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(ESTABLISHED 1859.)

# HENRY R. GRAY,

DISPENSING & FAMILY CHEMIST

144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

A supply of Syrups from England for the Holidays.  
Warranted made from the Fruit.

# PHOTO-RELIEVO:

A new style of Portraiture introduced  
by W. NOTMAN, Photographer to the Queen,  
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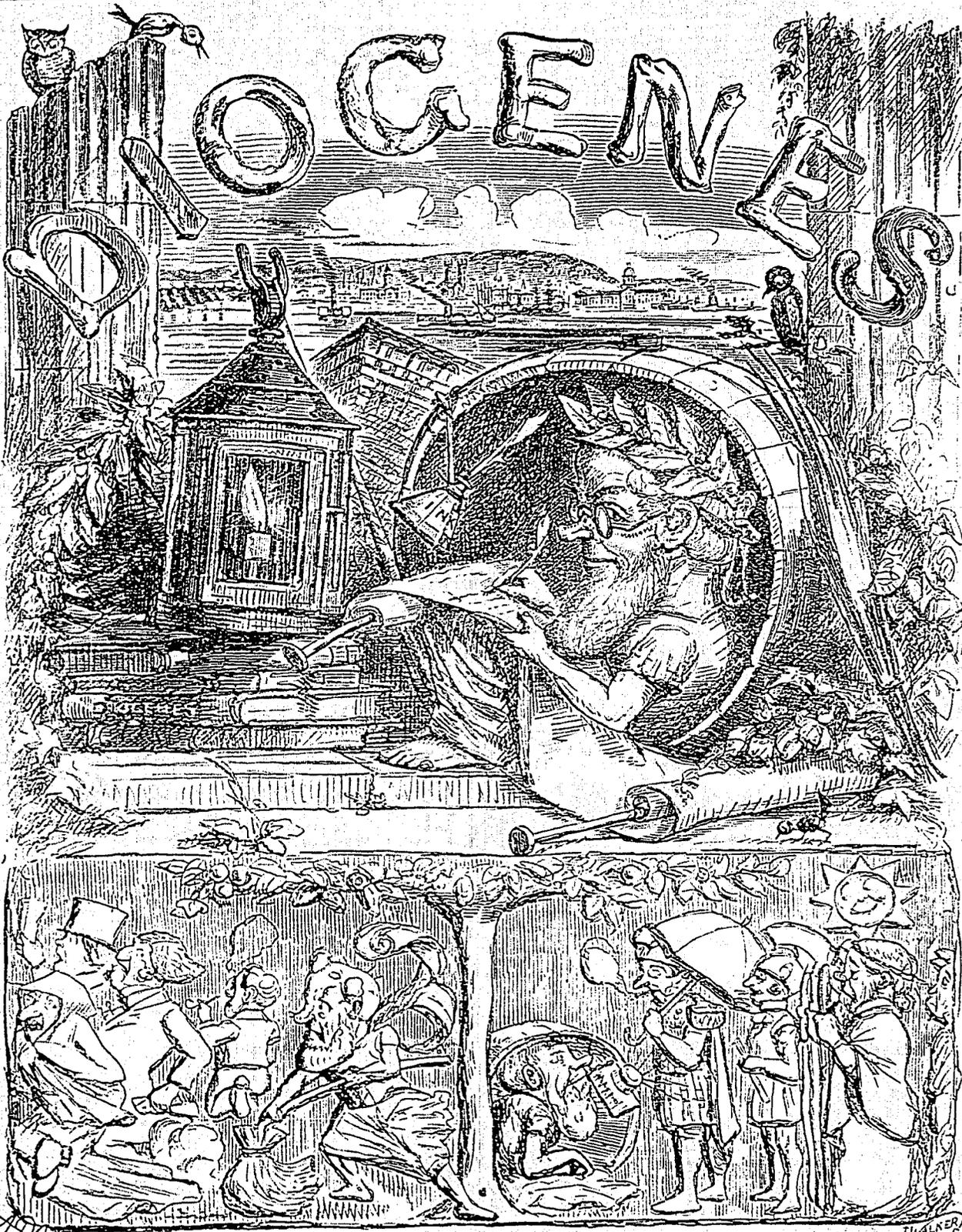
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PARKY'S SELF-RAISING BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.  
THOSE who relish BUCKWHEAT CAKES need not now wait 10 or 12  
hours to raise the batter, but, "when the notion takes them"—morning,  
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and Mild Ale  
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98 St. Joseph Street.



Vol. I.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, 15th JANUARY, 1869.

Price—Five Cents. *HALNER*

## THE COOK'S FRIEND

IS the Celebrated BAKING POWDER prepared by W. D. McLAREN, St. Lawrence Main  
Street, and for Sale by all the principal Grocers in the Dominion. A supply always on  
hand at the ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

H. Corrigan,  
Shakespeare Inn,  
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LUNCH every  
day from 12  
to 4.  
Oysters cooked to  
order.  
A choice assort-  
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Spirits, Cigars and  
DOW'S Celebrated  
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Robert Weir & Co.  
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Tobacco Factory,  
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THIS Estab-  
lishment is  
now in full working  
order.  
All kinds of Fine  
and Staple Tobaccos  
of the Best Brands  
supplied to the Trade  
McMullen & Adams  
St. Mary Street.

OPINIONS of THE PRESS

[First Notice.]

DIOPGENES, a pictorial comic paper, comes out with a much pleasanter face than might be supposed to have been habitual with the old Cynic. The paper, printing, and enterprise generally, have made a step beyond anything yet attempted in this much-tried line of journalism. As a general thing, the wit is a shade too deep for cursory readers and minds that seek amusement rather than study; but the capabilities of the paper may be judged from the opening or introductory cartoon, which represents old DIOPGENES merrily devouring a heap of oysters to the tune of "It is our opening day," and quoting Shakespeare as follows: "Why then the World's mine oyster, which I with sword will open. The following feeling lines, (entitled "One More Unfortunate") should not be confined to its columns.—Montreal Daily Witness.

[Second Notice.]

The second number is better than the first. The wood-cutting in it is exceedingly good. It is a respectable production.—ib.

[Third Notice.]

The illustrations of our witty contemporary are a creditable proof of the progress of art in Montreal. We hope this venerable cynic will, in his lantern, search for honest men, find such a goodly number in Canada as materially to change the somewhat prevalent opinion that public men are, generally speaking, rogues.—ib.

[Fourth Notice.]

DIOPGENES, to-day, contains one of the cleverest things we have seen in the way of pictorial wit. The old Cynic is represented coming suddenly into our City Council chamber and holding up his lantern to discover an honest man. Most of the Councillors sink to the eyes behind their desks, while one hides his head entirely; but the light falls upon an excellent likeness of Councillor Alexander, sitting in the calm dignity of rectitude and benevolence. The picture is entitled "Sterling Worth," and DIOPGENES reversing the well-known words of the Macedonian conqueror says: "If I were not Diogenes I would be Alexander."—ib.

The illustrations are extremely good. When we say that so far as the design is concerned they are worthy of John Leech, we are merely doing them justice.—Montreal Daily News.

It is very well printed, and the wood cuts are well done both by artist and engraver. We wish the now comer every success; and we hope the course of events will give the writer good subjects on which to display their genius.—Montreal Gazette.

[First Notice.]

DIOPGENES.—This is the title of a new comic paper published in Montreal, and which, if we may judge from the first number that has reached our hands, is a decided hit, and deserves support. The rock on which our Canadian humorists strike is "personality," and indeed it is easier to be personal than witty. We trust that DIOPGENES will avoid the danger, and continue to afford matter for good-humoured laughter.—Montreal True Witness.

[Second Notice.]

