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 CALL AND SEE THEM.

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THE beautiful Bubbles lately shown at the Natural History Society's *Soiree* attracted great attention, and much eager demand for the solution has been expressed. In reply to numerous enquiries, Dr. BAKER EDWARDS has supplied some of the material to Messrs. KENNETH CAMPBELL & Co., of the Medical Hall, who prepare neat cases containing the solution, pipe, and stand, and a paper by Dr. EDWARDS, containing a description of interesting experiments, which may be performed with the Bubbles, rendering them an instructive and highly entertaining parlor toy.

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 Fresh Salmon,
 In hermetically
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 Shades in Gold,
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**DE ZOUCHE
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Vol. I.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, 26th MARCH, 1869.

Price—Five Cents. *HALNEY*

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"CHOICE," "SUPERFINE," and "EXTRAS," in 2, 3, 5, and 7 lb. Jars. Also, 100 Kegs STEWING PRUNES.
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DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1864.—This Celebrated IRISH WHISKY gained the DUBLIN PRIZE MEDAL. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."
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MEETINGS, &c.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the MONTREAL LITERARY CLUB will be held, at the CLUB HOUSE, on WEDNESDAY, March 31st, at 8 o'clock P.M., when a Lecture will be delivered by R. C. HALIBURTON, Esq. (of Nova Scotia), on "THE MEN OF THE NORTH AND THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY."

Members of the Club can obtain tickets for the admission of friends on application to the Steward.

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DR. J. BAKER EDWARDS announces a Course of Three Months' Instruction in MANIPULATION IN PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY, commencing on MONDAY EVENING, 15th instant, from 5 to 7 P.M. Fee, \$5.00. Further particulars at his Office, 67 St. Francois Xavier Street, or Laboratory of Applied Science, 73 Alexander Street.

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JUST Received, by Express, FROM SWITZERLAND, A CASE OF WATCHES, From the Celebrated Manufactory of MON. ULYSSE NARDIN, In Gold and Silver Cases, Extra Fine Finished.

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For an assortment, see Stock at 118 and 120 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, or 53 CRAIG STREET. W. CLENDINEN.

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THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per last Steamer, 2 Cases of COUDRAY'S PERFUMERY. Also on hand, everything requisite for the Toilet, of the Finest Quality, and at the Lowest Prices.

HAIR WORK, in every style. Ladies' and Gentlemen's WIGS, BRAIDS, &c., &c. PALMER'S ABYSSINIAN SHAMPOO, for cleansing the head. HERRING'S MAGNETIC BRUSHES, for removing Dandruff. HOT and COLD BATHS.

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Of every description, and of the very best quality, for Sale by

JOHN MURPHY,

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PATENT ELASTIC SPONGE.

The Subscriber has been appointed Sole Agent in the Dominion for the sale of the PATENT ELASTIC SPONGE, an article which for softness, elasticity, and durability cannot be surpassed, and destined eventually to revolutionize the trade in curled hair, now becoming scarce and dear. It stands unrivalled for cleanliness, being entirely free from moth and insects, and not liable to decay. For church, car, and carriage cushions it is superior to hair, and as economical—one pound of sponge being equal to 1½ lbs. hair. Mattresses and Pillows constantly on hand, or made to order at shortest notice. A liberal discount to the trade. Call and see for yourselves at the FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, Victoria Square. GEO. ARMSTRONG. G. A. is sole Agent in the Dominion for the sale of the beautifully finished Metallic cases patented by "Fisk," also the full Glass Casket, which has not yet been equalled elsewhere.

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GARDNER'S QUININE WINE

FOUR TIMES

The Strength of the Imported,

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With full directions.

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All descriptions of Stocks, Bonds, &c., Sterling Exchange, American Gold, and Railway Shares, bought and sold, strictly on Commission. Investments made in Mortgages, Real Estate, &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Montreal gentleman has handed to **DIOGENES** for publication a letter that he recently received from New York. As it contains a satisfactory explanation of what the Cynic could not but deem reprehensible conduct on the part of another New York correspondent, he has much pleasure in admitting it to his columns. At the same time, he strongly objects to being charged by Mr. Godsmark with a lack of "the milk of human kindness." In publishing the name and address of a writer who had sent him a stolen article, and coolly asked payment for it; he simply followed (as he stated at the time) the usual practice of the most respectable English periodicals. The best-read Editor in the world cannot have read every thing, and is constantly liable to be imposed upon by needy Bohemians. The most effectual way to prevent the frequent occurrence of literary fraud is to pillory any thief the moment he is detected. It is not long since some well-known verses by Gerald Griffin were successfully "palmed off" on the *Gazette*, as a genuine poem of poor McGee's. Similar impositions are daily perpetrated on the Press, and the offenders should be promptly punished.

DIOGENES regrets that Mr. C., (who, it appears, formerly resided in Montreal,) has felt mortified at the publication of his name. Nevertheless, Mr. C. must be aware that the disagreeable incident would not have happened, had he exercised due caution with respect to the "veritable antique" that he kindly forwarded to **DIOGENES**:

SIR,—I much regret that I should have been the unintentional cause of inflicting ludicrous mortification upon one of your correspondents, through the elaborate article (published in your number for February 26th,) on the practice of "cribbing."

Although I do not pretend to base my qualifications upon the same level with those of the distinguished Henry Mackenzie, nor am I egotistic enough to assert that I can equal any of his productions, still for my own, and my friends' amusement, I have written several original recitations (*sic*) and poems; and although I have resisted every persuasion to publish any of them, I have not demurred lest they might lose by comparison with the modern compositions, which are produced for public entertainment. A few weeks ago, I gave a few recitations, chiefly my own composition. Your correspondent, Mr. P. D. L. Calder, was present, and requested I would furnish him with copies, which I did, including that of the "Bashful Man," which he erroneously conceived was also my own production, and without my cognizance submitted it to your consideration, intending if accepted and remunerated, to forward other "articles" of the genuine stamp, for my sole benefit. Now this injudicious act of kindness on his part, has called forth your unqualified declamation against the practice of "cribbing;" and although justified by the apparent intention of your correspondent, I consider that the publication of his name and address at the foot of your Diogenestic outburst of editorial indignation, evinces, at least, a lack of "the milk of human kindness." Mr. C. is a Canadian, but lately from Montreal, where he is well and generally known, and had his intention been to impose upon you, he decidedly would have availed himself of a fictitious cognomen. I therefore trust that you will, in the interests of justice, disabuse the minds of his numerous friends from the

