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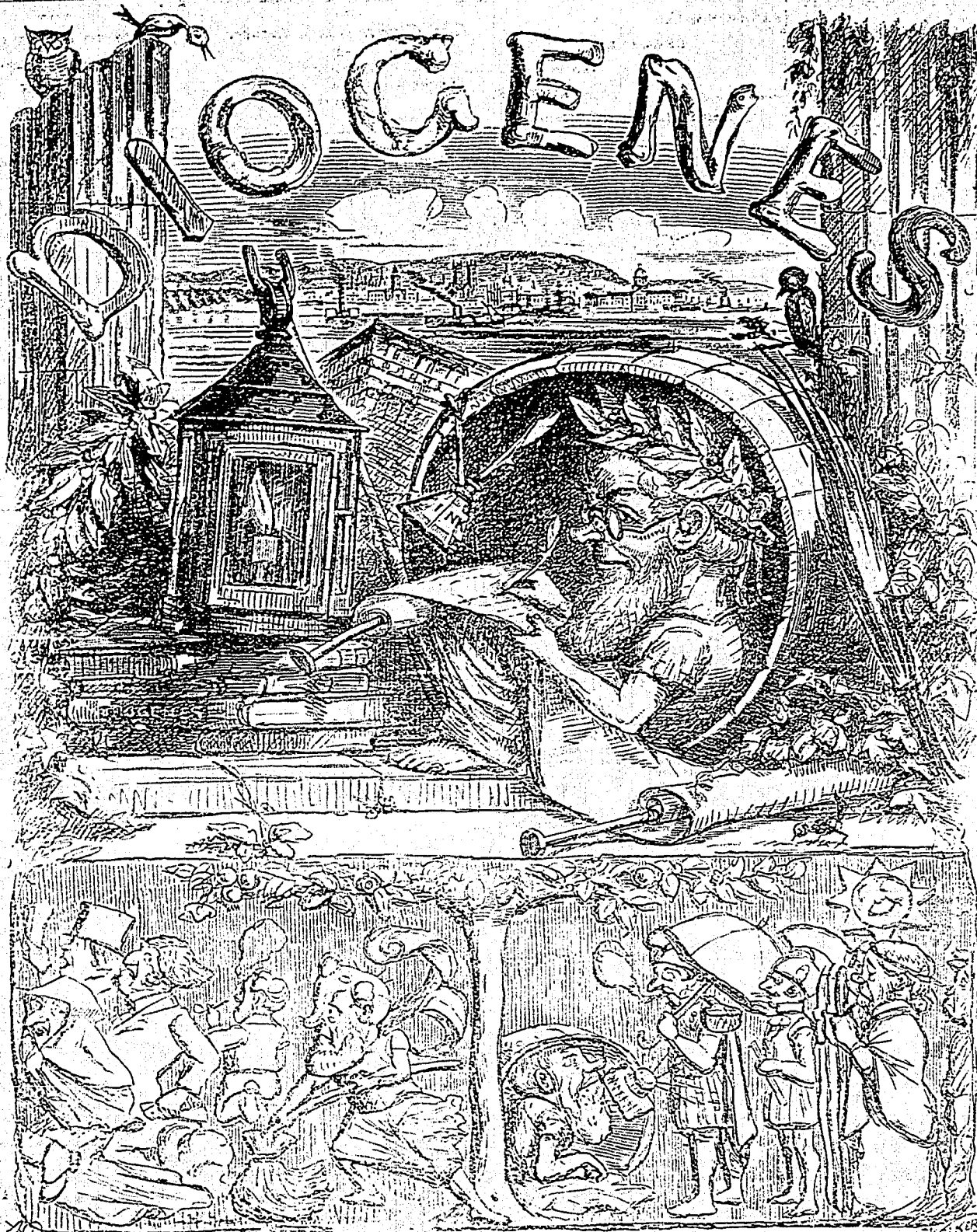
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Vol. I.—No. II. MONTREAL, 22nd JANUARY, 1869. Price—Five Cents.

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1869.

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Also, Hoop Skirts, Fancy Neck-Ties, Linen Goods, Scotch and Canada Tweeds, and a varied assortment of Small Wares. Liberal inducements offered to cash customers for the above lines, to clear odd lots.

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A NEW DRY GOODS FIRM.

On the 20th of March next, the new Dry Goods Firm of BROWN, CLAGGETT & MCCARVILLE will open the large store 463 Notre Dame Street. The members of this firm have for many years been connected with the Dry Goods business, and thoroughly understand all its details. Their numerous friends in this city will, we have no doubt, be glad to hear of their commencing business under such favourable circumstances. The fact of their being related to some of the leading Silk Velvet and Poplin Manufacturers of the United Kingdom, will enable the new firm to hold out inducements such as are seldom offered to the public. They intend making a speciality of Silks, Velvets, Irish Poplins, Mantles and Shawls, but they will also keep a large assortment of first class Dry Goods. We take this opportunity of wishing the new firm success.—Montreal Daily News, Jan. 20th.

NOTICE.

TO THE LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per last Steamer,

3 Cases of COUDRAY'S PERFUMERY.

Also on hand, everything requisite for the Toilet, of the Finest Quality, and at the Lowest Prices.

HAIR WORK, in every style. Ladies' and Gentlemen's WIGS, BRAIDS, &c., &c.

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KEMP & BROWN, Importers and General Dealers in Teas, Coffees, Wines, Liquors, and PROVISIONS, Corner McGill & Lemoine Streets, MONTREAL.

GARDNER'S BAKING POWDER can be had of Grocers in all parts of this City and throughout the Dominion of Canada; also at the Depot, 375 Notre Dame Street, and at Gardner's East End Drug Store, 211 and 213 Notre Dame Street, corner of St. Gabriel Street.

Montreal, Jan., 1869.

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"BAKING POWDER"

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APPEAL.

APPEAL.—The United Board

of Out-door Relief would earnestly appeal to the friends of the poor and destitute for further assistance. At the present rate of giving, the firewood on hand will be exhausted in less than three weeks. The winter is not half over—the demands upon us increase from week to week—the cases of severe distress have been more numerous than on any former winter, and there is only about \$50 left in the treasury with which to meet all this want and suffering. The Board trust that those who are able to give will consider this appeal, and contribute liberally to help the poor and needy through the winter. Contributions can be sent to Mr. BROWN, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Protestant House of Industry and Refuge, or, to any member of the Board.

TEAS.

T. JAPAN T.

From FIFTY TO EIGHTY CENTS, of the finest quality.

T. HYSON T.

From FIFTY CENTS TO ONE DOLLAR.

Fine to Superfine.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRICAL OPTICS,

by N. F. DUPUIS, A. M., Astronomical Observer to Queen's College, Kingston.

This new work contains a concise yet comprehensive view of the elementary principles of Practical Optics. It is intended for the use of Canadian Students. Price, free by mail, \$1.00. Discount for quantities. Address,—JOHN HENDERSON, Bookseller, Kingston.

