



BEES WILACKS.

THE DAILY NEWS.

MR. BEE.—I claim to be a sincere friend, and as such mean to give you a piece of my mind without nonsense or circumlocution. What is the use of a friend if not to tell us our faults faithfully? Well, I see you have been trying to poke fun at the *Daily News* because it has the exclusive privilege of publishing the Sheriff's advertisements. Now, I tell you honestly that I consider this a piece of small spite on your part. You envy the *News*, that's all, and have a sneaking wish to deprive it of this nice little job, but you can't come it. The Sheriff knows you too well, and knows the *News* too well to make the exchange. I take it that the Sheriff is a humane and philanthropic person, who has no desire to expose the tribulations of his customers any more than he can help; and do you suppose he is going to take away his notices from a quiet, unobtrusive paper, the very existence of which is almost a debatable matter, to give them to a noisy, pretentious chatter-box, which forces itself under everybody's nose, as you do? Why you foolish thing, the only objection to the *News* is that some one sees it, and if everybody saw it, of course the Sheriff would have to transfer his advertisements to the *Citizen* or *Times*, in which case there would be a chance that at least a few persons would be none the wiser for his proceedings. You'll get them when all the other papers are defunct, not before; so you keep quiet, and don't be everlastingly buzzing about as you do—I'm ashamed of you.

Then, honey, you entirely overlook the advantage to the public of a paper like the *News*, and I assure you that but for the peculiar office it fills in the community, some persons would be sadly put about. Let me illustrate. If you have lost anything and don't want to find it—a memorandum of your debts for instance—by all means advertise in the *News*. If you have found anything valuable that you do not wish to restore to the owner, but at the same time desire to be in a position to say you advertised it, send the notice to the *News*. In a word, if you want a safe hiding place for anything, commit it to the care of the *News*, it will be safe from impertinent eyes. Why, man, there is no office like it in the city! There is no danger that the editor, compositors, pressman or devils will blab, for the proprietor is his own editor, his own compositor, his own pressman, and which is best of all, his own devil! Any secret you commit to the *News* is therefore as safe as a pearl in an oyster. And would you deprive Ottawa of so convenient a repository of private matters? Don't do it: I would not if I were you.

THE OTTAWA TIMES.

I observe, Mr. BEE, that your able contemporary, the *Ottawa Times* gave, as in duty bound, a fine glowing account of the festivities on the Queen's Birthday. (See *Times* of Saturday, the 26th ult.) which he closed thus:—

GENERAL REMARKS.

"The Mayor and Corporation reviewed the Firemen on the ground, and at the close

said, Gentlemen, &c., &c." I need not repeat the admirable oration of "the Mayor and Corporation," as, no doubt every man and manikin, boy, tomboy and hobbledehoy have read them, but must express my sympathy with the poor Firemen, for after the great fatigue they had gone through, with only "a dollar a-piece for refreshments," it was entirely too bad to oblige them to listen to fifteen or twenty speeches from "the Mayor and Corporation." It was very proper for the Mayor to prelect, and his Worship would have been wanting to himself, and untrue to his reputation as an elocutionist of established fame, if he had suffered the auspicious occasion to pass unimproved; but I repeat it, "more in sorrow than anger," however, it was too bad for the Corporation to insist upon following the Mayor, and keeping the wearied men standing there several hours—for I must suppose it took at least a couple of hours before each of the Aldermen and Councillors had said his say. Then what appears to me particularly cruel was, that "the Corporation" should all make the same speech as the Mayor. Now, if the speeches had been varied a little, and had embodied some attempts at wit, there might have been some excuse; but that "the Mayor and Corporation" should each and all recite the same discourse, and oblige the Firemen to stand there until the last member had finished, was—well, I can't find words to characterize the act without transgressing my rule, so I shan't swear at them. I really am astonished, however, that the Firemen stood the ordeal, and must say that, after that, they can stand any amount of damp and smoke. It shows the good discipline they are under. But, on second thoughts, perhaps the "Mayor and Corporation" all spoke at once—of course that would alter the case—but that they all spoke is beyond doubt, if what the *Times* says is true, for "the Mayor and Corporation said, Gentlemen, &c., &c."

THE CITIZEN.

