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ALFRED BAILEY,
ARCHITECT,
Place d'Armes Hill.

Quantities taken, and Artificers' Work measured.

PHOTO-RELIEVO:
A new style of Portraiture introduced
by W. NOTMAN, Photographer to the Queen,
MONTREAL.—Branches: OTTAWA and TORONTO.
CALL AND SEE THEM.

Picture Framing
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Artificial Teeth
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BERNARD & DAVIS
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INVITE the
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Carbolic Acid
Preparation.
Medico-Pencil for
Corns and Warts.
Toilet Perfume
Cases, Toilet Bottles,
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suitable for Xmas and
New-Year presents.
Woodford's Ointment
for *Chilblains*—
safe and certain cure.
Lubin's Jockey
Club and Violet
Pomade.



Vol. I.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, 18th DECEMBER, 1868.

Price—Five Cents.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, 69 Great St. James Street.—FRESH ARRIVALS: New West-End Raisins, New Sultana Raisins, New Valencia Raisins, New Layer Raisins, New Turkey Figs, Almeria Grapes, Malaga Grapes; Walnuts, Spanish Nuts, Brazil Nuts, Jordan Almonds, Soft Shell Almonds, Finest Currants, Candied Peels, &c. Wholesale and Retail. Terms Liberal. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

MIRRORS
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at
PELL'S
GALLERY OF
ART,
345 Notre Dame
Street.

Established 1859.
HENRY GRAY
Chemist & Druggist
144
St. Lawrence Main
Street,
Montreal.

ALL Drugs
sold at this
Establishment are of
the Finest Quality.
Physicians' pre-
scriptions carefully
prepared.

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

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

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

THIS Estab-
lishment is
now in full working
order.
All kinds of Fine
and Staple Tobaccos
of the Best Brands
supplied to the Trade
McMullen & Adams
St. Mary Street.

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

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

Brewery & Offices,
198 St. Joseph Street

DIOGENES.

The unqualified success which has attended the re-appearance of the Cynical Philosopher in Canada, and the generally expressed desire of the public that he should increase his dimensions, have determined him on giving

FOUR ADDITIONAL PAGES OF MATTER

ON AND AFTER THE 25th INST.

THE PRICE REMAINING AS BEFORE

VIZ., FIVE CENTS.

On New Year's Day the Cynic will hold a levee, at which most of the notabilities of the day will assist. This levee will form the subject of a Double-page CARTOON, and EIGHT additional Pages will be added to the reading matter.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

It has been determined to reduce the scale of charges for advertising during the holiday season.

DIOGENES has already a large circulation in the city, and as the Christmas and New Year's numbers will have special attractions in addition to increased size, they cannot fail to be excellent mediums for holiday announcements.

THE DERBY.



SECOND ANNUAL GRAND SWEEPSTAKE
On the "DERBY," 1869.
1,000 Subscribers at \$2.00 each.

1st Horse \$500.00
2nd do. \$300.00
3rd do. \$200.00

\$1,000.00 to be divided amongst Starters ("not placed").

Tickets for the above Sweepstake are now ready at

WILLIAM & ISAAC'S,
Montreal, Dec. 17, 1868.



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

NOTICE.

TENDERS in Duplicate (marked "Tenders for Submarine Railway") will be received at the Office of the Montreal Daily News, until noon on the 19th April next, for the building of a Submarine Railway in the channel of the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Gaspe Bay, intended to connect with a projected line under the Atlantic, from Gaspe Bay to the River Thames opposite Greenwich.

Commodious Hotels to be laid down on the Flats of Lake St. Peter, also in mid-channel opposite Three Rivers, Quebec, Riviere du Loup and Cape Chatte.

Plans may be seen, and Forms of Tender obtained, on application to the Promoter at the above address.

N. B.—The contract will only be open to competitors of the present generation. Astonished ancestors are expressly debarred from tendering.

DENTISTRY.

EDWARDS,
DENTIST,
MONTREAL.

BOARDING-HOUSE.

