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1870.

THE
ITALIAN
WAREHOUSE,
ST. JAMES ST.

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Potted Ham, Beef
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Indian Chutney;
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Pies;
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Macedonias;
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bles;
Truffles, & i tins;
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Lyons do.
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A few Barrels.
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Retail price, 50 cts.
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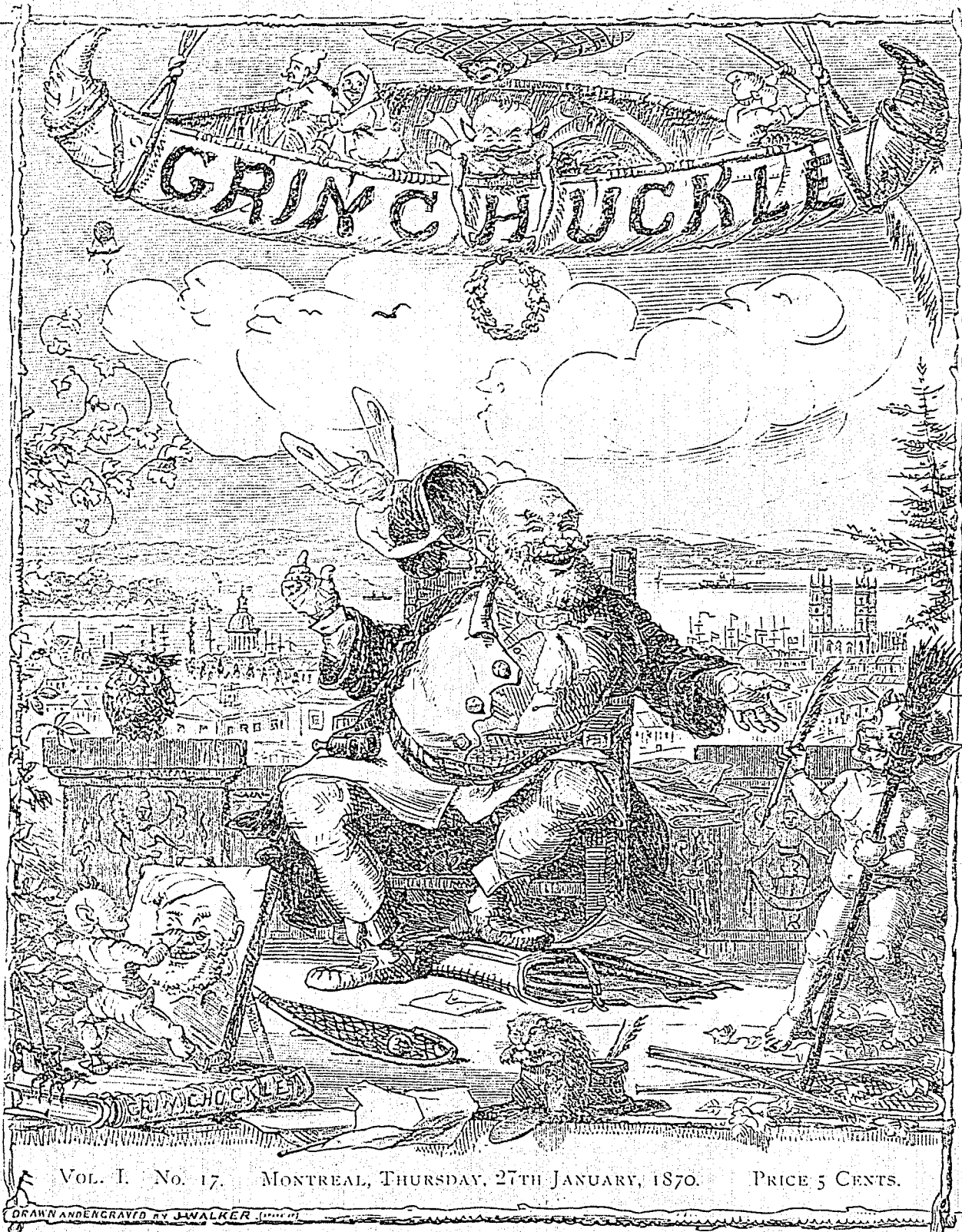
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200 qr.-brls. Labra-
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50 kits do do
Irish Fat Mackerel
All selected and
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A splendid lot of
Prairie Hens,
Chickens,
and
Quails.
Just received.

