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Vol. II.—No. 19. MONTREAL, 17th SEPTEMBER, 1869. Price—Five Cents.

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For Cholera, Rheumatism and other pains.

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For all Diseases of the Lungs.

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The only true and reliable Blood Purifier.

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All our Alpaca's, Cobourgs and Bareges,
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All our Remnants of Merinos, Dress Goods, &c., &c.,

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And many other animals now exhibited on the Western Hemisphere for the first time.

This comprehensive and popular Exhibition, which has been established for nearly half a century, and which has been honoured by nine visits from Her Gracious Majesty and the Royal Family, has received the unqualified approbation of

THE PRESS, AND THE CLERGY,

AND THE PUBLIC,

wherever it has been, and is, the best school for the study of the wonders of the Creation ever opened to the public.

THERE ARE NO CIRCUS PERFORMANCES given, as they would be entirely incompatible with the character and objects of the Exhibition; but a very pleasing and instructive entertainment is given with the wonderful

TRAINED ANIMALS,

including the feats of the GREAT LION KING in the den with four young and ferocious Lions, and other savage animals.

A GRAND STREET PROCESSION will be given on MONDAY, the 27th instant, which for DAZZLING BRILLIANCE and EXTENT has never been equalled.

Among its principal features will be the GREAT GOLDEN CHARIOT OF PACTOLUS,—THE GOLDEN CAR OF CLEOPATRA,

on the summit of which A LARGE LIVING LION will be carried

LOOSE THROUGH THE STREETS followed by the Elephants, Camels, &c., &c., and the Dens, Aviaries and Cages, all of them elaborately decorated and ornamented with beautiful

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It will exhibit in Ottawa, Sept. 20th; Cumberland, Sept. 21st; Plantagenet, Sept. 22nd; Hawkesbury, Sept. 23rd; St. Andrew's, Sept. 24th; St. Eustache, Sept. 25th.

Look for it! Wait for it! See it!

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

No. 13.

"BRIDGET."

An account of my fellow-boarders would be incomplete without describing a most important one. Bridget is as much a boarder as I am. She is the anything but neat-handed Phillis who ministers to our comfort, and to whose discomfort we all minister. Galway is her native place, and if, as it is said, health and strength are the characteristics of the inhabitants of the West of Ireland, Bridget reflects credit on her birthplace. Her hair is a bright auburn and her complexion brilliant. She is decidedly a *Colleen Rue*. Her stature and limbs are massive. Her hand and arm could, I think, fell an ox; and as for her feet—well,—I wonder whether she is able to buy her boots ready made? Her temper sometimes shows itself, but then, it is often sorely tried. There are some things she strongly objects to doing. Being the strongest person in the house,—(the "Athlete" is nothing to her,)—she sometimes has to carry the old drunkard up-stairs,—a task at which she sorely grumbles. She moves stoves about as if they were feathers. But she is not handy at light things. She cannot bring a dozen of tea spoons up a single flight of stairs without dropping them. Knives and forks and all such small articles are very slippery in her hands. She deals destruction to crockery and glass! I should say she breaks, on an average, three plates a day; and we always know when an accident of this kind occurs, because, after the mishap, our landlady upraids her in a shrill treble, while Bridget justifies herself in a voice like a cannon! This controversy generally lasts for about twenty minutes and can be heard, I should say, three streets off. If Bridget is made to pay for everything she breaks, she cannot receive any wages at all.

Still I like Bridget. She is very obliging to anyone who will speak civilly to her,—a thing that some of the boarders forget to do. How that girl does work to be sure? She is never allowed to finish one thing before she is called away to commence another. Having about five times us much work to do, as she is able to accomplish, she distributes her possible fraction among the boarders with great impartiality. This process, though very just, is not productive of general satisfaction. Just listen!

OLD LADY.—"Now, Bridget, do you call that making a bed?"

ATHLETE.—"Bridget, no towel again, as usual?"

COOK, (from the regions beneath).—"Br—id—get, what have you done with the pepper-box?"

MRS. X.....—"Bridget, I told you to clean these windows to-day."

BRIDGET, (aside).—"Bless you, ma'm, I know you did."

LANDLADY.—"Here, Bridget, is the table going to be laid to-day?"

YANKEE.—"Say, Bridget, get me a cork-screw, like a good gal!"

SCIENTIFIC.—"Bridget, there was a *cinex* in my bed last night!"

LITTLE CHILD.—"Biddit, a drink of wa—ter."

CAPTAIN'S SERVANT.—"Bridget, where are those boots?"

BRIDGET.—"Clane 'em yourself!"

CHORUS.—"Bully for Bridget."

OLD DRUNKARD.—"Bridget, be kind enough to bring me my lamp."

CAPTAIN.—(hums):

"Figaro quà, Figaro là,
Figaro su, Figaro giù."

It is no use, Captain, the "Barber of Seville" was never so ubiquitous as Bridget!

Bridget gives warning regularly every month. She has

done this for the last three years, but it never comes to anything. Her last grievance was almost too much for her. The landlady has taken to burning coal instead of wood, and Bridget hates "the dirty black stuff." The fact is that Bridget does not know how to light a coal fire, and like many of her sex, scorns to confess her ignorance. I, one day, came upon her trying to kindle a fire in my grate. She had carefully placed the coals at the bottom and the kindling wood at the top. She was blowing at it like a steam-engine, and continued blowing till all the wood was consumed. I then, in the most delicate manner, suggested to her to reverse the order of super-position. She was very angry, and told me that if I were to try to light a turf fire in Connaught, the laugh would be on her side. Perhaps it would, but I did not exactly see why, for that reason, my coal fire in Montreal should not burn. Poor Bridget! perhaps like some of her betters, she put it all down to "Canadian Dependence!"

One of Bridget's peculiarities is, that she cannot hold her tongue for one minute. When she has nobody to talk to, she talks to herself. Sometimes she sings and goes "crooning" about the house while engaged in her daily duties. She is not particular, either, as to time or tune. Yesterday, I overheard her endeavoring to fit the words of "The Captain with his Whiskers," to the air of the "Meeting of the Waters." The attempt was not successful. While, last spring, I was lying sick in bed, I constantly overheard Bridget walking up and down the passage in boots—oh, those boots! She was always mentally endeavoring to solve the problem of whose turn it was to have clean sheets? This subject always puzzled her brain. The discussion was frequently carried on in subdued Irish,—a language with which I am not acquainted and, therefore, cannot offer an opinion as to her powers of mental discussion. I only know that I sometimes have clean sheets two days running, and at other times the change is so long delayed that I have had to remonstrate!

Bridget is allowed to go out every alternate Sunday evening. On these occasions, she is gorgeously arrayed in a green dress of a gauzy nature, a black shawl, very small hat, with a profusion of yellow flowers, and a delicate blue and white check silk parasol. On alternate Sunday evenings she "receives" in the kitchen,—for Bridget, be it known, has two lovers! A romantic tale attaches itself to these two, which for want of space, I must delay till next week.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL.