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

TAILORS.

COACHMEN'S LIVERY GREAT COATS.

Just received, superior Drab and Blue Devonshire Kerseys, for Coachmen's Box Coats, at

LAVENDER'S,
295 Notre Dame Street.

STORAGE.

STORAGE FOR ALL

Descriptions of
MERCHANDISE,
IRON, SALT, &c.

Hervey's Elevator,
Canal Basin,
Brick Stores,
Corner Colborne and Wellington Streets,
Coal Oil Shed,

At the Tanneries,
JAMES HERVEY,
21 Sacrament Street.

INSURANCE.

SIMPSON & BETHUNE.

Fire, Life, and Marine Insurance.
OFFICE: 102 St. Francois Xavier Street.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Incorporated A. D. 1841.
Assets, \$12,000,000, and no Stockholders.

The above Company have appointed the following gentlemen to be Directors for the Dominion of Canada:—

President:
Wm. WORKMAN, Esq. (President City Bank)
Directors:
F. P. POMINVILLE, Esq., Q. C., of Cartier, Pominville & Betourneux,
A. W. ORLIVE, Esq., M. P. P.
VICTOR HUBER, Esq., Merchant,
WALTER HURKE, Genl. Agent,
Herald Building,
51 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

STOVES and CASTINGS.

W. CLENDINNEN,
(late Wm. Rodden & Co.)
Founder, and Manufacturer of Stoves, &c.,
Works, 165 to 179 William Street,
City Sample and Sale Room, 118 and 120
Great St. James Street,
and 582 Craig Street,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

CABINET-WARE.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

GEO. ARMSTRONG, Corner Craig Street and Victoria Square, solicits a call from parties about to furnish, where they can examine one of the largest and most varied stocks in the city. The Parlour Furniture is of the best quality and latest designs, either plain or handsomely carved,—in Walnut, polished or in oil finish.
The stock of Sideboards, Bookcases, Chamber Sets, Hall Furniture, &c., in Walnut, is worthy of attention.
New Patent Spring-bed, so low in price as to be within the reach of all parties.

G. A. is sole Agent in the Dominion for the sale of the beautifully finished Metallic cases, patented by "Fisk," also the full Glass Casket, which has not yet been equalled elsewhere.

BROKERS.

NICHOLS, ROBINSON & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,
Corner of St. Francois Xavier and Notre Dame Streets.

The purchase of Stocks and Gold in New York made a specialty.
All kinds of Uncurrent Funds bought and sold.

RESTAURANTS.

COSMOPOLITAN.

This First-class Establishment enjoys the patronage of the most respectable classes of Citizens and Officers of the Garrison.

The very choicest Viands and Liquors always supplied, with the best attendance, and at the lowest rates to be met with in the city.

The finest qualities of Oysters received daily by Express.

Call and judge for yourselves.

A. M. F. GIANELLI, Proprietor.

FREEMAN'S OYSTER and Chop-House, 99 Great Saint James Street, Montreal.

Fresh Oysters and Clams received Daily by Express, and Cooked to order in every Style.

Families and Parties supplied at the shortest notice.

WILLIAM & ISAAC,
Queen's Chop-House,
156 Great St. James Street.

Luncheon every day from 12 o'clock.
Oysters in perfection.
Wines and Cigars of the best Brands only, kept in Stock.

BOOKS and STATIONERY.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS in

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, &c., Colored Groups for the Stereoscope.
Carte de Visite Views in Scotland by Wilson of Aberdeen and others.

A very large and new assortment of the above just opened out, and for sale at reasonable prices.

Glan Tarran and Scotch Wood Fancy Goods, &c., &c., &c.
MURRAY & CO.,
Stationers' Hall

THE INTERNATIONAL

RAILWAY GUIDE for this month, just out. For sale at the News Depot, Bonaventure Station, and by Booksellers. Price Ten Cents.

THOMPSON & DUFF,

Publishers' Agents,
Montreal, Toronto, and London.

Agents for Messrs. Blackie & Son,
Glasgow.