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CHEER.

Dufresne & McGarity

221

Notre Dame St.,

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LIMERICK BACON,
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Hennessy and
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supplied to House
of Lords,
London Gin and
Dublin Stout;

Choice Fruit,
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Raisins, choice,
selected;

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Loaf;

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choice assortment
of
Family Groceries:

First-class
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Notre Dame Street.

VOL. I. No. 17. MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 27TH JANUARY, 1870. PRICE 5 CENTS.

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 FRESH FRUIT—All Kinds. SPICES—Pure, Ground & Whole
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CARAMELS OF ALL KINDS MADE DAILY.

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The large and increasing sales of our

“PERFECTED SPECTACLES”

is a sure proof of their superiority. We were satisfied that they would be appreciated here as elsewhere, and that the reality of the advantages offered to the wearers of these PERFECTED LENSES, viz., the EASE and COMFORT, the assured and readily ascertained improvement on the sight, and the BRILLIANT ASSISTANCE THEY GIVE IN ALL CASES, were in themselves so apparent on trial, that the result could not be otherwise than it has in the almost general adoption of the celebrated PERFECTED SPECTACLES. With a full knowledge of the value of the assertion, we claim that they are the most perfect optical aids ever manufactured. We employ no pedlars, and they can only be bought in this city of

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OF THE SOCIETY OF CANADIAN ARTISTS.

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Will take place on

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and following Days, in the Rooms of the Association, Mercantile Library.

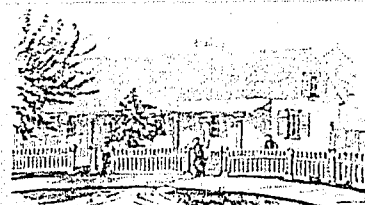
Admission 25 cents.

Subscribers to the Canadian Art Union free.

As this is an exhibition of Canadian Pictures only the works of all Artists or Amateurs resident in Canada are solicited.

All Pictures, &c. intended for this Exhibition must be sent in by February 1st, be subject to the approval of Committee of Selection and, if for sale, be the sole property of the Artist.

All parcels to be sent to W. SCOTT, Carver and Gilder, and communications to W. L. FRASER, Sec.-Treas., Box 5964 P.O.



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DRIED APPLES, FRESH PEACHES, in Tins, At the ITALIAN WAREHOUSE. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

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TOMATOES, SWEET CORN, LIMA BEANS, CHAMPION do., GREEN PEAS, MUSHROOMS, ASPARAGUS, SUCCOTASH, HORSE RADISH, TOMATO SOUP,

At the ITALIAN WAREHOUSE. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

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ALSO, 1,000 Dozens JAMS and JELLIES, All kinds, in 1 lb. Pots. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

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MUTTON HAMS, BOILED BEEF HAMS, SUGAR-CURED HAMS, SUGAR-CURED BACON, ROLL BACON.

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The Oxford Thermometer.

NEW DESIGN, CHEAP AND ELEGANT, AT J. UNDERHILL'S WEST END OPTICAL STORE, 387 Notre Dame Street, (Next to Chas. Alexander & Son). Also, a great variety of other THERMOMETERS.

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\$20,000 TO LEND.

The Montreal Permanent Building Society have money to lend, in sums of \$200 and upwards, on City Property. M. H. GAULT. Office—195 St. James Street.



KNEELING TO THEE!

Kneeling to thee! would I could ever
 Guide thy dear feet through life's slippery way;
 Ah! may no coldness our two hearts sever.—
 No night of sorrow end love's bright day.
 Dearest and fondest, see me before thee,
 Feeling the rapture true love e'er bestows;
 While thy soft eyes so brightly beam o'er me,
 Telling the fondness thy words ne'er disclose.

Kneeling to thee! here would I linger,—
 Seeing in crowds but one loved fairy form;
 Seeking to shield thee, that not even a finger
 May suffer from cold, from the breeze or the storm.

Here in the corner concealed from the gazer,
 Whispering of happiness in our young dream;
 Who can annoy us,—what envious gazer
 Shall make us of odious gossip the theme?

