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Oysters cooked in
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A supply of the
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Guinness' Stout and
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Bottle and on
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The New Preparation
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**DARKENING GREY
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Gray's Umbra
Free from
Sugar of Lead,
Sulphur,
Nitrate of Silver,
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Price 30 cents per
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HENRY R. GRAY
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FOLEY'S
CELEBRATED
GOLD PENS
Have been intro-
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Messrs.
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Co., Notre Dame St.
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MURRAY & Co.,
Stationers,
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C. E. BURDEN,
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Foley's Pens are
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NOTRE DAME ST.
(Opposite Mr. W.
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At the above Es-
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found one of the finest
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assortment of Jewel-
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Note the address—
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BERGHAU'S
New Chart of the
World.
DAWSON BROS. have
just received a further
supply of BERGHAU'S
NEW CHART OF THE
WORLD, on Mercat-
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Edition in Eng-
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Perthes of Cobourg.
Price, mounted on
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For Sale at Nos.
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Vol. II.—No. 21. MONTREAL, 1ST OCTOBER, 1869. Price—Five Cents.

Waters & Williams' Quinine Wine **Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles, Sauces,**
Potted Meats, Vinegars, &c.
100 Cases just received. 321 Casks and Cases now receiving ex "City of Quebec."
ALEX. MCGIBBON.

GRAND ATHLETIC MEETING

ON
Saturday, 9th Oct., 1869,

ON THE
CRICKET GROUND.

Stewards:

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR.

Gen. Sir C. Windham	R. H. Stephens, Esq
Col. J. Brydges, Esq	F. W. Penton, Esq
Col. G. J. Wolseley	A. Rimmer, Esq
Lt.-Col. W. Earle	N. H. Hughes, Esq
A. W. Ogilvie, Esq.,	C. P. Davidson, Esq
M.P.P.	C. Bouthillier, Esq
Maj. Buller, R.B.	Geo. Torrance, Esq
F. Mackenzie, Esq	J. D. Armstrong, Esq
J. H. Isaacson, Esq	J. Robinson, Esq
S. H. Wallis, Esq	

PROGRAMME OF RACES:

Entrance.

Two Miles, open to all.....	Free
One Mile (Indians and winner of No. 1 excluded).....	50c
Half Mile open to all.....	50c
Quarter Mile, open to all.....	50c
Hundred Yard Dash.....	50c
Hurdle Race (150 yards, 8 hurdles, 5 feet high).....	50c
Hundred Yard Dash, open only to Officers in Her Majesty's service.....	50c
Running High Jumping.....	50c
Running Wide Jumping.....	50c
Steeple Chase, about half a mile.....	50c

The value of the prizes will depend on the amount of subscriptions raised, but will doubtless be large in all the races.

Full particulars will be published at an early date.

A Military Band will be in attendance. All entries to be made at WILLIAM & ISAACS, St. James Street, before SIX o'clock on WEDNESDAY, the 6th October.

C. D. ROSE, Sec.-Treas.

TO LET,

That FIRST-CLASS CUT STONE HOUSE, No. 1 PORTLAND PLACE, ST. ANTOINE STREET, containing all modern improvements.

Rent low to first May

Apply to

C. H. TUGGEY,
61 St. James St.

Sept. 28, 1869.

TO LET,

A THREE-STORY CUT STONE HOUSE, No. 215 ST. ANTOINE STREET, overlooking the Garden of John Torrance, Esq.

Apply to

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A FIRST-CLASS THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE, No. 207 ST. ANTOINE STREET, heated with Hot Air, containing all modern improvements.—Apply to

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REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT AGENT,
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Sept. 28, 1869.

TEA at 40 cts at the UNION TEA COMPANY, 141 St. James Street, opposite Ottawa Hotel. Direct importations from China and Japan.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Steam & Hot Water Heating Apparatus

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JUST RECEIVED, EX "MORAVIAN,"

A consignment of Choice MELONS, direct from Spain—very delicate and delicious flavour.

ALEX. MCGIBBON, Italian Warehouse.

MOTT'S BROMA

FIFTY BOXES FOR SALE.

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

STILL THE RAGE

The Cook's Friend Baking Powder

PLEASES EVERYBODY.

1 lb. PAPERS, 25 CENTS. SIX for \$1.25.

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NEW FRUIT

Valencia Raisins, Sultana Raisins—Crop 1869.

CURRENTS BY NEXT STEAMER.

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ST. JAMES' DRUG HALL,
133 St James' Street.

COD LIVER OIL,

COD LIVER OIL,

COD LIVER OIL

PURE, PERFECTLY FRESH, AND ALMOST TASTELESS.

PANCREATIC EMULSION.

PANCREATINE WINE,

For assisting the digestion, and assimilation of Cod Liver Oil;

PANCREATINE,

The active principle of the Pancreas, for digesting Cod Liver Oil, &c.

The above are prepared by SAVORY & MOORE, Chemists to the Queen, and are the only reliable preparations of the kind.

JOHN ROGERS & CO.,

Chemists,

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GOULD & HILL,

IMPORTERS OF

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The First of the Season

A Fresh supply of delicious Oysters received daily at

THE "CARLTON,"

425 NOTRE DAME STREET

N.B.—Oysters Cooked in every Style.

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RECOLLET HOUSE,
This Day.

CHEAP SALE.
SILKS,
SATINS,
VELVETS,
VELVETEENS,
UNDERCLOTHING.
JAMES MORISON.
Experienced Salesmen wanted.

RECOLLET HOUSE,
This Day.

Remnants of Silks and Satins,
Remnants of Velvets and Velveteens,
Remnants of Patent and Terry Velvets,
Remnants of Tartan and Striped Velvets,
Remnants of Moss Velvet and Plush.
JAMES MORISON.
Salesmen wanted.

RECOLLET HOUSE,
This Day.

Ladies' Scotch Lamb's Wool Underclothing,
Misses' Scotch Lamb's Wool Underclothing,
Gentlemen's Scotch Lamb's Wool Underclothing,
Boys' Scotch Lamb's Wool Underclothing.
JAMES MORISON.
Salesmen wanted.

RECOLLET HOUSE.

On Friday forenoon, between 9 and 11 o'clock, all the 10s., 12s. 6d. and 15s. Skirts will be cleared out in Two HOURS at HALF A DOLLAR EACH.

JAMES MORISON.

Salesmen wanted.

ON FRIDAY

The whole Stock of Knitted Goods will be cleared out.

Breakfast Shawls and Capes,
English and American Clouds,
Garibaldi Jackets and Sontags,
Ladies' Hoods, Infants' Hoods and Capes,
Infants' Sets and Gaiters,
Infants' Mitts and Gauntlets,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Scarfs.
JAMES MORISON.

Salesmen wanted.

ON FRIDAY!

A large lot of Rich Evening Dresses to be sold at HALF PRICE.

JAMES MORISON.

Salesmen wanted.

ON SATURDAY!

Ladies' Mantles and Jackets,
Children's Mantles and Jackets,
Ladies' Hats and Bonnets,
Misses' Felt and Straw Hats,
Boys' Felt and Straw Hats.
JAMES MORISON.

Salesmen wanted.

THE KID GLOVE SALE

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THE RECOLLET HOUSE,
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To Smokers.

