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(ESTABLISHED 1845.)

HOLIDAY SEASON—1869.

The Subscriber is prepared to supply, as of old:— FRESH FRUIT—All Kinds, SPICES—Pure, Ground and Whole, FLOUR—Finest Pastry, FRUIT SYRUPS—Very Fine, Farquhar and Wilson's WINTER BEVERAGE, And a general assortment of First-class Family Groceries.

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

The COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER a specialty. The Trade supplied.

PHYSICIANS are invited to call and see

Dr. Babcock's UTERINE

Supporter for Pro-lapsus, Retroversion, and Anteversion, made of pure Silver, and warranted by the Doctor to cure in the majority of cases.

HENRY R. GRAY

Dispensing and Family Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Street, MONTREAL.

(Established 1859)

ALL THE LATEST ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FASHION BOOKS

AT THE Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James' Street, MONTREAL.

H. CORRIGAN, Shakespeare Inn,

77 St. Francois Xavier Street.

LUNCH every day from 12 to 4. Oysters cooked to order.

A choice assortment of Wines, Spirits, Cigars, and DOW'S Celebrated Ale.

Oyster Patties unexcelled in the City.

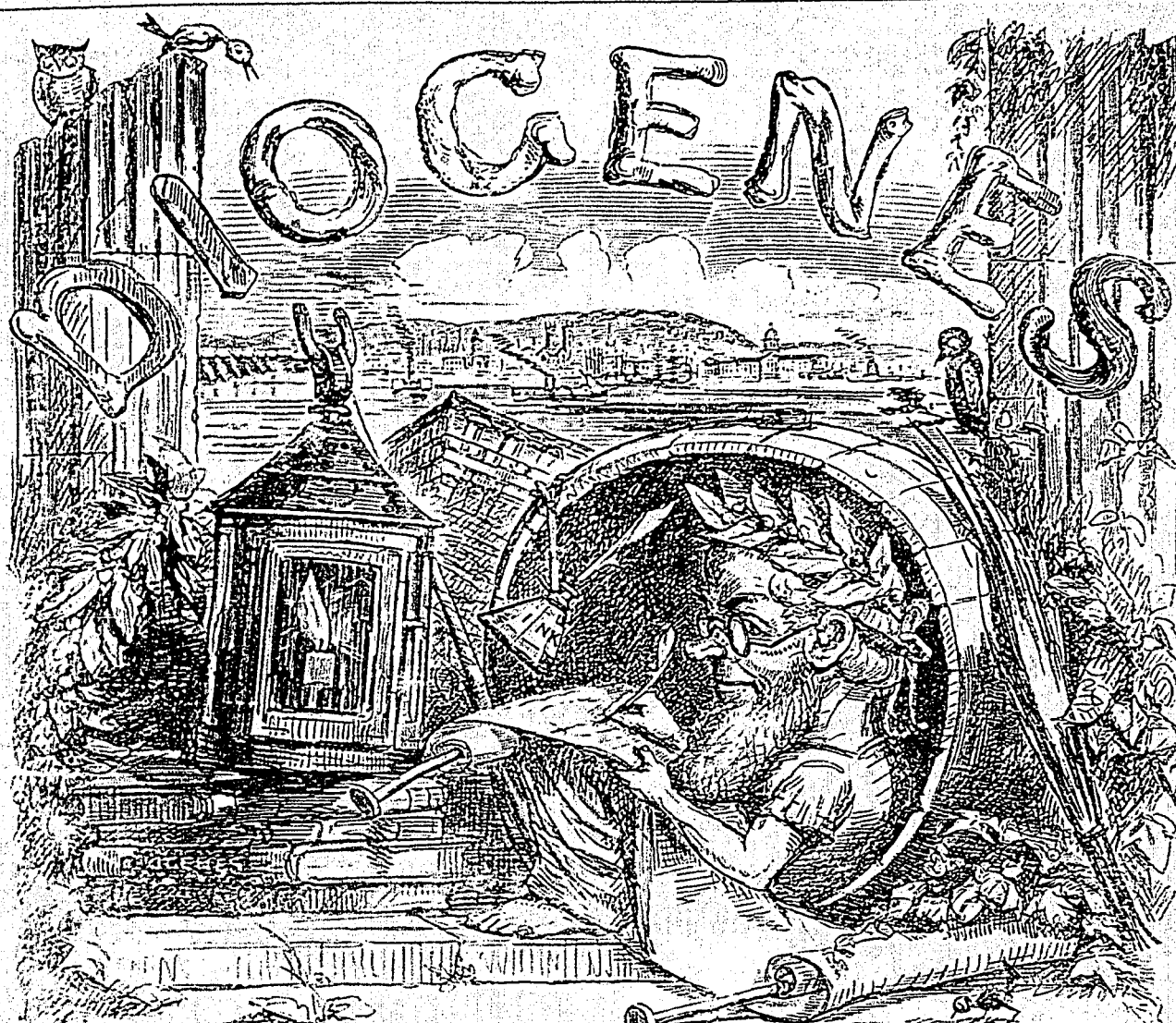
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DAWSON BROS.

have just received PUCK,

His Vicissitudes, Adventures, Observations, Conclusions, Hardships, and Philosophies, related by himself, and edited by ONIDA, author of "Strathmore," "Grandville de Vigne," &c.

For sale at 55 to 59 St. James Street.



Vol. III.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, 31st DECEMBER, 1869.

Price—Five Cents.

KINAHAN'S "LL" WHISKY.

DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.

This celebrated old IRISH WHISKY gained the DUBLIN PRIZE MEDAL.—It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "KINAHAN'S 'LL' WHISKY."

Also, in Store, 100 Cases BOOTH'S OLD TOM, and EXTRA GINGER CORDIAL.

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

1869. CHRISTMAS! Fancy Goods

FINEST PERFUMES, Brushes, Combs, Sponges, Soaps, and other Toilet requisites.

BAKING POWDER Flavoring Extracts and SYRUPS all kinds.

For sale by J. E. D'AVIGNON CITY DISPENSARY 252 Notre Dame Street, (opposite Mussen's.)