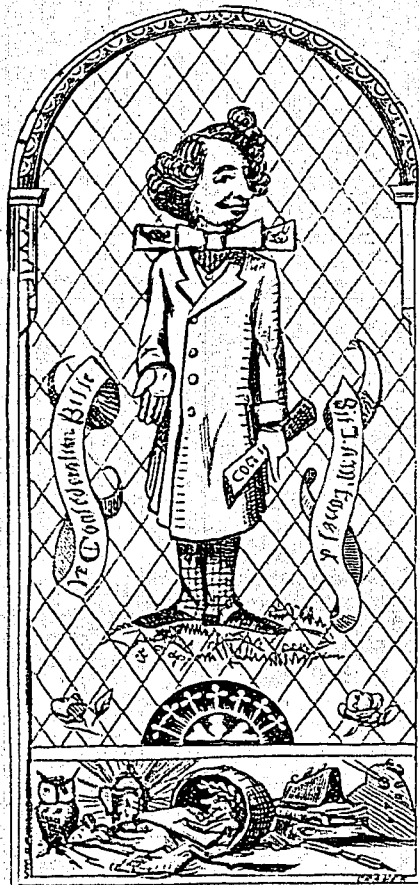
impression that he has attempted a monstrous piece of "humbug" upon **DIOGENES**, and that a few scratches from your unquestioned pen may erase his name from the unenviable list of literary "Cribs."

And now, thou most inveterate hater of all *shadows*, I make my undignified exit; but, previous to this, allow me to express a hope that you may long retain your literary "Crib," and that all insignificant contemporaries may fail to darken a crevice in your immortal Tub, or, if they should by any questionable means succeed in intercepting the rays of the sun of your popularity, may be consigned to oblivion with the same sarcastic denunciation, and unanswerable erudition, that were displayed in your article upon aspiring "Cribs."

Regretting that I cannot play a game of "cribbage" against you,
I am, your admirer,

SAMUEL GODSMARK.

15 Nassau street, New York, March, 1869.



DESIGNE FOR YE DECORATIONE OF YE DOMINIONE COUNCILE CHAMBERE.

PETS OF THE BALLET.

The Lord Chamberlain of England has protested in the name of *decency* against the abbreviated petticoats of the *danseuses* at the London theatres. A further protest in the name of *art* has been entered by an American *connoisseur*, in one of the best of the New York magazines. He objects not so much to the *extent*, as to the *style* of leg, that has been exhibited on the stage during the last few years. He pretends—cunning dog!—that his judgment has been formed almost exclusively on the photographs of individual nymphs, or of groups of popular *ballet* dancers. These he has carefully compared with photographs of those sculptured models of female beauty that have been bequeathed to the world by the genius of ancient Greece. The result of the comparison assigns the "golden apple" to the marble goddesses of antiquity. Lydia Thompson may be considered a mere parody on the Venus, and Schneider, a burlesque of Hebe or Diana. The writer, however, has apparently forgotten that the severe and constant practice absolutely necessary to attain perfection in *ballet*-dancing, develops, almost unnaturally, the muscles of the legs; and that if the Venus de Medici had danced as persistently as Taglioni, her ancles would probably have been thicker than they are. Under these circumstances, the lamentations of this Yankee adorer of ancient art are uttered to the winds, and he must still be content to gaze through his opera-glass at legs as they are, and not as they ought to be. The futility of his objections may be inferred from the final paragraph of his lachrymose article. It is as follows:—"If the exhibition of legs is to continue as one of the chief attractions of the modern stage, it would be well to get a supply characterized by symmetry, grace, and delicacy, in place of those that nature or stuffing has swelled to uncouth and obnoxious proportions."

HORRIBLE CONUNDRUM.

Why did the late Tom Hood resemble General Sir Charles Napier?

Because he, was frequently engaged in the *pun-job* and was always successful!

"BULLY FOR THE BOY WITH THE GLASS EYE."
Yankee Saying.

The Philosopher of Malmesbury defines laughter to be "a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with infirmity of others; or our own former infirmity." The Cynic Philosopher is not quite satisfied with this definition, but offers it meanwhile, for want of a better, and begs of his readers to try whether it is applicable to the case he proceeds to record.

A friend, residing in Quebec, writes as follows to DIOGENES: "The enclosed card was handed to me by a verdant-looking youth from the Eastern Townships, with a green patch over his left eye. It is delicious in its way, though it is difficult to account for the fact that it invariably causes laughter. The youth in question has thoroughly canvassed the city, to our great amusement." The following is a *facsimile* of the card:

SHERBROOKE, 1st March, 1869.

The Bearer, CORTEZ A. HALL, whose health is not good, solicits subscriptions to raise the sum of \$92.00, to enable him to go to Boston to purchase a GLASS EYE. He has already raised the sum of \$13.00.

The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

DIOGENES has few comments to offer on this card. It speaks for itself. There is more than a *soupeon* of Pecksniffianism about it; but "Charity thinketh no evil." DIOGENES himself, does not enjoy the privilege of wearing a Glass Eye, but he has a friend who does. This gentleman informs him that the best artificial eye manufactured in New York, may be purchased for the small sum of \$10. Cortez A. Hall, therefore, (whose health, by-the-bye, is not good,) plays his "cards" well, and has evidently *an eye* to business. The italicized text, although incorrectly quoted, is a master-stroke of policy, and probably worth several dollars.

BRUTAL LANGUAGE.

Among the curiosities of "Yankee humour" there are many expressions referring to the brute creation, such as, "fighting the tiger," "seeing the elephant," &c. The Cynic recently met with a phrase, which, if it has ordinary luck, will probably become part and parcel of American slang. A speaker at a public meeting, having been charged by an opponent with some crime, replied in the following terms: "Mr. Chairman, I scorn the allegation, and I defy the *alligator*."

A "SELL."

A few days ago, while DIOGENES was reading a newspaper, his glance fell upon a paragraph, entitled ROMANCEMENT. In the expectation that he was about to be regaled with something sweetly-sentimental or spicily-sensational, the Philosopher commenced the perusal of the paragraph, when he discovered to his intense disgust, that it was nothing more or less, than a prosaic advertisement of—ROMAN CEMENT!

ALMOST TREASON.

One of those very singular affairs, termed Bazaars, at which orthodoxy is sustained by ornamented pin-cushions, Colenso choked with collars, and religion in general supported by raffles, recently came off in "the Capital." The grand *draw* of all, however, was the announcement that Lady Young would be present. Tom Jones was solicited by a friend to accompany him to the show:—"Yes," he said, "I think I will go;" but the profligate was disloyal enough to append—"though I should certainly prefer going to see a lady younger."

THE EXODUS.

"And the Egyptians spoiled them."

New Reading.

Ho! piper, blow a shriller blast than ever you've blown yet,
And drown the plashing of the thaw—the surging of the wet;
The fall of deadly icicles upon the lonely street,
And the heavy tramp of the "bobby" damp, who sloucheth
on his beat.