" London Printing & Publishing Co.,
London;

" Messrs. A. Fullarton & Co.,
Edinburgh;

" Messrs. Cassell, Pether & Galpin,
London;

" Messrs. Johnson, Fry & Co.,
New York;

and Agents for the principal Publishing Houses in Great Britain and the United States.

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

"We would not be considered as censorious or harsh in judging of any religious movement, but when all the elements of that movement are so notoriously sensational, and when the inducements to cupidity are so strong, it is not possible for an impartial observer to attach any real importance, or to see any genuine religious feeling in an enterprise which has clearly been set on foot with the object of thrusting into prominence the individual's concerned. The plain truth is, that the so-called revival is a gigantic advertisement, to which the press of the city have given a gratuitous publicity, and if any good results from it, it will be in spite of the adventitious aids which have been invoked to give it a sensational character. While all earnest advocates of moral progress must rejoice over any genuine reformatory movement, they cannot but regret that the holy cause of religion has been in this instance sought to be advanced by the most transparent of subterfuges. Whatever real good is wrought amid the moral corruption of metropolitan life, is done by the quiet workers who seek not notoriety, and who labour from higher motives than to gain the applause of men."—*Extract from an article in the New York Albion, headed "A Wicked and Disgraceful Farce."*

A short time ago, I, DIOGENES, read in the Montreal *Daily Witness* that John Allen, the Water-street dance-house keeper, had been suddenly arrested in New York, and subsequently imprisoned in the Tombs. As I was about to pay a visit to the commercial capital of the States, I determined to gratify my cynicism by calling upon the fallen hero. By the application of a little "palm-oil" to some unscrupulous officials, I was quickly enabled to satisfy my whim; and the following narrative, abbreviated from my short-hand notes, is a truthful account of my interview with him.

As I am not about to write a biography of "The Wickedest Man," I will simply state, by way of preface, that the notorious John Allen is an Englishman by birth: that he emigrated to the States in early life, and that he is not, and never has been, "the honest man" for whom I have long been searching. His dearest friends would not dare to assert that his personal appearance is at all prepossessing. He is of the "Bill Sykes" type—only "more so." A stout, broad-shouldered, large-limbed, and heavy-handed "muscular Christian," (?) he would probably be an ugly customer in a rough-and-tumble fight; and, to tell the truth, he bore striking traces of having been lately engaged in an encounter of that kind. One eye was closely bandaged with what he called "a bird's-eye wipe," or "fogle," and a huge gash on his heavy lower jaw told plainly that the "fibbing" in the above-mentioned *fracas* had been of the "ding-dong" order. The ruined remains of a severely-crushed nose made the original model of that organ a theme for conjecture; while the recent loss of a large number of front teeth prevented the outline of his mouth from being accurately determined. "His ears," as Mrs. Mary E. Tucker states in her description of Brick Pomeroy, "were large, and indicated the Democratic element of character." A bullet-shaped head, thickly covered with short, red hair, that stood boldly out, like the prickles on the cylinder of a musical box, must complete this hasty sketch of John Allen's outward presentment.

He received me with a low growl, like that of a bear robbed of her cubs, and, on the whole, I was formidably impressed with his manner. He was evidently much annoyed at being, as he said, "quodded," and the threats of vengeance that he uttered against his former missionary friends were expressed with such vigor, and were so evidently sincere, that they caused my legs to quake and my hair to stand on end.

The language of Mr. Allen was a singular *patois*, consisting mainly of American slang, grafted on a reminiscence of "flash" London "patter." In order to be ordinarily intelligible, I have felt myself at liberty to modify this dialect considerably. I have omitted, also, in my narrative, many forcible and characteristic expletives of which he made frequent use in his conversation, and have thrown what was really a dialogue into the form of a monologue. With these trifling exceptions, the following may be relied on as a correct version of what Mr. Allen said.

Upon my entering the cell in which he was confined, and explaining that I was desirous of making his acquaintance,

he growled deeply, as I have already remarked, and at once proceeded to honor me with his confidence.

