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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 ½ 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.

Smoked Salmon.

BONELESS.

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

Without exception the finest fish in market.

KEMP & BROWN,
Grocers,
McGill corner
Lemoine street.

ONTARIO

MEDICAL HALL

265

Notre Dame Street.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully compounded.

The Largest Stock of Surgical Instruments in the City.

C. G. Wilson

Chemist & Druggist.

KAMOURASKA.

Sea-Bathing.

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

Mrs. H. SMITH,
Albion House,
KAMOURASKA.

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

Music.

MUSIC at a price within the reach of all.

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

DeZouche Bros.,

351

Notre Dame Street.

Paper Hangings.

THE most complete Stock of WALL PAPERS in the City.

Splendid Patterns at very moderate rates.

DeZouche Bros.,

351

Notre Dame Street.

(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

ALL THE LATEST

ENGLISH

AND

AMERICAN

FASHION

BOOKS

AT THE

Diogenes' Office,

27 St. James St.

Bishop Oxenden's

WORKS.

DAWSON BROS. have

just received:

The Pastoral Office;

its duties, difficulties,

privileges and prospects.

Portraits from the

Bible—New Testa-

ment Series.

Short Lectures on

the Sunday Gospels

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Safety; or, Counsel

to the Awakened

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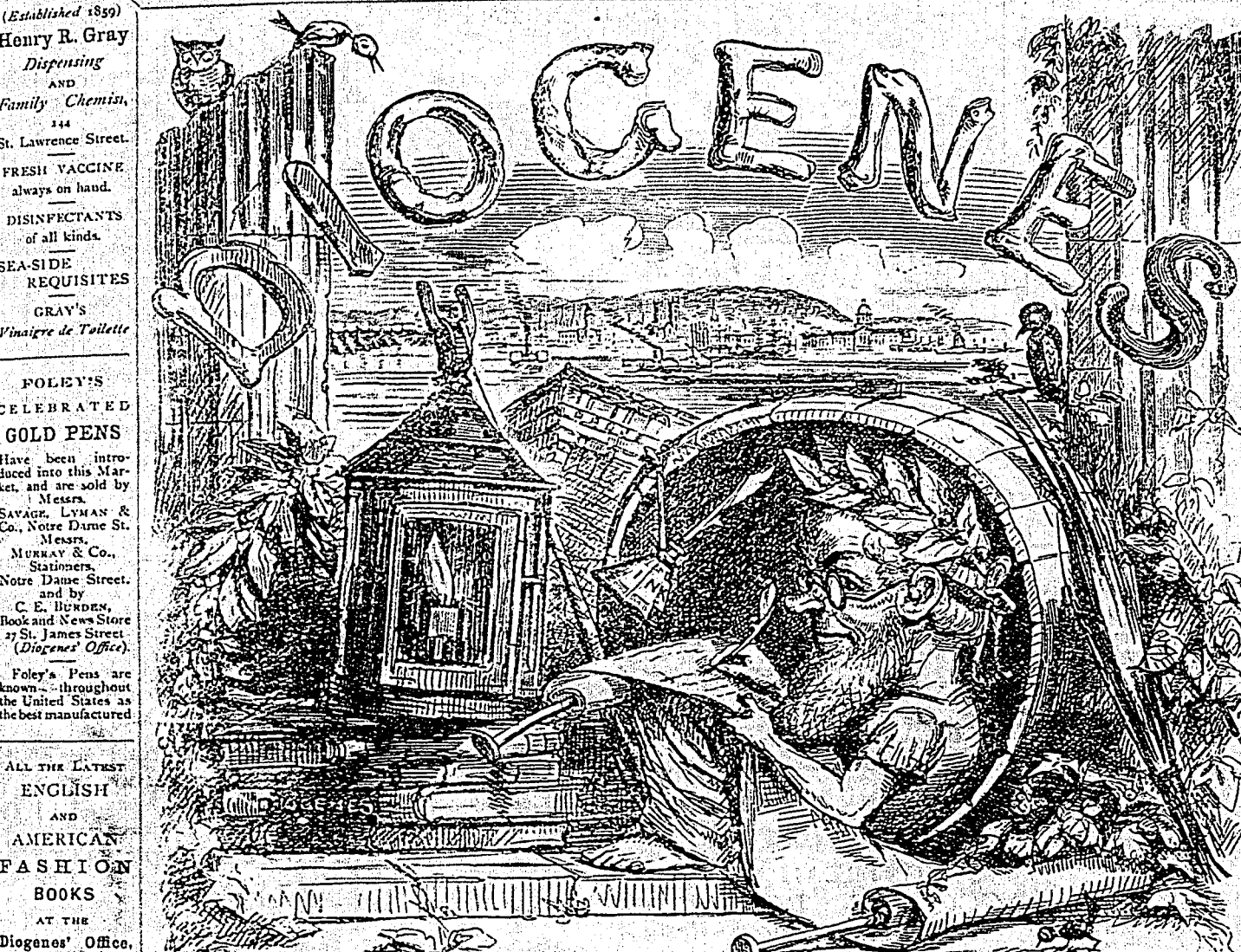
of Preparation for the

Lord's Table.

For Sale at Nos.

55 to 59 St. James

Street.



Vol. II.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, 3rd SEPTEMBER, 1869.

Price—Five Cents.

LOCHFINE HERRINGS,

A FRESH SUPPLY JUST RECEIVED, EX "OTTAWA."

ALEX. MCGIBBON, Italian Warehouse.

MONTREAL
Agricultural & Horticultural
Society's
ANNUAL EXHIBITION

on the
14th, 15th & 16th days of September
next, in the

VICTORIA SKATING RINK,
DRUMMOND STREET.

PRIZES OPEN TO ALL CANADA FOR
FRUITS,

FLOWERS,
VEGETABLES,
AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS,

POULTRY,
SINGING BIRDS,

&c., &c., &c.

Special Prizes for Plants Cultivated by
Children.

Prize Lists and all information may be obtained from the Secretary.

J. E. PELL, Secretary,
159 St. Antoine Street.

August 18, 1869.

To Smokers.

LATEST

LONDON NOVELTIES

THE "ABYSSINIAN" PIPE

AND

"SENSATION" POUCH,

AT

MCCONKEY'S,

32 St. James Street,

(Opposite the "Hall").

Wholesale Stationery.

(Circular.)

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

WHOLESALE

STATIONERY BUSINESS

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

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

The undersigned left for England on Friday, 6th inst., in order to purchase 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 inspection shortly after the 1st Sept.

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, 20th Aug., 1869.

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.

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Montreal.

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

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

IMMEDIATE RELIEF AND EVENTUAL CURE.

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

Directions for their use.

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

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

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

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

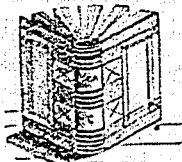
All communications must be addressed to the proprietors,

WINNING, HILL & WARE.

