTS
of all kinds.

SEA-SIDE
REQUISITES

GRAY'S
l'insigne de Toilette

FOLEY'S
CELEBRATED
GOLD PENS

Have been introduced into this Market, and are sold by Messrs.

SAVAGE, LYMAN &
Co., Notre Dame St.
Messrs.

MURRAY & Co.,
Stationers,
Notre Dame Street,
and by

C. E. HURDERS,
Book and News Store
77 St. James Street
(Diogenes' Office).

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

GRAND
Lacrosse Match

CORNWALL
vs.
MONTREAL.

A MATCH between these Clubs will take place on SATURDAY, the 14th inst., on the Grounds of the Montreal Club, Sherbrooke Street.

Match to commence at half-past Two P.M.
Admission 25 cents.
Ladies free.
Seats on Grand Stand, 10 cents.

Bishop Oxenden's
WORKS.

Dawson Bros. have just received:

The Pastoral Office: its duties, difficulties, privileges and prospects.

Portraits from the Bible--New Testament Series.

Short Lectures on the Sunday Gospels from Easter to Advent.

The Pathway of Safety: or, Counsel to the Awakened.

Family Prayers.
The Earnest Communicant's course of Preparation for the Lord's Table.

For Sale at Nos. 55 to 59 St. James Street.



Smoked Salmon.

BONELESS.
We have just received a fine lot of the above. Heads off and back bones taken out.

Without exception the finest fish in market.

KEMP & BROWN,
Grocers,
McGill corner
Lemoine street.

ONTARIO

MEDICAL HALL
265

Notre Dame Street.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully compounded.

The Largest Stock of Surgical Instruments in the City.

C. G. Wilson
Chemist & Druggist.

KAMOURASKA.

Sea-Bathing.

The undersigned intimates to her friends that her Private Boarding House is now re-opened for the Reception of Visitors, Families, and Invalids, who may desire to enjoy the benefits of the invigorating air of this fine Watering Place, as well as the comforts of a first-class Country Residence.

Mrs. H. SMITH,
Albion House,
KAMOURASKA.

N.B.—In addition to the Railway Cars, there will be a Steamer from Quebec direct to the Village three times a week.

Music.

MUSIC at a price within the reach of all.

The most popular Songs, and pieces at 5 cents each.

DeZouche Bros.,
351
Notre Dame Street.

Paper Hangings.

THE most complete Stock of WALL PAPERS in the City.

Splendid Patterns at very moderate rates.

DeZouche Bros.,
351
Notre Dame Street.

Vol. II.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, 13th AUGUST, 1869.

Price—Twopence.

F. HALNER Sc.

PORTUGUESE ONIONS, ex S.S. "Moravian."

LOCHFINE HERRINGS & SCOTCH LING, THIS SEASON'S CATCH,

Ex S.S. "St. Patrick," sailed from Glasgow 3rd instant.

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

(Established 1849.)

*Dentelles de Bruxelles,
De Honiton et de
VALENCIENNES.*

*LADIES of the DOMINION
of CANADA, and Visitors from
the UNITED STATES, are respect-
fully invited to visit*

"THE LACE HOUSE,"

250 Notre Dame Street.

Where they will find a magnificent col-
lection of British and Foreign

LACE SHAWLS, MANTLES,
CAPES, HANDKERCHIEFS,
VEILS, LAPPETS, COIFFURES,
BARBES, CHEMISETTES,
FICHUS, CAPE EN PANIER,
ELIZABETHIAN RUFFLES and
COLLARS, TUNICS & FLOUN-
CINGS in Brussels, Honiton, Valen-
ciennes, Malines, Point de Flandre, Point
Duchesse, Miracourt and Spanish Point
Laces.

Wm. McDunnough,

(Successor to James Purkin.)

250 NOTRE DAME STREET.

(Established 1849.)

Wholesale Stationery.

(Circular.)

The Partnership heretofore existing
between ROBERT WEIR and JAMES
SUTHERLAND having this day been
dissolved by mutual consent, the un-
dersigned begs to intimate that he will
carry on the

**WHOLESALE
STATIONERY BUSINESS**

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

in the capacious premises situated at
No. 24 (corner of) HOSPITAL and ST
JOHN STREETS, hitherto occupied by
Mr. Duncan Bell.

The undersigned left for England
on Friday, 6th inst., in order to pur-
chase a complete Stock in the best
English markets. This Stock will be
laid down in Montreal at the

Lowest Remunerative Rates,

such as will command the patronage
of the trade. It will be ready for in-
spection on the 1st September.

A visit from Customers is solicited
before they make their Fall purchases.
Samples and prices will be forwarded
on application.

ROBERT WEIR.

24 ST. JOHN STREET,

MONTREAL, 22nd July, 1869.

**McGILL UNIVERSITY,
MONTREAL**

CHANGE OF TIME.

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

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

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

THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED
"PLANTAGENET"
Mineral Water.

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

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

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

Orders to the undersigned will have prompt attention.

R. J. RODDEN,

Plantagenet, Ont.

R. W. BOYD,

Montreal.

CARRATRACA
MINERAL SPRING WATER
FROM THE
CARRATRACA MINERAL SPRINGS
PLANTAGENET, ONT.

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

IMMEDIATE RELIEF AND EVENTUAL CURE.

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

Directions for their use.

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

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

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

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

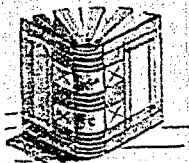
All communications must be addressed to the proprietors.

WINNING, HILL & WARE,

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

Cheap First-class Account Books.

**MONTREAL
ACCOUNT BOOK COPYING PRESSES.**



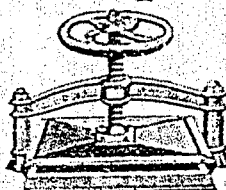
A LARGE STOCK always kept on hand,
in every style of Binding and Ruling.

Also,

An extensive assortment of

Office Stationery.

SPRING SALE



THE LARGEST & BEST ASSORTMENT
OF

Copying Presses

IN CANADA,

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

AT

JAS. SUTHERLAND'S

(Late R. WEIR & COMPANY)

STATIONERY WAREHOUSE,

160 & 162 St. James Street.

TO TOURISTS.

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

OF LOCAL SCENERY.

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

*Alex Henderson,
PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE
Photographer.*

All kinds of Out-door Photography
executed.

Canadian Landscapes in great variety.

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

**DISSOLUTION OF
PARTNERSHIP.**

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

JAMES SUTHERLAND.
ROBERT WEIR.

CIRCULAR.

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

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

Yours, respectfully,

JAMES SUTHERLAND.

MONTREAL, July 28, 1869.

NOTICE.

THE MATCHES of the PROVINCE OF
QUEBEC RIFLE ASSOCIATION will
commence at POINT ST. CHARLES, on
TUESDAY, the 24th inst., at 9 A.M.

About \$2,000 will be offered in Prizes.
Distances will be 700, 900 and 600 yards for
Snider Rifle, and 800, 900 and 1,000 yards for
All-comers any rifle competition.

Contemplated division of Prizes: 1/3 for
Snider Rifle; 1/3 for any rifle.

The Associations intending to affiliate are
required to send the amount of the fee, \$10,
with names of members, on or before the
15th August, to the Secretary. All communi-
cations to be addressed to him, Box 542,
Post-Office, Montreal.

JOHN FLETCHER,
Lieut. Col.,
Sec'y P. R. A. C.

To Smokers.

LATEST

LONDON NOVELTIES

THE "ABYSSINIAN" PIPE

AND

"SENSATION" POUCH,

AT

MCCONKEY'S,

32 St. James Street,

(Opposite the "Hall").

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

No. 10.

The "old lady's" grand-daughter has gone to Cacouna with an aunt, and the summary ejection of the "Poet," I mentioned in my last. I have just received a letter from him, requesting the loan of five dollars, (which he will not get), and enclosing a new poem on "Flies." I will send you the latter for publication, if you think fit. It is, in more ways than one, remarkable. Our last new acquisition has been in the house four weeks. He is

AN "EXEMPLARY" BOARDER.