You must be aware Mr. Busy-Bee, that of late your excellent and high-toned neighbor, the *Citizen* has been giving a deep and earnest attention to Theological subjects, and that he is fast becoming the medium through which the religious views of the various sects are to be ventilated. That way we shall have a very valuable go indeed. But the *Citizen* is not satisfied with opening its columns to polemic divinity, he selects choice and edifying extracts, which must go far to impress his readers with the profound interest he takes in these solemn matters. Among other selections I noticed one, on Saturday last, taken from the *Brighton Observer*, headed "A BOY STRUCK BLIND FOR BLASPHEMY," which has gone the round of the religious press in the United Kingdom and the Colonies, until every Church and Sunday School has felt its awful influence. It appeared in several of our Canadian papers over a month ago, and might therefore be said to have done its duty when the *Citizen* reproduced it. There was, (not to put too fine a point upon it) a little awkwardness in the reprint, owing to the rather unpleasant circumstance that the utter falsity of the account had been demonstrated for some weeks,

a fact which had become known on this side of the water. Indeed, as I am given to understand, a gentleman who had made known the terrible judgment to a Sunday School in the City five weeks ago, thought it his duty last Sabbath to explain that the statement was a fraud, and the pious horror of the lying narrator a counterfeit. You will find a contradiction in several English papers, and notably in the *Saturday Review*. There was no boy Richardson, as stated, so he could not be struck blind; and there was no playing at "Cat and Dog," so there could be no swearing. There were, however, two or three boys walking out in the fields, one of them named Jeffrey, and in coming home he complained of not being able to see. He had probably got the vertigo, or some such temporary affection. His friends escorted him home, but before he reached his father's house he was quite better. This is the story, Mr. Editor, and I again repeat, it was a pity the *Citizen* should have disturbed the deep impressions made by the fable, for had he not reproduced it at so inconvenient a time, few persons would have found out that it was a falsehood. Just turn to the *Saturday Review*, and you will see how it polishes off the authors of the "pious fraud," and what marvel.

THE EVENING POST.

The *Evening Post*, referring to the *Times* in its usual friendly and complimentary manner, describes that paper as "the most fossiliferous of all existing fossils." I should really like the *Post* to inform me what kind of a fossil a fossiliferous fossil is? I am inclined to think that it is in the very nature of fossils not to be productive of anything; but a fossiliferous fossil, if it means anything, means a fossil which produces or yields other fossils. Your contemporary might as well talk of *auriferous gold*, or *carboniferous coal*. His expression reminds me of one employed by a well known physician in one of our Canadian cities. That gentleman had a theory that Cholera was caused by the presence of certain minute insects in the air. He accordingly announced to a friend his opinion that the "cause of Cholera was insectivorous." This is a fact, though it has never been published before.

LE CANADA.

A few days ago some inquisitive mortal asked the editor of the *Post* what he thought of a city contemporary, who did not mention a word about the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday. The question, no doubt, has been a stunner: for, the poor *Post* has not yet recovered consciousness to reply to the query. It is very likely it would have stunned the Sparks Street fossil also had it been propounded to him; but, imagine the thunderbolt that would have been responsively launched by the Sheriff's back-street organ were it appealed to. My own opinion of the Canadian journalist who allowed the glorious celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday of the 24th ult. to pass by without chronicling its success and enthusiasm is, that he is not burdened with loyalty, and, as a consequence, is as unacceptable a possession in a loyal community, as would be a scabby sheep in a healthy flock. Newspaper men in Canada

on its scroll. One thought strikes us very forcibly, and it is this: what would history be like if it were written upon Mr. Morgan's principles? Instead of a few illustrious characters standing out as representatives of their country's greatness in each generation, we should have an innumerable host of the most mediocre individuals, all claiming a share of our attention, and insisting upon our recognizing the "place they had won in history." Precocious boys with their prize poems, and clever students with their medals and diplomas, and muscular youths who had won boat races, and sixth rate painters, and common-place members of distant colonial parliaments, and brave soldiers who had fallen upon this field or that,—all these and countless multitudes besides "from every kindred and tongue and people and nation" would press forward as claimants for our admiration and gratitude. Alas! alas! for the men of Plutarch, and all the other heroes of youthful imaginations; they would all, as Carlyle expresses it, be "swam away" by the resistless flood of Mr. Morgan's "celebrities." Let us be thankful that as yet it is not so, and that there is no serious danger to history from the influence of such men as Mr. Morgan and his flatterers of the Canadian press. Ignorance and impudence are not yet supreme; still they exert a power of their own which ought to be resisted. Mr. Morgan is the visible embodiment of both, therefore we pay our attentions to Mr. Morgan.—(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL SCRAPS FOR "THE BEE."

