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NEW AND FRAGRANT TEAS, FINE
 COFFEES, GENUINE SPICES, EAST and WEST
 INDIA GOODS and GENERAL FAMILY GROCERIES
 of Best Qualities, and at *Lowest Remunerative Prices.*
 W. D. McLAREN,
 247 St. Lawrence Street, Corner (639) of St. Catherine.

MEDICAL HALL GINGER-ALE FACTORY.
 The Proprietors have added largely to their manufacturing
 facilities. They can now turn out
 12,000 BOTTLES PER DIEM.
 GINGER ALE, SODA WATER, SELTZER WATER, POTASH WATER,
 KISSINGEN WATER, VICHY WATER.

(Established 1859)
Henry R. Gray
 Dispensing
 AND
 Family Chemist,
 144
 St. Lawrence Street.
 FRESH VACCINE
 always on hand.
 Sole Wholesale
 Agent for
 DR. WEBB'S
 ODONTINE
 The best Tooth
 Powder extant.

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 IMPORTING
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 Manufacturing
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 WHOLESALE AND
 RETAIL,
 71 & 73
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 MONTREAL.
 Account Books
 made to order
 on short
 notice.

**MRS. STOWE'S
 NEW BOOK**
 (Copyright Edition
 for the Colonies.)
OLDTOWN FOLKS
 By HARRIET
 BECHER STOWE.
**THE ATLANTIC
 MONTHLY**, for
 March, in announcing
 the approaching com-
 pletion of Mrs. Stowe's
 new novel, states that
 "it will take its place
 at once with those few
 choice books, in which
 New England life and
 character are depicted
 in a masterly manner."
 This edition has been
 specially prepared for
 the Colonies. Price,
 75 cents.
Dawson Bros.



Vol. II.—No. 5. MONTREAL, 11th JUNE, 1869. Price—Five Cents *FWALKER, Jr.*

CLARET. CLARET.
 2000 Cases Nice, Light, Sound WINES, Pints and Quarts, from \$2.50 a Case and upwards. 500 Cases "BARSAC" *Ch. sup.*
 And an Assortment of "HUNGARIAN" WINES—all of direct importations.
ALEX. MCGIBBON, Importer of Fine Wines, Liquors, &c.

**MASON'S
 FRUIT JARS,**
 Hermetically Self-
 Sealing.
 For preserving Fruit
 in its natural state
 without Sugar, after
 many years' experience,
 found to be the
 most reliable. A
 large lot of the differ-
 ent sizes, cheap.
W. D. McLAREN,
 St. Lawrence Street.

**ONTARIO
 MEDICAL HALL**
 265
 Notre Dame Street.
 Physicians'
 Prescriptions and
 Family Receipts
 carefully com-
 pounded.
 The
 Largest Stock of
 Surgical Instruments
 in the City.
C. G. Wilson
 Chemist & Druggist.

**KANOURASKA.
 Sea-Bathing.**
 The undersigned in-
 timates to her friends
 that her Private
 Boarding House is
 now re-opened for
 the Reception of
 Visitors, Families,
 and Invalids, who
 may desire to enjoy
 the benefits of the
 invigorating air of
 this fine Watering
 Place, as well as the
 comforts of a first-
 class Country Residence.
Mrs. H. SMITH,
 Albion House,
 KANOURASKA.
 N.B.—In addition
 to the Railway Cars,
 there will be a Steam-
 er from Quebec direct
 to the Village three
 times a week.

Music.
MUSIC at a
 price within
 the reach of all.
 The most popular
 Songs, and pieces at
 5 cents each.
DeZouche Bros.,
 351
 Notre Dame Street.

Paper Hangings.
 THE most com-
 plete Stock of
 WALL PAPERS in the
 in the City.
 Splendid Patterns at
 very moderate rates.
DeZouche Bros.,
 351
 Notre Dame Street.

(Established 1849.)
British and Foreign
LACES
 and
EMBROIDERIES.

The only House in the Dominion
 devoted exclusively to the sale of
PURE LACES.


Real Lace,
 From the simple to the most costly
 production.

Large Collection of Pure Laces
 suitable for
Wedding & Birthday Gifts.

BRITISH, PARISIAN & BELGIAN
 NOVELTIES
 Received Monthly at

Wm. McDunnough's,
 (Successor to James Parkin.)
 250 NOTRE DAME STREET.
 (Established 1849.)

W. GEO. BEERS,
 DENTIST.
 Office & Residence
 12 BEAVER HALL TERRACE
 MONTREAL.


J. H. WALKER,
 ARTIST,
 and
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
 13 Place D'Armes,
 MONTREAL.

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CONFECTIONERS,
 391 Notre Dame Street.
 ICE CREAM,
 WATER ICES, AND
 SODA WATER,
 ALWAYS ON HAND.

FISHING TACKLE.
CHAPMAN'S
IXL
TROLLING BAIT,
 FOR PIKE, PICKEREL, BASS, TROUT, AND
 MASKINONGE.
 The best in use, and most sought after by
 Sportsmen.
 For sale, Wholesale and Retail, by
T. COSTEN & CO.,
 Agents for Montreal,
 27 ST. JAMES STREET.

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

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

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

Directions for their use.

As a laxative and diuretic, the most obstinate case of habitual costiveness will yield to two
 or three tumblerfuls taken BEFORE BREAKFAST, one tumblerful generally being sufficient.
 As an alterative Tonic, a tumblerful three to six times per diem.
 As a cool and refreshing drink, any desired quantity can be taken at pleasure.

The Carratraca Mineral Waters are on sale by all the principal Druggists in Montreal,
 throughout Canada and the United States.
 All communications must be addressed to the proprietors,

WINNING, HILL & WARE,
 Office: 389 & 391 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

P.S.—Our Ruby Glass Bottles having been unfortunately wrecked on their way out from
 England, the Waters for the present will be put up in Stone Bottles.

CLARET. CLARET.

THE BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.
 FROM \$2.50 TO \$3.00 PER CASE.

DAVID CRAWFORD,
 Grocer and Wine Merchant,
 77 St. James Street.

FROM \$2.50 TO \$3.00 PER CASE.
 THE BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.

CLARET. CLARET.

TOURISTS AND FAMILIES

GOING TO THE
SEA COAST OR COUNTRY,

Can select from the Large and Choice Stock of GROCERIES,
 WINES, &c., at the Lowest possible Cost, and delivered by
 my own waggons to all parts, free of charge.

DAVID CRAWFORD,
 Grocer and Wine Merchant,
 77 ST. JAMES STREET.



THE ANIMAL HAS ARRIVED, AND MAY BE HEARD
 OF AT THE
ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.
ALEX. MCGIBBON.

LACHINE BOATING CLUB.