DIOPGENES.—Our friend improves upon acquaintance. His jokes are good, his illustrations are excellent, and, best of all, he keeps clear of personalities. Long may it be so; and as long as it is so with him, he will deserve and obtain success.

Perhaps, if he were better posted up in all the facts relative to the three deserted children, to whom he makes allusion, he would revise his judgment of the Reverend Director of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. All our charitable institutions, Protestant as well as Catholic, have rules and regulations which must be adhered to; and surely if blame be attributable to any one, it is to the living father of the deserted children. This unnatural fellow should be compelled by law to provide for his own little ones; nor should he be allowed to shuffle off his moral responsibility. Pitch into him DIOPGENES; and you will have the sympathies of all honest men.—ib.

DIOPGENES. This new comic illustrated paper, published at Montreal, can be had at Geo. E. Morton's. The engravings are very cleverly executed, the cartoon in the number before us being worthy of Punch in its best days.—Halifax Citizen.

OPINIONS of THE PRESS

[First Notice.]

DIOPGENES.—The Athenian philosopher in his tub has reached the city of Quebec, and we must compliment the editors and proprietors of this little publication on its making its debut before a Canadian audience. The illustrations and cartoons are the best we have seen from the Metropolitan City for a number of years. The articles are also select, and are written with marked care and ability. The philosopher and his tub have our best wishes for his future prosperity.—Quebec Chronicle.

[Second Notice.]

There is room for a respectable and cleverly conducted journal of this kind in the chief city of the Dominion; but when we state that among its merits will be the notice and discussion of topics of general more than local interest, we have given another reason for the belief that DIOPGENES will establish a powerful claim to an extensive support throughout the Dominion.—ib.

[Third Notice.]

DIOPGENES.—The third number of this interesting little paper is to hand. It contains two neatly executed cartoons, one entitled "A Struggle for a Mitre." The Bishops of the Dominion are represented in it assisting each other to climb a pole, upon the top of which the coveted mitre and crozier are placed, with a couple of small fishes. DIOPGENES is well worthy of being patronized.—ib.

[Fourth Notice.]

DIOPGENES No. 5.—A marked improvement is perceptible both in the subjects of illustration and the reading matter in the last number of the Athenian Philosopher DIOPGENES. The principal cartoon, "Justice," (ornamented with the head of a jack-ass, partially blind-folded and holding the scales, one end preponderating, with the inscription "Shilly-Shallying," "Taxed costs," "Appeals,") is very good. The following verses are descriptive of the subject:—  
Must Justice be restrained by Fear?  
Must righteous judgment fail?  
Must Truth, with Falshood weighed, appear  
A Feather in the Scale? &c.

[Fifth Notice.]

DIOPGENES.—The Christmas and New Year number of this cleverly-edited paper is to hand. The principal cartoon, mechanically well executed, represents the "Athenian Philosopher" (out of his tub) receiving his first of January guests, amongst whom we recognize the features of many of the leading men of the Dominion, civil and military. The editorial column is ably written, and perfectly independent in its criticisms of the usages and customs of society. DIOPGENES has our best wishes for his future prosperity.—ib.

[First Notice.]

This addition to the comic literature of the sister city promises well, both in spirit and appearance. The illustrations are superior to anything yet produced by its rivals and predecessors, and the reading matter is clever and confined within the limits of good taste. The title is somewhat cynical, but judging by the vignette our Canadian DIOPGENES has studied his philosophy as much at the feet of the laughing Thracian as before the tub of the sour Athenian. Let him provoke laughter at men's follies while blaming them, and all will heartily wish him success.—Quebec Mercury.

[Second Notice.]

The second number of DIOPGENES is like Joey Bagstock—"deep, and d—sh sly," too shy, perhaps, to take with the multitude. The cartoon is excellent, and would do credit to Punch; so is the scene at the Laprairie Camp.—ib.

[Third Notice.]

The matter is certainly clever and original, and the engravings of a very high degree of excellence.—ib.

Il se publie à Montréal un petit journal anglais, satirique et comique.  
Pour fonder les ridicules de son temps, il s'affuble du manteau et du nom de Diogenes.  
La lanterne à la main, (ne pas confondre avec le fanal rouge du citoyen Beaudé) Diogenes cherche des hommes affligés de quelques ridicules pour les immoler à sa vaine caustique.  
Inutile de dire qu'il a beau jeu à frapper chaque fois qu'il sort de son tonneau.  
Souvent, Diogenes frappe juste et lance au but ses traits acérés.—Journal de Quebec.

OPINIONS of THE PRESS

[First Notice.]

This is another and the latest Punch Paper in the Dominion. It has great merit in a pictorial light, with sufficient promise of fun to make us look for more in future. And it contains within it signs of longevity, being well patronized in the advertising line. Its humour is quiet and subdued, with no approach to ill-nature, the rock upon which all its predecessors have struck and perished. Wishing it success, and requesting it to keep free from libel, we wait patiently for No. Two.—Kingston Whig.

[Second Notice.]

The old Tub Man improves. Its illustrations are as good as in Number 1, while the matter is better.—ib.

[First Notice.]

This is a new and spirited comic weekly illustrated journal, after the style of Punch, the third number of which has appeared at Montreal. It is ably edited, and got up in good style, the engravings being first-class.—London Press.

[Second Notice.]

DIOPGENES.—No. 8 has been received. Its illustrations comprise "A Reminiscence of the Volunteers," "Diogenes receiving distinguished visitors on New-Year's." Our contemporary continues to improve, and is daily gaining in public favor.—ib.

We have received the first three numbers, and it grows more clever as it advances in age. Some of the cartoons are decidedly excellent. The last is "A struggle for a mitre," in which one aspirant by standing on the shoulders of a brother is able to extend his hand provokingly near to it without the power to touch it. The reading matter is very good, displaying much liveliness and humour, but never degenerating into rude personality. We wish DIOPGENES a long and prosperous career, which he certainly deserves, and hope that he will soon have to enlarge the dimensions of his Tub. The scintillations of his lantern should attract a large crowd of admirers.—Guelph Mercury.

The reading is very good, and some capital hits are made. We wish it success.—Braceville Intelligencer.

The reading is racy, original, and by no means intemperate.—Brantford Courier.

We have received the first three numbers, the cuts of which are pungent and unmistakably significant. We recommend it to our readers.—Peterboro' Review.

The whole thing is well got up, and the paper deserves to be liberally patronized.—Morrisburg Courier.

The cuts are very good, and the text sparkling with wit. We wish it success.—Waterloo Advertiser.

We hope the cynical philosopher will succeed, and obtain a liberal support.—Sturtevant Journal.

The first number bears evidence of talent and wit of a high order, while it is at the same time free from vulgar personalities. We quote two pieces from it on our first page.—St. Johns (Q.) News.

DIOPGENES is the title of a new comic paper published in Montreal, the first number of which has just reached us. The illustrations are very creditable and the letterpress entertaining. We wish DIOPGENES success.—Ottawa Citizen.

DIOPGENES is not at all particular how it pinches its contemporaries and officials around Montreal. Typographically it looks well—neatly got up; and, with the wit and satire displayed by its editor, it must command a large circulation.—Granby Gazette.

DIOPGENES is the name of a new comic paper started in Montreal. Its "witticisms" are very good, being of a somewhat superior style to what is generally found in publications of the kind on this side of the Atlantic.—Halifax Express.

OPINIONS of THE PRESS

DIOPGENES.—We are exceedingly pleased to notice the success attending DIOPGENES' career. Both in regard to matter and illustrations it is decidedly a-head of anything yet attempted in Canada; and, dealing as it does with matters of general rather than of local interest, it should receive in Ontario a support equal to that accorded it in Quebec. Irving is the agent.—Toronto Daily Telegraph.