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

Cheap First-class Account Books.

MONTREAL
ACCOUNT BOOK COPYING PRESSES.
MANUFACTORY.



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

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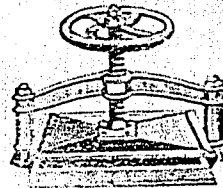
An extensive assortment of

Office Stationery.

SALE

OF

COPYING PRESSES.



THE LARGEST & BEST ASSORTMENT OF

Copying Presses

IN CANADA,

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

AT

JAS. SUTHERLAND'S

(Late R. WEIR & COMPANY)

STATIONERY WAREHOUSE,

160 & 162 St. James Street.

TO TOURISTS.

Henderson's First-class Photographs and
Stereoscopic Slides
OF LOCAL SCENERY,
At the Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James Street.

Alex Henderson,
PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE
Photographer.

All kinds of Out-door Photography
executed.

Canadian Landscapes in great variety.

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

LIGHT WINES

AT PRIVATE SALE.

WE have still on hand about 40 (FORTY) Cases of those Choice RHENISH WINES which have been so much approved. We have just received instructions to close them. They belong to a house in France, and are probably the best sample that has been, or is likely to be, in this market for some time. There remain—

17 Cases of RUDESHEIMER

7 " GEISENHEIMER

17 " LIEBFRAUMLICH

Please apply immediately.

JOHN LEEMING & CO.,

Auctioneers.

BEST ASSORTMENT OF
SILKS,

FELVETS,

POPLINS, and

SHAWLS,

To be found in Town at

BROWN, CLAGGETT & McCARVILLE'S

463 Notre Dame Street, West End.

DISSOLUTION OF
PARTNERSHIP.

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

JAMES SUTHERLAND.

ROBERT WEIR.

CIRCULAR.

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

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

No. II.

THE OLD GERMAN—(Concluded).

Dinner was over, and we adjourned, as agreed, to the Captain's room to hold one of Elector Frederick's "tobacco parliaments," on the subject of the old German. There were several most remarkable changes in the disposition of the room. A folio of line engravings,—views of Nuremburg and the neighbourhood,—lay, as if by accident, on the table; and beside it, a finely illustrated copy of Uhland, the artist's poet, *par excellence*. And, ("Oh, Captain, you hypocrite!") how was it, that, open on the desk of the reading chair, lay an old copy of the rhymes of Hans Sachs, the Nuremburg cobbler,—a book which, I am sure, had not been taken down from the shelf for many a year? All the German pipes from the "museum" had been cleared and lay ready for use. The force of hypocrisy could no farther go! Yes, it could! The Captain's usual tippie, after dinner, consisted of two glasses—(never more)—of old port wine, of a flavour generally unknown to Montreal logwood drinkers. What does this refined humbug do on this occasion but go to the cupboard in the most matter-of-course way in the world, produce a bottle of red Assmanshäuser, sufficiently sour to make any German's eye sparkle with delight! This, then, accounts for the hamper which I saw coming in this afternoon! Well, I forgive you this time! You did your best to give the old man pleasure, and you succeeded.

The preliminaries were soon arranged. It was settled that the old man's daughter and her child were to be moved in next day. It was no use demurring,—the matter was settled. The landlady had already got the room ready. The Captain forced upon the old man the acceptance of a cheque,—of course for a much larger amount than was necessary.—The German was like wax in his hands now. The genial qualities of the tobacco and Rhenish, had artfully opened the way for a torrent of precipitous energy on the part of the Captain, which was alarming to contemplate! The natures of both men seemed completely changed, and for the better. I cannot but think that the world would be none the worse if the rich and poor were to rub themselves against each other a little more than they do.

And then the Captain set himself to work at a task which few could perform better than he. This was to draw the old man out. The gift of oratory is a great one, but that of conversation is greater still. Brethren on the other side of the lines! you are, perhaps, the most fluent *speakers* in the world, and the worst *talkers*! But this is a digression.

The Captain began the conversation by talking of art, and of old Bavarian art in particular. This set the old man going at once. He was soon deep in Albert Durer, Adam Kraft, and Peter Vischer. Then he wandered to Munich and its modern wonders. Then naughty old King Ludwig appeared on the scene, and the talk soon turned on politics, and the vicissitudes of the House of Hapsburg. It is curious to remark the change of feeling that has taken place among the ultra-liberals of South Germany with regard to the Emperor of Austria. Twenty years ago, he was the tyrant and oppressor of his country. He is now the representative of a persecuted Fatherland. The recent reforms have, doubtless, done much to effect this, but misfortune has done more. Bohemia and Bavaria have both been mutilated, and the mutilator does not seem inclined to pause. To hear the old man speak, one would think Prussia a nation of savages, and Bismark a fiend incarnate! And then they chatted on different subjects;—of old scenes and places where each had been, of old national customs and amusements. The old man happened to mention Chess. The Captain inquired if he were a player. "But a poor one," was the reply. The

Captain was about to send to the landlady to borrow a board and men, but the German declared that he would fetch his own.

Now, I knew the Captain to be the best chess-player in the house; and while the old man was gone, I besought him to be merciful on this occasion. "Oh yes," replied the arch-hypocrite, "he must be kept in good humour—he shall win the game." Presently our friend returned with a set of chessmen of his own carving—and what a set! No Chinese ivory monstrosities, such as we see prized by the lovers of the curious and ugly, but real works of art,—quaint in the extreme, but not grotesque. The Castles were old robber strongholds,—the Pawns French and German pikemen. An effigy of Francis the First served for the White King: one of Charles the Fifth was Monarch of the Black. The players began. In the course of a very few moves all the Captain's humane resolutions left him. He had met with a player in every way his match, and he was steadily, cruelly, bent on winning the game. But the German was two Pawns ahead, and looked extremely radiant. Suddenly, by an apparent oversight, he left his Queen exposed. The Captain bounced upon it savagely. "Aha!" chuckled the German, "I make a trap, and therein you fall: six moves yet, and the game is to me!" But this was, surely, all bravado. The Captain was playing his usual steady game, and bringing a perfect phalanx of men to persecute an almost unprotected King. The victory seemed certain, when suddenly, at the very move mentioned, an almost unobserved Bishop crossed the board, and made one of the neatest check mates I ever saw! It was one of those scientific *ruses* which always delight a chess player. The last moves were played over again and again, but no escape could be discovered. This was the first time that the Captain had ever been beaten in our house, and he evidently did not like it at all.

Another bottle of red acid was produced. The liquor was not potent, but not having any alkaline antidote in the house, I excused myself from joining on the ground of my recent illness. It was now the German's turn. He saw that the Captain was mortified by his recent defeat, and, (bold man!) set to work to console him! Whether it was the inspiration of the sour vintage, or the flavour of the most villainous tobacco ever smoked, I know not, but when I went to bed at ten o'clock, the Captain had been *striven out* in his turn and was telling ferociously-energetic anecdotes of tiger hunts and Mahratta warfare.—*Mem. for my note book.* (Whenever I wish two men to take a fancy to each other, I shall always in future, provide for their entertainment, a pound of dried Timothy grass and two bottles of vinegar!)

