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beg to inform them that they have enlarged
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that it will henceforth be known under the
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Where will be found an increased Stock of
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Room, and Sixty additional first-class Bed
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No. 7.

THE YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE.

Mr. and Mrs. X—— are, without exception, the greatest nuisances in the house. Perhaps I should modify this sweeping assertion, and allude only to Mrs. X——. X—— is inclined to be rather a decent fellow, if he were not so deplorably henpecked. This pair of turtle-doves have been married just three months. About twelve years ago Mrs. X—— used to sit on my knee, and was violently, but most ineffectually, scolded by mamma when she pulled my whiskers. She is now a woman: and takes great care to assume all the prerogatives of a *married* woman.

Reader, did you ever peruse the humorous Essay of Elia, "A Bachelor's complaint of the Behaviour of Married People." The author, with a cynicism worthy of DIOGENES, observes: "Nothing is to me more distasteful than the entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new married couple,—in that of the lady particularly: it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world: that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none: nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought to be taken for granted, not expressed."

This species of expression "beams" in this lady's countenance perpetually. It is not so very long ago that the society of bachelors was anything but distasteful to her;—nay, ill-natured people remarked that she sought their company with too much eagerness. She now affects to despise them, and barely treats them with common civility. They are inferior beings, not of her sphere. She has taken, as it were, a new degree in the world. She now belongs to a superior class. She insists strongly on the dignity of wedlock. It is ludicrous to see this matron of three months standing among ladies of her own class. She shows no respect to old age. She rather demands admiration for her own youth and beauty. By the way, she is rather pretty. Nature has made her vain, and beauty has added to her stock of vanity.

Let it not be imagined that she has given up flirtation. She "carries on," as the phrase is, with married men to a scandalous extent. This is simply malice. She delights in making wives jealous. This is her sole object—except one—that of making her husband swallow a piece of the same "green-eyed monster." Her failure in this respect is amusing in the extreme. Mr. X—— is not in the least alarmed. He sees through his wife, and she knows it. Still more funny is the fact that she is intensely jealous of *him*. She cannot bear him out of her sight. She grudges the very time that he spends at his office, (he is a lawyer). Should he dare to be detained on business an hour later than usual, he is welcomed home with *a look*, and a fit of sulks for the rest of the evening. He once brought home a copy of DIOGENES, which he presented to the old lady. He was not even allowed to commence his dinner till he had procured another copy for the wife of his bosom,—who never read it. Except when used as an errand boy, (a very frequent occurrence), X—— is not allowed, in his leisure hours, to set his foot out of doors unaccompanied by her. I firmly believe that the poor fellow is not permitted to have more than a quarter of a dollar in his pocket at one time. X—— loves chess and hates cards. One evening he sat down to a comfortable game of chess with "the scientific boarder." He was interrupted in an interesting phase of the game, and ordered to desist, so as to take a hand in some stupid round game in which his wife was about to join. X—— loves books, but

is never permitted to read now, not even aloud to his wife. The most unreasonable matrimonial demand which she makes on him is this: He is always expected, in some mysterious way, to take her part in her quarrels with her own sex, which are by no means few. How he is to do this baffles both his and our comprehension. He cannot call a lady out for insulting his wife. Mrs. X—— gently insinuates that if *she* were a lawyer, she would serve a *writ* on these ladies. All Mrs. X——'s ideas of law are associated with a *writ*. Her own father was poor and extravagant, and, as a consequence, very familiar with these documents. She is very curious about her husband's business, and pesters him by continual calls at his office. She wants to know all about his clients—especially the female ones. She is always asking her husband what that young Mrs. S—— can be going to law about, and why she is always at his office. I must do X—— the justice to say that on matters connected with his business he is as mute as a fish, and never gives his wife the slightest satisfaction. This irritates her to an incredible extent, and she retorts on the poor fellow in her own way, inflicting torture of the most refined kind. "My dear! I am not curious—never was—I only just wanted to know how it was that ——, &c., &c.—*that's all*."

The artistic manner in which she sharpens her final "that's all," must be heard to be fully appreciated.

She is not a scold,—that is to say, she does not scold at home. She is far too accomplished a tactician for that. She deals in vague little inuendoes and merciless insinuations, which seem to mean little, but are none the less irritating. She is a great proficient in the art of "nagging," or repeating the same accusation over and over again, even long after it had been completely refuted. This fiendish disposition (for what else can I call it?) sometimes breaks out at the dinner-table. On these occasions, this amiable couple only "*fizz*" at table, and explode afterwards up stairs. These explosions, however, usually come from X—— only, for the lady is able to keep her temper in a most exasperating manner. She never stabs with a stiletto, but keeps on sticking moral needles into her husband, until he is irritated to such a degree, that he has been forced, on some occasions, even to swear. At this stage of the proceedings the lady has recourse to tears: tears she can use with great art. She never employs them on ordinary occasions, but keeps them as a sort of reserve force, to be called into special action with killing effect. Mrs. X—— now appeals to all the ladies of the house to sympathise with her hard lot in being united with such a man. The ladies all say they do; but as for me, I do not believe them,—neither does she. This *coup de grace* always succeeds in subduing her husband, who, next day, makes his peace with a new dress, or something of that kind.

The most sickening thing of all is to see these two "billing and cooing" at times, like two turtle-doves. They never play this game before the boarders alone; but, should a stranger appear at the dinner table, their affection is absurdly demonstrative.

What will this couple be like when they are forty years of age? Will

"Baby-fingers,—waxen touches"

have a softening effect on their dispositions? Perhaps so. If not, we may look for another page of the old story, "Incompatibility of Temper," simply owing to their disregard of mutual forbearance in small things.

In any case, the moral is that young married folks have no business in a boarding-house.

THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 2.

EVA HEAD.

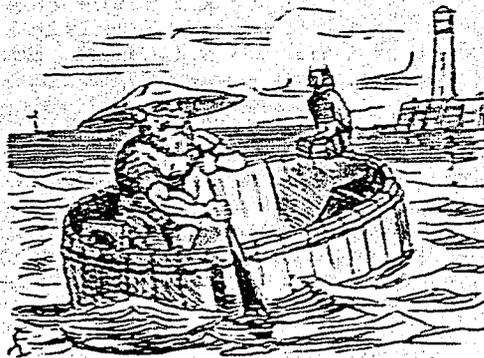
A NAUGHTIGAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Continued.)

CHAP. IV.

"On the Strand! On the Strand!"

Popular Air.