Really and truly there is too much bistre, (or Brown), in our editorial pictures. It is far from being a lively color. And as it is laid on, by some means, known only to such artists as we have in Canada, a very singular tint of *greenness* is given to the perspective. Has the great George infected the gentlemen of the press with a universal *Brown* jaundice? You say, and swear, many of you six times every week of your mortal lives, that the lion is dead, and yet, oblivious of the fable, a pitiless shower of kicks descends on the carcass. The heels are ever in the air and the "hee-haw" never ceases. Indeed it would surprise no one were you to kick life into to him again! Such a thing has happened before, and, may again. Should it occur, and he should give your masters and benefactors, first, a brush of his paw, and then whisk them off with his long tail, you will have yourselves mainly to blame for the deluge. Silence and neglect is death to most men who have filled a wide space in the world's eye,—a secret yet to be discovered by the barons of our broad-sheets. Unceasing agitation induces vigor and prolongs life. If the great bogy is dead, let him rest; why even galvanize him? *Qu'un mort ne mord point.*

RECORDER'S COURT, 13TH SEPT., 1869.

This day having been fixed for rendering judgment in the great case of the "So. for Sup. of Cruelty to Animals" against the Host of the "Carlton" and the Philosopher, the Court was, as before, densely packed long before the Recorder made his appearance. Waiting till he should take his place, DIOGENES calmly scanned the company, and was gratified to see that all ranks and conditions of men were represented—particularly the clergy. They came from mixed motives, ostensibly because they think it their duty to be present at all the trials of their fellow creatures, and because they thought that people would attribute their presence to a desire to countenance the praiseworthy efforts of the "So. for the Sup." We wish the Society had taken a shorter name; for DIOGENES, in these telegraphic days, feels that people have not time to read long letters. Every one, now, really thinks that he is bound, like a recruit at the double, to raise his fists, from the elbow to his sides, and run as if fortune were running away and poverty chasing from behind! Hurrying along in this manner, who will stop to read "Secretary-Treasurer to the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals?" Who could read it in running?—and unless "he who runs can read," nothing will be read at all. DIOGENES, as all the world knows, delights in brevity, and, pitying the hot haste of the age, stands at the corners and opposite the Post Office, pitching his pithy sayings, in short sentences, at the eager, passing crowd. Now, a wise saying about lending money, which arrests the attention of the Bank Autocrat, who listens in hopes it may be some new concern that he may amalgamate or gore to death: now, something sage about borrowing tin, which stops every seedy cove in the streets and buttons every pocket with a dollar in it: now, a suggestion about subsidies, which makes the Allan Line ships in the harbour, utter a dreadful steam grunt, and causes the Head of the Concern, himself, to take his hands out of his pockets, rise from his heels, and from under the rim of his hat, look sharply suspicious into our Tub. But all these great sayings of ours must be thrown out like cambric needles—light, sharp, and with a delicate sting. No extra word must encumber the shot, or the public, like the man in the song with the steam leg, rushes off "without broaching a keg," and leaves us to "whistle down the wind!" Sometimes, as in the present case, we venture to dilate a little, because, when we talk of eating, and more particularly of eating oysters, we know that we have got the public by the ear, and can hold it, by way of parenthesis, at some little length, and people listen on the principle that "Meat and Mass never hinder work."

To return from our digression,—not that digressions are bad in themselves, if, like old port, they are indulged in moderately, or, like excursions to Cacouna, taken only in good company and while the hot weather lasts;—but to return,—for it is a rule absolute, that digressions must be returned from, unless one prefers to "resume the thread of our discourse," which phrase, as being more clerical, and because we were talking of the Church, we shall adopt.—To resume the thread of our discourse, DIOGENES knows that one half of the clergy present came to hear the Recorder's judgment, because they saw, or thought they saw, in the opening and swallowing of the oyster, an allegory, pointing to the disendowment and disestablishment of the Irish Church,—fancying that "mine host of the Carlton" represented Gladstone, and DIOGENES, the Radical party, about to swallow or empty the Church revenues into his Tub. These clergymen, therefore, were present in hopes of hearing the sacrilegious plunderers heavily fined; they came, in fact, like boys to see their enemy burnt in effigy! Terribly sold they were, when they found that Gladstone was not mentioned, but they were partly comforted by hearing the luminous judgment of the Recorder, and, together with

the other half of their colleagues, they listened with moist lips, feeling that next to eating, talking about oysters was most refreshing. The more honest amongst them, however, could not help contrasting the dryness and insipidity of their sermons with the racy eloquence and delicious diffusiveness of the Recorder. Self-esteem comforted some by suggesting that the subject was the cause of the attraction. Conscience told all, however, that it was the earnest manner in which the Judge spoke,—revealing his deep interest in, and love for, oysters,—that made every ear tingle, every eye glisten, every mouth water, and every heart resolve to have a dozen at the "Carlton" forthwith! Even the *Witness* felt moved, and confessed that, as an honest love for ones' subject made dull men eloquent, it was a pity that cold water should have a tendency to drown the fire of enthusiasm. Next to the clergy, the most numerous-represented class was that of the cab drivers. They like oysters simply because they are men, but they like the "Carlton" because all the fares they take there go in good humor, and therefore pay well, and all they take thence leave contented, and therefore they, too, pay freely, without bothering about numbers and Corporation Bye-laws. The cabmen, however, were there in strength, because they knew that DIOGENES, though he keeps no horse, and lives in his own Tub, is a jolly old, independent dog, who defies all the councillors in Montreal to put a tally round his neck or muzzle him, even when he bites. DIOGENES, proud of his own freedom, enters into the feelings of the honest cabmen, and has promised to send forth his "Own Commissioner" to inquire into and report upon the provoking law which requires that every cab-driver should lose his individuality, and make him a mere number. But this inquiry is only to be made on condition that there be no strike. We have already represented to Peter Plook, their President, that strikes only make their own and other peoples' wives suffer. So Peter says he will submit to his ridiculous badge, under protest always, until such time as we can bring our lantern to bear upon the blind lawgivers who insist upon thus putting marks upon them and the puppy dogs, to be worn under pain of poison for the last, and the inevitable five shillings or eight days for the first.

Peter Plook, a most honest old fellow,—better known as "Plooky Peter," and sometimes "Plooky,"—is to accompany our "Special," and in due time the public shall hear of the "Tin Badges."

While DIOGENES was employed in making all the foregoing observations, he stood up, of course, and turned his back upon the Bench. So absorbed was he in thought, that he was quite unconscious of the bustle made by the entrance of the Recorder, till admonished thereof by seeing "Plooky" take off his canteen and wink intensely to a friend beside him, as who should say, "That's the Beak,—the performance will begin right away." And so it was. But what he said, and how he said it, must be told another day. This will be a disappointment to the worthy Beak, for Judges have a terrible thirst for seeing themselves in print. Let him have patience, however,—his virtuous ambition will be fully gratified. We shall tell all he said,—maybe a little more. Our readers, too, will, perhaps, be disappointed; if so, let them pitch into the cab-drivers and John Dougall. If they had not been such whales for oysters and the "Pale," DIOGENES would not have been so led astray;—and, gentle reader, remember that it is much easier to get into Court than out of it! The Recorder is, in reality, the sufferer. The day that shall give his name to immortality is put off for a week, and he, only mortal!—Never mind! the mollusc is at his best. Your Judgment is in type. Call at the "Carlton" at noon on Monday, where you will find a "proof" to correct, and a dozen of the "natives," with a toothful of

—"Something, I'm tould,

Which his Riv'rence likes when the weather is could!"