THE INTERNATIONAL

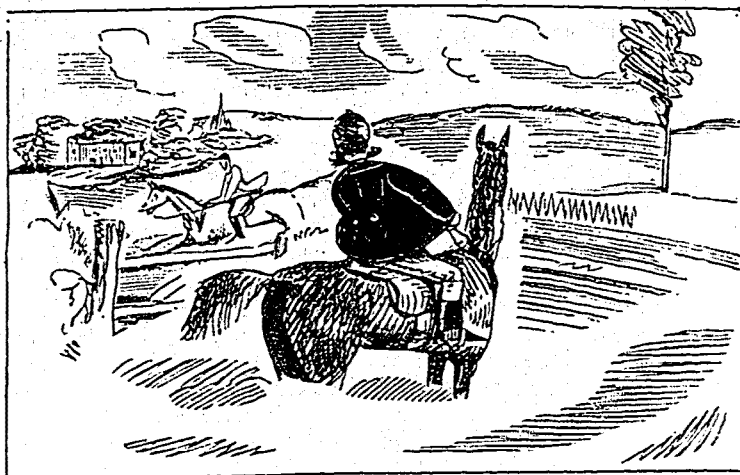
RAILWAY GUIDE for January contains latest Time-Tables; also, a Portrait of Mr. BRIDGES, and a full account of the Banquet, with a list of names of those present. For Sale at the Bookstores and on the Cars. Price Ten Cents.

YEAR BOOK IN SETS.—

Parties wishing to procure the YEAR BOOK in Sets since the commencement, 1867, 1868, and 1869, can get them at DAWSON BROTHERS, or the Office of the Publishers, 67 Great St. James Street.

An extra special edition has been printed to supply the back numbers. The price of the set is \$1.

The edition of 1869, on superior paper with cover, 25 cents; cheap edition, 12 1/2 cents.



CARD ILLUSTRATIONS. No. 1.

A NEW READING.

Sing of Gold and Greenbacks
 Luck's all awry*
 Five hundred thousand
 In a "Corner" pie;
 When the pie was eaten,
 Drewe began to sing,
 Let us send the empty dish
 To knowing Mr. King.
 King was in his parlour,
 Counting up his money;
 Vanderbilt in Wall Street,
 Looking very funny.
 'Long comes a telegram,
 (Tell it not to Rose!)
 Mr. King looks serious
 With finger on his nose!

"A COUNCILMAN ON HIS TRAVELS."

The following announcement appeared recently it seems in the Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Eagle*:—

"The Honorable James McShane, Councilman and Acting Mayor of Montreal, is visiting Brooklyn on his wedding tour."

DIOGENES has not the least desire to impute to Mr. McShane the authorship of the above extraordinary paragraph, though it does seem a little hard to understand how the *Eagle* procured the information. The Cynic is merely anxious to point out a noticeable feature in our society, viz: The irresistible tendency of the substratum to copy the snobbery so often censured in the "Upper Ten." DIOGENES is of opinion that there are snobs in low life as well as in high life, and that the imitative snob is decidedly the most contemptible.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

DIOGENES is happy to learn that a Second Edition of Mr. Heavysage's *Saul* is about to be issued from Mr. Ticknor's press,—the First Edition having been disposed of on the day of publication. If the author is asked, "Is *Saul* also among his profits?" he is in a position to return an affirmative answer. DIOGENES tenders him his congratulations.

* The writer probably means *Eric*. (En.)

SONG.

BY CAPT. HEAVYGUN, OF THE MONTREAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

AIR—"He vowed he never would leave her."

Oh, yes! I am a warrior bold,
 Just enrolled,
 Not too old;
 And a Brevet Commission I hold
 In the Garrison Artillery;
 And whenever the false enemy
 See my eye,
 They will fly:—
 Wont they shiver to hear our war-cry,
 Tootle tum tootle tum, tay.
 I vow that I never will leave, Sir,
 But fight till renown I achieve, Sir,—
 Tootle tum, tootle tum,
 Tootle tum, tootle tum,
 Tootle tum, tootle tum, tay.

Chorus—We vow that we never, etc.

None of you would I frighten at all,
 But a ball,
 Very small,
 May be sent into, what I may call,
 His thorax, I think I may say.
 But if e'er on the ground I must lie
 Just to die,
 No one by,
 The enemy still I'd defy,
 With tootle tum, tootle tum, tay.
 I vow that I never will leave, Sir,
 But fight till renown I achieve, Sir,—
 Tootle tum, tootle tum,
 Tootle tum, tootle tum,
 Tootle tum, tootle tum, tay.

Chorus—We vow that we never, etc.

(To a new Northern Tune.)

DIGGING FOR SMALL POTATOES.

It has been asked—

"Why are people, who make a boast of ancestry, like the potato-plant?"

And it has been answered,—“Because all that's good of them is underground.”

DIOGENES does not decry good birth—far from it. He would thereby do dishonor to his own ancestry. But with special reference to a matrimonial announcement, which appeared in a late number of a Montreal Daily, DIOGENES feels himself called upon to remark that, if Dominic Skelp marries Sairy Jane, he probably takes a wise step, and he hopes that Sairy Jane will treat him well. But the public parade and proclamation of Sairy's one ancestor who had a handle to his name, but who died somewhere about the time that William Rufus got his dose of arrow-root, savours, to DIOGENES, very much of disrespect to the ignored relatives, and of unmitigated snobbery on the part of the Dominic.

A FISHY CONUNDRUM.

What part of our good City's progress most resembles a crab's progress?
 Side-walks!

"WRINKLES" FOR A REVIEWER.

"As soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics."

Byron's English Birds and Scotch Reviewers.

DIOGENES has a young friend who is going to join what Southey called "the ungentle craft." In plainer language, he is desirous of becoming a literary critic. He naturally feels himself in rather a critical position, and has requested DIOGENES to detail for his benefit the leading principles which should guide the pen of a Reviewer.

The Cynic has much pleasure in complying with this request, and offers his young friend the following suggestions, as the result of his own experience and observation. The first great maxim, which you must never for one instant forget, is that the critic, both in the tone and the language of his articles, must assume to be infinitely superior to the writer whom he is reviewing. The necessity of this is obvious to the meanest capacity. You must impress the public strongly with the justice of your assumption, or the many-headed monster will spurn your *dicta*. So long as anonymous journalism continues to flourish, a majority of readers can be easily hoodwinked, and asses may sport lions' skins without any risk of detection. The mask of anonymity, like the *persona* of the ancient actor, intensifies the force of each utterance, and men, who, if known, would be as mute as fishes, vociferate, like maniacs, in unsigned articles. It is your own fault, therefore, if you cannot impose upon the public. Tact, however, is needful to accomplish this satisfactorily. Your position is no sinecure. You may be called upon at any moment to review compositions on any subject. Theology, philosophy, politics, sociology, science, voyages, travels, history, biography, poetry and novels, have all to be treated of during some period of your critical existence. You are profoundly ignorant on a multitude of topics: you must conceal this ignorance with almost preternatural skill. Subjects, the most different, must be discussed with but little time for reading up, and less time for writing: at one time it may be a cookery-book, at another a theological treatise, the laws of Croquet, or the practice of Ritualism; to-day Pope Alexander, to-morrow Alexander Pope. You are expected, as Charles Lamb says of the modern schoolmaster, "to know a little of everything; to be superficially, if I may say so, omniscient." It is evident, at any rate, that you require immense impudence to carry out my first maxim, and affect superiority over all the authors whom you criticize.

The second maxim may be easily remembered. Never praise a book,—except ironically, or when you have received a *bona fide* sum of money for doing so.—That of course alters the case, for you cease to be a true critic when you are a paid panegyrist. But anybody can praise a work, and you don't want to do what everybody else can do. Your object is to attract general notice, and this cannot be done by indiscriminate eulogium. The public want pepper, not butter,

to stimulate their attention; and pepper you must give them, if you want them to keep awake. They would rather see a man scalped with a tomahawk than crowned with a laurel wreath. The action is more sensational, and possesses more points of vital interest. There is always a crowd at an execution.