THE COMMITTEE have the
 honour to announce that their
ANNUAL REGATTA
 Will take place on
Saturday, 24th July, 1869.
 And Competitors are respectfully invited in the
 following Programme of Races:—

- | | | |
|--|-----|------|
| FOUR-OARED BOATS, pulled
from the gunwale. Four miles. | 100 | \$20 |
| FOUR-OARED OUTRIGGERS.
Four miles, open to all-comers. | 100 | 20 |
| DOUBLE-SCULL OUTRIGGERS,
two mile race, and open only to
members thereof. | 100 | 20 |
| SINGLE SCULL OUTRIGGERS,
two miles—Champion Race, open
to all. | 100 | |
| SAILORS' RACE, two miles, open
to boats from ocean-going vessels,
each boat to be manned by not less
than four men. | 40 | 10 |
| DOUBLE SCULLED BOATS,
pulled from the gunwale, two miles,
open to boys under 16 years. | 25 | 5 |
| INDIAN CANOE RACE, four
miles. | 50 | |
| SQUAW RACE in CANOES, one
mile. | 30 | |
| OPEN BOAT SAILING RACE,
about six miles, open to boats not
exceeding twenty feet in length. | 30 | 10 |

The above Races will be subject to the
 Rules of the Club. Copies of these may be
 had from the Secretary.
 Entries must be made with the Secretary on
 or before 3 p.m., on Wednesday, July 21st.
S. H. WALLIS, Hon. Secretary.

GODFREY'S LAST VALSE

"THE GERALDINE,"
 Superbly Illustrated, at Reduced Price, at
H. PRINCE'S, Notre Dame Street.

HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE!

WHITE Hellebore Powder,
 for destroying caterpillars and insects,
 for sale in large or small quantities. Camphor
 (English) for preserving furs. Patent Fly
 Paper, for killing flies. Chloride of Lime,
 Carbonate of Lime, Carbolic Acid, Carbolic
 Soap, for disinfecting. Fruit Syrups, finest
 flavors, wholesale and retail. Iced Soda
 Water, and Vanness Water.
J. GOULDEN,
 CHEMIST,
 177 and 179 St. Lawrence Main Street,
 (Near the Market).

GAS FITTINGS.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
 OF

GAS FIXTURES

OF
 LATEST
AMERICAN
 and
ENGLISH
 DESIGNS.

JUST RECEIVED AT
ROBT. MITCHELL & CO'S,
 St. Peter & Craig Streets.

GASFITTINGS.

THE Subscribers have on hand a first rate
 assortment of English and American GAS
 FIXTURES, consisting of
 LACQUERED AND BRONZE GASAL-
 LIERS,
 GLASS CHANDELIERS,
 GLASS AND OTHER BRACKETS,
 HALL AND TABLE LAMPS, PILLARS,
 &c.
 —ALSO—
 All kinds of GLASS GLOBES, Plain, Cut
 and Engraved. FANCY SHADES, &c.,
 which they will sell at extremely low prices.
CHARLES GARTH & CO.,
 Dominion Metal Works,
 536 to 542 Craig Street,
 Montreal.

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON THE CARTER QUESTION.

DEER OLD DI,—

Hevin reseved your instruksions to speshully reeport thee proceedins to ventilate the Karter's greevanses, i hied me to the randyvous of the enemy. Thee headquarters of this inflooshial body i ascertained to be sitoated in a one-horse grog-shop, containing one story and a gallery, into Blank Street. Proceeding into the sanktum of thee Kummittee of Arrangements, (wich was into a little privct offis behind thee bar, about 7 feet square,) i found tharein assembled thee beuty and fashun of the Montreal Bar. Mr. Paint-Brush, Mr. Black-Currants, "F.B.", & Mr. Chapo, the \$1200 lawyer, awl members of the Brotherhood & Head-Centres thareof. Thay awl had green neckties on, & looked green about thee eyes, wich i thot might proseed frum the nine-mile whisky wich is sold therein. Thee Kummittee were busy smokin, & drinkin, & draftin resolushuns. Thee Karters had a deputashun there also. Says Paint Brush to the hed man thareof, "Hev yoo brot enny munny with yoo to defray thee expenses of this meetin?" Thee Presydent of thee Karters replide, "Worthy brother, times are hard and munny is scarce; can we not proseed on tick?" Black-Currants smiled grimly, & sez hee, "We air willing, ef thair is no munny in your krowd, to proseed on tick; but yoo must deposit with our lurned brother, Chapo, yoor wotches as security tharefor."

This kawsed sum konsternashun amungst thee Karters' kommittee, whareupon the Presydent spoke up, & sez hee, "Ef thers to bee enny pawnbrokin, we hed rather trust Paint-Brush with our wotches & jewelery." After konsultashun amunkst thee perfessors of thee nobil art, Paint-Brush delivered thee judgment of the court in thee followin terms: Sez hee, "Mi frends, wee love yoo; wee all reesolved to trust to yoor onor to pay us for thee sooperhumin exershuns wee air makin to preeserve yoo from thee frends of law & order, but times air precaryous, & offishul assynees air numyrous; & we allus make a rool to get awl the klient has before we start." "Heer, heer," sez Chapo; "dems my sentyments," sez he. Black-Currants, in a speech of flowery eloquence wurthy of Daniel O'Connell, ef he had lived, sed, "My worthy brothers, we air poor in munny and rich in spirits. We kin raise munny on watches, but promises never paid a whisky bill. Our motty has allus bin 'no tick,'—so shell out yoor tickers." Thee tickers were projuced & konsined to thee care of Paint-Brush, who wiped his whiskers & drunk sum whisky & cried, "Hooraw for Cartchee & virtew." Thee krowd outside in thee streets, wich was komposed of peesful, sober & virtuous karters, who hed just returned frum beetin 2 or 3 karters wich were a konformin to law and warin numbers, begun to make a noise, when, in konsideration of the finanshul questun hevin bin settled, the kommittee adjourned to the gallery outside.

Paint-Brush was thee fust speaker. Hee moved, seconded by Black-Currants, "That whareas numbers were inkonvenient on carridges, in konsequens of thee owners thareof bein likely to be found out when thay run over or robbed people, tharefore thay shood be abolished."

"Mi frends," sez he, "thee Chief of Poliss is a tyrant & a despot; hee is a forsin you to ware numbers bekos he is a spekylating. Thee karters ware badges enuff already. Sum had red noses, & sum hadn't; sum got drunk & sum didn't; sum wore a number on thare hats, & most of them carried thee number in thare pokits. As a klass, thee karters were not more frequently represented befour thee Recorder than thee klass hee beeloned to, wich was next to thee klergy. It was wrong to insist upon karters warin numbers at all. Thare shood be free trade in karters, and thay shood be allowed to make karpet bags disappear, and insult thee grate publik in thee same way as anee other perfession, of which he was

proud to be a influential member. For his part he was a Q. C., and ef he was not, or thee bizness was bad, he wood fly to the perfession of a karter for his daly sustenance. But as a rule, he did not care to earn his livin in such a arderous way by thee swet of his brow. Hee preferd to make uther peeples brows swet for it. But hee wood not detane them anee longer. In konklushun, hee wood sing them an old song, to wit, "God save thee Queen."

Mr. Chapo, now addressed thee krowd. Hee is a lawyer of very prepossessing apearanse, long hare, sum branes, & plenty of tongue. Sez he, "I am in favor of shuttin up thee korporashun, & abolishin thee numberin of karters." Sez hee, "i am indebted to a karter wich onse took mee round thee mountain to meet a klient; hee took mee in thee rong direcsun, & i made munny thareby. I have furgotten whether hee had enny number or not. Mi frends, i am a member of thee legislatur, & bein out of wurk now, i will see you rited & thee best way to git yooore rong rited, is to subscribe a good sum of munney, mi frends." (Heer thee honorable member wuz interrupted by kries of "Long-toe, Long-toe," & "shoe, shoe," wich i understood to meen, that thee honorable speker was originally a cobbler.)