NCONTINENTLY let us return once again to Carrajo and his lieutenant, Schwartz, whom we left gazing on the storm with that intense solicitude they shared in common with hungry boarders and the Smithfield martyrs,—a strange comparison, truly; but, remember, they all had an interest at stake. As the noble vessel, urged on by the fury of the storm, struck on the reef of rocks which, as we have seen, proved so fatal to her, Schwartz uttered a cry, which speedily conveyed to his chief the information so desired by him, and actuated by a common impulse to save life—and property,—both rushed madly several fathoms into the waves before they became aware of their perilous position!

Here, the never-to-be-dashed and always-to-be-wondered-at mother-wit of Schwartz found room for action. In the height of the tempest, the waves rushing Belceil-Mountain's high around him, he was heard to remark, as a wave huger than any of its fellows swept the unfortunate first officer from the slippery deck: "Ah! me; 'tis sad! That noble ship,—not only has she met her doom, she's also doomed her mate!"

Meanwhile he was not slow to seize and convey to land any article of value that came within his grasp; and as it is a well-authenticated fact that wreckers, like bishops, are fond of "laying on of hands," a considerable pile of booty was soon confronting him on the shore. Having thus done all within his power to save anything that was valuable, he next, with a humanity characteristic of him, turned his attention to the saving of life.

An ejaculation of horror escaped his lips, coeval with an immense segment of negro-head, as he stumbled over the inanimate form of the fascinating Eva; and his cry was echoed by Carrajo, who, at this precise moment, had seriously hurt himself by stumbling against and falling on the sable body of Eva's dusky handmaid, Sara Jane, who lay stretched out "on the shining sands" in an attitude suggestive of anything from *mania a potu* to Tennyson. Conveying them with all speed on a stretcher to the cabin before described, the usual remedies in such cases, made and provided, were applied, with such success that one of them, (a quart of salt water swallowed hot), brought Eva round so rapidly that, in the effort, she, to use the elegant language of the poet, nearly

"Threw up her immortal soul."

As her eyes opened, they rested with a vacant glance upon the ill-featured Schwartz, and, with a loud shriek, she relapsed into insensibility. Some time afterwards, she gave as a reason for this singular attack that she couldn't bear poetry, and this man reminded her so much of Hood, because, "you know," said she, "the bridge of his nose was a

'BRIDGE OF SIZE!!!'

CHAP. V.

When the fair Eva finally awoke to consciousness, her first impulse—a not unnatural one under the circumstances—was to open her eyes; as she did so, it was to find two men, Carrajo and Schwartz, gazing at her with an expression of tender solicitude.

"Dost live, fair damsel?" gently questioned the noble Carrajo; "say, oh! say thou art not dead!"

"Yes, oh! yes," put in Schwartz, "we much did fear you were de-funk."

"Dog of a Spaniard!" ejaculated Eva, who had always a delicate way of hinting at a gratitude she dared not express; "thou yellow-livered cur, that even th' unlicensed dogs of far-off Montreal would spurn,—avaunt!"

She's mad," quoth Carrajo, who, by the way, was a great admirer of Dundreary,—the result, in a great measure, of his living in a *Sothern* climate. "She must be guarded, Schwartz; to your care I consign her. Bring me my hot water, and a copy of *Diogenes* with which to shave me!"

"Stay!" cried Eva, with the courage of despair. "What wouldst thou with me? Let me know the worst!"

"Oh! 'tis a mere trifle," replied Carrajo. "I would wed thee!—simply that and nothing more."

With the instinctive modesty so natural to one of her race, she passed her hand across her brow, and gathering in her fingers the crisp and kinky tresses, with which Nature and the liberal use of Savage's "Ursina" had so bountifully provided her, she gave a hasty side-long glance at Schwartz, who stood an unconcerned spectator of the scene, and from her ebon lips flowed, like soft music from a blackbird's throat, these melancholy words: "Didst speak to me of wedlock! Ah, thou didst but jest; for how couldst thou, a white man, wed locks like these?"

Cut to the core by these cruel words, and almost broken-hearted to think that "trifles light as (*h*)air" were likely to prove such an insurmountable obstacle to their union, Carrajo, with one expressionless glance at her lovely face, turned and left the room, repeating in an undertone to Schwartz, as he passed out, his injunctions to see that no harm came to her.

Scarcely was his back turned when Schwartz, with stealthy steps, approached her cot, and drawing his *chronometer* from his pocket, with a hasty glance to see that no one was near, hung it above her head! What meant this strange proceeding,—this mysterious act of Schwartz? There can be but one explanation. No harm can befall her now, for through the whole live-long night there will be

A WATCH OVER HER!!!

CHAP. VI.

"Skunked! Skunked!"—EUCHRE.

On the morning following the scene I have described, the usual atmospheric fracture occurred,—a poetical way of mine of intimating that the day broke, and the sun's refulgent rays, inspiriting alike to the Pharisee and the Sinner, raised even the drooping courage of the unfortunate Eva, who, by this time,—to use a homely but graphic expression,—had "slept upon" her resolutions of the previous night, and now felt that—come weal, come woe,—prompt action was, like the "young man who went wrong"—"wanted." Awaking her attendant, Sara Jane, by tugging at her dexter ear (a very *Turk* was Eva in her treatment of these *Fami(s)Saries*), she bade the frightened girl summon the watchful Schwartz, which worthy soon put in an appearance.

"Ad-sum!" said he, a remembrance of his old college days breaking in upon his memory,

"Thank you," replied Eva, "I will take some breakfast, since you are so kind; but you are mistaken in your impres-

sion that I had some. State, also, to your chief that I would speak with him."

Convulsed with laughter at her unconscious joke, Schwartz bowed and withdrew, and returned to his master, to whom he delivered, *verbatim*, Eva's message.

"Hast heard the news, varlet?" quoth Carrajo, as he caught the sound of his step, without taking any further notice of the summons his lieutenant had brought him.

"What news?" asked Schwartz.

"The *Daily News*! thou blockhead," thundered Carrajo "Ha! ha! a sell,—a condemned cell, by Jove!"

Concealing his anger as best he might, and letting thirst for information supersede all other feelings, Schwartz breathlessly inquired, "What of it?"

"'Tis to be printed on tissue paper in future," replied his master.

"For why?" was the natural, though ungrammatical query of the unsuspecting Schwartz.

"In order that the public may be able to *see through* its articles!" laughed the chief. "Ha! ha! lead me to the maiden,—I follow thee!"

"Come on! old *Stove-polish*," muttered Schwartz. "No disrespect, sire," he explained, "I only thought you seemed *black-led*!"