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LONDON NOVELTIES

THE "ABYSSINIAN" PIPE
AND
"SENSATION" POUCH,
AT

MCCONKEY'S,

32 St. James Street,
(Opposite the "Hall").

DIOGENES AMONG THE CARMEN.

DIOGENES, having been delivered from his own troubles in the Recorder's Court, was reminded by the Cabmen of his promise to appoint a Special Commissioner to inquire into the Tin Medal grievance. We suggested that a small deputation of the most intelligent of their body should wait upon us and tell us their views of the matter in their own words,—that we would do our own "specialling."

The result of these preliminaries was, that at an early hour this morning a rap at the bottom of our Tub,—turned up as usual on account of the dew,—roused us up to the cares and toils of the day. It was a sharp, decided rap,—not the rap of a dun,—that is a disagreeable, bullying kind of rap,—there is insolence in it, mixed with the dregs of the politeness that tempted you to order that last tweed suit, for which payment was "no object." It was not the baker's rap,—his is a rollicking, devil-may-care rap—a rap which says "there's your rolls old boy—take them in if you like, or leave them if you like." It was not the rap of a friend,—all the Cynic's friends accompany their raps with a jolly greeting and stand with the grin of fellows who have some refreshing thoughts in their heads. No, this rap was that of a man who had business on hand and was waiting, like a paid telegram, for a reply. We wondered who it could be, so we opened the door,—that is, we kicked the "inner circle" of our Tub—which immediately rolled on to its bilge, and certified to the rapper that DIOGENES was at home,—revealing to us at the same time, the good-humoured face of our friend Peter. Peter smiled a good morning to us, as wide as he could smile with due regard for the safety of the "dudheen" which filled the air around with fragrance. Our visitor was accompanied by his dog, which was in the attitude of what Heralds would call, *demi voltigeant*—that is to say, when he saw his master hit the Tub with the butt-end of his whip, he made up his mind that underneath there must be "varmint," and therefore he set himself in the position we have so learnedly described; but when the Tub rolled over, and he saw it was only the Philosopher, he drew back with a look of doubt, and perhaps, disgust; growling at one end as if angry, and wagging the stump of a tail at the other end—signifying thus that he was quite ready to take his morning nip at a rump steak if at all encouraged. DIOGENES objects to these canine familiarities,—for a bite of a dog, as Pantagruel says, is the most severe of tooth-aches. "He won't bite you, sir," said Peter, with a marked emphasis on the pronoun, "he looks pitifully at ye, for he thinks the bobbies will be pisinin of ye for going about without your badge." In fact the dog did look kindly at us, and being satisfied that DIOGENES was not a badger for him to draw, he became a dog *couchant*, wagging the remnant of his tail in a most friendly way.

Peter in the meantime continued his smoke, but this we could not stand; "it's ill speaking between a fou' man and a fasting;" give us a light we said, filling our briar-root pipe, with some of Rattray's best, "and now, friend, tell us your business?"

"We are the Cabmen's depootation, sir," was the reply. "We," DIOGENES said; "you and the dog do you mean?" "Yes, sir,—*Blootcher* has as much right to complain as any one,—havin't them Corporations put tallies upon the dogs too?" Blucher growled, and again wagged his stump of a tail. It was perfectly true, there was one fellow-man proud of his birthright as a free-born Briton—proud of his exalted position as having dominion by Divine Charter over all the beasts of the field, condemned along with his dog—and for no crime—condemned by his fellow-man the Magnates of Smallendom, to wear a "Canada plate" with a number on it, as if he were a convict or an escaped penitentiary bird, and Blucher,—poor Blucher—the dog, the faithful companion of

man—true to him in sorrow or in joy, proud of his poor master's caresses,—no prouder of the rich man's,—he too made ridiculous with a nasty Alderman's badge dangling round his neck!

DIOGENES has not put in a comma in this last sentence. We leave the "nasty" to be applied either to Alderman or badge according to the taste of the reader. If any "Att. for the Plff.," threatens us with legal proceedings, we declare that "nasty" applies to the badge.

DIOGENES smoked thoughtfully. Peter smoked too with a soothed, yet sorrowful look at his fellow deputy; he was indignant at the treatment his old companion was compelled to submit to, but his own tally caught his eye; he said nothing but the "tin had entered his soul." DIOGENES was the first to speak; his heart was full of STERNE and quite sentimental; he thought of the old man and the dead ass, and of Maria and her dog. "It is an abominable shame," said the Philosopher!

"It is a —"

"No Peter, never swear—even at an Alderman!"

"If you had to wear one of these things, with your number on it, you would swear too," said Peter, and he gave a stamp with his foot, to which the dog responded by a wag of his stump. "Would it do any good to swear?" we suggested. "It would be some satisfaction at any rate," said Plooky, who was now a little red in the face. "Yes," he continued, "if a man when he is angry does not swear right out, he swears between his teeth, and that's worse." There was some philosophy in this we thought, for after all that has been said of the latent force of compressed air, how shall we calculate the danger, if compressed with a mixture of suppressed oaths? We felt that Peter had a good plea for abusing the Corporation, and we too were tempted to swear. In fact, we must swear at the dunces who think they have a right to insult a hard-working class of their fellow citizens—we mean the Cabmen, not the dogs. But in scolding we must adopt the plan suggested by Tristram Shandy's Nuns. They agreed, it will be remembered, in the absence of their drunken coachman, who always did the swearing for them, to divide the improper expletive. We proposed this to Peter, but he scorned the compromise. "By golly," says he "I won't go halves at all, I'll swear at the whole pack," (he was thinking of dogs) "as long as I am forced to wear this dirty tin plate outside of me." DIOGENES however feels that it would do him good to rap out a warm expression or two. Many times, in fact, were it not both low and immoral, we would emphasize our sentences in that way, but the impropriety of the thing muzzles us. Others feel as we do,—in fact, in a confidential chat with the *Witness* the other day, he confessed that the want of some pious expletives was a defect in our language.

Bidding Peter to sit down and requesting "*Blootcher*" to look after our "plunder," we went across the way to the *Witness*, and, referring to our recent conversation, read STERNE's plan for producing all the effect of the sin without committing it. John had never read *Tristram Shandy*; he thinks STERNE a loose character, but the artful dodge of the parson pleased him. We would have proposed the thing to the *Gazette*, or the *Herald*, but they, like Peter, do their own spelling, so we proposed to our dear chum, that, as we had many scruples on the subject, like himself, we should adopt this plan—that when he felt that it would do him good to swear at the *True Witness*, or any other of the evangelicals, his friends, we should shout the first syllable of any wicked word which his memory might suggest, and he could quite innocently shout the second, and *vice versa*. The high contracting parties agreed, and we returned to our Tub and shouted across the street—"This tin plate business is an insult to our

good friends the Cabmen.—the law is an abomination, —and its supporters are a pack of senseless—”

“——!” cried John.

“——!” added DIOGENES—who is now quite refreshed, while the *Witness*, delighted at the pious method of giving vent to a virtuous anger in a style of emphasis not quite according to *Cocker*, is preparing an Editorial of great pungency against the *True*—with half an expletive at the end of it, just to give it a flavour.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Answer to Query No. 1, Vol. II., No. 20.

Derivation of the word “CANADA.”