Kneeling to thee! stoop down and bless me:
 Tell me, my own one, thou'lt ever be mine;
 Fain would I kiss thy dear lips, and caress thee,
 Were't not for those lamps that so hatefully
 shine."

"Nay," cried poor Fanny, "you've knelt long
 enough now,
 It's all very well to be stupid, you spoon;
 But if you were as cold as you've made me, you
 muff now,
 You'd make haste and fasten my skate, pretty
 soon."

A correspondent writes us to know whether M. Rochefort is so called because when the representation of the first arrondissement of Paris was vacant he made a *rush* for it?

We can't exactly say, but should scarcely think so.

IN BAD CONDITION.—An agricultural item says:—
 "Selling lean stock from a farm marks the *poor* farmer,
 and keeps his farm *poor*." This is a poor state of
 things altogether.

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF WARD 1777 OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL:

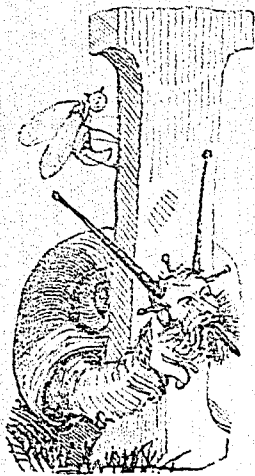
GENTLEMEN,—Having been earnestly solicited by a large number of my poor relations to become a candidate for your suffrages, for the representation of your interests in the City Council, I hereby present myself, in my blandest manner, and respectfully solicit all the abusive reflections and foul aspersions with which you and the public at large may be encumbered during the next three years. From my long residence amongst you you may rest assured that your best interests, which I believe to be identical with my own, shall receive my warmest advocacy and heartiest support. My principles are liberal and progressive, and eminently calculated to meet the wants of the great majority of the people. I am in favor of free trade, free houses, free rents, and, above all, absolute freedom from city taxation. The time has arrived when the enlightened and high-minded citizens of this great city must assert their rights. The *luxuries* and conveniences of other nations must be allowed to flow in as freely as the driven snow. Those oppressive institutions, which have for their object the self-aggrandizement of members at the expense of a too generous public, must be now and for ever abolished. Taxation—that old relic of the dark ages—must now give place to a more enlightened and liberal system. Gaslight must be permitted to enter our dwellings as free and welcome as the morning sunlight. Water, pure and unadulterated, must be supplied to our citizens free and fresh as the mountain rills to the weary huntsman. Hotels, saloons, eating-houses, &c., must be thrown freely open at all hours to meet the ever-recurring wants of a *heartly* and generous public. Everything that tends to the enrichment of the few and the oppression of the many must expect to fall. Money must, undoubtedly, be raised to pay our public functionaries, carry on our public improvements, and keep the city fully up to the requirements of the age; but, gentlemen, let it be done in a noble, honorable and Christian manner. The old *compulsory* method should have died and been buried with the feudal system. It is degrading to our high sense of public justice. It lowers a man in his own estimation, detracts from his worth and dignity, and renders him careless and indifferent to the public weal. Only let it be proclaimed on the house-tops that henceforth the public chest is yearly to be filled by *free contributions*; that *moral suasion* is the only force to be employed; that collectors and constables belong to the past; that every reliance is to be placed in a charitable, magnanimous and discriminating public, and what a grand, glorious and exhilarating effect it would have upon the bone and sinew of the country. These, gentlemen, are my public sentiments. Further explanations will be most willingly given at the hustings.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
 Your most obedient servant,

SETH SKINFLINT.

NATURAL HISTORY SERIES.

No 2.



Our last number we concluded by naming a few of the species into which the genus "man" is divided, the peculiarities and attributes of which we will now proceed to consider.

Of these, the "king" is the noblest, the most feared and respected; the one whose blood is the purest, whose fur is the sleekest, whose roar is the loudest, and whose nod is the most profound. On account of these magnificent qualities he is called the chief of all other species.