'Twas a cold night as they crossed the sward in front of the small outhouse in which Eva was confined, and being but thinly clothed (he was merely *wrapt in meditation*), Carrajo shivered audibly; but the *warm*, though unexpected greeting he received from the fickle Eva soon restored him, and he was proceeding to "move the previous question," when he was interrupted by the object of his love, who, throwing aside all maidenly reserve and a black cat which she was nursing, rushed into his arms exclaiming,

"Thou art rich!—thou hast wealth!—take me, then, Carrajo!—I am thine!"

"Alas!" sighed he, "thou hast made, indeed, a great mistake. Though chieftain of the powerful bands of the Flei-Hunters, whose prowess is notorious through the land, and whose victims may be counted by thousands,—though living on the *fat* of the land, which you see *a-grass* with me, I am poorer than a skunk!"

"Poorer than a skunk?" queried the tearful Eva, as she clung to him in wondering despair; "how can *that* be?"

"Dost thou not know, then," answered Carrajo, "that by a wonderful provision of nature, that animal is

NEVER WITHOUT A (S)CENT!!!!"

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

The *Daily News* is truly a fearful and wonderful paper! The Cynic takes up the issue of Tuesday, and glances down the first page. He reads the lament of the editor over the downfall of the Duke of Newcastle. Who dares say that journalism is "low?" Does not the editor mourn over the sad necessity of "divesting himself of old associates," by which we presume he means that he is reluctantly compelled to cut the poor Duke, now that he has come to grief. Or, perhaps, his Grace has got his friend the editor's name on the back of some of his bills. DIOGENES sincerely trusts this is not the case. It is bad enough to be cut off from the hospitalities of Clumber without losing money into the bargain.

The Cynic proceeds with the same page. He reads of the lovely scenery of the "Dolomity" Alps, and then he comes to a translation (!) from Taine's "Italy, Florence and Venice," descriptive of Tintoretto's great painting of St. Mark. Here he is informed that "*the Judge is a red Meretian pourpoint*," and "springs half way off his seat." These red Meretian pourpoints are a tribe of which DIOGENES never before heard, but the Cynic, like the vulgar crowd—lives and learns. He reads of this picture, "that one must see for himself the boldness and ease of the jet," and the "satisfaction in rendering his idea instantly unconscious of ruins"—and so on; till the powerful mind of the Philosopher reels under the novelty and affluence of the language and ideas. Then, to crown all, he reads, on the same page, of a new gas-burner which gives *one hundred and sixteen per cent.* of light, and which he earnestly commends to the consideration of the City Gas Company.

OLD CLO' WANTED.

DIOGENES has received the following letter from a fair, (and elderly), correspondent. The Cynic greatly fears that the worthy lady has been hoaxed by her graceless nephew. The *coves* to which she alludes are probably *timber coves*:

DIOGENES, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—I am a constant and attentive reader of our local newspapers, being of opinion that without a thorough and correct acquaintance with the current events of the times, and especially of our own country, no woman can properly be termed "well-informed." I, therefore, feel it my duty conscientiously to peruse this ephemeral literature—not omitting even the mercantile intelligence—and thus it is that my male friends in general find my conversation both interesting and instructive. I must, however, confess that I sometimes find, in the daily journals, phrases and modes of expression which cause me considerable perplexity, and compel me to have recourse to my nephew, Thomas, for information, and I must acknowledge, to the credit of the High School, of which he is a member, that he rarely appears at a loss to reply to my questions. It is only when I meet with some peculiarly complicated sentence in the *Daily News* that he is ever puzzled.

To return, however, to the point on which I am desirous of invoking your valuable co-operation and assistance: As I learn from my nephew that yours is the most influential publication in the Dominion;—is especially a medium of communication with the higher classes, and is much valued by * * * * * [The modesty of the Cynic compels him to omit several lines that here follow.]

In perusing the mercantile intelligence from Quebec, I marked this startling sentence:—"Business very dull—*coves* nearly bare." I did not at first appreciate the terrible significance of this statement, until, on referring to Thomas, he informed me that the word *coves* was a generic term applied to the poorer classes who hang about the wharves in search of employment, and who, from the dullness of the times, are wandering about almost * * * * * I am really, my dear Sir, at a loss to express myself in a becoming manner, but you will understand me when I say that they are very insufficiently clad.

Is not this terrible? Can such shocking destitution be permitted to exist in a Christian land and in the nineteenth century? Fancy the shock to the sensitive feelings of our American sisters touching at Quebec, on their way to the healthful breezes of the Saguenay, on seeing hundreds of semi-nude fellow-creatures wandering about the wharves! With what an opinion of Canada and Canadians will they return to their homes!! My feelings overpower me at the idea, and my faltering pen refuses to record my indignation.

I am busily engaged in collecting all the cast-off apparel I can procure from my numerous friends, and I call upon the benevolent public of Montreal to do likewise, that we may mitigate, as far as possible, this sad scandal and disgrace.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

TARITHIA TALBOYS.

P. S.—To whom would you recommend me to send the wearing-apparel I have already collected? I had thought of entrusting it to the care of the Mayor and City Councillors of Quebec, but Thomas says that if I do "they will be safe to bone the lot," by which I understand that they will not be properly applied. What do you advise?

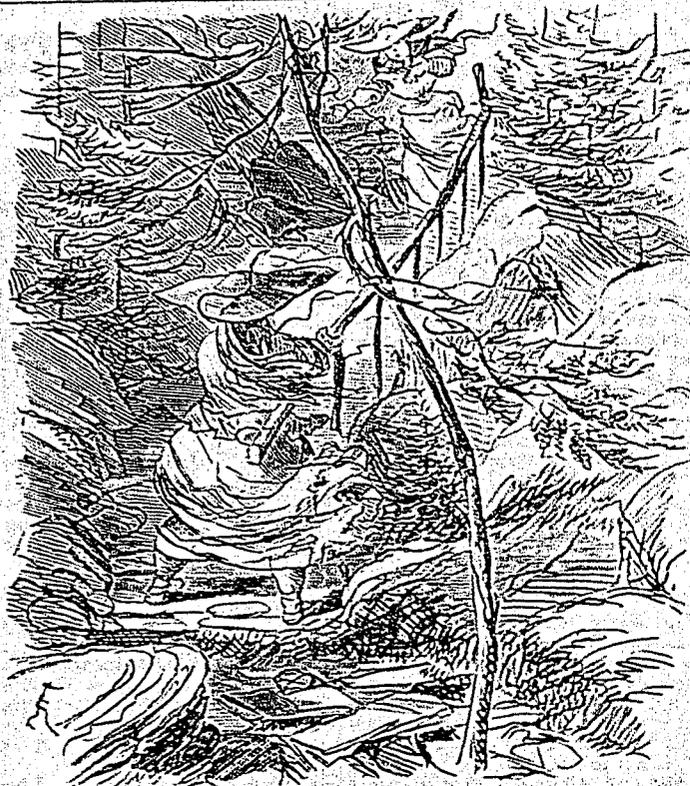
NOTES AND QUERIES.

