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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 3 gallon sizes in any quantity, for sale by

W. D. McLAREN,

247 St. Lawrence Street, Corner (639) of St. Catherine.

# 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  
 Vinaigre 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. BURDEN, Book and News Store 27 St. James Street (Diogenes' Office).  
 Foley's Pens are known throughout the United States as the best manufactured

THE COMING  
 "ECLIPSE."  
 GET OUT OF  
 HEARN'S  
 PREPARED  
 GLASSES  
 for observing the Eclipse. To be had only at HEARN'S OPTICAL INSTITUTE, 212 and 214 Notre Dame Street.

Coleridge's  
 LIFE OF KEBLE  
**DAWSON BROS.**  
 Have just received a Memoir of the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, M.A., late Vicar of Hurley, by the Right Hon. Sir J. S. Coleridge, D.C.L. Two vols.  
 —ALSO—  
 "Harmon's London Merchant," a Book for Boys, by R. H. Bourne; "Cord and Creese," by the author of "The Dodge Club," &c., &c.  
 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 and  
 Family Receipts  
 carefully com-  
 pounded.  
 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. 11.—No. 13. MONTREAL, 6th AUGUST, 1869. Price—Five Cents. *J. PALNER*

\$2.50.—A Case of nice Light, Sound, Genuine CLARET for \$2.50 at the  
**ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.**  
 PRESERVED GINGER.—6 lb. Jars for \$1.25, at the **ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.**  
**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,  
CAPE S, HANDKERCHIEFS,  
VEILS, LAPPETS, COIFFURES,  
BARBES, CHEMISETTES,  
FICHUS, CAPE EN PANIER,  
ELIZABETHAN RUFFLES and  
COLLARS, TUNICS & FLOUN-  
CINGS in Brussels, Honiton, Valen-  
ciennes, Maltese, Point de Flandre, Point  
Duchesse, Mirrorcourt and Spanish Point  
Laces.

Wm. McDunnough,

(Successor to James Parkin.)

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 leaves for England  
this day (Friday) week 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.

DRY GOODS.

WHITE COTTONS,  
WHITE LINENS,  
WHITE PIQUES,  
WHITE MARSEILLES,  
FRENCH PRINTS,  
FRENCH BRILLIANTS.

Brown, Claggett & McCarville

463 NOTRE DAME STREET,

Are now open, and offer  
SPECIAL VALUE IN THE ABOVE GOODS.

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 tumblersful 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.

RHENISH & PALATINATE  
WINES.

HOCK AND MOSELLE,

STILL AND SPARKLING.

350 Cases just received, ex "Christian," from Bremen.

"LAUBENHEIM."

"RUDESHEIM."

"JOHANNISBERG" (Prince Metternich's Estate.)

"STEINBERG" (Duke of Nassau's Cabinet.)

"ZELTINGEN."

"BRAUNEBERG."

"NEIRSTEIN."

"HOCHHEIM."

SPARKLING HOCK.

SPARKLING MOSELLE.

SPARKLING BURGUNDY.

ALL FROM THE CELEBRATED FRANKFORT HOUSE OF

FEIST BROTHERS & SONS.

ALSO, IN STOCK,

2,000 CASES CLARET,

From \$2.50 to \$25.00 per Case.

ALEX. MCGIBBON,

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

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. 162 and 164  
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 meet  
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 200, 300 and 400 yards for  
Snider Rifle, and 500, 600 and 1,000 yards for  
All-comers any rifle competition.

Contemplated division of Prizes: 1 for  
Snider Rifle; 2 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 342,  
Post Office, Montreal.

JOHN FLETCHER,

Lieut.-Col.,

Sec'y P. R. A. C.

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.

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

FRENCH Fancy Stationery  
at the DIOGENES' OFFICE, 27  
Great St. James Street.

## OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

No. 9.

"THE OLD DRUNKARD."

An irreclaimable wreck of sixty-five years of age,—a man well connected, well educated, and one who must have been, at one time of his life, possessed of no ordinary ability. This, my dear Cynic, must be a melancholy paper; but my description of my fellow-boarders would be incomplete without it.

He was born in Montreal, and his relations are known and honored. He is unable to work, but has small private means of his own. He has been a widower for thirty years. It is stated that grief for the loss of his wife laid the foundation of his present habits. Our landlady has often threatened to eject him, but the boarders have always interfered in his behalf, because, strange to say, there yet clings to him something that a man can like.

I have known him for years; but, except on one solitary occasion, which I will notice presently, I never remember to have seen him perfectly sober. In fact, he has been continuously drunk for years. Drink has become a necessity of his existence. I do not think that, judged by the quantity he consumes, he can be called a *hard* drinker. His brain and nerves are now in such a condition, that a comparatively small quantity of liquor will produce the amount of intoxication which has, dreadful to say, become essential to his comfort. There is many a strong man who walks our streets with the reputation of a sober man, who drinks more than this poor imbecile. He is aware of his failing or infirmity, (call it what you will), and strives to conceal it. He sits at table, eating, as may be imagined, but little, and in a place somewhat apart, and always reserved for him at his own request. He seems quite conscious that he is not fit company for those around him,—the ladies especially. He seldom opens his mouth, lest his speech may betray him. There is something almost pathetic in this.

"What is a drunken man like?" asks Olivia, in "Twelfth Night," of her witty, sententious Fool. Mark the reply.

"Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman! One draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him."

This poor creature generally contents himself with the first stage,—that of folly,—but when he arrives at the second, he becomes mad, and loses all control over himself. He does not now attempt concealment. All self-respect is gone. He becomes an insufferable nuisance,—an unmitigated bore. His tongue is loosened; he monopolises the whole conversation. He talks trash in the most voluble manner, delivers himself of stupid, childish jokes, and, sometimes,—though, I am bound to say, rarely—becomes insulting. Should any one remonstrate with him, he gets maudlin, sheds tears, and laments that the world has deserted him in his old age. He then, with difficulty and some assistance, retires to his room, and drinks himself into insensibility,—Shakspeare's last stage—that of "drowning." The next morning he refuses to believe that he made a beast of himself over-night.

It is most melancholy to see him in the street. Boys surround and jeer him; and will not go away till he has scrambled among them all the coppers, and sometimes the loose silver, he has about him. He brings liquor home by stealth in his pocket,—by bottles at a time,—which he locks up, no one knows where. Respectable grocers and tavern-keepers know him well, and refuse to serve him. He must buy his liquor at some of the lowest grogeries. On some occasions he brings home with him a set of young loafers, who sponge on him, sit in his room, play low practical jokes on the poor old man, drink his liquor, and get as drunk as himself, and infinitely more noisy. Last night

one of these eruptions occurred. The noise was disgraceful. Mrs. X. went into hysterics, and our landlady was afraid to go into the room. The "old lady," however, boldly entered, remonstrated with the delinquents and threatened the police,—and was insulted for her pains. Now, an insult to the "old lady" is, as I have said before, a thing that our house cannot and will not stand. It is an insult to the house itself. When the Captain heard of it, he quietly got up from his arm-chair, put down his pipe, and took off his coat. He then summoned to his assistance "the scientific boarder" and "the athlete." In a very short time these three ejected from the house five young blackguards, (the poet among their number), who retired yelling impotent threats of vengeance. Having put the old man to bed, peace was soon restored, and I do not think we are likely to be disturbed again in the same way.

I have said that I once saw him quite sober. It was several years ago, when we both boarded in another house. A brother of his had died, and he was going down into the country to attend the funeral. I was also going out of town that morning. We both rose early, and a separate breakfast was provided for us. The old man had promised his relations that he would not, that day, taste a drop until his brother's remains had been placed in the ground. He honestly kept his promise. The sight of him when drunk is always pitiable, but a glimpse of him sober is really terrible. There he was, with eyes glaring, limbs shaking, almost as if paralyzed, and with a painful difficulty of arranging his thoughts. His hand trembled so that he could hardly hold his breakfast cup. Out of sheer compassion I begged him to take at least a little stimulant, and offered to procure it for him. He steadily refused. I then tried to induce him to eat some solid food, but he objected. He drank two cups of strong tea, which only made him worse. I saw the poor fellow off by the train, and I hear that he rigidly kept his vow up to the time specified. Then, as may be imagined, followed a fearful reaction. He was brought home at a late hour quite insensible.

What is to be done with drunkards at this stage? The advice of friends or ministers is now too late. What was originally a moral failing—a sin if you will—has now become a deeply-seated physical disease. I do not believe in the new fashionable word "dipsomania." This is no affection of the brain, but a positive constitutional malady. A gnawing, insatiate craving for alcohol has destroyed the healthy action of the digestive organs. Can no physician prescribe for this? More than one has assured me that he can. When shall we have in Canada that much-desired institution, a Hospital for Inebriates?\*

## PERSONAL.

MR. BARTLEY AND THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY NEWS."—We are requested by Mr. Bartley to say that his remarks at the trial of the pumping engine the other day had no reference to the present editor of the *Daily News*. The abusive articles were written before the present Editor was connected with the paper, and he, after seeing the engine at work last winter, frankly announced its apparent success, which has since been so fully demonstrated.—*Montreal Herald, Wednesday.*

Editors, like people less renowned for veracity, should possess good memories. DIOGENES thinks a good deal of Mr. Bartley's engineering ability, but in ingenuity and poetic license his friend, the Editor, beats him hollow. The "abusive articles" of which Mr. Bartley complained appeared in the *Daily News* some months after the present Editor connected himself with that remarkable journal; and, if Morgan's "Parliamentary Companion, for 1869," (just published,) is to be believed, the Editor-in-Chief has been continuously connected with the *News* from the publication of the first number in 1867. (See page 190.) Under these circumstances the Cynic recommends Mr. Bartley to seek an apology from the present staff of the *News*. Either the Editor or the Editor-in-Chief may properly accord it.

Mr. Morgan will, doubtless, be able to inform Mr. Bartley that he derived his information from an authentic source.

\* The writer does not seem to be aware of the fact that an excellent institution of this nature exists near Quebec.—ED. DIO.



## THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 1.

## EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTIGAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Continued.)

## CHAP. X.

"Way down South, in Dixie."—Patriotic air.

In the city of New Orleans,—home of Creoles, Ku-Klux, and Cholera-morbus,—where Levees totally different to those of Quebec notoriety and St. Sauveur fame, restrain the rolling waters of the Mississippi;—where thieves, cut-throats, and gamblers are thick as Cecils\* in spoiled bacon-ham;—where bowie-knives are a necessity, and where, to be on your guard, a Colt's repeater is the only reliable kind of watch,—there is a street called the Strada di Lazzaroni.