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Prepared only by DR. PATCH, 364, Strand, London.

A perfect cure where a surgical operation is not absolutely necessary.

J. Rogers & Co., 133 St. James' Street, AGENTS.

CHRISTMAS STORY BOOKS

AT THE Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James' Street, MONTREAL.

NEW MUSIC.

THE PRINCE ARTHUR MARCH.

By Mr. O. Pelletier, Played by the Rifle Brigade Band at the Drill Shed Concert on the 17th.

De Zouche Bros., 35 Notre Dame Street.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Now merrily sound the Christmas bells,
And hearts are cheerily glowing;
And out on the wide waste moors and fells
Sharp winter's winds are blowing;
But pile up the fire,

And your hearts to inspire
Join hand in hand together,
Singing, Christmas is here,
With his old Christmas cheer,
And his old merry Christmas weather.

CHAMPAGNES.

Moet and Chandon's "Extra," pints and quarts,
Moet and Chandon's "No. 1," " " "
Moet and Chandon's "No. 2," " " "
Max. Sutaine & Co.'s Versenay.

Theo. Roederer & Co.'s Carte Blanche, qrts. and pts.,
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"Chateau Margaux," "Chateau Lafitte," "Margaux," "St. Julien," "Medoc," in pints and quarts.

NATH. JOHNSTON'S

Chateau Margaux, 1858, Chateau Lafitte, 1858, Chateau Latour, 1858, Chateau Latour, 1861, Chateau Lafitte, 1864,
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Red Burgundy, White Burgundy, Pale and Gold Sherries, Superior Old Port, White Port, Madeira.

LIQUEURS.

Chartreuse, Maraschino, Curacao, Noyeau, Orange Bitters, and Assorted.

RHENISH AND PALATINATE WINES.

HOCK and MOSELLE, Still and Sparkling.

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SPARKLING HOCK, SPARKLING MOSELLE, SPARKLING BURGUNDY.

With the Largest and most Complete Assortment of CHRISTMAS DELICACIES and CHOICE GROCERIES ever offered to the Public of Montreal.

ALEX. MCGIBBON, 67 St. James Street.

NEW GOODS,

PER "AUSTRIAN."

Just received by Express, *ELECTRO-PLATED* From the Celebrated House
ONE CASE of *WARE,* of JAS. DIXON & SONS,
Sheffield.

ONE CASE of *GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,* From Switzerland

TWO CASES of MUSIC BOXES, CLOCKS and FANCY GOODS, from PARIS.

AND

TWO CASES of *JEWELLERY, Electro-Plated Ware.*

And a Fine Assortment of JARDINIÈRES.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.,

271 Notre Dame Street.

☞ Sign of the Illuminated Clock.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

IF YOU WISH TO
MAKE A HOLIDAY PRESENT THAT WILL DO CREDIT TO YOUR TASTE
AND JUDGMENT, GO TO MELLOR'S, AND YOU WILL FIND
WHAT YOU WANT. THE MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT
OF GENUINE GOLD JEWELLERY IN THIS CITY.
E. G. MELLOR, 215 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite McGibbon's).

WILLIAM SAMUEL,

367 Notre Dame Street, Montreal,

Has now ready a very fine Stock of
GENTLEMEN'S FUR CAPS,
of the most approved styles.

ALSO

AN ASSORTMENT of FUR COATS, GLOVES, SNOW-SHOES,
TOBOGGANS and LORETTE MOCCASINS.

"REMBRANDT"

PHOTOGRAPHS,
FROM RE-TOUCHED NEGATIVES.

J. INGLIS,

101 St. James Street.

W. H. & G. T. LULHAM,
GOLDSMITHS,

Diamond and Etruscan Jewellers,
Engravers and Enamellers,
No. 13 PLACE D'ARMES,
MONTREAL.

Jewellery Neatly Repaired.

SELECT BOARDING
ESTABLISHMENT,

For a Limited Number of Ladies and
Gentlemen.

No. 923 ST. CATHERINE STREET,
(Nearly opposite the Crystal Palace.)

and at

ALBION HOUSE,
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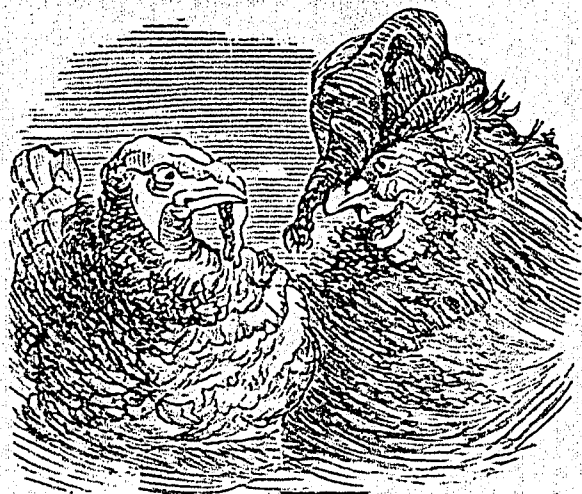
MRS. H. SMITH, Proprietress.

JOHN McDONALD,
Accountant,

NORTH BRITISH CHAMBERS,
MONTREAL.

References:

Messrs. J. G. McKenzie & Co.
" A. R. Robertson & Co.
Wm. Workman, Esq., Pres. City Bank.
Walter Ross, Esq., M.P.P., Picton, Ont.



CHRISTMAS TURKEYS.

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. XI.

THE FAMILY AT HOME.