In our issue of the 9th, our correspondent "Tassie," referring to an extract from Mr. Punshon's "Daniel in Babylon," requested to be informed of the nature of the blemish for which Apollo was excluded from the fellowship of the gods.

None of our classical correspondents have replied to this query, and DIOGENES is surprised at their *tassie-turnity*. The Cynic, therefore, out of the depths of his professional knowledge, proceeds to enlighten his audience. Two good and sufficient reasons present themselves for the exclusion. First we are told by the poet that "Apollo strikes the lyre," and this was probably some objectionable musical instrument of the nature of the hurdy-gurdy or *barrel-organ*, which, in the hands of his itinerant descendants, provokes so much ire in the breasts of moderns, and leads to the summary dismissal of the performers from before our doors.

Or it may be the passage should read thus, "Apollo strikes the *liars*," and as the ancient Greeks were not remarkable for strict veracity (witness the very tough yarns they have handed down to posterity), Apollo may have been in the habit of personally correcting their mendacity, and hence the necessity for his expulsion.

The Cynic maintains that these reasons are quite as strong as are usually given by commentators, (those on Shakespeare to wit), and he commends them to the consideration of his readers.



A SLIGHT BREEZE AT CACOUNA.

RETURNING FROM THE BEACH.

KEEP YOUR TEMPERS.

Why cannot editors of newspapers carry a legitimate argument to a logical conclusion without calling people names? The other day Mayor Workman, who certainly has no personal interest at stake in the matter of laying out St. Helen's Island as a Public Park, wrote to Sir George Cartier to ascertain whether the Island was purchasable for that purpose. Sir George, who is about the most uncourteous person in the Dominion in the matter of correspondence, inasmuch as he never answers a letter except by telegraph or by deputy, and frequently not at all, replied, curtly, through Mr. Futvoye that St. Helen's was reserved for a military Station. The action of Mr. Workman forms the subject of an intemperate and ungentlemanly article in the *Daily News*. It is ungentlemanly, inasmuch as it imputes motives, and charges the Chief Magistrate with "impudence" in writing the letter. If DIOGENES were to say that the Editor puffed up the Mountain Park scheme, because he owned eighty or a hundred acres on the summit which he would like to have embraced in it—for a consideration;—or because he was anxious to do a little toadying to "L'Empereur Kafoozleum;" the Editor might very justly complain. But DIOGENES prefers to believe that the *News* writer is actuated solely by considerations of the public good—that he will cheerfully donate his land if his project can be carried out, and that, so far from toadying to "L'Empereur,"—in his heart of hearts he thinks His Majesty very much beneath him!—DIOGENES is not Mr. Workman's defender; that gentleman may have been injudicious, and may have written an injudicious letter. He certainly made a mistake in expecting courtesy from Sir George Cartier, but whatever faults may be imputed to His Worship, the Cynic is quite sure they

can be traced, (if traced at all,) to the head rather than the heart,—that he is anything but a fool and has none of the blackleg. The Cynic is besides, by no means sure that Mayor Workman is wrong in the course he has taken. It is well known that, in the British Mediterranean garrisons, the strongest fortified positions in the "networks of defence"—notably the Alameda at Gibraltar and the Barracca and Floriana at Malta, (both close to the largest powder magazines ever built by the Ordnance Department)—are devoted to public gardens and promenades. These are looked after, partly by the military and partly by the civil government,—the magazines being exclusively under military control and carefully guarded day and night. There seems no valid reason why, under certain restrictions the British government should not concede the use of the Island for similar purposes, and a memorial to the Commander of the Forces generally signed by the citizens and forwarded to the War Office will probably some day have the desired effect,—the Minister of Militia notwithstanding.

SCENE—MONTREAL.

— BANK.

CLERK at ledger, looking over figures while munching his biscuit.

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN advances to pigeon-hole with cheque. I present this cheque here, I believe, for examination?

CLERK takes no notice.

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN looks round Bank, wonders whether it is the custom to keep people waiting—counts the number of windows—wonders whether the ceiling is whitewashed once in two or three years. I believe I give this cheque in here?

CLERK makes no sign.

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN wonders if all Bank Clerks are naturally rude—whether this style of thing is part of their training, and is considered essential to the position as "havo-having" in old days was held by young Ensigns to be indispensable—counts the windows again—wonders if the tall young man in a blue cravat is married, and if he got any money with his wife. Again addresses Clerk (still blandly). Will you mark this cheque, if you please.

CLERK takes the cheque, brusquely puts it in front of his led er, and continues to add up.

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN (a little impatient) wonders if this treatment comes under the head of "Commercial Facilities," and again asks the clerk to look at the Cheque.

CLERK takes the cheque—examines it—marks it—and in silence tosses it to the pigeon-hole.

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN moves a few feet, and tenders cheque.

SECOND CLERK—Money you want? Next place.

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN gets his money, and feels very glad the operation is over—as it is only second to having a tooth drawn. He breathes more freely when he gets into the street.

SUGGESTIVE.

That distinguished individual, "our own correspondent," writes us somewhat dismally from a certain watering place down the St. Lawrence, where he has been forcibly reminded that "big bugs have little bugs to bite them." After a sleepless night his distracted mind sought consolation in music, and found relief in the following piece of distressing plagiarism. Dio. advises all his friends who find themselves in a similar fix, to learn these lines by heart, and to pass the night singing them at the top of their voices. The Cynic wishes to impress upon landladies in general, and one offender in particular, that big bugs are an exclusive set, far too aristocratic to think of associating on familiar terms with little bugs:—

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

BY S. S. JUNR.

Oft, in the stilly night,

When slumbers chain hath bound me,

I feel a shocking bite

From something crawling round me.

I search in vain what caused the pain,

What naughty words were spoken,

As from my eyes all sleep was gone,

My cheerful nap thus broken!

Thus in the stilly night, etc.