BY ONE WHO LOVES FUN.

CONUNDRUM.—Of what fish are the Fenians fondest? The Pike.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—A young lady seated in the parlour, languidly turning over the leaves of the last new novel. Enter second young lady, in breathless haste, exclaiming, "Oh Seraphina! I just ran in as I was passing; I was positive that I heard you singing, oh so divinely. And yet you say that you never sing? First young lady, in astonishment, "Singing? I sing?" Enter mamma from the kitchen, just in time to overhear the foregoing remarks. "Oh, never mind, my dears, I looked out into the yard a moment ago to discover the cause of the noise, and it was only the cats."

IMPORTANT TO MUSICAL CRITICS.—Little Susie who has made such astonishing progress in music, that she is already mistress of her scales, denies indignantly that "The Bee" is *B flat*. This young aspirant for musical celebrity, on the contrary, positively affirms that it is none other than *B sharp*. As she is a lady, although in miniature, it would be extremely ungentlemanly for us to gainsay her assertion.

PARENTAL ERUDITION.—A little boy chancing to lift up an edition of Shelley's poetical works, opened it at the following lines in the Chorus from *Hellas*:

"Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep,
Young Cyclops on a sunnier deep."

Which he read aloud; and being puzzled for the meaning of the word Cyclops (pronounced same as *sick lads*) applied to his father for aid, from whom he received the following profound and erudite explanation: "The poet must have meant by that the youths who were stricken by sea sickness, my son!"

NOT SO BAD FOR HIM.—Friend Robinson, of the "Tea Pot," was, the other day, arguing a customer to make acquaintance with some of his wonderful Tea. "Do you not know," he said, "the Latin proverb, *Nosce te (a) ipsum*." The man took a pound of it at once.

OUR REGULAR MARKET REPORT.

Many of our patrons have become so thoroughly disgusted with the falsity and inaccuracy of the market reports as given in the city journals, that they have honored us by requesting that we publish them. They may depend on the following:—

WHISKY—going down every day, but not in price.

BEER—Flat.

FRESH BUTTER—Inclined to be lanky, and goes off quickly—in the sun.

TEA Do—Firm, and some of it very strong. Eggs—Like the heads of some of our contributors, somewhat addled.

POTATOES—Eyed on all sides, but holders refuse to see anything but 'high figures.

DUCKS—Those in crinoline plentiful, but not in great demand, holders being glad to get rid of them to escape the noise.

GEESSE—Not confined to the market; plenty to be found on the streets, and eagerly sought after by young (would be) house-keepers.

SHEEP—Trotting round; numbers offered, but are declined (by the ladies.)

BEES—Sell well.

MILK—(Of human kindness) very scarce.

RYE—Holders of old lots are lively, and must come down.

INGENIOUS.

The crowd of shop-boys and other gents who aspire to Government appointments have hit on a clever idea. Finding individual application perfectly useless, they propose organizing themselves into a Mutual Assistance Society, in which a modification of the tontine principle will be adopted. A ballot will take place, and to the person who is fortunate enough to get the ticket, the entire united strength, influence and impudence of the Corporation will be given to further his aims. When he is disposed of (but not till then) another ballot will take place, and the same course pursued. In this way it is hoped that in time all may be comfortably settled. The forthcoming *Gazette* will contain the usual notice of an application to Parliament for an Act of Incorporation.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Those products of nature who wear their clothing for their nether limbs a la "Knickerbocker," and muslin wisps around their hats, are looking very verdant, in fact are growing greener every day. Many of them are ever-greens, but just at this season of the year they assume a fresher appearance, and make desperate efforts to vie with the younger and less hardy class in verdancy. But so far, some of the bucolic species carry off the palm, though their heads are yet in many instances white, as if they had been affected by frosts.