Gilbert finished his articles, and was, through the instrumentality of his old chief, appointed second engineer on the line. The paralytic father was, of course, obliged to resign his living in Blankshire. The whole family now came to live in a pleasant cottage at Highgate, and, through the Earl's influence, Gerald was provided with a situation in a large and well-known Insurance Office. The parson had become a complete imbecile. It was a melancholy sight to see the once-gifted man with all memory for recent things quite gone, though still retaining vividly the scenes of his early youth. He could now hardly ever bear Gerald from his sight. He could not understand why he should go to the city daily. "He had left school now," he said, "What was that office of which he spoke? He wanted him to read Greek with him. Why was he not ready to do so after breakfast? He was not formerly so disobedient." He never saw him now but of an evening, and not always then. This "not always then" was as ominous as true. Gerald loved his father and sister dearly, but he was perfectly incapable of enduring restraint. He had imbibed a taste for excitement, which his recent escapade had certainly not lessened. To sit reading aloud every evening to an invalid father was anything but agreeable. His home became tedious to him; he sought excitement elsewhere—and where? Not in positive vice,—his mind was yet too pure for that; but he loved the theatre and the music hall. He soon acquired a taste for drink. His salary was ample, and his father, who could not be brought to understand that Gerald earned anything for himself, supplied him liberally with additional funds. He soon came to understand what a "loafers" meant. He was the centre of a knot of this class. The "Champagne Charlie" of the ballad, however ridiculous in appearance, is a character common enough in London. Gerald had now become a thorough Champagne Charlie, ever "Good for anything to-night my boys," with plenty of acquaintances ready to enjoy "anything" at his expense. Gilbert was now much absent from home on affairs connected with the railway, but when able to join the family circle it was touching to witness the extreme deference with which he treated his invalid father. The parson's slightest wish was forestalled. Gilbert never returned to town without bringing with him something which he thought that the old man would like. With the assistance of Lizzy's good taste his father's room was decorated with choice engravings. New and valuable books on subjects which his father loved, were continually making their appear-

ance on his shelves. His greatest object in life seemed now to be to try and obtain some share in his father's affection. It was Esau craving for the blessing of Isaac, of which Jacob had deprived him,—and he partially succeeded. The parson's memory now wandered back to the days when he had considered his eldest son "the fool of the family." All his recent distinctions were to his wandering mind a blank. "Poor Gilbert," he would say, "he is a good lad after all if he were not such a fool. Oh! that he had some of the talents of his younger brother!" And his daughter would listen in silence, trying to make some excuse for Gerald's absence. But Gerald took care never to absent himself when Gilbert was at home. Since the afternoon of that silent ride from Birmingham to London he had stood in awe of that strong-willed brother who could command him by a word. Gilbert suspected nothing, and when he sometimes heard his father complain of Gerald's frequent absences, he attributed it all to the querulousness of illness.

But there was one who knew all. Things of this kind can never be hidden from a woman. Lizzie knew too well whose was that unsteady step which was often heard on the stair at two, three, and sometimes four in the morning. She alone knew that Gerald, some nights, never came home at all. She once ventured to remonstrate with him, and then, for the first time, heard a curse from her brother's lips. This frightened and silenced her, as Gerald intended that it should.

One evening Gerald brought home to dinner one of his new loafer friends, a loudly-dressed, loud-talking individual, whose manners made Lizzie tremble, and quite bewildered her father. The old scholar was slapped on the back, and assured that he had a "jolly nice place." The youth wanted to smoke in the dining-room after dinner, but to this Gerald objected, and proposed a walk in the garden. This, however, his friend refused, saying that he was not going to leave "the old gent's devilish good port so soon." The amount of this that he consumed made the parson stare. After dinner a game at whist was got up to amuse the invalid. The guest proposed guinea points, adding that that was the rate at which Gerald and himself usually played. "Oh!" This exclamation was caused by a very sweet pressure of the heel of the boot upon his friend's toe. Gerald was, himself, getting uncomfortable. During the evening, the young man paid the most unremitting attention to Miss Winter, in a manner which he thought irresistible. He talked of horses, "dawgs," and the last new burlesque, in which Miss Somebody was stunning. He described a comic singer who was, he said, a great favorite of her brother's, and then volunteered to give an imitation of him; but this, again, Gerald succeeded in stopping, to his friend's infinite disgust. It was late when this gentleman took his leave, to the great relief of all. The parson only remarked that his son's friend was rather an original young man, and retired to bed, thoroughly wearied out.

"Gerald!" said Lizzy, "I want to speak to you."

"Oh, put it off till to-morrow; I am going out now."

"No; you must listen to me now. Gerald, how could you think of bringing that man into this house?"

Gerald tried another oath, but this time without effect.

"Oh, you girls are so particular, I am sure he is capital company, and amused father exceedingly."

"You know nothing of the sort, Gerald. Now listen to me. Our invalid father is not to be annoyed by men of that class. Where you pick them up, I know not; but, if another of your dissipated companions sets his foot in this house, I shall—"

"You will do what?"

"Tell Gilbert."

The plucky damsel had reserved her fire, and her shot told.

"You can do as you like," said Gerald. "Gilbert is not the master of this house." But he looked very uncomfortable, for he knew well that his elder brother had a way of making himself master of anybody or anything he pleased.

(To be Continued.)

FLY NOT YET.

[Not by Thomas Moore.]

Mr. Glackmeyer was proposed again on Monday in London for another term as Alderman. He made a speech, in which he declined the honor, and concluded as follows:—"I hope, when I retire, no man will throw a stone at me, as in my own heart and conscience I can fly to-night to heaven for what I have done!"

Fly not yet, we cannot spare
A soul like thine, and do not care
Though vulgar minds imagine ill,
And taunt thee for the little bill
You sent the Council in:
They reek not of thy goods destroyed,
Thy sweet domestic peace alloyed,
But rather sympathise with those
Vile thieves who prigg'd thy sisters' hose;—
Yet, stay,—oh! stay,—
The cheek thou showest is so grand
That in the Councils of The Land
A seat thou yet must win.

Fly not yet, although thy wine
Has all been guzzled by foul swine;
The proceeds of thy little bill
Thy plundered cellar may refill.
Then stay,—oh! stay!
And though thy grapes have been devoured,
And soap-suds on thy *Brussels* poured,—
Fly not away,
Lest while thy flight to *heaven* taking,
Thou may'st a slight mistake be making,
And fly the other way!

OUR CHRISTMAS STORES AND THEIR CONTENTS.