Black Currants then kame forward. Hee is a hansum yung man & a graceful speker, & reminds mee of Dan. O'Connell, with whom, in mi yuth i wuz very intymate. Sez hee: "Mi lurned brethren, thee karters of Montreal air a prowld & impulsive race; sum peple say that thay air awl honist, but i think this is a exaggerashun. It has been asserted frum this platform, that thare never wuz a kase of incivility known to be performed by a Montreal karter. Indeed thee Rekorder's Court could not be supported for one day, ef thare wuz no karters, & whare wood wee be in elekshun times ef thare wuz no karters. Thee karters' profeshun is not to be sneared at,—indeed, it wood be better for sum lawyers ef thay ware carters, & i am thinking that in these hard times, i kin make more munny drivin a bus than into thee legal profeshun. Gentlemen of thee jury," sez hee, "i rekommend you awl to atend thee next Kounsil meetin & heer Rodden & David & Bernard & Stephens, speak onto this grate question."

A kollexshun wuz now taken up, amountin to 72 cents, & thee krowd broke up. I returnd to the offis of DIOGENES to discharge thee mournful task of ritin up those reflexshuns.

Yours trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

"FROM GRAVE TO GAY."

The irrepressible penny-a-liner scribbles advertisements so rapidly, that his paragraphs are often placed in most quaint juxtaposition. Here is a case in point from the columns of the *New York Sun*:

"The bar-room of the Astor House has been newly painted and adorned in the highest style of art, and the parlors and sleeping-rooms have been furnished with nearly 300 Bibles, presented by the American Bible Society. A new stock of choice liquors has been laid in for summer use."

The writer of this notice is apparently of opinion that men's spiritual and spirituuous wants are intimately connected. The true spirit of his "puff" is evidently contained in its last paragraph, as the cream of a lady's letter is often kept for the postscript.

"RUBBISH SHOT HERE."

"What John Bull is going to do, we cannot say. *Just at present he is acting the part of the choleric individual in the play, who seizes a quiet Quaker by the shoulder, shakes him well, wants to know what he loves his temper for, and screams: 'Why can't you be calm like me?'* It is one of the most curious demonstrations the world has witnessed for a long time, and we wait for the upshot."—*Boston Journal*.

KORN KOB REPLIES TO A CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR DIOGENES,—

The following letter was received by me yesterday afternoon:

DEAR SIR,—I want to write for DIOGENES, and, as I know you have a good deal of influence with the editor, I address myself to you. I belong to a Literary and Debating Society, and I have written lots of pieces of poetry, which the girls in our neighbourhood say are splendid. I could write funny things too if I had a mind, (*sic*), and I am only nineteen.

Now I want to know, what writers for DIOGENES get mostly? Can I make more money that way than by going into a grocery store? If you think I can, I'll send some pieces I've written, and you can give me your opinion of them. Don't you think poetry would pay better than prose?

What sort of fellow is the Editor? Does he encourage rising talent? I suppose he has read nearly all the books there are? Hoping to receive an early answer, I remain,

Yours, etc.,

THOMAS —

As I have had several communications within a fortnight, all requesting information on the same subject, I propose for the benefit of all concerned, to answer this one publicly, in the columns of DIOGENES.

My dear Thomas,—I have received your modest epistle, and it is now my pleasing duty to furnish you with the advice and information you require. Your desire to become a contributor to DIOGENES, is a laudable, though not by any means a singular one, being shared by you, in common, with about three hundred young gentlemen throughout the Dominion. Still it evinces an ambitious spirit, and as merit is worthless, unless spurred by ambition, it is safe to infer that you are possessed of at least one of the qualities which ensure success.

You say truly, that I have a good deal of influence with the Editor, but didn't it strike you, Thomas, that you approached me in rather an unusual way? Wasn't there something left out,—something forgotten in your communication,—some little formula dispensed with, that is considered necessary among business men? Not that I want anything for myself,—I would scorn the imputation,—but if you had enclosed ten dollars, begging me to confer it on some charitable institution, with your compliments, it would have been a grateful and graceful acknowledgment of the value you placed on my services. However, I know that a hint on this matter will be sufficient.

So you belong to a Literary and Debating Society, do you Thomas? Those societies are very good things in their way. I read of one the other day, that decided Napoleon to be a usurper and without any legal claim to the French throne. This decision, however,—of which the Emperor must have been made cognizant by this time,—doesn't seem to have affected his policy much. So far, he has shown no signs of an intention to abdicate.

And you've written lots of pieces of poetry too? Why you must be a great fellow, Thomas! Belong to a literary society and write lots of poetry, and only nineteen! And the girls in your neighbourhood say it's splendid! Better and better! But I say, Thomas, if I were you I wouldn't lay too much stress on what the girls say. Girls, Thomas, are not the very best judges of poetry. Take their advice on the colour of a ribbon, or the price of a bonnet,—but poetry,—no Thomas they're not reliable!

And you could write funny pieces if you had a mind! Very likely you could, Thomas. A great many people could write funny pieces if they had the mind. But they haven't got it you see. That's where the rub is, Thomas.

What do writers for DIOGENES get mostly? Well they get abused, like thunder, by the Editor, mostly, when he has been compelled to wade through three or four sheets of drivelling nonsense, without finding a single good thing. Men, who

can write, however, get paid, and paid well. I don't think, though, this latter circumstance will affect you, just at present, Thomas.

Could you make more money that way, (by which I suppose you mean writing,) than by going into a grocery store? That depends a good deal on circumstances. Manuscript is a shaky commodity,—a very risky article indeed, Thomas, even at the best. Besides writing is hard work and a man of your physical organization might find wrestling with an idea, much more fatiguing than hoisting a barrel. On the whole, I think, Thomas, if I were in your place, I'd take my chance on the groceries. As to that little suggestion about sending me some of your pieces to read, I beg you to reconsider it. I never harmed you that I know of, and I don't see why you should entertain other than friendly feelings for me. No, Thomas, retain your manuscript. It may be of use to you some of these days.

Don't I think poetry would pay better than prose? Well now, do you know I don't think it would. And I'm quite sure, neither would pay you half so well as chopping wood or digging potatoes.

What sort of fellow is the Editor? Well he's a very decent sort of fellow, and he just *has* read lots of books. You may safely invest all your pocket money on that. You can't come round him with any of your stale jokes or stories, cribbed from somebody else, and foist them on him for original,—not much,—Thomas! If you did you'd soon find out what sort of fellow he was.

Yes,—he encourages rising talent. And so do I now encourage you to go home, and burn every bit of rubbish you ever penned, and if ever you feel an inclination to scribble again, get a pickaxe or a shovel and go out and work like thunder and lightning, till the malady has left you. Hoping you will be benefited by my advice, Thomas,

I remain, your friend,

KORN KOB, JUNR.

A REVEREND PUNSTER.