The flowers also are beginning to look gay and blooming, though some are beginning to droop a little for want of training. During the day they come out in all their glory, and, doubtless, could they speak, would call for admiration. A great many of them, however, are only showy and expensive ornaments, being of no use whatever, other than as decorations. The sun appears to have a considerable effect upon them, as about four o'clock they are out in great abundance. This must afford great pleasure to the stronger and harder class, who are also to be seen about that hour. Indeed it not unfrequently happens that some fair flower may be seen twining itself around some tall and verdant plant. This most certainly be the effect of the sun's rays, as they are sure to separate before the going down of that luminary. An examination into this strange

phenomenon might prove highly interesting to a member of the Natural History Society. Bees are found swarming all over the country.

LOOK OUT FOR TRAPS.

The BEE would respectfully advise the City Fathers to put up a notice at each end of Sappers Bridge, to the effect that there are certain traps upon it in the shape of extensive holes. It is decidedly unfair to provide such traps without giving the public warning of the danger they may unwarily run into. It is also not at all consonant with the care parents should have over their children. Warn them in time dear fathers.

THE LAST.—We understand that an unknown friend has presented the Natural History Society, with an interesting specimen of the *Pediculus Vitæ*. In a letter which he addressed to the Secretary of the Society, the donor states that he caught it in a well known hair-dresser's saloon in this city, where, he asserts, some further specimens might be obtained. The Curator of the Museum has pronounced the animal to be the finest of its kind that ever came under his notice; and he has sent it down to Montreal to be stuffed. If things go on in this way, Ottawa will soon have reason to be proud of its Natural History Society.

We overheard the following conversation between two of our devils the other day:

"Which of the officers of the P.C.O. Rifles is the most observant man in Ottawa?"

"Don't know."

"Captain Percival, (perceive-all)?"

The laugh that accompanied this was really satanic. The other, however, immediately rejoined: "Who can beat him?"

"Give it up."

"Why Seymour, (see more) you fool!"

PUN-Y.—"What is the general character of a University College Student?" said a young lady to a very young gentleman, as the two were driving through Sparks Street the other day.

"Can't say," replied the very young gentleman.

"Why *Hamyable* (amiable) to be sure," was the lady's rejoinder.

"It *Hill* becomes you to be so very personal," said the very young gentleman, as he whip't up his horse Paddy, and looked as if he had made a pun,—[*Com.*]

CHANGE OF NAME.—We understand that the Natural History Society of this city intends to apply, during the next session of the Legislature, for an Act of Incorporation, under the new and appropriate name of the "Mutual Admiration and Adulation Society, (unlimited)." The motto of the Society is to be "Scratch me and I'll scratch you."

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—At the close of the recent ethnological head lecture, the craniums of the lecturer, the president, and the committee, were severally and judiciously examined. After long and patient investigations, the verdict returned in each and every case was M T.

A stupid fellow wants to know why THE BEE resembles a miser?

We give it up, unless the answer is to be found in the fact of its being constantly after more gain (Morgan.)

The writer of the following must have been pretty far gone:

Why is the editor of a city paper like a drunken man?

Because he supports himself by the Post.

hope to be supported by loyal men, and by the Government also; and to merit such support, policy at least, should dictate to them the wisdom of not making themselves obnoxious by mere mute anti-British demonstrations.

Yours Faithfully,

JOHN SMITH.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—Advertisers will find *The Bee* one of the most reliable mediums for communicating with the public. Its circulation is very large, and it goes amongst every class of society. Our space is limited, and early application will be necessary.

Subscriptions will be received for *The Bee* from the rural districts at \$1 per annum. We shall be happy to receive contributions, but it is almost needless to remark that they must be of excellent quality, and suitable for a publication of a high order. Respectability is a *sine qua non*. The author's name must in every case accompany the contribution, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All letters must be pre-paid. All communications to be addressed to the Editor of *The Bee*, Drawer 5, Ottawa Post Office.

OUR AGENTS.

Parties throughout Canada wishing to act as Agents for *The Bee*, will please advise us.

At present the *Bee* may be obtained from Messrs. DENT & SON, Stationers, Mr. J. H. BARNER, News Agent, and of the *Newsbury*, Ottawa; and Messrs. OMBISTON BROTHERS, Prescott.



"Adhibenda est in jocando moderatio."

The Bee.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2ND., 1866.

AN EXPLANATION.

