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MASON'S FRUIT JARS.

AFTER many years experience have been found the most reliable for preserving all kinds of fruit. Save their cost in sugar at the first filling. Pint, quart and j gallon sizes in any quantity, for sale by

W. D. McLAREN,

247 St. Lawrence Street, Corner (639) of St. Catherine.

JOHN J. ARNTON,

Will Sell, by Auction, during September, a most Valuable and Extensive PROPERTY, near the foot of McGill Street, suited alike for Commercial or Manufacturing purposes.

A Splendid First-class Detached Villa Residence and Grounds on the slope of the Mountain, and a large amount of Real Estate in Building Lots and Improved Property generally.

Established 1859

Henry R. Gray

Dispensing
AND
Family Chemist,
144
St. Lawrence Street.

FRESH VACCINE
always on hand.

DISINFECTANTS
of all kinds.

SEA-SIDE
REQUISITES

GRAY'S
"maigre de Toilette"

FOLEY'S
CELEBRATED
GOLD PENS

Have been introduced into this Market, and are sold by Messrs. SAVOIR, LAMAN & Co., Notre Dame St. Messrs. MURPHY & Co., Bankers, Notre Dame Street, and by C. E. BURNETT, Board and News Store 27 St. James Street (Opposite Q.C.C.)

Foley's Pens are famous throughout the world as the best manufactured.

ALL THE LATEST
ENGLISH

AND
AMERICAN
FASHION
DRESS

at the
Magasin Office,
27 St. James St.

Bishop Grandin's
WORKS.

Dawson Bros. have
the honor to

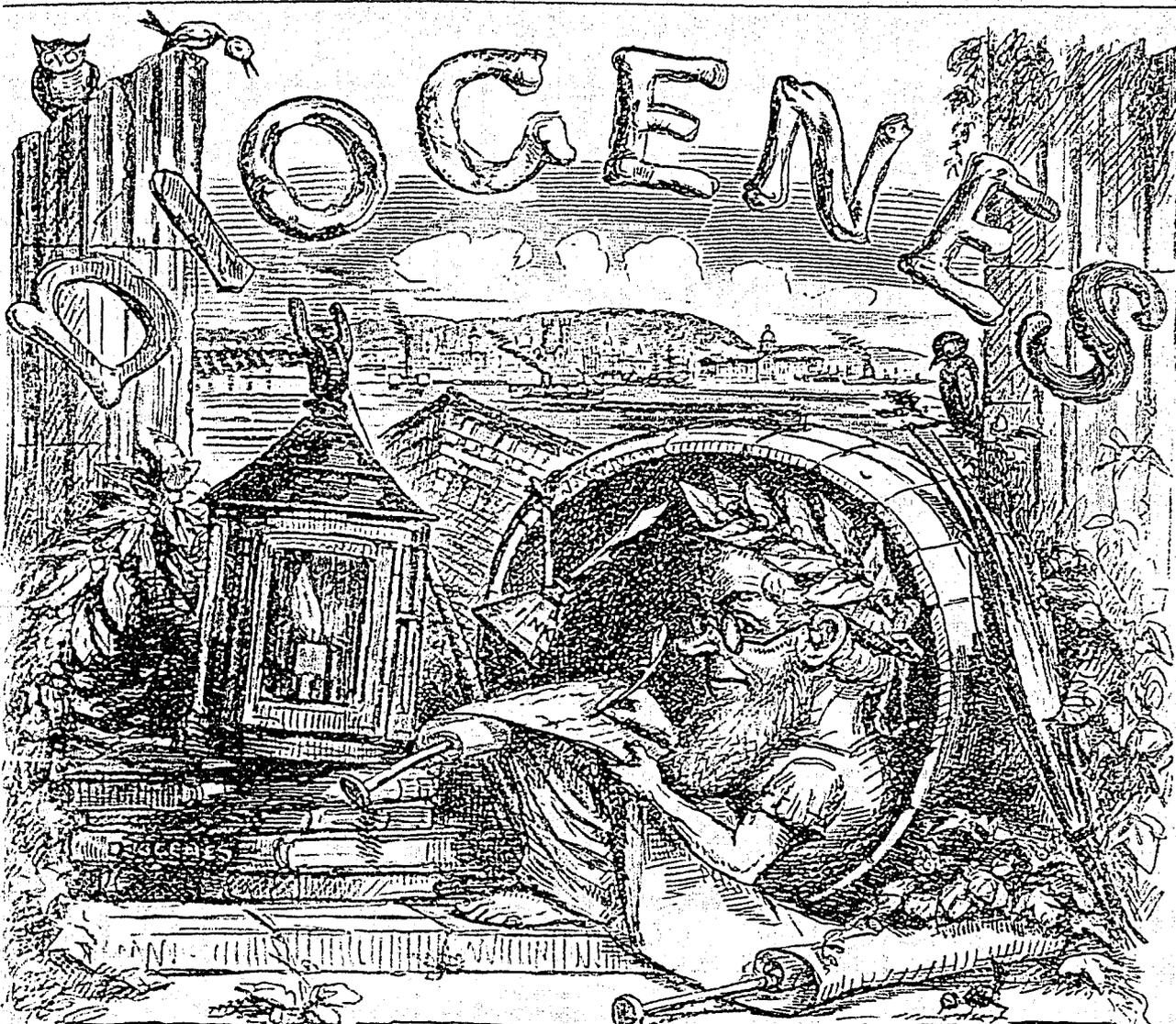
publish the following
works, and price

of each:

The Pathway of
Safety, or, Counsel
to the Awakened
Family Prayers.

The Earnest Communion—a course of Preparation for the Lord's Table.

For Sale at Nos. 15 to 59 St. James Street.



Smoked Salmon.

BONELESS.
We have just received a fine lot of the above. Heads off and back bones taken out. Without exception the finest fish in market.

KEMP & BROWN,
Grocers,
McGill corner
Lemoine street.

ONTARIO

MEDICAL HALL
265

Notre Dame Street.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully compounded.

The Largest Stock of Surgical Instruments in the City.

C. G. Wilson
Chemist & Druggist.

KAMOURASKA.

Sea-Bathing.

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

Mrs. H. SMITH,
Albion House,
KAMOURASKA.

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

Music.

MUSIC at a price within the reach of all.

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

DeZouche Bros.,
351

Notre Dame Street.

Paper Hangings.

THE most complete Stock of WALL PAPERS in the City.

Splendid Patterns at very moderate rates.

DeZoucho Bros.,
351

Notre Dame Street.

Vol. II.—No. 15. MONTREAL, 20th AUGUST, 1869. Price—Five Cents.

**KEILLER'S DUNDEE MARMALADE,
LOCHFINE HERRINGS,
EX S.S. "ST. PATRICK," NOW OVERDUE.
ALEX. MCGIBBON, Italian Warehouse.**

Wholesale Stationery.

(Circular.)

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

WHOLESALE STATIONERY BUSINESS

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

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

The undersigned left for England on Friday, 6th inst., in order to purchase a complete Stock in the best English markets. This Stock will be laid down in Montreal at the

Lowest Remunerative Rates, such as will command the patronage of the trade. It will be ready for inspection on the 1st September.

A visit from Customers is solicited before they make their Fall purchases. Samples and prices will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT WEIR.

24 ST. JOHN STREET,
MONTREAL, 22nd July, 1869.

**McGILL UNIVERSITY,
MONTREAL**

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE CLASSES of the FACULTY OF MEDICINE will commence on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1869, instead of 2nd November, as previously announced.

Matriculation Examinations will be held on the FIRST SATURDAY of OCTOBER, and the LAST SATURDAY of MARCH, of the current year.

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

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON
391 Notre Dame Street.

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

**WEEKLY LINE TO
HALIFAX, STRAITS OF
CANSO, AND**

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,
Calling at PICTOU ONCE A FOOTNIGHT,
commencing SATURDAY, June 12.



STEAMERS

Alhambra & Oriental.

The above-named Steamers will leave T Wharf, Boston, for the above Ports, EVERY SATURDAY, at TWO, P.M.

Through Tickets from MONTREAL to HALIFAX, can be obtained from

FRANK PICARD,

Ticket Agent Vermont Central Railway,
30 St. James Street.

Passengers leaving on FRIDAYS, at 4.30 P.M. will make direct connection with the above Steamers.

THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED
"PLANTAGENET"
Mineral Water.

THIS remedial agent has been, and must continue to be, the favourite with the people, in consequence of the quantity of IODINE, IRON, MAGNESIA, &c., it contains, as compared with other Springs, and its superior Medicinal Combination so grand, and providentially supplied. It is unsurpassed as a Tonic, Alterative, Laxative, and Diuretic; as a Beverage, it is at once cooling and healing; Aerated, it takes the place of Soda Water. TO AMERICAN TRAVELLERS the "Plantagenet" Seltzer Water will supersede the Saratoga, and obviate the effects produced by change of climate. It is of much service to Ladies.

Water consumers should be particular to enquire for the "PLANTAGENET" WATER at Hotels and Apothecaries.

DEPOT: No. 15 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

Orders to the undersigned will have prompt attention.

R. J. RODDEN, R. W. BOYD,
Plantagenet, Ont. Montreal.

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

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

IMMEDIATE RELIEF AND EVENTUAL CURE.

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

Directions for their use.

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

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

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

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

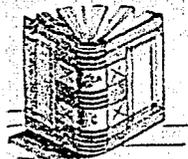
All communications must be addressed to the proprietors,

WINNING, HILL & WARE,

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

Cheap First-class Account Books.