DIOPGENES is decidedly ahead of anything of the kind ever attempted in Canada, in so far as the general "get-up" is concerned. The typography is handsome, and the engravings are excellent. The "goaks" are of a higher order than have hitherto characterized publications of this class. Altogether it is a sheet of no mean order, and we wish it a long and useful career.—Huntingdon Journal.

The first two numbers make a good appearance—the reading matter and illustrations being somewhat racy, not even inferior to Punch across the Atlantic.—New Glasgow (N. S.) Eastern Chronicle.

The third number of DIOPGENES, a weekly Comic Paper printed at Montreal, is received. The paper is well got up mechanically, and is certainly the best of its kind yet produced in the Dominion. The jokes and cartoons are excellent. The "Games of the Bishops" is a capital thing. We welcome DIOPGENES to our sanctum very cordially.—The Union Advertiser, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Montreal has a new comic illustrated weekly entitled DIOPGENES. The opening numbers have some good hits, and promise well. The cartoons are creditable in design and execution. We trust our Provincial neighbors will appreciate the merits of DIOPGENES, and enable him to keep his lantern trimmed and burning.—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

DIOPGENES.

In response to the wishes of numerous friends, it has been decided from this day to open up a Subscription List in Town and Country.

DIOPGENES will be sent every Friday, free by post, to any part of the Dominion, and be delivered within the City limits, at the rate of

\$2.50

per Annum, payable in advance. Intending Subscribers are requested to notify their wishes to

DIOPGENES,  
Box 584, P. O.  
MONTREAL.

The following have been appointed Agents for the sale of DIOPGENES in the principal Cities and Towns of the Dominion:—

- HALIFAX..... Messrs. MORTON & CO.
- OTTAWA..... Messrs. HANSEN & FULTON
- ..... Messrs. JONES & HOLLAND
- KINGSTON..... Mr. HENDERSON.
- TORONTO..... Mr. IRVING.
- QUEBEC..... Messrs. HOLLIWELL, and MIDDLETON & DAWSON.

Through whom back numbers may be obtained on application.

Monthly Parts, neatly stitched in coloured wrappers, will be ready for issue in a few days, price One Shilling.

January 1, 1869.

## NEW READINGS FROM SHAKSPERE.

## MACBETH.—PART I.

A long time ago,—when it was I don't know,—  
 For the book that the story 's in doesn't quite show,  
 There lived a Scotch king, so gentle and wise  
 That folks in astonishment opened their eyes,  
 Though if any their taxes to pay should refuse  
 They'd to mind both their I's and their P's and their Q's ;  
 His kingdom possessed many Dukes, Thanes and Earls,  
 Lords and Barons who ruled over no end of churls,  
 Knights, Squires and Pages, and Knights-Banneret,  
 Chiefs and Soldiers who lived upon what they could get ;  
 And thousands of those who wore knives in their hose,  
 But were rather deficient in other small clothes ;  
 Now of these, one Macbeth, was the principal Thane  
 Commanding the troops against Norseman and Dane  
 Who, as homeward he goes, having wollop'd his foes,  
 Meets three witches who come from where—nobody knows,  
 And tell him that he, not only will be  
 A noble and swell of the highest degree,  
 But they fearlessly state, that both he and his mate  
 Will shortly become what's called " Heads of the State,"  
 While the Chief that is with him, the witches declare,  
 Though a crown of his own he's unlikely to wear,  
 Will have one in his family worn by his heir.  
 This turns out a fact far removed from " soft sawder,"  
 As Macbeth is soon made my Lord Marquis of Cawdor,  
 (Or the title that stood for that over the border.)  
 He then writes to his wife, tells her what has been said,  
 But adds they must wait until Duncan is dead ;  
 In the mean time she'd better prepare him a bed.  
 Now Lady Macbeth was that kind of a person  
 Who subjects like this one, was apt to be terse on ;  
 So the very next day, without any delay,  
 She hints in a very significant way  
 That when Duncan arrives in the Castle to stay  
 Macbeth must arrange that he shan't get away.  
 A nod and a wink to a horse that is blind  
 Are said by all *sarans* to be of a kind ;  
 And though some to apply this may be at a loss  
 Macbeth was what Yanks call a " Bully old hoss,"  
 And in order to show no infirm indecision  
 Determines to slash at poor Duncan's old wizen,—  
 A term which must mean (put this in as a note)  
 He intended to cut Duncan's elderly throat.  
 The King soon arrives, and to make things quite right,  
 This Lady Macbeth makes his servants all tight.  
 And is turning to say " don't lose time or you'll rue it  
 " If you're good for the trick, now's your time, sir, to do it,"  
 When she suddenly views, shaking there in his shoes,—  
 Not to mention the garments that Scotchmen call trews,—  
 Macbeth, giving way to a fit of the blues.  
 So she rants and she raves, calls her husband " a muff,"  
 And swears he is made of contemptible stuff.  
 So Macbeth seemed to think when they'd all gone to bed  
 That he'd much better do it, from all she had said,  
 And he enters the room,—on the stage it's a " wing,"—  
 And settles the hash of his master, the King.  
 Two men who are sleeping there dreaming of wine  
 And snoring away like a couple of swine  
 Lady M. daubs with blood that the folks might opine  
 They had killed the old King lest he'd kick up a shine.  
 While Macbeth goes to bed in a deuce of a funk,  
 And looking as sheepish as if he were drunk.  
 Next morning the Chieftains with Lennox and Rosse  
 Arrive at the Castle, confoundedly cross,  
 For they say that all night they've done nothing but toss  
 And tumble about on their heather and moss,  
 But they've now come to rouse up old Duncan, their boss.

Macbeth, who's all smiles,—a sure symptom of wiles  
 Adopted by those who are knowing old files,—  
 Points Macduff to the room, though he keeps well behind  
 him,

With, " The King 's sleeping there, and you can't fail to  
 find him."

In a minute or two, poor Macduff looking blue,  
 Comes back with a deuce of a hullabaloo,  
 Shouting, " Horror! oh, horror! we'll never more hail  
 King Duncan—he's dead as the dearest door nail!  
 Oh! Banquo, my friend, here's the devil to pay,  
 We'd better all mizzle,—that is run away."

Then Macbeth with a grin to the room hurries in  
 And stabs the two squires who are sleeping within,  
 Explaining the case, how 'twas clear on the face  
 These men had been guilty of conduct most base.  
 The two Princes are there,—two sharp little boys,—  
 Who promptly decamp without very much noise,  
 For they justly surmise that each head is a prize,  
 For which friend Macbeth would give one of his eyes.  
 The rest then clear out and at once set about  
 Endeavouring to find,—a mere matter of doubt,—  
 Who killed the King Duncan, and who saw him die  
 As no one there present could say " It was I."  
 And so all the good folks took to crying and sobbing,  
 Bewailing his fate like the death of Cock Robin.

*To be continued.*

## THE PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHER AT HOME.

(From a Canadian Correspondent in London.)

MARTIN F. TUCKER, *en famille*—His Passion for Milk and  
 Water—Tucker reading Tucker, &c.

The following account of a visit to the smallest of living  
 poets will, doubtless, be read by his admirers with intense  
 interest.