"WELCOME THE COMING—SPEED THE PARTING—"



AUNT TABITHA'S JUBILEE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

As I anticipated, Aunt Tabitha's jubilee was a grand success. Never was her maiden breast more deeply moved than when she heard the fifty guns thundering forth their power in her praise. But the moment of triumph arrived when, at a luncheon party of select notables, Professor Balderdash proposed her health in a speech that did credit to the college over which he presides. I cannot attempt to tell you all he said, for if I did, you would say that I was filching from Lempriere's Classical Dictionary; nor have you space to contain all the pretty speeches that were made, or the graceful agitation with which they were received by my worthy Aunt,—but you will see all about it in the papers, for the newspaper editors who were present will no doubt show their gratitude by giving glowing descriptions of the great event of the day.

Everything earthly must have an end, and Aunt Tabitha's Jubilee shared the common lot. Strange to say, instead of confirming her in her good resolutions, it has had the very opposite effect; making her anything but amiable in her temper, and apparently slightly restive under the delights of single-blessedness. She begins to feel that, as she has waited patiently for fifty years without any result, a more active policy is now required. The other day, affecting to give me advice, though she was evidently thinking of herself, she told me confidentially that it is our Christian duty to be patient in hope; but we should never forget that "heaven helps those that help themselves." I could see what was on her mind, and have been puzzling my brains ever since to make out how my Aunt Tabitha could help herself; but the more I think of it, the more puzzled I am. One thing is plain: she is going to strike out in a new track, and her motto henceforward is going to be—"Help yourself."

This humour of hers culminated yesterday in a resolution that was highly satisfactory to myself. She told me, with a very solemn air, that I was arriving at an age when I should see something of the world and of society; but as this is, at the best, a desperately sinful world, it would be my ruin here and hereafter if I were to travel alone, and be thrown into the society of the many wicked young men and young women that everywhere abound. She, therefore, had determined to accompany me, and to give me the benefit of her thorough knowledge of the world. Not that she is vain-glorious in her self-confidence. She even distrusts herself, and has not an atom of faith in mankind in general. The most harmless marks of respect and courtesy are invariably scanned by her with the keen eye of a detective; and she often sees the deepest designs against her happiness and peace of mind, when the unconscious object of her suspicions is as innocent as a yearling calf.

Having made up her mind to visit Ottawa, she began to fortify herself in her usual manner, by studying carefully all the notable examples in point in Jewish history. After I had been compelled to read over twice to her the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon, my Aunt triumphantly exclaimed, "If the Queen of Sheba had stayed at home as quietly as I have, she never would have seen Solomon. When the mountain won't come to Mahommed, the next best thing is for Mahommed to go to the mountain." As the Queen of Sheba and her travels were not likely to help us much on our way to Ottawa, I cut the conversation short by hunting up Appleton's Railway Guide, and arranging the details of our tour with my Aunt.

Her heart has been opened,—at least her purse has been,—for she has given me enough pocket money to last me for several months to come. We leave in a week for Ottawa, where my aunt intends to visit her three cousins, the Misses Canuck,—Johanna, Matilda and Rosa,—whom

she always calls cousins Joan, Tilley, and Rose. They are a little ancient; but they were not always so, as they were once well known as "The Three Graces." Once they were very gay,—at least Joan, the youngest was. My Aunt was once awfully shocked at hearing that Joan had been flirting outrageously with two married gentlemen—Mr. Brown and Mr. McDeil,—both of whom got into great trouble and disgrace through her, and were cut by many of their old friends. When my Aunt, with tears in her eyes, told all this gossip to Joan, she only laughed at her in a very hardened way, telling her that it was no fault of hers if she was so fascinating that half the married women were dying of jealousy. She didn't care a straw what they might say. "What's the odds, so long as you're happy." She boasted that she had drunk more champagne, had seen more of the world, and had had more flirtations and fun, than a whole army of stupid proprieties, like my Aunt!

Aunt Tabitha was speechless, and rushed off, in her distress, to an old friend who was generally known as Miss Snap-Dragon, and who took a peculiar interest in Mr. Brown, from her having, unsuccessfully, laid siege to his heart when he was a bachelor. She is a somewhat censorious old lady, who has a peculiar knack of casting a dismal, ghastly light over every one and every thing near her. The prettiest woman looks pale and lifeless under her influence, and the most innocent acts are made to assume a most diabolical hue. So far as professions and pressing invitations go, she is a perfect paragon of generous hospitality; but you find, in the long run, that you seldom get anything from her without burning your fingers—to the great amusement of your amiable hostess! In this case she was in her element. She drove Aunt Tabitha half distracted by convincing her, in a few minutes, that Brown and McDeil were very handsome dangerous men, and notorious rakes; that Joan was on the high road to ruin; and that my Aunt would be sacrificing Joan's temporal and spiritual welfare, and would have a great deal to answer for in the next world, if she did not act the good Samaritan, by applying at once to the Mayor to have Joan sent to the House of Refuge!

I, fortunately, was able to dissuade my Aunt from this doubtful piece of philanthropy. I told her she should not listen to these scandal-mongers, who, very likely, might slander her next, and might end by sending her to keep Joan company; and that she would be establishing a very dangerous precedent. This slightly-horrible picture made a deep impression on my Aunt, and settled the matter; but I'm afraid that it gave her the nightmare: for several times we were alarmed at hearing her in her sleep screaming out at the top of her voice that "she wouldn't be locked up; that she was a virtuous, religious woman, and she could prove it!"

It was a great relief to my Aunt when she heard that Joan, at the age of forty-four, had gone in for matrimony with a distant relative of ours—Mr. Adam Blewnoshe; but when Joan came off with flying colours as the happy mother of "our baby"—as the young hopeful is called by the Three Graces and by everybody else, though it was christened "Union," and is addressed always in the mother tongue as "little Oony!"—my Aunt began to look up to her with profound admiration and respect. "Only think of Cousin Joan, at her age; why she is nearly as old as I am. I always thought she was a woman of great ability."

I can plainly see that Joan's happiness has unsettled my Aunt greatly, and made her ambitious and discontented; and I feel sure she's going to Ottawa to find out how Joan managed to secure a husband, and how—confound it! There's my Aunt calling me! I must be off to attend on her,—so good-bye for the present. When we get to Ottawa I shall write to you all about the journey, "The Three Graces," and "our baby."

Yours truly, in haste,

AUNT TABITHA'S NEPHEW.

H. M. S. "Fudge," Halifax, (N.S.) July 1, 1869.

INFORMATION WANTED.

We are informed by a first-rate authority—and we believe it—that a Rose by any other name will smell as sweet. But DIOGENES has a query to propound.—Has *place* any influence on odour? When shall we know how our Canadian Rose smelt at Washington? Was it there surrounded by its native and natural perfume? and did Washingtonian flowers emit scents reciprocal? Did Alabama thorns obtrude, and *scratch* the newly-entered diplomatic bud? Or, did the White and the Red intertwine, *à la* York and Lancaster? and may we look forward to an amicable and endearing interchange of boots against bacon, and wheat and wool against 'baccy and beans?