I've sorrow on my soul to-night; then let thy music rise;
Away,—away,—ye phantom forms, that mock me with your
eyes;

Up, piper, up, thy melody shall on me softly fall,
As David, with his harp of yore, soothed melancholy Saul!

'Tis true,—too true,—I'm doomed to go; alas, I'm short of
funds;

And what is more distressing still, I am beset by duns;
And then, besides the drives and rides I've taken up and
down,

I've "spooned" the whole, and have proposed to half the girls
in town.

They asked me in to dinner, and they asked me in to tea,
And oft I've walked to church with them, to hear good Canon
B.—

Ma whispered, *sotto voce*, and said: "My dear, I guess
"You might do worse than make a purse of the ear of
Captain S.!"

Now the order's promulgated, and we must go away;
I never thought to-morrow'd come, so happy was to-day;
Your homes were mine, ye pretty ones, but much as I love
domes-

ticity, I can't afford that awful "Breach of Promise."
If I could stay but longer here, I'd drop you one by one,
And, by retrenching, soon contrive to satisfy each dun.

AIR: "Bonnie Dundee."

'Tis useless to mention the words that we spoke,
When our hopes of remaining had vanished like smoke;
We prefer not to think on't, and all we can do,
Is drink "doch an dorris" in good "mountain dew."

So fill up the stirrup-cup, fill up the can,
Fall in the centre, the rear, and the van,
We are off for the east, where no more we shall freeze,
With the snow on our bonnets and up to our knees!

The lads they are plaided,—they march up the street,
The belles line the sidewalks, and think it a treat;
But that ruthless Recorder says: "E'en let it be,
"The town is well rid of this bare-legged gentree!"

"Ah! no," cry the ladies, "you call yourself man?
"You rail at these darlings, but we never can;
"You bid them go hence,—let them stay if they please,
"And we'll worship their bonnets and bonny bare knees!"

AIR: "The Battle of the Baltic."

Like a mighty catawampus
Lies our steamer at the pier,
Whilst we take our last and fond adieux
Each of his darling dear;
'Twill be six of ye clock, by ye chime,
And the belles who've thither flocked
Will have hearts with sorrow shocked,
And we, ourselves, be knocked
Out of time!

Away! away! stand back! stand back! they haul aboard the line,
The ladies wave their handkerchiefs, the bands play "Auld lang' syne,"
We wave our caps, and kiss our hands, and cry "Farewell the West,"
And plough the tide, so deep and wide, of the broad St. Lawrence' breast:

Some gaze out, still desponding, sore struck by Cupid's shaft,
And some they light a fragrant weed, and swagger fore and aft;
And some they walk to wind'ard, and some they stroll to leeward,
And some they seek their cabins, and others holler "Steward!"

AIR: "*La Despedela.*"

Ho! fill for me the brimming cup,
No bright and ruby wine,
Tho' I would pledge my lady's health
Such draught must not be mine.
And tho' some love a long drink,
Whilst some prefer a shorter,
Oh! fill for me some Hennessey,
With a little soda water!

And whilst I press the sparkling glass
Full fondly to my lip,
Then I will pledge my lovely lass,
In each delicious sip.
Its golden gleams her hair beseems,
Her eyes the crystal borrow,
Its bubbles bright, dance like the light,
And seem to mock my sorrow.

Ho! take it hence, no comfort can I find within the bowl,
It lightens not the dreary gloom that darkens o'er my soul,
I care not now for "Mœt" nor eke "La Veuve Clicquôt,"
And if I try to pleasure take, I find it's "not for Joe!"

* * * * *

The stately towers of Ottawa are reared above her trees,
And Kingston spreads her grassy slopes in undulating leas,
And Montreal lies 'neath her hill, in calm and stately ease,
Whilst Toronto rules her waters, like a mistress of the seas;
And grand old Stadacona uprears her shaggy front,
Crowned by the walls that erst have borne the battle's
deadly brunt,
Where every stone a tale could tell, of death and savage
slaughter,
Like the last sensation tragedy of a marrowbone reporter.
Then must I leave behind me, each scene so loved and dear?
(Excuse me Mr. Printer,—that blot is but a tear!)
When I complain, they talk to me of military zeal—
Must I plant my spring potatoes in the hot-bed of Repeal?

* * * * *

'Tis past, the night is dark o'erhead,
The stars athwart the sky seem dead;
The evening breeze blows soft and low,
And fans the night-mists to and fro,
While faintly clear a sound is borne,
As of a distant bugle-horn;
'Tis the last I'll hear,—for the old church bell
Tolls "Farewell, Canada, Farewell!"

Land of the setting sun,
Land by Heav'n supremely gifted,
May thy feet be alway swift to run,
When the load is from thee lifted!

In the drowsy lap of time,
Long hast thou lain and slumbered,
Awake, arise to life sublime,
And be no longer cumbered!

Look on thy mother-land,
That smiles to thee o'er the ocean,
That tenders thee a helping-hand,
To set thy power in motion.

The boast of thy mother earth,
And the pride of thy sons in story:
Awake, Awake, to thy second birth,
Awake, to thy new-born glory!

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

In the following telegram, which was lately received from St. John, N.B., DIOGENES, with the foreboding superstition of his race, sees an omen which, in due time, may possibly be fulfilled:—

On Tuesday last a child was attacked by a large eagle, which attempted to carry him off, and was only prevented by a dog which came to the rescue. The child, which is five years old, was severely scratched.

These things, in the opinion of the Cynic, are an allegory— an anticipation, as it were, of futurity. The child is the New Dominion; the large eagle, the neighbouring Republic; and the dog which comes to the rescue, England. Those who may be living when the Dominion is five years old, will be able to say whether the augury has been realized. Meanwhile, we should prepare ourselves to be at some time or other "severely scratched," and remember the old adage that "forewarned is forearmed."