Mr. Thomas Hodgins, of Toronto, gives the following derivations:—One, taken from an ancient Castilian tradition, of an early visit of the Spaniards, (before the French,) who, perceiving no appearance of mines or riches, exclaimed, in the hearing of the natives, *Aca Nada*, “here is nothing,” and this being repeated by them to other European visitors, was supposed to be the name of the country. Father Hennepin gives another, confirming this early visit of the Spaniards—that, finding nothing to gratify their desire for gold, they called the country, *El Capo di Nada*, “Cape Nothing.” These, however, as well as the speculation of its being named after M. Cane, a French nobleman, are unreliable. The more generally received derivation, which is supported by the analogy of other names, is, either that given by Charleroix, from the Iroquois, *Kanata*, “a collection of huts,” or, by other writers, from two Indian words, *Kan* or *Can*, “a mouth,” and *Ada*, “a country,” signifying “the mouth of the country,” originally applied, perhaps, to the River St. Lawrence, and mistaken for the name of what is now one of the greatest colonial possessions of the Empire, the Province (now Dominion) of Canada. * * *

The name “Canada” is plainly the Spanish *Canada* (pronounced Canyadah), a common word in topography, applied by earliest discoverers. See article, by T. S. B., in *Montreal Gazette*, in the time of Abraham—not the Abraham of earliest record, but the Editor of that name, more than twenty years ago. ANONYMOUS.

In Mr. Parkman’s “Pioneers of France in the New World” is the following note:—“The derivation of the name of Canada has been a point of discussion. It is without doubt not Spanish, but Indian. In the vocabulary of the language of Hochelaga, appended to the journal of Cartier’s second voyage, Canada is set down as the word for a town or village. ‘*Ils apellent une ville, Canada.*’ It bears the same meaning in the Mohawk tongue. Both languages are dialects of the Iroquois. Lescarbot affirms that Canada is simply an Indian proper name, of which it is vain to seek a meaning. Belleforest also calls it an Indian word, but translates it ‘*terre,*’ as does also Thevet.”—ED. DIO.

Answer to Query No. 2, Vol. II., No. 20.

N. E. W. S.

Yes. When newspapers (or sheets) were in their infancy, they had a + at head of page, with the letters (as above) of the cardinal points of the compass, intimating that their information came from every direction, or from all quarters of the globe. * * *

The following is a doggrel epigram from a book called “Wit’s Recreations,” published in 1640:

“When *News* doth come, if any would discuss
The letter of the word, resolve it thus:
News is conveyed by letter, word or mouth,
And comes from North, East, West, or South.”

At the time when this was written, newspapers were coming into vogue, though the earliest English one, “The English

Mercurie,” was printed in 1588, at the time of the Spanish Armada, and was not a regular periodical. The idea of the above epigram is, however, much older than newspapers. It occurs in *Piers Plowman*, but I have not the book at hand to quote.

Should we not rather look upon this idea as a mere fanciful conceit than as the etymology of the word? The word *news* seems to come so obviously from *new*, just as we derive *goods* from *good*, or *odds* from *odd*, as a Frenchman calls news *les nouvelles*, or a German *der neueste*, or the newest thing.—ED. DIO.

Answer to Query No. 3, Vol. II., No. 20.

I find the word “Samite” in Spenser, and my Bailey’s Dictionary gives the definition as “Satin.”—H. M.

Webster’s Dictionary says: Sa’mite-n—(old Fr.)—“A piece of silk stuff.” (Chaucer.) (*obs.*) * * *

In Chaucer the word *Samette* occurs. This comes from the old French word *Samet*, silk. *Samite* is used by Spenser in the same sense. Our Poet Laureate seems to have been guilty of a slight anachronism. Silk, though well-known to the ancients, could hardly have reached Britain in the legendary days of King Arthur and the Round Table.—ED. DIO.

Some unusually interesting communications and replies to this department are unavoidably postponed.

“WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING.”

“The future of Canada!” This spectral enigma looms up largely just now. It makes every one think who has a thought in him. There are hundreds of prophets to predict us a destiny, and thousands of pilots to steer the somewhat cranky bark, each to his own pet harbour. “Independence” and “Annexation” have both their several apostles. Monarchy and Republicanism have their forces arrayed for combat. But DIOGENES looks—and rather contemptuously—on all these manifestations, and fearlessly avows that he regards them as the offspring of the same feeling that induced the gentleman to walk down stairs because he knew if he didn’t that he would be thrown out of the window. The CYNIC cannot disguise from himself the fact that our mother England is heartily tired of us, nor avoid thinking it is with very good reason. He fears we have been naughty and ungrateful children; that we have regarded the old mother only for what we could get out of her; and have shown her neither favour nor affection. He thinks we have acted, ever, pitifully to our brothers, and have never regarded the family connection in any other than an extremely selfish light—rejecting even reciprocity in our intercourse and relations. It has been all for ourselves,—nothing for those who protected our infancy, who defended, and still defend our youth, and for whose strong arms we squeal most piteously whenever danger threatens or shadows scare; and what is more, we never squeal in vain. An instance or two of how we act in small things will indicate how we do, or would do, if we could. No Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman, living at home, can hold a patent in Canada. No lawyer or doctor, with British qualifications, can practice in the Dominion! We actually have the good taste to exact as high,—in some instances even higher,—duties on British manufactures than on those of other countries, but we never hesitate to go there when we want money, surety, or aid; and, indeed, we go nowhere else, and have nowhere else to go. It is all take, and no return. This won’t do. If we desire to retain the English connection, we must, at least, act squarely. Gratitude, probably, will be dispensed with.

A decidedly *Carniverous* Animal—Van Amburgh’s Lion.

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

NO. 14.

"OUR BOY."

We call him "Pete," but I will certainly not vouch that he was thus christened. He is about fourteen years of age and is distantly related to Bridget. His mother,—a widow,—does washing for several of our boarders. Pete thinks it very unjust that the "old woman," as he terms her, should send him out to work instead of supporting him at home. He was, however, allowed his choice between this and going to school and he unhesitatingly chose the former. He is one of the laziest little vagabonds I ever saw! He came to us last spring with an odour of innocence about him which, I believe, was all feigned. He had been, for a very short time, a bell boy at the St. Lawrence Hall, but he felt the running up and down stairs too much for his weak constitution and prevailed upon his mother to take him away. His dress is of a very varied description. He has an extensive wardrobe of waistcoats, all much too big for him. These are mostly of the "summer" kind and have, doubtless, at some remote period, been washed. They have been gifts from various boarders. His trousers, probably for the same reason, are always hanging about his heels. He has one pair with a military stripe upon them. These he is very proud of. He bought them near Bonsecours Market with his *own money*, as he boastfully adds. I can conscientiously say that Pete never came to my room when I was alone, without asking if I had "an old pair of breeches to give away."