Concerning the origin of the term "king," a very interesting legend, on parchment, is still preserved in the British Museum, which, we believe, is not generally known. It is in substance as follows:—In the early days of that wonderful hive of industry, now known as Great Britain, a little before, or a little after the time (not to be very precise),

"When the British Warrior Queen," &c.,

the inhabitants of the island found themselves without a chief, the last one, the only surviving member of his family, having been killed in a battle fought against one of the most barbarous tribes of the north, who, in spite of many defeats, were continually harassing their Southern neighbours by making incursions among them, and carrying off their property. After his death they became still bolder, descending Southward in large numbers, slaughtering whole families, burning their homes, destroying their crops, and carrying off everything that was of any value, so that many, from actual want, were forced to become outlaws themselves, and to waylay and plunder for an existence, till at last all were reduced to a pitiable state of suffering, and destitution, and anarchy reigned supreme.

At this lamentable crisis, a stranger appeared among them, whose manner and appearance showed him to be no ordinary person. He was above the average height, well built, with

"Coal black hair and flashing eyes,
And step of stately mien."

and had withal the air of one who would not shrink from any task, no matter how hazardous, while there was anything to be gained by pursuing it.

This stranger, deploring the condition to which a country so bountifully endowed by nature was reduced, travelled from one end of it to the other, exhorting the inhabitants to unite against the common enemy, and promising to lead them himself, and do all in his power to rid them of the misery which had come upon them. This he succeeded in doing so effectually, that he not only cleared the land of the barbarians, but "carrying the war into Africa," reduced the enemy to such a state of subjection, that all apprehension of danger from them, for the future, was entirely removed. He then returned South, and, by precept and example, succeeded in

restoring the arts of peace and comforts of prosperity throughout the land.

So popular did he become by these exploits, that the people looked upon him as a supernatural being, sent by heaven for their relief, and became desirous of making him chief over them. To this end a large number came to him, and addressed him as follows:—O, Divine Being! the tribes of this land which thou hast relieved from misery and oppression, have sent us to entreat, that thou wilt take upon thee the government of it, and to say that they are *aking* (a Saxon word, signifying that they considered him "a fit and proper person") to make thee chief over it." This strange being, Caesar-like, refused "the crown," upon which they all shouted "*aking*," until finally he accepted it, since which time the chief ruler of that people has been called a *king*.

It is from this remarkable being, also, that the idea of the Divine Right of the species had its origin,—an idea, which, however, had lost much of its popularity, owing, no doubt, to great numbers of his descendants having displayed a marvellous lack of divinity, and to whom even the term "*aking*" was horribly misapplied. Many, indeed, have proved themselves to be so fierce in their desires, and of natures so rapacious, as, not only to devour their subjects, but afterwards to eat their own heads off,—a feat only approached by that of the fox, which, after ravaging all the hen-roosts in his neighbourhood, endeavoured to live by gnawing his own brush, and died of consumption. But there is, after all, a peculiarity about the species which distinguishes them from all others, and which it is very difficult to counterfeit, as has been frequently proved. Thus, a fellow named Warwick, a man of considerable inventive genius, who had, about the 16th century, thinking to profit thereby, procured a couple of jackals, and tricked them out to resemble the real animal so well, that large numbers were for a time deceived, but the cheat was soon discovered, and Warwick was obliged to retire into obscurity. It is supposed that he emigrated to America, and that they were some of his descendants who invented the "woolly horse," and whose researches discovered an animal—now very common—resembling in some respects the "king" of the old world.

This latter species is not found on this continent—it may be on account of the severity of the climate, or, perhaps, owing to the roughness of the country, and coarseness of its products, which are not suited to its refined tastes and luxurious habits. It rarely ever descends to menial occupations, though many have been known to hunt their own game, and a few even to "cook their own goose"; but these have been exceptional instances. The animal discovered in this country, as mentioned above, resembles, in some respects, the "king" of the old world, though it does not possess the same noble qualities, bearing, in fact, about the same comparison to it as lacquered work does to pure gold. The result is, that, though it takes the place of it, in some parts of the New World, it seldom lasts in that capacity more than three or four years, by which time the lacquer appears to wear off, and betray the baseness of its composition.

A man with a corn—A unicorn.

THE TWO PREMIERS.

JOHN S.—What's wrong with you in Quebec? What are you running through all your money for? Why don't you do as I do? Look here, do you see these securities? (Pulls out of his pockets different securities for large amounts.)

