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Is the place to take your FAMILIES and FRIENDS for all kinds of PICTURES. PHOTOGRAPHS for FRAMING taken in a Superior Manner. CARTES DE VISITES, VIGNETTES and AMBROTYPES taken in the most Artistic Style. Cheap FERROTYPES, unequalled for life-like expression and durability, taken in all sizes. OLD PICTURES COPIED and ENLARGED for Framing, as good as new.

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New Preparation
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DARKENING GREY
HAIR,
Ray's Umbra
Free from
Sugar of Lead,
Sulphur,
Nitrate of Silver,
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50 cents per
Bottle.
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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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Write the address—
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WENTUS
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Gods and Men
the Heroic Ages.
By the Rt. Hon.
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CITY
DISPENSARY
FINE PERFUMES,
Hair, Tooth, & Nail
Brushes,
Patent "Rubber
Sponge,"
and other Toilet re-
quisites,
For sale by
J. E. D'AVIGNON
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Notre Dame Street.
Use D'Avignon's
Baking Powder.

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CIGARS
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SOUND
OYSTERS,
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Oysters cooked in
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"DOLLY'S."
A supply of the
Finest Oysters
Received by
Express daily at
DOLLY'S
CHOP HOUSE
St. James' Street.
Guinness' Stout and
Dow's "No. 1" in
Bottle and on
Draught.

Vol. II.—No. 22. MONTREAL, 8th 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.

Oysters at McConkey's

VERY IMPORTANT SALE

OF
200 Building Lots,

EACH ABOUT 30 BY 110 FT.,
18 CANAL AND DOCK LOTS, each about 30,000 sq. feet, and the SAW MILL, WATER SLIP, and GROUND surrounding, about 88,000 sq. ft., known as the "BREWSTER PROPERTY," on St. Joseph, Vinet, Gregory, and other Streets just outside the St. Joseph Street Toll-gate), to be Sold at


JOHN J. ARNTON'S ROOMS, 364 Notre Dame Street, on

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 27th inst.

Particulars in Daily Papers and Handbills. Sale at Ten o'clock.

JOHN J. ARNTON,
AUCTIONEER.

TO LET,

 That FIRST-CLASS CUT STONE HOUSE, No. 7 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

C. H. TUGGEY.

TO LET,

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

C. H. TUGGEY,

REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT AGENT,
61 St. James' Street.

Sept. 28, 1869.

SPANISH MELONS

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.

ALEX. MCGIBBON, Italian Warehouse.

NEW FRUIT

Valencia Raisins, Sultana Raisins—Crop 1869.

CURRENTS BY NEXT STEAMER.

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

TO PHYSICIANS, STUDENTS, &c.

DIRECT FROM SHEFFIELD.

SIMPSON'S MIDWIFERY FORCEPS.
CHURCHILL'S do.
SURGEON'S DRESSING CASES FOR STUDENTS.
do. do. FOR PHYSICIANS.

Also, a supply of Stethoscopes; Plated and Gum Catheters;
Syme's Knives; Gum Lancets, &c., &c.

HENRY R. GRAY,

Dispensing and Family Chemist,

144 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN ST.

(Established 1859.)

N.B.—Best French Ophthalmoscopes expected shortly.

THE

"GATHERING OF THE CLANS."

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

The "ARGYLE,"

The "CAMERON,"

The "CAMPBELL,"

The "FORBES,"

The "42nd,"

The "GORDON,"

&c., &c.,

The "GRANT,"

The "MACKENZIE,"

The "MACLEAN,"

The "MACLEOD,"

The "ROSS,"

The "SHEPHERL,"

&c.

Also, a magnificent Stock of TIES and SCARFS of the Latest Fall Styles—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.



GOULD & HILL,

IMPORTERS OF

Pianofortes, Cabinet Organs, and Musical Instruments,

No. 115 ST. JAMES' STREET,

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

*Diamond and Etruscan Jewellers,
Engravers and Enamellers,*

No. 13 PLACE D'ARMES,

MONTREAL.

—:—:—

Jewellery Neatly Repaired.

JOHN GALBRAITH,

Merchant Tailor,

(All Orders well Executed)

No. 110 St. Peter Street,

(Near Craig Street)

MONTREAL.

OYSTERS!!

OYSTERS!!!

SAM. McCONKEY,

32 ST. JAMES' ST.,

Begs to acquaint his Friends and Customers
that his

Oyster Room,

Conducted on the New York principle, will be
open on

MONDAY NEXT, 11th inst.

A daily supply of the Finest Oysters in the
Market will be received by Express, and
served up in every style.

NOTICE

TO
LACROSSE PLAYERS.

Members of Lacrosse Clubs, intending to
attend the inauguration of the Lacrosse Tour-
nament by H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR, on
Saturday morning, the 9th inst., will please be
on the Grounds at 9 o'clock, to prepare for the
grand reception. Full uniform and Crosse.

S. GOLTMAN & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

133 ST. JAMES STREET,

Have just received their FALL STOCK,
comprising the Latest Novelties of the Season.
An inspection is respectfully solicited.
Ready-made Clothing.

FURS

ALTERED, CLEANED & REPAIRED,
At moderate prices, and in their usually
efficient manner, by

WM. T. FRANKLIN & CO.,

400 NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL,

3 Doors East of St. Peter Street.

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.

J. MARTIN.

"BALLADS FOR THE PEOPLE."—No. 3.

"THE SIDE WALKS."

Sung by the Chairman of the Road Committee.

"Break, Break, Break."—Tennyson.

Break, break, break,
Your arm, your leg, or your knee,
So long as you don't an action bring,
It matters nothing to me.

The nails stick up from the boards,
The holes are many and deep;
You walk at dusk, in risk of your life,
But still our seats we keep.