The Leviathan of Literature once asserted that "the man who would make a pun, would pick a pocket." This assertion must be received with considerable reservation. Puns have recently been made—if we are to believe the newspaper reports—by members of Parliament at Ottawa. Of course, none of these illustrious men would ever pick the pockets of the public! Nay, more. The Rev. Mr. Punshon lately punned near Ottawa; and DIOGENES has extreme satisfaction in embalming his well-authenticated pun. Mr. Eddy (of Hull), who is well known to the Cynic,—chartered the steamer "Alexandra," for the purpose of sailing down the Ottawa and showing Mr. Punshon all the beauties of the scenery. There was a pleasant party of about 150 excursionists. Before reaching Ottawa, the eloquent Methodist thanked his entertainer for his kindness, and closed a brilliant *extempore* speech in the following terms:—

"He had always associated in his mind with an *eddy* the idea of dread or danger,—something, in fact, to be avoided if possible, or encountered with extreme caution; but henceforth the word would be significant to him of a very different class of feelings, and he only hoped he might continue to have the good fortune of being sucked into many a similar vortex or *EDDY*."

Bravo! Mr. Punshon. Not bad for a beginner! *Dulce est desipere in loco*. In a short time DIOGENES will expect a contribution from your pen. Don't spare your puns. They will be duly appreciated, now that your ability has been made known;—and there is many a *Neddy* in Canada who will afford you opportunities of making innumerable jokes.

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR CONTINUES HIS
DESCRIPTION OF HIS FELLOW-BOARDERS.

BOARDER No. 2—"THE ATHLETE."

He is, also, a young man, of apparently about twenty summers,—decidedly a handsome specimen of humanity, not very tall, certainly not at all stout, with a jovial good-tempered pair of eyes peering under his dark locks. He is wonderfully strong and amazingly active. He seems, physically, constructed of no flesh and all muscle. One would almost think that a certain amount of wire-rope formed part of his arms and legs. How seldom we see a stout man excel in feats where activity must be combined with strength. The stout, strong man is made for lifting weights, "putting the stane," "tossing the caber," &c. How seldom we see a stout cricketer? I remember, in my boyhood, to have, once or twice, seen the veteran long-stop Beagley. He was the fattest man I ever saw on the cricket field. Beagley never let a ball pass him, and, therefore, never had to run after one. Nobody liked being in with Beagley, because,—splendid bat as he was,—he could not run, and the old man always obstinately refused to let any one run for him.

But to return to our young man. He was educated at the High School, and, to judge from his intelligent countenance, I do not imagine that he, in any way, disgraced that institution. He is at present in a hardware establishment, where he attends with great regularity, and where, I feel very certain, he does his duty to his employer.

But how does our youth spend his leisure? He rises at a very early hour, and before the rest of the house are awake he is out at the swimming bath, or practising Cricket or Lacrosse, or taking a long walk in the country. I think it would be well if some more of our young men would imitate him in this respect. He certainly is in splendid health, and prides himself not a little on the means taken to attain it. He despises sickness. I am looked upon as an interloper,—a sort of contamination of the healthy athletic atmosphere. Were it not for his natural courtesy, I believe that I should hardly be treated civilly. He spends his evenings with a party of other young athletes generally in the room over mine. Here Lacrosse sticks and Cricket bats are repaired, and athletic sports form the sole and invariable topics of conversation. Toward a later period of the evening these young gentlemen generally improvise a gymnastic "bout." By the applause of the bystanders, I imagine that wonderful feats are there performed. Occasionally, a heavy body descends with a loud "thud," and nearly comes through the ceiling over my head. Now all this is very pleasant, but I confess I am not sorry that these youths are going to move to Lachine next week for the boating season. I, however, readily acknowledge that, with all its drawbacks to me personally, this is a much more rational way of spending an evening than perpetual "night after night" euchre and old rye,—so common with young men in boarding-houses.

Our athlete's library consists of a Bible (which was a present from his mother), a list of the city fire-alarm boxes, a book about Lacrosse, and the last rules of the Marylebone Cricket Club. He despises reading and readers. The other day, our "poet" asked him if he could tell him who was the author of the line,

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

He replied, with a look of withering scorn, "Who cares now-a-days about who wrote anything,—there are so many pretenders, to this sort of thing?" This was severe; but he hates the poet, and the dislike is mutual. The sole pursuits of this young man's—by no means limited—leisure, are athletic sports, and had he not to work for his

living, I believe he would make of them the business of his life. Surely this is too much of a good thing.

A few days ago, the *Witness* published an article extracted from an English paper, entitled, "Too much athleticism." The article was an excellent one, but went rather too far. Lord Adelbert Cecil has recently regretted the hours he spent at the gaming table. So far, so good; but why link with the gaming-table the healthy sports of Cricket and Boating in which, when I knew his Lordship, some years ago, at Hamilton, he was so proficient? The Rev. Charles Kingsley did good service when he took up the cudgels in their favor; and I am glad to see the Rev. Ward Beecher following suit. Athletic sports are good for body and mind. They induce health and manliness; and not least, they are among the greatest antidotes to hard drinking that I know of. A drunkard could never pull "stroke" in the Oxford or Cambridge crew. But there is, even in Montreal, "too much athleticism." Gymnastic displays are being degraded to acrobatic exhibitions. As much of rings, horizontal bars, leaping, vaulting, dumb bells, and Indian clubs as you please, but let us abolish the "trapeze." The time spent in learning to hang by the feet, from a suspended bar, is simply time wasted. It degrades the gymnast into a circus performer. I read, too, the other day, that at a recent amateur gymnastic entertainment, Mr. ——— delighted the spectators with some wonderful exhibitions of "contortion." If these sights are considered healthy and improving, our taste is degenerating.

Of all the men of the athletic school that I most despise, commend me to the members of the "Alpine Club." These consist of a number of gentlemen, whose sole object is to endanger their lives and limbs by scaling peaks hitherto deemed inaccessible, and for no other object than to be able to say that they have succeeded. From this sweeping censure, let me except two eminent scientific members who have taken part in these dangerous ascents, (and still more dangerous descents,) for geological and other worthy purposes; but the majority of the members have no such excuses. Three gentlemen have already lost their lives in these rambles. I am of those who consider that no man has a right to risk his life unless he has, at least, a commendable object in view.

Perhaps, after all, my dear Dio, our long friendship inclines me to be too cynical. You will, perhaps, say it is easy for an invalid to sit in a chair and "rail" at the pastimes which delighted his youth. Perhaps you are right; but I think there is rather "too much athleticism," nevertheless.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

What a hubbub there will soon be at "the hub of the universe!" The Musical Festival at Boston is to last three days. There are to be 20,000 performers, and 70,000 persons are expected to be present. The programme as given in some American journals, reads like a burlesque. It is to open with the national anthem, "Hail Columbia," to be rendered in the following manner:

Symphony—Hail Columbia, once through by the full band of one thousand performers. 1st verse—full band of one thousand, and grand chorus of twenty thousand. 2nd verse—full band, grand chorus and chiming of all the bells in the city. 3rd and last verse—full band of one thousand, grand chorus of twenty thousand, bells chiming, drums rolling, infantry firing, and cannons pealing in the distance in exact time with the music.

The bells are to be rung and the cannons fired by electricity from the music-stand.

If it be really true that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" it is to be hoped that Messrs. Sumner, Chandler, Train, and the Fenian Head Centres will all be present at this Monster Concert.



FRIGHTFUL APPARITION!

MONTREAL MILK WOMEN THROWN INTO "HIGHSTRIKES" BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A "FIEND IN HUMAN SHAPE," WHO RINGS AN ALARM BELL AFTER THE MANNER OF "THOSE HARUM-SCARUM FIREMEN."

RABIES No. 2.

A FISHY TAIL.

A LEGEND OF MIRAMICHI.