'Wal, Kurnel,' said he, 'here I am in chokey—cornered at last—so I spose I may as well cave in. I'm a busted community, farzino, for there aint nary one of my pals to bail me out. If I'd only stuck to what they call liegitimit business, and let religion alone, this 'ere little accident would n't have took place. It all comes along of them Missioner coves, who wanted to set up shop in Water Street, and day and night came a sneakin round our cribs, like black cats on the tiles. Why, in the name of thunder, couldn't they let me earn a nonest livelihood? I never ast them into my snuggery, and, what's more, I never wanted 'em. They aint the sort what pays in a boozing-ken: for when they drinks, they drinks at home, like many other good total abstainers.

'What am I in for? Why, bless your big heart, I'm in for keeping a disorderly house, so they ses; and, as this aint quite the fust time by no manner of means, I'm skeered that the beaks will be down on me heavy. Wal, as I said afore, it all comes of them City Missioners. When they fust come loafin round my dance-house, and palaverin with my old woman, I giv them their walkin ticket in a brace of shakes. But it warn't of no use,—that snivellin old bloke, Van Meter, the boss of the Howard gang, would keep snookin round, till at last I got sorter tired of swearin at him, and let him crawl about my den like any other harmless loonatick. So says he to me one day, "Mr. Allen," says he, "aint you ashamed of your purfession? It's a disreputable callin, and aint the krect thing at all." "Wal," says I, "old hoss, you make it wuth my while to pull up stakes and make tracks, and I'll throw up the sponge at wonst." "Wal," says he, reflectin like, "What'll you take." "A flash of lightnin," says I, helpin myself to a pretty stiff horn, "and thankee kindly." "That aint what I meant," says he, "what'll you take to shut up shop, and try and live kinder sorter respectable?" Wal, an idee struck me that I could euchre him even on that question. So says I, "Wal, boss, I'll jest talk over with my old woman what you've been sayin, and we'll give you a nanser to-morrow when you look us up." Sure enough, on the next day he come—pretty early, too, shewin that he was hot on fixin me to a bargain,—and he made me a offer of \$350 a month, for to lease my bar reglar to a lot of revivallers, one hour a day, for religious meetins—all grog, and other little games, to be stowed away and shelved durin that time. The contrack was to run for three munce, sure. Wal, business wasn't very slick jest then, so I thought as how I couldn't do no better than close the bargain. Which I did. Besides, I heern tell that some of my pals was open to rent their cribs, and be converted right straight along; purvided that the Missioners came down with the dust, handsome. Meanwhile, a cove called Dyer—Oliver Dyer his name is—had managed to worm out of me where I was riz, how old I was, and ceterer. All this, and more, was printed in black and white in the Revivallers' Monthly orgin, as they calls it; and in a few days, all Water Street and the slums round it, was stuck about with orful big posters, stain as how John Allen, "The Wickedest Man in New York," had been converted, and was now lendin his bar-room gratuitous for prayer-meetins, and other fixins. In course I never counterdicted it—as Van Meter paid me my rent honorable, right off the reel. So one day, about noon, the queerest crowd you ever see came bouncin in to my snuggery, lickerty split, till the place was chock full.

There was Kit Burns, who keeps the rat-pit; Sodger Brown (who they *do* say is a wickedester man than me, but I think it's a toss up); Tommy Hadden, the Shanghaister; big Dick Marvin, the cracksman; old Ikey Slocum, and Boston Tom, all larfin in their sleeves like

(To be continued.)



ANOTHER LOOK INTO THE FUTURE, THROUGH A
GREEN TELESCOPE.

GENTLEMEN FROM BEYOND THE BORDER GOING THE ROUNDS IN MONTREAL.
A. D. 1880.

THAT BAD BOY—STILES.

"Your correspondent at Washington, in times of peace, may plot treason against Great Britain in perfect safety: nay, he may gain personal or political capital or advantage by the venture. If civil war breaks out he is far from the scene of danger—in either case he risks neither life, property, nor reputation. Let me add that treason and filibustering expeditions, to tear the Province to pieces, are not included in my programme."
—Letter of the Hon. Joseph Howe.