And the Captain has done his work well! The old man has more work than he can do. Everybody in Montreal seems to want a set of the celebrated Chess men: all the Captain's friends have caught a sudden mania for carved sideboards, and a wealthy gentleman, whose name begins with,—never mind,—has given him a commission for a gorgeous dining-room chimney-piece, wherein the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and fish of the sea are to be sculptured in the blackest of walnut. And he is happy now: his daughter and grandchild are with him, and are great favorites with the whole house. Mrs. X—, indeed, objected at first, strongly, to associating with the daughter of "a common mechanic" but on a recent occasion,—that of the lady's birthday,—the old man, bowing almost to the ground begged that she would honor him by accepting a small token of his respect, which he had presumed to make with his own hands. It was a little, carved trinket which exactly fitted into Mrs. X—'s work box. She never tries to snub his daughter now. Artful man! you have taken lessons from the Captain! The "Athlete" used to mimic his accents but latterly he has taken to carrying his grandchild up and down

stairs on his back, and to do exactly what that young lady orders him. The "scientific boarder" takes long walks with him on Sunday afternoons, and shows him where to find leaves, shrubs, ferns and wild flowers as subjects for his chisel, and has lately been consulted by him on a chemical question.

Mr. Sala once said that all "foreign refugees" have some pet invention of their own. What think you is that of our old friend? This kindly-hearted, simple, child-like nature is at present at work developing a contrivance for destroying a whole army by the bursting of a single shell!

He never shuns us now, but joins our circle in the evening and often brings his other self,—his violin,—which he plays to his daughter's exquisite accompaniment on the piano. No more mournful *adagios* like those of his old garret, but rich, joyous strains of triumph, and immortal melodies of Mozart!

Captain! You have kept your word!

THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 1.

EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTIGAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XXI.

"The shades of night were falling fast," and tired humanity generally was preparing to roost, or, at least, to rest after its day's toils, when Henrico, weary with his adventures, took his accustomed seat in the "Hall" dining-room, and, discussing his tea, felt, at last, *superior* to the task that was before him. It was no light one, my reader, as any one who has ever sat through an evening's performance at the T. R. can well vouch; but to have watched Henrico, as he sipped his tea, and noted the deftness with which plate-after-plate of the viands disappeared in his capacious maw, and which the *maw* it got, the *more* it craved for, it would never have occurred to the looker-on that so sad a fate awaited him. To think that he, so young, so beautiful, so blind, and yet so *sightly* was doomed for three fell hours to see vulgar super-numeraries "tear passion into tatters," while, 'tween the acts, three fiddlers and a flute made music most discordant, was, indeed, sad!

I am, however, once more, like an Ant-eater's tongue, *ant-dissipating*.—(Shrieks from the Editor!)

As Henrico rose from the table, an aggravated case of assault took place at the Post-Office,—without the slightest provocation, *the clock struck seven!* No notice, however, was taken of it by the police,—who are not paid for this sort of thing, but who try most emphatically, in a very un-Nelsonic sense, to *do* their duty,—and Henrico, unwilling to prosecute, for fear of meeting the fate of "a decent kind of Yankee," decided to "let things slide," and reach the theatre, (with a little *l* advisedly,) before the house should be full! In the ranks of the cab-stand, on the French Square, is a man, and a cabman; he wears a bright badge, carries a still brighter nose, and a white hat ornamented with black crape and a bulge: it is, moreover, currently reported of him, by some writers for the *Daily News*, that he is an emissary of Prince Arthur's,—sent ahead, like Joshua, to spy into the land! As Shakspeare remarked, "this may or may not be," and has little to do with the story on hand. Henrico accosted him, however, and requested, in his most winning tones, to be directed to the theatre, whereupon our cabman parried the question by offering to drive him there for a quarter. The Chief closed with this offer, and, jumping into the vehicle, was soon on his way to Coté street. But the perfume which assailed

him, as he seated himself in the vehicle, was, as usual, overpowering, and, on alighting at the door of the T. R., Henrico was on the point of giving the man into custody, alleging that not only was his a "*rank* offence," but that "it smelled to heaven!" Three more steps and Henrico stood under the roof of one of Montreal's most noted edifices. Unaccustomed to so much splendor, his eyes,—which were still weak,—were dazzled by the peculiar *melange* of dirty stucco and faded chintz which greeted him on every side. As he took his seat the Theatre Royal Chorus had just commenced to the accompaniment of one, two—one, two, three,—*da capo*, from the feet of *habitants* in the pit; he had time, before the performance commenced, to admire the marvellous drop-scene, on which the features of the Theatre Royal "Stag" are depicted with such *hornamental* accuracy, together with the charming view of Windsor Castle *towering* in the distance, while beneath, in the calm serenity of innocence and oil-colors, impossible swans float upon impracticable water! Amidst cries of "hist de rag,"—a phrase entirely incomprehensible to Henrico,—the curtain drew up, and the play commenced; it was something or other of a classical and elevating nature,—"The Dumb Boy of Manchester, or Who Speaks First?"—and was peculiarly suited to the refined sensibilities of the gorgeously-clad youths and Mile-End aristocrats who frequent what is popularly—though profanely—known as the "Bottomless." Three ragged boys, who hung on to the *spikes* surrounding the orchestra, as though they were their proper *spears* of action, gave vent to their unmitigated delight in loud, but dirty, applause. As they had not paid for their entrance, however, they could scarcely be considered unprejudiced critics, and one of them,—with a desire to be impartial,—so far forgetting what was due to the Management as to do a little sybillation, was summarily ejected by a vigilant but unnecessary policeman. Henrico, himself, came very near suffering the same fate; for, feeling oppressed by the stifling atmosphere, which is so noticeable in all parts of the House, he ascended into the 'Family Circle,' and, following the example of numerous others, lit a cigar in order to counteract the frightful stench which naturally arises from the "Bottomless." His "pipe was put out," literally, however, by an individual, who, he was afterwards informed, was the Lessee, and who was accompanied by an Editor fonder of "legs" than "leaders," and who thinks the letters D. H. the most potent in the alphabet. But how to describe the orchestra and the *discord* of sweet sounds their instruments produced?—it was truly horrible,—though Henrico, in speaking of the affair afterwards to a friend, was told that he ought not to be too hard upon the poor fellows, for it might possibly be that hard times had induced them to part with their watches and thus render them so frightfully

OUT OF TIME!!

CHAP. XXII.