In writing a veracious history, it is necessary to be particular, even in small details, and therefore, à la Anthony Trollope, I would call your attention to the fact that, in the thirteenth house,—a building remarkable for its combination of wealth and bad taste,—lived a family noted for their bank account and position in the city.

A. Head, Esq., to whom, as you have already guessed, this "palatial residence" belonged, was once a pea-nut vendor on the corner of this same street. Even at this early stage of his history he was noted for the extreme sagacity and business talent he displayed; and as he sold his wares to members of the Kirk and Temperance Lecturers at half price, he naturally prospered.

A great man has always his detractors, and some people, envious of Mr. Head's present success, had been heard to assert that he set aside the doubtful nuts for the above purpose. This may or may not be; at all events, he progressed rapidly, was turned out of the Corn Exchange, and, having obtained a contract with Government for the supply of orange-marmalade to the troops, he managed to combine theatre-sweepings and maple syrup with such ingenuity and profit that he soon realized a handsome fortune, bought a plantation down South, attended church regularly three times a day, brought up his children,—the result of his union with his former patroness,—a black orange-woman,—in a superior manner, and, at the date of this history, was anxiously expecting news of the arrival of his only daughter Eva, at New York, whither he had despatched her by the good barque "Dixie," registered A. r. at Lloyds, copper-bottomed, and warranted in everything except reaching her destination in safety.

Five weeks had elapsed and no news had reached them from New York. A. Head grew nervous. Another week went by, and still no news. A. Head became excited. Three more days, and A. Head telegraphed "Any news of the Dixie?" and her agents in New York replied, "No news of the "Dixie!" and A. Head bowed down before Fate. Then came "A message from the Sea," and all the bereaved father said when he read it was, "The Dickens!" for the "message from the sea," which had been picked up floating in a horn, was this: "Long. 102, lat. 8, 5.30 P.M. The gong has just sounded for supper, which awaits us below. Heaven help us,

WE ARE ALL GOING DOWN!!"

## CHAP. XI.

"Je vous suis, Colonel."—Grand Duchesse.

From New Orleans to New York in these days of ocean telegraph, cheap postage, bank defalcations, and all other mercies, (for which let us be truly thankful,) is but a stride, and, therefore, to New York, with your permission, I will transport you somewhat a head of Carrajo and his bride, whom we

\* Query, "Wurrums?"—Ed Dro.

left on the cars rapidly approaching the Gothamite metropolis. Arrived there, Carrajo, with a prophetic anticipation, drove immediately to the *St. Nicholas*, and deposited his wife in her room; but the remembrance of Sara becoming too strong for him, he sallied out, in company with one of the "helps" of the establishment, to engage passage for himself and wife by the steamer for New Orleans. This done, he returned to the Hotel, where Eva awaited him with all the anxiety of a six-days' bride.

"Why so long away?" she asked, as his manly form loomed up in the doorway. "What was't detained thee?"

"A most important matter, my dear," replied her husband.

"Hearing that Cullen was on our track, I hurried off with all our available silver to the brokers."

A dreadful suspicion shot across Eva's mind as Carrajo spoke. There was no dog-law in New York,—had he, then, been bitten by some rabid cur? was the Chief bent on that madness which this way lies? 'Twas a terrible thought, but was speedily dismissed as he whispered an explanation:

"'Twas the only thing to do, my dear; with the police at our heels you could scarcely blame me for wanting to change our quarters."

Intensely relieved, Eva bent her head for a caress, and the remainder of the day these two turtle doves passed in each other's society, "the world forgetting—by the world forgot." Carrajo, in the morning, was of opinion that the "cooing" was immeasurably preferable to the "billing," when the clerk presented his "little account."

This done,—(how easy for a writer of fiction to "arrange that little matter!")—they drove down to the wharf in a "caleche,"—pardon me, I had forgotten that New York is a little behind Quebec in several matters, and has not yet adopted that mystery of discomfort and extortion, of which the latter city is so proud.—

They were "hacked" down, however, by an "Irish American," who showed his contempt for the Saxon race by charging them treble the correct fare, and upsetting them into an "illigant" mud-heap on the corner of a street.

The steamer in which they were to embark was one of the old style constructed of wood, and as they stepped on deck, they felt that, literally and nautically, they were at last "on board," and then they went below to arrange their effects.

An old repartee of childhood has it that, in some cases "a person's room is better than his company." Carrajo and Eva,—boxed up in a small apartment, four feet by seven, their home on the rolling deep, and countless uninvited guests practising *flautotomy* on them with the most aggravating success,—were unable to see the force of the statement, and thought that the one was as bad as the other and a great deal worse.

We are anticipating, however.

As the vessel left her dock, Carrajo, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Mark Twain, profited by one of that author's suggestions, and raising his hat to the assembled crowd, shouted in his most impressive manner, "Good-bye, good-bye, Colonel!" Two-thirds of the people on the wharf returned the salutation, and one man, who had been a Brevet Ass. Paymaster's Clerk in the U.S.A., was taken away in a carriage, and a medical man called in, who, after an examination, was reluctantly compelled to leave him to his fate. 'Twas a sad case, but nothing could save him, as he was too evidently

BURSTING WITH IMPORTANCE!!

## CHAP. XII.

"—There are heads to be broke."—Bonnie Dundee.