"TALE OF THE TUB."

(After Beranger.)

My dwelling is ample,
 And I've set an example,
 For all lovers of wine to follow :
 Where's my home? should you ask,—
 I have drained out a cask,
 And I dwell in the fragrant hollow !
 A disciple I am of Diogenes—
 O! his tub a most classical lodging is !
 'Tis a beautiful alcove for thinking ;
 'Tis, besides, a cool grotto for drinking ;
 Moreover, the city throughout,
 You can readily roll it about :
 O! the berth,
 For a lover of mirth,
 To revel in jokes, and to lodge in ease,
 Is the classical tub of Diogenes !

In politics I'm no adept,
 And into my Tub when I've crept,
 They may canvas in vain for my vote ;
 For, besides, after all the great cry and hubbub,
 "Independence" will bring little help to my tub,
 So their fuss I don't value a groat !
 And as for that idol of filth and vulgarity,
 Adorned now-a-days, and 'yclept "Popularity,"
 To my home
 Should it come,
 And my hog'shead's bright aperture darken,
 Think not to such summons I'd hearken ;—
 No! I'd say to that ghoulish, grim and gaunt,
 "Vile phantom, avaunt !
 Get thee out of my sight !
 For thy clumsy opacity shuts out the light
 Of the gay, glorious sun
 From my classical tun,
 Where a hater of cant, and a lover of fun,
 Fain would revel in mirth, and would lodge in ease,—
 The classical tub of Diogenes !"

SQUALLY WEATHER.

Hallo! my cynical shipmate, there's a promise of squally weather "off the banks." For a certainty, the porpoises are rolling awfully, and the dolphins may be baring their backs of gold, only I can't see them through the fog! And the cod don't seem inclined to bite, although we bait our lines with a new and glittering bait called CONFEDERATION. Very ungrateful and very bad taste of them, isn't it? Even the thornbacks show their thorns to it; and the halibut and other flat fish are not flats enough to look it in the face! What's to be done? We must have fish! The new net—the "Howe"—was very effective on the opposite coast,—surely there are material and appliances for manufacturing another like it in "The Island?" Depend on it, Johnny,—that first of fishermen,—will try!

MORE CYNICAL THAN "DIOGENES" HIMSELF.

When Mr. Huntington had concluded his great oration on "Independence," Mr. Chamberlin followed with an elaborate speech on the other side. The audience voted unanimously their thanks to *both* gentlemen for their kindness, &c.

The farmers of Bedford may hold strong opinions on such subjects as "short horns" or "top dressing" but they evidently consider Independence a bore. Anything more delicately sarcastic than the way in which they expressed this opinion DIOGENES has not heard of for a long time.

HOGS AND ACORNS.

A reviewer in the *Dominion Monthly*, speaking of Elihu Burritt's arguments in favor of English, instead of Latin, for scientific names, thus discourses:—

"Again, to the Englishman at least, latinized botanical names may serve the useful purpose of reminding him of the foreign origin of the vast majority of his trees, shrubs, flowers and fruits, and may recall his thoughts to the time when Seneca was writing from a table of gold, shadowed by laurels and olives,—when Indian princes were giving forth their laws from thrones of jewelled ivory,—and when, 'mid the meagre flora of foggy Britannia, *Elihu's forefathers and mine were grubbing with crooked nails for acorns, or watching the blood-stained oak of the Druid.*"

The author of the foregoing piece of oratory, mindful only of the sound of his words, and sacrificing sense to antithesis, lets the Englishman out of the scrape of barbarism, but claims for Elihu and himself a very singular ancestry. "Elihu's forefathers and mine," he says, "grubbed acorns with crooked nails." In that case they were hogs, and very stupid hogs too. Hogs alone, of all the mammalia, eat acorns. Now, the critic must be a mammal, and of very recent origin, when he sets his ancestry to grub for acorns which fall from the trees and lie on the ground, instead of under it! Latin could hardly have been of much use to these children of nature, whose language must have been monosyllabic then, as now, and briefly expressed by a grunt,—drawn out into agonizing length occasionally, when, for instance, "Elihu's forefather and mine" got his head under a gate!

CORRESPONDENCE.

PASTORAL LETTERS.

MY DEAR DIO:

You will observe by the address of this letter, that I have taken advantage of the leave of absence you so liberally granted me, and am now recruiting my health, shattered by my superhuman exertions in your service, (Bosh—Ed. DIO :) amid the fertile fields and purling streams of this delightful section of our Dominion.

I am located at a farm house, within an easy distance of the thriving little village of C——n, and enjoy, at a ridiculously small cost, abundance of plain and wholesome food, and a daily supply of such milk and cream as would,—diluted to the usual standard,—furnish a month's supply to all the Boarding Houses in Montreal.

In C——n, there is an admirably-conducted Money Order Office,—so you can easily remit, *weekly*, my modest stipend, instead of allowing it to accumulate till my return. (The Cynic here makes a derisive gesture over his sinister shoulder.) This will be the more convenient, as I nearly exhausted my finances by settling all my little outstanding liabilities previous to my departure. (Who were all those anxious inquirers after his correspondent? If DIOGENES knows a *dun* when he sees one, they were undoubtedly of that *genus*.)

I have announced myself to my host as the Agricultural Correspondent of our most influential Montreal journal. I am, consequently, treated with the most profound consideration, and my opinion on all matters of husbandry and bucolics is regarded as law. This, as you are aware, is my first visit to the country, and I have no *practical* experience whatever of agricultural matters,—still, I consider that a correspondent of your valuable journal is competent to give advice, theoretically, *on any subject*; and I should not be surprised if my theories,—supposing they are carried out,—should lead to some remarkable and unforeseen results.

I flatter myself I have already considerably impressed my host with some of my suggestions;—notably when I suggested that he should endeavour to procure a buffalo bull to cross with his thorough-bred Durhams, with a view of procuring a

breed that would enable him to introduce the delicious *buffalo hump* into our markets.

I have announced my intention of materially assisting in the hay field, and my host has replied that he will be *glad to have me to help to pitch*. Now, what the deuce can he mean? When I visited my friend, the Vice-Commodore of the Lachine Boat Club, I assisted him to pitch the seams of his yacht but they can't use boats in the hay fields, unless, perhaps, they are *water meadows*—or, perhaps, his waggon is leaky and lets out the hay:—however, we shall see to-morrow. So I say "I shall be very glad to pitch." My host looks at me dubiously, and says, "I suppose you're used to pitching?—it's rather hard work." Rather hard work is it? Now, I did not find it at all hard work when I and my friend, the Vice-Commodore, *pitched* at Lachine. We sat down on the beach, with our pipes in our mouths, and small pots of a nasty-smelling compound in our hands, and then, with a paint brush, we closed up the seams of the vessel. Now, that can hardly be said to be laborious; but, perhaps, the pots and brushes are bigger in the country, and that makes it harder,—however, as I said before, we shall see to-morrow. Anyhow, it don't do to appear ignorant, so I say—"oh, yes, I like pitching, and don't mind a little hard work;"—so we have another pipe, and my host, who has been yawning portentously for the last hour, says, "he guesses it's time for bed:"—the others have disappeared long since. So, at the ridiculously-early hour of nine, your correspondent retires to his virtuous couch, with the parting promise from his host, to call him in good time in the morning.