Pete hates all indoor work. Cleaning knives is his destestation. Poor Bridget has generally to clean them over again. Pete has been sent away several times, but always refuses to go until our landlady forcibly ejects him. By means of the intercession of his mother, he always manages to get taken back in a day or two. Pete likes to be sent on errands. The streets are his natural element. It takes him just an hour and a quarter to go to the grocery at the corner and back. He has numerous juvenile acquaintances in all parts of the town with whom he plays at marbles. It is no use to attempting to keep Pete in the house during the evening. He will get out at the back door and scale the fence. He visits the Theatre, where he occupies the front row of the pit, or, more frequently, the orchestra railing. He distributes liberal applause with the heel of his boot. I rather fancy that I once saw him on the stage in the garb of a supernumerary. On these occasions, he prevails on the "Athlete" or the "Yankee," with whom he is a favorite, to let him in with their latch keys. But the boarder whom he cultivates most is "The Old Drunkard." "A fellow feeling makes us,"—but no, I must not quote that,—I forget who wrote it! The fact is that Pete though only fourteen years of age drinks like a fish. He can stand a great deal, so that he is not often visibly drunk. Many a drink of whiskey does he coax out of the poor old man. He shews his gratitude by fetching in liquor for him. Many a sixpence does he thus earn. He was once caught drinking the Captain's wine which was accidentally left out, but he received such a thrashing from the Captain's servant, that I do not think he will repeat the offence.

Whether he is a thief, or not, I cannot exactly prove. No article of value has yet been missed, but cigars, tobacco and minor articles of clothing have recently been known to disappear mysteriously. How that boy can swear! When he is not overawed by somebody's presence, an oath comes out at about every third sentence. The Old Lady has done her utmost to reclaim him. She volunteered to teach him to read, but Pete has found this a very uninteresting process and takes care to be sent out during lesson hours. In fact he tries to be always

out. He frequents livery stables and may often be seen on the back of a horse, exercising him up and down a neighboring street. I once caught him selling newspapers in St. James Street on his own account, when he was supposed to have gone for the Doctor for Mrs. X—. He is partial to penny ice creams for which he "tosses" with his youthful acquaintances and always contrives to win. He haunts fruit stores and has become expert at abstracting apples and peaches. He once got into the clutches of the police for this, but was released at the request of the bystanders out of pity for his tender years. What a deal of sympathy is wasted in this city upon youthful criminals! Some of our boarders,—the "Athlete" and the "Yankee" especially,—think him good fun. The former has taught him sundry gymnastic feats which he practises during leisure moments. He "does" the clog-dance incessantly, particularly if he happens to be on the landing outside my door. He sings, or rather shouts negro melodies all over the house. He can weep piteously at a moments' notice, when scolded. He sets up such an unearthly hullabaloo, that the person scolding has to desist for comfort's sake. The landlady once boxed his ears. From the noise he made, one would have thought that he was seriously injured. He dared her to do it again and threatened lawyers' actions for assault, &c., in such a way that she was positively frightened. We have often petitioned to have this young vagabond dismissed. He can be of no use to the landlady, and he is a great nuisance to us, but we always meet with the invariable answer, "His mother is a poor woman." I will only give this advice to poor mothers. If you have any regard for the welfare of your boys, do not send them to be servants in boarding houses.

And now, gentle reader I feel it right to bring these papers to a close. You must, by this time be heartily tired of the house and its boarders. Before taking leave, I wish to make one observation. Do not imagine that these have been actual sketches of individuals. I have frequently heard such a remark as "Ah, that's Smith, I am glad the Sick Contributor has got hold of him"; or "I wonder if he knows Jones? How I should like to see him shewn up in DIOGENES." Now, I can state, on my honor, that my characters, though founded on facts and derived from personal observations of human nature, have, in no instance, been actual portraits. If the garment has happened in some cases to fit an individual I cannot help it. I did not take the measure.

I propose, next week, with your kind indulgence, to commence a new serial entitled,

"THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER."

ORIGINAL.

The entire Dominion has been greatly exercised in devising modes of reception for distinguished visitors—Princes, Governors-General, &c.: and some places have been at their wit's end in getting up striking and original effects. St. John, N.B., certainly succeeded. We see by the papers that

The police magistrate of that famous city allowed all prisoners arrested during the visit of the Governor-General, to go free, in order that every one might have an opportunity of seeing the distinguished visitor.

If the Governor-General was not flattered by this queer compliment and the Saturnalia proclaimed in his honour, he must have been very difficult to please.

LATEST FROM QUEBEC.

If the emigration of Bank Cashiers continues at its present rate, we shall have to change their designation, because, after they have left, it is usually found that there is very little *cash here*.



FASHION AND FOLLY.

DIOGENES quoting from his friend, "R. B."—

"Ah! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us."

BALLADS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY THE HON. JOSEPH BUGGINS, M.P.P.

"THE FINANCEER."

Air—"The Nobby Dog's Meat Man."

Oh! once upon a time, as I've heerd say,
The Government folks were in a bad way;
Johnny Rose had hooked it, and they could'nt tell
Where to find another cove as would do as well.

For they wanted a werry nobby *Fi nan ceer*,
A sinivatin, tittivatin, *Fi nan ceer*;
So they looked all round, and thought it queer
As they couldn't find a chap for a *Fi nan ceer*.

So at last, John A—— to Galt, says he,
"How to fill up the berth I do not see;
"But I thinks as how yourself had better have a shy,
"For the duties they aint heavy, and the pay is high."
"For though you mayn't be a werry *clever Fi nan ceer*,
"You'll be rayther a *honest sort of Fi nan ceer*,
"Though the public in general will think it queer,
"For they aint accustomed to it in a *Fi nan ceer*."*

But Galt shook his head, and, says he, "I fear
"As how at this financing I'm werry small beer;
"I prefers keeping honest, so I rayther thinks
"As you'd better make the offer to Sir F——cis H——cks."

* The Cynic is glad to be able to state that there are occasional exceptions to the rule, of which our late worthy Finance Minister was a notable example.

"For *he*, really, is a nobby sort of *Fi nan ceer*,
"He's had lots of experience as a *Fi nan ceer*;
"And the job must be a tough un, as will make *him* queer,
"So you'd better take Sir Francis for a *Fi nan ceer*.

So John he made the offer to Sir F——cis H——cks,
But the public don't see it, and I rayther thinks
Before he is much older, he'll be pretty clear
That he's made a big mistake in his *Fi nan ceer*.

For though we likes a nobby sort of *Fi nan ceer*,
We likes a *little* honesty in a *Fi nan ceer*;
And I think the public sentiment has made it pretty clear
That Sir Francis aint the man for our *Financeer*!

BEAUPORT.

Air—"There's a Bower of Roses by Bendemeer's Stream."

There's a sweet asylum by Beauport's clear stream,
And the public complain of it all the year long;
Yet, methinks, this repining is nought but a dream,
For 'tis managed by Landry and Mr. Cauchon.

And the lunatics there on the choicest regale,
On molasses so sweet, and on butter so strong;
And who dare complain, though the bread may be stale,
Since it brings in more money to Mr. Cauchon?

And what, though the corridors crowded may be?
They'll die off the quicker nor suffer so long;
And there's sure to be others to fill up the place,
And—the pockets of Landry and Mr. Cauchon!

HOW TO CLEANSE THE CITY PASSENGER CARS.—Use *Carbolic Soap*.