It was the intention of DIOGENES to have given some account of the various ways in which the principal stores of the city have been decorated for the holiday season. He has been obliged to abandon his task in despair. He could not hope to rival those gems of description which appeared recently in the columns of his contemporary the *Daily News*,—wherein poetry is extracted from umbrellas, brilliant thoughts from British tweeds, and philosophical deductions from Finnan Haddies. Our contemporary has, however, made one great omission in the city, which DIOGENES will endeavor to supply, trying, as far as possible, to imitate the graphic style of his illustrious *confreere*.—

TESTACEA & CO.,

SHELL-FISH, DRY GOODS, AND CONFECTIONERY.

The lady proprietress of this noted establishment and her youthful and interesting daughter are among the most enterprising of the female population of our great city. Few can have passed along the broad and umbrageous sidewalks of — street without noticing the elegant little structure—"simplex munditiis"—which contains the varied and beautiful goods for which the firm have long been noted. The street façade exhibits to the admiring gazer two windows, a door, four shutters, painted of a delicate grey color, which adorn the windows by night, and the sidewalks in front by day. A chimney of massive brick-work, but of simple design, surmounts the roof, which is painted of a bright-red hue, reminding us of sealing-wax. In the middle of this chimney is cut a circular hole, into which is skilfully inserted a cylindrical tube of sheet-iron, proceeding from a quadrangular heating apparatus, which stands on four legs in the centre of the floor. It may be interesting to know that the fuel with which this ingenious apparatus is fed is the *betula nigra*, which is supplied in great quantities by the energetic proprietors of the adjoining wood-yard. It is reduced to the required dimensions by means of axes and saws, very skilfully handled by aged specimens of *les enfants du sol*. The first things that strike the eye are six large cylindrical vessels somewhat resembling barrels. These are wider in the middle than they are at the top and bottom, and are strengthened by strong hoops.

The first two of these contain the fruit which Horace has celebrated by the name of *mala*, but which we, in these degenerate days, vulgarly term apples. He must be tasteless, indeed, who could resist the roseate hues of the outside; the alabaster whiteness of the internal portion; and last, not least, the luscious flavor of these productions of Pomona. (When we add that water from the lobsters on the shelf above is continually flowing on to this fruit, so justly termed *fameuse*, it may be imagined that this flavor soon becomes ambrosial.) The next three vessels contain those anomalous shell-fish, which, in the sublime language of the poet,—

"Have a beard without a chin,
And get out of their beds to be tucked in."

Far be it from us to attempt to enlarge on the delicate little Car-aquet. Here may be seen shells of all dimensions, such as those which accompanied Aphrodite when he rose from the briny deep, surrounded by Nymphs and Tritons. The contents of the sixth barrel now claims our attention. These are herrings,—once the denizens of the salt sea-foam, but now more saline than ever. On the shelf above may be seen innumerable specimens of the lobster tribe,—once of a dingy black color, but now, by the skill of man, converted into a brilliant red by the chemical process of ebullition. Sprigs of evergreen are tastefully interspersed amongst the lobsters, producing a brilliant combination of color which would have gladdened the eye of a Rubens.

We now enter this celebrated establishment. To the left is the show case, belonging to the Dry Goods' department. Here may be seen spools of thread, manufactured from the finest ligneous fibre; productions of the silk-worm, made up into convenient skeins; Birmingham fabrics in the shape of pins, disposed in papers of a yellow tint; needles of all kinds, from those used in embroidery by the fashionable lady to those of a more humble kind, adapted for the repair of worsted hose; bootlaces, for both male and female; and laces of another kind, into the mysteries of whose use we dare not enter, but which, we believe, are indispensable to those beauties who improve the outline of Nature by the tasteful application of a Parisian corset. A large quantity of stationery may also be seen for sale. Note paper, with gilt edges, designed for the glowing love-letter of the waiting-damsel; ink, in brown stoneware bottles, varying in price from two coppers to eight; pens in such variety as baffles description, and envelopes, from the commercial buff of the office to the delicate rose-pink of the boudoir of Beauty.

The right hand counter and shelves contain the Confectionery department. We have only time to particularize a few articles in this branch of commerce. Our attention is first attracted by four bottles of a greenish hue, of a somewhat truncated form, and with wide mouths. These contain *succeres* of a most *recherché* description. Small cylindrical pillars of the purest white, encircled, like the column of Trajan, with brilliant spiral bands; others, compounded of the finest juice of the sugar-cane or maple, and flavored with lemon, chocolate, vanilla, arsenic, and Prussic acid. On the counter we noticed a fine specimen of almond candy, on which, either by accident or design, two Finnan haddies had been placed, thus imparting to it a new and original flavor unknown to other confectioners. It may be interesting to know that the scales in use in this establishment were manufactured forty-five years ago, in the city of Rosten, and were purchased cheap for cash at an old iron shop in St. Mary's street. The weights are old ones, and they have not been tested for years. The proprietress informs us that she considers such to be a very unnecessary precaution. From the centre of the ceiling depends a solitary gas-burner. This, when lighted at night-time, produces a magical effect. One almost feels himself transported into the recesses of some stalactite cavern, or into some gorgeous scene of the Arabian Nights. The *chiro-seuro* is such that Rembrandt might have envied.

We had almost forgotten to mention that there is a dog at the door,—not a C. T. P.

FREEZE HIM!

"Gold has been discovered in Lapland!"

It is a well-known fact that gold discoveries have invariably affected prices. Will you, great DIOGENES,—you, who know everything,—be pleased to inform me if the Lapland gold is likely to make rain deer?

•• DIOGENES, indignantly, declines taking the question into consideration: and he would like to send the propounder to the North Cape, and bury him, with his insanity around him, beneath thick-ribbed ice for evermore. He is already half-fossilized.



WINTER LOCOMOTION.

SONG FOR THE SEASON.

Home they brought him, and to bed,
But he never uttered cry;
Whilst they eased his aching head,
Laden with fumes of Rye.

Then they praised him soft and low,
Talked his many virtues o'er,
Who oft had laid his vanquished foe
In drink, oblivious, on the floor.

Reeled a topist rather queer
From the seat whereon he sate;
Gently whispered in his ear—
"Try a cocktail, somewhat straight!"