It is not too much to say, and therefore I will say it, that Henrico awoke with a head-ache the next morning, and an extreme disgust for theatrical performances in general, and the Montreal T. R. in particular; but time pressed, and it was necessary for him, if he would be thought anything of in the city, that he should build a house on the Mountain; he had also another reason, more cogent still, why he should do so, which was this: his optic nerve was still weak, and the summit of Mount Royal would at least furnish him with better *high site* than he now enjoyed. He therefore set about it with all haste, and finding a building suited to his *wants*, at *oucc* rented it, and in remembrance of Dumas and the sable and *furr-off* Eva, he christened it 'Montenegro,' and then descended once more into the city to advertise in the *Witness* for Hibernian domestics necessary to complete "dis-establishment." This done, and having gained the worthy Editor's

favor by presenting him with some very fine tulip—bulbs,—which was fortunate, as he didn't happen to have *one none* with him,—he strolled along Notre Dame Street till he reached the famed Jacques Cartier Square, where the French blood in his veins found ample satisfaction for Trafalgar and the Nile, in the standing insult offered to England's greatest sailor, Horatio, Viscount Nelson. Methinks, my worthy City Fathers, the crumbling *mortar* on the statue I allude to, will hardly be calculated to *cement* the friendship of the two communities in your city! But this, you say, is "high falutin;" so I say no more, but leave you to your contracts and conscience. I give contracts the precedence, you see gentlemen!

On the day the advertisement appeared in the *Witness*, a long and motley procession might have been seen ascending the slopes of the Montreal Mountain, resembling a pilgrimage in the East in some respects; it was more of a journey to the shrine of the profits than the Prophet, and less a pilgrimage to Mecca than to *make an engagement*. Seated in his library, surrounded by his choice authors, Martin Farquhar Tupper, *et hoc genus omne*, Henrico received the numerous candidates for election, and questioned them as to their abilities; but he found, sad to say, that their *lie abilities*, "*asset* is in the beginning," &c., were their chief failing. There were Irish, and Dutch, and Scotch, and Caughnawagese, by the score, as housemaids; and there were butlers who were perfect artists in their profession, and could draw, (corks), with the greatest of ease,—the kind of *drawing*, by the way, which best suits the *palate*. There were pages too, *ad inf.*, who bore the most excellent of characters, and others again who, though they had been, in their day, wild pages, were willing to turn over a new leaf, and tear out or paste down all the old ones; and there were Americans from Vermont, who all had a nasal twang; (but, as Henrico wittily remarked, "You must not be surprised at this, for they are all ca-tarrhed with the same brush.") who were willing to make themselves generally useful, with a view to annexation;—in short, there were crowds upon crowds, all willing to do as little as they could for as large a wage as possible. Amongst this great multitude, however, one man particularly attracted Henrico's attention. On questioning him, the Chief found that he had recently returned from the Belleville Gold Mines, where *spades* would neither turn up *trumps* or ore, and where, consequently, he had lost *heart*: it was "on the cards" that he should enter Henrico's service, and he did so, as Butler, the only objection to him being that he had a slight *limp*, as though misfortune had taken all the starch out of him. A Housekeeper was then selected from the numerous applicants for that situation, and Henrico chose the stoutest he could find, with an idea that she would best *fill* the position; and now, having settled these difficulties satisfactorily, the Chief ordered supper to be prepared, while he went down to the Post-office to see if there were any letters for him. As he was stepping from the threshold of his house, he was stopped by the new Butler, who was named "Maraschino"—(all right, Dr. Barker, eh?)—who put various questions to the Chief with, I suppose, an instinctive and professional desire to "draw him out." His efforts were futile, however, until Henrico's attention was arrested by a well-known name!

"Can you tell me, Sir," quoth the Butler, "the reason of the loyalty evinced so inordinately by the *Daily News*?"

"No, Sirrah," replied Henrico, "the cause, the cause, my"—butler, tell me,—tell me quick!

"Well, Sir," laughed the subtle Maraschino, "methinks 'tis owing to having a King amongst their contributors."

"Ha! ha!" he little *rex* of what he says, muttered the Chief, as he strode with hasty *gait* through the *wicket* of his garden, and from thence descended to the street.

Five cents expended on, and as many hours expended in, the Horse Cars, brought him to the Montreal Post-office,—a

building, which for discomfort and inconvenient arrangement, has no equal in Canada.

A quadrangle containing a stove and an inkstand, meets your view as you enter,—that is if you ever get through the complicated mechanism, and combination of green baize, and grease marks, which answers the purpose of a door,—on the outside of this door is the inscription, "Pull!" This however should not be heeded as it is only a joke on the part of the authorities,—the same door bearing on its inner side the reverse direction, "Push!" It is a difficult matter to imagine the result of two persons following both these directions from different sides of the door, at one and the same moment. Henrico, however, was fortunate enough to gain admission, without any more serious injury than an abraded nose, and a black eye,—trifles to our hero of course! Once inside, he gazed with feelings of awe-struck amazement at the fearful mysteries which surrounded him, but retained sufficient presence of mind to step up to a small aperture in the screen, behind which an individual was seated, "chewing the cud of reflection" and some ham sandwiches!

"Any letters for Henrico di Barkerola?" quoth the Chief, "No!" was the reply, sublime in its Napoleonic brevity. "Would you kindly look?" urged Henrico, "Are you quite sure?" No answer save the muffled shriek of a despairing sandwich as it slipped down the throat of the post-prandial Cerberus.

"You would make me much easier if you *would* search," added the Chief. "You seem to feel *Freer* in this establishment than in others I have visited. *Mais n'importe*,—let her be."

Whether he meant to say letter B. or whether he had narrowly verged upon the profane, will never be known, for at this precise moment an English mail arrived, and as an English mail always takes precedence of a Spanish male,—or should do,—(or else *cui bono* the Armada?)—Henrico had to leave unlettered and unhappy. On his way to his house, he had an opportunity of witnessing the speedy and praiseworthy manner in which the Fire Brigade does its duty: never put out by fires, though fires are put out by them, they do their duty firmly and unflinchingly, each man when he has a pipe in his hand being a *hos(e)* in himself; and although they certainly "go with the stream," it cannot be said they have no opinions of their own. They are noted, too, for their sobriety, in spite of ill-natured assertions to the effect that they have been seen *reeling* along the streets at times, and are altogether deserving of more substantial praise than they usually get. Thus say I, and thus thought Henrico, as he regained the steps of his domicile. As he opened the door, Maraschino met him smiling blandly, and ere the Chief could open his lips, propounded the following conundrum:

"Why is a halter like a box of *Cachous Aromatiques*?"

Quick as thought came the answer from the prophetic soul of Henrico.

"I have it," quoth he, "Because they both

TAKE AWAY THE BREATH!!!

(To be continued.)

MRS. P.'s LATEST.

The Cynic is pained to hear that his friend Mrs. Partington, is suffering from a severe attack of indigestion consequent upon hearing the following item of telegraphic intelligence in the *News*.

"The S.S. *Merritt* at Halifax."