A young Civil Engineer, of about twenty-five summers. He dresses plainly and neatly, and eschews jewellery. He is punctual in his payments, and duns know him not. He neither drinks, smokes nor plays at cards. He keeps very regular hours, but is fond of going out to tea. He is a member of two temperance organizations, and of sundry other "serious" societies. In these respects he is an example to many.

Before his arrival, our landlady informed us about the "excellent young man" we were going to have in the house. She has not, however, of late been so enthusiastic in her praises.

The first thing that strikes you in this young man is an exceedingly-forbidding expression of countenance. His features are hard and coarse; his forehead low; his lips thick. His voice is shrill and loud, but his utterance drawing. He shaves clean, and shows a great development of "jowl." There is something about him which at once strikes you as not gentlemanly, and his manners soon confirm the impression. I forget who it was that, once, defined politeness as "benevolence in small things." In our young man, benevolence seems not to exist, and therefore,—as a matter of course,—courtesy is absent.

He is about the meanest man that I ever remember to have met. He pays his board weekly with unerring punctuality, but expresses great astonishment that our landlady should decline to take off anything for the evenings that he has not come home to tea. He has a weekly altercation with his washerwoman, and apparently wants her to get up his things for little or nothing. The other evening he broke a lamp glass. *I saw him do it.* He declined to pay for it, stating that it must have been broken by the servant girl!

He lies prodigiously,—I say it without hesitation,—and his lying is combined with boasting,—an almost equally hateful vice. His lies are all about himself, and, I sometimes think, long habit has brought him to believe in some of his own falsehoods. He especially vaunts the unparalleled success which has attended him in his own profession;—how he is not only making his way, but laying up money. He further boasts he is not beholden to anybody. Unfortunately I know better. He occupies a very small office on a third flat, and the profits of his practice are insufficient to pay his board. He has a worthy and indulgent father,—a small shopkeeper in Ontario,—who pinches himself for the behoof of his "exemplary" son, whom he considers a genius. The latter makes a great show of business. He hardly ever enters the house without bringing with him piles of documents, rolls of papers, and small instruments, such as prismatic compasses, box-sextants, &c. He talks loudly of "extensive surveys," "large railway works," and such like, now being carried on under his direction. One would think, to hear him, that his practice extended throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, though, it must strike many, that he keeps no assistant—not even a boy—and is never, by any chance, called out of town. He boasts of the education he has received, though he varies sometimes in his statements as to

the college which had the honor of being his Alma Mater. If a man intends to make his living by lying,—and there are many who do,—one thing is indispensable. He must be able to lie consistently. Our Captain, who, among his other accomplishments, is a mathematician, delights in quizzing this youth. He sometimes asks his aid in solving sundry geometrical problems, (generally very easy ones), but through defective memory, or some other cause, our exemplary friend turns out to be unable to assist him. With all his boasted education, he cannot talk grammar. He substitutes "them" for "those," and "done" for "did."

We had, the other day, an excellent specimen of his "benevolence." A laboring man fell from off the roof of a building in our neighbourhood, and having broken both his legs, he was taken to the hospital. This man's wife,—a most deserving person,—was known to us all. She often did odd jobs of washing and scrubbing in the house. We made up, among ourselves, a little collection, to help her along under her terrible deprivation. All subscribed willingly, excepting the "exemplary." He excused himself on the ground that "he did not approve of indiscriminate alms-giving,"—as if there were any want of discrimination in this case. A good many of his faults would be patiently endured by us, were he not such an insufferable "prig." Only the other evening, our good "old lady" was amusing herself at a harmless game of Cribbage. Our youthful *censo*r *morum* impudently reproved her for indulging in "worldly amusements." I never saw our old friend so angry. The youth received a lecture, which I hope he will not forget. He next tried the Yankee, who informed him "that in Worcester, Massachussets, there was a man who was once paid five hundred dollars a year to mind his own business. But he lost it,—like a fool!" Our youth is fond of giving this sort of advice at the public table; not indeed in so oracular a form, but in mean little inuendoes and vulgar sarcasms, intended to be pithy, but which are only bitter. His favorite object is the "old drunkard, at whom he is continually preaching, in a cruel, heartless manner. So far from doing good, this only makes the poor old man resort more and more to his favorite stimulant. The "exemplary" never tries on anything of this kind with the "Captain," of whom he is evidently afraid.

Like most lecturing people, he is a discontented, querulous grumbler. He finds fault with everything—with the hardness of his bed—the roughness of his towels—the quality of the viands at his dinner (for he is both an epicure, who expects every expensive delicacy of the season, and an immoderate glutton, who eats beef by the pound, and crams green peas into his mouth by the dozen on the blade of his knife.)

Yesterday, at table, this young gentleman seemed strangely subdued in tone. I have only just heard the cause. The Athlete had been expressing, rather strongly, his discontent at a recent decision with regard to the winners of a Lacrosse match in which he had been a player. After dinner, the "exemplary" followed him up-stairs as far as the landing, and there exhorted him to patience under such trifling disappointments. The Athlete retorted by—knocking him down! Now, I am far from approving of muscular arguments, but, as far as we can judge at present, the lesson in this case has been effective. The man is not only a sneak, a prig, and a liar, but a conceited "nincom," on whom words would have been lost.

"Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt."

ATROCIOUS!—Why can a chicken never die a natural death? Because its death is always a *foul* one.

A "NUT TO CRACK."—Given that the age of a lad is ten, find the age of a ladder?

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF 1869.

BY OUR OWN ASTRONOMER.

DIOGENES, being desirous that the scientific public should be furnished with a correct and scientific report of the eclipse, dispatched his own special *Augur*, or Astronomer, in order that this remarkable event might be properly inaugurated. The following is his report:—

"In compliance with your instructions, I proceeded on the evening of the 7th, at 4 P.M., to the summit of Mount Royal, accompanied by an assistant, for the purpose of reporting upon the phenomena attendant upon this interesting event. We were well provided with all the necessary instruments, including stethoscopes, double-barrelled opera glass, two bottles of Kinahan's LL, smoked glass, tumbler, &c., &c. After a fatiguing journey, we arrived at our destination, and deposited our various paraphernalia. We then deemed it desirable to take a preliminary observation of "*Kinahan*," which was soon accomplished through the medium of our prepared glass. The result was extremely satisfactory, so much so as to tend to the renewal of the experiment, and the consequent exhaustion of *Kinahan* No. 1. A packet of *bird's-eye* was then produced, and, immediately after, it was observed that the atmosphere was obscured by clouds of a light-coloured, fleecy consistency. It was now several minutes past 5 P.M. The first actual contact occurred exactly at 5.5, when, on stooping to arrange the telescope stand, I came into violent collision therewith. A *rose-coloured protuberance* (on the "*os frontis*") soon became distinctly visible; flashes of fire of a brilliant colour danced before my eyes; and I distinctly saw several stars of greater and lesser magnitude. A fresh reference to *Kinahan* resulted in a perceptible increase in the dip. Alcoholic *ozone* was in excess in the atmosphere; considerable dew, (*mountain dew*;) fell, and a remarkable exhilaration of spirits was felt by the observer.

"A renewal of telescopic observations showed great indistinctness of all the coloured rays, a tremulous motion pervaded all surrounding objects, and the observer had some difficulty in keeping his equilibrium. He now distinctly saw several planets, all in different stages of eclipse, each surrounded by a luminous haze, presenting an appearance unparalleled in the annals of astronomy. He cannot but express his surprise that these extraordinary phenomena should have escaped the notice of Dr. Smallwood.

"The tremulous motion of the earth now became so defined, that your astronomer was unable to bring his telescope to bear within several degrees of the desired spot, and being much exhausted from the effects of the sun in his eyes, he was reluctantly compelled to leave the subsequent observations to his assistant, who will doubtless forward a detailed and valuable report."

NOTE BY THE ASSISTANT.

"I distinctly decline to do anything of the kind. I consider the "*Augur*" a boozy old humbug. I was compelled to carry the whole of the instruments, with the exception of the two bottles of *Kinahan*, which the old rip stuck to most affectionately, and after all my exertions, I got only a miserable half-glass for myself. Before the eclipse had fairly commenced, the wretch was so screwed he could scarcely stand, and if ever you catch me out again with such an old —" Here the Assistant becomes so abusive that the Cynic is obliged to expurgate the rest of his note.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

For the last three weeks, the Cynic has had eclipse on the brain,—has dreamed of eclipse, had his matutinal beef-steak

served up with eclipse, dined off eclipse, supped off eclipse; his family have been wrapped up in eclipse; and the other day, when the Philosopher went to have his hair cut, why, he found that the barber—*he clips* too!