"Rose, Rose,—Financial Rose," sing for your supper, and send us to bed enlightened and happy.

"QUO ME, BACCY, RAPIS TUI PLENUM."

—Horace.



OBACCO is the *bete noire* of many well-meaning but mistaken philanthropists. They cannot see a pipe—clay, meerschaum or briar-root—without yearning to smash it, from the purest benevolence. Tobacco, according to their creed, is closely akin to Bacchus, and they really appear to imagine that the terms are etymologically connected. Cheroots to them are as abominable as Champagne, and a pipe of tobacco is almost as dangerous as a pipe of Port. They hint pretty broadly that people who smoke in this world will smoke (somewhat differently) in the world to come, and they consider M. Nicot (of blessed memory!) to be a near relative of "Old Nick." They are as bigoted as Joshua Sylvester, Gent., who, centuries ago, wrote a satire entitled, "Tobacco battered, and the Pipes shattered by a Volley of Holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon." The following is a sample of the "Holy Shot":

"Of all the plants that Tellus' bosom yields,
In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, mountains, fields,
None so pernicious to man's life is known
As is tobacco, saving hemp alone!"

All this croaking, however, will not prove a tobacco-stopper; and, in spite of the prognostications of Mr. James Parton, the Cynic feels a confident assurance that the "Coming Man" will smoke. He has no space or inclination to give, in these columns the reasons of his belief. His prediction will be justified by time. Meanwhile, he draws attention to a "blast" from a Temperance Journal against the "vile American weed." The whole article is ludicrously intemperate, but only a few passages can be here quoted. After invoking the whole Christian Press to denounce the immorality of smoking, the writer continues:

"Is this habit an *impure one*? Do its devotees soil churches, halls, cars, parlors, and the like? Can it be shown by chemical analysis that they poison the common air by their fetid exhalations? If so, they injure their health, and trample upon their neighbour's rights. Is not this wrong?" &c., &c.

He then declares, with evident satisfaction, that smoking "diminishes appetite, blood, bone and muscle; and, moreover, paves the way for intemperance, dyspepsia, paralysis, idiocy, insanity, and quite a host of diseases." Having adduced no testimony to support his grave assertions, he thus mildly sums up the argument:

"Tobacco not only destroys the body, but the soul. It pours its abominable feculence upon all which is glorious in man, and destroys not only the casket, but the jewel in the casket. Tobacco and opium, alike, freely and persistently used, benumb the moral sensibility, sear conscience, and by their narcotic power, create an abnormal environment about the soul, which gospel truths do not penetrate. Many a smoker paralyzed by this narcotic, is as far from the kingdom of God to-day, as the forlorn drunkard, wallowing in the gutter."

"A Chinaman or a Yankee, stupefied and stultified by tobacco or opium, is as impervious to gospel truth, as an iron-clad ship in battle."

It would be a waste of time to attempt to answer these exaggerated statements. The Cynic is no bigot on the subject of smoking. He sincerely believes that tobacco, used in moderation, is the friend of man, and that the immoderate use of it is very rarely practised. Few men, happily, are such lovers of the plant as Charles Lamb, who poetically declared:—

"For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die."

The feelings of DIOGENES towards tobacco are admirably expressed in

the following clever verses by a Cambridge friend—C. S. C.—which are slightly altered for the occasion:—

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit:
How one, or two at most
Drops makes a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it:

How they who use fuses
All grow by slow degrees
Hairless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards;
Go mad and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Kazors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours;
Jones—who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.—
Daily absorbs a day
After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco juice:
Still why deny its use
When men are frugal?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith—take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to John Dougall!

ANECDOTICAL.

The Nestor of old Provincial politics, Sir Francis Hincks, has arrived at Quebec, entrusted, it is said, with a "delicate diplomatic mission." DIOGENES has been informed that, shortly after landing, Sir Francis made many enquiries for his quondam adherents and antagonists, proving beyond a doubt that he retains a lively recollection of both the actors and the incidents which made his Administration famous. Among others, he asked for Mr. James Moir Ferres. On being told Mr. Ferres was in Kingston Penitentiary, Sir Francis exclaimed, with all his old animation, "By —, Sir, I wanted to send him there twenty years ago! and he's there at last!" On ascertaining that Perry was alive and impecunious, he exclaimed: "I thought so! I knew he'd never make any money! Odd fellow—that Perry!"

LATEST FROM THE BACK OF THE ISLAND.

"But," said Harris, picking his teeth,—the act is mentioned from its suggestiveness,—"Why is a Canada trader, who fails, unlike Lady Macbeth?"

Thompson gave it up. He did not know Lady Macbeth; was she connected with one of the regiments at Montreal?

Wagstaffe gave it up, too; but he had heard of the play.

"Because," said Harris didactically, "when Lady Macbeth fails, she fails; but when the Canada trader goes into the Bankrupt Court, instead of failing he makes rather a good thing of it. Don't you see?"

Thompson is going to read the play through. It is quite plain it is the thing to do.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES,—At a late meeting of the wise men of the Montreal Water Committee, it seems to be have been resolved, on motion duly put and carried:—

"That His Worship the Mayor, the Water Committee, and Mr. Lesage, Superintendent of the Water Works, be authorised to visit the different works of the Aqueduct of the City of New York, and of any other cities they may find advisable to visit, and that His Worship the Mayor be requested to order the City Treasurer to put the necessary funds at their disposal to meet the expenses which will be incurred for that purpose."

Everybody knows the Water Committee wants improvement in more ways than one. The mind of the Chairman,—who is, admittedly, a round peg in a square hole,—would be none the worse for opening up, and nothing opens up a man's mind so much as travel. But under this motion the committee-men may travel a little too far. They may go from Dan to Beersheba, and not be much the better for it. It certainly will not lead to the city's advantage to establish a roving commission in search of information, especially as hardly another city on this side of the Atlantic, except Quebec, exists under similar climatic conditions. The people of New York, London, Paris, Peking, Bombay or Timbuctoo may welcome the "outside barbarians," and ask a good many questions about ice-shoves and frazil,—maple sugar and muffins; they may offer hookahs and hookahs; but they will hardly be in a position to afford our aqueous sages the knowledge of which they go in search.