"When I recently left Montreal to reside for a few months  
 in England, I took with me some letters of introduction to  
 Martin F. Tucker, who is, beyond all shadow of doubt, the  
 most contemptible author in the world. I consider him to  
 be a psychological phenomenon (though I am not quite cer-  
 tain what that means) and was, accordingly, very anxious to  
 obtain an interview with him. On arriving in London I at  
 once ascertained from his publisher that the *soi-disant* Philo-  
 sopher had just arrived in town, and at two o'clock on  
 December 26th, 1868, I presented myself at his house. Mr.  
 Tucker, who is reputed to be outrageously wealthy, has a  
 "palatial mansion" in Park Lane. The pen of "Ouida"  
 alone could describe in sufficiently glowing terms the gorgeous  
 magnificence of all that met my gaze, when I entered the  
 hall of the wealthy bard. On presenting my card, I was  
 ushered by six footmen (apparently brainless) into a room  
 like a library, where I was left alone for more than half an  
 hour. This room is about sixty feet square. As you enter  
 by a door at the left hand corner of it, you see upon each  
 side of you superbly-carved book-cases of fragrant oriental  
 woods, extending from the floor to the ceiling. After waiting  
 patiently for some time I examined the contents of these  
 cases, and found, to my ineffable disgust, that they contained  
 merely copies of all the different editions of Mr. Tucker's  
 works, carefully arranged according to sizes, and elaborately  
 bound in every variety of style.

Above the fire-place, which faces the visitor on entering,  
 hangs a life-size portrait of Mr. Tucker, and the walls on  
 each side of it are papered with fulsome and grandiloquent  
 panegyrics on Mr. T.'s genius. These are extracts from  
 tenth-rate journals and periodicals, and, (as I was informed  
 by his publisher, *sub rosa*) have cost the notorious author

over a million pounds sterling. To prevent their being torn or in any way soiled, they are protected by enormous sheets of the finest plate-glass. On the extreme right there is a large bow-window, flanked by innumerable colored photographs of the Proverbial Philosopher.

This illustrious individual soon entered, and I was agreeably disappointed in his personal appearance. Judging from his works one would have expected him to display a low, receding forehead, and (not to put too fine a point upon it) all the usual characteristics of idiocy. I found him on the contrary rather a good looking man, about fifty years old, and on excessively affable terms with himself. His dress was quaint. He wore a light blue Fez, a long scarlet dressing-gown, which pained the eyesight by its excessive brilliance, and pea-green morocco slippers. I presented him my letters of introduction, and we at once plunged into an animated conversation. He asked very kindly after a young Canadian poet of his acquaintance. I informed him that so far as I knew (for, really, I knew nothing about him) he was perfectly well, and was reverently treading in his (Mr. T.'s) footsteps. He seemed flattered by my language, and said he had been informed that the last effort of his young friend was a pleasing composition about a *male pig*. I replied that I was afraid that neither of us had seen his young friend's last poem; that he had not "gone the whole hog" in his poetry, as Mr. T. intimated, but had simply published a brief rhapsody on *Pygnalion*. A similarity between the sound of the names of these two subjects had probably deceived Mr. T. He expressed himself satisfied with my explanation, and rang the bell, to give directions about lunch. It was promptly served in the library by the Brainless Footmen, who moved about on the deep velvet carpet as silently as shadows. I ate a few slices of roasted peacock with considerable relish, and drank a bottle and a half of delicious milk-punch. The Philosopher contented himself with eating a plover's egg, but indulged in frequent and copious draughts of milk and water. This beverage, he assured me, with tears in his eyes, had inspired the greater portion of his poetry. I believed him; and offered him my sincere condolence.

Our conversation then became rather desultory; but I was careful to note down a few of the chief points that he touched upon. Among other valuable remarks he informed me that London was now a great city, and was generally regarded by the best educated persons as the Metropolis of England. He considered Shakspeare as an over-rated man, who must, however, eventually find his level. Tennyson he denounced as a humbug and a failure. "He has evidently," said he, "mistaken his vocation, though his two stanzas on the 'Skipping Rope' are not entirely destitute of merit." Mr. T.'s favorite prose-writer is a man who "does" the sensational romances for a half-penny New York Weekly. He styles himself Professor W. H. Peck, and his maniacal stories are transferred, as soon as published, to the last page of the Montreal *Daily News*. Mr. T. asked eagerly after the Editor of that Journal, and said that, in order to read all his articles regularly, he had recently subscribed for the paper. At the same time he could not but consider that, both in prose and poetry, the Editor copied his (Mr. T.'s) style far too servilely. I agreed with him on this point.

Among other gratifying details about his domestic habits and everyday life, he told me that he preferred herrings with a soft roe, but was partial to hard-boiled eggs. He stated also that he invariably used mustard with mutton, and was fond of tomatoes. At the same time he exacted a promise from me that I would enclose him some in a letter on my return to Montreal next summer. But his strongest *penchant*, gastronomically, is for periwinkles—large quantities of which he eats daily, dexterously extracting them from their shells with a gold pin, which was lately presented to him for that pur-

pose by "a few American admirers in London." He pointed out to me with his finger a large section of Hyde Park, which, in addition to the whole of Oxford Street and part of Holborn, he had recently purchased with the profits derived from his "Proverbial Philosophy." He informed me also that he was in the habit of receiving an immense number of letters highly eulogistic of his numerous works; but that, as nine-tenths of these letters contained requests (which he generally granted) for pecuniary loans varying in amount from £5 to £50, he found his correspondence somewhat expensive. Finally he presented me with thirty-two different editions of his complete writings, which he despatched to my hotel forthwith, in one of Pickford's vans. I forgot to mention that he communicated to me, in strict confidence, a valuable receipt (in blank verse) for the cure of corns.

He then rang an immense silver bell, and, before its echoes had died away, his wife and seventeen children entered the room, smiling—each of them carrying some one or another of the Philosopher's published works. Having been introduced to me with due solemnity, they all sat down in a circle and waited anxiously until "Paterfamilias" should speak. He broke silence at length by asking me my opinion of his Proverbial Philosophy. I replied, without hesitation, that it was a most remarkable work, and that no living author but himself could possibly have written it. "It is indeed true," exclaimed Mrs. Tucker, starting up ecstatically from her chair, "and I have often told Martin the same thing!"

After that he ordered in a dozen more bottles of milk-punch for me, and two gallons of milk and water for himself, saying that we would make a night of it. He then took a manuscript from a drawer, and, in spite of my fervent entreaties that he would not fatigue himself, insisted upon reading me his latest production. Some day or other it will form a section of "Proverbial Philosophy," on "Christmas," and I availed myself of his permission to take down part of it in short-hand, until my outraged feelings and the milk-punch prevented my writing any more. I reproduce a fragment of this composition for the amusement or perhaps torture of your readers:

"Christmas is a season of the year; it arriveth once in a twelvemonth;  
 "It cometh to the wise and the good, alike with the wicked and foolish;  
 "For there is no person so strait-laced but hath in him some hankering for pudding,  
 "Nor is any boy so absurd as to deny the pleasures of mincemeat.  
 "A sage is a man of wisdom; but a fool lacketh understanding;  
 "And though a rose is scented, its stem is surrounded with briars.  
 "Go to! ye who say that Christmas cometh in summer.  
 "Apples grow not on oaks, nor are oysters made of granite!  
 "A soul travelleth through space, and our mental monitors are in us,  
 "Though Deucalion flingeth pebbles which rise in array against him.  
 "Christmas is a time for fun—the clown's grimaces are pleasant,  
 "His face and dress are fantastic—he useth ochre and bismuth;  
 "Despise not thou a small thing; a gnat can hurt thy proboscis,  
 "And a needle inserted in a chair maketh an unpleasant seat!"