CH—VEAU.—Ah! my good sir, you do not well understand the genius of my nation. They love to see the Government honoured and respected. They admire the elegancies of life, and the just claims of the Viceroy and his court are sure of full consideration.

JOHN S.—Just fiddlestick. An old lawyer like myself. Viceroy indeed! A trumpery note shaver. Keep him down, as I do with my Governor. Catch me allowing any such nonsense.

CH—VEAU.—You will not comprehend. We must have pomp, and those outward marks which show the great man.

JOHN S.—Great man! Great donkey you mean. Who's to pay for all this?

CH—VEAU.—Ah! we have always secured great financiers. We have had Dunkin, who could make a ten hours' speech on the budget, and prove that we had plenty of money. Then Joe says we will have plenty when it comes in, but that it has not come in yet.

JOHN S.—Tuts, man! don't talk nonsense. These two houses of yours are eating up all your grant. Don't come palavering to Ottawa for more. I voted for Nova Scotia to get an additional subsidy, but not for you—not a red cent shall you get.

CH—VEAU.—*Quel horreur.*

JOHN S.—Don't jabber; talk some kind of reasonable language. Would you like me to give a good swearing at you in Gaelic?

CH—VEAU.—You fail in the *bienseances*, you want *politesse*. *Vous etes barbare.*

JOHN S.—A barber? You conceited prig, you. I can fiddle some, and did cooking in a shanty in my day. I question if ever you did anything so useful. Pay off those useless flunkies you have about you. Cut down the salaries. I can get as many scribblers as I want for a dollar a day, and messengers for three-and-nine-pence. Drop one of these stupid houses; it's as useless as a third wheel to a cart. Pay your members four dollars a day: they can live on half a dollar. Talk less and work more. Give up all your gold lace and frippery, and Joe may show securities too. Look after things yourself, and run the machine without all the useless gear you have. It's enough to make a horse sick to hear you talk. You poor creature, you; you'll have that unfortunate Province bankrupt in no time; and don't look to us for help.

CH—VEAU.—*Quel bet.* (Exit.)

JOHN S.—You bet! I think I've given him a bit of my mind; but what's the use, it'll do him no good.

(*Curtain falls.*)

If a man eats half a pound of potatoes to a meal how many potatoes will be required to plant an acre of ground?

A rather clever "cuss"—*Historicus*. See his last letter to the *Times*.

EXTRADITION.

Two individuals of the American persuasion were lately overheard to discourse, in substance, thus:—

SMITH.

When rogues fall out, and lawyers flout,
And judges can't agree, sir,
Why, any tramp, or well-bred scamp,
Can go through you or me, sir.

They say the law has got a flaw,
(The law called Extradition.)
But how the deuce can that excuse
Such infamous misprision?

JONES.

It can't, 'tis true, but how can you,
Or I, the matter mend, sir?
If these same scamps have got the stamps,
Of law there is an end, sir.

With such a bench, why any wench
With friends could overreach us.
The maxim has, "*Necessitas*
Non habet any legis."

The truth to tell, this case *call'd—well!*—
I won't say they will win it—
But it's just this you'll find's amiss,
They say *the Declin's* in it!

FANCY BALL.

The *elite* of Ottawa held a meeting to consider the subject of a ball to Prince Arthur. Kimber, the gentleman usher of the Black Rod, proposed to have a fancy dress ball. Considering the fancy dress the little gentleman wears on all state occasions, the proposition was somewhat selfish, as a very little change would make him an exact representation of a monkey.

THE ELECTION FOR ST. MARY'S WARD.

Ald. Munro is said to be not quite so sure about his election. Mr. DesMarteau is going to oppose him, and with the assistance of a number of prominent citizens is going to hammer (*Martain*) him, or, perhaps, better, make a martyr of him. Cannot the Alderman find out some principle of mechancis to assist him in his dilemma?

MINISTERIAL FALLIBILITY.

Another case of this ailment developed itself on Thursday at the meeting of the Montreal Presbytery of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, Professor McVicar and Rev. Dr. Irvine "fell out by the way." The Professor expressed his readiness to "meet" the Doctor any day. The only person of whom he expressed fear, was the reporter who usually attended the Doctor. GRINCHUCKLE thought the press were above suspicion.