The Sea, Vast, Illimitable,—the Land, Narrow, Cramped, Hugely-Peopled, Antithesis of Nature: thus—Victor Hugo. The sea, raging, sickening, fear-compelling,—the land, firm,

reliable, preferable in the extreme: thus—Carrajo and Eva, as on board that straining, tugging, snorting mass of wood and iron known as the steamship "Evening Star," they felt the fury of an Equinoctial gale.

A fearful night—waves hissing, rushing—wind howling—clouds scowling—Eva Head, heaving ahead—the elements, striving madly, fighting frantically, as if by their pugilistic efforts, they might *bax the compass*.

Down below in the saloon, Eva reading the biography of the Whistler at the Plough, which had been recommended to her as intensely comic—Carrajo sipping whisky-punch from a tumbler, which was so weak, he said it ought to be called "Grand Duchess toddy," it was such *barren grog*.

Suddenly a cry, a frightful cry, "A leak—a leak—fire—the ship is sinking!" aroused Carrajo from his reverie, and caused him to rush madly on deck; there a fearful sight met his eye. Unperceived by the crew, a terrible leak had gained upon them so fast that the *yards* were scarce *three feet* above water, and the vessel, unlike human bankrupts, was "settling" fast.

To lower a boat, fill it with preserved meats, a compass, and a bound volume of the *New Dominion Monthly* for ballast, to lower Eva on to the thwarts with a boat-hook, to push off from the sinking ship, and steer madly N.E. by S.W. one quarter South, was with Carrajo the work of a moment;—little did he heed the terrible accident that was so soon to befall him. Not three boats' lengths had he left the ship when his oar broke in two places; and then, and not till then, did Eva give way to despair. What was to become of her—what was to become of them both, indeed, now that her better-half had thus

FRACTURED HIS SCULL!!!

(To be continued.)

### LITTLE PEDDLINGTON'S LAMENT.

Little Peddlington is a small non-progressive semi-military village, not many leagues from what people never tire of calling the "Commercial Emporium" of the Dominion. The inhabitants are, mostly, tavernkeepers, promoted cordwainers, some bankrupt and otherwise broken-down merchants, and a respectable number of old fogies. All these people, like to be considered somebodies, and good natured outsiders are disposed to let them enjoy their pleasant hallucinations. Up to a recent period, Little Peddlington has been happy, but a change has come over it, a war note has been sounded, and the whole village is up in arms! The *Montreal Gazette*, (naughty *Gazette*), not having the fear of the Peddlingtonians before its eyes, has actually had the audacity to recommend to the Government, that the Military Barracks,—heretofore the glory of the village, but now, alas! untenanted,—shall be converted into a lunatic asylum! "Horror of Horrors! are the troops to be shut out from us forever? Is gallantry to be permanently snuffed out by imbecility? Forbid it Wyndham! What is to become of our daughters? who will sustain our Bonifaces? where can we hold promenades and picnics? who will steer our toboggans and toast our muffins? No Mister *Gazette* it shall not be."

DIOGENES is informed that Little Peddlington has petitioned, and got snubbed for its pains. It waileth in desolation, and refuseth to be comforted, because there is no likelihood of the Fenians making an immediate advance! Unhappy Peddlington! As the old woman said to the rats and mice, "there's a time coming for you!" For the present, DIOGENES, in the language of Monte Christo, recommends you to WAIT AND HOPE.

Why are people who live near the Cemetery like Æneas? Because they can say "*Tot funera pass-us.*"

### POPULUS VULT DECIPI.

The subject of Tennyson's new poem is the grand old legend of "The Quest of the Holy Grail." The fastidious author is at present in Switzerland, engaged in revising his *magnum opus* for the press. It is written in blank verse, and will form a companion volume to "Idylls of the King." The Cynic having received from his friend, the Laureate, a few specimens of the forthcoming poem, presents the Canadian public with a characteristic fragment.

Sir Lancelot and the other Knights of the Round Table have gone forth with Sir Galahad in search of the Holy Grail, and no tidings have as yet been heard of them. Some time has elapsed, and Queen Guenevere (who had parted from her lover with great sorrow,) is almost in despair. The poem continues:—

"The snow-drop pierced the snow; with belts of fire  
The crocus lit the borders: Spring o'er ran  
The earth, fleet-footed, till the white-thorn bush  
Broke into milky blossom of the May.  
Queen Guenevere, with absent eyes, and cheeks  
Love-pallid, paced her pleasaunce to and fro,  
And twisted posies of red gilly-flowers,  
Pansies and purple-globed anemones,  
Then tossed them from her in a storm of sighs.

One morn, when summer verged on its decline,  
A straggling cavalcade of pilgrim's passed,  
Foot-sore, beneath the walls of Camelot;  
A woeful crew! riddled by wind and storm,  
Mere rags and relics of humanity,  
A vision of dry bones. These, one and all,  
She questioned, and, with cracked and blistered lips,  
They babbled of strange lands and savage men,  
Of dungeons and disasters, racks and chains—  
But of Sir Lancelot tidings had they none.  
So, with cold thanks, she sped them on their way,  
And laughed a vacant laugh to see them flit,  
A string of scarecrows, through the yellowing corn.