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

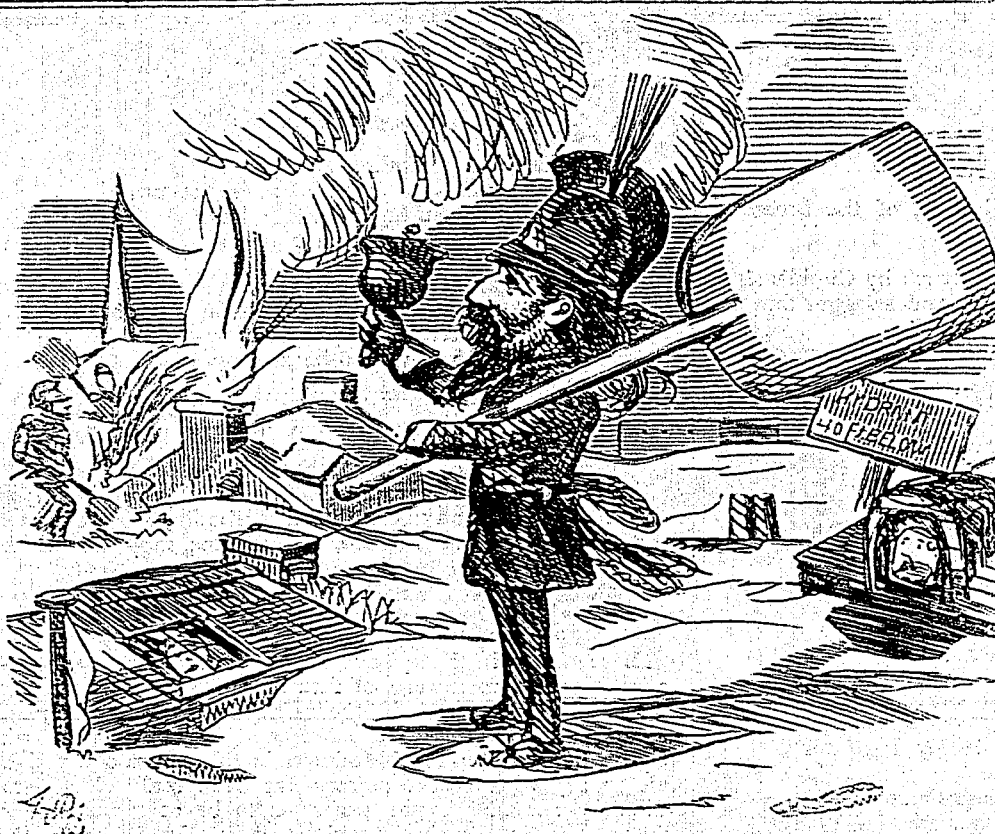
It is dogmatically affirmed in a proverb, which, despite of its faulty rhyme, is very pleasant to the ear of childhood, that

"All work and no play
Make Jack a dull boy;"

but the terrible consequences that would ensue, if the converse of this proposition were true, have never been embodied in a popular maxim. Dr. Watts, indeed, has thrown a little light on the subject, when he assures us that

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

His *dictum*, however, is correct, only under certain limitations. There is such a thing, if we believe Sir James Macintosh, as "a wise and masterly inactivity." The phrase was applied by him to the House of Commons, and it may be applied by us to the Dominion Parliament, in preference to accusing it of languor and laziness. Under any circumstances, want of occupation,—according to the London *Free Press*,—has rather a beneficial effect upon Canadian members. They apparently secrete during their vacation an abnormal amount of almost chivalrous scrupulosity. "The fact is," writes the *Free Press*, "that so little have the members of the Dominion Parliament to do that *most of them feel ashamed to draw their pay!*" DIOGENES has heard many jokes in his time, but never aught like this. If a group of these conscientious politicians could be photographed by Notman in the act of receiving their pay, it would be a valuable contribution to art, and form a unique study of the modesty of human nature. But, unfortunately, it would be impossible to get these Parliamentary paragons together, for the same reason that the historian of Iceland omitted to describe its snakes. "Not to put too fine a point upon it" there are no snakes in Iceland!



THE FIREMAN OF THE PERIOD.

As he would have appeared last week but for the zealously-abused, yet water-giving Engine of Bartley & Co.

THE COMEDY OF "THE RIVALS."

Everyone in the Dominion has heard of Miss Repeal, a Nova Scotian young lady. She was for some time considered a great beauty by all the Blue-Noses, and Messrs. Tupper, Archibald, and others, who disparaged her charms, met with exceedingly rough treatment. In England, however, and most parts of Canada, people did not think very much of her, though she certainly obtained considerable notoriety. It was only in a certain light that she seemed to have any real beauty, and upon close inspection all traces of it vanished. Nevertheless, as has often been the case with women in this world, for some time she managed to bewitch many sober and solid men, and even Joseph Howe, that keen-witted Provincial Merlin, was subdued by the spells of the Nova Scotian Vivien. It is unnecessary to record the names of her numerous admirers and lovers. The mention of Wilkins and Annand is sufficient for the present purpose of DIOGENES.

Miss Repeal blazed before society as a rival to Miss Confederation; but the genuine beauty of the latter defied the most exact scrutiny, and, in point of fact, grew more lovely with time. Well, opinions in Nova Scotia seemed divided on the subject of the rival beauties; but, at length a few of the most devoted of Miss Repeal's admirers gradually dropped off from their allegiance, when they discovered that her fascinations were not so wondrous as they had imagined. There were ugly rumours afloat also that she was not so desirable a *parti* as had formerly been represented. Whatever truth there may have been in these reports, one thing is certain. Some of Joe Howe's best and wisest friends strongly remonstrated with him on his blind infatuation, and proved to him that

Miss Repeal was not all that he thought her. Accordingly, after a voyage across the Atlantic, his ardour began to cool down, and, at length, after coquetting and even corresponding with Miss Confederation, he openly avowed himself as one of her followers, and declared that it would be madness to bind himself as a slave to Miss Repeal. It may here be mentioned, in justice to the character for honour which Howe has always maintained, that, though he has been reviled by his enemies as a fortune-hunter, \$5,000 a-year is all the fortune that Miss C. can bring him, whereas with Miss R. he might undoubtedly have secured considerable wealth. Of all such base insinuations against the integrity of Mr. Howe, his friends may say, in the language of Shakspeare:—

"These are the forgeries of jealousy."

But the most amusing feature in the whole comedy which Messrs. Wilkins and Annand do not in their hearts entertain for Miss Repeal the warm feelings that they still feign, in order to appear consistent. They still, indeed, vociferate her praises, but each of them would willingly make advances to Miss Confederation, if he

had the moral courage to confess, like Howe, that he had once been in love with a woman of damaged reputation. Joseph, the accepted suitor, is positively hated by the angry pair, and they spy out all his actions, rake up all his old letters and speeches, and dog his footsteps wherever he goes, denouncing him as a renegade to his former *fiancée*. But Joseph, apparently, does not much mind their abuse. It amuses them, and does not injure him. During the progress of this singular drama, an amusing scene is said to have taken place, which the artist of DIOGENES has endeavoured to represent. One day, while Joseph was kneeling at the feet of Miss C., pleasantly engaged in kissing her hand, Wilkins and Annand (who were sneaking about as usual) took a sly peep at the unconscious lovers. The treacherous rivals were "riled" at what they saw, and Annand is said to have exclaimed, with great vehemence: "Confound it! I meant to propose to her myself!"

It is said that the happy Joseph has taken a fine house at Ottawa for the season; but there are many of Miss Repeal's friends in Hants, (N. S.), who have sworn that he shall never, with their consent, be the Dominion Parliamentary Representative of that county, where he was wont to swear that he would die for the sake of Miss R.!

ONLY A GRAMMATICAL DIFFERENCE.