**MONTREAL
ACCOUNT BOOK
MANUFACTORY.**



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

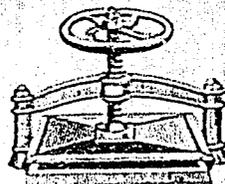
ALSO,

An extensive assortment of

Office Stationery.

SPRING SALE

OF
COPYING PRESSES.



THE LARGEST & BEST ASSORTMENT OF

Copying Presses

IN CANADA,

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

AT

JAS. SUTHERLAND'S

(Late R. WEIR & COMPANY)

STATIONERY WAREHOUSE,

160 & 162 St. James Street.

TO TOURISTS.

*Henderson's First-class Photographs and
Stereoscopic Slides*

O.F. LOCAL SCENERY,

At the Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James' Street.

*Alex Henderson,
PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE
Photographer.*

All kinds of Out-door Photography executed.

Canadian Landscapes in great variety.

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

**DISSOLUTION OF
PARTNERSHIP.**

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

JAMES SUTHERLAND,
ROBERT WEIR.

CIRCULAR.

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

All orders will be much esteemed, and met with the best and most prompt attention of

Yours, respectfully,

JAMES SUTHERLAND.

MONTREAL, July 25, 1869.

NOTICE.

The MATCHES of the PROVINCE OF QUEBEC RIFLE ASSOCIATION will commence at POINT ST. CHARLES, on TUESDAY, the 24th inst., at 9 A.M.

About \$2,000 will be offered in Prizes. Distances will be 200, 500 and 1,000 yards for Snider Rifle, and 500, 700 and 1,000 yards for All-comers any rifle competition.

Contemplated division of Prizes: 1 for Snider Rifle; 2 for any rifle.

The Associations intending to affiliate are required to send the amount of the fee, \$10, with names of members, on or before the 15th August, to the Secretary. All communications to be addressed to him, Box 342, Post-Office, Montreal.

JOHN FLETCHER,

Lieut. Col.,

Sec'y P. R. A. Q.

To Smokers.

LATEST

LONDON NOVELTIES

THE "ABYSSINIAN" PIPE

AND

"SENSATION" POUCH,

AT

MCCONKEY'S,

32 St. James Street,

(Opposite the "Hall").

THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 1.

EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTIGAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XV.

"On the receipt of Carrajo's message, Mr. Seward left for the island in three gunboats, respectively the *Quaker City* and his own boots." With all due deference to the printers, the author is under the impression that the above paragraph would have made Chap. XIV. appear a trifle more connected. As lucidity, however, is a quality by no means necessary to the popularity of literary productions—(witness the *News* and other periodicals in the city),—the slip above-mentioned is, perhaps, of no great moment. *A revoir*, then.

After a stormy passage, which was probably owing to the *seas-on* of the year, at which our friends waved their last adieu to their island-home, the good ship *Quaker City* landed them safely in New York; and Eva felt that her husband was once more amongst his *piers*, though *docked* of considerable money—and time, (which is money),—since he had last set eyes on Jersey City. Carrajo, immediately on landing, repaired to his old *quarters*, which had been considerably enlarged in their *dimensions* during his *absents*; and, naturally enough, his first impulse was to visit the hair-dressing saloon, in order to make himself as presentable as possible, after an absence of so many years. The artist, by-the-by, who presides over the tonsorial establishment of the "St. Nicholas," is a strange specimen of human nature,—a perfect study for a Cynic or Philosopher;—grave, taciturn,—turning his attention to nothing save his business;—a man who has amassed a vast fortune, but who, (at least when shaving), will leave few *heirs* behind him,—a man who has rais(ed) himself to the position he now occupies,—of herculean build and *strapping* proportions,—but, withal, so quiet and *sof* *portly*, he is, indeed, the very personification of the "*scenter of gravity*!"

This is digressing, however; and therefore, once more to return.

While Carrajo was waiting, like a condemned culprit, for his "turn," his eye chanced to light on a daily paper called the *British Whig*, which is published in Kingston, Ont. He was too blind to read it, of course; but one of those obliging people who are always ready to do what certain writers in this city are doing, slowly, but surely,—that is, "break the *News*,"—offered to *edify* him with the contents of the *whig* aforesaid, and the Chief was speedily horrified to find that his worthy friend, the Editor, entertained a decided aversion to the patronymic with which he had been blessed or cursed. Carrajo—(for the last time, ladies and gentlemen!)—was always of an obliging disposition; he therefore set out immediately for the Patent Office in Wall Street, and, following the example set him by his illustrious predecessor,—Norfolk-Howard-Bugg,—he soon stepped out again in possession of a document which transformed him into Don Henrico di Barkerola!

"Walking down Broadway" on his return, an evil thought flashed across his brain, but it was merely a kind of spiritual "heat-lightning," and, for the time, bore no evil results. It soon fructified, however, and, alas for Eva! was acted upon. Divorce from the partner of his joys and sorrows,—from the one who had soothed his sufferings and sewed on his buttons,—who, never *niggardly* of sympathy, had, through an unfortunate fatality of race, *blackened* all his prospects. 'Twas ingratitude, indeed!

A word from Henrico, who had great influence over his bride, would make her "do just as she liked"; and, when he reached the hotel, he ordered her to apparel herself, and to perform that peculiar acrobatic feat of "holding herself" in readiness to go with him to the Notary's.

She arrayed herself, accordingly, in a robe of pure *mulin de Napiet*, or *Bombazine*, which was made in the latest fashion, with an immense "train,"—the better to display the peculiar grace of her figure,—and they set out. In doubt where to find the required lawyer, and unwilling to betray his secret, the Chief had ordered his wife to assume her longest dress,—and for good reason. They might be some time before they found what they were after,—hours might pass by in wandering to and fro,—see, then, how necessary his wife's robe was to

SCOUR THE STREETS!!

CHAP. XVI.

Henrico ate his mid-day meal in silence and alone,—in fact, with so many plans upon his mind, it might have been called a "*diner à la Ruse*!" He had been in doubt, and he had played his trump; and as he thought of his failure, "The Deuce!" escaped his lips,—nothing more, for he was a man of few words, but, like the old lady's parrot, "a beggar to think!"

"There was nothing for it," as the fox said, when he watched, vainly, three hours at the mouth of a rabbit warren,—a favorite simile of Henrico's, who always got off a stale old joke about the hurrying to and fro in the same burrow, being a kind of "Warren Hastings." He could get no divorce; what was there for it but to fly? Discretion is the better part of valour ten times over; and when a man marries a woman who is

no mate for him, I think it is "mate" for him,—as the Irishman would say,—to leave her. In fact, that having doubled himself, he had *better halve* himself again as quickly as possible.

And so Henrico thought, as the setting sun shed a sickly halo over his beer,—beer, metaphorically,—for it was sherry which he sipped with the desperation of a drowning *cobbler* who *catches at straws*.

Wednesday,—the anniversary of everybody's marriage,—broke with a dull and dispiriting light over the roof of the far-famed "St. Nicholas";—shot its leaden rays into the chamber where slept Eva, unconscious of her fate,—tinged the smutted nose of the boot-black as he reclined amongst black-beetles in the cellar, and warmed the previously fiery proboscis of the cloak-room janitor, as he wearily unhooked himself from the peg, where he nightly slept off his troubles and his sins. Nine o'clock exactly, by the great *hall clock*, as Henrico, *all cloaked* and booted, started on his journey. Ten o'clock by the same dial as Eva awoke from her slumbers, lulled by that sweetest of *prima donnas*,

"Sweet nature's kind *Ritorni*,—gentle sleep."

and looked around. Naturally sharp-witted, she took it all in at a glance. Henrico had, too surely, taken his departure, and, without waiting for dinner, had *deserted* her. Fortunately, the Chief had left her with sufficient of the "sordid" to settle her bill at the hotel and purchase a ticket to New Orleans, which she immediately did; and while the wife, thus abruptly made a widow, travels, after the lapse of years, to rejoin her family, from whom she had been so rudely torn, take the train of thoughts, gentle reader, and follow me to Portland, Maine, where we shall next find Henrico.

The "Forest City," as its inhabitants fondly love to term it, is a collection of nondescript stores and frame-houses, inhabited by a class of hybrid, (not high-bred,) Americans. Its principal productions are soda-water and clams, which latter, on any fine day, may be taken wild in their native home in all their fresh and briny succulence. It boasts *nine* churches and *thirty-one* lawyers' establishments, and has a population of 28,379 and a half, and one child with an eye out.

Its citizens are a well-meaning, though harmless class of people, who certainly will obtain little *praise* for their observance of the *laws* of hospitality, and whose female population,—composed of blacks who don't paint, and whites who do,—may, perhaps, be best described as "*rouge et noir*." They suffer from Anglophobia, and pride themselves on "catarrh and taxation"; and, in their spite against England, are altogether unmindful of the proverb—

"It's all very well to fool with the Bull, but look out for his horns, my boy,—look out for his horns!"

Here, two days after leaving New York, Henrico found himself, and here he did the rashest act of his life,—he actually bought a ticket by the Grand Trunk Railway to Montreal, and only laid in provisions for a month!

The Chief had ample time to reflect on his folly, and he *railed* at himself during the whole of his journey. All the way to Island Pond it was a case of "Lo, the poor *Engine*!" and Henrico thought, as he was bumped along, that the Company's carriages were *rolling* stock indeed. It was a fit punishment, though, for his crimes; and, long before he reached his journey's end, the Chief knew by sad experience what it was to be

HIDDEN ON A RAIL!!