We regret that the remarks of our Prescott correspondent "Quill," in our last issue, have been thought by Capt. Duck to be open to a construction making them applicable to the officers of his Garrison Battery. We need scarcely assure him that they don't apply to them, and that it is not likely another could have imagined such to be the case. We assured ourselves, however, of the correctness of the allusions before publishing the letter.

COURT CIRCULAR.

The Court has lately been removed to the Russell House.

Hon. W. P. Howland, Hon. Mrs. W. P. Howland, Hon. little Howland, [and she howls too,] and Hon. Howland's servant, arrived at the Russell House on Thursday, and retired to rest at night. Hon. Mrs. Howland walked up Sparks Street yesterday.

Hon. T. D. McGee arrived at the Russell about five o'clock yesterday morning, and was admitted. Several persons paid their respects to the hon. gentleman in the morning, and were so dazzled by the hon. gentleman's presence that they have not been able to see any one since.

Col. McDougall also arrived at Court on Thursday. He was deeply immersed in business yesterday, having been seen slowly walking towards the Parliament Buildings, with a sheet of paper in his hands. Before starting he lit a cigar.

It is expected the Court will go to church to-morrow.

CABINET MEETING.

A Cabinet Council sat all day yesterday, but none of our contemporaries appear to know what took place. *The Bee*, however, had a Reporter there. The door was locked, but he went through the key-hole; so we are able to furnish our readers with a correct report. All the members were present but those who were absent. Lord Monck sat at the head of the table, and said: Gentlemen, the Fenians have invaded the country; what's to be done?

At this all the members scratched their heads, looked very wise, and said—nothing.

At length John A. (appearing to have just caught the idea) said: We must drive them out.

Another pause. Hon. Mr. McDougall (with a grim and awful look) said: Yes, drive them out: leave not one behind!

Pause No. 3. Hon. W. P. Howland (with a look of inspiration) said: I have it! put them all in a bag, end throw them over the Falls.

Pause No. 4. Hon. F. Blair (in doubtful tones) Dinna ye think ye had better hang them? Upon which proposition the members all pondered a while, when

Hon. T. D. McGee (with a knowing look) said: Catch your hare before you kill it!

This was a new idea to many, and they sat cogitating upon it for a long time, until His Excellency rose and said, "We had better sleep upon it."

The Council then adjourned.

BILLS TO BE INTRODUCED

At the next Session of Parliament.

To incorporate a Company—Dr. Hunter President—under the name of "the Russell Bell Hangers." (W. P. Powell, M. P.)

To change the name of the Central Canada Oil Company to "The American Soft Soap and Clearing out Association."—(Mr. Currier, Ottawa.)

To prohibit the sale of wool in Canada, [object being to run out the breed of Wallace Lambs.]—[Mr. Macfarlane, Stratford.]

To change the name "Bothwell," to "The Canadian He-dorado."—Hon. Geo. Brown.

To increase the number of Classical scholars in Canada.—Mr. Jones, Leeds and Grenville.

To increase the supply of water and number of Tea-meetings.—Hon. Malcolm Cameron, (by C. Dunkin, M. P.)

To do away with punishment for engaging in free fights.—Mr. White, Halton.

To expel from the House the Hon. I. S. Huntington, and to prohibit his return thereto during the lifetime of the—Hon. T. D. McGee.

To revise the English alphabet by expunging the letter "i"—Hon. J. H. Cameron.

To incorporate a Company for the Manufacture of Vinegar—the introducer to have the monopoly.—Hon. William Macdougall.

To repeal the duty on a "Hot Scotch"—Mr. Dickson, Huron & Bruce.

DEGENERATE OTTAWA.

Almost every one is extolling the civilization and improvements of the present day. But Ottawa, it appears, is degenerating, for we lately heard a gentleman deploring, in no measured terms, that Ottawa was no more what it was, in proof of which he instanced the fact that even an election, now-a-days, would go off without even one free fight. So mote it be.

MR. MORGAN AT AYLNER.