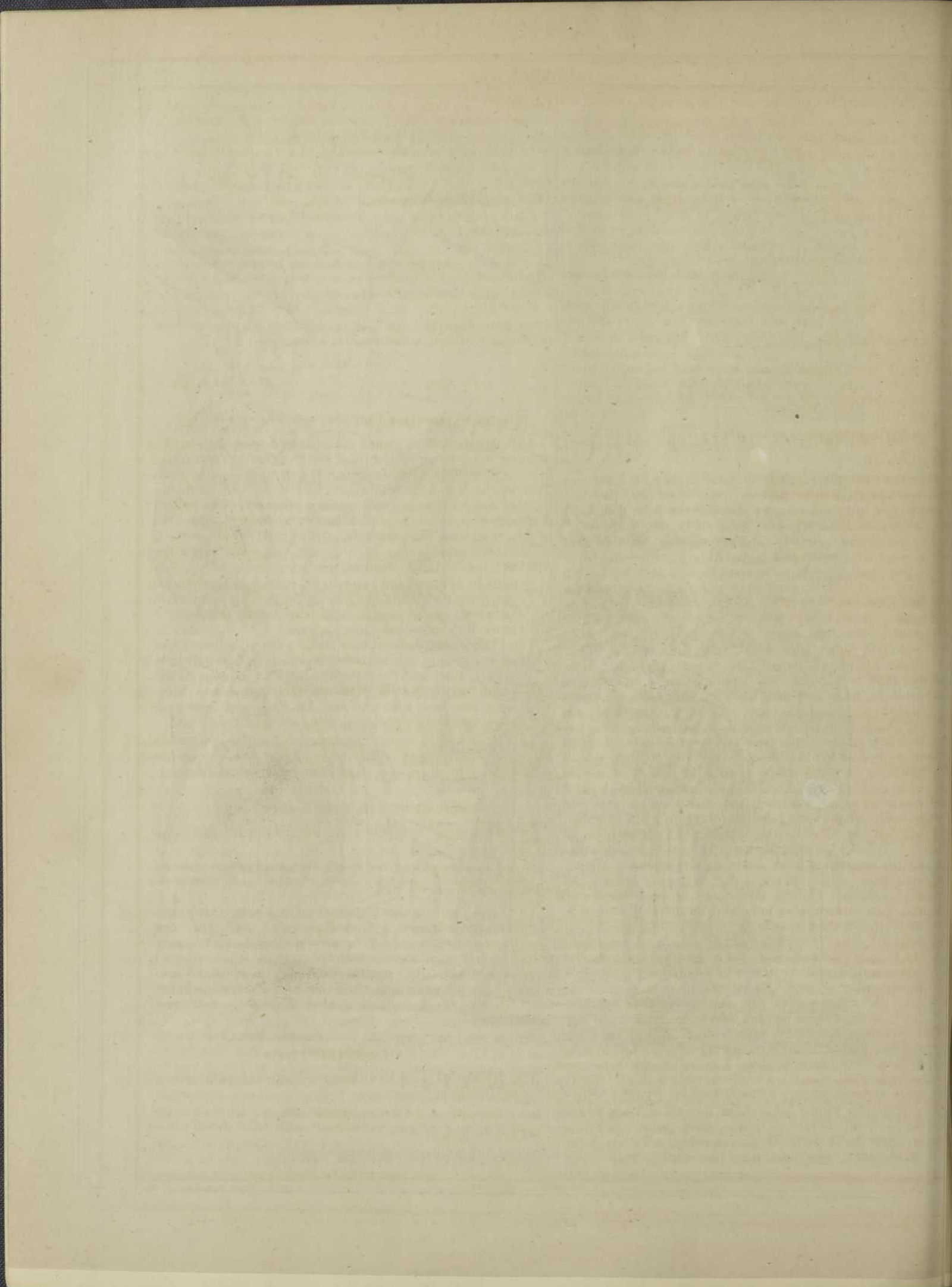


“TOO LATE!”

FIRST OLD LADY—“My little boy is strong and healthy, and—”

SECOND DO. —“Mine has been practising for some time, and is quite fit for the place.”

MASTER JOHN—“It's no use, my good women. This boy thoroughly understands the business, and knows all that will be required from him. I can't do anything for you at present; but I may send one of your lads up West by and bye.”



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THE "CORPORATION PLATE."

What is yon' quivering clod of earth,
That in the gutter lies?
Sad subject of those urchins' mirth,
Who watch its agonies?

Can it be man's most faithful friend,
The guardian of his hearth—
THE DOG, who meeting thus his end,
Goes back to Mother Earth?

It is—poor Fido's race is run,
His body strychnine racks;
And would you know what harm he's done?—
He has not paid the tax!

So dogs and carters pray take care,
You'll sure meet Fido's fate,
If in the streets you do not wear
The Corporation Plate.

You "Cabbies" wear it on your breasts,
You "Doggies" on your collars;
If you evade the laws' behests,
They'll take your life—or dollars!

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON "OUR PUBLIC MEN."

DEER OLD DI.

They hev giv a dinner to John Rose at thee St. Lawrence Hall,—tickits six dollars a pees. Sum wood say this was a cheep way of gittin rid of a frend. A spirit from thee vasty deep, mite ask—Whot was thee objec of this dinner? Well, thare air different opinions on thee subjec. Sum of thee fellers, who hev subscribed, air glad he's goin,—others air sorry—principally the Huntingdon chaps. Sum say hee's a jolly good feller, but he can't manage a hotel, nor run thee finanshel masheen, with John A. & Kartchee a drawin on thee bank. Others say he wants to git out of a kuntry which is rejuced to thee last stages of konsumpshun, and hes to employ Captin Jinks, from Muskovado, for casheer. Thee fac is, John has played his last card, & is trumpd out. How beautiful it is to see our leadin pollytishuns a migratin to other kuntries, while sum poor ignorant kusses up to Ottywa are diskussin projects for bringin out thee enterprisin & muscular emygrants from Europe to settle in our midst. They say thay air intent on developin thee vast resorces of our Doughminion, wich now extends from Gaspay Bay to thee Rocky Mountanes, & furnishes room enough to feed thee starvin millions of do rotten Europe. Well, we shall see; but I think our grate men are settin a bad example a emygratin to Europe. Whot field kin a place like London aford to a man who hez bin the Finanse Minister of the Doughminion of Kanady? Thee idee is ridikyus! It is troo we air rather run out for finanseers now, havin lately imported a poor specymen from a hot climate. But we air a growin an expansive kolony. Thare's Ryfenstine & yung Ketchum. It is troo thee former is in judicial diffikulties at present, & thee latter is on a short visit to the nashinall institooshun at Sing-Sing, but thay will be available soon, and we might wait; and thare air sum fellos who left Quebeck lately. Altho apparently thay don't like to kum back, still thay might bee injused ef thay were offered the hi post of Finanse Minister. But "revenue to our mutton," as thee butchers say. Ef thee sitywashun hed bin offered to me, I wood hev replid: "Georgy, thare ain't money enuff in thee bank fur me, & yu hev borrod about as much as we kin aford to o, & I am dubious about thare bein any balanse into the Treasury, or thee other fello wood hev staid in your employ. Thare ain't much enkouragement to finanseers in a kuntry where thee natives air a runnin away from it. When I see a man regardin his nativ kuntry as a temporary restin place & a steppin stone to a kolonial governorship, or a clerkship in a small bank, methinks thare is sumthin rottin into

Denmark. Mi Betsy sez its like rats desertin a sinkin ship, & she woodn't do it ef she wos him. And, Georgy, I woodn't take offis in a administrashun where thee sole object is to hold offis at enny expense. And I dont believe in a Koalishun Government. Its mity bad ile that mixes with water; & I think your reign is about played out. Captin Jinks, of the Muskovado Marines, will rooin you."