WOODCHUCK.

Eastern Townships, Sept. 5, 1869.

VOCAL CHURCH MUSIC.

DEAR DIO.

In all the hubbub of the church organ question, none of the anti-organists seem to have been struck with the fact, that there are human voices in our church assemblies, whose Sabbath strains are of more questionable propriety,—and perhaps piety,—than the innocent and melodious organ; and that if the latter grates on the antediluvian feelings of certain gentlemen with no ear for music beyond a fiddle and the bag-pipes, the former is equally disagreeable to worshippers who have some soul above those vocalists, who

"Split the ears of melody,
And break the legs of time."

Church music, properly played or sung, awakens our noblest emotions; but a voice without modulation, whether in or out of the choir, is perhaps a worse nuisance than a voice without tune. There is plenty of scope for just criticism in the bad singing among congregations, but considering the object for which they are assembled, and the fact that correctness is not expected, I pass over this; but will not admit that people should give full vent to the strength of their voice, especially when they are poor singers. I should rather hear a false note or a little lagging in church music, than a continual individual screech, here and there, an octave or two higher than the rest of the congregation. Shakspeare places the residence of music in the soul; but some church vocalists think it is altogether in the lungs; and that piercing falsetto is a proof of sincerity of feeling and depth of expression.

I believe with John Wesley that the devil should not have all the fine songs: but give me the long-droning psalmists to the head-aching uproar raised by some pew occupants.

Now, I consider that this is a valid and *bona fide* excuse for my failure to attend church regularly. In the vicinity of my pew is just such a distressing case, and as I value my auricles, and wish my Sabbaths to be days of rest,—not of head-aches,—I consider I have good cause to stay at home until the trustees change my pew. Such squalling in church is out of place for a singer not in the choir, and is neither good music, good taste nor good piety. It may do to advertise the capabilities of a boarding-school, but it is too great a display of vocal gymnastics for a house of worship. The music has its influence as well as the sermon, and on many souls, alas! who are put to sleep by preaching; but let us be able to associate vocal church music with calm and holy thoughts, as Izaak Walton on hearing a nightingale sing said "Lord, lord, what music hast thou not reserved for thy saints in heaven, when thou hast indulged such sounds to bad men on earth?"

"Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing."

B.

MORE "INDEPENDENCE."

Mr. Huntington is certainly a much more able and lucid speaker than Mr. Young. There is a fearlessness about him which DIOGENES admires. There is no mistaking his sincerity, and he has the advantage of telling us, in the clearest terms, what he wants. He distinctly repudiates "Annexation;"—in fact, treats it with withering contempt.—He wishes Canada to pass from the state of a Dominion to that of an Independent Nationality. Then, and then only, he tells us, will Canada be able to negotiate a Zollverein treaty with the United States. He also tells us that we want to get our goods into the United States' market. Most true! But how does Great Britain stand in our way? Mr. Huntington replies:

"We can't negotiate such a treaty. Canada has great interests, but she has no power. She can exercise no diplomatic functions because she has no recognized foreign relations. * * * Do they think Mr. Thornton would negotiate this Zollverein for us? No! Because it would conflict with the policy of the Empire. Canada as a dependency can never become a party to a continental policy here, because it would involve a discrimination against British goods!"

Mr. Thornton certainly would not *negotiate* such a treaty, because it would be no business of his. It would be a direct interference with that *real independence* which Canada has. But that Mr. Thornton, under advice of the British Government, would strongly *recommend* such a treaty, DIOGENES feels perfectly certain. Such a treaty would *not* "conflict with the policy of the empire." England, at present, rightly or wrongly, is so thoroughly imbued with the principles of free trade, that she would never attempt to half-close the market door against the productions of another country because it partially excluded her own. Any party in power attempting to do this, would be certain to meet with an adverse vote in the British Parliament.

But even supposing that this were the case, how would Independence help us? Imagine Canada an Independent Monarchy or Republic, and imagine also a Canadian ambassador accredited at Washington,—(that is what Mr. Huntington would like),—demanding a revision of the American tariff. Would the imposing presence of that functionary so impress Brother Jonathan that the treaty would be effected more readily? Let us not think it. The policy of our neighbours is unconcealed. They want our territory, and will use any possible peaceful means in their power to coerce us into union, *alias* annexation. The abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty was a means to an end. They failed, and they are beginning to find it out. In spite of the tariff, boat-loads of timber, day-after-day, leave Canada for the American market. Cattle buyers abound; and it is curious to notice that, at the recent sales of troop horses in Montreal and Toronto, two-thirds of the buyers were citizens of the neighbouring Republic—a noteworthy fact, considering that a horse entering the United States from Canada is liable to a duty of twenty per cent. *ad valorem*.

A little patience and our neighbours will see their error. "Independence" will not enlighten them, but rather be an inducement for them still further to shackle commerce. As long as the world lasts, people *will* "sell in the dearest market and buy in the cheapest." Independence can no more influence this principle one way or the other than can an oak tree in the forest, but BRITISH CONNEXION CAN AND DOES AID IT.

CROQUET.

There's a game that's new and charming, growing on me day by day,
At which friends with friends e'er meeting, ever meeting, ever play,
And where "lovers" who are "spooney,"—calm and happy,—spoon
away,—

Ever spooning,—never play!

At which swells with long mustachios,—swells with far more hair than
brains,—
Dressed to kill in latest fashions,—collars, causing *endless* pains,—
Eye-glass fixed in optic orbit, whirling golden-headed canes,—
Never able,—ever canes,—

Lounge and talk, and chatter folly,—chatter folly as they go,—
Utter weak and vapid nothings, with an almost endless flow,
Voting intellect a nuisance,—voting common sense a "bow,*"—
"Not for Joseph,"—oh, dear, no!

While each belle, clad a "*Le Follet*," thinks of nothing else but dress;
Where she only heeds her toilet,—where each long and trailing tress,
Cheap at shillings five and sixpence,—five and sixpence, more or less,—
Leaves a grease-stain on her dress!

Should you ask me what I preach of,—what's the subject of my lay,—
What this game is that's so charming on a glorious summer day,
At which swells and belles insipid, ever spooning, never play,
I would answer you,—Croquet!