Mr. Morgan is certainly one of the hardest men to criticise we ever knew. His writings are of such a nature that they completely deprive the critic of the great resource of comparison. In dealing with a writer who is only moderately ignorant and absurd, the critic can compare him to others who are either a little better or a little worse. But Mr. Morgan has positively reached the lowest depths in both these respects. He has touched bottom, and in doing so has fallen so far below any one else who ever took pen in hand to write for the public, that there is positively no one to compare him to, or contrast him with: he stands in a *genus* by himself, unapproached and unapproachable. We are led to make these remarks through having lately perused Mr. Morgan's last literary performance, the lecture which he delivered at Aylmer a few months ago, on "*The place British Americans have won in history.*" The title of this lecture is certainly a high-sounding one, and well adapted to awaken feelings of patriotic pride in every inhabitant of these Provinces. Most people, perhaps, are not aware that any great number of British Americans have gained historical distinction; but that is because they do not know how little it takes either to give a man a "place in history," or to constitute him a British American. Until we read Mr. Morgan's lecture we were ourselves in horrible darkness upon both these points; but we have now been enlightened, and it is with a sincere desire to "let our light shine before men," that we proceed to impart our newly acquired knowledge to the readers of the "*Bee.*" The following, then, are some of the achievements which, according to our "celebrated Canadian," make men illustrious in history:—

- 1.—To have passed a creditable examination before the Royal College of Surgeons, England.—(See page 10 of the lecture, where the name of Dr. Grant of this city is mentioned.)
- 2.—To have studied painting in Europe, and "carried off a prize at one of the Academies."—Page 10.
- 3.—To have been the author of an Oxford prize poem.—Page 11.
- 4.—To have become a successful copier of paintings at Florence.—Falardeau, page 11.
- 5.—To have occupied seats in the parliaments of Australia, Vancouver's Island, and British Columbia.—Page 11.
- 6.—To have been French Consul in Hungary.—Page 12.
- 7.—To have passed creditable examinations at Sandhurst.—Page 13.
- 8.—To have obtained honours, and won a boat race at Cambridge.—Mr. G. D. Redpath, page 12, note.
- 9.—To have fallen in the Crimea.—Page 18.
- 10.—To have obtained the position of Queen's Counsel in England.

Now no one will deny for a moment that to pass creditable examinations, and compose prize poems, are performances of which a man and his own private friends may not unreasonably be a little proud; but—we appeal to every one's common sense—could anything more absurd be conceived than to collect a lot of cases of this kind, and to publish them under such a title as Mr. Morgan has chosen? That gentleman must indeed have somewhat strange notions of history if he imagines, as he certainly does, that achievements like the above are sufficient to invest their authors with historical importance. Nothing could more strikingly exhibit the exceeding littleness and childishness of his own mind than the mean and paltry conception he has formed of the nature of history, and the kind of actions which entitle men to honorable places

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Bee, Ottawa:

Prescott, May 30, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I don't know as I have got much to tell you this week, for there ain't much doing here. The twelve foot sidewalk is about done, and don't the girls walk up and down that's all. They do complain sometimes that gentlemen about Campbell's Hotel stare at them too much, and the other night one of them tripped a girl with a walking stick, but then he's a gentleman, so may be let go.

The Volunteer Ball came off the other night, but there was only one stranger there and he came from Ogdensburg; none of the Prescott people went. The supper was got up cheap, by a colored gentleman, as they called him.

We had a great excitement here, a few days ago. Some one asked to be let go over the Fort, and the officer gave him a pass. I don't know as he went, but after that a gentleman was seen talking to the sentry at the fort, and the officer runs up and calls the sentry and says: "Don't tell that man anything, it'll all be in the New York Herald if you do. After that the same party was going up street and met this officer along with another. The other officer stopped and spoke to the gentleman what was in the Fort, when his friend asked who it was? Oh! says he, it's a friend from Ottawa, he is in the Field Battery! I guess the chap felt rather small. He was going to turn him out at first because he thought he was a spy. Pity he didn't; he'd have been took down a peg. No more at present.

QUILL.

WATERY CONUNDRUM.—Why is the member for Carleton like a river? Because he is greatest at the mouth.

In what respect do the Ottawa Field Battery and Napoleon III resemble each other? In admiring A Workman.

A STRANGE EFFECT.—Lord Lorbe, son of the Duke of Argyll, arrived in town a few days ago; and since then the young ladies are all looking for-lorn.

SUPPOSED TO BE JOHN A'S LAST!—"Why are the Anti-Confederates in New Brunswick like the earth? Because they are flattened at the polls!"

Why is a certain medical gentleman in town, when he wears his suit of Canadian tweed, much to be dreaded? Because he is a Wolff in sheep's clothing.