There are many and strange peculiarities among that polished and refined people,—the French,—especially in their language. A French lady puts on her feminine dress, (*la robe*), without a blush; but what must be her feelings when she assumes her masculine petticoat, (*le jupon*).



F. CRAMER

THE HAPPY PAIR.

DIOGENES, (*log.*) "Bless you—my children!"

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A FEW LINES FOR HANTS, N. S.

What though a host of foes attack
The veteran statesman, Howe?
Hants! send him to Ontario back
A stronger man than now.

Though Wilkins, Goudge and Annand thirst
Their old ally to slay,
The bubble of Repeal has burst,
And Union wins the day.

Degrade not Nova Scotia's name,
Elect her noblest son,
And wise, true patriots will exclaim,
Hants handsomely has done!

TAKE NOTICE.

There is a peculiar annoyance that sticks to DIOGENES and his little brother PUNCH like a burr. It comes on brown paper, dirty and greasy, and the enclosure is still dirtier, still greasier. They are always manufactured by very small-beer wits, and, mostly, by small-beer dealers; and their object is to give a person, not known even to his next-door neighbour, notoriety half way up the street—some aspire even to be lifted round the corner. DIOGENES submits a more than ordinarily audacious specimen, just received:—"Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Mud Strasse, chandlery, wished the public to be informed that he is not, as falsely asserted, related to the late President Johnson." And the dirty thief actually sent two pounds of long sixes to light and bribe his unparalleled impertinence into print. Let us whisper this in the Johnonian ear—it is long enough to hold any conceivable quantity of the same material—"Your information was supererogatory—a blind man could have detected your alien blood." The late President Johnson, whatever he may have been, was not a fool. It is to be hoped this warning will suffice to abate the nuisance.

HATS AND HEADS.

That lantern of DIOGENES lights up strange mysteries,—strange facts. The other day its rays fell upon a singular item in some passed estimates—a new hat for Mr. F—e, Deputy Minister of Militia, price \$5. Considering the eccentricity that has marked the conduct of that Department, in the absence of the Chief,—the curious appointments, &c., &c.,—it is devoutly to be desired that the estimates, forthcoming, may contain an appropriation for a new head—for somebody.

CERTAINLY NOT, MADAM.

Celestine Girdlestone presents compliments, and begs to ask dear old DIOGENES if he thinks it right that whenever any new novel, or other readable book, comes into the Parliamentary Library, it should take from two to three years to circulate among the clerks of the Departments before it reaches the unofficial public? C. G. thinks that the masters and mistresses ought, at the least, to be placed on an equality with their servants.

N. B.—C. G. begs to add that she has now been waiting two years and a quarter to get a sight of that divinely-sweet tale of pure devotion and maidenly suffering, *Love Lies Languishing*.

* * * DIOGENES will turn his lantern upon the monopoly, and report progress.

The galley-slave of modern times. A compositor.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

DIOGENES has received a communication which severely criticizes the "slipshod English," in which the Appeal of "The Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is written. Though the Cynic considers it bad taste to subject such a document to microscopic examination, he fully agrees with his correspondent in thinking that a little more care might have been profitably bestowed on a composition, which will, doubtless, be circulated in all parts of the Dominion. Several of the paragraphs are as perplexing and involved as "*Mr. Skae's Stem*" in Mark Twain's celebrated volume. The following brief extract from the "Appeal" is a fair specimen of the whole production:—

"The Society proposes to consider thoroughly all matters connected with the welfare of animals, as for instance, public slaughter-houses, the best kind of street pavements and drinking fountains, &c., and to endeavor to have these and similar improvements introduced as soon as possible into the country.

DIOGENES is perfectly certain that the Rev. Canon Balch had no hand in this delectable composition.

PLEASANT PARTY-POLITICS.

An account of a public meeting recently held at Musquodoboit appears in the Halifax Repeal papers, as officially reported for publication by the Secretary. The third of a series of resolutions was moved by a Mr. Guild, and is stated to have been *passed with only six dissenting voices*. Its preamble is as follows:

"Whereas, The meeting view with much alarm the tendency of many of our public and most talented men to unfaithfulness, having no regard for public faith or private honor; that politics is looked upon as a game to be played out with every man for himself. Without any regard to any beneficial policy for our province; that they have declared practically that Responsible Government is a humbug, and that their patriotism is but the last refuge of a scoundrel, and, to use their own language, so corrupt have they become you have but to write the names of two or three upon a shingle and stick it in a compost, to ensure decomposition. Therefore, resolved &c.

It is evident that something more than the name of the mover is required to *gild* the unrefined gold of this resolution, in order to enable it to pass current among gentlemen. If the frequenters of meetings at Musquodoboit *will* dabble in the muddy stream of politics, it is to be hoped that they will in future adopt a more dignified style in the composition of their "Whereas-es," and the passage of their "Resolves."

MASONIC.

The sloping roofs of most Canadian houses seem utterly unsuited to the severe snow-storms of the country. The thoroughfares of narrow streets are almost choked up by frequent *avalanches*, and even the lives of passers-by are occasionally endangered. It has been suggested that flat roofs, strong enough to sustain a great weight of snow, should be adopted, at any rate in the leading streets. DIOGENES sincerely hopes that some new system of roofing will soon be introduced. He grounds his hopes mainly on the fact that *Masons* are solemnly pledged to do all in their power to prevent *caves-dropping!*

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

Mr. Seward, the late American Secretary of State, must find it hard to abandon public life, and to sink into comparative insignificance as a private citizen. His character, however, will perhaps gain by the change. Among the many virtues attributed to him by his admirers, Mr. Seward assuredly never numbered—modesty. He will now enjoy the advantage of being spoken of for a few weeks as "the *retiring* Secretary, Mr. Seward."

"MY HAT."

A YANKEE TALE.

(Continued from the last number.)

You will please—and as if undesignedly—rub your forehead with the little finger of your left hand: if the individual is the right person, he will do the same with the small finger of the right hand. As a further precaution, afterwards repeat a numeral—any one—three times, as 5, 5, 5. If the individual, man or woman, responds by doubling the number you employed, as 10, 10, 10, you may consider you are in safe company. One more direction and I shall wish you *bon voyage*, for the train is about to start. If any one—I mean, of course, of those who have been tested and found genuine—should express himself thus, or in any similar manner,—“Would you like to, take a trip to Jamaica, to Gaudaloupe, to Bermuda, or any other place? consider that the necessities of our business require your presence at the place indicated. That is all I have to say. Good-bye,” said he, extending his hand.

At this moment his eye rested on my hat, and he burst out laughing! “I see,” said the baronet, “you wear your favorite hat. You have quite an affection for that article. My experience teaches me that we are most likely to lose the things we most prize, and I’ll wager you a hundred dollars you don’t bring that hat back with you.”