The Philosopher understands that immediately Ike read the line referred to, she threw up her hand, (she was playing cards), exclaiming "Goodness, gracious Ike;—*assess merit* at Halifax do they? drat'em, we'll not go there, my boy,—*no indeed!*"



DECIDEDLY RUDE.

MUSICAL GENT: Do you know "Where's the Cold Heart?"
 PRACTICAL YOUNG LADY: There isn't any; but there's plenty
 cold roast in the ice-chest if you're hungry!"

HOW OTHERS SEE US.

A day or two ago the Cynic received a very pretty letter from a young and clever East Indian lady. Among many noticeable points, it contained the following:—"There are striking differences between Ceylon and America. For instance: here every man tries to be a gentleman;—in America, I believe, it is just the reverse."

SCIENTIFIC AND ARTISTIC.

In the *Telegraph's* "Gossip," we are told, as the lawyers would say, "*In re Hair*," that "the coloring matter is drawn directly from the blood, it being supposed that the blood sends some fluid among the pigments of the hair which at once changes the color." Now, on noticing this, it immediately occurred to the ever-brilliant mind of DIOGENES that the natural, and, therefore, infallible, way of "restoring grey hair to its original color," as the bottles have it, and of otherwise imparting to our capillary roofing whatever tint or hue may be desirable, would be to infuse into our blood the particular "coloring matter" proper to the requirements of the case.

Thus, gentlemen, anxious for a never-failing and noble crop of raven-black hair,—the "Poet's Ideal,"—would probably do well to enter on a course of "Indianinci," taking also, for the sake of lustre, an occasional draught of the tincture of "Ivory Black;" "Burnt Sienna" and "Naples Yellow" will make a magnificent Brown; and a decoction of these pigments, taken internally, periodically, perseveringly, and in sufficient quantity, will doubtless produce a "fine head of hair" of the color indicated, whilst a few Sepia lozenges will probably hasten the desired consummation. *Blondes* have been the fashion of late; and to young ladies approving of the style referred to, DIO. would suggest a pint, daily, of the "Extract of Indian Yellow and Purple Madder," by the use of which elegant fluid he prophetically predicates that a Lydia Thompson *chevelure* may be secured in three weeks, if chemical action be not retarded by atmospheric influences.

But the possibilities under what will, hereafter, be known as the DIOGENESIAN SYSTEM of Hair-Dyeing are infinite, whilst its superiority over the present practice of rubbing the hair with some miserable "wash" is self-evident.

MYTHOLOGICAL.

A COURSE OF ASHTRONOMY.

BY THE LATE HON. T. D. MCGEE.

REFRAIN—"Tooral-looral-loo."

* * * So far as the Cynic knows, the following lines, written by the "loved and lost" statesman, have never before seen the light. They have been communicated by a friend, who was permitted to take a copy from the original M.S., in possession of a worthy M.P.—ED. DIO.

Young and ould we pray draw near,
 Lind me attintion, ivr'y wan uv ye!
 An' a most extrorinary discoorse ye'll hear,
 An' a my thological coorse of Ashtronomy!

In the circumambient ether, rolls,—
 For ages sages niver have missed them,—
 Hivinely bodies widout any souls,
 An' that's what we call the *Sol-ar* system!

Jupiter bate them all by odds:
 Ary one that has any knowledge, he
 Knows he was the King of the Gods,—
 The rollicking haro uv the Greek Mythology!

Juno she was one uv his wives,
 A few more he had to comb the wig uv me;
 Too bad for planets to lead such lives,
 An' set an example uv Poly-igamy!

Mercury swindled wherever he went;
 He lied and chated with impunity:
 It wasn't a flatterin' compliment,
 To make him the type uv the tradin' community!

Vanus wasn't the best of stars:
 Her conduct wasn't very defensible:
 Flirtin' wid that ould bully Mars—
 To say the laste, it wasn't commendable!

A husband, too, she had uv her own,
 Who ought to uv kept her under the thumb-uv-him;
 But she managed to break his ankle bone,
 And no one knows, now, what's become uv him!

Then there's the twelve signs of the Zoday-whack,
 In which you will find Zoology various;
 Bulls and Lions all over the track,
 An' a curious quadruped called Saptarious.

But the Milky Way contains the crame
 Uv all the sky's illumination;
 An' there's one Mr. Orion,—I think that's his name—
 Why, he's a Tip'rary constillation!

FRIGHTFULLY APPROPRIATE.

An acquaintance of the Cynic resides in an establishment containing an apartment that has been tenanted, for some time past, by a succession of inniates having potent leanings towards bibulosity. The seed sown, has, in most instances, borne fruit, in the shape of *diablerie*, doctors, and, occasionally, straight-jackets. The individual in question, not having Madame Tassaud's patented rights before his eyes, has christened this room—The Chamber of Horrors!



"USED UP."

THE NEW ENGLISH "VET." SENT OUT TO REPORT UPON THE DOMINION STUD, INSPECTS, ON THE 6TH ULT., THE ONCE-FAMED MONTREAL HORSE, "VOLUNTEER."

"VET.," aside.—"By Jove! what a come down! All gone in the legs and broken-winded, spavined, wind-galled, shoulder-shotten, and tail awfully worn away! Surely this must have been caused by the neglect and abuse of the proprietor and grooms." Atoud: "I say, my man, it's no use punishing him: the only chance I can see is to hand him over to his old groom."

MR. BARKOWNET, (boss of the Dominion Stud, and of "Volunteer" in particular,) aside.—"By Car! I fix him, dis time, but him die dam hard! He make me run like de debbil thirty years' ago—by dam!"

"CHIPS."

'THAT TROUBLESOME SPLINTER.'

"Fine feathers make fine birds!" Not always, my wise Philosopher! and, if you believe me, you never gave utterance to a maxim containing weaker logic, or more pernicious counsel. The youth of Montreal believe in the proverb, however, and live up to it, *voyez vous*. And the effect? I will show you. Walk up St. James' Street, my amateur Cynic, any fine afternoon,—say from three to four. "And what then?" you ask. In its most literal and uncompromising sense, I answer "Nothing!"

For if you call that collection of bedizened, be-starched, and over-dressed humanity *anything*, please to take the lie direct. Here comes a bright and shining light, *par exemple*: Gaiters (drab), covering elephantine boots; pants all the time what the owner is in the evening—"tight";—vest of many colors à la Joseph, and a collar!—to do this latter article of apparel justice, space is inadequate, language fails,—and, where the rest of the garment usually attached to that article is, affords a fruitful source of speculation to the beholder. He wears wristbands, too, which reach his knuckles, and which are not over clean; he wears his hat with a knowing touch, as who should say, "Not for Joseph." He—poor imbecile—was once taken for a military man by the short-sighted "darling" described in my last, and—he has been sick ever since! So have persons who know him!