SLIPPERY—The side-walks.—Why don't the police give no peace to the ashes of the proprietors?



WHO WOULD NOT BE AN ARTIST?

The Canadian Artists' Union desire to buy a picture, and the most distinguished critics go there to select one of the greatest merit.

MISS B—LL SM—TH.—It ought to be a large portrait done in the *highest* style of art,—at least life size; gigantic would be better as being heroic.

FRED K.—Have you seen my late importation? Something after the style of some of these would-be best. I don't know much about style myself. I know they cost a pot of money.

MISS POP.—Don't talk of style! Don't I know all the styles—especially the legal. Have you seen my last book on "The best method of failing with dignity"?

DR. FOX HUNT.—Could we not get a good work by one of the old masters, showing a scene in the pre-

historic ages? An Ichthyosaurus could be introduced with great effect, pouring salt into the strata where the Goderich brine is now to be had. I hate modern history,—except the history of a little bit of red ribbon I got from the Emperor Nap the third, when I palavered him so successfully.

SIMON REDROAD.—Something sweet would be the very thing. Suppose we get an illustration of Saccharissa?

JONADAB FROTHINGHAMMER.—Nay, gentlemen, an interior scene would be best. Say one of that German fellow's, depicting a forge, and showing the stalwart arm of the blacksmith a hammering, and a making of cast steel without the soap.

(Left quarrelling.)

PRESENTATION.

A water-tight coffin is to be presented to Councillor G. W. S. as soon as it can be finished. The design for it was made by H. B., the embalmer, who proposes to load it so heavily with bricks, that when once in there shall be no getting out.

ANOTHER WONDER.—A telegraphic item from Ottawa says:—"The ball to be given to Prince Arthur is to be self-supporting." This beats Japanese jugglery all *hollow*. Flying butterflies with a fan is nothing to it.

Who's the Mayor's "cobbler?"



EXTREMES MEET!

JOE (*from the East*)—"Go it! Be a patriot, and you'll sell well—like me!"

LOUIS (*in the West*)—"You're an unprincipled old scamp; but if I don't get my \$5,000 a-year, blow me tight!"

CITY GAS ASSOCIATION.

For some days past the orators of this important civic body have been expecting a public meeting at which to "let off" a little of that gas, with which, by nature, they have been well supplied, to say nothing of what they have added to their stock by way of interest, "simple and compound." Their feelings may be better imagined than described, when summoned by Darcy to assemble in the forum. There came along to the "hole-in-the-corner," at the last meeting, Messrs. Rotten, the founder; Forceps, the dentist; Aristides, the baker; Ould Ireland, the lawyer; Value, the tanner; Manho, the mechanic, together with the gentlemanly Son of Jesse. These gentlemen being of the first order took the lower or front seats, and, so soon as they had settled themselves, a crowd of second-class fellows came along. The following is a "card of names." There was the veteran Hand-her-down, and the burly Turbine, with Leader, the merchant, and William, my Son, Employer and Servant, and James the Jackal, Frederick the Small, and Stephen Never-told-a-lie; and, we had almost forgotten, there was Juliet's Partner. These were told to take the upper seats, which they did amidst much confusion. It may here be remarked that a great many of these gasometers took the precaution to go into the ante-chamber before taking their seats, where they burned a few "cigars." Presently in came a Work-man in dress suit, who went up two steps, and took possession of an old time-worn arm-chair. Close at his heels came a grey-headed individual, and a young man of low stature. These took their seats at a table in the centre of the room, their duties seeming to be to pick up papers and read them, thus opening the debate. A "howling" citizen, together with the city shoveller, and a "stone" which bore marks of the continual dropping of water, planted themselves at the door to watch the proceedings, until they were ordered by a man with a broom, called Mr. Darcy, to move on.

Business commenced—the Road question was brought up, and the matter of how many more people were to be injured by the bad state of the sidewalks was referred to the Road Committee.

A petition was read from an individual who desired to pay no taxes at all.

Mr. Rotten "explained" that this was nothing new.

Never-told-a-lie would, if "his honor" pleased, move that the prayer of the petition be granted.