He, therefore, to keep up with the times, despatched a special astronomer, (whose *spirited* report appears above,) to the scene of action; but his suspicions being excited by two mysterious-looking bottles which the S. A. had included among his instruments, the Philosopher resolved to follow him and take observations for himself, and this is what the Cynic saw:—

Talk about leaves drooping! and birds going to roost! The signs discovered by the Philosopher were of far greater omen. Fancy a policeman, on duty,—(the Cynic has his number.)—going into the St. Lawrence Bar to "take a drink!" Imagine hundreds,—hearing that a glass was necessary to observe the eclipse,—making glaziers' shops of the Queens' and the Carlton,—conjure up excited swells for the first time in their lives, making their eye-glasses really useful, and diligently smoking them over a "candle." Not only all these signs of the times, but more. Smoke in great demand. McConkey entirely out of cigars. An immense crowd besieging McGibbon's, and his smoked salmon going off *like* smoke. Our Sick Contributor's Drunkard, (who, for the first time in twenty years, was actually sober,) deceived into the belief that he was in his usual state, owing to the appearance of, what seemed to him, a double sun! The atmosphere so dark, that a man, who had gone to sleep about five o'clock, woke up about six, under the supposition that it was Sunday morning, and started for church, post-haste! One old man, so taken up with watching the eclipse of the *sun*, that when he came down to mundane matters, some one had walked off with his *daughter*! And sundry bank officials, actually forgetting to be impertinent, and only keeping applicants waiting half-an-hour, instead of the usual three-quarters! Picture all these scenes, and you have a few,—and only a few,—of the signs the Cynic saw on Saturday, Aug. 7, '69.

"VIVE LE ROI."

The *Globe* waxes virtuously indignant over the "vast gambling operations," said to have been carried out in Wall Street by the General Manager of our leading Bank, and denounces, in no measured terms, the "folly and criminality of these transactions."

While fully agreeing in the abstract with the principles laid down by the *Globe*, DIOGENES would venture to suggest, that the statements of the New York Journals on this subject are not unlikely to be somewhat exaggerated, and that cases have occasionally occurred in that city, of sensationalism having slightly predominated over veracity. It is just with the bounds of possibility that these "gigantic gambling operations," may, on examination, resolve themselves into very ordinary and legitimate banking transactions. The *Globe*, in its peroration, describes *three millions and a half* as being at stake, on one turn of the *Rouge et noir* table." The Cynic cannot help fancying that there is some *lelle* exaggeration here, as it occurs to him that even with the worst turn of the market, the gold purchased would probably be worth something.

However this may be, DIOGENES trusts that, if the "shrewd Canuck," has really got to windward of Wall Street, he will retire on his laurels, and that in future like Banquo's Ghost, he will have "no speculation in his eye."

CON.—When is a host, entertaining his guests, like a ship at sea? When he's out of *port*.

ASTRONOMICAL AND NAUTICAL.

The Quebec *Chronicle* has for many years published the following advertisement of "E. D. Ashe, Commander Royal Navy, F.R.A.S., Director, Observatory, Quebec":—

"NOTICE TO MARINERS.

"The Time Ball in the Citadel, each day (Sunday excepted) at half past Twelve, will be hoisted half-mast; and at five minutes before One it will be hoisted to the mast head, and at One o'Clock, mean time at Observatory, the Ball will be dropped. A Chronometer, keeping correct Greenwich time, should then show 5h. 44m. 49s., and the difference between this and the time shewn by a Chronometer is its true error on Greenwich time at that moment; as it is 'Greenwich time' that the Observatory shows when the Ball is dropped, it is no matter where the ship is lying; for instance if a ship half-way across the Atlantic could see the Ball drop, the difference between 5h. 44m. 49s., and the time shewn by the face of her Chronometer would be its error on Greenwich time."

When COMMODORE DIOGENES entered the Service, competitive examinations were unknown; but he would have got a touch of a rope's end had he written "keeping correct Greenwich time," as there is only one Greenwich. Moreover, all chronometers do not keep correct Greenwich time.

The COMMODORE, however, does not wish to take the place of the Dean of Canterbury or of Mr. Moon. He is merely desirous of giving notice to mariners that E. D. Ashe, F.R.A.S., is very far out of his reckoning when he says:

"It is no matter where the ship is lying; for instance if a ship half-way across the Atlantic could see the Ball drop, the difference between 5h. 44m. 49s., and the time shewn by the face of her Chronometer would be its error on Greenwich time."

Now, the whole matter is determined by the place where the ship is lying. If a ship is only half-way across the Atlantic, it is as plain as a pike-staff that her chronometer should show only half of the difference in time between Greenwich and Quebec. And if the ship could see the ball drop at Quebec, it would be the difference in time between,—not 5h. 44m. 49s., which is the time at Quebec,—but 2h. 52m. 24½s.; and the time shown by her chronometer, which would be "its true error on Greenwich time."

When the gallant Commander wrote the notice, he would seem to have been where he supposes the ship to be; and if he does not correct his observations soon after his return from viewing the eclipse of the sun, we may shortly hear of another of our ocean steamers running ashore on a clear, calm night, with a lighthouse in sight. And in that event, E. D. Ashe, Commander Royal Navy, F.R.A.S., will again hear from COMMODORE DIOGENES.

* * * DIOGENES is a clairvoyant. He wrote the above on Sunday, the 8th. inst., "under a strong sense of duty, and with an inward consciousness of impending danger." The electric currents of his nature were disturbed. On the afternoon of the 10th, intelligence was received of the total wreck of the S.S. "Cleopatra," from Montreal, off Cape Race. DIOGENES is glad to know that the passengers and crew were saved.

WIT FROM FUN D(A)Y.

The New Dominion *Humorist*, of St. John, N.B., in spite of the fogs and other depressing influences, is a lively paper, and some of its jokes are worthy of being embalmed in the Cynic's pages. The following, anent our friends of the 78th. Highlanders, now quartered there, is not half bad:—

"During the base-ball match on Monday, the ball accidentally penetrated a pane of glass in the Officer's Barracks, which pained one of the Sons of Mars so much, that he ordered the *bat-talion* to 'change their base.' We mistook the sentry for one of those Scotch figures which are occasionally seen in other cities standing at the doors of tobacconists', and we asked him for a paper of Cent(ur)y Tobacco; but we quickly found that, although he might be a piper, he wasn't a mere-sham, as he made a forward thrust at us with his bayonet. We left suddenly, wondering whether the calumet, or "pipe of peace," was a bag-pipe, and, if so, whether it has ever been used in the 'smoke of battle.'"

"RUBBISH SHOT HERE."

The recent Convention at Toronto of the Ontario Teachers' Association was what Americans call "a caution." This was mainly owing to the fact that an immense quantity of rubbish was shot during the meeting. As this assertion may require some proof in order to satisfy sceptics, a few specimens of the debates are here reprinted from the careful report of the *Toronto Globe*.

After Mr. Lewis had read "an elegant and remarkably practical essay" on "cultivating the voice, and reading with expression," a general discussion of the subject took place. A wisecrack named Dixon remarked:

"Relative to what had been said about the importance of English literature, too much had been said about it. It had not the position the essay gave it; for *German literature was highest, French stood next, and English literature was only third*. The best reading he had ever heard was in Oswego Normal School, where not the analytical, but the initiatory system was carried on."

Subsequently,

"Mr. DINGHAM observed that timidity was a great impediment to good reading among children.

"Mr. MCGANN thought the lack of the study of physical science lay at the bottom of the evil. He regarded seven as the proper age at which children should go to school, because then their limbs would be strengthened and lengthened, and they would be prepared to go on and work vigorously. There is no mistake but the functional development of the human species was miserably neglected. We pay more attention to the horse race than the human race. (Laughter.) I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for laughing at me.

"The PRESIDENT—It is not at you, but the raciness of the remarks that makes us laugh.