CHAP. XVII.

In the course of time, Henrico arrived at Montreal;—it was never ascertained definitely how long his trip occupied, for, when he arrived at his destination, the clocks were all stopped by order of the Mayor, in order to allow a "decent kind of Yankee" an opportunity for disposing of a large stock of wooden chronometers which he had on *hand*! He was naturally struck—as all strangers must be at first sight—with the *imposing* appearance of the Bonaventure Depot. He could see slightly, for his "eyes had been opened" by the doings of the G. T. R.; and the beams and whitewash, and the numerous means of egress to this building, proved to him that the whole pile was of the *Door ic* style of architecture. The numerous accessories, the large and well arranged book-stall, the ladies' waiting-room,—everything, in fact, seemed to bespeak the management of a Company who, as regards their Depot, are less progressive than *stationary*!

Bewildered, too, by the *hackneyed* cries of the numerous and importunate cab-drivers, Henrico knew not which way to turn; and dazzled by the bewildering beauty of the edifice, the surly incivility of the baggage-man,—who tried to *check* him in all his attempts to obtain possession of his property,—and the erratic movements of the railway clock,—the long-hand of which, forgetting itself for a while, will suddenly awake to a sense of duty and skip three minutes in as many seconds, and which evidently goes in for the *short-hand* system, (just introduced on that Railway),—dismayed and intimidated by scenes so new and strange to him, Henrico suffered himself to be inveigled by the driver of a cab for the St. Lawrence Hall, who kept him waiting for fifteen minutes while he (the aforesaid "cabby") blackened the eye of a fellow "coach," who disputed his right to the Chief's patronage. "None but the brave deserve the *fare*," and

so, of course, our gallant coachman got his fare and his *congé*,—that is, his *fare well!*

It was late when the Chief repaired to his room,—(by re-pairing, don't for a minute imagine that he had so far forgotten all that was due to society as to have married again),—and being very tired, owing to the fatigue of drinking so much old rye—(no disrespect to *Maria*),—he considered it a *bootless* task to remove his shoes, and, therefore, preferred to *ex couchier in statu quo*. Before doing so, however, he looked at himself in the glass, and on "holding the mirror up to nature," he was thunder-struck to find that, owing to the length of time he had been on his journey from Portland to Montreal, his very hair had turned grey!

The next morning, at breakfast, Henrico ordered some ham and eggs, and was proceeding to dispose of it effectually, when a chance remark of one of his neighbors most seriously interfered with his digestion. It was only this: "I hope they'll catch that fellow who deserted his wife in New York!" This might not apply to him, but the Chief felt, as a piece of the rasher dropped off his fork, that he would have to be most super-naturally smart if he meant

TO SAVE HIS BACON!!!

(To be continued.)

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS.

Ottawa—pious, moral Ottawa—all hail! Canada—land of freedom, and, *par excellence*, of religious liberty—may your Sabbatarian mists for-ever envelop, and soften, and cheer the land of forest and flood! But spare a moment to look at these pictures:—In England, DIOGENES can get fresh milk for his Sunday breakfast: in England, he can go to the parks and listen to the refining and elevating music of the Sunday bands, and see his gracious Queen enjoying the same healthy recreation amongst her loving people: in England, he may chance to hear a question put to Ministers, in the House of Commons, as to certain persons' having been taken into custody for playing Cricket on a summer's Sunday evening, and be gratified at seeing a Home Secretary rush to the front, proclaiming that Government would not permit interference with innocent amusement, and stating that the parties in question were apprehended, not for playing Cricket, but for trespass. In Toronto, he will see a quiet, respectable gentleman dragged from his home on a Sunday afternoon by the officers of the law, immured in a filthy dungeon, crowded with the least virtuous of that virtuous city,—and on the Monday morning taken before a magistrate and heavily fined,—and what for? Because he had taken up his violin and ventured to play "Home, Sweet Home" in his own parlour! In Ottawa,—the City of the Saints, (I had nearly written a very different appellation),—he will see a batch of lads seized, dungeoned, fined, for having a quiet Sunday skate, and when summer comes, with her flowers and gentle breezes, the Monday morning will exhibit a cluster of boys similarly-circumstanced, who had committed the unpardonable offence of going to the river side the previous evening, with a twig and a bit of thread and a bent pin, to fish, and fish in vain—for minnows!

There is certainly a slight difference in these *silhouettes*; but then, what with our trading magistrates, our emancipated churches, our ever-flowing whiskey-taps, &c., &c., &c., we are so much better, yes, so very much better than other people! Yes! even though we cause the friends of civil and religious liberty to blush for us, ignore the spirit and true interest of our Protestantism, ally ourselves to the bigotry and fanaticism of a by-gone era, resuscitate an inquisition, and appoint policemen our spiritual guides and pastors!

NAUTICAL.

White's "History of England" tells us that in olden times our sailors, when engaging in naval combat, used to wear, as a protection, plates of ribbed steel. Now-a-days, plates of "hash" would be more effective,—for the Cynic's experience goes to show that, as usually composed, it is more than sufficient to *repel boarders*.

JACOB GALLOPER IN THE COUNTRY.

When Noah entered the ark, he had an opportunity of conferring a benefit on posterity, which has never occurred since, and which will never occur again. Had he only closed his blinds on flies and mosquitoes, what a comfort it would have been for him and his descendants! The poor man, perhaps, thought so, but his sailing orders were strict, and when the flood abated, the select flies and mosquitoes buzzed down from Mount Ararat with a roving commission to exasperate mankind.

In the country just now the flies are in clover. They eat, drink and are merry, and, judging by results, I should say their constitutions are good. The mortality from the fly-papers is inappreciable—scarcely equal to that by suicide among mortals. I believe they would drown themselves in the milk of human kindness, if they could only find the jug. This would indeed be far preferable to their last struggles in the milk on the breakfast-table, or their sudden deaths in the sugar basin! from natural causes. They get into your hair; they alight on your nose, and halt for a while to philosophise on that protuberance; they buzz in your ears, and boldly essay your mouth, should it be left open unwarily, and in general behave very much as they did for the edification of Pharaoh when the question of the exit of the people of Israel was being argued by Moses. So much for the interior. Now for the exterior of our house. But before commencing, I may say our host prides himself on his excellent cellar, and I admit it is a very cool one, but our domestic entertains a very convenient belief that snakes brood there, and can never be got to descend into it on any pretence. This duty, therefore, entails a rather frequent call for volunteers. To enter it you open a trap-door, and as the stairs are steep and the hatchway narrow, you have the option of bruising either your nose or the small of your back,—but then you must rough it a little in the country!

Poets are very fond of "distant hills." Well, they are a lazy set of fellows, and, no doubt, prefer them a long way off; but that is no reason they should delude other people. One morning I undertook to walk to the hills near us, under the belief that wild strawberries were to be found in the bush. I rose early. The morning air in the country is rather a strong decoction to those not used to it. Your face feels as if it had been rasped by a scrubbing brush, and your nose is tickled by a continual inclination to sneeze. Then there are playful insects, which have apparently attained the first elements of boxing, and always hit you right in the eye. Having encountered several swamps on the way, which had artfully concealed themselves in the lovely prospect, I entered the promised land, which I found to consist principally of a swamp inhabited by the Perizzites and Hivites,—rapacious tribes of mosquitoes,—while the adjacent territory was occupied by Og, King of Bashan,—a surly brute of a bull, who denounced my intrusion in the vehement but short-winded oratory natural to him. What with difficulties in the swamp, the stings of the mosquitoes, and probable complications with the bull, I concluded it was far better to buy strawberries in town; that *some* strawberries were, in fact, far preferable to the few diminutive and watery varieties which I procured amid the pleasant surroundings of mosquitoes, swamp and bull.

As this is my last communication from the country I wish to be candid. I hate delusions. I have long been the victim of people who live in the country, or who are "going into the country," and who, on that account, like to exasperate other people with their good fortune. I have now experienced the country myself. I have walked into town, several times a week, for the express purpose of contemplating people who I know cannot afford to live in the country. I have visited them in dingy offices, and have been complimented on my improved appearance. I have watched them enjoying the cooling presence of the water-cart as they promenaded the sunny side of St. James street on blazing hot days, and have chafed them on their incapacity to ruralize. It matters not that I knew the boating and fishing were indifferent, the water bad, the dead canines numerous, and the flies and mosquitoes lively. My privilege was simply to tell them I lived in the country, and if they choose to hug a delusion it was not my fault. Some friends, believing I had a weakness for the country, lately invited me to accompany them to Red River. I have my own theory with regard to that distant region. It is rather too rural. If you can board yourself for a year, and feed all the black flies and mosquitoes gratis, all that is left of you will thenceforth be graciously permitted to exist.

I have seen reason to change my views. Your sketch, a few weeks ago of the strange fish caught at Cacouna has fired my curiosity, and revived my dormant ambition. I think if I could secure a prize like that, not even the *Nees* would refuse me a niche among "celebrated fishermen." Only fancy having it stuffed, presenting it to the Natural History Society, perhaps reading a paper on it, being made an honorary member, and going on a Microscopic Picnic!

To-morrow I start. I could have written much more about the country, but that sketch has determined me at once to go to the sea-side, from which you shall hear from me anon.

Yours truly,

JACOB GALLOPER.

MOTTO FOR A CERTAIN "SHREWD CANUCK."—*Bear and for Bear!*

A TRANSCENDANT GENIUS.