Now, Johnny, don't trouble the Blue Nose dog Towser,
He won't bite, but answers your bark with bow-wow, Sir,
Your schemes for Acadia have no fascination,
War taxes she hates, and she loathes annexation;
She knows you've attempted to tarnish her name, Sir,
And watches each trick in your sly little game, Sir;
She is glad when Arch-Traitors like you, Sir, desert her,
And vows filibusters shall never convert her.
She ignores Johnny Stiles, and demands of all now, Sir,
To remember the programme of one Joseph Howe, Sir.

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYMES
OF NOVA SCOTIA.

No. 1.

THERE was a man in Halifax,
In politics deemed wise,
He went to a Convention-sprece,
And blackened both his eyes—
And when he found his eyes were dim,
His heart gave way to fears;
Yet to a "Caucus" then he went,
And there he lost his ears—
But soon, to cure his ears and eyes,
With all his might and main
He jumped upon a printing-press,
'To scratch them right again.
But soon he came to grief once more,
Mid pistons, wheels and pegs;
For Wilkins there was put to press
And taken off his legs.
But to his office quick he hied,
When set upon his feet,
And there began to rum-inate
Lest he might lose his seat!
And soon upon his colleagues called
(By telegraph) to meet;
Then inspiration sought from gin,
'Till he had lost his feet!
And then, the greatest feat of all,
While sore with rage and pain,
He jumped upon a Howe-itzer,
'To load and prime again.
The Howe-itzer went off—slap-bang!
As big guns have a knack,
And Wilkins, once so wondrous wise,
Was thrown upon his back.
And now both foes and friends unite
With every one who hears,
Bewailing Wilkins' sorry plight
In feet, knees, eyes, and ears!
And now, politically dead,
His name to canon-ize,
'They'll write beneath his epitaph,
"This man was wondrous wise!"
His title as a humorist
DIOGENES shall seal,
As though he died, in all his pride,
While battling for Repeal!