Why is Rideau Street, Ottawa, the widest thoroughfare in the world? Because you may stand at Messrs. Workman and Griffin's and see MILES across.

IMPORTANT RUMOR.—It is said that the gentleman whose name appears as proprietor of the Times of this city, is about to embark in the business of manufacturing VINEGAR. He is sure to succeed.

WELCOME CONFERRER.—The Gridiron is a new comic and satirical paper published in Toronto. It is just two weeks the junior of THE BEE. As it appears to be respectably conducted, may its fate be less hard than its name. It will have to see to it that it don't become too hot, though, at times: As our aim is mutual—stinging and roasting both blister—we welcome the Gridiron as a brother. Look out humbugs.

TORONTO "EVENING JOURNAL"

We have seen the first number of a new paper, issued in Toronto under the above title. And we have also seen several contemporary notices of the same. They almost all speak in high terms of the new aspirant to public favor. If the mission of the Journal be to heap vituperation on the Globe and to expose to the full a one sided version of some private quarrel between the proprietor of the Journal and the proprietor of the Globe, we should say, from the initial number, it will be highly successful. The first number is devoted mainly to an explanation, couched in no measured language, of the reasons for the proprietor of the Journal leaving the Globe office, but we fail to see the clear exposition of political opinions, and the "able editorials" our contemporaries speak of. Such fulsome and lavish commendations do not serve to raise the status of the Canadian press, which in very many cases appears to be drifting to the lowest depths of toadyism. Where praise cannot be truthfully given, and no desire to injure a new contemporary at the moment of its inception is felt, it would be better to say nothing at all. The Journal may become a good paper, but its first number certainly does not warrant any very extravagant encomiums.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PAT MALLOY.—Your communication is respectfully declined, the subject of which it treats being out of date.

M. A.—We will try to find room for your communication in another issue.

PORTASTER.—What you call poetry is simply trash, and no such productions have a place in the columns of THE BEE.

AN OLD BACHELOR.—Thinks it a great nuisance to meet so much crinoline on the streets as he returns from his office in the afternoon, and wishes to know if something cannot be done to put a stop to afternoon promenading. We shrewdly suspect "an old bachelor" has been snubbed at some period of his life; but he might try if the Government would order their offices to be closed at 5 o'clock. That would put off the nuisance of which "an old bachelor" complains, for one hour at least.

GRATEFUL READER.—We are much pleased at the good opinion you express of us. It happens that we never drink anything but water; but as some of our friends are more moderate in their temperance, you can send along the "green seal," and we shall never doubt the completeness of your gratitude.

AN ANGRY OWL.—We can but answer your abuse with a Scotch remark: "Hoot, awa!"

HOME FROM SCHOOL.—We do not recollect the author of the "pretty lines,"

"Inwards, outwards, to the skies,
Men and beasts throw both their eyes."
Perhaps some of our readers can inform us?

DANDY.—The best physicians recommend you to allow no day to elapse without washing your face and hands. Some persons wash the latter twice in the twenty-four hours; but we can lay down no rule—all depends on your constitution.

QUIZ.—Yes; men wounded by a bomb-shell are wounded mortally.

MISERRIMUS.—We don't see what you have to complain of. The young lady had accepted you and your presents; but finding that

you did not read THE BEE, dismissed you with contempt, and threw your presents out of the window. We do not believe that there is a right-minded girl in Ottawa who would have acted otherwise. The idea of your asking us to intercede!

AVONMORE.—"Stray Thoughts No. 2."—Next week.

LOVING LOUISA.—His remark seems rude; but as it is, upon reflection, capable of a complimentary interpretation, we think that a truly devoted, affectionate and lady-like girl, as you describe yourself, should have preferred accepting it in that sense to emptying the dripping-pan over him. Your hand-writing betokens the thorough lady; but "impudent" is not spelt "imp'ident," and there is only one "e" in beast.

MATRE.—To convince you of the folly of getting married we have only to repeat the argument of a friend of ours who is a confirmed bachelor. He says: "Muslin is a great promoter of laziness. If young men wish to accomplish anything of moment, either with head or hand, they must keep clear of the institution entirely. A pair of sweet lips, a small waist, a swelling chest, a pressure of two delicate hands, will do as much to unliming a man as three fevers, the measles, a large sized whooping-cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias and the doctor's bill."

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