"Fancy may be his forte,—fact is his foible."—*An adapted adage.*

There appeared, recently, in the *Daily News*, an account of an inspection of Volunteers by the new Adjutant-General,—an account remarkable in many ways, and notably for the noble scorn for facts shown by the writer. He began by informing us that "there was a fair muster from all the city companies," * * * that "it was sufficiently large, and the drill sufficiently well performed, to prove to the Adjutant-General that the true volunteer spirit exists in Montreal."

Kinglake does not differ more from his critics than this *News* writer from the reporters of the *Herald*, *Witness*, *Gazette* and *Star*. The latter may be poor arithmeticians,—at any rate, they tell us that there were some 400 city Volunteers present,—25 Cavalry Troopers, 40 men of the *Chasseurs Canadiens*, 40 men of the Victoria Rifles, the same number of the Prince of Wales' Rifles and the Engineers, 180 men of the Garrison Artillery, and a battery of 4 guns,—(the Field Battery). The Royals, the Mount Royal Rifles, and the Montreal Light Infantry were absent.

DIOGENES happened to be on the ground, and he saw the melancholy spectacle which the city Volunteers presented before the arrival of some 500 men of the Grand Trunk Brigade. As the 400 stood apart by corps on that vast expanse of grass, the Cynic involuntarily thought of Romeo's description of the apothecary's shelves, on which

"A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Were thinly scattered to make up a show!"

Some one said once that "there is nothing so fallacious as facts,—except figures;" and DIOGENES has often wondered at the difference between the strength of a battalion on paper—(the parade-state, for instance,)—and the number of men on the parade itself. He can only account for it in one way: that the Sergeants-Major include in their returns, those whom they assume to be present in spirit, though absent in body. Reporters also, particularly when they happen to be Volunteers, are prone to cast the mantle of charity over meagre musters,—to use round numbers, and to deal in generalities. It says a good deal for their charity, but little for their wisdom. The inspection on Friday week was, however, too much for subtle sergeants or discreet reporters, and the latter, with the exception of the writer in the *News*, gave the public the plain truth.

DIOGENES believes it would be a great mistake to assume that this unique writer is a regular "reporter." The audacity of his account, the style, the defence of the drill, the depth of some of the remarks,—all point to the editor. It seems there were certain wretched beings who dared to criticise movements with which the Adjutant-General was satisfied. "They,—because, forsooth, they have acquired a smattering of the rudiments of drill,—found, or imagined they found, scope for severe criticism at the inspection. If such people," continues the editor, "were to follow the motto, 'Put yourself in his place,' they might learn there's a mighty difference between talking and doing." He admits, indeed, that "what is wanted is more drill in large companies"; but the rest of his account—of the sham-fight, &c.,—reads like a copy of the programme, carefully prepared the day before, as is the custom in like cases. In his enthusiasm, he does not seem to have noticed the rain which fell. He contents himself by saying that "it threatened rain during the afternoon."

The fact that Montreal possesses so profound a military writer goes far to console us for the palpable want of Volunteers. Let the Fenians tremble! Bulwer makes Richelieu say that "the pen is mightier than the sword"; but here is a greater than the Cardinal,—an enviable mortal who wields both in a manner perfectly astonishing to him who runs and him who reads!

PRINCELY DISCRETION.

Curiosities have formed the subject of many very readable books. We have the "Curiosities of Literature," "Curiosities of Medical Experience," and many others beside. DIOGENES opines that, in a few years, another of this class may be written which shall eclipse all its predecessors,—*to wit*, "Curiosities of the Telegraph!" When it is done, the following will probably find a place:—"Advices from Auckland to June 1st. are as follows: The Duke of Edinburgh sailed without according an interview to the King. The latter, in consequence, refused to see the Governor of the Colony." Well for the Governor, if our surmise is correct; and can it be otherwise? There is no doubt that if the slight to Polynesian royalty is brought before Parliament, the Duke will be generally commended for his good taste and for his *prudence*. DIOGENES has inquired of the "Bezonian," and his opinion is confirmed, that the King in question is *the King of the Cannibal Islands!* there being none other in those latitudes. Most likely, a slice from the sirloin of a royal prince would have tickled the monarch's palate immensely; it would not have been equally agreeable, perhaps, to the Prince to have contributed the *pièce de résistance* at the monarch's feast.

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES."

DIOGENES was much pleased with the appearance of the Three Rivers crew at the Lachine Regatta. They are fine, hardy men,—apparently capable of considerable work. But he was pained to read, in a "Tri-fluvian" journal, some remarks, rather injudiciously penned, in their interest.

The *Constitutionnel*, after announcing that the crew would take part in the Toronto Regatta, stated that their chances of winning at Lachine were ruined by the conduct of a carpenter. This man, it declares, had a bet against them, and, accordingly, with *malice prepense*, made their new oars of defective wood. An oar snapped in consequence,—and they lost the race.

Now, this story of the carpenter sounds apocryphal. If it is true, the man deserved to be severely punished. His act was a crime. Nay, more. To borrow the words of the satirical Frenchman, "it was worse than a crime; it was a blunder." The suicide of the crew was a certainty. It was folly, therefore, to attempt their murder. The odds against them were, Lombard Street to a China orange,—as every one knew before they started. How fared they subsequently at Toronto? Here is an account of the race, taken from the *Globe*. "At the end of the first mile, the 'S. H. Wallis' had the lead, closely followed by 'Prince Alfred,'—'Three Rivers' considerably behind. They passed the starter's yacht at the end of the second mile,—the 'S. H. Wallis' four lengths ahead of the 'Prince,' the 'Three Rivers' about twenty lengths behind the latter. The 'Three Rivers' gave up during the third mile, and the contest lay between the St. John's and the Toronto crew."

The Cynic has not the slightest wish to say one word in disparagement of the Three Rivers oarsmen; but, if they will believe him, so long as they persist in propelling the miscégenation machine that they used in the late races, they are certain to be defeated by any crew of average merit. The story about "a knot near the handle of one of the oars" may, or may not be true. It is a knotty point that DIOGENES cannot decide. But one thing is certain. They had not the faintest chance of winning either at Lachine or at Toronto.

Why are men of *great cheek* always the reverse in brain? Because nature never over-furnishes her establishments.

Writing humour to order is very much like making love by "line and rule."

"DOINGS IN WALLE STREETE ;"

OR,

"YE WILY KYNGE AND YE OBFUSCATED RYNGE."

YE KYNGE.

Once upon a time,—as all good fairy tales commence,—there was a far-off country, and all ye Banks did flourish and did pay a dividende of all ye way from eight per centum to ten per centum ; and, stille unlike ye sea of ye poete Tennysonne, it nevere happened that they did break, break, break ! And ye largest of these saide Banks was a wonderfulle institution ; and it did so happen that it grew and spread so amayinglie, that all ye other and lesser frye were in greate trepidation.

But, after a tyme, ye Shayreholderes, they gotte carpynge one amongst ye other, and, lyke ye Israelytes of olde, didde take unto themselves a Kyng.

YE KYNGE.

Acrosse ye frontiere of this countrie, there lived and moved and hadde theyre being, a nation of shrewde menne, whom ye people of ye Dominionne didde name "Yankees," and they were a mightie smarte race, and were famed for theyre calculating and the facilitie with which they could bynde a manne in a bargayne.

And in ye trade capital of this countrie there was a place where ye moneye-changers didde sitte and barter ye Shynplasters for ye golde and precious metals ; and ye name thereof was "Walle Streete." They were very sagacious menne, were ye Brokеры of Walle Streete ; and from ye manner in whyche they wold gette a *rounde* a manne, they were called "Ye Ryng."

VENI, VIDI, VICI.

Now, when ye Kyng, whom ye people had chosen, heard of this countrie, he sayde unto hymself, "I am a righte smarte manne, and mayhappe I am smarter even than ye Yankees." So he equipped for a journeye, though, strange to saye, he didde leave his staffe behinde him, and ctesoones he arrived at ye capital,—ye anciente city of New York.

Now, when ye Kyng saw that ye people were righte smarte, he putte his fingleyre to his nose, and sette his wittes to work,—for his masters, ye Shayreholderes, much didde love a large dividende ;—and ye legeynde doth show, how, when ye truckes went up ye streete, ye golde didde go downe ; and ye reste of this historie, it is alle written in ye Toronto *Globe*,—howe he didde returne to his natyve countrie with ye spoil and ye greenbaxe, (please to looke at ye cartoone,) and howe, in ye ende,

YE KYNGE DIDDE FOOLE YE RYNGE.

NUGÆ CANORÆ.

In two particulars, at least, the laity of Montreal bear a resemblance to Shakspeare. They have "small Latin and less Greek," as Ben Jonson declared of the 'myriad-minded' dramatist.

"All honor and small blame to them !" cries the Cynic. Greek and Latin, in the commercial capital of Canada, will barely procure a man bread and cheese, and are commodities exchanged with difficulty for the "almighty dollar." Now,

as this dollar is all for which Montrealers live, they are wise not to waste time over acquirements almost worthless. Nevertheless, for the amusement of those few, who have been foolish enough to form some acquaintance with the unprofitable language of ancient Rome, DIOGENES has here printed a translation that he recently made of a famous English Ballad. It was written in the country on a dismally rainy day, when the Philosopher had no companions, books, or newspapers, to assist him in killing time. It is dedicated, with due gratitude, to the shade of Ovid—a familiarity with whose writings thus enabled the Cynic to ignore "the pelting of the pitiless storm." The pathetic Ballad, of which it is a version, has long been a favourite with the refined public of Montreal, and is admirably suited to their cultivated taste. They can now refresh their memories by a re-perusal of their pet lyric, and skip, with a sneer, over the elegiacs of DIOGENES.