Messrs. Rotten and Forceps objected.

The presiding genius concurred, whereon Never-told-a-lie appealed.

Forceps was astonished.

James, the Jackal, was not.

Rotten conceived that it was *antagonistic*.

[GRINCHUCKLE asks whether the founder ever visited Antigonish?]

This petition, involving the refundment of money, was sent away for a while.

Forceps produced a notice from the "Pie House" organ, and said it gently reminded him that his memory was defective. He had neglected to see that all the shebeens were closed at nine o'clock.

Aristides thought Forceps' promises like his "pie-crusts."

Forceps intimated that he was a Government tout.

Ould Ireland asked how long he had held his present position, and whether he did anything in the ivory business now-a-days?

Forceps advised him to come and see.

Never-told-a-lie asked if there were any more cigars left? He thought it advisable to lay in a stock, and have a number of water-tight boxes made in which to bury them for use at a future time.

A gentleman present suggested that it would not be safe.

The Son of Jesse asked if the signboard had been affixed to "Rotten's folly?" He also asked what the place was worth?

Hand-her-down thought the place could have been bought, sold, built and rebuilt, and, above all, paid for a dozen times. Rotten had "revoked," and he thought "the cards should be shuffled again."

Rotten desired to know what progress was being made in the matter of the purchase of a Park for the accommodation of the "pretty dears?"

Ould Ireland said he would have to defer any further action till "his ship came in."

James, the Jackal, asked his Irish friend to "explain his eloquence." He, like his constituents, was not well "larned," and didn't understand these figures of speech. He alluded in feeling terms to the big words he had heard in New York while on his wedding tour.

The Leader gave notice of motion that pigs be allowed to reside with their owners at their homes.

Frederick the Small begged to be allowed to speak.

Value, the Tanner, said, "Oui."

The Leader asked whether it was of sufficient importance to attend to the health of the city, and if it was worth as much as was being paid for it?

The Work-man said he had had enough for one evening. He felt much pleased with the progress the gentlemen had made, and would now give them a couple or three weeks vacation. As usual, he expected to lose a few of his pupils, who, he hoped, would always bear in mind what they had here learned. As for "Never-told-a-lie," he would, for his good conduct, give him six months holiday. He did not expect that next year he would have such a chance of rewarding merit.

NOTEWORTHY.—Alderman Bastien was conspicuous by his absence at the late meeting of Council. Probably he did not like even to meet the members of the Police Committee, much less listen to their report.

MUNICIPAL.—It is said that two pointers belonging to a City Father, recently did great damage in the City Chamber. Darcy chased them with a broomstick, and remarked, that, if they would only tear down the red cloth from the door, he might have some chance of keeping the Chamber respectable.

QUIET.—At the last meeting of Council, the moving Councillor was unusually quiet. He only moved once and was called to order.

DOUBTFUL.—A man connected with the *Witness*, said in St. James street, that the Mayor had on a new pair of boots at the last meeting of Council.

"NAIL'D, SECURELY NAIL'D."

Nail'd fast to the counter, nail'd, nail'd,
 All your wholesale lying has failed;
 You find yourself now degraded, G. S.,
 Where the lowest cad wouldn't be, I guess.
 The vilest loafer would feel disgraced
 To have himself placed as you are placed;
 Cribbing your smoke—what a nasty job,
 For a fellow who thinks he's a city nob.
 You who roared and ranted and raved,
 Of five cent pieces, which should have been saved,
 To be caught in the act of petty priggling,
 And you a rich man—'tis past forgiving.
 It proves your blowing and spouting and rant
 Was merely a blind to cover a plant:
 Your empty gab pleased foolish folk,
 Who did not know they paid for your smoke.
 But "Deus vult," you well know, my boy,
 Whom the gods would, they do destroy.
 Your brain they muddled, your skull made thick
 When you dared to quarrel with "English Brick,"
 Who thinks you even too mean to kick.
 The Fates, as you see, have clearly will'd,
 Such pure rascality, well distill'd;
 Such an out-and-out, above proof article,
 Should have no honour—not a particle,
 But they gave instead, a peacock's pride,
 A venomous heart, and a donkey's hide.
 Your meditations upon yourself,
 Devoted your *sole* and *hide* to pelf;
 This being your faith, to save your coppers.
 What matter to you, a thousand whoppers?
 Cents make dollars you say, by gosh,—
 While honour and truth and virtue are bosh;
 Yet, one who, like you, can thus day after day,
 Lie, and then lie to explain lies away,—
 Who can go to a simple old maker of pies,
 And get him to make up a compound of lies:
 Then dub your poor dupe, the Council's "Bayard,"
 Whilst playing him off as a very sure card,
 In the hope that with gammon, and G.S.'s cheek,
 You might slide away, like an area sneak,
 From "Public Opinion," as well as "the beak."