"Ladies and gentlemen,—Here is your only original and genuine specimen extant of the "Tella Cheek-for-ansa," or untamed Bank Clerk." Well, suppose he does get six hundred dollars a-year, and lives on Beaver Hall,—is that any reason why he should ape the "bloated aristocrat," and render the lives of his inferior, but probably better-paid brethren miserable and make their daily visit to the Bank as dreaded as was Banquo's ghost of Macbeth? Don't be afraid of him,—he only barks, and never bites; and can be managed, or "managered," as easily as possible, by simply mentioning the name of his principal, when he will slink away with his metaphorical tail betwixt his figurative legs! And thus the world wags. Vanity, and conceit, and superciliousness, and Bank Tellers, and Snobs!

I wonder who blackens a Bank Teller's boots, and who pays his tailor's bills? and I wonder if the moon is made of green cheese! *Malice prepense*, you call this? Perhaps so. But the banquet has been spread by the victims themselves;—they have, as it were, invited the figurative thunderbolts which I wield—"in a small room on the fourth story," adds my friend over my shoulder.—And if so, why not? Is not truth, truth, down the well or up in a garret; and is not "all well that ends well!" Why, certainly!

A WEIGHTY MATTER.

The Toronto *Globe* of August 26th says, that a few days before the close of the Session, Mr. Lowe, the Chancellor of the Imperial Exchequer, suggested the propriety of reducing the weight of the English Sovereign. This comes of having Ministers distinguished for their "restless activity." What has Mr. Lowe to do with the weight of our beloved Queen? What's her weight to him, or his to her? The very idea of suggesting that Her Majesty should "reduce"—as though she were going to row a race, is—ought to be—treasonable, and DIOGENES hopes that somebody—say the Sergeant of the Beefeaters or the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade,—will call Mr. Lowe to account. "Lo, the poor Indian" would never have been guilty of such *low* conduct, and Lowe, the Chancellor certainly should know better!

"SUB ROSA."—Arthur's Seat.

THE OXFORD AND HARVARD BOAT-RACE.

The following letter from a genuine American, honest enough to see and satirise the weak points of his countrymen, will be read with interest at the present time. The New York papers are, just now, very sore at the comments of a portion of the Canadian press on the late aquatic struggle. DIOGENES here presents the *Herald* and *World* with the opinions of a native American, who cannot be accused of an inordinate admiration for Britain or Britishers.—ED. DIO.

DEAR DIOGENES:

Yesterday, we waited very impatiently for news of the great boat-race;

And got the news!

But not of the right kind!

We were disappointed; but, knowing that the Cable was the tool of a "rotten monarchy," we waited until the New York *Herald* could get a telegram from the deck of the "Dauntless." I went to bed in good spirits last night, for I ascertained that it was all a mistake that Oxford won. The rascally reporter made a mistake about the boats!

This morning we meet—joy depicted on every countenance! People have satisfied themselves that the honors belong to Harvard. They rejoice in Harvard's success. We wish our "boys" would do a little better next time; but, in view of their magnificent stroke, physique, and pluck, how contemptibly mean the Oxford crew must feel!

The arithmetician of the *World*, this morning, proves that the Harvard boat rowed some hundreds of feet more than the Oxford.

And went through the water quicker!

They didn't reach the stake-boat first, because they didn't see it!

Do you remember, my dear fellow, how we used to account for our defeats during the war?

At Bull Run we actually licked the enemy, but, not knowing it, we walked back to Washington rather hastily.

Now, I'll venture to say that, by Monday, there will be discovered five hundred reasons why Harvard does not get the credit of winning. She can beat Oxford in every thing

But speed!

And endurance!—

Also skill!

Likewise getting to the stake-boat first!!

Can't your Three Rivers crew challenge Oxford?

We are an ingenious people, we are; and can't be beat when we do our level best at racing or lying!

Now, mark my words,—we will convince our cousins yet that we beat them on the Thames yesterday!

I convinced Mrs. Eagle last night!

She was stubborn at first, demanding to know which boat came in first?

(So like a woman!)

But yielded finally when I showed her "that wasn't the idea."

For whatever idea Harvard had of winning when they started at Putney Bridge, was abandoned when they reached Hammersmith Bridge.

I need hardly add that the Harvard crew is sick!

And that I have lost heavily:

Lost greenbacks, and

Lost heart!

Yours, impecuniously,

S. EAGLE, Jun.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28, 1869.

AN OBVIOUS DEDUCTION.

Boston is called by its sons the "hub of the universe." And why?

DIOGENES replies: Because it is the "centre of gravity,"—laughter being unknown amidst its solidity and Puritanism.

THOSE SPOTS—DRAT 'EM!

Some people think it jolly to be poking their noses into other men's affairs, and, as if the world did not supply enough for gossip and malice, off they are, at present, abusing the Sun! Poor old Sol has been accustomed to this for a long time! Many years ago, during one of these attacks,—about his spots, or brandy pimples, or whatever they are,—a friend met Sheridan in one of the Parks, and in reply to the usual question of "What's the news?" said, he had heard nothing, only, he continued, "you'll be sorry to see such unpleasent reports about the Sun."

The Montreal *Herald*, however,—who must have been "in the sun,"—is really causing us great uneasiness. Our forests are disappearing under the axe, our coal-fields are rapidly getting exhausted,—now, the sun is getting into very bad habits and is hauled up every morning by the philosophers on account of the dirty marks on his face; he is getting too fast in short, and looks seedy they say, and, if so, we shall have "neither coal nor candle light."

DIOGENES only hopes that these wise men may not have the power to fine him in the usual "Five bob or ten days in chokey." The Cynic protests in time, for ten days' darkness would be dreadful, and he can assure the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Herald*, that, brilliant as they may imagine themselves to be, the world could dispense with their presence much more easily than with our old-fashioned day-light.

But DIOGENES, in the interest of his fellow creatures, begs the *Herald* to say where he found the following information:

"In a solar storm the violence of the hurricane is inconceivable; instead of rain, falling it may be with violence but refreshing the ground, molten metals pour down from the atmosphere, large drops of gold, silver bullets, iron balls, copper, lead, zinc, pelt in a pitiless storm upon the sun's inner surface. Woe to the unfortunate Danae on whom the 'skyeey influences' should then rain."

Woe indeed to the unhappy lady upon whom drops of gold, and silver bullets should fall! Fye! Fye! old fellow, what puts Danae into your respectable head? and why imagine such an awfully-hot shower for the sweet sinner? Will you be kind enough, also, to tell us where the sun's "inner surface" is? If there is any road to the outer surface, we shall try to get a "return ticket" and visit that place; armed with the "lang spoon" that Scotchmen use when they sup with the devil, we shall try and get a share of those "golden drops" and "silver bullets," (unless they are too hot);—the baser metals, (for DIOGENES is liberal.) he will leave for others—the lead, of course, for his daily contemporaries, though this may seem like sending coals to Newcastle. Drops of Gold!—Silver Bullets!—Iron Balls!—Cats, dogs and bull-frogs!! Oh, heavens, what a shower! Certainly, the *Herald* must have "been in the sun!"