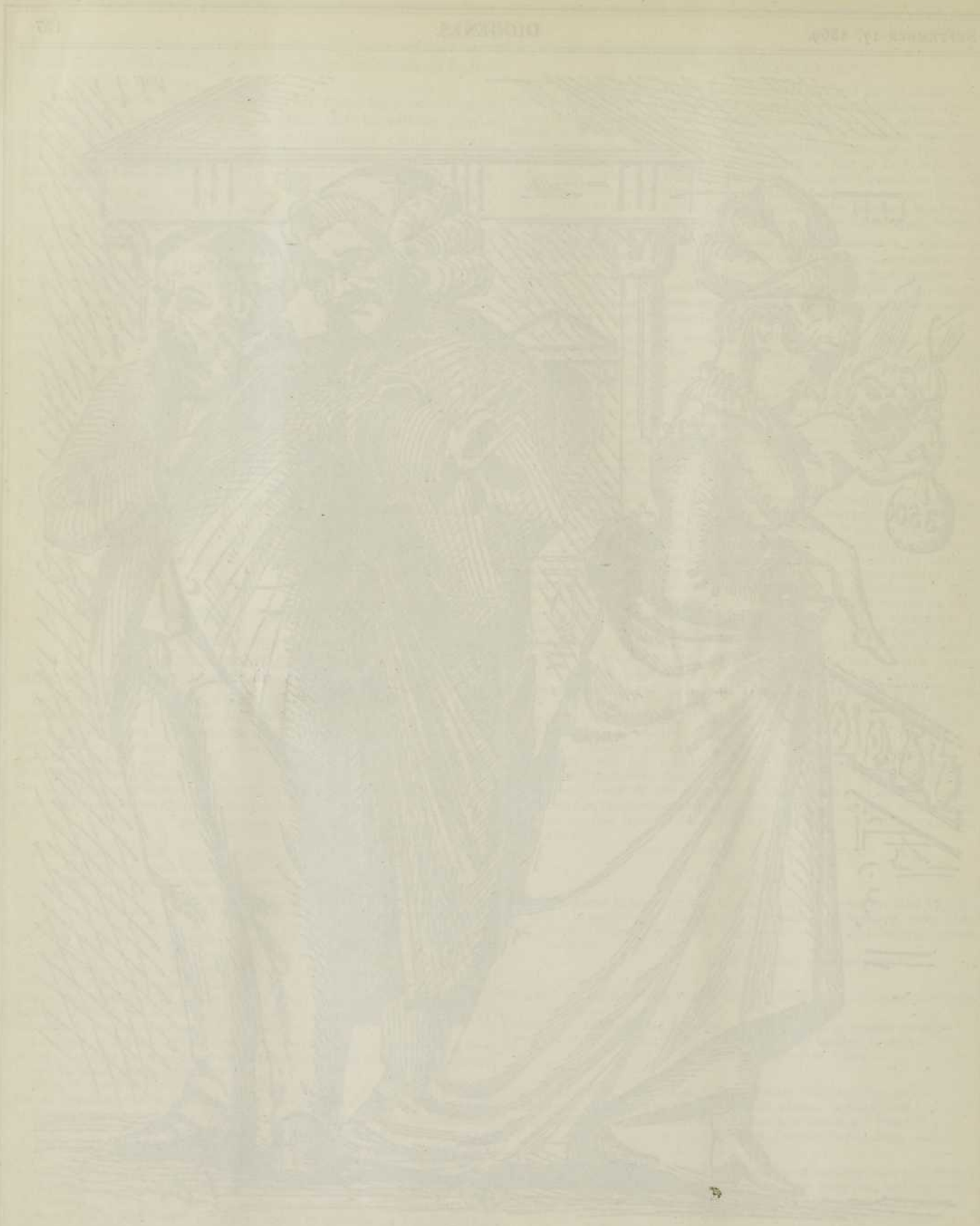
* The writer evidently means "bore."—[ED. DRO.]



A "JOB'S COMFORTER!"

GONZALO—(an honest Counsellor.)—BESEECH YOU, SIR,—BE MERRY! YOU HAVE CAUSE OF JOY,—FOR *HER* ESCAPE IS FAR BEYOND *YOUR* LOSS!"

TEMPEST—Act I. Scene I.—(New Reading.)



A "JOB'S COMFORTER"

Illustration of a scene from the play 'Job's Comforter' by George Bernard Shaw. The scene shows Job and his wife in a room. Job is on the left, and his wife is on the right. The illustration is a bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

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"TUPPER" TO THE RESCUE.

If ever a man had cause to exclaim, "Save me from my friends," Sir Francis Hincks is that much-to-be-pitied individual, and the Cynic conceives that the Honourable Knight will entirely agree with him, when he reads the elaborate article in his defence in the *News* of Wednesday.

The public has got the idea into its head that it is intended to pitch-fork Sir Francis into the post about to be vacated by Mr. Rose, and has proclaimed, with unmistakable emphasis, that *it won't do*. The *News* explains that it is only a coincidence that he arrived here, just as the office of Finance Minister had become vacant, and, while admitting that the coincidence looks *rather fishy*, reminds the public "that the *only facts* we know, are, that he is here, and that Mr. Rose is on the eve of his departure." Very true, Martin, but you are not the philosopher DIOGENES takes you for, if you can't deduce some rather startling inferences from those simple facts.

Tupper thinks it "very ungenerous" of the *Globe* to say that, although Sir Francis is very welcome as a visitor, yet they would rather be excused from having any more intimate connection with him, and reminds us that "the great measures with which Sir Francis identified himself were the abolition of the Clergy Reserves, the Municipal Loan Fund, and the inspection and construction of the Grand Trunk Railway."

Quite right, Tupper! He did identify himself with the Grand Trunk,—in fact the Cynic has heard that he identified himself so very closely and affectionately that, so to speak, they had all things in common, and hardly knew what belonged to one, and what to the other! DIOGENES had a housekeeper once of the same earnest and affectionate disposition. She used to keep the key of his tea-caddy, and it was astonishing how the grocer benefited thereby!

And then, Martin concentrates himself for a great mental effort, that cannot fail to utterly scatter and crush his opponents. He says, "there seldom can be any proof that the visible consequences of given antecedents would have been the same if the antecedents had been offered."

Certainly not, Martin! Look at the case of DIOGENES' housekeeper for example. Had not the antecedent, *i.e.*, the key, been offered, the visible consequence, *i.e.*, the decline in the tea-caddy would not have been apparent, and the grocer would have suffered accordingly. *Quod erat demonstrandum*.

And then, observe the force of Martin's arguments. "Supposing," he says, "Sir Francis had remained in Canada; he *might* have been restored to his former rank, the honor of confederation *might* have been his, and Mr. Brown *might* have been his colleague, and have had to knuckle under to his political enemy." Verily, this line of argument reminds DIOGENES of the rhyme of his childhood:—

"Supposing I was you, supposing you was me,
Supposing we both were somebody else,
I wonder who we should be?"

DIOGENES wonders also, and earnestly commends this line of argument to the returned prodigal Reiffenstein, who might use it thus: Suppose Government had never appointed him to his late office, and suppose he had opened a saloon and billiard room on a good stand, he *might* have made more money than he ever made out of an ungrateful country, and *might* never have been in his present unpleasant predicament!