“Done,” said I, “and I hope the head will come in it.” But of the latter I must confess, and no wonder, that I had some doubt.

The train was moving, and in a moment I was off—on as pretty a game of blind-man’s-buff as ever was played in doors or out. I must not forget to mention that the baronet had remembered that I must eat, drink and be housed on my peregrinations, and had provided accordingly most liberally.

Of my meditations on the rail, I can only say that they were about as wild and obscure as my errand; and *that*, as well as I could judge, was to a wilderness without so much as a deer track to guide me. I arrived in New York in due course, and was soon in the presence of the gentleman to whom I was directed, in the same manner that any package of goods might have been. As I am writing this solely for my own amusement, I shall not attempt a description of this gentleman, (call him, for the present, Mr. Dubeledge) nor of the palace in which he resided, nor of the wondrous splendour that surrounded him. I shall not waste a word about his wife’s diamonds, nor his daughter’s charms, but keep a strict eye on business, and let nothing divert my attention. On my meeting with Mr. Dubeledge, I had gone through my pantomime as directed, and then, gravely represented my numeral. Mr. D. duly responded, and we understood each other—that is, if it can be called understanding, when one party knows all and the other nothing.

This over, Mr. Dubeledge commenced a general conversation by remarking, “You have arrived at a very opportune time, for I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to the most distinguished officer of our glorious naval service, who dines with us to-day. By the bye, our dinner hour is close at hand. We’ll step up stairs for a minute and trim ourselves.”

Up stairs we went, and when I came down again, the company had assembled in the dining room. It comprised my host’s wife and daughter, and a gentleman, in a naval uniform, who had just arrived as I entered, and was speaking to Mrs. Dubeledge. I heard him say, “Permit me most cordially to thank you, for procuring me the command which I so much desired. On the West India station, I hope to be able to do our glorious republic good service, and to repay the Britishers the little debt I owe them for the Trent business.”

My host looked a little glum, and stopped the officer by introducing me, with all ceremony,—name, country, allegiance, &c., &c.—to, as he phrased it, “The most illustrious naval hero of modern times, whose name is a terror to the enemies of our great, free, and happy republic; in a word, to Commodore W.—kes.”

Awed, as I was, by the distinguished presence in which I stood, I managed, in some way or other, to acknowledge the honour conferred on me; but I must confess, as I listened to my host’s glowing eulogium, that reminiscences of Nelson, Collingwood, Napier, and a hundred others, arose vividly before me, and I could not avoid comparing their exploits with the brilliant stoppage of an unarmed vessel on the high seas. They were dissipated by the dinner, to which we at once sat down. And it certainly was a noble dinner, seasoned, perhaps, a little with the ostentation, which was not very unnatural at the table of a great merchant and contractor, into whose coffers, gold was flowing in a wide and continuous stream.

I have neither time, inclination, nor ability, to describe a feast, at which, I presume, Apicius would have sat contented; and, as the parties at table, had, in so far as I was aware, only a very slight connection with the purpose of my errand, it is hardly worth while to stay my narrative to pourtray them. I may, however, just mention, that the Commodore was middle-aged, and gentlemanly in his manners. My host was in the same period of life, frank, free and hospitable, to an extreme; but a closer survey indicated that he possessed in no ordinary degree, what is known in all the markets of the world, as Yankee shrewdness. Of the ladies, I can only say that Mrs. D. was a full-blown rose, haughtily amiable, and condescendingly dignified, fit mate for a golden spouse. Miss D. was

pretty, crammed full of accomplishments, and most delightfully patronizing to the obscure and unknown stranger; and both were as fine as silk and satin, laces and embroidery, gold and jewels, could make them. The conversation, as may be anticipated, was mainly on the war, and on matters thereunto pertaining. An occasional outburst of anti-English bile was checked, as I plainly perceived, in deference to me. The only conversation during dinner, of which I took particular notice, was commenced by the Commodore, and was as follows:—“Those guns that were last distributed to the fleet are villainous,—they are actually more dangerous to ourselves than to our enemies,—most of them burst the first time they are fired. And as to the clothing, it is such atrocious shoddy, that a moderate breeze blows it clean off a man’s back and leaves him naked!”

Mr. Dubeledge, slightly embarrassed, replied, “No doubt, Commodore, you are quite correct. Unfortunately, such are our necessities, that we are compelled to trust for these things to those rascally Bri— European manufacturers. But our time will come. Strange things happen now-a-days, Commodore: it is just possible these particular articles were shipped for the Confederates.”

“What! what!” exclaimed the Commodore.

“Yes! I believe there are cases where blockade-runners, finding it impossible to get into a Southern port, have run for New York, and landed their cargoes there.”

“The devil!” said the Commodore. “That must be seen to.”

People do not sit long at dinner in New York; they are too busy, and the Commodore had half a dozen engagements during the evening. He had to be present at a public meeting; to receive an ovation at a theatre; to attend a monster oyster supper; to bow to a torch-light procession; to write a patriotic address; and to keep awake to be serenaded. This is nothing uncommon in the career of an American idol: the worship may be short, but, while it lasts, it is very sharp.

We rose from table. The Commodore bade the ladies farewell. Mr. Dubeledge and myself accompanied him to the hall.

“By the bye,” said our host, as he shook hands with the officer, “when do you sail, Commodore?”

“To-morrow.”

“My friend here, (meaning myself), who has a little spare time on his hands, is desirous of a cruise among the West India Islands. Will you give him a passage? I believe it is a matter of indifference to him where he is landed.”

The Commodore very willingly and very cheerfully expressed his readiness to serve Mr. Dubeledge or myself in any way in his power.

The next morning Mr. Dubeledge handed me several letters of introduction to gentlemen in the Islands, and recommended me to lose no time in getting on board, as the Commodore would sail immediately on the receipt of despatches from Washington. I accepted his advice, and was soon on the deck of the N—, a splendid steam corvette of 16 guns. The Commodore was not on board when I arrived, but I was expected, and the officer in charge politely directed me to a cabin, replete with every comfort and convenience. The Commodore came off about noon: the ship had been hove short, and we were very soon under weigh and steering for sea. It was understood that we sailed under sealed orders. So soon as the duty of the ship admitted, the Commodore joined me in my walk on the quarter-deck. Our conversation was of a general character; a great deal about Canada, a little about the war, very little about myself, and nothing at all about the object of my trip. I observed the brisides rising as England chanced to be mentioned, and, as she was quite able to take care of herself, I let her alone thereafter. Early in our conversation I had tried my talismanic pantomime. No result. Evidently the Commodore was not among the initiated. We were not long kept in doubt as to our destination. The land run down, we were to look at our orders. This soon occurred, and we found that we were to make the best of our way for Cuba. Our commander was directed to pick up all the ships he fell in with, look in at the Havannah, and have a few words with the Dons,—who, it appeared, had been rather too polite to the Confederates, and economic in their attentions to the Federals.—We soon reached our destination. A cruise over these summer seas is delicious when the stormy winds do (not) blow. But they are like many quiet, easy-tempered people: rouse them and they are terrible! Fortunately for us, they were all smiles as we dashed over their silvery depths. On our arrival in port, as the Commodore did not invite me to conduct his negotiations, I bade himself and his officers,—from whom I had received the greatest kindness and attention during our voyage, farewell,—and went ashore. Of the result of his friendly call, accompanied by ten ships and 200 guns, I say nothing, for I know nothing; but presume it was satisfactory, for the Grandees were excessively polite. There was feasting without limit, drinking without stint, speech-making without end, and as much powder wasted as there was in any one of Pope’s victories.