Then swarthy reapers thronged the harvest-fields,—  
The sickle glittered in the sun; the shocks  
Stood berry-brown; and to each homestead came  
Bare-footed monks, with pouches open-mouthed,  
Alms-begging for the needs of Mother-Church;  
A sheaf of lilies for St. Cunegunde,  
Or annual levy of St. Peter's pence.  
Such, from her lattice leaning, Guenevere  
Would beckon, and, into greedy hands upheld,  
Drop royal dole, and to their garrulous talk,  
With hungry ears give heed. Alas! in vain!  
For of Sir Lancelot tidings had they none.

So evermore the months drew to a close;  
The apple ripened to its ruddy prime;  
The pear dropped, golden, in the orchard grass;  
Athwart the gusty sky long flights of storks,  
With whirl of wing and noisy clap of beak,  
Passed southward.....Still no tidings, and the Queen,  
At midnight, kneeling in her oratory,  
A *mea culpa!* quivering on her lip,  
A *MEA MAXIMA CULPA!* heard the bells  
Roll forth their brazen clangour o'er the world,  
Ring out the Old Year, welcome in the New."

### WHAT IS AN AUDITOR?

Langton's definition very indefinite. Reply per telegram, (he knows), from Reiffenstein:—An officer whose especial duty is *not* to detect peculations—only to cast up and balance them!



THE NATIONAL GAME.  
A FRIENDLY CONTEST BETWEEN WHITE, YELLOW, AND RED.  
(Dedicated to "Evergreen" Hughes.)

#### A DECENT KIND OF YANKEE.

"Won't you let me have a license?" said the Yankee to the Mayor,  
"I've got the finest sarpint show, e'er caused Canucks to stare,

Its contents are a monster snake, and a woman called the Fat,  
—And you may go in and examine it, and if everything ain't genuine, why—

I swear I'll eat my hat!"

And the Mayor replied, in dulcet tones, "What is to be must be,

And I might as well oblige a race who've often favored me,"  
So he gave consent to erect a tent, if he'd play no hanky-panky,

Nor impose upon Canadians,—though he could hardly do that,—he was

Such a decent kind of Yankee!

(But on the morrow, the Mayor found that he was a victim of misplaced confidence, and this is what the Recorder said to the decent kind of Yankee before he awarded him \$2.50 or fifteen days:)

"Won't you step into the dock, please," said His Honor to the Yank,

"They tell me you were drunk last night,—I thought you never drank?

You oughtn't thus to fool a man, who, though a little cranky, Is a very good workman, though somewhat out in his estimate of a

*Decent kind of Yankee!*"

#### STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

"The country is in a most disorganized condition. Paper money is forced upon the people on pain of death."—*Telegraphic Despatch from Japan.*

With reference to the above telegram, DIOGENES has received the following communication from an impecunious contributor. The Cynic suppresses the names of a numerous party, who intend accompanying his correspondent, from dread, lest premature disclosure should tend to frustrate their laudable design. Should the projected exodus be happily carried out, he anticipates that his office of censor will become almost a sinecure, owing to the clearance of the social and political atmosphere. He congratulates the Japanese on the advent of their distinguished visitors, and to the latter he earnestly commends the study of the manners and customs of their new country,—especially *kari-kari*,—and emphatically wishes them a *happy dispatch*:—

"Hurrah! my dear, old boy,—Eldorado is discovered at last! Did you see the telegraphic news from Japan? '*Paper money forced upon the people on pain of death!*' I'm off by next steamer. Alderman ——— joins me, also . . . . . besides . . . . . of the O. P.; and we expect to recruit largely at Quebec from the City Fathers. Won't we put the innocent *Japs* up to a thing or two in the way of Expropriation, Drill-Sheds, Public Parks, &c., &c.

"Now, old fellow, you remember when you made me that *last* little advance, it was understood that it *was* the *last*; but you see, my dear old Cynic, this is an exceptional case, and, as the Allans' won't give tick, I am bound to raise the passage-money somehow, and you shall be sure to have a remittance of that aforesaid paper-money,—none of your dirty silver,—as soon as we arrive. Now, remember, this is the last opportunity you will have of obliging yours truly, and I expect you to respond favorably—like a jolly old brick as you are." . . . . .





"A RATHER DECENT KIND OF A YANKEE."





## RECIPROCITY.

The *Gazette* recognises the necessity of a Dominion Directory, and editorially draws attention to a projected publication. The *News* immediately announces in an editorial that the first sheets of the Year Book are in the press, and that the value and correctness of the volume for 1870 is assured.

Caw me—caw thee!

DIOGENES congratulates the whilom belligerents on the restoration of tranquillity.

## AN ADMIRER OF YANKEE INSTITUTIONS.

The present Mayor of Montreal is expected, by some of the citizens, to be a sort of human Pheenix,—a paragon of perfection, a model of impeccability. He is at times gravely censured, apparently because he fails to combine, in his own person, the varied excellencies and virtues of King Arthur, the Chevalier Bayard, Plato, the "Admirable" Crichton, John Bunyan, St. Antony, George Peabody, Captain Hedley Vicars, and Mrs. Fry. Tried by this exalted standard, Mr. Workman must, undoubtedly, be pronounced a failure, for it is doing no injustice to him to admit, frankly, that he is not the master-piece of creation. At the same time, it is hardly fair of the public to criticise too minutely his most insignificant acts, or to analyze, as if they were oracular, his unpremeditated speeches.