Mr. Tucker's reading is a strange monotonous chant, which, combined with the matter of his poems, has a singularly soporific effect upon his hearers. As he recited, in a deeply tragic tone, the concluding line of the quotation above given,

every eye was bathed in tears. I felt my own cheek (which is considerable) slightly wet. The children scattered around, sobbed audibly, and Mrs. T. covered her face silently with an elegant lace pocket handkerchief. Mr. T. and myself then went upstairs to his study, where he smoked several pipes of green tea, and I reduced to ashes an infinite number of his choicest Havanas. Meanwhile he asked me whether I had ever read the "Proverbial Philosophy" aloud. I earnestly assured him that I never had, and moreover was morally convinced that I never could accomplish the task. "Read it now, and let me hear you," said he. I respectfully, but at the same time firmly, declined, adding, "I would much rather hear you read it." I had reason to repent of my hasty words, for Tucker then chanted with great unction, and for two hours, at least three-fourths of his odious composition. Subsequently he intoned the Book of Jasher in Hebrew, besides three books of the Odyssey in Greek, and wound up the night's entertainment by reciting with killing pathos, the doleful ballad of "Cock Robin." Having incidentally fallen asleep several times, after finishing the twelve bottles of milk-punch, I at length bade adieu to my host, while he was still sipping milk and water, at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning.

P.S.—I have scarcely yet recovered from my interview with Mr. Tucker. The dismal monotony of his reading (for to what else can I attribute it?) has afflicted me with a racking headache. Pray, therefore, accept my apologies for the many imperfections of this hasty scrawl.

RHYME OR REASON.

FROM A BLUE-NOSE CORRESPONDENT.

Oh, dear! DIOGENES, what *shall* I do?  
 I want to write some rhyming lines to you,  
 But you're so odd, that really I don't find  
 A word to rhyme with you that suits my mind;  
 So, when I once would write on Love—by Cupid!—  
 I hardly found a word to suit—So stupid!  
 I want to write on some odd things I've heard,  
 But,—odd again,—there comes no fitting word!  
 So, as folks say who riddles fail to guess,  
 "I give it up!"—and in my blank distress  
 I turn to you—Pray write as I would do—  
 That is as I might write if I were YOU!  
 Remember, you—the Cynic—stand alone,  
 The guide and censor of this frigid zone:  
 To suit all cases you are bound—by FUN—  
 That is, you will be bound as Volume ONE—  
 And the ill-humoured who 'gainst Union fight  
 You, by good humour, may direct aright.  
 Direct a long-shot over lake and shore,  
 Aim at the gulls from Gulf to Labrador;  
 Then glance your eye o'er fishy Newfoundland,—  
 Soon to be sea-girt in the Union band;—  
 Smile on Prince Edward Isle—bid her not boast,  
 As last and least to join the Union host,  
 Next, on to Nova Scotia take your course,  
 That like a silly lass sues for divorce;  
 There, with a pen of sharply-pointed steel,  
 Puncture the wind-bag of that "Guy" REPEAL!  
 See that Acadia makes no further row,  
 Bid her fulfil her destiny with HOWE.  
 Bring her to reason with a loving line,  
 That like a Star in Union she may shine:  
 Teach her to come where quiet waters be,  
 And float no longer in a troubled sea.  
 Ontario, New Brunswick and Quebec,  
 Cheer in their race for progress "neck and neck,"  
 And so go on till, by your mild command,

Your wit pervades the whole united land:—  
 But if grave topics have no charm for you,  
 If schemes political you must eschew,  
 If your domain is but A TUB for FUN,  
 Then go ahead—float on, as you've begun,  
 For your *bon-voyage* you have wishes fervent  
 From one who is—your very humble servant.

"STOP THIEF?"

DIOGENES alluded in a former number to a daring flight of imagination on the part of a Montreal Editor. It was exhibited to the public in the following words:

"This magnificent enterprise (the projected submarine tunnel between Dover and Calais) is certainly one *which is well qualified to astonish not only our ancestors*, but the people of the present generation,—accustomed as they are to gigantic undertakings."

When DIOGENES quoted this sublime passage, he gave due credit to the Editor for the originality of the phrase "astonish our ancestors." He has since discovered that this distinguished writer (in pursuance of a suggestion which he may have read in *SHERIDAN'S Critic*), "serves the best thoughts of others as gypsies' do stolen children, and disfigures them to make 'em pass for his own."

That noble poem, by Mr. Breeze, on "The Grand Trunk Railway: its Achievements, Institutions, Scenery, Military and Principal Characters," contains the following lines at p. 8. The bard is supposed to be eulogizing "The Iron Horse."

"It snorts with open nostrils wide,  
 Puffs forth its lusty breath of pride,  
 Rears its proud head and laughs away  
 Tireless th' same road every day,  
 Frights both birds and beasts around,  
 That startle at the whistle's sound.  
 The genius of the forest flies,  
 While art with thousand wonders rise,  
 And (all but) our fond fathers' dust  
 Rises to break the earth's deep crust  
 To witness what new genius reigns  
 In majesty on seas and plains,  
 That flies with such velocity,  
 Shaking the firmest forest tree,  
 Driving the ruder genius 'way  
 Fore stronger light of brighter day.  
 The world's all new, it is ablaze;  
 Our fathers' eyes with wonder gaze,  
 Clasp their hands unitedly,  
 Saying, *Well done nineteenth century!*"

Now, this may be one of those singular instances in which two men of genius, like Mr. BREEZE and the Editor of the *News*, have accidentally hit upon the same idea, Mr. BREEZE having, fortunately, anticipated his rival in giving it to the literary world. If this be the case, APOLLO forbid that DIOGENES should charge the prose-writer with deliberate plagiarism! It is, perhaps, an unintentional coincidence,—an unconscious imitation,—an instance of one great man's being anticipated by another—but it is not a theft. DIOGENES would fain hope so; but he has grave doubts on the subject, and is afraid that the words of LE SAGE may be applied to the Editor's case, "*On peut dire que son esprit brillé au dépens de sa mémoire.*"

WHY is the Hon. John Young like an exploded boiler?  
 Because he is *busted* up.



A CERTAIN DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN BEING CONDUCTED TO HIS PRIVATE SKATING RINK.

### THE EUROPEAN "SITUATION."

#### I.

BELLONA, on a clond reclined,  
Surveys the globe terrestrial,—  
DIOGENES takes note of all  
In manner most celestial.

#### II.

The Kaiser thro' a window looks,  
And sighs for those localities—  
The crowns of which are hung within  
Danubian Principalities.

#### III.

The Pope says, "Rome will ne'er agree  
"That I should leave the Vatican,"  
Says Italy, "What's that to me,—  
"I'll put you out, for that I can."

#### IV.

The Russian Bear with eager maw,—  
To whom the Grecian's pandered,—  
Surveys the Turkey plump, and longs  
To knock him off his standard.

#### V.

And Spain, that 'neath oppression's yoke,  
Was sunk in deep stagnation,  
A Phoenix springs from fire and smoke  
Of civil conflagration.

#### VI.

And Prussia longs to clasp the waist  
Of much adored South Germany,—  
Not that he cares for her herself,  
But rather more her money—(Oh !)

#### VII.

And Nap., by gadflies goaded on  
Seems meditating felony,  
Which closes this, our true cartoon,  
Of Europe's sad miscellany.

### SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE 'GRECIAN BEND.'

MY DEAR DIOGENES:—My classical education has been somewhat neglected. After reading your recent article on "Incompatibility of Temper," I applied to a learned French Canadian friend for a translation of "Dos est sua forma puella." He replied. "La taille d'une fille, c'est le *dos*." Is this correct?