But even if you were to praise a work from an honest conviction that it has real merit, you would hardly get the public to read your criticism. Pshaw! they would say, this fellow is an intimate friend of the author's, or has been liberally paid to give him a puff; what on earth is the use of our reading such rubbish? Nothing therefore is to be gained by praising a book, for your motives will infallibly be misconstrued, and your *critique* unread. On the other hand, if ever you abuse a work violently, it is certain to be alleged that you are actuated by personal spite. But as you are not (except on exceptional occasions, to which I will soon allude), what does it matter to you what the public say? Your conscience is quite easy—that is enough. You abuse the unfortunate book merely in accordance with certain fixed general principles that you have determined to follow, and that I sincerely hope you will at all hazards continue to follow. Moreover, if you abuse all new books alike, the public will soon acquit you of the charge of malice; for it can hardly be supposed that you entertain a personal spite against every author whom you chance to review.

And now, a few words with respect to what some weak-minded people consider a matter of importance—I mean the reading of publications that you are asked to criticize. Sydney Smith once said to a friend, who was perusing a work previous to writing some account of it, "I never read a book *before* reviewing it—it prejudices one so." No doubt, there is something in this, as in all the remarks of the brilliant Canon. For instance, you start with the intention of lashing out with your critical shillelah wherever you see a literary head. But by incautiously reading through the production of some author, you may become prejudiced in his favour, and even conceive a sneaking kindness for your intended victim. This, of course, would be highly imprudent, and would possibly lead in time to a renunciation of your principles. At the same time, I would not go so far as the famous *Edinburgh Reviewer*. My advice is as follows:—If a book really amuses or interests you, read it for your own sake; but don't do so for the sake of the public, or from any mistaken sense of duty. Very few authors are worth reading through, and you are paid for being a reviewer, not a martyr. If there is to be any martyr in the case, let it be the author.

Having offered you these general hints, I will now descend to a few particulars. A critic ought, strictly speaking, to know an author only through his books. But sometimes he utilizes his private acquaintance with him. The man of Uz expressed a wish—"Oh! that mine adversary had written a book!" and occasionally it does happen that a man's personal enemy does write a book. The critic then has a sweet time of it. He at once takes the work in hand, and cuts and slashes away in a perfect frenzy of delight. He carefully rakes up from the ashes of the past the

smouldering embers of calumny, and perseveringly blows them into a fitful flame. He coins scandal, and manufactures ugly stories, which produce the intended effect of making the author looked upon as a doubtful character. These stories, even if true, have nothing whatever to do with the man's literary merits: but the public have a strange relish for "evil-speaking, lying, and slandering," and you are writing for the public. By the course that I have just recommended, you kill three birds with one stone—you earn your money, you gratify your spleen, and at the same time you tickle the public.

I will suppose that your enemy has written a poem. Here is an invaluable receipt for snuffing out in one article all his fond hopes of immortality. It was given to me by a skilful practitioner, and has seldom or never been known to fail. Commence by saying, in an apparently candid manner, "Let us see whether the powers of this gentleman are equal to the production of a well-sustained *passage*." Then quote, with numerous italics, the worst passage that you have been able to find, after weary hours of careful search. Continue then as follows: "Mr. — is evidently unable to produce a respectable passage of any length. Let us try if he is more successful in a short effort." Then quote his most execrable couplet, and proceed: "We regret that we cannot congratulate Mr. — upon his success in the couplet just quoted. Let us see whether his single lines are more worthy of our admiration." Then collect in a body all the most faulty lines that you can discover (forcibly dislocating them from the context, with wrong punctuation, &c.), and remark plaintively: "Mr. — seems to be equally unfortunate in his long passages, his short passages, and his single lines; and yet he has been praised in the pages of the *Assineum*. His strength, therefore, must lie in his judicious selection of epithets, or his use of single words. Here is a fair specimen of his skill." I shall be much surprised if, like many men of genius, he has not either affectedly coined some new phrases, or reproduced some quaint archaisms, which will furnish matter for jesting and buffoonery. Heighten the absurdity by misspelling all the quotations, and wind up your review by triumphantly asking, what can be thought of a *soi-disant* poet, who fails in his short flights as signally as in his long ones, and whose single lines are as ridiculous as his single words are barbarous?

Your criticism will find its way where his poem is not at hand; and you will feel easier in mind after having rid yourself of a load of rancorous feelings. If he attempts to answer your article, it will be the worse for him and the better for you. No maxim in the world is more firmly established than this, that the man who replies to an adverse article in a review is an idiot. He shows by his action that the critique is felt, and the public (who never read his reply) unhesitatingly set him down as in the wrong, because he takes the trouble to reply to it. My remarks must here close, but it is a subject to which I shall recur.

TOAST FOR 1869.—Here's to lovely woman—may she never "*stoop* to folly," and may her shadow, (so far as her dress goes), never be less.

"KORN KOB" INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO DIOGENES.

I have a request to make Mr. Editor. Now pray don't be alarmed! I'm not the tax collector, nor the city missionary, nor a bereaved widow with fifteen small children, nor a helpless orphan, nor a veteran of the war of 1812. I don't want to build a church or found a hospital. I haven't got a note to meet in a few days, and I don't support a sick father and several little brothers and sisters. No, Mr. Editor, the favour I wish you to confer on me is of a totally different nature.

I have had a "call" to write—to write for the papers! I feel that within me which convinces me that I am destined some day to make a noise in the literary world. For the last five years I have spent most of my leisure time on compositions. I have written burlesques, satires, poems and essays innumerable. I have made ream after ream of paper flash with genius and scintillate with wit. Candour, however, compels me to state that so far none of my productions have seen the light. I have been particularly unfortunate in procuring publishers! The editors to whom I have applied—and I have tried many—were altogether devoid of soul. They could not appreciate the rich mine of humour which lay ready to their hands. The ignorance they displayed in overlooking my productions was perfectly astounding. I gave them every chance too. I showered articles upon them day after day and week after week. I plied them with papers morning, noon and night. I button-holed them in the post office, on the street, in the hotel, but still they made no sign. I got to be a terror to the whole newspaper tribe at last. They avoided me as if I had had the plague. Old Nick himself couldn't have created greater consternation than I did when I alighted unexpectedly among a group of luckless scribes. I still persevered, however, cheered with the thought that I was doing my duty, and that the world would one day acknowledge my worth.

I called on the editor of a certain paper the other day and was shown into his sanctum. In an adjoining room the editor was seated talking to a friend, and while waiting for him to be at leisure, I overheard the following remarks:—"There's that bore again with some more of his drivelling nonsense. Confound the fellow, he'll be the death of me yet! He has done more towards disorganizing my staff than any six men I ever knew could accomplish in as many years. There is poor Mr. —, my talented assistant. Two years ago he was one of the jolliest men you could wish to meet. Look at him now—a morose unsocial being, not fit for anything but writing obituary notices, and all because this thick-headed booby has pestered him almost to death in vain attempts to get his manuscripts, as he calls them, published." Before I had time to compose myself, the infuriated editor burst into the room with a "Now then sir, what do you want?" I intimated, with a gentle cough, that I had a small article that I had knocked off that morning which I thought would just suit his columns. "Go to Jericho!" shouted the rabid journalist, "go to Jericho with your contribution and be hanged to you, and if I catch you here again with any more of your senseless scribbling, I'll break every bone in your body as sure as I'm a living man."