Last week, a correspondent or the *Daily Witness* seemed much dissatisfied with one of his utterances. "The Mayor" (wrote a "Church Member") "has cast a slur on clergymen generally by saying that 'he had received letters from different quarters, from clergymen and other men of standing, testifying to the entire respectability of the Circus, and he had consented to allow the old Haymarket to be used.'" The correspondent further asserted that "the clergyman who would testify to the entire respectability of a travelling Circus is not worthy of the name," and concluded by saying, "The Mayor would confer a favor on the religious public by giving the names of the clergymen alluded to." To this letter there was appended the following note: "[If His Worship the Mayor will send us the names of the parties referred to, we will give them publicity.—ED. WRE.]"

DIOGENES is of opinion that this is too hard on the Mayor. First, he is told that no clergyman is worthy of the name, who, &c., and then he is asked to give the "religious public" the names of the clergymen who, &c. There is a great deal of cant about all this, which will not raise the "religious public" in the estimation of the general public. If "Church Member" were really a Christian and a charitable man, believing that no worthy clergyman can say a word in favor of the decency of a Circus, he would have refrained from asking for the names of the erring clergymen. No good could have followed the public "posting" of their names. It would simply have been a gratuitous advertisement for the Circus, and Mr. Workman's clerical correspondences (who are, probably, Yankees) would smile at the impotent rage of a Montreal "Church Member."

But, perhaps, this gentleman disbelieved the Mayor's statement, and wished to put it to the proof. This is by no means unlikely,—as "Church Member," of course, excluded him from the select *clique* of the "religious public." Under any circumstances, the Mayor acted wisely in ignoring the letter and the editorial note. The communication, however, may yet be productive of some good. It may teach him to be cautious, in future, about speaking too freely in favor of Yankee strangers. A contemporary journal states that the proprietor of a show, whom His Worship described to the Council as a "decent sort of a Yankee," was, two mornings afterwards, confined in the Central Station for being drunk. If the Mayor is not too proud to take the advice of the Cynic, he will refrain from displaying, conspicuously, his inordinate admiration of Uncle Sam. He has not yet attempted to deny the statement of the *Tribune's* correspondent that he is in favor of Annexation; but something will soon have to be said on that question, if, as rumor has it, he is desirous of becoming the M. P. for Montreal West. He can afford, perhaps, to risk a few votes of the "religious public" by avowing his belief in the respectability of a Circus, but he can hardly be returned as member of the House of Commons, unless he repudiates, like his brother, the principles attributed to him.

## THE WORST YET.

What is the difference, asked Alderman ———, at a late Council meeting, between a nail and a quadruped? Alderman Cute immediately raised a point of order, and, after a hot debate, His Worship decided that the question could not be put. Alderman ——— volunteered an answer, and DIOGENES thinks, in the whole course of his experience, he has never encountered anything more atrocious. "Because," said he, "the one may be a C. A. T. and the other a T. A. C. (k)." His Worship was suddenly seized with a fit of indigestion, and did not recover in time for the Water-Works banquet in aid of another engine. It is needless to say he was sadly missed.

## BATHOS.

She sits beneath the maple's verdant shade,—  
The hum of Summer bees is in her ear;  
Around her lies the forest green and fair,  
And at her feet the streamlet gurgles clear.

A pure white robe her slender figure drapes,  
Her ebon hair falls down in graceful cluster;  
Description fails,—the poet merely states,  
In one terse sentence, *that she was a buster!*

Her face upturned toward the flickering light,  
That, broken by the branches, quivering falls;  
She seems the vision of a poet's dream,—  
Too pure for earthly halls.

Her dear lips moan,—are they the murmur'd words  
Of Love, that from those sweet twin-rosebuds come?  
Ah, no! the poet much regrets to state  
*That she was chewing gum!*

A balmy odour fills the air around,  
Tempting the bees about the spot to hover;  
Is it the scent from distant fields of hay,  
Or the sweet smell of clover?

Or emanation from some far off clime,  
Borne hither on the west-wind's perfum'd pinions?  
Oh, no! the odour is of pure home growth,—  
It is the *smell of Ingyns!*

## A TEMPEST IN A TEA-KETTLE.

DIOGENES has had the pleasure of perusing a copy of what Hood would have called a weakly periodical, called the *Revolution*, which has for its editor, or editress, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and which advocates "Woman's Rights" *pur et simple*. It goes in strongly for women doctors, women teachers, the right of ballot, and the right of "popping the question."

The Cynic is well aware what a well-worn subject this "Woman's Rights" affair is by this time, but the question has lately come before him in a new light. Fancy a good-looking man,—like the Philosopher for instance,—being invaded in his Tub by some score of impecunious but matrimonially-inclined females, all anxious to name the day; and imagine the Cynic's blushes at being compelled to refer them to Papa!

But this is hardly the idea with which the Cynic commenced this article.

The *Revolution* flings out its banner with the cry, "Men, their rights, and nothing more; Women, their rights, and nothing less," and, immediately underneath this "platform," appears a small paragraph which the fair editress must have inserted in a spirit of quiet satire:

"A woman, who has been living, for the last ten days, at Warsaw, (Ind.) was found dead in her room. At the Coroner's inquest the jury returned a verdict of 'Death from tight-lacing; the woman had been separated from her husband for some time.'"