Yours,

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

DIOGENES has received the following from a Colney-Hatch correspondent:—

Q. Why is the Goddess of War like a favourite *saucisse*?

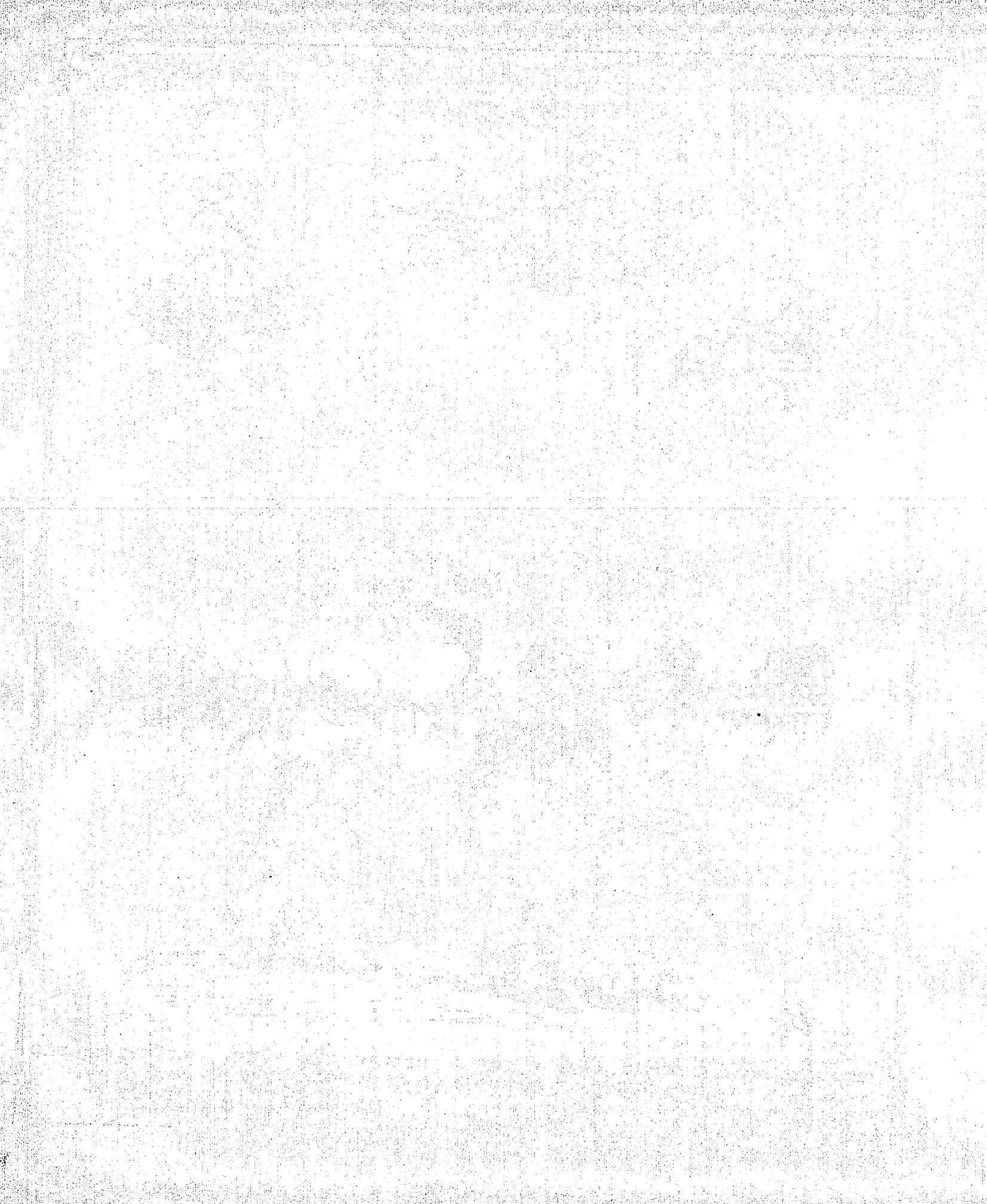
A. Because she is a Bellona (*Bologna*). My dear DIOGENES, my next door neighbour says that he never *saw* sich stuff; I therefore will say no more and *so cease*.

Q. Why is a French Lunatic Asylum like a gin-palace?

A. Because the one is a *mason de santé* and the other is a *maison san thé*.



DIODENES, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE GODDESS OF WAR, TAKES A GLANCE AT THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE—THIS IS WHAT HE SAW!!



## THE SIMPKINS CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 2.

To Mrs. SIMPKINS, Simpkinsville, Ontario.—(*From a First Year Medical Student, Montreal.*)

*My Dear Mother,—*

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of one hundred dollars by letter of credit on the ——— Bank. On presenting it at the counter of that institution, I was told that I must be recognized before the money could be paid. This was very difficult. I spoke to several of the Professors, but they all declared that they did not remember seeing my face in the lecture room at all. I thought this unkind, considering the regularity of my attendance. At last a fellow student recognized me. He, in his turn, was recognized by our Pneumatical Professor, who was known to the Professor of Clinical Horticulture, who was identified by the Porter of the College, who was slightly acquainted with the wife of the Messenger of the Bank, whom her husband knew to his cost, and which husband brought the Cashier his lunch daily. After all these names had been signed, I received the money,—less a ruinous discount caused by the high rate of exchange between Ontario and Quebec. After this, the Professors insisted on my paying for an oyster lunch, which is always the custom of the College on these occasions. I trust you have paid the bills I sent you, and I must beg that you will send me another remittance.

You ask about my boarding house, and seem to think it very expensive. Pray dismiss that idea from your mind. It is not only extremely cheap, but the society which I meet there is of a most improving kind. My landlady is the widow of a distinguished cavalry officer. He was killed in some action. I have never precisely been able to find out what rank he bore or to what regiment he belonged. Whenever her late husband's name is mentioned, Mrs. O'Toole (that is her name) goes into most violent hysterics. She (Mrs. O.T.) is a native of County Monaghan in Ireland, and has evidently seen better days. Her temper is sometimes sorely tried, particularly on Sundays after Church, when there is always some accident about the dinner.

There are three daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Vernon, is married to a young gentleman connected with a Bank. I grieve to say that the young couple quarrel a great deal, and that the husband is addicted to intemperate habits. They have a baby whom I have not yet seen but have frequently heard. The eldest daughter is a well-developed beauty of tall proportions, twenty-seven years of age, and unmarried. She does not attend much to the house, on account of her nerves. She employs most of her time in "tattooing" and other ornamental needle work, and in practising some very severe exercises on the pianoforte. This young lady's name is Sophia. She and I do not get on very well together. She openly avows her contempt for medical students. The youngest, Jemima, or, as she is commonly called, "Miss Jem," is my favourite. She is very beautiful and accomplished, and would be a great pet of my dear mother's if she only knew her. She is at present, as I write, singing, with great feeling, a new and classical ballad called "The merriest girl that's out." I was compelled to make some New Year's presents to these young ladies, which prevented me sending anything to Sister Jane. I had no money left.

We have thirteen boarders in all, including two married couples. I will tell you more about these in my next.

Most affectionately yours,

JEREMIAH SIMPKINS.

## ANOTHER PROFESSIONAL SHAVE.

DIOGENES has already done his best to expose the illegitimate business practices of certain doctors, druggists, and auctioneers. He now alludes to another, and similar abuse. He means the percentage exacted from contractors by third-rate architects and civil engineers. He does not mean for one moment to insinuate that this practice is adopted by the leading members of either profession. He is well aware that the contrary is the fact. There are, however, a number of small fry who manage to live by a series of petty extortions. The extent to which the system is carried is little dreamt of by many parties nearly interested.

DIOGENES, in accordance with his former practice, offers a standing advertisement to any contractor, who will resist and expose the dishonest demands of his professional supervisors, and who will be above doing "little odd private jobs" for them, *without* sending in his bill. At the same time, a professional card in DIOGENES is at the service of any architect or engineer, who, on receiving a *douceur* from a contractor, will immediately send it to the proper owner, viz., his own client or employer.