The public says Sir Francis is a "corruptionist." Tupper retorts, "he is one of our most experienced statesmen." No doubt, Martin,—but does it not occur to you that it is not unlikely the obtuse public might prefer a little veridancy by way of a change? DIOGENES remembers that, once, after a visit to our elegant and commodious Theatre, he discovered that the massive gold chain (not plated, as his calumniators have asserted,) supporting his spectacles had disappeared. The detective to whom he applied, informed him that the *job* was evidently the work of an *old hand*, but the CYNIC does not remember that that circumstance afforded him any particular gratification. Indeed, does not the fact of your own increasing influence and circulation, my dear Martin, convince you that the public has not lost its appreciation of freshness and veridancy?

Martin continues—"No one can dispute the fact that finance was a speciality in which Sir Francis excelled."

Chorus by Grand Trunk Shareholders—"AND SO SAY ALL OF US!" "We never had an 'Inspector-General' who so completely mastered the art of speaking in figures." Does Martin mean to say that "he lisped in numbers?" But then, after exciting our envy and desire to obtain such a paragon at any price, Martin casts a gloom over us by saying he isn't sure whether we *can* get him, and whether he will consent to relinquish all the brilliant prospects that await him in some other colony,—(not specified, but probably that of Prester John),—unless we appeal to his patriotism!

Now don't, Martin! Don't harm the poor Knight's feelings, and compel him to stand in his own light by appeals to his sentiment. Why, he *might* be Governor General of India yet, and you would have us persuade him to relinquish this brilliant prospect? Don't do it, Martin,—let us worry along for a while the best way we can, and, perhaps,

something or somebody will turn up. By the bye, haven't you any budding financiers growing up in St. Nicholas Street?

So far, DIOGENES has been in most delightful accord with his friend Tupper, but now he is reluctantly compelled to join issue. Martin says, in conclusion, that—

"Sentimentalism, however poetical, is at a discount in these days."

Never, Martin! Never! so long as you exist and are appreciated, will sentiment and poetry decline. Never, so long as DIOGENES is to the fore to bring your beauties prominently before the public, shall your poetry or prose pass unnoticed and unappreciated!

"THOSE SPOTS" AGAIN!

Commander Ashe, R.N., Fellow of all Societies, Literary and Royal, has discovered that the sun is a huge, blazing, old fashioned beacon, shining in the heavens, and kept burning by a regular supply of planetary bodies, which keep tumbling into his "inner surface," where they are immediately burned up to supply heat and light to the universe. That the heat, though great enough to melt all metals and bring them down in wondrous showers upon Solar Danæus, is yet not sufficient to prevent the formation of *scaræ*, or ashes, upon his surface, which fully accounts for the "spots." The latter, we suppose, like great ash-heaps, are sometimes moved away by the dustmen, and then Old Sol looks bright again! DIOGENES thinks this is quite as good a theory as any yet propounded. The only objection is, that it suggests another cause of alarm to those who prove that our coal fields are giving out. What, if the planetary bodies fail? What, if the stokers strike work? What, if they get disorderly and put too many planets into the grate at once? But, worst of all, what, if our own planet should be shoveled in some cold night? for, if Com. Ashe's theory be true, of course our turn must come some day. It is not pleasant to think that the planets, which all look so respectfully to the Sun and trust to him for their very existence, are only so many lumps of compressed fuel, like Hodges' Peat, destined to keep his cars running!

DIOGENES, by way of composing the public mind, calculates,—on principles as veracious as those built upon by Com. Ashe,—that there is a stock of planets on hand large enough to last till the coal fields are exhausted. The Cynic pursues his calculations no farther, because he thinks that, when the coal is all burned out, our successors will be much obliged to the stoker who pitches our planet into the fire, where such a dirty little globe will make, of course, an abominably large "SPOT" to puzzle the ASHES of the surviving worlds!

THE ARABIAN LAUGHING PLANT.

The *Witness*, in a recent issue, favoured us with an elaborate account of this very singular plant. It appears that its influence has a tendency to make men extremely ridiculous, and to impel them to commit all sorts of extravagancies. The *Witness* adds:

"To put a pinch of this powder into the coffee of some unsuspecting individual is not an uncommon joke."

Who can avoid concluding that our venerable and excellent friend is the subject of this jest at his daily matutinal meal; and, moreover, that he likes it?

A NOVEL APOLOGY.

The *Daily News* accounts for Mrs. Stowe's indiscretion with regard to the Byron affair, on the ground that family afflictions have upset her usual good judgment.

We have it on the authority of Shakspere, that "a fellow feeling makes us *wondrous kind*," but in this instance Mrs. Stowe's "fellow feeling" appears to have operated in a diametrically opposite direction!

AUNT TABITHA'S TOUR.

In consequence of H.M.S "Fudge" having been ordered off on a cruise, our correspondent neglected to forward the continuation of the letters from Aunt Tabitha's nephew. We are happy to find that they have come at last to hand. We give one this week, and have another in type.—ED. DIO.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

For the first time in her life, my Aunt left her native soil for foreign parts on Wednesday last. I had almost despaired of ever getting her away, for she seemed to look upon a trip to Ottawa as only second, in danger and importance, to Sir John Franklin's journey to the North Pole! She provided luggage enough to supply a whole exploring party, and more than enough to distract her unfortunate nephew, who had to get her *impedimenta* through the Customs, and on the way to Ottawa.

My Aunt was not a good sailor,—though this I attribute to her morbid dread of a watery grave, of which she indulged, somewhat needlessly, in most gloomy forebodings, compelling me, although the weather was moderate, again and again, to read over to her the Liturgy—to be used at sea in great peril!—and the Communion Service. But, in one respect, she showed an amount of resolution which was worthy of a better cause. Having paid for her meals, she was very unhappy, every time that she reluctantly cast her bread upon the waters, at the thought that she was literally throwing her money into the sea. She would gulp down enough dinner for any two persons,—then, after exhibiting all the varying hues of the dying dolphin, she would rush frantically up on deck, and, in a few minutes, would return and go through the same operation. I verily believe that it would have paid the owners had they given her a free passage, or, at least, if they had prudently abstained from charging her for her meals!

Fortunately for all concerned, we arrived at Portland, at last, and, after any amount of bustle and worry, my Aunt and I found ourselves seated in a "sleeping car," on our way to Montreal.

Railways and railway travelling were novelties to my Aunt, and she somewhat mortified me by her outspoken admiration for that triumph of railway engineering,—the Grand Trunk Line. Opposite to us, in the same compartment, sat an elderly gentleman, who was too much absorbed in his newspaper to be aware that he was being examined by watchful, suspicious eyes. Had he been ten years younger, she would have changed her seat, if possible; but his years looked in his favor, and my Aunt, determining to stand her ground, shoved her purse and her hands deep into her pockets, put her feet under the seat, and sat, upright and immovable,—the picture of stern, unapproachable virginity!