There is one point, and that an important one, to which I am desirous of drawing attention. How can the Mayor order the City Treasurer to pay monies for any purpose on the dicta of the Committee and without an appropriation being ordered by the Council? I don't think His Worship will act on the motion of the Committee; if he does, he will establish a very bad precedent.—Yours faithfully,
CIVIS.

LACHINE
ANNUAL REGATTA

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1869.

PATRONS:

SIR G. E. CARTIER, Bart.
WM. WORKMAN, Esq. (Mayor of Montreal.)
C. J. BRYDGES, Esq.
COLONEL DYDE.

JUDGES:

A. W. OGILVIE, Esq., M.P.P.
JOSPH HICKSON, Esq.
HENRY MCKAY, Esq.
ROMEO H. STEPHENS, Esq.

PRESIDENT:

T. A. DAWKE, Esq.

VICE-PRESIDENT:

JAMES HERVEY, Esq.

STARTER:

F. J. BRADY, Esq.

PROGRAMME OF RACES:

TIME.	1st Prize.	2nd Prize.	Ent'ce Fee.
10.00 A.M. Sailing Race—open boats not over 20ft. long, 6 miles.	\$ 30	\$ 10	\$ 2
11.15 P.M. Champion race 2 miles, single scull outrig'rs—open to all.	100	..	5
12.45 P.M. Indian Race in canoes, 4 miles	50	..	Free.
1.30 P.M. Four-oared in-rigged boats, 4 miles—open to members of recognized clubs	100	20	5
4.00 P.M. Boys' Race, 2 miles—open to boys under 16. Inrig'd double scull boats.	75	5	2
4.30 P.M. Four-oar'd outrig'gers, 4 miles—open to all comers.	150	100	10
5.00 P.M. Squaw Race, in canoes, 1 mile.	30	..	Free.
5.30 P.M. Double Scull Outrig'rs, Club Race—2 miles.	100	..	3

All the foregoing Races will be subject to the Regulations of the Club,—copies of which may be had from the Secretary.
Trains leave Bonaventure Station at 9 A.M., 12 noon, 1:30 and 3:00 P.M.

Return Tickets, 37½ cents.

On arrival at Lachine, a steamer will convey parties holding badges to the various Club barges.

Entries, giving full particulars as regards crew, colours, &c., must be made with the Secretary, at Hanna's Hotel, Upper Lachine, by Eight o'clock on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 21st July.

S. H. WALLIS,
Hon. Secretary.

THE
ST. HYACINTHE RACES

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

ST. HYACINTHE,

On the 17th & 18th August, 1869

1ST.—QUEEN'S PLATE, 50 GUINEAS.

Full particulars in a few days.

GASFITTINGS.

THE Subscribers have on hand a first rate assortment of English and American GAS FIXTURES, consisting of LACQUERED AND BRONZE GASALIERES, GLASS CHANDELIERS, GLASS AND OTHER BRACKETS, HALL AND TABLE LAMPS, PILLARS, &c.

—ALSO—
All kinds of GLASS GLOBES, Plain, Cut and Engraved, FANCY SHADES, &c., which they will sell at extremely low prices.
CHARLES GARTH & CO.,
Dominion Metal Works,
536 to 547 Craig Street,
Montreal.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND

INVESTED FUNDS: UPWARDS OF
One Million One Hundred and Ninety-One Thousand Pounds Sterling.

This Institution differs from other Life Offices in that the
BONUSES FROM PROFITS
ARE APPLIED ON A SPECIAL SYSTEM FOR THE POLICY-HOLDER'S
PERSONAL BENEFIT AND ENJOYMENT
DURING HIS OWN LIFE-TIME,
With the option of Large Bonus Additions to the Sum Assured.

THE POLICY-HOLDER THUS OBTAINS
A LARGE REDUCTION OF PRESENT OUTLAY
OR
A PROVISION FOR OLD AGE
OF A MOST IMPORTANT AMOUNT,
In One Cash Payment, or a Life Annuity, without any expense or outlay whatever beyond the ordinary Assurance Premium for the original Sum Assured, which remains intact for the Policy-holder's heirs, or other purposes.

CANADA—MONTREAL: 1 Common Street.

Secretary, P. WARDLAW.
Inspector of Agencies, JAS. B. M. CHIPMAN.

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.

Life Branch.

The following are amongst the important advantages offered by this Company
Perfect Security to Assurers.
Moderate Rates of Premium.
Large Participation of Profits—The Bonus being amongst the Largest hitherto declared by any Office, and 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,

W. E. Scott, M.D., Medical Examiner.
Alfred Perry, Fire Inspector.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE
COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICES:

19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON, ENGLAND,
AND 385 & 387 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

MORLAND, WATSON & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA.
FRED. COLE, SECRETARY.

CAPITAL - - - - - £2,500,000 STERLING.

FIRE AND LIFE.

Bonus in 1868 the highest declared by any office in Canada.

FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.
ONE PENNY EACH IN WRAPPERS.

THE WEEKLY STAR will be published on the 2nd July, and regularly every week afterwards, at 9 o'clock on FRIDAY MORNING. It will contain twenty-four columns of the cream of the week's City and Foreign News (by wire and mail), the Police, Sporting, Editorials, and choice Literature.

The best and cheapest newspaper in the world. Orders from City Newsdealers must be sent in every Wednesday previous to the day of publication.

OFFICE, 64 St. James Street.



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

GEO. DENHOLM,
No. 2 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

W. F. GAIRDNER,
ADVOCATE,
No. 38 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET.

TO LET
FOR A TERM OF YEARS,
OR FOR SALE,

THE BREWERY and PLANT in JACQUES CARTIER STREET, known as "GORRIE'S BREWERY."

The Malt Floors, Kilm, and Grain Loft might be used separately; or the whole might be turned into a Factory, where extensive Vaults would be of service.

DANIEL GORRIE.

NOTICE.

I have this day admitted Mr. Robert Kane as partner, and the business of the Firm in future will be carried on under the name of WILSON & KANE.

THOS. WILSON.

WILSON & KANE,

Brokers & Commission Merchants
No. 58 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

Stocks and Bonds bought and sold. Money lent on approved Mortgages. Advances made on Consignments to Great Britain.

MONTREAL, 10th July, 1869.

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.

W. GEO. BEERS,
DENTIST.

Office & Residence
12 BEAVER HALL TERRACE
MONTREAL.

DIOGENES.

COLLARS.

THE CANADIAN COLLAR FACTORY.

Nos. 580 AND 582 CRAIG STREET.

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.

POT AND PEARL ASHES

BOUGHT AND SOLD BY
F. M. CASSIDY
No. 3 Cuvillier's Court,
St. Sacrament Street.