In the sheltered bay of Miramichi,
On the silvery, soft, tho' saline sea,
A schooner lay with canvas free,
Her sails quite idly flapping;
For the Captain had been on a drunken spree:
(An ignorant kind of cuss was he,
And cussedly fond of napping.)

From a snooze he woke with a kind of start,
Crying, "Shiver my timbers," and "Smash my chart,"
"I guess I'm not over partikler smart,
To be lying here idly wishing,
When I ought, at least, to be making a start—
Plying my craft, and using my art,—
In short, when I *art* to be fishing."

Then strolling forward he gazed o'er the side,
Thro' the rolling deep cerulian tide:
And down in the depths below he spied
A fish that was worth the catching;—
A monstrous thing, as long and wide,
As St. Patrick's Hall on the Craig Street side,—
And he *sighed* as he stood there watching.

Then he swore, till the deck beneath him shook,
And an oath, (with a spoon and sugar), he took;
And he got him a bait, and he got him a hook,
And dropped it into the ocean,—

While the fish glanced up with a knowing look,
And wagged his tail till his scales all shook,
At such a *taking* notion.

Then opening his jaws to a fearful size,
Like the good little boy who shuts his eyes,
Not knowing but what it may be flies
That Fate is after sending,—
As I hinted just now, he gave one gulp,
And the captain, and ship, and crew were—PULP,—
A very *crew-ill* ending!

And they say to this day in Miramichi,
That the ghost of the captain haunts the sea
In a state you might possibly call pulp-ee,
Near that bay so fair and shelly;
And that after sunset the sea shines bright,
With a kind of phosphorescent light,
Like an ocean of calves-foot jelly!

MOR-I-AL.

This narrative is fishy,
Now pray don't think it *stale*;
I may, perhaps, be *erring*,
But "'tis very like a whale."

A DOUBTFUL QUERY.

What is to be done with the Drill Hall? is a question often asked, but never satisfactorily answered. Can the City Council propound the conundrum?—*Gazette, June 10.*

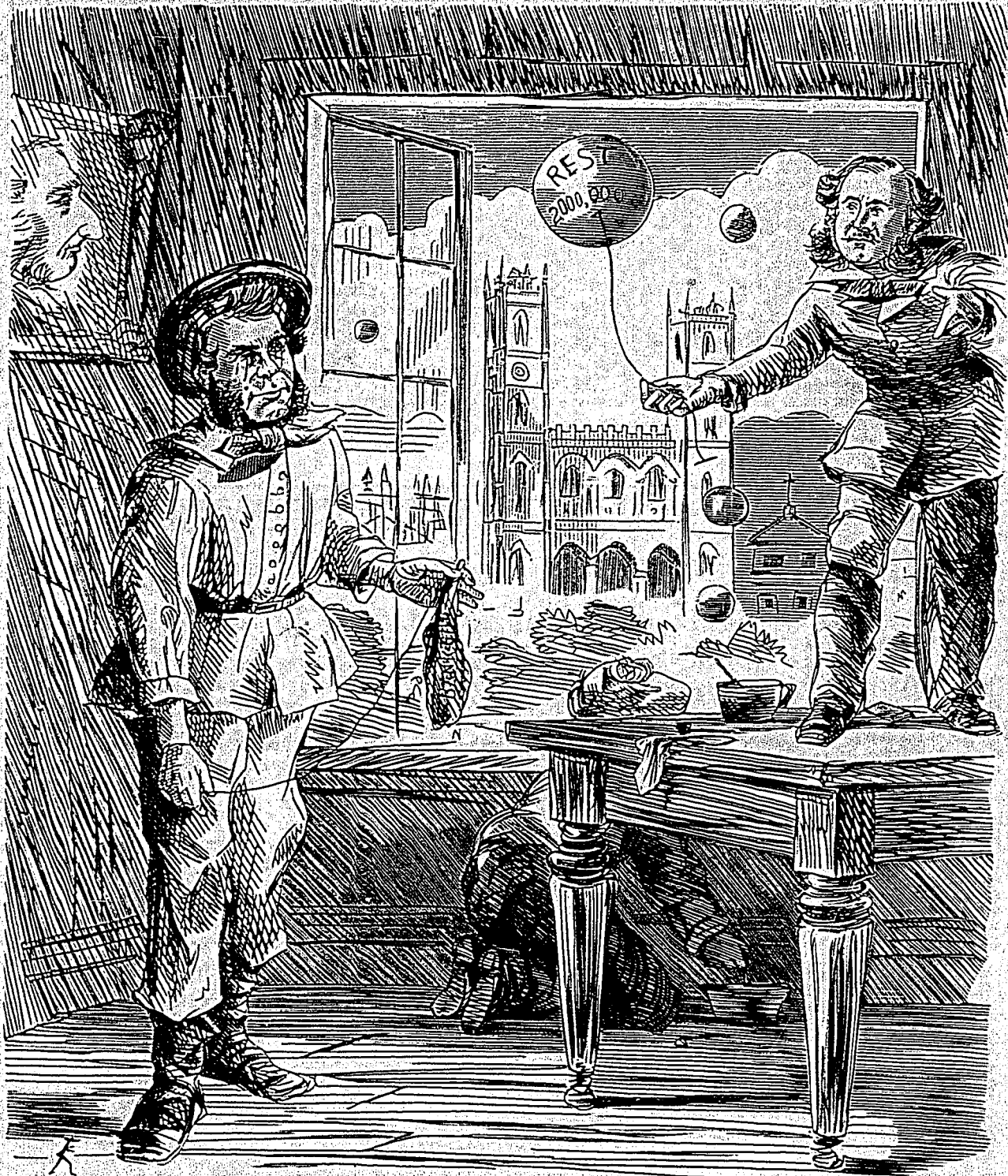
The Cynic thinks they can—but who can solve it?

A CIVIC ITEM.

The *Telegraph* has caught the Nicholson fever and is trying hard to inoculate the City Surveyor with the *virus*. That official appears to have partially succumbed, but the *Telegraph*, determined to rid itself of the infection, is anxious to communicate it to the whole official body. DIOGENES is curious to see if the City Surveyor will bear the process without wincing. A little cauterization occasionally does good, and under certain circumstances, may conduce to health and longevity. The Cynic will be delighted if it has this result in the case of the City Surveyor who is an able and painstaking officer, deserving of public support.