Mr. Editor, this is the sort of treatment I've been accustomed to. Now, I ask you is this the way to develop genius? Is it by usage such as this that intellect, which by the way is not over-abundant in the Dominion, is to be fostered? Are men of talent and originality to be frowned down by a set of sordid beings who have no appreciation of the beautiful, and no aspirations beyond dollars and cents? No sir, it must not be! To you, then, I apply, trusting that you will see the advisability of publishing my letter, and—ahem!—you may remit by the next post!

KORN KOB, JUN.

YE FAMOUS BATTLE BETWEENE ROBIN HOOD AND YE CURTAL FRYER.

'Twas when ye ground with frost was hoar,
And ye leaves fallen from ye tree—
That Robin Hood wold walk abroad
To see what he mite see.

Brave Robin was clad in a harness good,
With a steele cap on his crowne—
And his quarter-staff was a *Telegraph* poste,
A Twigge of much renowne.

Brave Robin Hood hee carped with hymselfe,
And thus spake forth his mynde—
“These byshoppes and these arche byshoppes
“I will them bete and bynde!
“And ye bedyl too, if he list not to me,
“In ye ronge boxe hymselfe shall fynde.”

“’Tis good to borrow the poor man’s pelf,
“Though a sin ’tis the rich to robb.”
Then he was aware of a curtal fryer
A rydande on his cobb.

“Now whither com’st thou, thou curtal fryer,
“Thy name and residence tell thou mee,
“And whereforr thou rydest ye Kingis hyewaye—
“For I holde thy life in jeopardie.”

He raised him then, that curtal fryer,
“Know Balchius is my name,” quoth he,
“My residence, Christ his fair abbaye,
“And what is my businesse, knave, to thee?”

“Ho! pratest thou thene, thou curtal fryer,—
“My soul may Our Ladye sane—
“If thou tellest thy businesse not to mee,
“Eft soone ’twill breede thee paine.”

“From the land of Gotham come I, my son,
“For our abbaye its neede is full sore;
“I have been to gather ye white monie,
“Eke ye greenbacke shin-plastore,
“For I founde my bootynge a bootlesse jobb
“In ye matter of golde galore.”

“Ye neede of our abbaye is sore my son,
“Abroade have I been to beg this pelf—”
“Now hold thy prate,” quoth bold Robin Hood,
“Why not beg at home—there’s in sooth myself.”

“A decde full wronge hast thou done, O! fryer,
“So yielde thou thy well-lined baggs to mee,
“Else light thee downe, and thy quarter-staffe
“Shall show me whether thou can’st go free.”

He lighted him down, that curtal fryer,
And Robin sett on with mite and maine,
The fryer caught up a branche of ye oak
And answerede his onslaughte back againe.

They fought together as Tomm Catts doe,
With blows of fury and acwarde knocks,
The quarter-staves, they rattled each sconce,
Like dice within a boxe.

“Now holde thy hande, thou curtal fryer,”
Eft soone cryed Robin Hood,
“Thou smitest strong, by my halidome—
“Gramercy!—and by ye rood!”

Robin Hood put his horne to his mouth
And blewe both loude and free,
And ye gallant Lowe and ye Ramsay stout
Came troopynge o’er ye lea—

The fryer put his palme to his mowth
And whuted whues three,
And Lovelle, ye Lord of ye *Dailie Newses*,
Rade up, with his chivalrie.

“A parley, a parley,” quoth Robin Hood,
“A parley I’ll holde wi’ thee—
“Confess thou wast wronge to borrow ye pelf
“And I will let thee be.”

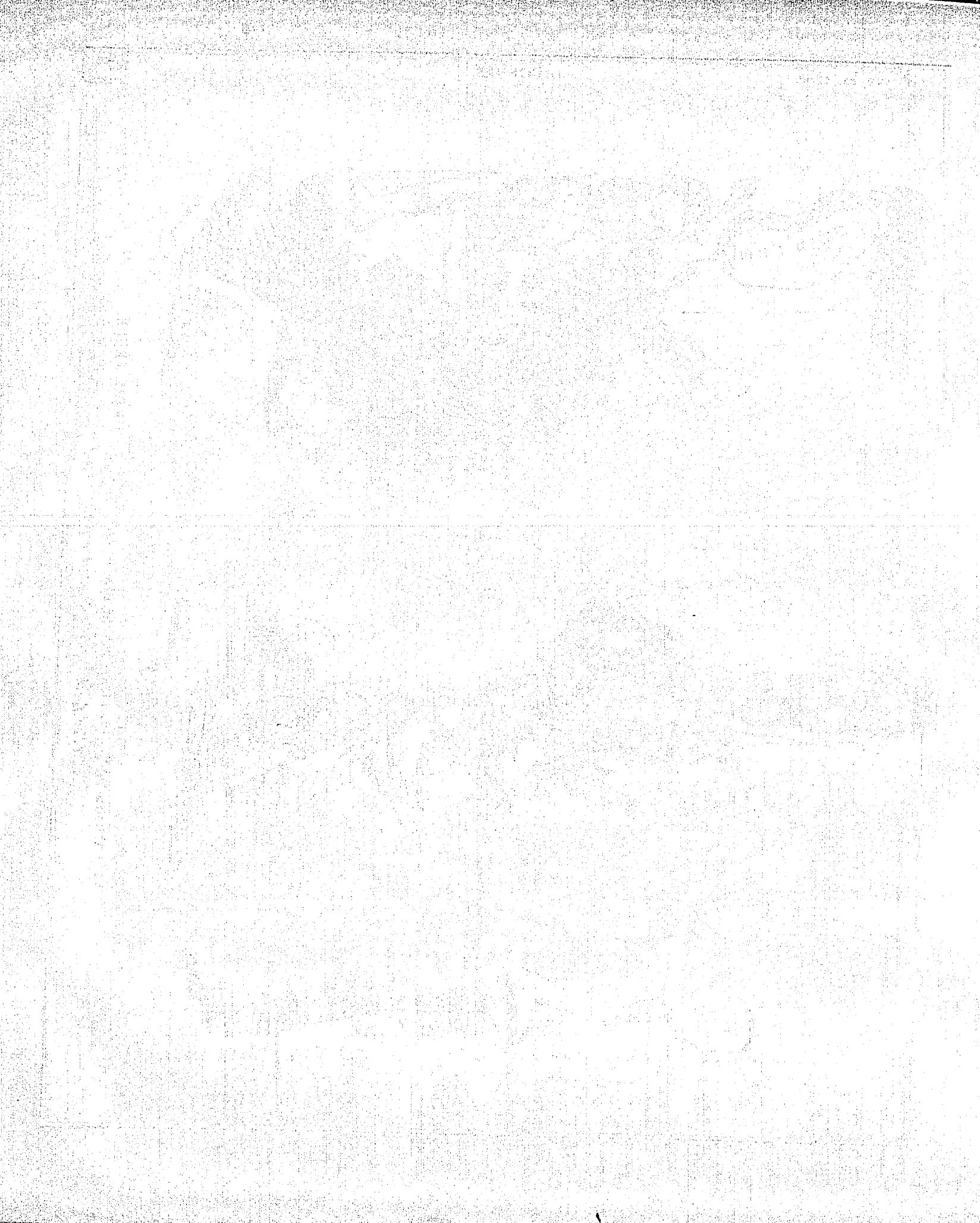
“No promise I’ll make,” quoth ye curtal fryer,
“Let parley none be spoken—
“A promise is like to ye goode pye cruste,
“That baked is to bee broken—

“My businesse none can concerne but myselfe,
“Or my brothers of curtal blacke—
“But tickell me twixt ye sholeders twain,
“And I will scratche thy backe.”