"Mr. MCGANN—I'm glad of that, for he who would laugh at me would be a fool. (Laughter.) The great matter was to go to first principles, to cause and effect, to the whole functions of the body and soul of the human race, and give their children sun-baths and fresh air, and mountains to climb, then they would have readers that could read."

So much for the debate on "Reading."

The Convention then proceeded to discuss the best methods of teaching History.

"Mr. MILLER opened the discussion, and, in doing so, remarked that he did not attach a very great importance to history,—not so much as he did to reading or arithmetic, for instance. He began his boys in history when they have got into the fourth book. He deprecated the idea of cramming children with too many dates. * * * * * Morality he always kept in view as the object in his teaching of history.

"Mr. MCGANN agreed with the last remark; it was first-rate. Morality was the thing, after all; but the only difficulty he had about this view was with the History of Canada. For if they taught morality from the lives of the great men of Canada, they would make very little of it. It would be like gathering mushroom off a skating rink. (Loud laughter.)"

After a few sensible remarks on the subject from some other teachers,

"Mr. HUSBAND thought children should be of some age before beginning the study of history. He thought it absurd for children to begin history before they could read thoroughly.

"Mr. ARCHIBALD would not teach history at all. Some talked of 'useless knowledge,' but of all the useless knowledge he knew, that was history. (Oh, oh.)

"Mr. MCGANN—You're a genius! (Laughter.)

"Mr. ARCHIBALD was serious in what he said. He would like to know what bearing a historical fact had on a boy's character. History, as it is written to-day, is absolutely useless. He would like to have a history of the people, their habits, how they lived, their outgoings and incomings.

"Mr. MCGANN asked Mr. Archibald how he would measure the progress of civilization? Now you're bagged. (Laughter.)

"Mr. ARCHIBALD denied that he could measure it by accounts of battles and sieges."

The Cynic forbears to offer any remarks on this dignified and eloquent discussion; but he cannot conclude this short notice without expressing sincere regret that he was not present to report the whole of the auspicious proceedings.

THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 1.

EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTICAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XII.

I am, and always have been, of a very sensitive organization, and therefore forbear to wound the feelings of my readers with a description of the vicissitudes and dangers through which my hero and heroine passed, before they discovered that island which, in all such stories as this, invariably turns up at the proper time.

How they endured hunger and thirst; how Eva was unable, for an unlimited space of time, to "do up" her back-hair, for lack of a mirror, which Carrajo had thoughtlessly omitted to put into the boat; how,—totally unable to shave or have his hair dressed,—the Chief found, like a good many would-be M.P.'s, the "state of the poll" exceedingly annoying; how, after Eva had broken the magnetic needle, in her efforts to repair sundry rents in her garments with it, they were unable to determine their position, and felt inclined to echo that cry of the politicians, "whither are we drifting;" how all this happened, and how, on the three hundred and sixty-fifth morning after leaving the vessel, they were compelled to devour their ballast, which, as you recollect, was tolerably indigestible;—for all these, and sundry other details even more revolting, I have the honor, as this story is intended to be entirely original, to refer you to "Foul Play," simply calling your attention, *en passant*, to the fact, that the author of this veracious history, unlike C. R. in the novel aforesaid, has, with a due regard to the properties, *married* his hero and heroine, before casting them on a desert island. Enough said.

On the three hundred and sixty-sixth morning, Eva was gazing intensely at nothing in particular; and Carrajo, who, you remember, was blind, was exhorting her to do as he did, and keep "a bright look out." And thus the day wore on, while, with fatigue and hunger, they wore out.

Night cast her sable shades around them; hushed was the song of the flying fish; stilled the small voice of the porpoise; whilst with each dip of the oar, the ocean, pitying their fate, wept tears of phosphorescent light.

And thus the night wore on.

THREE O'CLOCK A.M.—Somewhere on the South Atlantic, a small boat tossed here and there,—and back again, and in in the distance—what? A bank of cloud? a clam bank? a Royal Canadian Bank, or something still more unsubstantial? None of these, but a "trim little, tight little island" with "verdure clad;" in truth, a very G. T. R. appointment for them.

Now for the correct phase. The boat "grated on the pebbly beach," and Eva, giving her hand for the second time to Carrajo, leaped ashore. But no further would the Chief go. Seating himself on a large stone, he sat in moody and muddy contemplation. Was this to be the end? were all his schemes to come to this? The more he reflected, the more he despaired; and the climax was reached when he remembered that, to shelter Eva from the chilly night, he had sacrificed his cloak. Then, then, indeed, he felt that in very truth

ALL HIS CAPE WAS CUT OFF!

CHAP. XIII.

On the beach at Cacouna is all very well, but on the beach of an island, name unknown, and position exceedingly uncertain, is not quite so satisfactory.

Eva and Carrajo, however, having somewhat recovered

from the fatigue and exposure they had suffered while afloat on the ocean, and having also killed, cooked and eaten, a bird, which Carrajo pronounced to be a *Cock-of-the-walk*—one of a species peculiar to the island;—having also narrowly escaped being impaled on the horns of a *dilemma*,—which animal is found in these latitudes in a wild state,—they seated themselves on a projecting rock, to watch for any passing vessel which might come within their range of vision. To beguile the time, and improve her education, Eva suggested to Carrajo that they should manufacture riddles, which, if they ever reached the main-land in safety, might be given to the world; and which, if the public could be induced to *Read*, would probably supply them with considerable "Hard Cash."

He consented, and thus Eva propounded:

"What proverb sanctions the eating of *fish* on Fridays."

Carrajo could not see it, and this was Eva's answer:

"The one which says 'one man's meat is another man's *poisson*!'"

"Fishy, fishy, and very like a whale," criticised her husband; "but I have one for thee to match it. 'Where is there, in the "Inferno," a suitable inscription for the Montreal Custom House.?' Dost give it up? 'All hope abandon ye who enter here.'"

At this moment a sail appeared on the distant horizon,—a dim speck in the Western sky;—and the Chief shouted with all the power his lungs possessed. As the ship was some ten miles away, and not coming in the direction of the island at all, she naturally passed on, and once more Carrajo was in despair. Though he had a good *Bass* voice, it was, indeed, a *Bitter Hail* for him.

Days, weeks, months, years passed on, and still they were monarchs of all they surveyed, with no one their right to dispute, until Carrajo, almost distraught with grief, brought to perfection a plan which had been occupying his mind for some time. Furnishing himself with a long and strong rope, which Eva and he had constructed by ingeniously splicing monkey's tails together, and which had been the reverse of *apepopular* measure, taking with him two immense Turkish pipes as *Hookahs*, and seating Eva (who had gone into training several months previously, in order to use as a serviceable *wind-lass*) in the stern of the boat, they set sail once more over the ocean.

Arriving at the proper spot, the chief threw over his grappling irons, and directed Eva to row in a straight line for the North Star.

Can you guess his object?—Hardly—for the author is of opinion that this is the first time such a means of rescue, as conveying news of their whereabouts by means of a splice on a submarine cable, has been attempted.

Raconons a nos moutons—that is to our *ship*. A tug at the end of his line convinced Carrajo that his attempt was successful, and hauling in rapidly, he discovered that he had actually hooked some cable, but which he knew not. Being, in politics, a Copper-Head, he soon spun out a yarn, and the island furnishing all the insulation necessary. Carrajo was soon in communication with the main land, but a storm coming on, he was obliged to cut.

Before doing so, with his usual blood-thirsty and wanton cruelty, in order to mark the spot,

HE LEFT A B(U)OY THERE.

CHAP. XIV.

"A Spanish gentleman and a negro lady are wrecked on an island somewhere in the neighborhood of the cable this comes by. Send assistance immediately."

Such was the message which astonished some half-inebriated and slightly-sleepy operators in the New York telegraph office, and startled them out of that haughty indifference which is popularly supposed to be the prerogative of

Princes of the Blood and the clerks in certain banking institutions in the city of Montreal. What to do in the matter, was the question which naturally suggested itself, and on this point considerable discussion took place, until it was settled by an individual who suggested that Mr. Seward should be communicated with, in order that, should the island turn out a good speculation, Uncle Sam might come in, not for the Lion's, but for the Eagle's share.

And now let us return to the island where we left our Hero and Heroine in blank despair at the prospect of their almost impossible deliverance from a second edition of Crusoe's fate.