Rose a swiggster from the bed,
Placed a cup upon his knee;
"Darn you all!" he mildly said,
"Do put some whiskey in the tea!"

A SEASONABLE LYRIC.

Benign Pomona's teeming horn has poured
Into our garner, fair and luscious fruits,
Produced in ev'ry clime, to grace the board
At festive seasons, when it aptly suits
To meet in social concourse, which recruits
The care-worn heart, and sheds a hallow'd light
On memories of days long past. It puts
Its mark on ev'ry soul; its genial might
Ne'er fails to show, through life, its influence pure and bright!

The bounties garnered thus, all tell a tale
Of continents, o'erspread by hill and plain;
Or isles, o'er which the odor-laden gale
Is gently wafted—gems amidst the main.
They speak the ripening influence they gain,
By fav'ring sun, refreshing dews and showers,
Throughout those varied regions which retain
Aught of the primal state, when Eden's bowers
Were tenanted, and Earth was crown'd with fruits and flowers!

THE 'CRAVIN'.

(By Eu. Tensil, Esq.)

Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I pondered pleased and cheery,
On the banquet I had given to the Prince and friends
galore;

While I nodded, nearly napping,
Something in my head kept tapping—
Like a gentle spirit rapping—
Rapping at my scone's core;—
And methought a charming vision
Flitted right across the floor,
And I went and barred the door!

Listened I,—and, listening, wondered
Whether I had merely blundered,
Into thinking I had heard a voice,
Or whether my room door
On its hinges had been creaking.
But no,—distinctly speaking
The voice said, "As I love you,
Be a man—Excelsior!"
And again I saw the vision flit across the chamber floor,
Crying still "Excelsior!"

Then I smiled—not in derision—
At the pleasant waking vision;
And the voice, with sweet precision,
Breathed of honors yet in store;—
And I gave my head some scratches,
And undid the leathern latches
Of my shoes,—and lamp (with matches)
Placed on stand my bed before:
When, with accents soft, caressing,
She said: "William—don't give o'er!
Why should you be affrighted,—
Why should you not be knighted,
As worse have been before?
You're 'His Worship' now; but higher,
Still higher, you must soar;
So, my William, don't give o'er!"

Then I laid me on my pillow;
But, like mariner on billow,
In my bed I tossed and tumbled,
Hoping night would soon be o'er;
While the moonlight, pale, came streaming,
And the lamp-light, flickering, gleaming,
Threw strange shadows 'cross the floor:
I saw Swords, Coats, Breeches, Collars,
Flitting then across the floor;
And, I wondered, were they shadows?
And with laugh, which seemed a roar,
She said, "NOTHING—NOTHING MORE!"

ART MANUFACTURE.

The *News* informs us that, among other articles, our artistic townsman, Mr. Mellor, has for sale "a squaw, sitting upon a stump of coral;" also, a brooch containing "three little fledglings, a day old, or thereabouts, with a mother swallow feeding them."

What wonderful decorations for the person of a lady!



SHOCKING IGNORANCE.

1ST GENT. (*Late member of a Literary Club.*)—"OF COURSE YOU KNOW LOCKSLEY 'ALL?"

2ND GENT. (*who affects the Military*)—"AW,—LOCKSLEY HALL? NO.—DOES HE BELONG TO THE WIFLES?"

1ST GENT. (*indignantly*)—"THE RIFLES? CERTAINLY NOT! I MEAN LONGFELLOW'S LAST NEW POEM!"

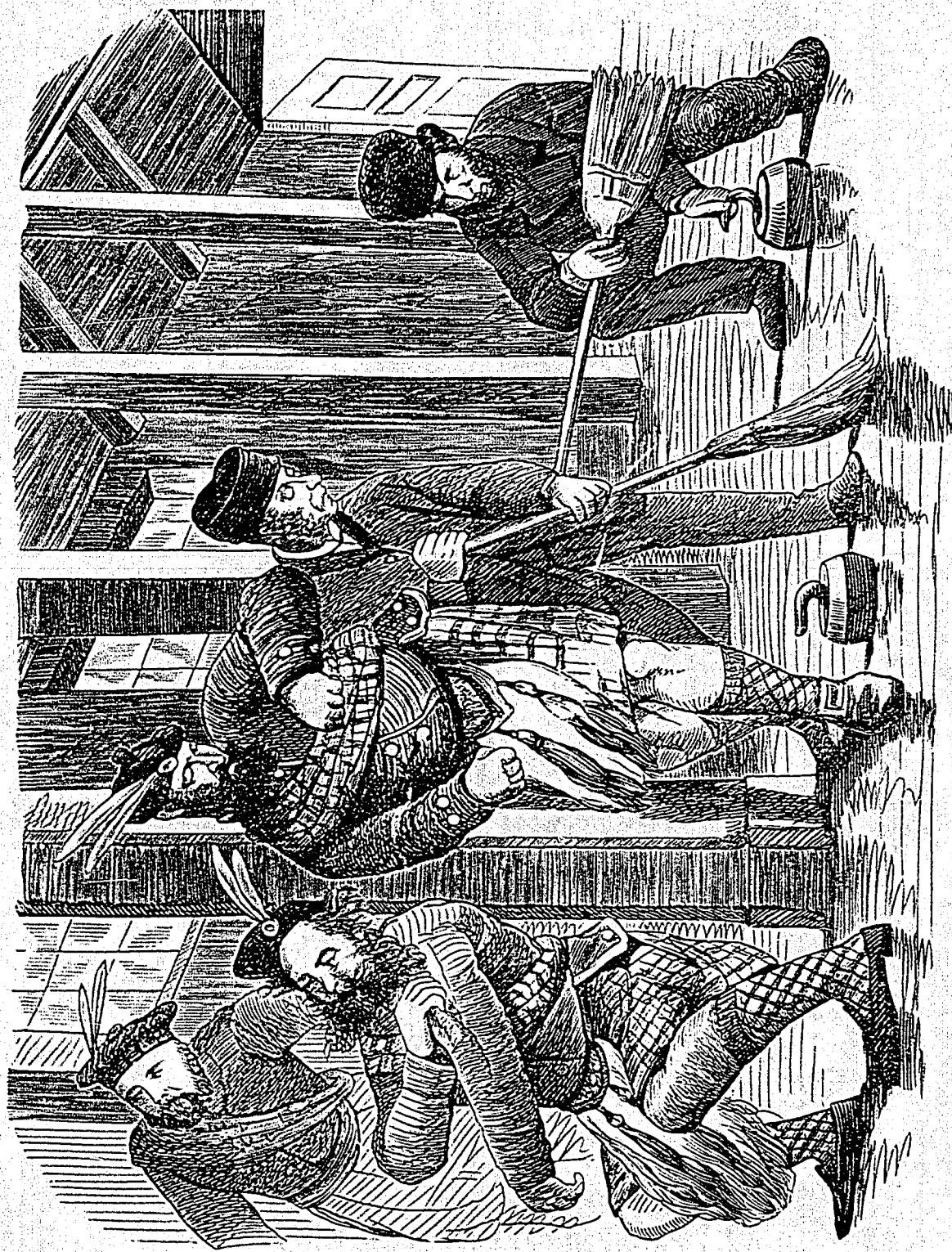
SPOTS, BLOTS,—ETC.