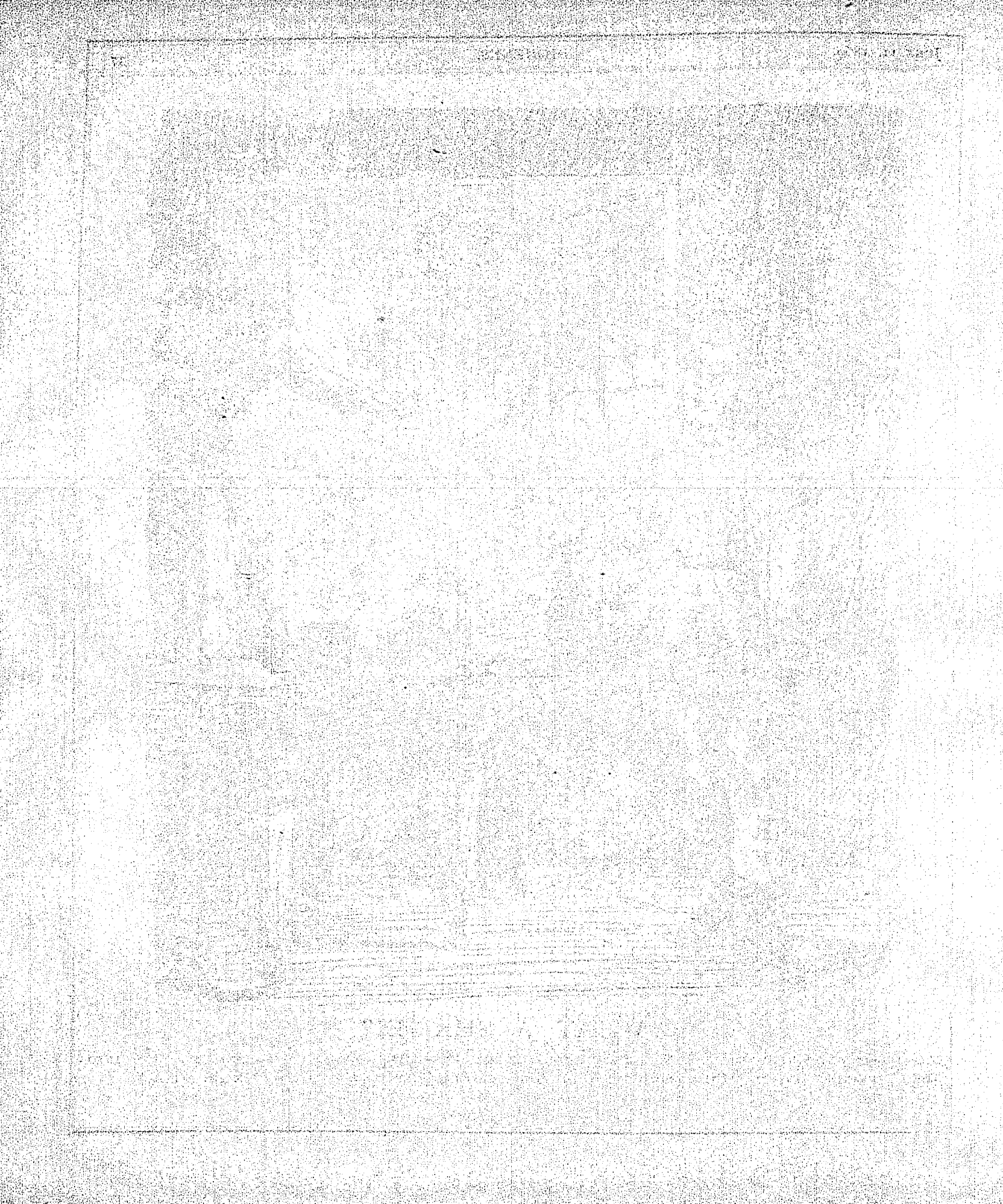
EMULATION.

Sir George having settled the Volunteers, John Rose, not to be outdone, wants to settle the Banks, while the great question, HOW TO SETTLE THE COUNTRY? still remains unsettled. This is the momentous question. Who will answer it?



“WHAT A SHAME!”

JOHN—(log.)—OH! LOOK HERE, NED, THERE'S SOME OF THE BOYS HAVE BEEN AND GONE AND STUCK PINS INTO THE BIG BLADDER, AND NOW I'M BLOWN OUT! I'M AFRAID SOME OTHER BOY WILL HAVE TO RAISE THE WIND!”



"A SENSITIVE PLANT."

A few days ago, an amusingly irate article shot like a rocket from the Montreal *Gazette*. It was fired in consequence of a remark in the *Edinburgh Review* that "the tone of the Colonial press is low and ignorant, yet the newspapers are the only publications read by the people."

Now, DIOGENES is very far from believing that either of these statements is literally true: but, if, with a carelessness which seems culpable, the Reviewer has gone astray in one direction, the *Gazette*, as surely, has floundered in the opposite. The Reviewer undervalues the intellectual character of the Canadian Press and its readers,—the journalist overrates them, through unreflecting patriotism. The truth, as usual, lies somewhere between the two writers.

Though enunciated with an air of authority, the *dicta* of the Colonist are not weighted with facts. For instance, he says: "Now, we utterly deny that the newspaper, good or bad, forms the staple of our reading." The late Hon. T. D. McGee, who was, probably, on this point better informed than the *Gazette* writer, was of a very different opinion. In one of his latest lectures, he spoke as follows of the Press in the new Dominion: "This newspaper literature forms by much the largest part of all our reading." The *Gazette* continues: "Owing to the cheapness of books, all who choose can find means of gratifying the love of literature." This statement is unsatisfactory on account of its ambiguity. The Cynic, while admitting that "all who *choose can* find means," denies that very many *do* choose or *do* find means to gratify the love in question. In a large number of the houses of even wealthy Canadians, the library, if there is one, is a meagre collection of ill-selected and ill-arranged volumes, whereas the opposite is generally the case in the homes of people of corresponding means in England and Scotland.

According to another of Mr. McGee's statements, founded on the authority of one, whose daily business makes him acquainted with the facts, works of fiction form 44 per cent of the sales of books in the Dominion, religious books, 18, and poetical works, 10: the remainder comprising volumes on historical, scientific and literary subjects. "The demand for novels, however," said Mr. McGee's informant, "is not nearly so great as it was;" and this he traced to the growing preference for newspapers and periodicals that contain serial stories and romances in chapters. The *Daily News* of this city would probably lose more than half of its subscribers, if it were rashly to discontinue the publication of "Siballa the Sorceress," "Biddy McCarthy," and other red-peppered and "highfalutin" balderdash. A country newspaper,—the *Huntingdon Journal*,—has lately disinterred the fossil remains of the "Scottish Chiefs," and galvanizes in its weekly columns the corpse of that weakly romance. Under all these circumstances, it is worse than a blunder to compliment Canadians on their love of literature, or to "deny that the newspaper forms the staple of their reading."

But the *Gazette* continues: "Nay, more; we may venture to say, that taking population into account, the *Edinburgh Review* itself, is more read and better known in Canada than in Scotland; and that the sweeping accusation against writers and readers has been seen and angrily denied by more men in Canada than in the city of the cold mists and unfinished monuments." DIOGENES positively refuses to swallow, without a protest, the former statement of this paragraph. He learns from a trustworthy source that about two hundred copies of the *Edinburgh Review* are all that are sold in the Dominion, and this, though the American reprint costs only fifty cents. But even if the sale in Canada were larger than in Scotland, the wonder would not be great. The *Gazette* writer has allowed himself to be deceived by a name. The *Edinburgh Review*, now, has nothing to do with Edinburgh. It is printed and published in London, and is not the

accredited organ of Scotchmen. Moreover, in the "old country," it costs six shillings sterling—a circumstance which will limit its circulation to reading-rooms and lending-libraries, to clubs and the wealthier classes.