DIOGENES BEFORE THE BEAK.

THE PHILOSOPHER likes Oysters, and hates all Courts of Law. There is an old story about some bogus-money scrape he got into at Sinope, which, it is pretended, is the reason why he eschews these places. Nobody will believe that story now, any more than it was believed before; but, nevertheless, to his infinite disgust, he was cited by two bailiffs last week to appear before his Honor the Recorder, at the instance of the *Society for Suppressing Cruelty to Animals*, and accused of eating oysters alive. Included in the summons was mine excellent host of the "Carlton," indicted for cruelly taking the bivalves from their shells without previously killing them. To have a friend in misfortune is always pleasant—to have such a comrade to row in the same boat quite disarmed the law of all its terrors. It was, therefore, with a light heart that we stepped across the way to consult with an ally and fellow-accused as to our defence. It was before sunset that the writ was served, and before the moon rose we had, with a host of kind, but dry, friends, consulted so seriously upon the matter, that we found it difficult to get clear of the pile of empty bottles and oyster shells which had perished in the cause. Next morning, however, fortified with a dozen of the "natives" and a glass of cold water, with just a leetle drop of brandy in the bottom of it, we presented ourselves in all the pride of conscious innocence before the Recorder's bar, which,—before we go further,—we declare to be

a very unwholesome place,—so much so that it at once suggested itself to "mine host" and the Cynic, that nothing but a special provision of nature could enable the worthy Beak to live, and breathe, and have his being, in such a horrid "Palace of Justice," as the French call it.

In deference to Our Illustrious Presence, our case was called first, and all the lawyers, reporters, rogues, beggars, bullies, *et hoc genus omne*, were told that they might withdraw till next day, when their cases would be heard; but none would go! The reporter for the *Gazette*, particularly, objected to leaving the Court, foreseeing that he might give a simple story for once, and still amuse his readers, but all agreeing that the luxury of indulging in truth for once was not to be neglected; it being well to explain that, though reporters very often do tell fibs, they never tell gratuitous ones. As for the Recorder himself, he tried to look stern and unbending in his high office. Had our excellent friend of the "Carlton" been alone, or had DIOGENES been alone, justice would have been dignified; (but to see a worthy host and DIOGENES both up for trial before him, was too much; so he fairly grinned, and in so doing was the very picture of a fat Justinian, looking pleasantly upon the man who, he knew, was able to supply his favourite tap on short notice, and on the jolly philosopher ready to join in waiting the other eye. In fact, we all then recognised the pleasant features reflected in each other's honest faces; so that when the Beak saw us he tipped us the wink with his genial eye,—we returned the salutation in the same way, and felt we might at once proceed to business with the certainty of "oysters for three, with proper trimmings," as soon as the trial could be got over. Whether the Secretary to the "So. for Sup. of Cruelty to Animals" saw and understood our tacit compact is not clear, but if he did he must have suffered awfully, to think of the joys reserved for jolly Justices, and innocent prisoners, yet denied to him.

The accusation was duly read to us, and we both protested that we were innocent of ever injuring the oyster in word or deed,—that we honoured and loved the glorious mollusc quite as much as "His Washup" himself:—Could we love him more? "His Washup" smiled, and, smiling, answered—"No";—"he liked oysters, and oysters, he was happy to say, liked him."

The Secretary called his witness, who swore that he had frequently seen the worthy host open oysters with a sharp-pointed knife,—force the shells apart, and, without the least pity, turn them out into the cold world exposed to most horrible sufferings from pepper,—both Cayenne and Jamaica,—being thrown into their eyes, and that then, when kicking in agony, the Philosopher opened wide his mouth, shut both his eyes, and, with a slobbering noise, swallowed them alive! That this happened frequently, but more particularly on the afternoon of the eclipse; that DIOGENES then declared that people were poor fools to go glowering at the sun with a pot-lid over his face:—remembered the day, particularly, from the above remark, because he had never till then known the true cause of eclipses.

Cross-examined by the "WORTHY HOST."—Does not know what oysters are made of; thinks they are animals; thinks the shells are tenement houses in which the oyster lives; does not know which is the upper storey of an oyster's house; does not think it would be cruel to open the windows of his own house in this hot weather; his wife often saucers him, but was never swallowed alive; never heard oysters chirp in the shell, so he thinks they are not chickens; never saw an oyster's tail wag; thinks if an oyster were alive, pepper would make its tail wag.

By the PHILOSOPHER.—Saw you shut your eyes and open your mouth; saw an oyster on its shell in your hand, and then saw the oyster disappear; could not swear that it went down your throat; opened your eyes and looked up after oyster was gone; could not swear that you were not looking to see where it had gone to; think you were looking for more; oysters were alive.

"Now, sir," we said, imitating Counsellor D., "on the oath you have taken,—(and remember you are on your oath!—)tell the Court why you think the oysters were alive."

"Because they were fine lively fellows, and you kept always taking another nip of the 'Pale' just to keep them quiet! Could not swear that the 'Pale' killed them; thinks brandy and oysters both go to the same place; brandy sometimes goes to the eye, and very often to the head; never heard of oysters going to the head,—at least not alone;—might go with brandy, but thinks the oysters go quite a different way."

The RECORDER here, with his usual dignity, told the witness to take care what he said; nothing improper could be permitted in that place.

WITNESS "meant no harm."

"Go on, sir," said the RECORDER, "just take care—that's all!"

But the Oysters and the "Pale" had been so long talked of,—the picture of DIOGENES eating the bivalves during an eclipse, turning up his eyes and silently asking for more, was too much for judge, prisoner, and audience.—out came the RECORDER'S watch, and, with a look of neglected duty, he exclaimed, "Bless me, past one!—adjourn the Court till to-morrow,—and, I say,—(in an aside to the "Worthy Host,")—"a dozen of the natives, quick!"

DIOGENES joined; so did the SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY, taking his, however, fried, with shred cabbage and a thought of the old Cognac to keep all right!

(The further proceedings, with the luminous judgment of the Court, will, in due course, be given to our readers.)

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

The Proprietor is happy to announce that arrangements are being made for the illustration of DIOGENES in the first style of art, both as regards Designing and Engraving. In the course of a few weeks, it is hoped that DIOGENES will be the best illustrated, as it is now the best printed paper in the Dominion of Canada.

In an early number will be commenced a

History of the Events of 1837 & 1849,

written in a broad vein of humour by an actor in the scenes he has undertaken to describe. The recital cannot fail to be interesting as well as amusing, and it is believed it will throw a new light on many subjects hitherto imperfectly understood or purposely misrepresented.

New contributors have been secured with a view to giving additional zest to the Cynic's pages, and no pains will be spared to render the paper in every way deserving of the liberal patronage accorded it.