This is one of woman's rights,—of *cors-et-it!*

## UNFOUNDED RUMOUR.

The Toronto *Telegraph* is improving, and some of its jokes are really worth preserving. The other day it gravely stated Mr. C. J. Brydges as Finance Minister, *vice* Rose about to be shelled! Since then DIOGENES has been put in possession of a news item, which, he has reason to believe, comes from a thoroughly trustworthy source. It is that there is no truth whatever in the report (that Dr. McCaul is about to retire from the Presidency of University College, Toronto. Mr. Brydges, Managing Director of the G. T. R., and Commissioner of the I. R., will not, therefore, be appointed Professor of Classical Literature in the learned Doctor's place.

## "AMUSEMENTS."

Acrobats, trained poodles, and juggling mountebanks are the order of the day. The Montreal "Theatre Royal" (heaven save the mark!) has been turned into a Circus,—and, by consequence, it is crowded every night. Disconsolate husbands, oppressed with the tedium of temporary bachelorhood, go there to admire "lascivious pleassings" and symmetrical haunches,—the usual ragged pit and dirty gallery yell applause,—strongly impregnated with onions and forty-rod,—at a bastard and Yankeeified performance of Punch and Judy! A Midsummer Pantomime is gone through, with accessories we remember to have seen half-a-dozen times before. A correspondent wrote last week: "It will be difficult to find in this or any other country the equal of the Montreal Theatre in the way of defective ventilation, tawdry decoration, and general unfitness for respectable representations." The Cynic entirely coincides. The Theatre and the Management are behind the times. He will go further, and say that dissatisfaction "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SHAKSPERE AT FAULT.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

From my youth up, I have been an admirer of Shakspeare, and, for a more limited period, I have also admired my Angelina, (surname, Jones,) but, since my Angelina has taken to wearing the short dresses now in vogue, my confidence in the infallibility of my favorite Bard has been sadly shaken. He tells us, without any reservation, that—

"There's a Divinity that *shapes our ends*  
Rough-hew them how we will."

But if the immortal "Williams" could have seen my Angelina's pedal extremities before writing those lines, he would have felt compelled materially to qualify his assertion, and to admit that the operation of "shaping the ends" of my *fiancée* had been most unaccountably omitted. In every other respect my Angelina is perfection, but even my partiality cannot disguise the fact that her feet are of the size and shape of a beetle-trap, and are covered with excrescences resembling those of an ill-made plum-pie! You will naturally ask how it happened that I did not discover this imperfection previous to committing myself by "popping the question," but the fact is, my dear DIOGENES, that, hitherto, my betrothed has insisted on wearing long and trailing dresses, characterizing the others as vulgar and immodest, and it is only since I have been fast tied that she has followed the prevailing fashion and given me an opportunity of making those investigations that have resulted so disastrously.

My Angelina has a high spirit, and I dare not, myself, ask her to resume the long trains, but perhaps you will write something in your paper on the subject that will produce the desired effect without compromising

Your constant friend,

JOSEPH GREEN.

## THE IMMORALITY OF LACROSSE.

To the Editor of DIOGENES:—

SIR,—I am a Merchant,—one of the good, old-fashioned sort,—and I have no patience with the waddle that is talked now-a-days about giving young men half-holidays for recreation, and encouraging them in athletic sports:—stuff and nonsense! When I was a young man, the walk to and from our place of business was considered quite enough of exercise for any clerk. True, the supporters of these new-fangled notions say that if I, in my younger days, had taken more of out-door exercise, I should not be gouty and dyspeptic, as I am now; but that's rubbish,—if, indeed, it is not flying in the face of Providence, who, doubtless, inflicts these diseases with a wise motive. But what I want to say is this, that a circumstance came under my own notice, a few mornings ago, which confirms me in my opinion, that these violent out-door games, and especially "Lacrosse," are not only a shameful waste of valuable time, but also tend to encourage immorality among the players. The circumstance to which I allude is this: I was taking a quiet walk, early in the morning, along Sherbrooke Street,—(my medical man insists on this, or you wouldn't catch me turning out of my comfortable bed before breakfast-time.)—when my attention was directed to about a score of respectable-looking young men rushing violently about in a field in pursuit of a ball, expending a vast amount of energy that legitimately belongs to their employers, and striking at each other with heavy sticks in a manner that led me to expect, any moment, that some of their limbs would be broken. As I consider anything preferable to walking, I turned into the field to watch them for a few minutes. In the centre was a tall man,—old enough to know

better,—who was apparently engaged in directing the movements of these young lunatics, and encouraging instead of restraining their absurdity. With a stentorian voice, he shouted, over and over again, "Mind, boys, *stick to your cheques!*" Now, sir, here's a pretty state of things! To my certain knowledge many of those young men hold responsible situations in mercantile houses, and have large amounts of money passing through their hands; and as they are certainly not in positions to keep banking accounts of their own, it can only be their employers' funds that they were directed in such a barefaced manner to "stick to." After this, I should think no one would venture to assert that these exercises tend to keep young men out of mischief, and I depend on your valuable aid to put the thing down; meantime, I will take very good care that no member of these clubs shall enter my employ so long as I remain one of the firm of

GROWLER &amp; Co.

## LACHINE AND LOYALTY.

Report hath it, that certain amateurs of Montreal's aquatic suburb, with considerable "love of music in their souls," gave a performance the other evening, before one of the most select audiences Canadian Cockneyville can boast. So be it; if they choose to "make night hideous," it is none of the Cynic's business, but he is sorry to hear—and trusts that Dame Rumour in this instance is as unreliable as ever—that the National Anthem was omitted, because some would-be Brummel declared it to be *out of fashion!*

Shades of the Pillory and Cart-tail, the Cynic invokes ye!