It did not take me very long to strike up a conversation with our neighbor, who gave us much useful information; and relieved our minds greatly by telling us that no Line in the world was safer than the Grand Trunk, for it had reduced running off the track to a science, so that an accident never injured anybody or anything, except the engines, the freighters, and the bondholders. But he gave us a piece of information that interested my Aunt far more than railway intelligence, and that was that our friend was a widower of a year's standing, who was slowly recovering from the loss of his departed spouse. My Aunt's sympathies were aroused, and her suspicions lulled to rest. Her face gradually relaxed into amiability. By slow degrees her feet stole out from under the seat, and her hands out of her pockets, and she ventured to look a little less like a ramrod than she had hitherto appeared. At length, with a slight blush, she actually joined in the conversation, and before ten minutes had passed, she managed to reciprocate Mr. Brown's confidence, by informing him she was a single lady, with no one in the world to care for, except her nephew, who, she indirectly replied, was a source of great mental anxiety to her. This agreeable state of mutual confidence at length emboldened my Aunt to put to him her favorite leading question as to his spiritual welfare—"Are you a Christian?" It required no slight effort to screw her courage up to the point, and the question came out somewhat suddenly, without any warning, like the bung from a cask, and somewhat startled Mr. Brown, who, though not a little confused and bewildered, managed to stammer out that he was an Unitarian.

"Unitarian!" echoed my Aunt in dismay, "isn't that the same as a Universalist?"

The conversation was beginning to get a little beyond my depth, but the intense satisfaction my Aunt exhibited, when Mr. Brown disavowed any connection with the Universalists, tempted me very innocently to ask to what side in politics they belonged.

"Politics!" she replied, very contemptuously, and to my great discomfort, "I'm surprised at you, Oliver! They're a church, or, at least, they pretend to be,—for they're the horriddest, cruellest people you ever heard tell of. Why, they actually won't allow any one to be damned!"

"How dreadful!" groaned Mr. Brown, who was about to give vent to his feelings, when the conversation was cut short very suddenly in a somewhat unexpected manner.

Without any warning, the cars began to bump up and down in a very alarming way. I looked at my Aunt, and was not a little amazed at seeing her, as with each bump, she went up almost to the roof,—instead of exhibiting any signs of alarm, only assuming a look of pleasant surprise, smiling blandly and exclaiming, "Oh, la! isn't this funny—I'd

no idea that railways were like this!" But her pleasureable excitement was cut short by the cars coming to a full stop, with a violent shock, that sent her into the arms of our disconsolate widower, whom she clasped, in her agitation, rather needlessly, I thought, or at any rate rather longer than was necessary.

Here was a pleasant predicament for us, but the Grand Trunk was equal to the emergency. The cars had run off at the right spot, within a few yards of a comfortable hotel, and we had no alternative left us, but to spend Sunday at Fogville, and to make ourselves happy until the Monday following.

How we fared in the compulsory enjoyment of rural felicity, I shall tell you in my next.

Yours truly, in haste,

AUNT TABITHA'S NEPHEW.

EXPLANATION.

On September 3rd, DIOGENES published, under a certain reserve, some humorous verses attributed to the late Mr. McGee. So far as the CYNIC knew, they had not before seen the light; but it turns out that the gifted author furnished more than one copy to friends, who have permitted them to be published. The *Montreal Witness*,—which seldom speaks but it says something,—thought proper to stigmatise their publication in DIOGENES as a "grievous wrong to the memory of the departed statesman." To be sure, the *Witness* did not condescend to say why. It gave no reason for its utterance, any more than it vouchsafed to explain why it considered that we published certain articles in the same number calculated to "damage" our reputation. But as that is the way of the *Witness*, and as the paragraph may have been, after all, *ex officio*, the CYNIC is not disposed to give it more than a passing notice. The following letter, addressed to the Editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*, by a valued contributor to these pages, explains how the verses came into the CYNIC's possession:—

SIR,—It is so long since I saw my "alias" in your columns, that, to me, its appearance seems almost like taking a dive into the "Auld Lang Syne," and bringing forth pleasant memories of fun and fight. The resuscitation has thus originated:—I perceive in your column of curiosities, in to-day's *Citizen*, a short paragraph, copied from the *Montreal Witness*, on which I beg you to allow me to make a few remarks. This is it:—

"DIOGENES for the last week contains a poem attributed to Mr. McGee, the publication of which is certainly a grievous wrong to the memory of the departed statesman." As I am responsible for the appearance of the poem that has done such "a grievous wrong to the memory of the departed statesman," retributive justice demands that the wrath of the righteous should descend on my head, and mine alone. The question of authenticity may be settled in a very few words. The original was given by its distinguished author to a member of Parliament residing in this locality. It is now in his possession; and by him I was permitted to make a copy. Thinking the poem had considerable merit; that it was brim-full of wit; that it had the genuine McGee flavor; that its rollicking fun had not the slightest taint of irreligion or immorality—and I think all this still, despite the *Witness*—I sent it to DIOGENES, believing it would be a valuable acquisition to that amusing and clever publication. DIOGENES thought as I did, but we both may have been mistaken, and with the view of being set right, if wrong, I respectfully ask you to point out the weak spots,—the blots and the blemishes,—in those calumniated and much-damaging verses. I do not ask the *Witness*,—the first offender,—for his criticism,—for his deposition; for where people entertain such very peculiar notions on certain subjects, as he does, those notions may impel them to warp, to pervert, and even to bear *false witness*. I believe, moreover, that his declaration was not given upon oath, of which you were not aware; and that it was thoughtlessness alone that induced you to accept parole testimony from such a quarter.

What an effulgent and indescribable state of beatitude we are soaring up to! Talk of some men being "virtuous," and others, therefore, getting no more "cakes and ale!" Why, we are actually in danger of being debarred from everything but milk and water! The cream of the joke,—(cream, indeed!)—we may expect to have it looked upon as poison to the morals of the rising generation! We are becoming so good, that the danger is we shall soon be good for nothing!

Respectfully yours,

THE LOWE FARMER.

Since the foregoing appeared, DIOGENES has received a letter from a friend at St. John, New Brunswick, who states that the verses in question were read at a public meeting in that city about six months ago by Mr. John Boyd, and that they were subsequently published in the *St. John News and Journal*.

There is reason to believe that, in the copies distributed by Mr. McGee, the text is not always the same.

"ARCADES AMBO."

The Quebec public are indignant, because Sir Narcisse and Lady Belleau have assumed the whole honor of the entertainment given to Prince Arthur, although the cost is defrayed from the public purse.

The Quebec Governor would appear to resemble his famous classical namesake, if not in personal appearance, at least in disposition. The ancient Narcissus was so enamoured of his own image, that it brought him to an untimely end.

Shakspeare tells us that

"Narcissus for himself,—himself forsook!
And died to kiss his image in the brook."

If the CYNIC might venture to paraphrase the immortal Bard, he would say—

"Modern Narcisse doth all the world disown,
And thinks the entertainment all his own!"

DIOGENES.

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 advertises tempting breakfast delicacies, which will be duly appreciated by all lovers of good cheer.

Mr. Parks advertises Photographic Cartes de Visite, Vignettes, Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, et hoc genus omne. See top of first page.

The Cynic is glad to announce the advent of "delicious bivalves" at Dolly's.

Mr. Whittaker, an old militaire, solicits attention to his first-class tailoring.

Kennedy will be here next week, and Van Amburgh in a fortnight, the latter with a "moral" exhibition of wild beasts.

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

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
MERCHANTS' EXPRESS COMPANY

OF THE
DOMINION OF CANADA.