As regards the latter statement in the sentence above quoted, the *Gazette* cannot be charged with audacity when it ventures to say that "the sweeping accusation of the *Edinburgh Review* has been angrily denied by more men in Canada than in the city of cold mists and unfinished monuments." Of course it has. It would be a marvel if it hadn't: for, probably, no one in Edinburgh has noticed an accusation which concerns him very slightly, or has troubled himself, if he did notice it, to investigate its truth. "However," says the *Gazette*, "we are not so thin-skinned as to suffer immeasurably under the Reviewer's taunts." Pardon me, Mr. Journalist, but you *are* thin-skinned; and though you may not "suffer immeasurably," you still suffer considerably, or you would never have fired off that brilliant, but irrelevant, epigram about "the city of cold mists and unfinished monuments." People who live in glass houses, you know, should not throw stones, and the climate of Canada is by no means so delightful that we can afford to poke fun at the atmospheric misfortunes of other countries. As regards the "unfinished monuments," if the Cynic's memory does not play him false, it would sorely puzzle the epigrammatist to name the memorials at which he scoffs.

Once more, at the conclusion of his article, the writer betrays the thinness of his skin when he describes the peccant Reviewer as "sneering from a *fifteenth garret*." The phrase is, strictly speaking, devoid of meaning. But what of that? It was intended to be cruelly sarcastic. It is, doubtless, ludicrously untrue.

MR. AND MRS. WATKINS.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

Having read highly favorable notices of the performances of Mrs. Watkins, (Mrs. Charles Howard,) in the London newspapers, I was prepared to see in her, an actress of merit. I assure you that I have not been disappointed. Musical art and dramatic talent are seldom developed together,—it being very unusual to find them united in the same person; yet, I confess, I scarcely know whether to admire Mrs. Watkins most as an actress, or as a vocalist. Her acting is sweetly, simply, pathetic, full of earnestness and unaffected grace, and without a shadow of vulgarity or exaggeration. I made use in one of my former letters, of the expression "stagey," as denoting a fault in an otherwise excellent performance. Mrs. Watkins acting is just the reverse of "stagey;" indeed, her strongest feature is *naturalness*, and an almost entire freedom from those conventionalities of speech and action which mar the representations of some of our ablest actresses. She is, at the same time, a cultivated singer; possessing a *contralto* voice of great power and richness and her selection of songs is immeasurably superior to the ditties with which sensation stars usually eke out their attractions.

Mr. Watkins is a good actor and seems to exercise a wholesome influence over the stock company, which is improving, although still far from being *excellent*.

I observe that it is intended, during the present engagement, to produce some of the comedies of Mr. Robertson, the most successful play writer of the present day. Your readers need scarcely be told, perhaps, that he is looked upon as the dramatist whose style in comedy, is expected to reform and revive the languishing drama. His plays possess great literary talent; the dialogues sparkling with wit and humour, and the dramatic situations although treating of the events of every day life, being invested by him with a charming attractiveness. Mr. Robertson's celebrated comedy of "School," will, I understand, be presented on Friday evening. It is one of his best, and has been very popular in London and New York. As it may interest your readers, I propose in my next letter to give you an epitome of the plot and principal incidents of this play.

Yours,

AN OLD PLAYGOER.

SURGERY EXTRAORDINARY.

An oculist advertises that he "inserts artificial eyes without pain and without previous operation." How, in the name of Esculapius, does the doctor get rid of the natural eye?



TRICHINÆ SPIRALIS.

AWFUL EXCITEMENT AMONG THE MEDICOS.

DR. E.—“Methinks I've seen it writ that early bird, doth oft secure the earliest of worms.”

DR. B.—“Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this worm of pork.”

DR. G.—“Is that Trichinæ that I see before me? Come, let me clutch thee !”

DR. F.—“Your worm is your only Emperor for diet.”

DR. T.—“I see it not! nor will I this believe, without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes.”

LEARNED PORKER.—“There are more things in Bacon and Ham, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But—let us come !”

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR OLD DIOGENES,—

All honor to you for your gallant defence of “The Queen's English,” against its mutilators whose name is Legion; but pray pardon my presumption, if I venture a mild remonstrance against an expression which dropped from your venerable lips on the 21st of last month. It grated on my ear, it stuck in my throat; and although I have been told by the authorities, that I ought to swallow it without making a wry face, I have not been able to do it. “The Parliament and people of Canada are an unit,”—there—read that sentence aloud and tell me how you like it. *An unit, an university, an unicorn, an yew-tree.* All these may be right, but it seems to me it would be better to go a little wrong for the sake of euphony. I am tempted to write *an* euphony for after all it is a *new funny phrase*. (Oh!)

But,—joking apart,—my dear old Cynic,—surely English grammar is not one of the exact sciences. May we not therefore, in such cases interpret it by the spirit of the law, instead of by its letter? Spare our nerves and ears, though the ghosts of dead grammarians may wince!—Yours submissively, UNIT.

. The Cynic has some remarks to offer on the above, but want of space compels him to hold them over until next week.

QUIDDITIES.

DIOGENES to the Loyal Opposition.—Spare 'em.
Do to Bohemia.—Harum Scaram.
McGibbon to Muirhead.—Tarc'em.
Muirhead to McGibbon.—Share 'em.
“News” to an afflicted public.—*De omnibus rerum.*

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN LAST NUMBER.

	BIRTH.		DEATH.
Thus :	B	on	D
	I	r	E
	R		A (Royal Artillery.)
	T	igh	T
	H	eat	H

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ST. HILIARE.—Will endeavor to use one of the sketches. Thanks.
ENQUIRER.—The “Carlton” is the High Tory and aristocratic club, of London. It did not derive its name from a celebrated Irish novelist. The Montreal “Carlton” is the embodiment of a new idea and bids fair to be a success.

DIOGENES.

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Havana Cigars.

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TOBACCOS,

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ASSORTMENT of the

VERY BEST BRANDS.

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FROM HAVANA DIRECT.

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FLOR DE CUBA,
HENRY CLAY REGALIA BRITANNICA,
FIGARO. SANTIAGO,
&c., &c.

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19 Place d'Armes.

Also, a further supply of GRONING WILLS'
BRISTOL BIRD'S EYE, and LATAKIA TO-
BACCOS.

"LA FAVORITA"

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manufactured in the Dominion, and just put
on the market by

SAM. McCONKEY,

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MONTREAL.

"LA FAVORITA" is of a mellow and delici-
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to connoisseurs and all lovers of the fragrant
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SAM. McCONKEY at the above address.

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"EXTRA" AND "No. ONE,"

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SOUCHONGS AND CONGOUS,

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he will keep in Stock, in addition to the **CABLE**
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There will also be kept in stock a general
assortment of goods to be found in a first-class
Tobacco and Cigar Store, fine **Virginia Perique**
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S. D. would particularly inform his wholesale
and jobbing customers that business orders will
in future be received at this Store, where all
transactions in connection with the trade will
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S. DAVIS,

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FACTORY,
Nos. 580 AND 582 CRAIG STREET.

Messrs. RICE BROTHERS, the Proprietors of the FACTORY, have constantly on hand a large supply of PAPER COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRT-FRONTS, &c., of all styles. Their goods are manufactured from the best of Plain, Enamelled, Linen, Imitation, Linen-faced, and Marseilles paper, imported direct from England, Germany, and the United States. They are also continually introducing new styles, which for neatness and elegance, far surpass those of any other in the market. Trade strictly wholesale.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
The Floating Bath is now open to the public from 5 A.M. to 9 P.M., during the season. For tickets and rates of admission, see handbills and on board the Bath.

WILLIAM KINGSFORD,
CIVIL ENGINEER,
149 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,
(First Floor.)
PROVINCIAL SURVEYOR,
QUEBEC AND ONTARIO.