VILIKINS AND HIS DINA.

In London's fair city a merchant did dwell,
He had but one daughter, an unkiammon nice young gal ;
Her name it were Dina—just sixteen years old,—
With a very large portion of silver and gold.

As Dina was a-walking in the gardin one day,
Her papa he came to her, and thus he did say :—
"Go, dress yourself, Dina, in gorgeous array,—
"For I've got you an 'usband, both galliant and gay."

"Oh, papa, oh, papa ! I've not made up my mind,
"And to marry just yet I am not quite inclin'd ;
"And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er,
"If you'll let me be single just one year or more."

"Go, go, boldest daughter," the parient replied,
"If you won't consent for to be this man's bride,
"I'll give all your fortin to the nearest of kin,
"And you sha'nt reap the benefit of one single pin."

As Vilikins was a-walking in the gardin one day,
He spied his dear Dina lying dead on the clay—
And a cup of cold pison was a-lying by her side,
And a billet-doux to say that for Vilikins she died !

He kiss'd her cold corpus a thousand times o'er ;
He called her his Dina, though she were no more ;
And swallowed the pison like a lovier so brave,
And Vilikins and his Dina lie buri-ed in grave.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Res bene Londini quondam mercator agebat,
Unica cui proles, grata puella, fuit.
Dina bis octonos vixitum compleverat annos,
Pondus ob argenti grande petita sui.

Forte vagabatur fragrantem Dina per hortum,
Quum pater ingratos eddidit ore sonos ;
"Vade age—sic jubeo—regales indue vestes—
"Te manet egregius, Dina beata, procus."

"O pater, alme pater, mea mens incerta vacillat,
"Nec cupio, thalami nescia, ferre jugum.
"Divitias, quantæ mihi sunt, tibi læta resigno,
"Dummodo ne cogar me sociare viro."

"At cave," respondit pater, "audacissima virgo !
"Ne mora—tu conjux conjugis hujus eris,
"Sin minus—argento potietur proximus hæres,
"Nec fuerit vili te penes asse frui."

Forte pererrabat juvenis Vilikinsius hortum,
Tempore quo moriens Dina jacebat humi ;
Cernitur atra calix, gelido commixta veneno,
Chartaque, virgineus quæ patet omnis amor.

Oscula morte rigens accepit mille puella,
Mortua, sed quamvis mortua, Dina tamen !
Tum bibit impavido Vilikinsius ore venenum,
Fidaque cum fido Dina sepulta jacet.

"I KNOW A BANK, WHEREIN THE WILD TIME GOES."—The Cynic never can tell a bank from a flower show now-a-days, the clerks are such splendid specimens of *haughty-culture* !



VENI, VIDI, VICI.
RETURNING WITH THE SPOILS AND THE PRISONERS.



"CREDO QUIA IMPOSSIBLE EST."

At the Annual Convention of the Ontario Teachers' Association, which lately took place at Toronto, the first subject proposed for discussion was:—"Is it desirable that the minimum school age should be six instead of five?"

In the course of the discussion, according to the *Globe's* report:

"Mr. Scarlett gave it as his opinion that, in ordinary circumstances, if two children, the one five years and the other eight, were sent to school together at the age of eleven, the latter would surpass the other in vigorous intellect."

As a philosopher, deeply interested in the subject of education, DIOGENES would willingly say a few words in confirmation or in refutation of Mr. Scarlett's opinion. He is unfortunately prevented from doing so, by the fact that he fails to grasp the full meaning of Mr. Scarlett's brief speech. The Cynic, at present, is unable to understand how, under ordinary circumstances, two children, the one 5 years and the other 8, can be sent to school together at the age of 11. As this interesting event seems likely to occur only during a suspension of the laws of nature, it is almost a waste of time to endeavor to predict the result.

NATURAL ENOUGH.

Some querulous Opposition paper has been accusing the Premier of Ontario of throwing dust in the eyes of his supporters. Correct, probably. And DIOGENES thinks the operation, or something very like it, would not be a difficult task, for John is always contiguous to a *Sandfield*.

SIR WALKSBY SNOOKS.

Sir Walksby Snooks was tall and thin,
Sir W. S. was fair;
With a rubicund nose,
And a pimple that grows,—
So people suppose,—
On the face of a man that's fond of gin,
Or a Knight who cares for a good full bin
Of port, both rich and rare.
Sir Walksby recruited his health each day,
And followed his doctor's advice,
By riding a horse,—a frisky brute,—
Not fit to eat, and scarce fit to shoot!
Who would shy at a stone,
And, if left alone,
Would give himself up to tricks, I own
Less fit for the road than the circus;
While he'd jib at a pauper breaking stones,
And over the heap he'd "rattle your bones,"
Till you'd wish yourself safe in the workhouse.
Then he'd kick behind in a shocking way,
As though you'd not properly reared him;
And a heel you'd find,
If you didn't mind
My advice, and behind
You too incautiously neared him.
In fact, altogether, the brute was a beast,
And didn't improve by time in the least;
But kicked and bit,
And viciously hit
With all four feet,
Till quiet pedestrians walking the street,
Thought a horse was a natural error;
And he'd tug at the poor Knight's bridle arm,
Till tears would flow at each fresh *a-larme*,
And each rein seemed a REIGN OF TERROR!
At last, quite discouraged, Sir W. swore,
That a martyr he'd be if he rode him *Afore*,
And that sooner than back
Such a cursed hack,
Who your skull would crack
Without the slightest remorse, man,
He would ride no more, though he traced his descent
Far away to a famous old Viking of Kent,
Who traced his descent to a *Norseman*!
So he sold the brute to a staid old Quaker,
For the horse, himself, was a sort of Shaker;

But the Friend waxed wroth,
And, nothing loth,
Horse and harness both,
He sold to a Frenchman in Calais,
Who kept a Hippophagist Restaurant,
Where, for half a franc, which is merely a song,
You could sup off horse steak, *qui non mal est!*

Three months from this time, a grand event,
An international banquet, anent
The eating of horse
As a second course,
With *caper* sauce,
(Though a race-course, you'd say, would best suit him,
Came off, and Sir Walksby took his seat,
And said a sort of a *graze* before meat,
An *et tu brute*, and then he *cheaved* him.
Scarce a mouthful had passed a-down his throat,
When a voice upon his conscience smote,
"Put down the lid,
Neigh! I forbid
The horse you've rid,
(The grammar is bad, but I want a rhyme.)
To eat in this wicked manner;
And if you'd appease this horse's *manes*,
Just take your trouble for your pains,
And tear down your horse-tile banner!"
White as a sheet Sir Walksby grew,
Into a passion Sir Walksby flew
At being thus called in question,
And he ate so much
Fried horse and Dutch
Cheese, if you please,
That a fit of indigestion
Soon carried him off, cut down like a gross petal
In the flower of his youth, ere he got to the Hospital.
The Coroner's verdict was simply this,
After serious meditation;—
"That Sir Walksby,—alack! died from an attack
Of what doctors term *Ossification!*"

THE LETTER "H."

Many readers are doubtless familiar with the enigmatical lines written on "poor letter H" by Miss Fanshawe, but erroneously attributed to Byron; but the parody on those lines, written by Horace Mayhew, though, in the opinion of the Cynic, equally clever, is certainly not so well known. As a good thing will bear repeating, it is here reproduced:—

"I dwells in the hearth, and I breathes in the hair—
If you searches the hcean, you'll find that I'm there;
The first of all Hangels in Holympus am hi,
Yet I'm banished from 'eaven—expelled from on 'igh.
But though on this horb I'm destined to grovel,
I'm ne'er seen in an 'ouse, in an 'ut, nor an 'ovel;
Not an 'oss, nor an 'unter, e'er bears me, alas!
But I always am found on the top of a hass.
I resides in a haticc, and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably absent from 'ome;
Though 'ushed in the 'urricane—of the hatmosphere part,
I enters no 'ead, I creeps into no 'art.
Only look, and you'll see in the heye I appear,—
Only 'ark, and you'll 'ear me just breathe in the hear;
Though in sex, not an 'e, I am,—strange paradox,—
Not a bit of an 'eiffer, but partly a hox.
Of heternity hi'm the beginning, and mark,—
Though I goes not with Noar, hi'm first in the Hark,—
Hi'm never in 'ealth, have with physic no power,
I dies in a month, but comes back in a hour."

PRESIDENT GRANT'S PRESENTS.

We heard some time ago of the President's trip to take possession of fifty acres of land that had been presented to him by an ardent admirer. A still more enthusiastic Republican, hearing that the land was in a bad state of cultivation, was thoughtful enough to forward to the Head of the State twenty tons of bone-dust, manufactured from bones gathered on Virginian fields.

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON A RECENT VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

DEAR OLD DI:

"Let us have peas!" These nobil thots which have been into the publik prints for some months past, & which have elyvatd Boston into a first class sity, were suggested to mi mind by the late grand display of our milishy force.

I borrod a quiet horse frum a naybor, which, havin been into thee plow for some time past, makes him stand fire, & in the words of Bobby Burns, "i hied me to the battil field!"