## WORTH CONSIDERATION.

It has been observed that where there are no doctors there is no sickness; that litigation is unknown where lawyers are not. Would it not be well to try whether the banishment of Insurance Agents, would not put a stop to conflagrations?

## WHICH IS THE CHRISTIAN AND WHICH IS THE "DO?"

It seems that Mr. Reiffenstein's intimate friends, recollecting his "splendid hospitality," in no way require the symphony of the general public. "It is not," they say, "a small thing like this which is to break down the high estate of a distinguished financier." DIOGENES learns, that since Mr. R. crossed the St. Lawrence, he has taken very high ground, and positively declines to return to his old situation unless he receives a public apology and is accorded an increase of salary. If the past furnishes any criterion for the future, it is more than likely that he will get both.

## "THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL."

The London *Telegraph* is one of the most interesting of English journals, but among the members of its editorial staff is a writer who has earned for himself the name of the "literary body-snatcher." His great *forte* lies in quotations. Like some people in Canada and elsewhere, he seems to imagine that the highest quality of a literary man consists in being able to string together a number of sentences from Shakspeare, or some other well-known writer, all bearing some reference to the subject on which he is supposed to treat.—*Daily News*.

The Cynic thinks there is just a grain of salt in the above, but disapproves of it, inasmuch as it is particularly hard on KING, who, being absent, is unable to defend himself. The Editor evidently does not understand *esprit de corps*.

## THE FASHIONS.

AFFECTIONATE SISTER,—*robed in dress fresh from the milliner's*:—"What do you think of this, Augustus?" (triumphantly.)

AUGUSTUS,—*a malicious and unforgotten wretch*:—"Why, Mag., I thought you had thrown off short dresses long ago! They're surely out of date."

MAG., not now particularly affectionate, thinks Gus', an owl, walks away with a gesture of superb *hauteur*, and determines never to ask his opinion again. *Tableau*.

A NEVER-FAILING SOPORIFIC.—A Government appointment.

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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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THE SPECIAL USES OF THIS BATH  
Are to secure PERFECT CLEANLINESS, to  
PRESERVE THE HEALTH, and, for the treat-  
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Bilious Derangements, Scrofula, Bronchitis,  
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Circulars with full particulars and all infor-  
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Messrs. RICE BROTHERS, the Proprietors of the FACTORY, have constantly on hand a large supply of PAPER COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRT-FRONTs, &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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GEORGE ARMSTRONG,  
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CHAMBER AND PARLOUR SUITES.  
Manufacturer of  
ELASTIC SPONGE MATTRESSES  
Superior to Curled Hair.

HEARSEs, Coffins, CrapeS,  
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FOR A TERM OF YEARS,  
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THE BREWERY and PLANT in  
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The Malt Floors, Kils, and Grain Loft might be used separately; or the whole might be turned into a Factory, where extensive Vaults would be of service.

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THE Subscribers have on hand a first rate assortment of English and American GAS FIXTURES, consisting of

LACQUERED AND BRONZE GASALIERs,  
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All kinds of GLASS GLOBES, Plain, Cut and Engraved, FANCY SHADES, &c., which they will sell at extremely low prices.

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FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.  
ONE PENNY EACH IN WRAPPERS.

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The best and cheapest newspaper in the world. Orders from City Newsdealers must be sent in every Wednesday previous to the day of publication.  
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CARLTON RESTAURANT  
By J. MARTIN,

IS NOW OPEN.

WITH A CHOICE SELECTION OF

WINES, SPIRITS, LIQUEURS, &c.

Luncheons from 12 to 3.

DINNERS & SUPPERS AT ALL HOURS

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Five Doors West of St. Peter.

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A RECORD OF PUBLIC EVENTS IN CANADA DURING THAT YEAR.

Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN.  
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SILKS,

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W. CLENDINNENG,  
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Founder, and Manufacturer of Stoves, &c.,  
Works, 165 to 179 William Street,  
City Sample and Sale Room, 118 and 120  
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Has Removed to

No. 353 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
Six Doors from St. Francois Xavier,  
Over DeZouche Bros.,

WHERE may be found New  
and Beautiful Designs of WINDOW  
SHADES for DWELLINGS and STORES,  
CAMPBELL'S PATENT CURTAIN  
FIXTURES in Stock, &c.

Remember the No.,

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INDIA AND CHINA  
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39 BLEURY STREET,  
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Teas of Every Kind  
IN ANY QUANTITY,

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Uncolored Japan Teas from 52 cents; Pure  
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TRADE MARK ON EACH PACKAGE.

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Has just received from Havana a very CHOICE  
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CIGAR AND SAMPLE ROOM,

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Opposite the Hall, and next door to Post-Office

GOODALL'S Playing Cards,  
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PAPER & ENVELOPES, at the DIOGENES'  
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JUST RECEIVED,

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CRYSTAL GASALIERS,  
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CRYSTAL HALL LAMPS.

FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICES,  
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WILL FIND  
REGISTERS of all sizes,  
CHIMNEY CAPS, double and single,  
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And every description of  
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Stocks and Bonds bought and sold.  
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THIS HOTEL is now open  
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Smoking Rooms; enlargement of Dining  
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