Carrajo having completed the cable, as I said, and having transmitted the message, which caused as much excitement in New York as Mr. King's recent operations,—as day after day passed without signs of a vessel,—began to abandon hope, and seemed to think that Fate had given him more than his *deserts* in these sandy plains. On the 999th day, however, of their sojourn on the island, he set out for a walk, and journeyed on towards the highest point of land which he had named, in his reckless humour, Cape Finishstare; at 11.43 on that same day the look-out on the *Quaker City* gave the welcome cry of "LAND!"

"Where away," shouted the captain.

"On the long bow," replied the sailor, who was a whole team at jokes, and a *wag* in his way. At 11.45 A.M., allowing for the difference of *longitude* between the ship's mast and Cape Finishstare, Eva descried the approaching vessel, and communicated the information to Carrajo, who wept sightless tears of joy at the news.

It would be idle to describe the rapture of the chief and his bride as Seward landed on their island-home.

A treaty was instantly arranged, by which Carrajo ceded all right and ownership in the aforesaid island, (it was no use to him, as he didn't *own a ship* himself,) for the sum of fifteen millions of dollars, subject to the ratification of Congress and George Francis Train.

The evening of their departure from the prison which had so nearly proved their "tombs," was supernaturally calm; even the monkeys ceased their idle chatter, while the carpenter-baboons, or dove-tailed apes, saddened by the approaching separation, clustered on the neighboring trees, and howled a mournful *requiem*, which, caught up by the turtles basking in the sun, died away in mournful cadence over the distant waves, or wafted by the breeze, disturbed the peaceful slumbers of the Cayman on the sandy keys of the far-off Bahamas.

Once on the deck of the *Quaker City*, Eva soon revelled in the unaccustomed delights of luxurious blankets and snowy linen, while her better half, following her example, plunged down into the bar, where he soon got

THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND!!!

(To be continued.)

HOW IS IT?

The *Ottawa Times*, taking Sir Francis Hincks to task for not reading the papers,—tells him he would know more if he did. DIOGENES thinks this questionable. The Cynic knows of several men,—once clever,—who have read the *Ottawa Times*, and the *Montreal News* from Alpha to Omega, and—he hesitates to say what they are now.

OBVIOUS.

Poets and descriptive writers have exhausted the English language in their use of terms to describe the gorgeous brilliancy of the sun; but however that may be, recent events have shown that it is sometimes eclipsed by the moon.

A "WICKET" REGULATION.

The eldest child and only son
Of Popp's, in health was failing,
And Doctors said that change of heir
Would soonest cure its ailing.
So quickly bags and boxes too
Were filled to aggravation,
And Mrs. Popp's was hurried off
To Bonaventure Station.

Popp's loved his wife, and so he said,
To see she had no bother,
He'd take the baby on one arm
The baggage on the other.
But how men chaffed, and women laughed,
As Popp's, he neared the wicket;
And how the little boys cried "Soup,"
Because he had no ticket!

There was no sense in getting vexed,
Or in expostulation,
So Popp's wrote down on stationery
What happened at the Station.
Then, grindingly, he set his teeth,
Transferred the precious baby,
The boxes and the carpet bag,
To his departing lady.

And as he saw his better half
In distance slowly vanish,
He thought he'd *better have* a glass,
His angry thoughts to banish.
He passed Miss Flora, signalling,
As some slight consolation,
Who lost her balance as beef its
The laws of gravity tation.

While Miss Luella, in the throng,
To Charley told the story,
She could not pass—that cruel gate,
Seemed to her pur-gate-ory.
'Tis sad to think what parting hours
Are wasted at this Station.
By what appears to us to be
A *wicket* regulation!
And think how Popp's, he lost his wife,
And couldn't even carry her
Some slight refreshments from the bar,
Across that fatal *barrier*!!

A REMINISCENCE.

'Tis night-fall on the deep,
The stars their vigil keep
O'er Earth and Sea;
And in the moonlight pale
I watch each vessel sail
With canvas free.

I linger on the deck,
Till each sail becomes a speck
'Gainst the sky;
And I feel a mighty thrill
Like a spell o'er mind and will
Coming nigh!

'Tis a feeling weird and strange,
Just as if some wondrous change
Filled the air;
Yes, by all known laws of physis,
I am, oh yes, I'm sea-sick,
Ma foi. Je n'aime la mer!

"FAIRY LAND."

This absurd designation, affixed to an otherwise respectable stone block in St. Francois Xavier Street, is now surmounted with the device "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" DIOGENES would ask the individual responsible for this offence against common sense and propriety, whether this device is intended as a challenge to those who take exception to his vagaries? If so, it is uncommonly likely that we shall not hear the last of "Fairy Land" for many a day,—however attached we may be to the *dictum* that "every man can do as he likes with his own."

AN 'ARROWING CONUNDRUM.—Why should the letter "A" be found among the recently discovered Babylonian inscriptions? Because it is a narrow (an arrow) headed letter.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Your correspondent "M." is in error when he suggests that the interesting passage quoted in DIOGENES of July 16th, from *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* refers to the *camera lucida*. It is, clearly, a description of a somewhat primitive *camera obscura*. The *camera lucida* is a much more modern contrivance, invented by Dr. Wollaston. It is a small pocket instrument, often used by artists. It does not work by lenses, but the reflecting medium is a small triangular prism. It requires no dark chamber, or tent, and is not used by photographers.

A. B.

QUERY 1. July 16th.—"A. B.," after quoting a stanza from a Scotch ballad, remarks: "The word *guffaw* has to me anything, but a Scotch sound." DIOGENES, on the contrary, thinks the word *guffaw* has nothing but a Scotch sound. It is used by Scott in the *Antiquary*, and is, in fact, familiar to all Lowland Scotchmen. Jamieson, in his Scottish Dictionary, says that *guffaw* is the preferable orthography. The word is probably derived from the German *gaffen*—to gape—and the Scotch have also the word "to gawf" or "to gawf," meaning to "laugh violently." Robin a' Ree, in the ballad quoted by "A. B." must indeed have been a villain to *guffaw*, or laugh violently, at the misery of the heroine.

In the first number of "*The Argosy*," December 1865, there is an amusing paper entitled "*The Natural History of Scotchmen*," which, "with equal fairness, brevity, and modesty," attempts a classification of Scotchmen. One of the "representative men" is described as follows: "The *Guffawing Scot* is the man whose life is one long laugh. Only the most conceited of Cockneys can venture to maintain, that the Scotch have no wit and humor. They have abundance of both. But the enjoyment of laughter is, with the Scotch generally, and with the *Guffawing Scot* in particular, a thing apart from humor and wit. The Scotch are better laughers than the English, and the *Guffawing Scot* is the best laugher in the world. There is talk in these days of Homeric,—truly colossal—laughter; but Homeric laughter is transcended by the *Guffawing Scot*." —Ed.

A TRUCULENT CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

DIOGENES have seen a proclamation of the Mayor of Cobourg,—one of our most noted seats of learning,—setting forth that the *owners* of all dogs, which shall be found running at large within the limits, *without being securely muzzled* shall be conviction, be mulct in such penalties as the law may allow. The Cynic is informed that several weak-minded individuals, either through fear of muzzling, or regard for muslin—he does not know which—at once made for the sea-side, where they intend to remain until the return of the cold season, when *rabies* is less likely to be in the ascendant. In the meantime the Chief Constable, who is represented as a cautious, as well as decent sort of Coon, has refrained from making any arrests, though, it is hard to say what he may not be impelled to do between this, and the 1st of October. It is to be devoutly hoped that stern duty may not force him to prosecute the Mayor for not obeying his own orders. By last accounts, His Worship was going about without the precautionary appendage.

INFORMATION GRATIS.

The way to make money, is to economize. To economize, be careful to make a little *go a long way*. This is very simple. Take, for example, half a dime; put it into an envelope, and send it to Australia, (postage unpaid,) and your end is accomplished!

"AMUSEMENTS."

"The Gregories" after having performed at a *Matinee* on Saturday afternoon "to the very *élite* of the city," (vide puff in a Monday daily,) appeared on SUNDAY at Guilbault's, where they were more at home. The Cynic thinks it a pity they were not originally engaged by Mr. Guilbault, instead of by the management of the Theatre Royal. Guilbault's is the classic ground for tumblers, trained poodles, ponies and legs, masculine and feminine. On Sunday the gardens were crowded,—mostly by the French population,—and DIOGENES is glad to hear that the greatest order and decorum prevailed.