The furst object which struck mi afflicted gaze, was thee Deputy Adjutant General. He was mounted on a hundred-dollar horse, & looked every foot a solger. Sez i to a frend, "how much our kuntry owes to this nobil man, who seeks thee bubil reputashun even at thee Logan's Farm & elsewhere, & who left his muther's farm to lay his plowshare on the altar of his kuntry for seven hundred and fifty per annum in Bankable funds, and et settery. There are few tradesmen into our kuntry which wood leave thare biz to go in to another biz of which they didn't no nothin for this small sum." Mi frend replied in terms like these: "Zeke,—you shet up on the sacryfice question,—this is a age of brass. Now thare's Kurnel, Bob-a-Link, of thee 41st Squingentum Rangers. Hee don't know how to tell off a company & coodn't tell a sub-divishun frum a section, or whether the right was in front or behind, or thee pivit frum thee reverse flank, & his regyment wood be kut to pieces bi thee enemy be; he cood think of right-about-face, and yet he kummands thee Squingentum Rangers, and practises law. Troo merit has no honor at Ottywa; awl thay ask a fellar thare is how menny votes kin you kommand into yoor kounty? and kin you sware black is white, when thare's anything wrong?—Ef so, he's appointed. And as for modesty, we've got into our Dominion, a parsel of useless kusses, a loafin found, waitin for somethin to turn up, & thare aint eny one of them that don't think he's capable of enything in this wide world, frum commandin of a ship of war down to rulin thee Rushin Empire." "Jack," sez i, "altho yu hev addressd me sumwhat diskourtusly, yoor remarks air too troo—but a troose to these sad thots; 'mi hart bleeds for my kuntry's rongs,' as Stonewall Jackson said when he found he coodn't say enny more, & was leaving his household goods behind him. Let us change the subject," sez i—a laffin at a Kurnel, wich dosent mount a horse very oftin, & i who was a unbucklin his spurs, & puttin them into his pocket,—the day being too sultry too ware them enny longer.

At this moment up kums Kurnel Dyde, a canterin his horse like mad. "Jack," sez i, "thare must be trubbil in thee camp,—thee enemy is upon us in full force, & az i don't want to be killed bi a ramrod discharged at half-cock, i will retire & save mi bacon." On enquiry, however, we found out that it was a false alarm: the Kurnel was alarmed at thee arrival of the Grand Trunk Brigade, wich now apeerd deefiling along thee brow of thee hill to thee tune of "Pop goes thee weesil," and i was much edyfyed by the way in wich its nobil kommander kep time to thee music, a steppin short & stepping long, just like a born solger. There is a marshal are and solgerly bearin about thee men and officers of this numerous korpse, wich merits more attenshun than thee Government appeers to give them. I wish thare was more such regyments into thee kuntry. To them is due thee credit of maintaining thee marshal fame of thee Dominion on this monumentous occashun, for thare was little else upon thee ground. But i forgot. You desired me to describe thee pursonages, korpse & movements of thee nobil army wich Sir George & Harwood have created.

Furst, thare was Stevenson's Battery, every man of wich, from thee Kurnel down, has been presentid with a testimonial of sum kind,—from a tin coffy-pot up to a gold watch. Thay

looked well, & fired well,—as yusual. Then thare was No. 1 Troop—"Muir's Own,"—numberin thirty stalwart troopers. I coodn't help thinkin how safe our kuntry must bee with 30 men & thare horses, to protect & guard the same. On lookin for thee glorious old "Prince of Wales'" & the smart "Victorias," eko ansered thare number isn't legion; & thee *Chasseurs* & thee Hochelagas, thay were in a discomposed & fragmentary state. Thee tactics of thee day were a sham-fite,—in wich thee skirmishin was thee most komplicated feature that cood bee distinguished. Thee firin was good;—every fello seemed to bee a shootin on his own account, & ef it was intendid for independent file-firin, it was a komplete success.

Kurnel Dyde,—without wich solgers cood not exist,—seemed downcast at thee beautiful, but lonely scene! Thots of happier days, when 4,000 of Montreal's "bully boys" stood forth upon thee grassy knoll, ready to do battle for thare kuntry, must have flected thro his manly brest. Ef thare's eny 3 things Kurnel Dyde kin doo better than eny uther, it is solgerin & curlin, & riting letters, in thee Skotch langwidge, to thee *Herald* in winter,—et settery; & mi hart sank within my bosom when i kontemplated this nobil & self-sakrificing solger a-lamentin over his hobby horse, wich sum pusillanimous kuss has kicked over. It is mi dooty, as speeshul korrispondent of yoor nobil sheet, to kronikel thee reemarks of thee krowd which represents publik opinion. Thee publik seemed to bee enquirin who was thee author of our misfortune. Sum sed it was Alderman David, who had bin so long a-humbuggin with the Drill-Shed, thet thee Milishy got disgusted & sold thare clothes. Another sed it was Alderman Rodden who did it, in ko partnership with Alderman Bernard; & thet thare long-winded speeches disgusted thee Volunteers, who air men of deeds, et settery. Sum sed it was Alderman McGauvran & his Water-Works' skeme, wich threw cold water on thee whole affair. Uthers sed it was thee Mayre, whose kind hart objected to poisinin thee dogs, & didn't want enny moral shows into our sity. Others sed it was Kounsillor Stephens & his moshuns did it. But a large class of thee reflectin porshun of thee krowd blamed Kartchee for it.

A respektable lady, who haes from thee Emerald & disestablished & disturbed Isle, & who is in thee fruit trade, reemarked thet this was only a part of the skeme bi wich it is intendid to deliver over thee English-speekin popylashun into thee hands of thee French. "Why aren't thay armin in thee kuntry?" sez shee; "& havn't thay a Frinch Deputy Adjutant-General?" sez shee, "& dozent he boord at thee 'Hall'?" sez shee. This suggestin seemed to mi mind thee most strikin of enny i herd, and sez i to Jack, "What ef Sur George was only a emissary of Napoleon in disguise, & this aged Irish lady's profectic sole hed diskovered thee troo secret of our downfall and humiliashun!" "Let's go to thee 'Carlton'," sez Jack, "& eat one more good lunch beefore we air konvertid into bull-frogs;" & we went joyfully on our way to this publik reesort, where we buried our griefs fathoms deep in a smokin bowl of fragrant "Mully-gatawny."—Yoor trooly,
ZEKE TRIMBLE.

N. B.—I didn't see so much as thee Military Editur of thee *Daily News* did.

OF COURSE!

Why will the Harvard and Oxford Boat-race be likely seriously to affect the money market in England? Because, if it comes off on the Thames, or any other river, there's sure to be an immense *run on the banks!*

Why is a thief, compelled to disgorge stolen property, like the unsuccessful guesser of my last riddle? Because he had to give it up.

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

No. 11.

"THE POOR GERMAN."

I made his acquaintance by the merest accident. One day, last spring, when I was recovering from a somewhat serious illness, I was seized with an exploring mania. I clambered, with some difficulty, up a steep stair, into the attic; and was rather disappointed when I got there. It differed in no respect from the usual cock-lofts in old Canadian houses. The usual heap of double windows piled in a row,—the usual nondescript articles of lumber,—pieces of bedsteads, fragments of stoves, old piping, &c., and rather more than the usual quantity of cobwebs and dust. One portion was, however, partitioned off from the rest by rough boards. Seeing a door, I opened it, and, to my surprise, found the room tenanted. A man, dressed in a coarse blouse, sat at a bench by the window, working with tools. I hastily apologised for the intrusion, but the occupant, turning, begged me to be seated, and expressed a hope that I was better. He spoke with a strong foreign accent. I recognized him immediately. I had, often, at table, noticed an elderly man, always plainly and neatly dressed, who sat somewhat apart, near the old drunkard. He rarely spoke, and seemed to shun observation. This was the man. If the individual somewhat excited my curiosity, his room did so still more. It was a bed-room and workshop combined, and much about it possessed the unmistakable air of a studio. Two things were evident at a glance. That this poor garret was occupied by a man of taste, who was by nationality a German.

Near the window was a flower-stand, filled with plants, not then in bloom, but *notu* glorious! And then—that bed! I had not seen one like it for years, and have no ambition to renew my acquaintance with the *genus*. A wooden box, not five feet long, and oddly carved on the outside, with a mountain of pillows at the head, on which a man is expected to sleep, (heaven save the mark!) in almost a sitting posture. Below is a feather bed, and above, in place of a counterpane, is another. Men of Bavaria! your ideas of comfort are strange. Next to the bed was another German relic,—an old chestnut box elaborately carved. The walls were literally covered with different objects. There was an old violin, almost black with age, and, on a shelf, under a few music books, there were numerous old engravings, some of great beauty, and a very ancient "Holy Family" in an ebony frame. A ghastly group of figures, with gold aureoles and saucer-like eyes, painted at a time when humanity was represented as walking on the tips of its toes. But what is that set of wood-engravings hung up in a row in the best light? Study them well, ye modern illustrators of books! Your lines may be finer, and your effects more startling; but can you produce that boldness of cutting—that artistic *cross-hatching*? These prints are inscribed with a coarse monogram, rarely seen, but precious to the eye of a collector. They are genuine Albert Durers'.

The weather being still chilly, his stove was alight, and on it was a small glue-pot. What astonished me most, was the great cleanliness and propriety which reigned around. Although a workshop, there was no litter. The very chips and shavings were swept into a corner, till removed at night.