Auditor Langton has recently been delivering an astronomical lecture, in which he announces the discovery of spots and queer figures on the sun. An impenitent sinner, in the audience, whispered to his neighbor—"What a pity he has not directed his telescope downwards; there is a place, much nearer home, where he might, possibly, have discovered spots and blots and queer figures in any number!"

ASTRONOMERS AND POLITICIANS.

When Astronomers desire to repulse, they do not avail themselves of the centripetal power. When politicians wish to attract, they generally make use of centrifugal agency. Example—The Red River.

THE LATEST WONDER.—How in the world a—an *individual* like Mr. Organist Carter secured admission to the Montreal St. James's Club?



OUR WINTER EXERCISES, No. 1.—“God Bless the Duke of Argyll!”

"COME RIDDLE MY RIDDLE."

Many a long year ago—some time after the pre-historic period, when swallows built their nests in old maids' beards,—the State of Bœotia, lying between Phocis and Attica, in Northern Greece, was visited by a terrible portent.

Hera, the wife of Zeus, who aspired to be the fashionable leader of the period, and the real director of the politics of the day, had, for reasons best known to herself, imposed upon the country a fearful incubus called the "Phincks."

This sanguinary monster was let loose upon the people, and wandered, hither and thither, seeking whom she might devour. Her head and heart were those of a woman,—so that, observing her from a distance, many were led to believe that she was as others were,—but a closer approach served to convince all who beheld her that she was possessed of the body of a dog, and that she was, *de facto*, as vile and degraded in the scale of humanity as they had previously believed her to be comely and intellectual. She was, moreover, provided with a scorpion's tail, from whose remorseless point she could launch the keen venom of her wrath against her enemies; and eagles' wings served, as they had erst-while done, to carry her beyond the reach of outcry from the Bœotians, when the extent of her excesses had rendered her very existence precarious.

The Bœotians were a stupid people: History says so, and we dispute not History. It may have been that they were predisposed to stupidity; or, that they were affected by their singular climate, as others have imagined. Be this as it may, the main fact remains uncontroverted. The "Phincks" was possessed of inordinate rapacity!

To all whom she met she propounded a riddle, and those who failed to give her an answer became the victims of her cunning. The moral and intellectual standard of the Bœotian of the period would seem to have been of a low order. He had been accustomed to render himself a willing victim to the specious representations of any adventurer who chose to impose himself upon him, however evident his trickery. For a time he silently bore the tyranny of the "Phincks;" but, her depredations daily increasing, he at length took courage from the very extremity of his distress, and resolved, at any risk, to free himself from a bon age so odious. 'Twas long before the days of the *Gazette* or *News*, and DIOGENES, the Cynic, himself, was, as yet, unborn.

The oracle of Apollo, at Delphi, could alone solve the knotty problems of the day, and from it was demanded how the Bœotians might rid themselves of their incubus; and the answer came: "When any one can be found who shall answer the riddle she propounds."

But to the poor Bœotians this was no easy task, for the "Phincks,"—well-versed in ambiguous phraseology and everything that pertained unto word-craft,—had in it embodied the secret of herself.

"What," quoth she, "is it that, having once proved itself incapable of trust, seeketh, after the lapse of many years, to obtain that trust once more?"

At last, one Œdipus, son of Laius and Jocasta, having purified himself by fasting, and poured out a costly libation to the gods, declared himself ready to go forth and do battle with the monster.

And when the "Phincks" saw Œdipus approach her den, where she basked amid the whitened bones of her victims, she regarded him as Goliath, the mighty Philistine, may have viewed the shepherd David, when he came out against him, clad in a raiment of sheepskin, and armed

only with his sling and three smooth stones, chosen out of the brook. But when, confident of victory, she propounded to him her story, he fearlessly answered: "The thing whereof thou speakest is 'A Statesman—or Thyself!'"

And when the "Phincks" found that Œdipus had read her riddle rightly, she cried with a voice most terrible to hear, and, spreading her broad pinions to the blast, rose aloft into the air, and rid the Bœotians forever of her presence.

—So ends the eventful story of the "Phincks;" and, whether a myth, an allegory, or a real event in the early history of the human race, it paints a moral which DIOGENES commends to his readers,—

"KNOW THYSELF!"

OBJECTIONABLE ETYMOLOGY.

The Princess of Wales was safely delivered of a princess at 12:20 on Friday morning at Marlborough House.

The loyalty of DIOGENES, like the virtue of Cæsar's wife, must, of course, be above suspicion; and, therefore, he has no dread that any disparaging remarks he may think it necessary to make, with reference to the above paragraph, will be construed as evincing a tendency to Annexation, or even Independence.