TAFT & GARVEN,
ARCHITECTS,
REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT AGENTS,
SOLICITORS OF PATENTS, &c.,
Offices: No. 49 Bligny Street.

GEORGE ARMSTRONG,
Cabinet-Maker, Uphoisterer, and Undertaker,
Corner Victoria Sq. & Craig Street,
MONTREAL.
CHAMBER AND PARLOUR SUITES.
Manufacturer of
ELASTIC SPONGE MATTRESSES
Superior to Curled Hair.

HEARSESS, Coffins, Crapes,
&c., &c., constantly on hand, and all that is requisite provided at the shortest notice and in the best manner, on application to him, without causing any trouble to the friends of the deceased persons. A liberal discount to the Trade. Also on hand and for sale, FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

VICTORIA STABLES.
THE undersigned has opened his new Stables in the building lately occupied as an Armory in Victoria Square. They are roomy, well lighted and ventilated, and first-class in every respect. Special attention given to the boarding and sale of gentlemen's horses. No horses kept for hire.
References kindly permitted to Thos. Cramp, Esq., Alex. Urquhart, Esq., Wm. M. Ramsay, Esq., John Leeming, Esq., and J. J. Browne, Esq.,
TIMOTHY STARR.

SPRING MEDICINE.
THE Safest and Best is the
PLANTAGENET
MINERAL
WATER.
R. W. BOYD,
Agent, Place d'Armes.

GUINNESS'S FOREIGN EXTRA STOUT.
Spring Supplies now arriving.
TO BE HAD OF ALL RESPECTABLE GROCERS.
WE, the Undersigned, certify that the 'MESSRS. EDWARD & JOHN BURKE' bottle none but our FOREIGN EXTRA STOUT.
"ARTHIL GUINNESS, SON & CO.,
"JAMES'S GATE BREWERY, DUBLIN."
JOHN HOPE,
14 CORN EXCHANGE BUILDING,
Sole Agent for Dominion of Canada.
A constant supply of Pints, Imperial Pints, and Quarts, at the ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.
ALEX. MCGIBBON.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
DIRECTORS' OFFICE—No. 27 COURT STREET, BOSTON.
HENRY CROCKER, President. W. H. HOLLISTER, Secretary.
B. R. CORWIN, Manager.
Assets, 31st January, 1869. \$3,730,836.67
Receipts for the year 1868. 1,505,015.38
Surplus over all liabilities. 875,953.73
Deposited with Receiver-General of Canada. 100,000.00
Losses paid in 1868. 220,350.00
Policyholders are the only Stockholders in the Company. Each Policyholder receives his share of the earnings of the Company in ratio to the amount of Premium paid.
Every Premium paid receives an apportionment of the divisible surplus on the 31st Dec. of each year. All business, agencies, payments, proof of loss, &c., in this Province, submitted to
JOHN RHYNAS,
MONTREAL,
General Agent for Province of Quebec.
May 26.



GOULD & HILL,
IMPORTERS OF
Pianosfortes, Cabinet Organs, and Musical Instruments,
No. 115 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

A NOVELTY in COLLARS,
manufactured by MESSRS. RICE BROS., called "THE ALARM," is very pretty, graceful, and easily adjusts itself to the neck.
PURE COUNTRY MILK
AND CREAM.
The Montreal Milk Company are now prepared to receive orders from Hotel-keepers, Grocers, Steamboat Companies, and private families for a daily supply of Pure and unadulterated Milk from their Dairy at Vaudreuil. All orders left at
WM. RILEY & Co.,
55 McGill College Avenue, Burnside House,
and at the following places will be punctually attended to:
"I. COSTEN & Co., 27 Great St. James street.
C. REAY, Grocer, 46 Beaver Hall Hill,
G. McDOUGALL, Confectioner, 116 Wellington St., and
E. PICKUP'S New's Depot.

Simpson & Bethune,
Fire,
Life,
and Marine
Insurance
Agents.
OFFICE:
102 St. Francois Xavier Street.
TO THE MILITARY.
J. WHITTAKER,
350 NOTRE DAME STREET,
Late Master Tailor 4th Batt. Rifle Brigade,
Having opened business at the above address, and being a practical artisan, respectfully requests the patronage and support of Officers of the Staff and of the Line, and Volunteers; also, gentlemen of business, skilled mechanics and workmen.

RAILWAYS.
VERMONT CENTRAL
RAILROAD LINE.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS,
Commencing MAY 1, 1869.
TRAINS GOING SOUTH AND EAST.
MAIL TRAIN leaves ST. ALBANS at 6.30 a.m., and connects at Burlington with the Rutland Road, and at White River Junction and Bellows Falls with Trains for Boston, Worcester, Springfield and New York.
DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.40 a.m., for Boston, &c., arriving in Boston at 10.30 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 3.30 p.m., for Waterloo, Boston, and New York, arriving at Boston at 7.40 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 5 a.m., for St. Albans, Montreal, &c., arriving at Montreal at 10 p.m.
MAIL TRAIN leaves Boston via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7.30 a.m., Springfield at 7.45 a.m. for St. Albans.
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 5.00 for Montreal.
Sleeping Cars are attached to both the Night Express Trains running between St. Albans and Boston, and St. Albans and Springfield.
G. MERRILL, General Supt.

1869. THROUGH TO 1869.
OPENING OF THE NEW ROUTE
PLATTSBURGH.
GREAT SAVING OF TIME.
THROUGH TO
NEW YORK AND BOSTON
IN ONE DAY.
ON and after MONDAY, MAY 17, 1869, Trains will run as follows from Bonaventure Station:—
MORNING EXPRESS—5.00 A.M., arriving in New York at 9.15 P.M.; 5.00 A.M., arriving in Boston at 7.20 P.M.
EVENING EXPRESS—4.40 P.M., arriving in New York at 10.15 A.M.; do. in Boston at 8.30 A.M.
Stopping at all Intermediate Stations.
For Tickets and further information apply at the Company's Office, No. 39 St. James Street.
R. CARDINAL, AGENT.

CONSUMPTION, CHEST AFFECTIONS.
DR. CHURCHILL'S HYPOPHOSPHITES for the prevention and cure of CONSUMPTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST, CHRONIC COUGH, and GENERAL DEBILITY.
The preparations which are used by the most eminent members of the faculty are the SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF SODA, PILLS OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF QUININE, SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME, and in cases where Ferruginous preparations are required ("chlorosis anemia," etc.) the SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF IRON, and PILLS OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF MAGNESE.
These valuable medicines have saved the lives of many thousands of consumptive patients. Even in the third or last stage, their beneficial effects have been frequently manifested. In every instance, however far advanced in the disease, the patient will find a marked improvement both in local and general symptoms. There will be observed a remarkable increase of nervous power, a better appetite, greater regularity of the bowels, better digestion, less cough, less expectoration, less susceptibility of catching cold, less perspiration at night, etc., etc.
Each genuine bottle has the signature of Dr. CHURCHILL on the label, and is prepared by SWANN, Pharmacien, 12 Rue Castiglione, Paris, Chemist to the American Embassy. Price four francs per bottle in France.
Wholesale Agent for Canada: J. V. MORGAN, Montreal.
AMERICAN AGENTS—New York: Caswell and Hazard. Boston: Metcalf; Brown and Sons. Philadelphia: Fred. Brown.