On Monday, Hartz came out the Mechanics' Hall as a professor of *dablerie*. It is just two years since he appeared on the same boards, and went through all the stock tricks of professional conjurers from Frikel and Houdin, to Anderson,—exactng tribute from all the greenhorns in town and country. This time in spite of a new basket trick "locally-itemized" to an extent hitherto unknown, Hartz has not been quite so successful. DIOGENES is glad to note that simpletons are decreasing in numbers,—but the millennium is yet a long way off.

On Monday the management of the Theatre Royal—"which perfectly understands how to cater for the Montreal world,"—produced the "Clodoche Troupe." The house was tolerably well filled with people who had, apparently, made up their minds to be astonished, but who were doomed to be egregiously disappointed. The Clodoche Troupe may be very funny, but the audience failed "to see it." There was a total absence of genuine pantomime,—the so-called witticisms were akin to inanity, and as far as regards the acrobatic feat of throwing a summersault while dancing a quadrille, better things are done by the strolling gymnasts of cheap circuses. Two French *dansuses* appeared in a *divertissement*, and obtained some applause, but whether it was elicited by the lightness of their dancing, or the paucity of their attire, it is difficult to tell. The farce was the only passable performance of the evening, and that secured applause through the singing and dancing of Mr. Davenport who evidently understands his business. The green curtain dropped at a quarter to ten o'clock to the astonishment of the audience, who, up to that hour had been patiently waiting for the "novelties" promised them. No novelties came—everybody retired disappointed, and the management gave another proof, that it does *not* "understand how to cater for the necessities of the Montreal (theatrical) world," even though credited with the knowledge, "by those who are experienced in theatrical matters."

CANDOUR AND INFERENCE.

We generally look for something exceptional in post-prandial orations;—strange omissions, stranger admissions, awkward truths protruding their unexpected heads,—slips, paradoxes, bulls, no-meanings, and too-much meanings. The great Hincks dinner at Ottawa did not disappoint us. And first, and foremost among our entertainers, stands our dear old friend, frank Joe Howe. Joseph was called on to return thanks for the "Legislature of Canada," and he did it. In the course of his remarks he observed, "he did not believe that 180 men could be found in all Canada more honest, or *more hungry*, than the present Commons of Canada." The words in italics, strange to say, have not been reported in any Canadian journal.

We can pluck another leaf from Joseph's wreath. He passed by our august Senate, and its still more august President without a word of notice, actually and abruptly turning to the singularly-curious subject of *lumber*.

POLICE COURT AMENITIES.

"Q. C.'s" may, henceforth, be set down, at least in this part of the world, as "queer 'cusses." If the recent escapades of certain legal gentlemen are allowed to pass into oblivion without the notice of the "powers that be," DIOGENES is of opinion that the Bar of Lower Canada has descended into a very low depth of degradation indeed. The Cynic very reluctantly quotes the following from Wednesday's *Gazette*. It speaks for itself:—

"Mr. CLARKE, (for the Plaintiff,)—When a respectable young man like my client is assaulted by a blackguard, I think that he should be allowed to state the facts.

"Mr. MONK—Any person who calls another person a blackguard, without knowing anything about him, is a blackguard himself.

"Mr. CLARKE—I don't take any notice of what the man says,—one who ought to be in a straight jacket.

"Mr. MONK—A man who ought to be in the Penitentiary.

"The COURT—Gentlemen, I cannot allow any further discussion of this sort."

KORN KOBBS ON ECLIPSES.

An eclipse is a phenomenon,—that is a thing that is not seen every day; same as an honest politician, an alderman that does not go in for pickings, or an editor with two suits of clothes. When an eclipse does occur, however, it draws. It plays a star engagement, and immense crowds go to see it,—chiefly, I understand, because it is free.

The eclipse of the sun, with which I have at present to deal, was caused by the moon getting between the sun and the earth. The moon being a heavy opaque body, and not composed of green cheese as some astronomers have asserted, intercepts the rays of the sun, and darkness supervenes. Ignorant people might fancy from this, that because an eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon getting between the sun and the earth, therefore, an eclipse of the moon is caused by the sun getting between the moon and the earth. Now, this theory, however, plausible is incorrect. In the first place, the sun is distant from the earth about ninety-five millions of miles,—the moon scarcely a quarter of a million. This circumstance, to any unprejudiced mind, will at once prove it to be a matter of great improbability, that the sun should ever get between us and the moon. In the second place, the . . . but there,—if the public in general, will not accept the evidence already adduced in favour of my proposition, they may investigate the matter for themselves. In the interests of humanity it is to be hoped, however, that the sun never will intervene between the earth and the moon. Some benefit would, doubtless, result to mankind, from this close proximity of the generator of heat,—such as the abolishment of overcoats, the breaking up of the Pennsylvania coal monopoly, and a great reduction in the price of firewood. It would be rather rough, though, (to use an unscientific term) on fat men, and thermometers. The duties of Sanitary Commissions, and Boards of Health would be very much increased, and ice cream, sherry cobblers, soda water and linen suits, would be quite beyond the reach of all but the very wealthy. The stream of emigration, so lately directed to our shores, would be immediately, and persistently turned towards the North Pole, and the admirable arrangements our government have made to perfect the workings of the Emigration Bureau, would only help to build up a rival State on our northern border. Taking all things into consideration, then, it would be perhaps to the advantage of the human race, as at present constituted, that no immediate change should take place in the relative positions of the heavenly bodies.

The science of the stars has made wonderful progress within the last fifty years. An astronomer now, foretells the time of an eclipse with as much ease and certainty as a newspaper "local" predicts the advent of a circus. The data from which each draws his conclusions may differ somewhat, but in both cases the result is equally certain. The appearance of comets, too, is foretold with remarkable accuracy. Sometimes the astronomers make a mistake of a century or two, but not often.

It is supposed by some astronomers that this earth will be totally and finally eclipsed by some body foreign to our planetary system. They think it not improbable that one of these days some blundering fool of a comet will get in our way. Should this occur, there will certainly be trouble. When it is remembered that a comet travels through space at the rate of some thousands of miles in a second, and that this earth is jogging along at a very respectable pace too, it requires no great spirit of prophecy to foretell the result of a collision. If two locomotives were to approach each other at full speed, with a number of men standing on the roof of each, a disinterested on-looker would naturally expect, just after the moment of contact, to see several human beings describing certain parabolas in the air, each revolving on his own axis. Just so it would be

with us. Just after the concussion, the Man in the Moon, by the aid of a powerful telescope, might discover Editors, M.P.'s, Ministers of the Crown, lamp-posts, brick-buildings, canals, etc., shooting off from the earth's surface at a long cut. What particular point of space we would eventually bring up at, or whether we should ever bring up at all, is *

That's all.

KORN KOBBS, JUN.

NELSON'S MONUMENT.

DIOGENES has received a communication relative to the disgraceful condition into which the statue of Britain's great naval hero has been permitted to relapse. The subject has been worn thread-bare, but with each returning summer, when crowds of visitors thread our streets, it presents itself with a painful prominence. Once more,—What has become of the fund raised for the restoration of this monument? If it has been expended, let us know it. If, as is believed, a large balance remains, let it be applied. If more is wanted, there are a sufficient number of citizens who glory in the achievements of the greatest naval chieftain of the century, who will contribute to raise it. If the original drawings of the *bas relief* cannot be traced, let other designs be procured. Finally, if there is any considerable number of men in the east, of the Homier stamp, who object, on so-called national grounds, to the glorification of the conqueror of Trafalgar, let the statue be raised in some conspicuous spot in the west-end of the city,—(say Phillip's Square),—*taking care that Nelson looks toward the sea*, and let both French and English raise a statue of Jacques Cartier, (or Sir George, if they will), at the head of Jacques Cartier Square. Anyway, the present condition of the Nelson column is a disgrace to the city, and a remedy should be applied without delay.

THE HOLY GHILLIES.*

The Rev. A. C. G.—refused to cure souls in a little chapel in which a small organ, or harmonium, is used to lead the singing.