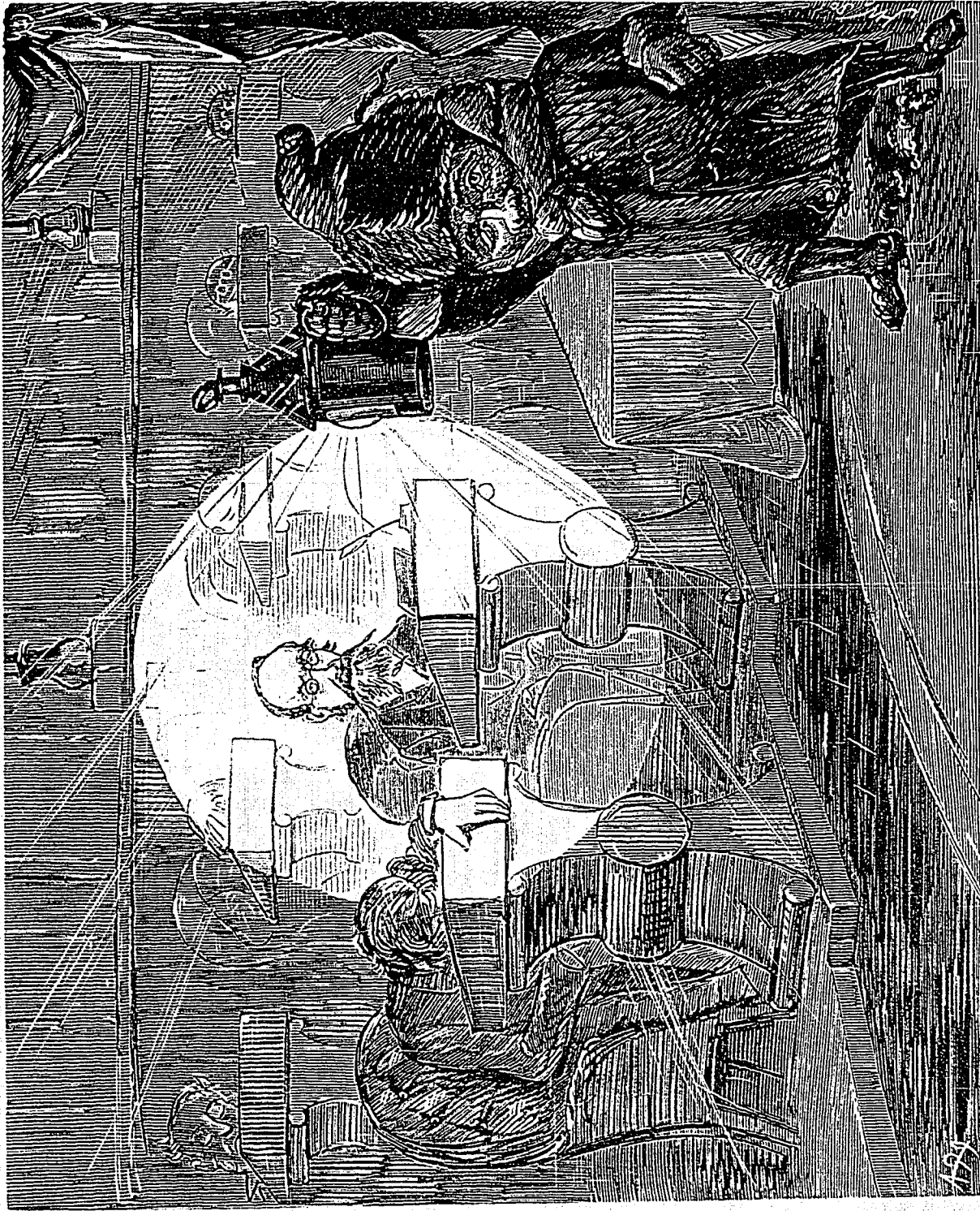
* In the conflicting accounts given by the opposing parties, in the new-papers of the day, Mr. Wilkins didn't hear the words spoken by Mr. Howe, and when the latter exhibited his view of the situation, Mr. Wilkins and colleagues couldn't see it, in that light.

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

On Wednesday evening last, DIOGENES, the Cynic, went to hear Greeley, the Philanthropist. In the course of his able Lecture, Mr. Greeley drew attention to certain points of difference between "self-made men" and "school-made men." In connection with this topic DIOGENES remembers a neat *mot*, which will bear repetition in his columns:

Two friends, during a discussion on Poetry, began arguing about the merits of the two rival classes above mentioned. "Take Byron, for example," said one of them,—"he was a *Harrow-boy*." "True," replied the other, "but there's Burns—he was a *Plough-boy*."

RATHER HIGH-FLOWN.—Why is M. Nadar, of balloon celebrity, like a Greek Tense?
Because he is the *first aorist* of his time.