But a troos to these sad reflexshuns. In thee words of thee immortal Shakspeer, "Scots wha hay with Wallace bled." That must bee our motty now; & in konsequens, we must unite to form a helthy publik opinion, & to stik to thee boys who intend to stay in thee kuntry, & make it thare home. Let our motty be, in thee words of thee grate irish musician, "Skead Milly Failte," to all emigrants to this kuntry—except those frum Guiana. And let us, abuv awl, try & git sum honest pollytishuns at the head of affairs.

Yours trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO STOCK RAISERS.

Although the CYNIC cannot claim to be a sportsman in the ordinary acceptation of the term, yet he takes great interest in all legitimate sporting matters. He, of course, subscribes liberally to the Montreal Hunt, and views with immense interest and admiration the inspiring spectacle of its gallant members—resplendent in their scarlet vestments,—going to or returning from the chase; though he rarely avails himself of the oft-repeated offer of a mount, from his friend the Master. Indeed, he regards the horse as a very noble animal, to be admired and appreciated from a respectful distance, as, notwithstanding the frequent *tanning* he received in his youth, the Cynical cuticle is not sufficiently tough for a more intimate connection.

The Philosopher is desirous of calling the attention of the sporting community to a remarkable article in the columns of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, in which the writer informs the public that "Black Sophia produced Birmingham and Beeswing—her two best runners—after she had *six or eight foals every year* immediately preceding the foaling of these two!"

This beats kittens! and DIOGENES earnestly recommends Mr. Cochrane, or some other of our great stock-raisers, to endeavour to procure, at any cost, this remarkable mare.

EFFECTS OF THE LAST CARTOON.

DIOGENES cuts the following advertisement from the *Globe* :—

Wanted, by an American Gentleman, a correspondence with a number of Canadian Ladies. No notice taken of unpaid communications. Address "Milo," Box ***, New York.

The Cynic wishes, heartily, that, for the nonce, he could transform himself into a Canadian lady. The American "gentleman" should have a "correspondence" with a vengeance! Not one, forsooth, but a *number* of ladies wanted! DIOGENES would like to see the lady anxious to be a *Venus of Milo*. At the same time, the Cynic cannot compliment the *Globe* on its taste in publishing advertisements so equivocal as the above.

VERY SIGNIFICANT.

The *Witness* of 24th has the following paragraph among its telegrams from Ottawa :—

It is understood that the charges against Reiffenstein will be proceeded with to-morrow before the police magistrate. *The jail at Aylmer will be proceeded with this fall.*

Rather hard on the "Prodigal" this.

THE DEVIL'S GOLD BALANCE.

'Twas on a tranquil summer day,
By a conception bold,
The Evil One, when snaring prey
Taught man the use of gold.
The prey came in, well decked with sin,
And miseries manifold.

But as with evil good may hive,
In spite of man's transgressing,
Good sense and commerce may contrive,
To make e'en gold a blessing.
The devil groaned,—his folly owned,
His oversight confessing.

"There's something wanting yet," said he,
"To fill temptation's sails;"—
He went to work right merrily,
And made a pair of scales.
"Aha!" quoth he, "now man shall see
How devilry avails!"

The first of these with gold was filled,
In the other there was seen
A paper imp of weakly build
With back of dingy green.
"Hold on," said Nick, "there's room for me
In both of these, I ween."

Upon one side a grizzly Bear
Hard at the scale did pull,
And when the gold went high in air,
Loud roared a joyous Bull.
"This is the way," the fiend did say,
"To keep my larder full!"

But Bull and Bear, both pulling strong,
Broke scales and beam and all;
Their calves and cubs in mighty throng
Were crushed amid the fall.
"Hurrah!" said he, "thus you may see
How rolls the gambler's ball!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

I ain't a bit "litory," and when I read about the squabbles you folks have among yourselves, about who wrote this and who wrote that, I feel happy I ain't. I am in the dry goods myself,—(some folks call it the rag trade,)—and I'm sure I don't care a remnant whether Mr. Shakspeare or Mr. Garrick wrote the line about "fellow's feeling." What does it matter? So long as it sells, what's the odds? I can't help thinkin' that you "litory" gents make a great deal of fuss about nothin'. If you would go to work and get up some-thing new—what we calls "a novelty" in our trade—it would sell better than tradin' on the shop-worn goods of Mr. Shakspeare or Mr. Any-body-else. This here tradin' on dead men's brains seems to be the whole business of some of you "lits." You don't get up anythin' startlin', and you think you're "some" if you turn over a bit of Virgil into everyday talk, or write a shabby imitation of some of the Hodes of Horace. Who cares about them old fogies? Who cares about the played-out stuff that people, who brags about bein' educated, "gas" about. What I want is, that a man should go in on his own bottom, and do somethin' out of his own head. Them Greeks and Romans and Shakspeare and Mr. Garrick were all well enough in their time; but what I want to know is—why is it that a fellow, who don't know anythin' about those men, should be set down as a fool? Between ourselves, some of the greatest donkies I have ever seen were "choke-ful" of Latin and Greek, and I know a fellow who can quote Shakspeare by the yard, who is as mad as a March hare. Them fellows put on airs about what they had crammed into them at school, and all the time they couldn't do a common sum, or tot up the rate on a Bill of Exchange.

What sot me a thinkin' about this was what I read in a

magazine the other day, about the "Suppression of Useless Knowledge." I go in for that! We have got to push our way in this here world, and what we want is learnin' that will help us in pushin' our way. No man can learn every-thing—that's clear. Let us in Canada know, and let our "young uns" learn to know, what is to be useful to us and help us to push on, and get our daily bread and, if we can, "cakes and ale." My boys go to school, and they are tolerably spry when there's mischief to be done, and they ought to be good on learnin' too. Well, they ain't. They learn Latin—they ain't got to Greek yet—and when I ask them how they are gettin' on, they say they don't like Latin, and really, my dear DIOGENES, I don't see how they can. What can these here boys care about old Seeser fightin' the Switzerlanders, or what Mr. Virgil wrote in a foreign tongue about farmin'? I can't say, myself, what I would learn boys instead of these old-fashioned things, because I ain't much posted except on dry goods. But I see you have a column for fellows who are always askin' questions, called "Notes and Queries," and this here is my conundrum, "What shall our boys learn in school that will best fit them to get on in the world?"

I ain't used to writin' letters. I never wrote one to a noospaper before, but as I heard a friend of mine sayin' that the young men of Canada warn't up to the old ones, I thought I'd ask you if schoolin' hasn't somethin' to do with it? No more at present from

Yours trooly,

BOMBAZINE CALICO.

** Although Mr. Calico's letter is rather rambling, the question he asks is a most important one, and we shall gladly give reasonable space to any intelligent writer who has something to say on the subject of his query.—ED. DIO.

"THE HYÆNA" REMONSTRATES.

(Private and Confidential.)