A "wee wee man," named R—ss (a "crony" of the Rev. A. C. G.), proposes to wipe out Christmas from the calendar, holding the observance of that day to be blasphemous and idolatrous

What! try to save a soul with organ booming,
And swelling to the skies its solemn tones;—
A thing of brass and wood profane,—presuming
To drown the rivalry of holy groans!
Better to lie and steal and bear false witness,
Wallow in every low and grovelling sin,
Than risk your soul by acknowledging the fitness
Of that atrocious, windy, horrid thing!

I'd see each grinder perishing in anguish,
Shut out from knowledge of my Master's call,—
Condemned in blank despair to mourn and languish,—
E're I'd give up the ancient *sough and draxel*.
Sooner I'd cast my lor with Lot in Sodom,
Where vice ran riot and where no one prayed,
Than lead to Heaven, heavy-laden sinners,
With "whustling kists" in blue and gold displayed!

My neighbour R—ss,—a worthy godly person,—
Christmas observance deems a deadly sin—
Reviles plum-pudding, and with just aversion
Regardeth roast beef—rare or fat or thin:
He views that day,—on which the Saviour's rising
Is called to memory with thankful heart
By many a grateful, loving, Christian brother,
Who in that Saviour's death hath "found a part;"—

Views it with scorn and hatred,—yea with loathing,—
As sign of love for Lady throned at Rome;
That Lady, held of doubtful reputation,
And who in brimstone-pit shall find a home!—
Truly friend R—ss is right, for though transgressions
That be as scarlet, may be washed like snow,
The man who sings to organ or keeps Christmas
Is doomed t' eternal pains and endless woe!!

IMPROMPTU.

On counting twenty-nine typographical errors in a leading article in *Daily News*:

Oh, writer of elegant "leaders!"
'Twould be for the public behoof,
If you would but just prove to your readers
That you're given to reading your proof.

THE GOVERNMENT FRANKENSTEIN.—Reiffenstein!

* "Ghillie" in Gaelic is generally applied to a Chief's attendant or flunkey.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

There is a class of men, the principal object of whose lives is to be continually toadying to jacks in office. Let a thing be done ever so ill, the wonder, with those people, is that it is done so well. It is quite out of their province, as it is beyond their ability, to point out defects *en gros* or *en detail*. It is beneath their wondrous self-conceit and notions of dignity, to do other than pander to power and exalt the virtues of a class of officials who seek office, more for the loaves and fishes and "importance," than for their honor, or the advancement of the public weal. I have been led into this train by the perusal of a letter in Monday's *Gazette*, written apparently with a view of exalting to the seventh heaven the virtues of certain prominent men in the Montreal Corporation—men, to use the words of the writer, "of whom any city may be proud."

Imprimis, the writer lauds Alderman David as a man of "unquestionable ability" and inferentially gives him credit for the improved state of our roads and sidewalks. I say, "inferentially," for he carefully guards himself from directly and positively attributing the improvement to Alderman David's personal exertions. Now, Sir, writers who go in for influencing public opinion ought at least to have the merit of candour. I happen to know, and a good many City Councillors, who are not enshrined in "Ex-member's" laudatory phrases, can confirm me in the statement, that the improvement in the condition of our highways and byways is entirely attributable to the strict watch and ward, and honest exertions, of an independent people's party in the Council Chamber,—men who have entered the Council with a determination to see right done to their constituents, and to countenance no wrong. I know that Alderman David's consent to improvements has, in more than one instance, been unwillingly given, and because he found he could no longer stem the tide. I know that in the execution of details, the man to whom honor is really due is the City Surveyor, whose light, some people, (himself included,) would hide under a bushel. I know that if he had been always left to his own instincts, and permitted to fill his important office without being subject to undue interference and improper influence, the roads of the City would, in former years have been kept in proper repair, at a moderate expenditure. If they are in better repair this year than last, they are so in spite of Alderman David,—not through his "ability" or exertions. The former is unquestionably marked. It has on more than one occasion being conspicuously "exerted" to hide his shortcomings.

Of Messrs Rødden, Bernard, and Lyman, in their public capacities, I desire to say nothing in dispraise. Indeed, a good deal can be said in their favor, and the time may come when the language of eulogy may be properly employed in behalf of some of them. Alderman Devlin, who I cannot help thinking, has been more than sufficiently abused, is certainly entitled to thanks for his exertions in favor of the Mountain Park scheme, which the citizens are determined to have carried out, in its integrity, without further delay. But I strongly object to "Ex-member's" "endorsement" of Alderman McGauvran as "thoroughly competent and practical" in his management of the Water Works. Everybody knows the reverse to be the fact. I have no desire to be hard upon Mr. McGauvran. I believe him to be a good, straightforward honest man. He has done his best to grapple with a difficult problem,—altogether too difficult for untutored genius,—and if he has not succeeded, we ought to take the will for the deed. But I do hope, before another winter comes upon us, Mr. McGauvran will carry out the design sometime ago attributed to him, and retire from the

Chairmanship of the Water Committee. He ought no longer to suffer his innate modesty to be imposed upon,—in other words, allow himself to be persuaded that he is a great Engineer.

Your obedient servant,

CIVIS.

August 10th, 1869.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

I see by the *Belleville Intelligencer* of the 5th instant, that "Prince Henri de Bruston," "brother-in-law to Isabella," is preparing to return to Spain. Can you inform me who Prince Henri de Bruston is? as I never heard of him before, and contemporary history appears to be silent about him.

At the same time perhaps, you can inform me where "Dubbin" is situated, as I see a meeting of the Irish Bishops was held there on the 4th instant.

Since I came to Canada, and took to reading the Dominion's dailies, I have been led to fear my schoolmasters sadly failed in teaching me Geography, History, and Orthography.

Thirdly, can you tell me who "Isabella" is? Is she a relation of the "Bella, Horrida Bella," I read of when at school?

Your replies to these queries, will oblige an ignorant, but

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.

Our correspondent is a little hard. It is extremely difficult to get good proof-readers—hence the many typographical errors with which Canadian journalism abounds. "Enquirer" need hardly have gone to Belleville for illustrations. There are plenty at home.—ED. DIO.

A NEW SCIENCE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

I have resided several years in this Dominion and the adjacent States, and being a person of an observant and reflective turn of mind, it has always been a favorite amusement with me to note the peculiarities of my fellow-man, to watch his habits, and to speculate therefrom as to his character and future career.

These observations, originally commenced merely as an amusement for leisure moments, have now become a pursuit fraught with the most serious results, and they will, I believe, lead to the introduction of a new science, which, so far at least as regards this continent, will entirely supersede the kindred studies of Phrenology and Physiognomy. I am not at this moment in a position to enter into details, as I have not yet fully collated and classified my facts and *indicia*. Suffice it here to remark, that I propose to call my new science "EXPECTORALOGY," and that, in these ruminating regions, I claim to be able to form an unerring estimate, not only of the normal moral qualities of the chewer, but also his varying circumstances of life. I shall contrast the vigorous and Minie bullet-like expectoration of the flourishing man, with the feeble drivel of the individual depressed in circumstances; besides pointing out all those finer gradations which mark the less palpable and innate characteristics of the subject.

I shall let you know when my work is about to be published.

Yours,

PETER LAVATER.

NOTE.—Dr. Barker says our Cartoons are our least merit. Nevertheless, the Cynic will make a great effort to give a double one next week! In the meantime, he believes his friends and his enemies, (if he has any of the latter), will bear and forbear.

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

The Proprietor respectfully announces that, pending new arrangements for drawing and engraving, DIOGENES will be published without illustrations at

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BARONIAL, ANTIQUE, OXFORD, MERCANTILE, and GOVERNMENT. IN ALL SIZES.

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STEPHEN'S INKS

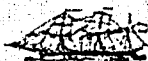
A Large Stock of the above just arrived, ALL KINDS AND SIZES.

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

WEEKLY LINE TO HALIFAX; STRAITS OF CANSO, AND CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Calling at PICTOU ONCE A FORTNIGHT, commencing SATURDAY, June 12.



STEAMERS

Alhambra & Oriental.