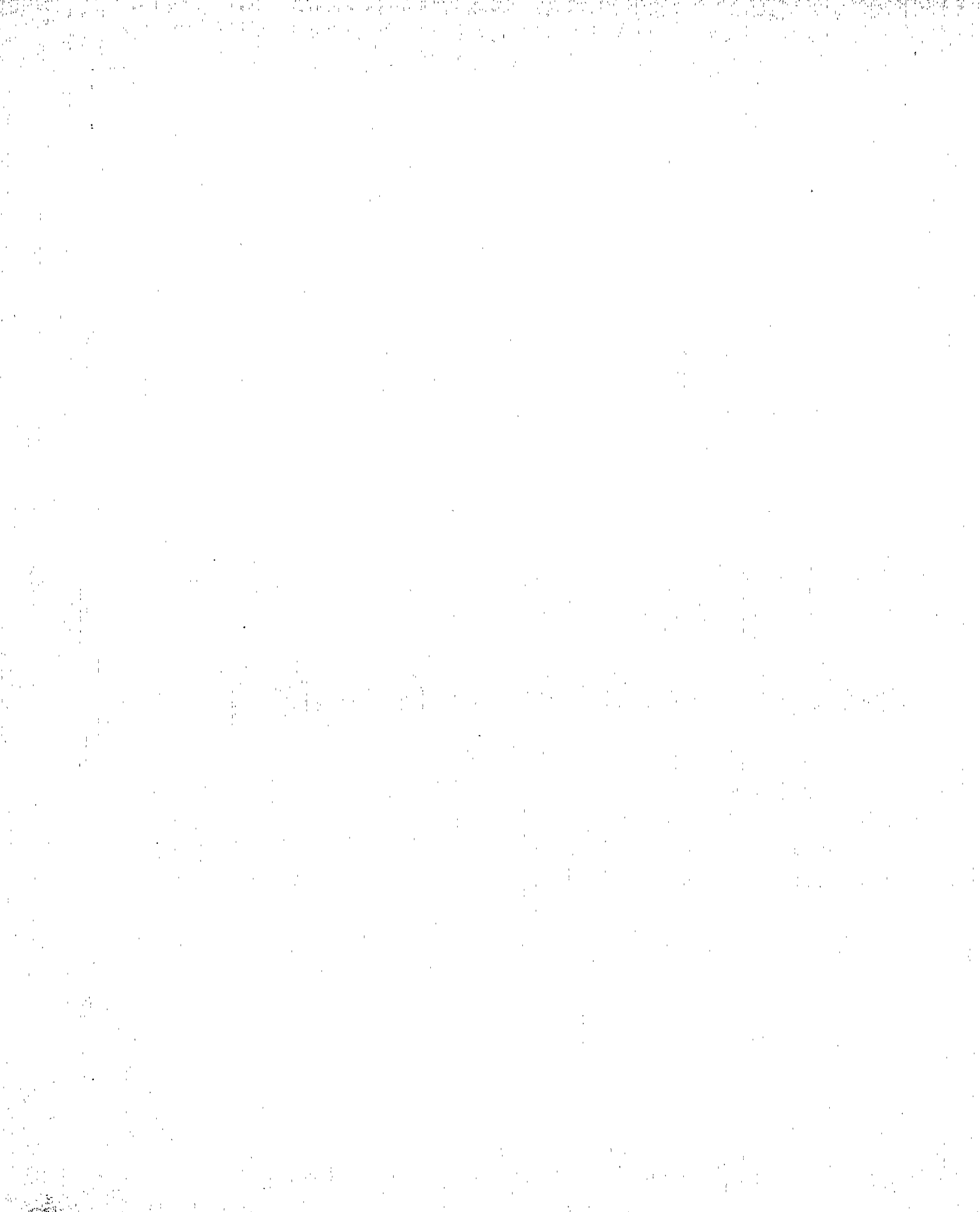


STIRLING WORTH.

SCENE.—COUNCIL CHAMBER.

(DIOGENES *loquitur.*)—"If I were not DIOGENES I would be ALEXANDER."

1868



TO A CUTTY PIPE.

By a Scotch *Skald*.*A long way after Burns.*

My ancient freen' and trusty butty,
 My weel worn and weel smokit cutty,
 Altho' ye're gettin' rather smutty,
 I loe ye better
 Than any mere sham kind o' putty—
 Deed I'm yer debtor.

How aft oppressed by cares and woes,
 Sair needfu' o' a night's repose,
 I've smoked mysel' intil a dose ;
 When the cock crew,
 Invigored and refreshed I've rose,
 And a' through you.

How aft when comin' hame at night,
 Nae ither traveller in sight,
 I've turned aside and struck a light
 Upon a stane,
 Remembrin' I'd a freen' that might
 Console me then.

How aft when weary o' my life,
 O' constant bickerin' and strife,
 And warsalin' wi' Meg my wife,
 Wha's a wee cracky,
 I've taen ye oot and wi' my knife
 Cut up my baccy.