Simpson & Bethune,
Fire,
Life,
and Marine
Insurance
Agents.

OFFICE:

102 St. Francois Xavier Street.

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

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.

HEARSEs, Coffins, CrapeS,
&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.

W. CLENDINNENG,

(late Wm. Rodden & Co.)

Founder, and Manufacturer of Stoves, &c.,
Works, 165 to 179 William Street.

City Sample and Sale Room, 118 and 120
Great St. James Street,
and 537 Craig Street,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

VICTORIA STABLES.

THE undersigned has opened his new Stables in the building lately occupied as an Armory in Victoria Square. They are roomy, well lighted and ventilated, and first-class in every respect.

Special attention given to the boarding and sale of gentlemen's horses. No horses kept for hire.

References kindly permitted to Thos. Cramp, Esq., Alex. Urquhart, Esq., Wm. M. Ramsay, Esq., John Leeming, Esq., and J. J. Browne, Esq.

TIMOTHY STARR.

ALL THE LONDON

"COMIC WEEKLIES"

Regularly Received

AT THE DIOGENES OFFICE

NINETEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

DIRECTORS' OFFICE—No. 27 COURT STREET, BOSTON.
HENRY CROCKER, President. W. H. HOLLISTER, Secretary.
B. R. CORWIN, Manager.

Assets, 31st January, 1869.....	\$1,730,876.67
Receipts for the year 1868.....	1,505,015.38
Surplus over all liabilities.....	575,661.73
Deposited with Receiver-General of Canada.....	100,000.00
Losses paid in 1868.....	270,330.00

Policyholders are the only Stockholders in the Company. Each Policyholder receives his share of the earnings of the Company in ratio to the amount of Premium paid. Every Premium paid receives an apportionment of the divisible surplus on the 31st Dec. of each year. All business, agencies, payments, proof of loss, &c., in this Province, submitted to

JOHN RHYNAS,
MONTREAL,
General Agent for Province of Quebec.

May 26.

TO TOURISTS.

HOLDSTOCK'S AUTUMN SKETCHES

CANADIAN SCENERY.

Some Fine Specimens at the
DIOGENES' OFFICE,

27 ST. JAMES STREET,
(Opposite the Post Office).

THE CARLTON RESTAURANT
By **J. MARTIN,**
IS NOW OPEN.

WITH A CHOICE SELECTION OF

WINES, SPIRITS, LIQUEURS, &c.

Lunches from 12 to 3.

DINNERS & SUPPERS AT ALL HOURS

425 NOTRE DAME STREET,

Five Doors West of St. Peter.

PREPARING,
THE CANADIAN ANNUAL REGISTER for 1867.

A RECORD OF PUBLIC EVENTS IN CANADA DURING THAT YEAR.

Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN.

(Prospectus at Dawson Bros.)

JUST RECEIVED,
AMERICAN, FRENCH, and SCOTCH CHAMBRYS.

THE above Goods make a Beautiful Suit, are Fast Colors, and very Durable.

Also, a Lot of PLAIN LUSTRES, New Colors.

BROWN, CLAGGETT & McCARVILLE
463 Notre Dame Street, West End.



J. H. WALKER,
ARTIST,
and
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
13 Place D'Armes,
MONTREAL.

REMOVAL.

T. F. STONEHAM

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.,

353.

T. AFT & GARVEN,
ARCHITECTS,

REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT AGENTS,

SOLICITORS OF PATENTS, &c.

Offices: No. 49 Bleury Street.

CONSUMPTION, CHEST AFFECTIONS,

DR. CHURCHILL'S HYPOPHOSPHITES for the prevention and cure of CONSUMPTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST, CHRONIC COUGH, and GENERAL DEBILITY.

The preparations which are used by the most eminent members of the faculty are the SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF SODA, PILLS OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF QUININE, SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME, and in cases where Ferruginous preparations are required ("chlorosis anemia," &c.) the SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF IRON, and PILLS OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF MAGNESE.

These valuable medicines have saved the lives of many thousands of consumptive patients. Even in the third or last stage, their beneficial effects have been frequently manifested. In every instance, however far advanced in the disease, the patient will find a marked improvement both in local and general symptoms. There will be observed a remarkable increase of nervous power, a better appetite, greater regularity of the bowels, better digestion, less cough, less expectoration, less susceptibility of catching cold, less perspiration at night, &c., &c.

Each genuine bottle has the signature of Dr. CHURCHILL on the label, and is prepared by SWANN, Pharmacien, 12 Rue Castiglione, Paris, Chemist to the American Embassy. Price four francs per bottle in France.

Wholesale Agent for Canada: J. V. MORGAN, Montreal.

AMERICAN AGENTS.—New York: Caswell and Hazard. Boston: Metcalf, Hrown and Sons. Philadelphia: Fred. Brown.

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.

BUILDERS

WILL FIND
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,
537 Craig Street East;
Or at the Montreal Foundry and City Works,
165 to 179 William Street.
W. CLENDINNENG.

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

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,
Great St. James Street,
MONTREAL.
H. HOGAN, PROPRIETOR.

RAILWAYS.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD LINE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS,

Commencing MAY 1, 1869.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

MAIL TRAIN leaves ST. ALBANS at 6.30 a.m., and connects at Burlington with the Rutland Road, and at White River Junction and Bellows Falls with Trains for Boston, Worcester, Springfield and New York.

DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.40 a.m., for Boston, &c., arriving in Boston at 10.30 p.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 1.30 p.m., for Waterloo, Boston, and New York, arriving at Boston at 8.40 a.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with Cheshire R. R. for Boston and Worcester, and with Vermont Valley R. R. for Springfield, &c., arriving in New York at 12.30 p.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

DAY EXPRESS leaves Boston via Lowell at 8 a.m., for St. Albans, Montreal, &c., arriving at Montreal at 10 p.m.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Boston via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7.30 a.m., Springfield at 7.45 a.m., for St. Albans.

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Bellows Falls at 10.10 p.m., receiving passengers from Vermont Valley R. R., leaving New York at 12.15 p.m., and from Cheshire R. R., leaving Boston at 5.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with Train leaving Boston at 5.00 for Montreal.

Sleeping Cars are attached to both the Night Express Trains running between St. Albans and Boston, and St. Albans and Springfield.

G. MERRILL, General Supt.

GOODALL'S Playing Cards,
G. SMITH'S METALLIC MEMORANDUMS, PIRE'S ANTIQUE NOTE PAPER & ENVELOPES, at the **DIOGENES' OFFICE,** 27, Great St. James Street.