Bold Robin Hood, had been yeomanne good,
For yeeres but and a score—
And till he mett with ye curtal fryer,
None made him quaile before.



YE FAMOUS BATTELL BETWEEN ROBIN HOOD AND YE CURTAL FRYER.
(For further particulars see opposite page.)



FREEMASONRY AGAIN.

(To the Editor of the Daily Witness.)

"SIR:—I think you did not go far enough with your editorial on Masonry and the Police. I have not the least doubt but this is carried too far, not only in that body, but in other institutions. This ancient and honorable society is the hobby-horse, for instance, in the Grand Trunk. I have known men, who, perhaps, had not a shilling to spare, but who would scrape up money by hook or by crook to get into the order; for, as they say, once in the Masons,"

TUESDAY, January 19th.

"I AM ALL RIGHT."

The following rhymes are nearly as nonsensical as the letter above printed. *DIOGENES* cannot say more.

Air—"Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye."

Read the *Daily Witness*
On the "Mystic Tie;"
If you doubt the fitness
Of its words—reply.

If a man's a base 'un,
Witness thinks it clear
That, if he's a Mason
He need never fear.

"Peelers" find a man drunk;
If he give a "grip,"
Or be in the Grand Trunk,
Why—they let him slip!

If he keep a Tavern,
And on Sunday sell,
Hermit in his cavern
Safer could'nt dwell.

Why—the man's a Mason!
Never spoil his sport
Never bring his case on
In Recorder's Court!

So with many others
And I beg you then,—
Oh! ye sires and mothers
Of the Upper Ten,

If you've any gay sons
Who have caused you tears,
Make them join the Masons,
And so end your fears.

Read the *Daily Witness*
On the "Mystic Tie;"
If you can—the fitness
Of its words deny!

"VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER."

DIOGENES recently received a New Year's present of a Gold Watch. Can any body tell him by what time to set it? The mid-day gun is all very well, when the ball at the Custom House can be seen from St. Helen's Island. On foggy days the gun takes time from the Serjeant's watch; and with all possible respect for the Royal Artillery, *DIOGENES* knows that that watch goes on very eccentric wheels. The Post Office clock would be a good guide, if it would not so recklessly differ from that of the Seminary. The clock of the St. Patrick's Hall shews a good metallic face, but the figures are at present hardly legible. The clock at the Bonaventure Hall goes occasionally only. On the last birthday of the Prince of Wales it stopped all day at eight minutes past two, doubtless in honour of His Royal Highness' having attained his twenty-eighth year.

THE SIMPKINS CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 3.

To JEREMIAH SIMPKINS, Esq., Medical Student, Montreal.

My Dearest Boy:

Oh! such a surprise—you will never guess—I am in such a fluster—tell me what to do! You must know that last night, about eight o'clock, just after I had had a visit from Mr. McNaughten,—you know him, the Scotch farmer in the next parish,—when in walks young Edward Larkins from Toronto—(Mr. McNaughten wants me to lend him some money on that farm, but I told him the expense of your education)—when Larkins came in to speak to me, and—the tea things were not yet cleared away—dear me, where am I?

Well, after the tea things had bid us good night and McNaughten had been taken away and washed up by Ann—what do you think young Larkins does? He sits him himself plump on the sofa beside me—the green sofa you know—and tells me that he is downright in love with your sister Jane; that she is in love with him, (impudence!) when I knew nothing about it and that, in short—when the door opened and Jane, who had gone out to tea with the Smithsons' on the hill, whose little baby had the croup so badly the night before last, and who had been driven home by young Larkins in a sleigh—when they both fell kissing and pulling me about—how bold young men and women are now-a-days to be sure!

Now Jerry, what am I to do? To think how different it was with me and your poor father, and uncle John says Larkins is a fine young fellow, and I know he plays at billiards. He tells me that he is already past as a lawyer, and that he got a thief or somebody off being hanged for something the other day by proving an "alley bye," as if that had anything to do with it, and that he has three houses in Toronto which his father left him, and that he wants to get married directly—the indelicacy of the thing!

And then Jane says she must have a trousseau, as she calls it, which will cost a great deal of money, and says that it cannot be bought in Simpkinsville, and that she and I must come up and pass a few weeks with you, and—what do silver gray silks cost a yard in Montreal?

Write to me directly and tell me what you think for all the young Dorkings are come out of the shell, and the weather is very cold. I sent you some money yesterday without telling your uncle John, but I am so flustered that I forget how much. Take care of it like a good boy, and do not associate too much with those girls at your boarding house. I am afraid that Miss Jemima is very forward. You might go round some of the dry goods stores in Montreal and enquire the prices of the things that Jane will want. My heart is so full—but meet us at the depot when we arrive—and never forget

Your dotting mother,

RUTH SIMPKINS.

P. S.—I should like to give Jane a gold watch, if you can see a nice one for about six or seven dollars.

THE DRILL SHED.

This "Monument of Folly" is not yet completed, but *DIOGENES* notes that the names of the Members of the Drill Shed Committee have been chiselled in a stone slab over the entrance. That of the Chairman, Alderman David, very properly occupies a conspicuous place. The flooring has not been commenced, and there are no loop-holes to the armouries—but there is reason to believe there will be no more chiselling—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

HANDBOOK for STRANGERS VISITING MONTREAL

NO. 9.—MOLSON'S BARRACKS.

Ever since DIOGENES has known Montreal, he has always heard of some magnificent pile of barrack buildings to be erected at the expense of the Provincial Government. This idea has always met with the approval of leading statesmen of all parties. It is worth while to give the stranger some idea of the manner in which Her Majesty's troops are now housed by a grateful colony. Two barracks, (one recently built at the Imperial Government's expense), a military prison, one small hospital, a commissariat store, bakery, &c., St. Helen's Island, two or three offices, the Champ de Mars and Logan's Farm are the property of the Imperial Government, and have been purchased by the produce of the taxation of people at home. The two last-named parade grounds are always at the service of the Provincial Volunteers. To the hire of a large number of buildings, including two barracks, the Donegana Hotel, the Military Hospital in Craig Street, the Garrison Church, and numerous other buildings used as Mess-Houses and Quarters, the Provincial Government does not contribute one cent. The old tumble-down building near the Nelson column, now used as a Military Survey office is lent by Canada for that purpose, and DIOGENES believes that the small house used as a Mess house and Quarters by five cavalry officers is given rent free.

The light of the Cynic's lantern penetrates everywhere. He will give the stranger the benefit of a recent visit to Molson's Barracks now occupied by H. M. 60th Rifles.

The building is of the cheap and nasty sort with very thin walls. It is very cold in winter and unbearably hot in summer. The roof is perpetually leaking, especially after a thaw, when the water streams down into the barrack rooms. The walls are cracked in various places, letting in wind and snow. On the upper story only a limited number of men can be accommodated, and, for safety, wooden bedsteads have to be substituted for iron. The windows are of two kinds, viz. :—those that will not open and those that will not shut. There are no double windows or summer blinds. The portion used as a school has closely-set windows on three sides of the room. In summer no shade can possibly find its way into the school, and yet this is the place used for little children.

The wash houses, kitchen, and canteen are in the cellars, and are miserably dark, smoky, and defective in ventilation.