The above-named Steamers will leave T Wharf, Boston, for the above Ports, EVERY SATURDAY, at TWO, P.M. Through Tickets from MONTREAL to HALIFAX, can be obtained from FRANK PICARD, Ticket Agent Vermont Central Railway, 30 St. James Street. Passengers leaving on FRIDAYS, at 4.30 P.M. will make direct connection with the above Steamers.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND

THE 30th ANNUAL MEETING of the Association was held within the Head Office, Edinburgh, on TUESDAY, the 27th JULY, 1869, Sir ARCHIBALD HOPK, Baronet, in the Chair. The Report by the Directors, for the year to 5th April last, the Auditor's Report, the certified Balance Sheet, and Statements containing full details of the transactions and position of the Association, were submitted. The following are extracts:—

NEW TRANSACTIONS AND MORTALITY DURING THE YEAR.

| | | | |
|---|-----------|----|---|
| The Life Assurances proposed were 1615, for..... | £ 840,233 | 0 | 0 |
| Those declined or not proceeded with were 287, for..... | 134,978 | 0 | 0 |
| And those transacted were 1328, for..... | 657,315 | 0 | 0 |
| The Annual Premiums on these new Assurances are..... | 23,092 | 4 | 0 |
| New Life Annuities were purchased to the amount of..... per annum. | 1,199 | 3 | 2 |
| The Mortality amongst the Assured Lives, during the year, was 190, assured for..... | 102,175 | 6 | 8 |
| (After deducting Re-Assurances.) | | | |
| There were 16 deaths amongst the Annuitants, cancelling Life Annuities, for..... per annum. | 780 | 13 | 0 |

RESULTS AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

| | | | |
|--|-----------|----|----|
| Life Assurance in force..... | 7,139,419 | 6 | 8 |
| Full Premiums payable for these Assurances..... | 229,870 | 11 | 10 |
| Revenue from Premiums and interest on Funds, after deduction of the abatement of Premiums allocated in Class A, for this year..... | 246,782 | 5 | 5 |
| Total amount of claims on deceased lives (since the commencement)..... | 1,107,760 | 5 | 6 |
| Total Cash Bonuses paid or allocated in Class A, is..... | 408,024 | 19 | 6 |
| Funds remaining on hand..... | 1,207,048 | 12 | 0 |

THE FUNDS ON HAND CONSIST OF

| | | | |
|--|------------|----|---|
| Real Securities and Estate..... | 518,699 | 0 | 8 |
| Railway Debentures, Debenture Stock, &c..... | 259,105 | 13 | 9 |
| British Colonial Government Bonds..... | 48,693 | 13 | 5 |
| Loans on the Association's Policies, being under their value, and Policies with other Offices..... | 221,893 | 15 | 0 |
| Miscellaneous Securities..... | 11,846 | 7 | 9 |
| Association's Offices at Edinburgh and Branches..... | 49,976 | 0 | 3 |
| Stamps..... | 474 | 14 | 7 |
| In Banks..... | 40,875 | 12 | 4 |
| In hands of Agents, being principally Premium Receipts, &c., due, the Days of Grace being current..... | 49,395 | 18 | 4 |
| Sums due the Association, being chiefly Premium Receipts, due at Edinburgh and Branch Head Offices, the Days of Grace being current. (These last two sums have, with few exceptions, been all since paid.) | 53,999 | 11 | 9 |
| Current interest, &c., up to date of Balance..... | 12,688 | 4 | 2 |
| | £1,297,048 | 12 | 0 |

A sum of £18,686 5s. 1d. from the Profits has, at this Balance, been allocated to the Participating Policy-holders in Class A, and will be applied, as usual, in Cash Bonuses, or in Abatements from the stipulated Premiums; payable during the year ending 5th April, 1870, as follows, namely:—

| | |
|---|------------------|
| On Policies effected on or before 5th April, 1855, an abatement of..... | 37 1/2 per cent. |
| On Policies effected from 6th April, 1855, to 5th April, 1856, an abatement of..... | 30 " |
| On Policies effected from 6th April, 1859, to 5th April, 1864, an abatement of..... | 25 " |

These allocations of Profits, although at the same rates as those of last year, are really additional cash bonuses over and above all previous profits allocated to, or received by the Policy-holders. They are equivalent to bonus additions to the sums assured (the more ordinary form of policy-bonus) of £1 10s. to £3 per £100—that is, additions of £15 to £30 to policies of £1,000, and every policy-holder in Class A has received a similar equivalent, in cash, every year since he commenced to participate in the profits.

It is with much regret the Directors have to intimate the death, since last Annual Meeting, of the Right Honorable Lord Dunfermline, who, for several years had been an efficient and valued member of the Board.

The Report was unanimously approved. Special thanks were voted to the several Boards of Directors, and to the Officers and Agents; also to the Chairman, and the meeting separated.

DIRECTORS AT MONTREAL.

- DAVID TORRANCE, Esq., (D. Torrance & Co.)
- GEORGE MOFFATT, Esq., (Gillespie, Moffatt & Co.)
- ALEXANDER MORRIS, Esq., M.P., Barrister, Perth.
- SIR G. E. CARTER, Bart., Minister Militia.
- PETER REIDPATH, Esq., (J. Reidpath & Son.)
- J. H. R. MOLSON, Esq., (J. H. R. Molson Bros.)
- Solicitors—Messrs. RITCHIE, MORRIS & ROSE.
- Medical Officer—R. PALMER HOWARD, Esq., M.D.
- Secretary—P. WARDLAW.
- INSPECTOR OF AGENCIES—JAMES B. M. CHIPMAN.

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THIS BATH has justly been entitled the "Queen of Baths," and, when rightly administered, will produce results which cannot be obtained by any other. Ours has been constructed with all modern improvements, and with regard to perfect ventilation; and being under medical supervision, we trust it will meet with that patronage which it merits, both as a sanitary means and an invaluable remedial agent.

THE SPECIAL USES OF THIS BATH

Are to secure PERFECT CLEANLINESS, to PRESERVE THE HEALTH, and, for the treatment of Disease, a most invaluable agent, especially for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Intermittent Fever, Bilious Derangements, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Sciatica, Local Congestion, Inflammation, and Skin Diseases.

Circulars with full particulars and all information given on application.

DRS. MACBEAN & ROGERS, Proprietors.

HOURS:

GENTLEMEN—6 to 8 A.M., and 3 to 9 P.M. LADIES—10 to 12 A.M.

MRS. DR. ROGERS

SUPERINTENDS THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Sea Bathing! Sea Bathing!

ST. LAWRENCE HALL CACOUNA.

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

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

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

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

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Teas of Every Kind IN ANY QUANTITY.

AT THE LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

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TRADE MARK ON EACH PACKAGE.

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Income, - \$2,000,000. Assets, - \$4,500,000. Deposits, - \$100,000.

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- 1.—IT IS PURELY MUTUAL.
Because all the profits of the Company are divided among the insured. The Guaranteed Capital Holders never share in the profits.
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Payable on all Cash Premiums, on first renewal, and on Loan Premiums, on fourth renewal.
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Each policy-holder receives the benefit of each payment, and of the time his capital has been in the Company, precisely as every well conducted business-house divides its profits among its partners.
- 4.—ALL POLICIES MAY BE MADE NON-FORFEITABLE
On Annual Premium Life Policies after three years, and on all others after two years.
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All Cash Rates lower than those of a majority of the Companies. Half note rates as low as safety will admit.
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No extra charge for Railroad employes. No extra charge for insuring the lives of females.
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Its Policies allow the insured to travel and reside in any part of the United States and Europe, at any and all seasons of the year, without extra charge.
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In the settlement of all Note Policies, a dividend will be allowed by the Phoenix Mutual for each year on which the insured has received no dividend. The number of dividends will always equal the number of outstanding notes.
- 9.—ITS CHARTER AFFORDS THE FULLEST LEGAL SECURITY TO ITS INSURED.
It issues Policies for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands. Creditors may also insure the lives of debtors. For rates and all other information, apply to

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Agents wanted in vacant localities. Apply as above.

THE Subscriber has received, ex "IDALIN," from Havre, a small Consignment of the above brand of CHAMPAGNE, to which he begs to draw the attention of connoisseurs.

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No. 2 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

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

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BROS., called "THE ALARM," is very pretty,
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HEARSE'S, Coffins, Crape,
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