While it is impossible to deny that royal scions are becoming almost as "plentiful as pippins," DIOGENES rejoices in the auspicious event above recorded with all the fervour of a truly faithful and loving subject, and feels in no way disposed to echo the objectionable sentiment of Mr. Harris, who, on the authority of Mrs. Gamp, hurt the "feelin' 'art" of his spouse by saying of his *ninth*, that it was "one too many, if not two." But, what the Cynic *does* object to, is the *manner* of the announcement. "Safely delivered of a *Princess*; why not say of a *daughter*? Why, if this mode should become established, we may expect to hear of the lady of Sir Timothy Snooks, the ex-grocer, being safely delivered of a *Baronet*! Or the fashion may even be imported to this title-loving Dominion. True we have, as yet, no hereditary titles to speak of; but then we are not over particular as to our legal claims in that respect (especially at Quebec); and we may yet see the announcement of the lady of Sir J. A. McD— being safely delivered of a "K. C. B.," or the spouse of our Chief Magistrate presenting her husband with a *Mayor*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR DIO:—I read in the *St. John Daily Telegraph*, of the 5th inst., the following:—"After the programme had been finished, two pipers of the 78th Regiment appeared, and gave, with good effect, the 'REEL OF STRASBURG.'" Does the "Garde Ecossais" still exist in France? We trust it has been a *mistake* of your esteemed correspondent, though our friends over the way, talking of Strasburg, might consider it *all sass*.

Yours ever,

B FLAT.

INTERESTING.—The wife of Constable Berrard was delivered, a few days ago, of her twenty-first child. It was christened yesterday. It is difficult to say whether it is a matter of congratulation for the constable or not.—*Gazette*.

Difficult! Congratulation! Try it yourself, and see how you like it.

QUERY.—Is Epps' Cocoa good for *Disp-epps-sia*? Perhaps Mr. McGibbon will reply.



L'ENFANT DU SOL.

THE SONG OF "THE PRESSED" ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Ask me no more!—Enough has passed my lips
This day to float on alcoholic seas
A hundred thousand richly-freighted ships,
With all their load of silks and spiceries,—
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more!—The ravened glutt'nous air
Did swoop upon me in the street to-day,
As eagles did on Ganymede, to bear
Thy humble servant to the milky way;—
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more!—Without, the "bobby" stands;
His steps are tracked upon the lonely weald;
A poet dreads the touch of his rude hands;
No more, dear love,—for, at a touch, I yield,—
Ask me no more!

"LOOK OUT FOR THE FIRST!"

It is well known that, from the multiplicity and heavy nature of his official duties, Mr. Postmaster Freer has, hitherto, been unable to make the acquaintance of a large number of clerks and other employes placed under him through Ministerial and Parliamentary interest. It is, therefore, intended that these gentlemen shall favor Mr. Freer with a visit on New Year's Day, for the purpose of being formally introduced to their local chief. To prevent mistakes, each gentleman is requested to bring with him a certificate, proving his identity.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—Mr. John Jones is informed that a number of letters (either 15 or 51), addressed to him, during the past season, were placed in the box of Mr. John Smith, owing to the unfortunate similarity of the two names. Mr. Jones may, perhaps, find some of his letters by applying at the Dead Letter Office.

HIS WORSHIP'S BALL.

This magnificent spectacle is likely to be regarded by future generations as a memorable era in the history of this great Dominion. DIOGENES, the Governor-General, Peter Muggles Esquire, President Grant, and numberless other illustrious personages, from all parts of the world, will be present. Her Majesty the Queen and their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French have been asked, but their replies have not yet been received. They will come, of course, if they can. General Butler has sent word that he would willingly be there, and join in an Irish jig with Mrs. Muggles, on the condition that the Mayor and Corporation should buy from him a large lot of spoons and other silver-ware which he does not find it safe to dispose of in the United States, notwithstanding the moral grandeur which characterizes his countrymen in such matters. President Juarez and President Lopez have sent ambassadors to Montreal to announce that they will appear here on the appointed day, if in possession of their heads, on or about the first of January. To add variety to the scene, His Worship was especially anxious to procure the presence of five or six black Presidents from Hayti and St. Domingo; but, unfortunately, the British Admiral on the West India station was unable to send a fleet of steam frigates for their Excellencies, in consequence of the dangerous state of affairs in the Island of Cuba.

We regret, however, that one thunder-cloud overhangs this auspicious event, and endangers the harmony of the occasion. The President of the St. Andrew's Society has intimated that he cannot attend the festival, unless the Presidents of the St. Jean Baptiste, the St. Patrick, and German Societies be excluded. He also insists that a haggis shall be placed at the head of the supper-table, preceded by four pipers, dressed in full Highland costume (especially the kilts), playing "O, the fat brose of old Scotland," and that the band engaged for the evening's enjoyment consist chiefly of bagpipes. It is not true that Mr. President Robertson persisted in introducing the Scotch fiddle, though there was some serious talk on that subject. We trust this important controversy will be amicably settled; and, certainly, the fact of Mr. Robertson's surrender of the fiddle question, is strong proof of his enlightened liberality on points of national dignity and honor.

We need not say that His Royal Highness Prince Arthur will be in attendance on His Worship the Mayor, although it has been mentioned in fashionable circles that H. R. H. intended to go moose-hunting just before the ball, and to return shortly after the grand affair came off. We are delighted to contradict this rumour; and DIOGENES protests against its further circulation, as inimical to the interests of commerce and the country; for Morrison solemnly declares that it arrested the sale of ladies' evening dresses to a tremendous extent. Even Hincks, for the moment, had a doubt if the consequent state of the revenue would permit of his election expenses being paid until matters come round again.

THEY ARE TO BE PITIED.

There is said to be trouble among the contractors on the Intercolonial. They are greatly bothered about *Spans* and more about *Brydges*. It is generally thought that the *Spans* of many of them will be short, and that it will be dangerous trying to *get over* (their) *Brydges*.

THE OLD STAND.

(Established 1856.)

The Subscriber offers a Full and Varied
Supply of
DELICACIES,
As well as the more Substantial Goods required for the
HOLIDAY SEASON.

CUSTOMERS SUPPLIED WITH HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

WM. MCGIBBON,

Corner St. Gabriel and Notre Dame Streets.