On the opposite side of the parade ground are two houses, occupied as Officers' and Married Quarters. In the former there is no water, as it is cut off to prevent the pipes from freezing. In the other house may be observed a series of married soldiers' families packed closely together. DIOGENES is bound to admit that decency has been properly cared for, but comfort is out of the question. Should a fire break out in this range of buildings, the consequences would be serious. Between these houses and the river are some old stables, mostly prevented from falling by being propped up. These are apparently used as stores. The back yard is very confined. Should the stranger pass through it on a washing day, he will become almost inextricably entangled in clothes lines. There is some drainage in this yard. Some old rotten wooden conduits become stopped-up periodically, and have generally to be opened and cleared in the summer months,—a process very conducive to the health of children.—Sometimes the river pays a visit to these cellars leaving behind it deposits of unwholesome mud. This is, in brief, one of many of the habitations which the Queen's troops are obliged to occupy at an immense expense because they *can get no better.*

Is it to be wondered at that we hear rumours of "British troops being withdrawn from Canada?"

PUNCH AND DIOGENES.

DIOGENES, in the number of his journal that appeared on January 1st, remarked as follows: "The success of our New Year festivities is closely dependent on the happy and judicious amalgamation of Turkey and Grease; and any one can see that war once ignited in such a locality can only be extinguished with great difficulty," &c.

If the readers of DIOGENES will refer to *Punch* (of January 2nd) they will see how the pencil of Mr. Tenniel has elaborated the suggestion above quoted. *Punch's* verses illustrating the illustration are to the same effect, and state that

"If Grease catches fire, we know
Its blaze the very deuce is."

This accidental coincidence confirms some remarks that the Cynic made in his last number, and is an additional instance to prove that one great genius (like *Punch*) may be occasionally anticipated in his ideas by another great genius (like DIOGENES).

ADVICE TO BACHELORS WITH "INTENTIONS."—Never go in for a Bender!—

CORRESPONDENCE.

JAN. 18th, 1869.

DEAR DIOGENES:

It seems the fashion at present to import or invent Institutions. We have Military Schools, Schools of Art and Design, Gymnastic Institutions, &c. I, therefore, only follow suit in trying my hand at a design.

Can the noble army of Lady Patrons in Montreal not get up a SCHOOL OF COOKERY?

Servant girls and others—the cooks and the wives of the future—might easily, and, (if the scheme were properly managed), inexpensively go through a course of lessons. The health and physical comfort of the community would be speedily and notably improved by its influence.

An epidemic of irritability—such as is now ravaging the congregation of Christ Church Cathedral—would hereafter be an improbability, if not an impossibility. The first and most promising of the Graduates of this School should be supplied as promptly as possible to Messrs. F. Mackenzie and T. Simpson, and also to the editors and feverish correspondents of certain Montreal journals. Culinary Missionaries might subsequently be sent to the Country Curates of the Diocese, whom the same malady seems to be affecting severely.

I was never more serious in my life. The Institution is urgently needed—is perfectly practicable and is not without precedent. Not to put too fine a point on it, my hundred dollars are ready to assist in the formation of the proposed School.

I remain, my dear DIOGENES,

Yours faithfully, D. Y. S. PEESY.

REBUS.



TAILORS.

COACHMEN'S LIVERY
GREAT COATS.
Just received,
Superior Drab and Blue
DEVONSHIRE KERSEYS,
for
COACHMEN'S BOX COATS,
at
LAVENDER'S,
295 Notre Dame Street.

CABINET-WARE.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
GEO. ARMSTRONG, Corner Craig Street and Victoria Square, solicits a call from parties about to furnish, where they can examine one of the largest and most varied stocks in the city. The Parlour Furniture is of the best quality and latest designs, either plain or handsomely carved,—in Walnut, polished or in oil finish.
The stock of Sideboards, Bookcases, Chamber Sets, Hall Furniture, &c., in Walnut, is worthy of attention.
New Patent Spring-bed, so low in price as to be within the reach of all parties.
G. A. is sole Agent in the Dominion for the sale of the beautifully finished Metallic cases patented by "Fisk," also the full Glass Casket, which has not yet been equalled elsewhere.

FOR BALE.

FOR SALE,
PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLES, "MORGAN'S PATENT"
HESSIAN do. Various Styles.
J. V. MORGAN,
23 HOSPITAL STREET.

ARCHITECTS.

ALFRED BAILEY,
Architect,
PLACE D'ARMES HILL.
Quantities taken, and Artificers' Work measured.

X'MAS! X'MAS!! X'MAS!!!

LUBIN'S PERFUMERY, comprising twenty different kinds.
YARDLEY'S TOILET SOAPS.
FLAVORING ESSENCES, prepared expressly for Family use.
HENRY R. GRAY,
DISPENSING AND FAMILY CHEMIST,
141 St. Lawrence Main Street.
(Established 1859).
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully dispensed and forwarded to all parts of the city.
N.B.—This establishment is entirely dependent on the good opinion of the public, as no percentage is paid to physicians to influence their prescriptions.

STORAGE.

STORAGE FOR ALL
Descriptions of
MERCHANDISE,
IRON,
SALT, &c.
Hervey's Elevator,
Canal Basin.
Brick Stores,
Corner Colborne and Wellington Streets.
Coal Oil Shed,
At the Tanneries.
JAMES HERVEY,
21 Sacrament Street.

RESTAURANTS.

"THE TERRAPIN."
NOTRE DAME STREET.
OYSTERS—SHELL & COUNT,
IN PRIME CONDITION,
Received by Express Daily.
Luncheon provided from 12 to 3 p.m.
Suppers prepared at short notice.
Meals at all hours.

DOMINION RESTAURANT,
near Grand Trunk Station and B. and O. Junction, Brockville. Lunch, Lodgings, Hot Meals, &c., on short notice; charges moderate.
S. FELL, Proprietor.

DELMONICO LUNCHEON ROOM,
79 St. Francois Xavier St.

LUNCH can be obtained at the above Establishment from 11 to 4.
DELMONICO'S is now patronised by the first people in the City, and every effort is made by the Proprietor to render it deserving of public confidence and support.

All the Delicacies of the Season are provided.
Dinners to order in a well-appointed Dining-Room upstairs.
The Choicest Havana Cigars kept constantly in stock.

COSMOPOLITAN.
This First-class Establishment enjoys the patronage of the most respectable classes of Citizens and Officers of the Garrison.
The very choicest Viands and Liquors always supplied, with the best attendance, and at the lowest rates to be met with in the city.
The finest qualities of Oysters received daily by Express.
Call and judge for yourselves.
A. M. F. GIANELLI, Proprietor.

WILLIAM & ISAAC,
Queen's Chop-House,
130 Great St. James Street.
Luncheon every day from 12 o'clock.
Oysters in perfection.
Wines and Cigars of the Best Brands only, kept in Stock.

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

BOARDING-HOUSE.

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

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(Established 1842.)
CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON
391 NOTRE DAME STREET,
PREPARE Jellied Turkeys,
Game Pies, Ornamented Hams, Salad, &c.
Italian Cream, and Pyramids of all kinds, Jellies, Blancmange, &c.
Marriage Breakfasts and Supper Parties supplied at moderate prices.
CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON.

THE DERBY.



SECOND ANNUAL GRAND SWEEPSTAKE
On the "DERBY," 1869.
1,000 Subscribers at \$2.00 each.
1st Horse \$500.00
2nd do. \$300.00
3rd do. \$200.00
\$1,000.00 to be divided amongst Starters ("not placed").
Tickets for the above Sweepstake are now ready at
WILLIAM & ISAAC'S.
Montreal, Dec. 17, 1868.