DARCY OUT COLLECTING.

The following purports to be Darcy's account of the trouble he had in collecting some of the \$10 subscriptions to the dinner to the Mayor:—

An' shure, sur, Mистер Glackmire tould me to go around an' collect thim tin dollars from the Councillors for their dinners, an' which I thowt an' awful price for one man's dinner. An', shure, I wint to say Mистер Forcips, an' says he, "Darcy, my boy, I'm out of funds, but I know you have money—savings an' parquisites—I'll give you a new set of teeth if you'll pay for the ticket." I thowt to meself that this was a good bargain, an' so sez I, "I'll pay the ticket, you make the teeth." I thin wint to Mистер Rotten, but I found him "not at home;" but I thowt I heard his vice up stairs, an' so sez I, a little loud, "Mистер Rotten, I've come to pay a little bill." Sez he, "You're a foine fellow." I said, "Mистер Rotten, I've caught you,—give me tin dollars for your dinner to the Mayor." He offered me

silver, but I tould him Mr. Hogin wanted bills, an' so he said, "Call again." This collecting is an awful business. I looked in upon Alderman the Baker, as I came along Notre Dame Street, an' found him atin' a hot mutton pie. He axed me to join him in atin' one, an' I said, "I can work two." After this I had a glass of wather—bad scran to him. He said he didn't believe in "hard stuff;" an' thin we had a shmoke. The segars was delightful—regular Corporation ones,—but I was to say nothin' about this. I axed him for his share of the expinses of the dinner to the Mayor. He said he had no ticket, an' wasn't going to pay for one. He disapproved of public dinners teetotally; but if, whin all had paid, there was a deficiency, he would give his mite to mate it. I tould him that was mane, an' that whinever his Worship—blessings on him—gave a dinner, he was always presint. He said that was quite a different affair. Thin I wint to say Mr. Devlin—ah! he's a regular broth ov a boy—he paid the money without any trouble, an' gave me \$1 for meself, an' said he was sorry I had to come round. He's the sort of man I like to dale with. All this work took up nearly a day, an' by the time I got down to the City Hall, the ould woman was swaping out the building, an' she made me shtop an' help her. I intind to call on the others soon, but the Frenchmin frighten me, an' I don't think they'll pay me, for they have nothing, an' divil a ha'porth I'll git for meself.

SECTARIANISM NOT YET DEAD.

Professor McVicar, at the meeting of Presbytery in Coté street church, when the debate was anent the sending of the Rev. A. Young to Europe, said that a new stone church had been erected at the corner of St. Joseph and Seigneur streets. It is most unseemly of our friends, the Methodists, but we must contest the ground.

"There's a little stone church *au coin de la street*
 "Where St. Joseph and Seigneurs together meet;
 "And opposite this an *eglise presbytere*,
 "Which has of the Methodist church a great fear.

"Said McV., the professor in *theologic*,
 "This is not the thing, and before long you will see
 "That our Methodist friends, if you do not beware
 "Will uproot from the street our *eglise presbytere*.

"'Tis conduct unseemly, the ground we'll contest,—
 "The pastor there stationed must work and not rest
 "Till the stone church is shifted by foul means or fair,
 "And remains there alone our *eglise presbytere*."

How is it unseemly—is there not a good field
 For Arminius and Calvin a good influence to wield?
 Then let both churches flourish, what need then of care,
 For the Methodist church or *l'eglise presbytere*?

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 C. H. S.—We hope you will continue to favour us with contributions.
 E. J.—Your letter and the advice given are very acceptable.

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