Sept. 3rd, 1869.

(Established 1849.)

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OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA. INCORPORATED BY THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT, 31 VIC. CAP. 91.

Capital - - - \$200,000
2,000 Shares—\$100 Each.

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The necessity for a Canadian Express Company has long been felt by the Mercantile, Banking, and other interests in the Dominion. To carry out in an effective manner this long wished-for desideratum, a Charter for a Company to extend its operations throughout the whole Dominion was granted at the first session of Parliament at Ottawa.

Stock-books will be opened immediately in the various cities, towns and villages throughout the Dominion, so that the stock may be apportioned as nearly as possible to the business of the locality; and in order that the stock may be fairly distributed, the following resolution has been passed by the Board: "That no person shall be allowed to hold more than 100 shares of the capital stock of the Company in his, her or their name, without the permission, in writing, of the Board first having been obtained."

Any person intending to be an applicant for an agency (if approved), will have a stock-book furnished him for his locality on application to the Secretary.

August 31, 1869.

Royal Fire and Life Insurance Company of Liverpool and London.

Capital - - - Two Millions Sterling,
with Large Reserved Funds.

Annual Income - - - £800,000 Stg.

Fire Branch.

Very Moderate Rates of Premium.
Prompt and Liberal Settlement of Losses.
Loss and Damage by Explosion of Gas made good.
No Charge for Policies or Transfers.

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The following are amongst the important advantages offered by this Company

Perfect Security to Assurers.
Moderate Rates of Premium.
Large Participation of Profits—The Bonuses being amongst the Largest hitherto declared by any Office, and 1 divided every Five Years.
Exemption of Assured from Liability of Partnership.
Claims Settled Promptly on Proof of Death.
Liberal Allowance for Surrendered Policies.
Forfeiture of Policy cannot take place from Unintentional Mis-statement.
No Charge for Policies or Assignments.
Medical Fees paid by the Company.

Tables and Forms of Application, with all other information, can be obtained by application to

H. L. Routh, Agent.
W. E. Scott, M.D., Medical Examiner.
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CHEAP INITIAL STATIONERY.

"Rustic" and "Dove" Note-Paper,
At the Lowest Remunerative Prices, at the
DIOGENES' OFFICE,
27 St. James Street,
(Opposite the Post Office).

ARRIVAL OF New Patterns OF ENVELOPES.

PIRIE'S

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

AT JAS. SUTHERLAND'S (Late R. Weir & Co.), STATIONERY WAREHOUSE, 160 & 162 St. James Street.

STEPHEN'S INKS

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

AT JAS. SUTHERLAND'S (Late R. Weir & Co.), STATIONERY WAREHOUSE, 160 & 162 St. James Street.

THE INDIA AND CHINA TEA COMPANY,

39 BLEURY STREET, (Late of Hospital Street,) MONTREAL.

Teas of Every Kind IN ANY QUANTITY, AT THE LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Uncolored Japan Teas from 52 cents; Pure Young Hysons, from 55 cents; Genuine English Breakfast Teas, from 50 cents,—quality guaranteed.

TRADE MARK ON EACH PACKAGE.

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 OCTOBER, and the LAST SATURDAY of MARCH, of the current year.

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

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON 391 Notre Dame Street.

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

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

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

SPECIAL FEATURES.

- 1.—IT IS PURELY MUTUAL.
Because all the profits of the Company are divided among the insured. The Guaranteed Capital Holders never share in the profits.
- 2.—DIVIDENDS ARE ANNUAL,
Payable on all Cash Premiums, on first renewal, and on Loan Premiums, on fourth renewal.
- 3.—ITS DIVIDENDS ARE MADE ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.
Each policy-holder receives the benefit of each payment, and of the time his capital has been in the Company, precisely as every well conducted business-house divides its profits among its partners.
- 4.—ALL POLICIES MAY BE MADE NON-FORFEITABLE
On Annual Premium Life Policies after three years, and on all others after two years.
- 5.—PREMIUMS.
All Cash Rates lower than those of a majority of the Companies. Half note rates as low as safety will admit.
- 6.—NEARLY ALL RESTRICTIONS REMOVED FROM ITS POLICIES.
No extra charge for Railroad employes. No extra charge for insuring the lives of females.
- 7.—IT DOES NOT LIMIT TRAVEL AS OTHER COMPANIES DO.
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.
8. DIVIDENDS SETTLED WITH POLICY.
In the settlement of all Note Policies, a dividend will be allowed by the Phoenix Mutual for each year on which the insured has received no dividend. The number of dividends will always equal the number of outstanding notes.
- 9.—ITS CHARTER AFFORDS THE FULLEST LEGAL SECURITY TO ITS INSURED.
It issues Policies for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands. Creditors may also insure the lives of debtors. For rates and all other information, apply to

A. R. BETHUNE, *General Agent,*

CORNER NOTRE DAME AND ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

M. GIBSON, *Solicitor.*

Agents wanted in vacant localities. Apply as above.

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



STEAMERS

Alhambra & Oriental.

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

CRYSTAL GASALIERS.

JUST RECEIVED.

A large lot of
CRYSTAL GASALIERS,
Crystal Brackets,
CRYSTAL HALL LAMPS.

FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICES.
ROBT. MITCHELL & CO'S,
St. Peter & Craig Sts.

W. GEO. BEERS,

DENTIST.

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REGISTERS of all sizes,
CHIMNEY CAPS, double and single,
PIPE HOLES,
STOVE PIPE RINGS,
SWEEP HOLE DOORS and FRAMES,
FURNACE DOORS and FRAMES,
SASH WEIGHTS, all sizes,
FANCY DOOR PANELS.
And every description of
BUILDERS' CASTINGS.
AT
115 Great St. James Street,
532 Craig Street East
Or at the Montreal Foundry and City Works,
165 to 179 William Street,
W. CLENDINNENG.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,
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H. HOGAN, PROPRIETOR.

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Founder, and Manufacturer of Stoves, &c.,
Works, 165 to 179 William Street,
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Selling off Cheap the Largest Stock in the City.

GEORGE ARMSTRONG,
Cabinet-Maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker,
Corner Victoria Sq. & Craig Street,
MONTREAL.

CHAMBER AND PARLOUR SUITES.
Manufacturer of
ELASTIC SPONGE MATTRESSES
Superior to Curled Hair.

HEARSE, Coffins, Crape,
&c., &c. constantly on hand, and all that is requisite provided at the shortest notice and in the best manner, on application to him, without causing any trouble to the friends of the deceased persons. A liberal discount to the Trade. Also on hand and for sale, FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

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

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BOUGHT AND SOLD BY
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RANDUMS, PIRIE'S ANTIQUE NOTE
PAPER & ENVELOPES, at the DIOGENES
OFFICE, 27 Great St. James Street.