DIOGENES readily admits that there is another side of the question. If individuals will employ professional men who *profess* to work at so cheap a rate that it must be impossible for them to make an honest living, the Cynic smiles grimly when such employers are swindled.

## HOW TO MAKE BUTTER.

## IMPORTANT HINTS FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY READERS.

Take one day's milk of one cow and set it for the cream to rise. Do this for a fortnight, skimming the cream daily and putting it into the same pail. When the cream is sour and mouldy, it is time to churn it. After it is churned beat out most of the buttermilk, but not all, as it will diminish the weight. This butter soon acquires various rich and piquant flavors, and is suited to the cultivated tastes of the Montreal market.

*Another Mode.*

Take one milking of ten cows, put it into clean pans, and let the cream rise. Skim the cream as soon as well risen, and churn while it is sweet. This makes a tasteless or mild butter, which is preferred by some families in the Toronto region, and may be prepared to suit them.

*How to make Cream and afterwards Butter.*

In the extreme South-western promontory of England there still lives a simple race of people who have preserved some primitive habits. After milking they allow the cream to rise for twelve hours. They then place deep earthen pans (for they have not arrived at tin ones yet) a few inches above some wood embers, receiving a gentle warmth for perhaps an hour. The pans are again placed in the cellar for a day. The cream is then in a very unnatural state, being about half an inch thick and comparatively solid. The milk is also very unnatural, being blue and like water. This strange kind of cream the simple people often eat upon bread, and even put it upon fruit pies; and they actually try to make it mix with coffee, but it inclines to float in lumps. They also make butter of it. They are not so far advanced as to use churns; but this may be accounted for, as a pail nearly full of this queer kind of cream may be stirred into butter with the hand in little more than five minutes. Such butter, however, would be useless to Montrealers, as it contains none of those rich and varied flavours that we are accustomed to.

## THE TEMPLE OF BEAUTY.

Last year I joined the Skating Rink  
To pass spare hours away,  
And hastened up to Drummond Street,  
To make my first essay.  
Half glad in expectation 'twas,  
And half in fear I went;  
Lest upon "rot" and foolishness  
Ten dollars I had spent.  
Pooh! Fret about ten dollars, man!  
Yes, but my friend,—d'ye see—  
I had so precious few of them,  
'Twas quite a lot to me.  
I went in by the entrance door,  
As most good people do,  
Ye Gods and little fishes all!  
What burst upon my view!

I don't intend to tell you now,  
For I've not time to-day,  
Of great lop-sided tyros  
Always getting in the way;  
Of the little "imps of darkness,"  
(They were past fourteen, *of course*.)  
Always tumbling down and rolling,  
Always shouting themselves hoarse:  
But I'll tell you what my *heart* saw  
'Neath the wreaths of evergreen,  
Like a vision come towards me,  
(From the other end I mean.)  
Never mind the Knickerbockers;  
Never mind the "noble swells."  
Let me tell you of the Fairies;  
Listen, and be told of belles.

Had they brought me up in ball-rooms,  
Had they asked me out to dinner,  
Had I mingled in society,  
Lived less like a social hermit,  
Thereto forced by circumstances,  
Held much converse with "Young Ladies,"  
Looked upon them *in the mornings*,  
Seen them often in their home-lives,  
Tasted of their sweet deceivings,  
Perchance I had called them mortals;  
Erring, sinful, human creatures  
Tinted with a fleeting fairness:  
Knowing of them but by hearsay.  
Let me rather hide their weakness,  
Paint them as they came before me.

To mazy music, wafted sweet,  
With measured trip of tiny feet,  
And glint of flashing steel,  
Flit on, with airy motions light,  
With graceful glidings left and right,  
And still more graceful wheel,  
One enslaving throng of maidens:  
This one bright with girlish beauties,  
Happy, thoughtless, wayward, careless,  
Revelling in passing pleasures,  
Heedless of to-morrow's coming—  
Cover far the next, and blushing,  
Of her budding charms shy-conscious,  
Softened by some whispered story,  
Radiant with kindled love-fire  
Shrined in her startled bosom,  
Eyes downcast to hide their ardour;  
Cometh now, in riper fullness,

Calm with noble self-possession,  
Statue-like, but full of treasures,  
Unapproachable in graces,  
One whom passing years have moulded  
Into womanhood's full glory;  
Fairest far of all creatings;  
Lesser than the Angels only;  
Loving Venus, Regal Juno,  
And the Huntress free, Diana,  
Ev'ry Goddess represented,  
Houris from the Pagans' Heaven,  
Faultless Nymphs from Poets' dreamings.  
With enchanting undulations,  
Ravishment in every movement,  
'Neath festoons of bay and laurel,  
Past the banners and devices,  
'Neath the flood of gaslight gleaming,  
Past the shadows of the garlands,  
With hushed thrillings of low laughter,  
Come they to my heart, and storm it;  
Gaul, and Celt, and Saxon, blending  
In one picture of rare seeming,  
Fair forms intricately wending,  
Blue eyes, dark orbs, joy-lit, beaming;  
With abandoned motion swaying,  
Decked in beauty's soft beguilings,  
Golden locks, dark tresses, straying,  
Red lips wreathed in subtle smilings.

Would you like to hear the story,  
How the swift-winged moments flew,  
As I worshipped in this temple,  
All the live-long winter through?  
Ask ye; was there one, "peculiar,"  
Even 'mongst the fair, most fair?  
Ask ye; did I love to linger  
Near a sheen of golden hair?  
Whether they were raven ringlets,  
That, like tendrils, clinging round,  
Held my heart in willing bondage?  
Ask ye; if the sweetest sound  
Of ecstatic music, dying,—  
Dying as it passed her lip,  
Grief-killed that it might not longer  
Of its passion-philter sip,—  
Fell from roguish, laughing, rosebud,  
Or from stately virgin, tall?  
Friend, I answer; that's my business,  
But it's none of yours at all.

Speed ye onwards, oh ye darlings!  
Light of heart and "Fancy free;"  
I, that fondly sing your graces,  
Am no longer there to see;  
Still, in memory, I'm near you;  
Still, in dreamland, am I nigh;  
But, no longer may I greet you  
With the incense of a sigh;  
For alas! I lack ten dollars,  
So a *lass* I lack as well.  
You, so winsome, ne'er need murmur,  
"Oh! *alas!* I lack a *swell!*"

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications have been received from "Ganges  
"Solo" and "Thistledown," for which thanks are tendered.  
The latter is recommended to try again,—the lines are full of  
promise. "Jamix." The subject is exhausted.

**TAILORS.**

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

**YEAR BOOK IN SETS.**—Parties wishing to procure the **YEAR BOOK** in Sets since the commencement, 1867, 1868, and 1869, can get them at **DAWSON BROTHERS,** or the Office of the Publishers, 67 Great St. James Street.  
An extra special edition has been printed to supply the back numbers. The price of the set is \$1.  
The edition of 1869, on superior paper with cover, 25 cents; cheap edition, 12 cents.

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*Architect,*  
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The finest qualities of Oysters received daily by Express.  
Call and judge for yourselves.  
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Oysters in perfection.  
Wines and Cigars of the Best Brands only, kept in Stock.

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Works, 145 to 179 William Street.  
City Sample and Sale Room, 118 and 120 Great St. James Street,  
and 582 Craig Street,  
MONTREAL, P.Q.