Among Mr. Dubeledge’s letters there was one addressed to Don Pedro Ribeira, of the Havannah. I soon found my way to this gentleman’s residence, and, once more, was most courteously received by a merchant prince. The record of my adventures in Cuba can be embraced in a couple of sentences.

(To be continued.)

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H. L. Routh,

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Alfred Perry, Fire Inspector.

Agent.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

ON JANUARY 1ST, 1869:

Table with columns for RECEIPTS, DISBURSEMENTS, BALANCE SHEET OF THE COMPANY, and LIABILITIES. Includes financial data for January 1st, 1869, and total assets/liabilities.

CANADA BRANCH OFFICE:

No. 20 Great St James Street, two doors east of the Post-Office, Montreal. S. PEDLAR & CO., Managers.

March 23, 1869.

INSURANCE.

SIMPSON & BETHUNE, Fire, Life, and Marine Insurance Agents.

OFFICE:

102 St. Francois Xavier Street.

INSURANCE.

OFFICE OF THE ORIENT MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, New York, 28th January, 1869.

THE following STATEMENT OF the AFFAIRS of this COMPANY, on the 31st day of December, 1868, is published in conformity with the provisions of its Charter:—

ASSETS,

31ST DECEMBER, 1868.

Table of assets including Cash in Banks, United States Stock, Stocks of States and Corporations, Loans on demand, Subscription Notes, Bills Receivable, Uncollected Premiums and Salvages, Accrued Interest and Unsettled Accounts.

Total amount of Assets... \$1,609,277 30

The Board of Trustees have resolved to pay Six per cent. Interest on the outstanding Scrip Certificates to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on or after the 1st March next.

After allowing for probable losses in the case of vessels out of time, and unsettled claims; they have also (in addition to a Bonus of Ten per cent. paid in cash on the Subscription Notes) declared a Dividend, free from Government Tax, of Twenty-five per cent. on the net amount of Earned Premiums of the year ending 31st December, 1868, for which Certificates will be issued, on and after the 1st March next, to Dealers entitled to the same.

The accumulations of this Company having reached, with the past year's earnings, the sum of \$900,000, they have further resolved, in view of the increased business of the Company, to postpone the redemption of Scrip until the total accumulations exceed \$1,000,000.

By order of the Board,

CHARLES IRVING, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

- Joseph Gaillard, jr., Leopold Blerwitz, George Mosle, Simon de Villert, Edward F. Davison, John S. Williams, A. LeMoine, jr., Alex. M. Lawrence, E. H. R. Lyman, Fred. G. Foster, Henry H. Kunhardt, George Christ, John Auchincloss, Richard P. Rundie, Lawrence Wells, John D. Diz, Francis Cottinet, James Brown, Charles Luling, N. D. Carlisle, Theodore Fachin, Alex. Hamilton, jr., C. L. F. Rose, George F. Thomas, Wm. S. Wilson, Carl L. Recknagel, F. Cousinery, W. F. Cary, jr., Gustav Schwab, Cornelius K. Sutton, Edward Haight, John F. Schepeler.

EUGENE DUTLH, President.

ALFRED OGDEN, Vice-President.

CHARLES IRVING, Secretary.

NOTICE.

This Company issue, when desired, Policies and Certificates, payable in London and Liverpool, at the Counting Rooms of Messrs. DRAKE, KLEINWORT & COHEN.

The undersigned continues to receive applications for Open and Special Policies, and to effect Insurances on Ships, Cargoes, and Freights, with the above well known Company, payable in Gold or Canadian Funds.

HENRY MCKAY,

No. 1 Merchants' Exchange.

Montreal, Feb. 4, 1869.

ASSURANCES effected before 30th April next in the CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

obtain a year's additional profits over later entrants, and the great success of the Company warrants the Directors in recommending this very important advantage to Assurers. Sums Assured... \$5,300,000 Annual Income... 200,000 Assets of about \$150 (exclusive of uncalculated capital) for each \$100 of liabilities. The income from interest upon investments is now alone sufficient to meet the claims by death.

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Package.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY, 6 HOSPITAL STREET, MONTREAL. Importers, send, carriage free, on receipt of the Cash, or payable to Express on delivery, Four 5 lb. Packages, Two 12 lb., or One 25 lb., and Half-chests. Silver taken at par. The usual premium for Notes sent by Post for Teas, added to the order. No Dyes to make them look well, or poisonous matter in the Teas sold by this Company; all are warranted healthy and pure. Where there are no Express Offices, Teas are sent to the nearest station. Send on your orders. Everybody speaks well of the Tea. Common Congou—Broken Leaf, 35c; Fine English Breakfast, 50c., 60c., and 65c; Finest Sonchong, a rare English Breakfast Tea, 75c; Japan, good, 50c. to 55c.; Fine, 60c. to 65c.; Very Finest, 75c.; (Green Tea), Young Hyson, 50c.; Fine, 60c. to 65c.; Very Fine, 85c.; Gunpowders, Twankays, Oolongs, and other Teas, equally cheap, quality considered. Beware of Pedlars offering Teas in small quantities, as from this establishment.

A NOVELTY in COLLARS,
manufactured by Messrs. RICE
BROS., called "THE ALARM," is very pretty,
graceful, and easily adjusts itself to the neck.

Waters's Quinine Wine,

The Most Delightful and Invigorating Tonic known
to Science.

The Wine, with which the Sulphate of Quinine is
incorporated, is expressly prepared for the purpose, and is of
the finest and purest quality, forming a powerful Tonic, a
valuable Stomachic, and a gentle Stimulant. It increases
the appetite, and is a valuable assistant to digestion. Like
all successful preparations, it has a host of servile imitators.

Manufactured by

Waters & Williams, London, England.

Alex. McGibbon,

Agent for the Dominion of Canada.

AN inspection of our exten-
sive Stock of MEN'S, YOUTH'S,
and CHILDREN'S FASHIONABLE
HATS is solicited, 1000 doz. to select
from, at

COWAN & DESAUTELS'

Old Established

HAT AND CAP EMPORIUM,
Corner Notre Dame and St. Peter Sts.