At kirk when deaved wi' Mess John's gabbin'
 And fouk for their transgression sabbin',
 It's you and me and faithfu' Rabin,
 Puir honest colley,
 Hae jest gaet oot side and there ha' bin
 Wae for their folly.

Then, for the present, fare ye weel,
 To me ye're life, and wife, and chiel,
 And graith and gear, and maut, and meal,
 And a' beside ;
 May ilka ane ca' me a fule
 When we diyide.

TORQUIL McSPLECHAN.

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

NO. V.—"TAR-BOGGININ."

Tar-bogginin is an insane amosment, and is closly allied to tar and fetherin and tar-barrelin, as praktised by our primo-genitives. Tar-bogginin is usuly praktised in kold wether ; and peeple often bein envelopped in the clouds, while tar-bogginin, may account, I reckon, for their bein absent. Some peeple can't stand Kanady kold, and so sits down, and hence is called *squatters*. Some peeple don't see the use of tar-bogginin. 'Praps they aint aware that from the splinters of these wheicles match-wood is made, while the enterprisin okkopants themselves is oft konverted into sossidge meet. Tar-bogginin is praktised occasional in moonlite—by loonytics. Facylis dencen sus a ver ni may be applied to tar-bogginin, cause some peeple thinks it a *veri nice* amosment. In tar-bogginin you can fly, slide, or slither,—guess slitherin's best, and don't jog your internals *much*. If peeple tries to run over you tar-bogginin, sing "What's a' the steer Comer." Tar-bogginin is like life—all down hill. There is no laws again tar-bogginin up hill—'cept them of nater.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

If you want to walk fast or run over the frozen streets, put on Creepers. Do not sit down suddenly this month, for you may have, inadvertently, left your Creepers in your coat pocket.

Remember, that ladies *now*, envelope their heads in clouds. You can knock an idea out of this when you are fondly gazing into the deep cerulean eyes of your adorable Jemima ; but read up Lempriere, on Love,—first, so as to be ready to name the Goddess who used to go about in that style of dress,—but mind, especially if you are clad in skins, not to go *too fur*.

Always differ systematically from everything said by anyone: this will produce warmth at a cheaper rate, than long maple at \$7.50 a cord.

If you are given to the practice of "small economies," you can save at least 6 cents a day by engaging in conversation with the newsboys, thus getting at the contents of their papers gratis ; but be careful of repeating news thus acquired,—at a dinner table for instance—it is generally calculated to alarm nervous persons.

Go into training at once for your New Year's visits by learning several pages of the Directory, so that you may have it at your fingers' ends.

Also practice taking thirty-one glasses of Sherry before dinner, every other day. By this means you will be able to make light of the sixty-two that will be offered you during the 100 visits that you intend to pay on the jovial First.

If you have any spare coin insure your friends' lives' and take them out toboganing. Always remember that you have "just to speak to a man" when they start from the top of the hill.

SLIGHTLY FISHY.—Why can the inhabitants of Jerusalem never be without fish ?

Parce qu'il s'y trouve le gros mosque d'Omar (homards), et toutes les murailles sont détruites, (des truites.)

LOON-A-TIC.

Inquirer.—Is the loon found in Canada ?

Naturalist.—Yes ; I may also mention that the loon is indigenous to the Dominion.

Inquirer.—Ah ! *Lune* is ; then, I suppose, *L'autre* is, too ?

EGG-STATISTICAL.

Palestine was renowned as the land of milk and honey ; Canada has been called the land of milk and eggs. A French friend of DIOGENES was lately in a rural district, where there was abundance of the former, but a great scarcity of the latter. He observed that it was strange there were no eggs where there was so much *lay* (*lait*).

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

CHAUCER is frequently called "The Father of English Poetry ;" but the author of "Henry and Emma" is, in the opinion of DIOGENES, entitled to a Prior claim.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—DIOGENES returns thanks to "Slack," "Solo," and other friends, for communications and suggestions (pictorial and otherwise), of which due use will be made.

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