I was not long in making friends with my new acquaintance. Shy and retiring in public, he became quite communicative in his humble garret. He soon told me his history. He was born in old Wurtemberg, and was one of a family who, for generations, had practised the handicraft of wood-carving. He had two great objects in life. The success of his art, and the freedom of his Fatherland; and then followed the old story. He had early connected himself with some of those quasi-political societies, the very mystery of which had such a charm for German youth. He took part

in one of those *émeutes*, (I will not call them revolutions,) which a disciplined army can so easily subdue, and which, so far from advancing the cause of liberty, always eventually tend to bind the chains of oppression still tighter. One day, in 1848, the large "Platz" at Vienna ran red with the blood of young students and artizans. Our friend was there, and narrowly escaped with his life. He crossed the Atlantic, bringing with him a wife and child, and what few family relics he could save—the Albert Durer wood-cuts among them. He arrived in Boston almost penniless, and struggled bravely, working at his occupation. But, alas! he was soon told that he was too much of an artist for the American market. The mighty Republic, for which his soul had yearned, was no place for him. He could not carve tasteless sofa backs and chair legs by the dozen, and finish them in time. His wages diminished, and his health declined. His wife sickened and died. He laid her in the large cemetery, and adorned her grave with a wooden cross of his own workmanship, and then, begging of his friends and countrymen, not to let it go to decay, but to let fresh flowers grow on it in the bright summer time, he bade adieu to Boston, taking with him his daughter. He tried New York and other cities with no better success, and finally arrived in Montreal, where he has resided for the last fifteen years. His daughter is married to a musician, but the poor girl is not happy. Her husband is a drunkard, a "taugenichts." They have one child—"that is she"—said he. He pointed, as he spoke, to an unfinished portrait on a small easel near me. I found that my new friend cultivated the sister art of painting as an amusement during his leisure hours, but had not sufficient skill in it to make it a means of livelihood. The portrait was that of a lovely, golden-haired child. With a quaint fancy, the artist had painted her lying on a bed of ferns and wild flowers, which wreathed themselves around her. The whole subject, thus treated, would have been charming in sculpture, but was very inappropriate for a painting. The coloring was bright, harsh and raw;—a fault not uncommon even among the best artists of the Munich school. I was not surprised to learn that he had been unsuccessful with his brush. It was through his daughter that he had become acquainted with our landlady, who had taken pity on the lonely old man after the marriage, and let him occupy this garret, on very moderate terms. He was very poor, but managed to make a bare living. For elaborate carving he obtained but few orders. All said he was too slow at it. He had been forced, lately, to eke out a subsistence by toy-making, but the pay for this work was very scanty. He then shewed me a quantity of elegant little trifles and nick-nacks, (some of very elaborate workmanship,) the products of his own chisel. There were salad spoons, cases, silk-reels, napkin-rings, and of tobacco boxes and pipes a collection equal to that of the Captain. "But ven I ask von thaler for this, and two thaler for dat, man say dat all too dear is!"

(To be continued.)

BEAUPORT BLOSSOMS.

"ALL MY EYE!"—Can a man, who has tears in his eyes from eating spring onions, be said to have "sprung a leak?"

LOSING YOUR *DEAL*.—The wreck of a lumber raft.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.—The very *dickens*!

THE SALE OF A SPAVINED HORSE.—A *beast*-ly sell.

Why are Frenchmen like crickets? Because they love their *nap wholly in the grate*.

Strange as it may seem, bad sherry is preferable any day to *beut port*!

SAPPHICS BY "THE POET."

(Favored by "Our Sick Contributor.")

AD MUSCAM IRRITANTEM.

Thrice have I told thee, never more to vex me,
Humming and droning round about my person;
Yet thou returnest, impudently charging
Into my left ear.

Is it not cruel, when that I am trying
All my erratic thoughts to get together,
Cometh an insect penetrating in my
Sinister nostril?

Could I but hit thee—but again thou fliest
Far from the hand in vain up-raised for vengeance:
Next do I find thee insolently buzzing
In my shirt collar!

Furies pursue thee! Once again I feel thee,
Crawling and biting like a head incarnate;
Now on my left leg, leisurely ascending
My summer trousers!

Bang!—I have missed thee—I shall go distracted—
Vile little musca hast thou no compassion?
Slumber preventing, ever wounds inflicting
With thy proboscis!

"CHIPS."

SPLINTER THE FIRST.

From a child I have had a taste for "sweets,"—hence my liking for the society of the opposite sex. Why the opposite sex, I wonder,—because of their contrariness? Perhaps. And I have sought, and still seek their society wherever it is to be found; but there are girls, and girls,—and, oh ye gods and little fishes! what awful typographical errors nature has made of some of them in striking them off! How I hate a girl who eats horizontally,—à la "bunny." I think plenty of you will understand me in this *simile*. And still more, the girl who "begs your pardon" in answer to one of your most telling speeches. I knew a girl of this kind once,—only once,—and she had a large mouth, and was emphatically a "gusher!" It is currently reported of her, *apropos* of her mouth, that she had a narrow escape from a frightful death, the congregation of Trinity Church being within an ace—(if I may use such a profane expression so near that edifice)—of turning in there, as our friend stood, all unconscious of her danger, on the sidewalk of St. Denis! I have seen men, too, who have married this kind of girl; and I have noticed that they all die—in time. I think, perhaps, after all, celibacy is preferable. A progeny of large-mouthed "hostages to Fate" would pall—after a while.

I am fond of tea-parties, too, at a distance, though they scarcely convey to the mind, an idea of the acme of human felicity; and if the "company" are young and green,—and such has been my fate more than once,—give me a "quiet pipe and contentment withal." I never yet could understand why a "tea-fight" always has the effect of making the participants in it so preternaturally solemn. Young fellows, from eighteen to three-and-twenty, all seem afflicted with a desire to stow their legs in most inappropriate places, while they inwardly curse their hands, as being "never made" for polite society, and are seized with a horrible dread at the thought of a "forgotten handkerchief." But were we not young ourselves? and are we not so now—in our own estimation?—*Quoi donc?*

Pass on to the next cage, ladies and gentlemen; and that contains the young demoiselle who has a literary turn of mind. Do I really think Tennyson's "Maud" preferable to Hood's "Bridge of Sighs?" Put out your tongue, my dear. Ah, I see a little furred—pulse feverish! I thought so. Well, perhaps Tennyson is "Oh! so charming;" and perhaps

I have my private opinion of a young lady who draws a comparison in so maudlin a manner. Cold coffee and an untidy household,—oh my prophetic soul!—for your husband; and *après—le deluge*, or Sir J. P. Wilde. Ah! what have we here? A fine specimen of the "puella monosyllabica,"—the charmer who says "Yes" with a kind of "linked sweetness long drawn out," and "No," as though it were the gentle rippling of her mental cascades,—an involuntary overflow of her springs of thought! But she is not deep, this charming fair; and I think you had better pass on, *messieurs*, if you are in search of the moiety of "two hearts that beat as one." But it is dinner-time, you say, and you are hungry. Why not? Man was not made for matrimony alone; and you think I haven't anything that will suit you to-day.

Bonjour, messieurs; et au revoir!

CITY MEMS.

So much is left to the imagination at the Montreal Theatre Royal, that the few daubed boards, which, by a pleasant little piece of self-deception on the part of the management, are supposed to represent a modern drawing-room, might appropriately be termed "the Scene and the Unseen."

The "Chairman of the Roads" evidently has a poor opinion of the morality of the city, and especially of St. James' Street, for that thoroughfare, like another leading road the Cynic wots of, is, at present, only "paved with good intentions."

The Cynic, disgusted at the low salaries which the employés on the City Railway are receiving, made it his duty, the other day, to call on Mr. Dorney for an explanation. He is pleased to find that no blame can be attached to the Company, which is compelled to make deductions on account of the way in which, (on the Bleury Street route especially,) the conductors are always *braking up the cars*: while on Craig Street, the "stoppages" are so frequent, that there is, naturally, a very small balance due the unfortunates at the end of a week!

CORRESPONDENCE.

SLANG IN SCHOOLS.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

I know you dislike slang, and you will, I am sure, agree with me that, bad as it is to hear it spoken by those around us, it is infinitely more harmful and deleterious when a schoolmaster uses it in the hearing of his pupils,—for, however little they may remember of his teaching, they are sure to remember but too well, and but too commonly to reproduce his slang expressions.

Conceive my astonishment, Sir Cynic, when I heard a grandson of mine, the other day, tell his mother to "shut her potato-trap;" and when we inquired where he had heard this choice expression, he told us that Mr. ———, (naming his schoolmaster,) always said this to a boy, when he wanted him to be silent.

I have not written the name of the schoolmaster, nor, indeed, have I mentioned the matter to any one. I draw public attention to it in your columns, in order to remind the gentleman, and others who have the responsible task of educating our youth, that they should not teach boys to use vulgar, unmeaning slang, but rather train them to draw from the pure well of "English undefiled."

PATERFAMILIAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The individual who appears to gloat over a couple of typographical errors in the last number of *DIOGENES*, is informed that he can have his copy exchanged for a corrected one, on application at the office. Not many copies were printed before the errors were discovered and rectified.

QUEBEC

PROVINCIAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION

FIRST ANNUAL PRIZE MEETING.
 To take place at Point St. Charles, MONTREAL, on TUESDAY, the 27th AUGUST, 1899, and following days, when the following Prizes will be competed for. Additional Prizes will be announced from time to time, as the Committee may feel authorized by the state of the funds—

COMPETITION 1.—Open to all members of Provincial Rifle Association of Quebec, whether by direct contribution or through affiliated Associations. 1st Prize, \$30; 2nd do., \$25; 3rd do., \$20; 4th do., \$15; 5th do., \$10; 15 Prizes of \$5 each, in all 30 Prizes.—\$175 Snider Rifle (Government issue). Range, 200 yards. Number of Rounds, Seven (7). Entrance Fee, 25 cents.