INCORPORATED BY THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT, 31 VIC. CAP. 91.

Capital - - - - - \$200,000
2,000 Shares—\$100 Each.

PROVISIONAL BOARD.

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ANGUS MORRISON, Esq., M.P., Solicitor.
A. DEGRASSI, Esq., Solicitor.

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N. Milroy, Esq., Toronto.
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Owen Murphy, Esq., Quebec.
Jas. French, Esq., Toronto.

The necessity for a Canadian Express Company has long been felt by the Mercantile, Banking, and other interests in the Dominion. To carry out in an effective manner this long wished-for desideratum, a Charter for a Company to extend its operations throughout the whole Dominion was granted at the first session of Parliament at Ottawa.

Stock-books will be opened immediately in the various cities, towns and villages throughout the Dominion, so that the stock may be apportioned as nearly as possible to the business of the locality; and in order that the stock may be fairly distributed, the following resolution has been passed by the Board: "That no person shall be allowed to hold more than 100 shares of the capital stock of the Company in his, her or their name, without the permission, in writing, of the Board first having been obtained."

Any person intending to be an applicant for an agency (if approved), will have a stock-book furnished him for his locality on application to the Secretary.

August 31, 1869.

HOWARD'S PATENT
VENTILATOR.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

"Having thoroughly tested it, I am of opinion that it is a most perfect ventilator."—Prof. Smallwood, M.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

"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.

"Its application to dwellings, churches, hospitals, schools, railroad cars, and all occupied premises, will supply the inmates thereof with nothing but pure air, totally obviating the objections against currents of air."—From report unanimously adopted by New York Association for the Encouragement of Science and Art, March, 1869.

"This discovery is very useful, and this apparatus should be used wherever ventilation is required."—From report of Inspectors of Prisons and Asylums for the Province of Quebec.

"One of the most important devices yet invented to secure ample and complete ventilation."—Scientific American, New York.

"It is not only a ventilator, but a filterer of the air as well."—Dr. Dubois D. Parmalee, Chairman of the Polytechnic Association, New York.

VENTILATION MADE
EASY.

The Great Desideratum of the Age.
HOWARD'S PATENT VENTILATOR.

A scientific invention of cheap construction and simple adoption, warranted to secure the admission, without draught, of PURE AIR into any Building, Railway Car, or Passenger Vessel.

Wherever tried, this Ventilator has proved a perfect success, and its adoption has been warmly recommended by leading hygeists of Canada and the United States.

HOWARD'S PATENT EXHAUSTING APPARATUS for the expulsion of Foul Air from Public Buildings, Manufacturing Establishments, Private Houses, &c.

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

Examination solicited by
The Canadian Ventilation Company.
J. P. WITHERS, Secretary,
19 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.

To Smokers.

LATEST
LONDON NOVELTIES

THE "ABYSSINIAN" PIPE

AND
"SENSATION" POUCH,

AT
MCCONKEY'S,

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

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS
MERCHANTS

SHOULD TAKE NOTICE, THAT

RICE BROS.

Are now turning out several NEW STYLES OF PAPER COLLARS, SHIRT BOSOMS, CUFFS, &c., which surpass anything in the Market.

They have a large stock constantly on hand in readiness to fill all orders with punctuality and despatch.

RICE BROS. are constantly producing New Styles, patterns of which can be seen at their Warerooms.

580 and 582
CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

W. GEO. BEERS,
DENTIST.

Office & Residence

12 BEAVER HALL TERRACE
MONTREAL.

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.

(Established 1849.)

British and Continental Lace House

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
PURE LACE

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

HONITON, BRUSSELS,
VALENCIENNES, MALTESE,
POINT DE FLANDRE, POINT
DUCHESS, 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.)

A FURTHER SUPPLY OF
the following STANDARD PREPARATIONS just received:

Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Ferro-phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark.
Hegeman's Cordial Elixir of Calisaya Bark.
Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites.
Swann's
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.
Dr. Davis' Caloric.
Dr. De Jongh's Cod Liver Oil.
Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Cod Liver Oil.

HENRY R. GRAY,
Dispensing and Family Chemist,

144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

(Established 1859.)

N. B.—None but genuine and first-class articles kept in stock.

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

Income, - \$2,000,000.

Assets, - \$4,500,000.

Deposits, - \$100,000.


SPECIAL FEATURES.

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

A. R. BETHUNE, *General Agent,*

CORNER NOTRE DAME AND ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

M. GIBSON, *Solicitor.*

 Agents wanted in vacant localities. Apply as above.

The
Travelers' Insurance
Company,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,
Grants all kinds of
Life and Accident
Insurance,
Separately or Combined, at Lowest
Rates of Premium.
A. B. CHAFFEE, *Agent.*

Office: 145 St. James Street,
Montreal.
T. E. FOSTER, *Genl. Agent.*

Simpson & Bethune,
Fire,
Life,
and Marine
Insurance
Agents.
OFFICE:
102 St. Francois Xavier Street.

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.....	\$5,476,359
Standard (late Colonial).....	4,236,916
Etna Life.....	4,066,896
Life Association of Scotland.....	3,606,564
Connecticut Mutual.....	1,750,000
Scottish Provincial.....	1,703,000
North British and Mercantile.....	1,250,000
Royal.....	1,165,838
Union Mutual of Maine.....	801,000
Phoenix Mutual.....	780,600
Commercial Union.....	740,211
London and Lancashire.....	501,365
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, so that they should probably be diminished by about one-fourth of the sums given.

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

The interest earned on investments is now alone more than sufficient to meet the claims from death, as shown by the following figures:
Amount of claims from death year ending 30th April, 1869.....\$61,300
Interest earned on investments..... 68,318
leaving the main portion of the premium income for permanent investment.

DONALD MURRAY, GEN. AGENT,
77 St. James Street.

CRYSTAL GASALIERS.

JUST RECEIVED,


A large lot of
CRYSTAL GASALIERS,
Crystal Brackets,
CRYSTAL HALL LAMPS.

FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICES.
ROBT. MITCHELL & CO.'S,
St. Peter & Craig Sts.

THE
INDIA AND CHINA
TEA COMPANY,
39 BLEURY STREET,
(Late of Hospital Street.)
MONTREAL.

Teas of Every Kind
IN ANY QUANTITY,
AT THE
LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Uncolored Japan Teas from 52 cents; Pure Young Hysons, from 55 cents; Genuine English Breakfast Teas, from 50 cents,—quality guaranteed.

 TRADE MARK ON EACH PACKAGE.


WEEKLY LINE TO
HALIFAX, STRAITS OF
CANSO, AND

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



STEAMERS

Alhambra & Oriental.

The above-named Steamers will leave T Wharf, Boston, for the above Ports, EVERY SATURDAY, at TWO, P.M.
 Through Tickets from MONTREAL to HALIFAX, can be obtained from
FRANK PICARD,
Ticket Agent Vermont Central Railway,
30 St. James Street.
Passengers leaving on FRIDAYS, at 4.30 P.M. will make direct connection with the above Steamers.

ALL THE LONDON
"COMIC WEEKLIES"
Regularly Received
AT THE DIOGENES OFFICE