TAILORS.

JOHN GALBRAITH,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

WILL REMOVE,

ABOUT THE END OF MARCH,

From Great St. James Street, to his

NEW STORE,

110 ST. PETER STREET,

(3rd Door from Craig St.).

CEMENT.

NEW DOMINION CEMENT

The Best Article ever offered to
the Public.WE challenge the world to
produce an Article of superior merit
for mendingFURNITURE, LEATHER, WOOD,
CROCKERY, GLASS, CHINA, BONE,
PORCELAIN, MARBLE,
RUBBER, MEERSCHAUM,
IVORY, &c., &c.

Full Directions with each Bottle.

Price, 25 cents.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Local and Travelling Agents wanted in every
Town and County throughout the Dominion.

LIBERAL TERMS TO THE TRADE.

Sample Bottles sent by Mail on receipt of
Price.

Address,

E. F. MCAVAY & Co.,

Sole Proprietors & Manufacturers,

153 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

(opposite Ottawa Hotel.)

MONTREAL.

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BROWN, CLAGGETT
AND
MCCARVILLE,

463 NOTRE DAME STREET

(Third Door East of McGill Street),

Are now receiving their Stock, and will Open
in a few days.

LEGGINGS.

A nice lot of English-made Leather
Leggings, assorted sizes, just received.

J. D. ANDERSON,

124 St. James Street.

TO THE MILITARY.

J. WHITTAKER,

350 NOTRE DAME STREET,

Late Master Tailor 4th Batt. Rifle Brigade,

Having opened business at the above address,
and being a practical artisan, respectfully re-
quests the patronage and support of Officers of
the Staff and of the Line, and Volunteers;
also, gentlemen of business, skilled mechanics
and workmen.EASTER DINNERS cannot be
complete unless a selection from
the undermentioned excellent articles be ob-
tained, viz.:Sugar-Cured OX TONGUES,
PIGS' CHEEKS,
" " ROLL BONELESS BACON,
RUSSIAN OX TONGUES, in jelly.
For sale by DAVID CRAWFORD,
(Late Baird & Crawford),
123 Great St. James Street.EASTER.—All who appreciate a
sumptuous and rare Easter
Dinner had better secure a terrine of Henry's
famous

PATE DE FOIS GRAS.

For sale by DAVID CRAWFORD,
(Late Baird & Crawford),
123 Great St. James Street.EASTER DINNERS.—Select
some of the undermentioned
celebrated vegetables for your Easter Dinner:
GREEN CORN, in tins,
TOMATOES and TOM. SOUP, in tins,
MIX. VEGETABLES, in tins,
GREEN PEAS, in tins,
MUSHROOMS, in tins,
ASPARAGUS, in tins.For sale by DAVID CRAWFORD,
(Late Baird & Crawford),
123 Great St. James Street.

EASTER DESSERT.

Almeria Grapes, Pine Apples,
Crystallized Fruits, Prunes,
Preserved Ginger, Figs,
Jordan Almonds, Grenoble Walnuts,
English Filberts, Oranges, Sweet.For sale by DAVID CRAWFORD,
(Late Baird & Crawford),
123 Great St. James Street.MARMALADE.—Delicious
BITTER ORANGES for making
Marmalade, for sale byDAVID CRAWFORD,
(Late Baird & Crawford),
123 Great St. James Street.COFFEE FOR EASTER
DINNERS.—Secure 1 lb. of
DAVID CRAWFORD'S celebrated MOCHA and
JAVA COFFEE, unsurpassed for purity and
flavor.MOCHA and JAVA COFFEE,
For sale by DAVID CRAWFORD,
(Late Baird & Crawford),
123 Great St. James Street.

COAL.

COALS, COALS, at Reduced
Prices.—Lehigh and Lackawana, all
sizes. Best Parlor English Grate Coals,
screened. All weighed at public scales, and
delivered.

TUCKER DAVID,

78 McGill Street.

CANADIAN SOCIETY FOR
PREVENTION OF
CURELTY TO ANIMALS.

(Incorporated 1869.)

Patrons:

The Governor-General. Sir JOHN YOUNG,
K. C. B., &c.

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Molson, Jas. Ferrier, jr., R. Moat, T. David-
son, John Penner.

Secretary-Treasurer:

F. Mackenzie.

Annual Subscription.....\$3.00

Donations of any amount, in aid of the
Society, will be thankfully received.

APPEAL.

This Society has for its objects the promotion
of the welfare of animals and the abolition of
cruel beating, over-loading, over-driving, over-
working, starving or abandoning to starve,
working old, sick or maimed animals unfit for
labour, the plucking of live fowls, cruel methods
of slaughtering and of transportation, unneces-
sary dissections of living animals, and all other
forms of cruelty which are now or may here-
after be practised in this Province.In order to attain these objects the Society
proposes: To arouse public sentiment on the
subject, to educate persons to a higher humani-
ty, and to remind them of their duty towards
the dumb creatures about them, by means of
the clergy, who are requested to give the
Society the aid of all their influence to these
ends, and also through the press and by the
circulation of such literature as may be found
desirable.To consider thoroughly all matters connected
with the welfare of animals, as, for instance,
public slaughter-houses, the best kind of street
pavements and drinking fountains, &c., and to
endeavour to have these and similar improve-
ments introduced as soon as possible into the
country.To enforce the law on the subject of cruelty
to animals in the city of Montreal and Province
of Quebec, and to procure the enactment at the
coming Session of Parliament of a more
stringent statute for the Dominion.To employ persons to investigate, arrest, and
prosecute for the Society, and to reward per-
sons who, acting for it, shall secure conviction
and punishment when necessary, in cases of
cruelty, or furnish the Society with evidence to
enable its officers to do so.To earnestly request and urge, as it now
does, all persons not only to contribute to the
funds of the Society, but further to co-operate
with its officers in promoting the welfare of
dumb creatures by remonstrating kindly but
firmly with those persons who are guilty of
cruelty to animals in their presence. It is
particularly requested that this may be widely
done, for the great majority of cases of cruelty
are of such a nature that it is neither desirable
nor possible to inflict punishment for them in
the courts, and they are so scattered and so
numerous that they can only be acted, and
much good can only be done, by the action in
the way suggested of a large number of persons.In cases of gross and undoubted cruelty, per-
sons are also urgently requested to give the
offender in charge of a policeman when it is
possible to do so; and at any rate to report
the name, number and residence (where possi-
ble) of the offender, and the circumstances of
the case to the Secretary-Treasurer.Any such communication will be treated by
the Committee as one of a confidential charac-
ter, and the name of the informant will not be
disclosed without his or her consent.It is hoped that persons will comply with
these requests, and so afford the Society much
valuable assistance in its work.

[Country papers are requested to copy.]