COMPETITION 2.—Open to all *bona fide* Volunteers in the Province of Quebec, and Officers and Men in H. M.'s Service, who are also members of the P. R. A. of Quebec; men who have served three years as Volunteers and received honourable discharges to count as B. F. Volunteers. 1st Prize, \$50; 2nd do., \$40; 3rd do., \$30; 4th do., \$25; 5th do., \$20; five Prizes of \$10 each; ten do. of \$5. 20 Prizes in all.—\$295. Snider Rifle. Range, 200, 500 and 700 yards. Number of Rounds at each range, Five (5). Position—standing at 200; any at 500 and 700 yards. Entrance, 50c. The forty highest in this competition to compete at 600 yards. Seven shots for 3 Prizes, 1st prize, \$80; 2nd prize, \$50; 3rd prize, \$20.

COMPETITION 3.—Open to all members as in Competition 1. 1st Prize, \$10; 2nd do., \$75; 3rd do., \$20; 4th do., \$15; 5th do., \$10; ten Prizes of \$5 each.—\$150. Snider Rifle (Government issue). Range, 500 yards. Number of Rounds, Seven (7). Position, any. Entrance, 25 cents.

COMPETITION 4.—Battalion Match To be competed for by five Officers, non-commissioned Officers, and men of any Volunteer Regiment in the Province of Quebec, having affiliated. Seven shots at 500, and seven shots at 600 yards. 1st Prize—Dominion Provincial Cup, value \$800. The said Cup to be won twice in three years, previously to becoming the property of the Battalion. 2nd Prize, \$40; 3rd do., \$20. Highest individual score, \$20; second, \$10.

COMPETITION 5.—Open to all members as in No. 1 Competition. 1st Prize, \$40; 2nd do., \$25; 3rd do., \$20; 4th do., \$15; 5th do., \$10; ten Prizes of \$5 each.—\$160. Snider Rifle. Range, 600 yards. Number of Rounds, Seven (7). Position, any. Entrance, 25 cents.

COMPETITION 6.—Open to all members as in Competition 1. 1st Prize—Cup presented by

H. E. the Governor-General and \$20; 2nd do., \$30; 3rd do., \$25; 4th do., \$20; 5th do., \$15; ten Prizes of \$5 each.—\$160. Snider Rifle. Range, 500 and 600 yards. Number of Rounds at each range, Five (5). Position, any. Entrance, 50 cents.

COMPETITION 7.—Open to all members as in Competition 1. 1st Prize, \$50; 2nd do., \$30; 3rd do., \$20; five Prizes, \$10 each; two do., \$5.—\$160. Snider Rifle. Range, 600 yards. Number of Rounds, Five (5). Position, any. Entrance, 50 cents.

COMPETITION 8.—Open to all comers and all Rifles, subject to Wimbledon's regulations. 1st Prize, \$50; 2nd do., \$30; 3rd do., \$20; 4th do., \$15; 5th do., \$10; six Prizes of \$5 each.—\$165. Rifles, any. Ranges, 500 and 800 yards. Number of Rounds—Five at 500 yards; seven at 800. Position, any. Entrance, \$1.

COMPETITION 9.—Open to all comers and all Rifles, as in Competition 8. 1st Prize, \$50; 2nd do., \$30; 3rd do., \$25; 4th do., \$20; 5th do., \$10; six Prizes of \$5 each.—\$165. Rifles, any. Ranges, 800 and 900 yds. Number of Rounds at each range, Seven (7). Position, any. Entrance, \$1.

COMPETITION 10.—Small-bore Championship Match. Open to all comers and all Rifles as in Competition 8. 1st Prize, \$50; 2nd do., \$35; 3rd do., \$20; 4th do., \$15; 5th do., \$10; five Prizes of \$5 each.—\$165. Rifles, any. Ranges, 800, 900 and 1,000 yds. Number of Rounds at each, 7 shots. Position, any. Entrance, \$1.

COMPETITION 11.—Consolation Match. Open to all unsuccessful competitors at this meeting. 1st Prize, \$25; 2nd do., \$20; 3rd do., \$15; five Prizes of \$10 each, ten of \$5 each, and ten of \$2.50 each.—\$185. Any Rifle; Snider allowed. Three points. Ranges, 200 and 500 yards. Number of Rounds at each, Five (5). Position, any. Entrance, 25 cents.

AGGREGATE PRIZES.—For best aggregate score in matches 1, 2, 3, 5, 6 and 7 with Snider Rifle, \$50; for best aggregate score in matches 8, 9 and 10, with small bore, \$50. Both aggregates to be cup or money, at option of winners.

SUMMARY.—11 matches divided into 8 for Snider, with cash prizes to the amount of \$1,545. Dominion Cup and Sir John Young's Cup. Three small-bore matches, prizes \$555.

Any one may become a member of the P. R. A. of Q., on payment of \$2. Associations affiliating with the P. R. A. of Q. are entitled to 25 members' tickets, on payment of \$10. Affiliated Associations will be charged 25 per cent. extra, if Fee not paid on or before Saturday, the 21st instant.

REGULATIONS.

1. There shall be Wimbledon targets and scoring.
2. Firing shall commence each day at 9 o'clock precisely.
3. All firing shall be conducted under Officers or persons appointed for the duty by the Managing Committee, and all competitors shall be under their authority.
4. No competitor to cast, or with the breach-loader to load, before he steps to the front to fire.
5. Any position not involving artificial rests, allowed at all ranges, except the 200 yards range in the Enfield matches, the firing at which must be from the shoulder.
6. Competitors will purchase their ammunition, which may be had on the ground for 25c. for ten rounds.
7. In competitions open to any Rifle, all sights will be allowed, except telescopic and solid discs or bushes pierced in the centre. Rifle not to weigh more than 10 lbs., exclusive of ramrod. Minimum pull of the trigger, 3 lbs.
8. In matches for Enfield Rifles, none but *bona fide* Government property will be allowed. Pull 6 lbs.
9. Competitors shall, if required, submit their Rifles for inspection before, during and after a match, and any competitor found guilty of plugging or other unfair behaviour, will be disqualified from further shooting, and forfeit entrance fees and prizes.
10. No competitor shall use more than one Rifle in a match, nor shall more than one competitor use the same Rifle in a match.

11. In Nos. 2 and 4 matches, competitors shall be in full or undress uniform of their corps.
12. Two sighting shots at each distance shall be allowed each competitor on the payment of 10 cents each shot before the commencement of each squad. These shots may be fired in any position.
13. Ties will be decided at first by score, at the longest distance, (2) fewest misses, (3) fewest outers, (4) by counting backwards by twos, (5) by single shot at longest distance.
14. Any objection to the scoring of a hit must be made before another shot is fired, otherwise the shot as signalled to stand.
15. No person will be allowed to practice on the range during the meeting.
16. Entrance must be made at the Secretary's Office, at least one match ahead, or will be charged as a Post Entry at 25 per cent. extra.
17. Any person firing during the time the danger flag or disc is shown at target or firing point, will be debarred from all competition during the meeting.
18. The Managing Committee will decide all disputed points on the ground, their decision to be final, and to be notified in writing to the President or Secretary. Any person refusing to comply with instructions from the Managing Committee will be ruled out of all matches.
19. Any competitor infringing any of the preceding regulations, being guilty of unruly or disorderly conduct or being intoxicated, shall be ruled out, and forfeit entrance fees he may have paid.

By order,

J. FLETCHER,

Lt.-Colonel,

SECRETARY.

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 The rates of board for families will be as moderate as possible, arrangements for which can be made with H. HOGAN, Proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, or at the Hotel in Cacouna.
 An Omnibus and Baggage Wagon are in attendance at the Boats and Cars. Telegraph Station in the Office of the Hotel.

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Teas of Every Kind
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- 1.—IT IS PURELY MUTUAL.
Because all the profits of the Company are divided among the insured. The Guaranteed Capital Holders never share in the profits.
- 2.—DIVIDENDS ARE ANNUAL.
Payable on all Cash Premiums, on first renewal, and on Loan Premiums, on fourth renewal.
- 3.—ITS DIVIDENDS ARE MADE ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.
Each policy-holder receives the benefit of each payment, and of the time his capital has been in the Company, precisely as every well conducted business-house divides its profits among its partners.
- 4.—ALL POLICIES MAY BE MADE NON-FORFEITABLE.
On Annual Premium Life Policies after three years, and on all others after two years.
- 5.—PREMIUMS.
All Cash Rates lower than those of a majority of the Companies. Half note rates as low as safety will admit.
- 6.—NEARLY ALL RESTRICTIONS REMOVED FROM ITS POLICIES.
No extra charge for Railroad employes. No extra charge for insuring the lives of females.
- 7.—IT DOES NOT LIMIT TRAVEL AS OTHER COMPANIES DO.
Its Policies allow the insured to travel and reside in any part of the United States and Europe, at any and all seasons of the year, without extra charge.
8. DIVIDENDS SETTLED WITH POLICY.
In the settlement of all Note Policies, a dividend will be allowed by the Phoenix Mutual for each year on which the insured has received no dividend. The number of dividends will always equal the number of outstanding notes.
- 9.—ITS CHARTER AFFORDS THE FULLEST LEGAL SECURITY TO ITS INSURED.
It issues Policies for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands. Creditors may also insure the lives of debtors.
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