INSURANCE.

SIMPSON & BETHUNE,
Fire, Life, and Marine Insurance Agents.
OFFICE:
102 St. Francois Xavier Street.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of the U. S. A.
Cash Capital \$1,000,000. Paid in full. Deposit in Canada, \$50,000 Gold. Canadian Board of Reference: The Hon. Luther H. Holton, M.P.; M. P. Ryan, Esq., M. P., Montreal; Wm. Workman, Esq., President City Bank; G. Cheney, Esq., Mgr. Canadian Ex. Co.; H. A. Nelson, Esq., (Messrs. Nelson & Wood); Jackson Rae, Esq., Cashier Merchants' Bank; Champion Brown, Esq., (Messrs Brown & Childs.) Solicitors: Messrs. Perkins & Ramsay. Medical Referee: Joseph M. Drake, M. D. Bankers: The Bank of Montreal.
From the large Capital, Gold deposit, low rates, definite contracts, non-forfeitable policies and the perfect security, the National should be worthy the patronage of every business man.
This Company would like to engage the services of several gentlemen of worth and respectability.
Office, 32 Great St. James Street.
WM. DOUGLAS, JR.,
General Agent, Canada.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION,
FOR FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE.
Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.
Head Office, No. 7 Royal Exchange, England.
ROMEO H. STEPHENS,
Agent for Canada.
Office—56 St. Francois Xavier Street.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Incorporated A. D. 1841.
Assets, \$12,000,000, and no Stockholders.

The above Company have appointed the following gentlemen to be Directors for the Dominion of Canada:—
President: **WM. WORKMAN, Esq.** (President City Bank)
Directors: **F. P. POMINVILLE, Esq., Q.C.,** of Cartier, Pominville & Betourney.
A. W. OGILVIE, Esq., M.P.P.,
VICTOR HUDON, Esq., Merchant.
WALTER BURKE, Genl. Agent,
Herald Building,
51 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

STOVES and CASTINGS.

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 582 Craig Street,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1869

OF THE
Publications of
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL.

The phrase "Get the Best" has passed into a proverb, and all will agree that the best Family Paper is one that has something interesting and profitable for every member of the family, not excluding the children, and which includes within its scope all the best interests of humanity, temporal and eternal. Such a paper the MONTREAL WITNESS has aimed to be from its commencement, 23 years ago; and that the country was prepared for such an enterprise is shown by its success. The WITNESS in its three editions—"Daily," "Semi-Weekly" and "Weekly"—issues about 16,000 copies; and, consequently, reaches probably Eighty Thousand readers; but what are they out of a population of four millions, all of whom we desire to reach?

Our publications are as follows, and we respectfully call attention to their cheapness as well as quality, and ask all the friends of interesting and wholesome literature everywhere to aid us in extending their circulation. Nor will their circulation interfere with that of local papers, which are a necessity in their respective localities, and which are, generally speaking, very meritorious—

- 1.—The DAILY WITNESS contains as much reading matter as the ordinary Dailies, and of a choice quality, at about half the price, viz., \$3 per annum. Besides being a first-class Family Paper, it is especially valuable to business men on account of its abundant commercial intelligence, prices current, &c.
- 2.—The MONTREAL WITNESS, Eight Pages, Semi-Weekly, \$2 per annum, contains all that appears in the Daily, except part of the purely city matter and advertisements.
- 3.—The WEEKLY WITNESS, Eight Pages, \$1 per annum, contains the greater part of the News, Contemporary Press, and Editorials of the Semi-Weekly, with a portion of the Family Reading and Prices Current.
- 4.—The CANADIAN MESSENGER, containing Eight Pages, is published twice a month at the very low price of 37½c. per annum, postage paid; or Seven Copies for \$2 to one address. It contains Religious, Temperance, Agricultural, Scientific, Educational matter, Stories for Children, &c. This paper is recommended to the public generally, and it is hoped that its adaptation for circulation through schools will greatly extend its usefulness. It has at present upwards of 20,000 subscribers, representing probably 100,000 readers, but at the very low price (namely, 25c. per annum, post-paid, if 100 copies are sent to one address), it is hoped that its circulation will greatly increase.
- 5.—The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is a handsome Monthly Magazine, containing a rich selection of original and copied articles every month, together with one or more choice pieces of music and pictorial illustrations. Price \$1 per annum, post-paid. This Magazine has been favorably noticed by nearly the entire Press of the Dominion.

The terms of the publications are necessarily CASH IN ADVANCE, and the periodicals are invariably discontinued when the subscription expires.

Any one who will kindly make up a club for the above publications to the value of \$8, and remit the same, post-paid, in bankable funds, will receive, if asked for at the time, the WEEKLY WITNESS or the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY gratis, and One Dollar's worth of our Publications for every additional Eight Dollars remitted for them in P. O. Money Order or Canadian Bills.

N.B.—Postmasters are authorized and requested to receive individual subscriptions in Silver (but not Club Subscriptions), and convert the same into Bankable funds at our expense.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal, Nov., 1868.

LOOK HERE.

The old place is as lively as ever!

W. D. McLAREN,

ST. LAWRENCE STREET,
Corner (939) of St. Catherine.
(Established 1845.)

Has constantly on hand

GROCERIES

Suitable for

All Seasons,

And of the very BEST QUALITIES.

TERMS CASH.

DEPOT & MANUFACTORY

OF THE

COOK'S

FRIEND

BAKING

POWDER,

The best in use.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

For the protection of the public the following TRADE MARK has been registered, and no Package is genuine without it.



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PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE
PHOTOGRAPHER.
Sleighs, Tobogganing, Snow-shoeing, &c.,
Photographed.
Canadian Landscapes in great variety.
Rooms—10 Phillip's Square.

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BARNJUM'S GYMNASIUM,
19 UNIVERSITY STREET.
A new term of the Ladies and Children's
Classes will commence on THURSDAY, 7th
inst.
Mr. BARNJUM would call particular attention
to these classes, the more especially as he has
lately received such gratifying accounts from
several parents of the immense benefits their
Children have derived from the exercises,
which are CAREFULLY ADAPTED TO THE
STRENGTH OF THE PUPILS, so that the most
delicate may engage in them without fear of
injury.
Mr. BARNJUM has testimonials from several
of the leading physicians of Montreal, as to the
excellence of his method of physical training.
The Evening Classes for Gentlemen are
from 8.30 to 9.30 every Tuesday, Thursday,
and Saturday Evenings.
Subscriptions date from the day of joining.
Prospectuses and full particulars can be ob-
tained on application at the Gymnasium from
8 to 12 and from 1.30 to 10.

RAILWAYS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
COMPANY OF CANADA.—1868.—Trains
now leave Bonaventure Station as follows:—

GOING WEST.

Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brock-
ville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph,
London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit,
Chicago and all points West, 8.30 A.M.
Night do do do, at 8.30 P.M.
Accommodation Train for Kingston and In-
termediate Stations, at 7.00 A.M.
Trains for Lachine at 5.30 A.M., 7.00 A.M.,
9.00 A.M., 12 Noon, 3.00 P.M., 4.40 P.M., and
5.00 P.M.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation Train for Island Pond and
Intermediate Stations, at 7.00 A.M.
Express for Boston at 8.40 A.M.
Express for New York and Boston, at 4.30
P.M., via Vermont Central.
Express for New York via Plattsburg, Lake
Champlain, Burlington, and Rutland, at 5.30
A.M.
Do do do, 4.40 P.M.
Express for Island Pond, at 2.00 P.M.
Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond,
Gorham and Portland, stopping between MON-
TREAL and ISLAND POND at St. Hilaire, St.
Hyacinthe, Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke,
Waterville, and Coaticook only, at 10.10 P.M.
Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains.
Baggage checked through.
The Steamer "CARLOTTA" leaves Portland
Every Saturday afternoon, (after arrival of
Train from Montreal on Friday night) for
Halifax, N.S., returning on Tuesdays. She
has excellent accommodation for Passengers
and Freight.
The International Company's Steamers, run-
ning in connection with the Grand Trunk Rail-
way, leave Portland every MONDAY and
THURSDAY at 5 P.M. for St. Johns, N.B., &c.
Tickets issued through at the Company's
principal Stations.
For further information and time of arrival
and departure of all Trains at Terminal and
Way Stations, apply at the Ticket Office,
Bonaventure Station.

C. J. BRYDGES,
Managing Director.
Montreal, 5th Oct., 1868.

CHEMISTS.

ONE Large (or 50c. size)
Bottle of Spencer's Horehound and
Cherry Balsam is warranted to cure the most
violent Cough. Sold by RICHMOND SPENCER,
Chemist, Corner of McGill and Notre Dame
Streets.

X'MAS SYRUPS,
Warranted from the Fruit, and not
from the artificial essences. Just arrived from
England a large selection of FRUIT SYRUPS
for retail trade only.
HENRY R. GRAY,
DISPENSING AND FAMILY CHEMIST,
144 St. Lawrence Main Street.
(Established 1857.)

CIGARS and TOBACCOES.

S. DAVIS,
Manufacturer of the
CABLE CIGARS.
Has removed his office to
No. 72 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.
Second door from John Street, and next to
Larins' Express Office.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

The undersigned begs to inform his Custom-
ers and the Public that he has just received a
large assortment of Meerschaum Pipes and
Cigar Holders, Seal Skin Cigar Cases and
Pouches, Meerschaum Boxes, Morocco and
Russian Leather Cigar Cases, Tobacco Jars,
and the latest novelties in Pipes, &c.
Also just received direct from Havana, a
Fresh Supply of CIGARS, comprising the follow-
ing celebrated Brands:—Partaga, Rezzina,
Reine, Londres, Princesses, Rose de Santiago,
Conchas, Henry Clay Regalia, Henry Clay
Conchas, Cabanas, Figaros, &c., &c.
S. BRAHADI,
TOBACCONIST,
277 Notre Dame Street,
(Cathedral Block.)

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.

The Subscriber would respectfully call the
attention of his friends and the public to his
fine Stock of
Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes,
Tobacco Jars, and
Choice assortment of Tobaccos & Cigars,
Presents suitable for the ensuing Holidays.
H. SWAIN, JR.,
241 McGill Street.

E FUMO DARE LUCEM.

Those who believe with Byron the
conoling influence concentrated in Tobacco,
especially when, according to his aristocratic
taste, it was drawn through genuine Meers-
schaum, tipped with amber mellow, rich and
ripe, should pay particular attention to an
advertisement of S. McConkey's in another
column. The gouty purse, or the one of lean
proportions, can alike be suited. Pipes of
every make and fashion, from the superb
carved Meerschaum to the Austrian Charcoal
and the English Clay. If you are ticklish
about your health invest in a Sanitary Pipe, or
if combative in your temperament go for a
Breech-loader. The variety is large and cer-
tain to please. The same may be said of
McConkey's stock of Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.
He keeps on hand everything suited to the
requirements of his really first-class trade, and
is now better prepared than ever before for the
festive season approaching; his sample room
is stocked with genuine brands, and is now the
popular resort with lovers of good cheer.—
Herald, Dec. 7, 1868.

THE GAZETTE Prospectus
for 1869.

It is now about 18 months since *The Gazette*
has been published in its present form—in
other words, upon the principle of combining
economy of space with giving, at the same
time, a large amount of reading matter, so as
to enable the publishers to sell a moderate
sized and closely filled sheet, with profit, for
ONE PENNY.

This system is that which is adopted by the
most successful papers in the world—in Great
Britain, the United States, the Australian
Colonies and South Africa.
It necessarily excludes the village system of
hand-bill or placard advertising, and insists
upon uniformity, as well in the interest of the
advertiser as the publisher, on the ground that
uniform and classified advertisements are easily
found and seen at a glance, while, on the other
hand, where a large collection of hand-bills is
grouped together, a maze of confusion is
created, and no single advertisement can be
readily found, except indeed there may be a
particular kind put in an accustomed place,
say at the top of a column, at the expense of
others.

One column of advertisements set in the
present style of *The Gazette* would fill upwards
of FOUR of the old blanket-sized sheet we
formerly published, so that when we have now
12 or 13 columns in our present uniform style,
they are equivalent to 48 or 50 of the village or
hand-bill style,—which would make a perfect
wilderness of confusion of job-type, in which
the search for any particular advertisement
(except in the circumstances mentioned) would
be almost as hopeless as for a needle in a hay-
mow. Advertisers craving for larger letters,
bigger cuts, and blacker type, to make an im-
pression in the confusion, only add to it instead
of overcoming it.

The essential principle is that, while one
gold dollar is quite as valuable as one hundred
red copper cents, it is a great deal more con-
venient to carry, and so a given and say small
space in one column, among 12 columns, where
all is compact and uniform, is much more
valuable than four times that space in a great
mass of confusion among 48 columns.

There is this important fact in addition,—
the uniform, well-filled sheet commands a
much larger circulation, which, taking into
account at the same time the quality of the
circulation, is the best of the value of all ad-
vertising.

And it is here we claim particular and un-
rivalled advantages for *The Gazette*. None of
the morning journals in the Province begin to
approach it in extent of circulation. Besides
its very large circulation in this city, it is sold
every day in every town and village of impor-
tance within a radius of 200 miles of Montreal;
and some time ago we addressed a circular to
the different newspapers within that radius,
asking for a comparative return of the numbers
of all newspapers sold, and the result showed
an average of between twelve and twenty
Gazettes to one of any other newspaper in the
Dominion. We will furnish the proof of this
to any one who desires to see it.

Advertisers will please note that the
majority of these readers of Montreal
obtain a great part of their supplies from the
Commercial Metropolis.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We shall make special rates with advertisers
by the month or year for squares.
It is a golden rule for business men
who have goods to sell to advertise liberally.
The most successful business men have done
it, and the shrewd and keen business men
among the Americans much more than our
own people.

Even if advertising were to cost a consider-
able per centage on the sales, it would be much
better than keeping goods on the shelf.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We offer inducements of liberal discount to
subscribers to PAY IN ADVANCE, with a
view to make the system uniform and general.
We deliver the Daily by carriers in the city
for 26 a year, in advance, and send it by mail
for 25. But in all cases when not in advance,
the price is 28 a year.

Weekly, 24 a year. Parties may subscribe
to the Daily edition either by the month or the
week.

In the future we shall not relax, but rather
increase our exertions to make *The Gazette* so
useful and attractive as to be almost a neces-
sity in counting houses, places of business, and
the homes of the people. All important news,
of all public events transpiring in any part of
the world, and of all sides of all political parties,
will find an immediate place in its columns, in
such way that its readers will be kept au
courant of every fact and event that it is im-
portant to know.

MONTREAL: Printed for the Proprietors by
J. G. B. 67 St. James Street.