**RAILWAYS.**

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA.**—1868.—Trains now leave Bonaventure Station as follows:—  
**GOING WEST.**  
Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and all points West, 8.30 A.M.  
Night do. do. at 8.30 P.M.  
Accommodation Train for Kingston and Intermediate Stations, at 7.00 A.M.  
Trains for Lachine at 5.30 A.M., 7.00 A.M., 9.00 A.M., 12 Noon, 3.00 P.M., 4.40 P.M., and 5.00 P.M.  
**GOING SOUTH AND EAST.**  
Accommodation Train for Island Pond and Intermediate Stations, at 7.00 A.M.  
Express for Boston at 8.40 A.M.  
Express for New York and Boston, at 4.30 P.M. via Vermont Central.  
Express for New York via Plattsburg, Lake Champlain, Burlington, and Rutland, at 5.30 A.M.  
Do. do. do. 4.40 P.M.  
Express for Island Pond, at 2.00 P.M.  
Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham and Portland, stopping between MONTREAL and ISLAND POND at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Waterville, and Coaticook only, at 10.10 P.M.  
Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains.  
Baggage checked through.  
The Steamer "CARLOTTA" leaves Portland every Saturday afternoon, on Friday arrival of Train from Montreal on Friday night for Halifax, N.S., returning on Tuesdays. She has excellent accommodation for Passengers and Freight.  
The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 5 P.M. for St. Johns, N.B., &c.  
Tickets issued through at the Company's principal Stations.  
For further information and time of arrival and departure of all Trains at Terminal and Way Stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Station.  
**C. J. BRYDGES,**  
Managing Director.  
Montreal, 5th Oct., 1868.

**THE DERBY.**



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



**Devins' Vegetable Worm Pastilles**  
Prepared only by  
**DEVINS & BOLTON,**  
Chemists,  
MONTREAL.

**CABINET-WARE.**

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

**INSURANCE.**

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

**NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Incorporated A. D. 1841.  
Assets, \$12,000,000, and no Stockholders.  
The above Company have appointed the following gentlemen to be Directors for the Dominion of Canada:—  
President:  
**WM. WORKMAN, Esq.** (President City Bank)  
Directors:  
**F. P. POMINVILLE, Esq., Q.C.,** of Cartier.  
**Pominville & Betourney.**  
**A. W. OULVIE, Esq., M.P.P.**  
**VICTOR HUDON, Esq., Merchant.**  
**WALTER BURKE, Genl. Agent,**  
Herald Building,  
51 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

**P**ROSPECTUS FOR 1869

OF THE  
*Publications of*  
**JOHN DOUGALL & SON,**  
MONTREAL.

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

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

- 1.—The **DAILY WITNESS** contains as much reading matter as the ordinary Dailies, and of a choice quality, at about half the price, viz., \$3 per annum. Besides being a first-class Family Paper, it is especially valuable to business men on account of its abundant commercial intelligence, prices current, &c.
- 2.—The **MONTREAL WITNESS**, Eight Pages, Semi-Weekly, \$2 per annum, contains all that appears in the Daily, except part of the purely city matter and advertisements.
- 3.—The **WEEKLY WITNESS**, Eight Pages, \$1 per annum, contains the greater part of the News, Contemporary Press, and Editorials of the Semi-Weekly, with a portion of the Family Reading and Prices Current.
- 4.—The **CANADIAN MESSENGER**, containing Eight Pages, is published twice a month at the very low price of 37¢ per annum, postage paid; or Seven Copies for \$2 to one address. It contains Religious, Temperance, Agricultural, Scientific, Educational matter, Stories for Children, &c. This paper is recommended to the public generally, and it is hoped that its adaptation for circulation through schools will greatly extend its usefulness. It has at present upwards of 20,000 subscribers, representing probably 100,000 readers, but at the very low price (namely, 25¢ per annum, post-paid, if 100 copies are sent to one address), it is hoped that its circulation will greatly increase.
- 5.—The **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** is a handsome Monthly Magazine, containing a rich selection of original and copied articles every month, together with one or more choice pieces of music and pictorial illustrations. Price \$1 per annum, post-paid. This Magazine has been favorably noticed by nearly the entire Press of the Dominion.

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

Any one who will kindly make up a club for the above publications to the value of \$5, and remit the same, post-paid, in bankable funds, will receive, if asked for at the time, the **WEEKLY WITNESS** or the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** gratis, and One Dollar's worth of our Publications for every additional Eight Dollars remitted for them in P. O. Money Order or Canadian Bills.

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

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

LOOK HERE.

The old place is as lively as ever!

W. D. McLAREN,

ST. LAWRENCE STREET,

Corner (939) of St. Catherine.

(Established 1845.)

Has constantly on hand

GROCERIES

Suitable for

All Seasons,

And of the very BEST QUALITIES.

TERMS CASH.

DEPOT & MANUFACTORY

OF THE

COOK'S

FRIEND

BAKING

POWDER,

The best in use.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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



PHOTOGRAPHERS.

ALEX. HENDERSON, PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHER.

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

GYMNASIUM.

BARNJUM'S GYMNASIUM, 19 UNIVERSITY STREET. A new term of the Ladies and Children's Classes will commence on THURSDAY, 7th inst.

Mr. BARNJUM would call particular attention to these classes, the more especially as he has lately received such gratifying accounts from several parents of the immense benefits their Children have derived from the exercises, which are CAREFULLY ADAPTED TO THE STRENGTH OF THE PUPILS, so that the most delicate may engage in them without fear of injury.

Mr. BARNJUM has testimonials from several of the leading physicians of Montreal, as to the excellence of his method of physical training. The Evening Classes for Gentlemen are from 8.30 to 9.30 every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings.

Subscriptions date from the day of joining. Prospectuses and full particulars can be obtained on application at the Gymnasium from 5 to 12 and from 1.30 to 10.

HOTELS.

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

CONFECTIONERS.

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

AMUSEMENTS.

THE VARIETIES, ST. PETER STREET, between NOTRE DAME and ST. JAMES STREETS. The Proprietors of this new and commodious Hall have much pleasure in announcing to the public that, On and After CHRISTMAS EVE, the 24th instant, Every Evening will be presented, at Half-Past Seven O'Clock, a most VARIED, ATTRACTIVE, and BRILLIANT COMIC and MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT, consisting of OPERATIC, VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC—GREAT CHARACTER IMPERSONATIONS and DANCES by English and French Artists. The Programme will vary every evening. Prices of Admission.—Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Chairs, 25 cents. Seats in body of Hall, 15 cents. Soldiers and Volunteers in uniform, 10 cents. Refreshments at reasonable prices.

MUSIC.

MUSIC. The undersigned will furnish Balls, Parties, &c., with a QUADRILLE BAND, or with a VIOLIN and PIANO. The best Music used as soon as published. The Piano, Violin, Flute, Clarinet, Cornet, &c., taught before 7 P.M. at moderate rates. Orders left at 50 Hermine Street will be attended to. PAUL McINNES.

CHEMISTS.

X'MAS SYRUPS, Warranted from the Fruit, and not from the artificial essences. Just arrived from England a large selection of FRUIT SYRUPS for retail trade only. HENRY R. GRAY, DISPENSING AND FAMILY CHEMIST, 141 St. Lawrence Main Street. (Established 1859.)

CIGARS and TOBACCOS.

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

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

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

THE GAZETTE Prospectus for 1869.

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

This system is that which is adopted by the most successful papers in the world—in Great Britain, the United States, the Australian Colonies and South Africa.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We offer inducements of liberal discount to subscribers to PAY IN ADVANCE, with a view to make the system uniform and general. We deliver the Daily by carriers in the city for 26 a year, in advance, and send it by mail for 25. But in all cases when not in advance, the price is 28 a year. Tri-Weekly, in advance, by mail, 23 a year. Weekly, 21 a year. Parties may subscribe to the Daily edition either by the month or the week.

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