HOLIDAYS! HOLIDAYS!! HOLIDAYS!!!

PRESENTS! PRESENTS!! PRESENTS!!!

A HANDSOME AND USEFUL PRESENT!!

An Enduring and Pleasing Memento to those needing
Aids to Sight.

Call on LAZARUS, MORRIS & CO., 295 NOTRE DAME STREET, UP STAIRS, who have a splendid Stock of BEAUTIFUL GOLD SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES. Set with our Celebrated Perfected Lenses manufactured by us, and guaranteed for five years. The Best in the World for Strengthening and Preserving the Sight. No more acceptable Present to your Parents, Grand Parents or Friends can be found. They are handsome, useful, and last many years without being changed. Sights filled by correspondence. For sale by us only.

1869 HOLIDAYS 1870

MAGAZIN DU LOUVRE,

BEAUDRY'S BLOCK.

The following Choice GOODS, for the HOLIDAY SEASON, are now ready for inspection at the above Establishment:—

- SILKS. LACES. FLOWERS. FEATHERS.
- BONNETS. HEAD DRESSES. EVENING DRESSES.
- LACE BERTHAS, &c. &c.

in the very latest London and Paris styles, and at moderate prices.

BALL & EVENING COSTUME.

"Flounces are still increasing in favor."—World of Fashion, Dec.

On hand a magnificent collection of White and Black Lace Flouncing, and Tricots in Honiton, Chantilly, and Limerick Laces, at

WM. McDUNNOUGH'S,
(Successor to James Parkin.)
British and Continental Lace House,
250 Notre Dame Street.

[ESTABLISHED 1849.]

A HANDSOME "ERARD" HARP,
DOUBLE-ACTION, AND IN EXCELLENT CONDITION, FOR SALE BY
GOULD & HILL,
115 St. James Street.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PIANOS AND CABINET ORGANS, FOR THE HOLIDAYS, JUST ARRIVING.

Business Notice.

There is a time for all things, and the present is just the opportune moment to give prominence to the great fact, that no good and perfect dinner can be well prepared, and no comfortable noon-day luncheon got up, without the aid of OYSTERS and Oyster Sauce, which desideratum can be supplied, at a moment's notice, by J. B. BUSS, 17 Place d'Armes.

STATIONERY

PAPER.

Arrival of Fall Stock.

150 CASES OF THE CHEAPEST AND BEST QUALITIES

ENGLISH WRITING PAPERS

of every description.

Bookbinders' Leathers,

Copying Presses,

Inks, Envelopes, &c., &c., &c.,

AT

SUTHERLAND'S

Stationery Warehouse

160 & 162 ST. JAMES STREET,
Adjoining the Ottawa Hotel.

HALF PRICE.

THE BALANCE OF STOCK OF

Christmas Stationery,

Note-Paper,

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TO BE SOLD OFF AT HALF PRICE

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N.B.—All classes of Fire Risks accepted on most moderate terms.

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Accumulated Fund..... \$7,500,000.
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Montreal, 15th October, 1869.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

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have on hand their usual supply of good things for the season, viz.:

- SCOTCH BUNS AND SCOTCH SHORT BREAD.
- ICED & ORNAMENTED CAKES,
- PLUM, CURRANT, CITRON,
- AND POUND CAKES,
- FRENCH FANCY BOXES.

A beautiful assortment CORNUCOPIAS, at Prices to suit all. CONFECTIONERY of the best descriptions. FRENCH CREAM BON-BONS.

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- ENGLISH do do
- IRISH do do
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All of the latest importation.

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Of the best quality and latest styles.

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CAKES, PASTRY, AND CONFECTIONERY
FLOUR,
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XXX in BARRELS, } BARRELS, } BARRELS, and EIGHTHS.
Excellent Family Flour, in 14 lb. bags.
OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, AND BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.
Graham Flour, manufactured from the Finest White Wheat.
SELF-RAISING BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, } in 6 lb. Packets.
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FRESH MARMALADE!

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SARDINES AND LOBSTERS!!!
SALMON & MACKEREL!!!!
RAISINS! RAISINS!! CURRANTS! CURRANTS!!

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An Extensive Assortment of the above now arrived from the OTTAWA FACTORY,
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The Millinery Show Room of this Establishment is now open.

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Gives a beautiful set of Artificial Teeth with gums, the same kind as used by all other Dentists. Fifteen Dollars gets the very best that can be made on Vulcanite Plate. Gold filling for One Dollar. Everything done in the very best manner, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. The best city references can be given to satisfy persons that I do all that is promised. Teeth extracted without pain, under the nitrous oxide, for fifty cents each. No charge made for preparing the mouth under this delightful agent when artificial teeth are taken. Save money, time, and trouble by going to 101 Bleury Street.

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PRECIOUS STONES kept in Stock, Cut,

Polished and Set in the latest styles.

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Oysters cooked in any style on two minutes' notice.
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Welsh and American Anthracite Coals for sale in lots to suit purchasers, in close a consignment.

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Housekeepers supplied, free of dust or dirt, in their coal cellars, in iron baskets.

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TRAINS GOING SOUTH AND EAST.
DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.40 a.m. for Rutland, Boston, &c., arriving in Boston at 10.30 p.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.30 p.m. for Waterbury, Boston, and New York, arriving at Boston at 8.20 a.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with Cheshire R. R., for Boston and Worcester, and with Vermont Valley R. R. for Springfield, &c., arriving in New York at 12.30 p.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.
DAY EXPRESS leaves Boston via Lowell at 8 a.m., arriving at Montreal at 10 p.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Bellows Falls at 10.10 p.m., receiving passengers from Vermont Valley R. R. leaving New York at 12.15 p.m., and from Cheshire R. R. leaving Boston at 5.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6.00 p.m. for Montreal.

Sleeping Cars are attached to both the night express trains, running between Montreal and Boston, and St. Albans and Springfield.

For tickets and freight apply at Vermont Central Office, No. 30 St. James Street.

For further information, and time of arrival and departure of all Trains at terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Station.

G. MERRILL,
General Superintendent.