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

You have been down on me pretty hard lately, but that I don't mind, because its your legitimate business, and I know you mean it all good-humoredly; still, I must say it's rather "riling" to have all one's friends addressing one as "Jinks," since you published that confounded ballad;—in fact, only yesterday, when I popped in to say good-bye to my friend Mac before starting for New York, the first thing I heard was Mrs. Mac.—(I beg pardon, I should say Lady Mac.)—strumming away on the piano to that infernal tune, "Captain Jinks," and I know by the way she and old Mac sniggered when I was announced, she had been singing the new adaptation. I tell you I felt small. But what I was going to say is this: I do object to such a paragraph as the following, which you will find in the *Telegraph* of Wednesday:—

"It is reported that Sir F. H. . . . will run for the constituencies of North Lanark and Huntingdon.
Simultaneously, an old penitentiary bird, named Quenelle, was up before the Police Magistrate to-day," &c., &c.

Now, dash it, old fellow! I think you will agree with me, to quote the remark of our mutual friend, Sam Weller,—with reference to the pork pie that was all fat,—"this is rather too rich"; and as you have had a good deal of fun out of me lately, you might give a hint to the dailies not to poach upon your preserve, because you see in these journals it is't easy for the public to discriminate between the nonsense and the earnest.

Yours, &c.,

"THE HYÆNA."

"IN THE LOWEST DEPTHS," &c.

If our friend Tupper is dull, he has, occasionally, the merit of being impartial. Witness the following:—In yesterday's impression, he had the audacity, in the heading of his Ottawa telegram, to describe the Hon. John Rose and Sir Francis Hincks as "New Insolvents."

In another part of the paper he informed the public that a room in a building burned down that morning, was occupied by the St. *Caristopher* Society! If this style of carrying on a newspaper is considered "moderately Conservative,"* DIOGENES devoutly hopes soon to see the *News* decidedly and uncompromisingly Radical.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H.M."—Thanks. Theory is one thing,—practice another. Let them slide

* *Vide* Editorial Circular.

DIOGENES.

The Proprietor is happy to announce that arrangements are being made for the illustration of DIOGENES in the first style of art, both as regards Designing and Engraving. In the course of a few weeks, it is hoped that DIOGENES will be the best illustrated, as it is now the best printed paper in the Dominion of Canada.

In an early number will be commenced a

History of the Events of 1837 & 1849,

written in a broad vein of humour by an actor in the scenes he has undertaken to describe. The recital cannot fail to be interesting as well as amusing, and it is believed it will throw a new light on many subjects hitherto imperfectly understood or purposely misrepresented.

New contributors have been secured with a view to giving additional zest to the Cynic's pages, and no pains will be spared to render the paper in every way deserving of the liberal patronage accorded it.

Sept. 3rd, 1869.

Business Notices.

Mr. Crawford is again in the field with choice edibles from the firm of Crosse & Blackwell.

Mr. McGibbon also advertises the same commodities on our first page.

Messrs. W. Grant & Co. have just received a splendid assortment of Tartan Silk scarfs; also, the latest designs in Dress Shirts for the coming season. Their establishment, which ranks A 1 for gents' fashionable goods, is well worthy of a visit.

Mr. Gray, of the Main Street, has received a large supply of genuine Cod Liver Oils. See advt.

JUST ARRIVED,

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Potted Meats,</i> | <i>Pickles,</i> |
| <i>Calves' Foot Jelly,</i> | <i>Currant Jelly,</i> |
| <i>Preserved Fruits,</i> | <i>Spanish Olives,</i> |
| <i>Ess. Anchovies,</i> | <i>Indian Soy,</i> |

ALSO,

The Celebrated Philippe & Canaud's Sardines.

RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, PLUM, AND BLACK CURRANT JAMS,

ALL OF THIS SEASON'S MAKE,

Just received from the old London House of Crosse & Blackwell, and on Sale at the

77 ST. JAMES' STREET.

DAVID CRAWFORD.

THE
"GATHERING OF THE CLANS."

Our usual large importation of CLAN TARTAN SILK SCARFS, now on view, including :-

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| <i>The " ARGYLE,"</i> | <i>The " GRANT,"</i> |
| <i>The " CAMERON,"</i> | <i>The " MACKENZIE,"</i> |
| <i>The " CAMPBELL,"</i> | <i>The " MACLEAN,"</i> |
| <i>The " FORBES,"</i> | <i>The " MACLEOD,"</i> |
| <i>The " 42nd,"</i> | <i>The " ROSS,"</i> |
| <i>The " GORDON,"</i> | <i>The " SHEPHERD,"</i> |
| <i>&c., &c.,</i> | <i>&c.</i> |

Also, a magnificent Stock of TIES and SCARFS of the Latest Fall Stock—the "Prince," "Elcho," and "Promenade" being particularly choice.

The Latest Designs in Dress Shirts for the Coming Season.

W. GRANT & CO.,
West End Shirt Store,
151 St. James' Street.

JUST ARRIVED,

HAZARD & CASWELL'S COD LIVER OIL.
DR. DE JONGH'S
WILBOR'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

ALSO,

FIRST-CLASS NEWFOUNDLAND OIL.

HENRY R. GRAY,
Dispensing and Family Chemist,
144 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN ST.
(Established 1859.)

ONTARIO MEDICAL
HALL,

265 265



NOTRE DAME STREET
MONTREAL.

CHARLES G. WILSON,
CHEMIST & DRUGGIST.

Special attention paid to the compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions.

Remember the address:
CATHEDRAL BLOCK,
265 NOTRE DAME ST.

NEURALGINE,

A safe and certain cure for NEURALGIC PAINS in the Jaw, Face, Head, Neck, &c., &c. It will also be found of great service in improving weak digestion, loss of appetite, &c., &c.

GOULDEN'S PECTORAL BALSAM of HOARHOUND

An invaluable and never-failing remedy for Coughs and Colds, Whooping Cough, &c., &c. Prepared only by

J. GOULDEN,
Druggist,

(Near the Market)
177 & 179 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!! OYSTERS!!!

Try a Can of our celebrated XXX OR EXTRA CAN OYSTERS. ONLY 36 HOURS OUT OF THE SEA. We are the only direct shippers of Oysters in the city. Leave your orders at headquarters, AMERICAN OYSTER CO.

J. B. BUSS,
17 Place d'Armes.

SHELL OYSTERS.

CARRAQUET, SHREWSBURY, AND YORK RIVER, (VIRGINIA)

SHELL OYSTERS,

Just received, and for sale by the Dozen, Hundred, or Barrel.

J. B. BUSS,
17 Place d'Armes.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

BANCROFT & SHARPE

Are now receiving daily their

CHOICE BALTIMORE OYSTERS

Direct from the Beds.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT

No. 93 ST. JAMES STREET.

MAGASIN DU LOUVRE,

278 Notre Dame St.

MACDONALD & CO.

NOVELTIES IN SILKS, HOSIERY, FALL DRESSES, MANTLES, BONNETS, HATS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RUFFLES, LACES, &c.

The Millinery Show Room of this Establishment is now open.

N. B.—Dress and Mantle making in the Newest London and Paris styles on the premises.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,

Great St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

H. HOGAN.....PROPRIETOR.

(Established 1849.)

British and Continental Lace House

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PURE LACE

From the least expensive to the most elaborate and costly, comprising

HONFION, BRUSSELS, VALENCIENNES, MALTESE, POINT DE FLANLRE, POINT DUCHESSE, AND SPANISH POINT LACE.

Including all the Leading Specialties suitable for the approaching Festive Season.

Large collection of Novelties adapted for WEDDING and BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION.

Price Lists, together with Patterns and Description, forwarded on application to any part of the Dominion or United States.

Wm. McDunnough,

(Successor to James Parkin,)

British and Continental Lace House
250 NOTRE DAME STREET.

(Established 1849.)

Wholesale Stationery.

(Circular.)

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

WHOLESALE STATIONERY BUSINESS

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

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

Lowest Remunerative Rates,

such as will command the patronage of the trade. It will be ready for inspection shortly after the 1st Sept.

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

ROBERT WEIR.

24 ST. JOHN STREET,
MONTREAL, 20th Aug., 1869.

ALFRED BAILEY,
ARCHITECT,
PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

QUANTITIES TAKEN, AND ARTIFICERS' WORK MEASURED.

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"It may be employed with good results, particularly in sleeping rooms and houses situated in malarious districts."—Prof. Joseph Henry, President Smithsonian Institute, Washington City.

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This Apparatus can be readily adopted to any building at a moderate expense.

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MEMORANDUM OF THE AMOUNT OF LIFE ASSURANCE BUSINESS IN CANADA in the various Offices licensed by the Government compiled from the Returns to Government:

CANADA LIFE.....	\$5,476,350
Standard (late Colonial).....	4,236,910
Etna Life.....	4,066,890
Life Association of Scotland.....	3,606,560
Connecticut Mutual.....	1,750,000
Scottish Provincial.....	1,703,000
North British and Mercantile.....	1,250,000
Royal.....	1,165,830
Union Mutual of Maine.....	801,000
Phoenix Mutual.....	780,600
Commercial Union.....	740,210
London and Lancashire.....	501,310
Atlantic Mutual.....	400,000
New York Life.....	302,600
Equitable, of New York.....	141,500
Travelers, of Hartford.....	130,700

* The figures of American Companies are understood to be in AMERICAN CURRENCY, that they should probably be diminished about one-fourth of the sums given.

The Rates of the CANADA LIFE a lower than those of British or Foreign Office and its larger amount of Assurances and Investments in Canada than any other Company, are satisfactory evidences of the popularity of its principles and practice.

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Income, - \$2,000,000. Assets, - \$4,500,000. Deposits, - \$100,000.

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Because all the profits of the Company are divided among the insured. The Guaranteed Capital Holders never share in the profits.
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Payable on all Cash Premiums, on first renewal, and on Loan Premiums, on fourth renewal.
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Each policy-holder receives the benefit of each payment, and of the time his capital has been in the Company, precisely as every well conducted business-house divides its profits among its partners.
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On Annual Premium Life Policies after three years, and on all others after two years.
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All Cash Rates lower than those of a majority of the Companies. Half note rates as low as safety will admit.
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Its Policies allow the insured to travel and reside in any part of the United States and Europe, at any and all seasons of the year, without extra charge.
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In the settlement of all Note Policies, a dividend will be allowed by the Phoenix Mutual for each year on which the insured has received no dividend. The number of dividends will always equal the number of outstanding notes.
- 9.—ITS CHARTER AFFORDS THE FULLEST LEGAL SECURITY TO ITS INSURED.
It issues Policies for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands. Creditors may also insure the lives of debtors.

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- 3—MONTREAL CLUB PRIZE, for First Class Clubs (winners of former prizes excluded). Gold Medals, value \$100

- 4—MONTREAL CLUB PRIZE, for Second Class Clubs (Whites). First prize, \$70; second prize, \$40
- 5—MATCH between twenty-four Squaws. First prize, \$24; second prize, \$12
- 6—GRAND INDIAN WAR DANCE, in full costume. Prize, \$25

INDIVIDUAL PRIZES.

(Whites only.)

FIRST-CLASS CLUBS.

- 1—Accurate Throwing, 40 yards straight. Silver Medal
- 2—Accurate Throwing, 40 yards diagonal. Silver Medal
- 3—Accurate Throwing, 80 yards curved. Silver Medal
- 4—Long Throwing, overhead. Silver Medal
- 5—Long Throwing, front. Silver Medal
- 6—Dodging (past greatest number of checkers without dropping the ball). Double Silver "Crosse"
- 7—Dodging (past greatest number of checkers, ball to be thrown past checkers). Double Silver "Crosse"
- 8—Checking, without injury to Dodger. First prize, Silver "Crosse"; 2nd, do.

- 9—Facing. Silver Medal
- 10—Goal-keeping, 10 yards. Silver Medal
- 11—Goal-keeping, 20 yards. Silver Medal
- 12—Do. 30 yards. Double Silver "Crosse"
- 13—Catching, 20 yards, straight ball. Silver Medal
- 14—Catching, high throw, perpendicular. Silver Medal
- 15—Catching, 100 yards, long curved. Silver Medal
- 16—Pretty Feats with the ball and crosse—one player. Silver Medal
- 17—Pretty Feats with the ball and crosse—two players. Silver Medal each

SECOND-CLASS CLUBS.

- 18—Accurate Throwing, 40 yards, straight. Silver medal
- 19—Accurate Throwing, 40 yards, diagonal. Silver medal
- 20—Accurate Throwing, 80 yards, curved. Silver medal
- 21—Long Throwing, overhead. Silver medal
- 22—do from do
- 23—Dodging (past greatest number of checkers without the ball). Double silver crosse
- 24—Dodging (past greatest number of checkers, ball to be thrown past checkers). Double silver crosse
- 25—Checking without injury to dodger. 1st prize, double silver crosse; 2nd, ditto

- 26—Facing. Silver medal
- 27—Goal-keeping, 10 yards. Silver medal
- 28—do 20 do do
- 29—do 30 do do
- 30—Catching, 20 yards, straight ball. Silver medal
- 31—Catching, highest perpendicular throw. Silver medal
- 32—Catching, 100 yards, long curved. Silver medal
- 33—Pretty Feats with the ball and crosse, one player. Silver medal
- 34—Pretty Feats with the ball and crosse, two players. Silver medal each

INDIAN PRIZES.

(Open to members of all Indian Clubs in the Association.)

- 35—Accurate Throwing, 40 yards—\$5
- 36—Do. 80 do. \$5

- 37—Long Throwing—\$5
- 38—Long Throwing—2nd prize, \$4
- 39—Facing—\$5

- 40—Goal-keeping—10 yards—\$5
- 41—Do. 20 yards—\$5

RACES.

(Open to Whites and Indians.)

- 42—Half Mile. \$5 or silver crosse
- 43—100 yards Dash, picking up the ball at full tilt, and carrying it on the crosse without dropping. \$5 or silver crosse
- 44—100 yards Hurdle Race, over 10 flights, ditto ditto. \$5 or silver crosse
- 45—Quarter Mile Race. \$5 or silver crosse
- 46—One Mile Race. \$5 or silver crosse
- 47—Squaw Race, 60 yards. 1st Prize, \$5; 2nd, \$3; 3rd, \$2

Other prizes, amounting in all to about \$1000!

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Only clubs enrolled in the National Lacrosse Association are qualified to enter.

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Winners of two silver medals will have the option of taking one gold medal instead.

DECISION OF JUDGES FINAL.

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