The mother, she tears her skirts,
The father, he breaks his shin;
The papers complain of us every day,
But we only chuckle and grin.

Break, break, break,
Each limb of your body for me;
But wait till a Councillor comes to grief,
And then a change you'll see!

LACROSSE AND LOYALTY.

A noteworthy fact in the history of Lacrosse in Montreal deserves to be chronicled, which may serve to illustrate the tendency of the game to inculcate and develop the nobler and manlier virtues. At the time of the Trent affair, when war seemed imminent between England and the United States, a few young men, members of the old Beaver Lacrosse Club, proposed, one morning after practice, to organize a rifle company from among the members. Messrs. Middlemiss, Beers and Huddell took the matter in hand, canvassed, and in a few hours had enough men enrolled. Several preliminary meetings were held, and finally, at a general meeting, held in the old building of the Mercantile Library, Mr. W. Osborne Smith—now Lt.-Col.—accepted the Captaincy, and the organization was named the Victoria Rifle Company. In a few days it became a corps, and now stands on the Volunteer Militia list as the Victoria Rifles, commanded by Lt.-Col. Hutton. Every officer, from the Colonel down, has served in the ranks.

UMPIRES IN LACROSSE.

DIOGENES may be excused, as an admirer of our National Game, for suggesting that Umpires in Lacrosse should at least have a clear vision. We may at any time expect mistakes and disputes at goal, if Umpires are chosen who require the aid of an eye-glass or a pair of spectacles to see when the ball passes through the flags.

The Montreal Club are determined to introduce Lacrosse to the Royal Family. In 1860 they gave the Prince of Wales some sticks and a ball, and to-morrow they are to present a beautiful Crosse and a copy of the work issued lately on the game, to Prince Arthur.

THE OLDEST LACROSSE CLUB IN EXISTENCE.

The Montreal Club has always flattered itself that it was the oldest one in existence, but the pale-faces are far behind. When the St. Regis Indian Club sent in its annual returns to the National Association, they gave as their date and organization "Hundreds of years ago." The Caughnawaga's hearing of this, and determined not to be outdone, sent in their return, "Thousands of years ago."

A NEW HERO OF WATERLOO—Mr. Brown Chamberlin, M.P.

THE HON. JOHN YOUNG'S ARITHMETIC.

Let me suppose that a farmer has a horse to sell. The best market is across the lines. He can get a hundred dollars, in gold, for the horse there, but he cannot sell it till he pays the duty at the Custom House of twenty dollars. But for the duty, he would get one hundred dollars for his horse, but, as it is, he only brings back \$80.—Extract from the Hon. J. Young's Speech at Shefford.

Not so, Mr. Young! DIOGENES speaks of what he knows something about. In by far the greater number of recent horse-dealing transactions between citizens of Canada and the United States, it is the Yankee that has come to Canada to buy, and not the Canadian who has sent his horse to the States to sell. The buyer pays the duty, and instead of the farmer selling the horse for eighty dollars, it is the American who pays a hundred and twenty for it.

Now for the comparatively rare instances of a Canadian taking a horse to the United States to sell. The horse is, let us say, fairly worth a hundred dollars in gold. The farmer, of course, in crossing the frontier, pays twenty dollars duty. Would any dealer, in his senses, not add the amount of the duty to the price of the horse? The market value of the horse would, then, become, in the States, twenty per cent. more. Who ever heard of a seller paying the duty on goods entering a foreign country, unless he felt certain of recovering the duty by the extra profits of the sale? For instance, a merchant in Montreal buys a case of hardware from a manufacturer in Birmingham. Who pays the duty on the arrival of the case in Canada? Clearly not the English manufacturer. Or suppose that the Birmingham man sent the goods over on his own responsibility, and consigned them to an agent for sale. Of course he would, in that case, pay the duty; but unless the hardware sold at a price sufficiently high to take in duty and all, he would not be likely to send any more goods to the Canadian market.

Mr. Young,—you are picturing a commerce which does not exist, in order to devise a system of politics equally chimerical.

MODESTY—UP WEST.

Our neighbours in the *Providence* of Ontario, as the *Telegraph* has it, seem disinclined to hide their lights under a bushel. The visit of Prince Arthur has given them an excellent opportunity for blowing their trumpets. But of all the long-winded addresses to which both Governor and Prince have recently been condemned to listen, DIOGENES commends his readers to that of the Mayor of Toronto. After a long string of vain-glorious boasts, conceived in the worst possible taste, he wound up with

The limits of an address of welcome prohibit our making more than a cursory allusion to the efforts that have been thus made to establish the prosperity of our city on the British basis of sure and steady progress.

If this be only a "cursory" allusion, to what "limits" would not the Mayor have prolonged the address had he been allowed to have his fling? Sir John Young knows well how to reply to a tedious harangue, and Prince Arthur has not been ill-instructed. The Cynic commends the brevity, conciseness and good sense of their answers to the careful study of the Mayor of Toronto.

DOUBTFUL.

The *News* says:—

"The telegram we published yesterday from the seat of Government tells us that Sir F. Hincks will be sworn in as Finance Minister on Friday, the 8th inst. We wish he would change both the day and the date. Friday is not a day proverbial for good luck, and there is no necessity for selecting one with so doubtful a reputation."

Which? The day or Sir Francis?



WHY, CERTAINLY!

SMALL BOY.—“Shine, Sir?”

BONA-FIDE TRAVELLER.—“How much?”

SMALL BOY.—“Big 'uns, Sixpence, little 'uns, Thrippunce. American gents always gives Ten Cents!”

Traveller succumbs.

THE MOON—RATHER FAST.

All the world knows, or ought to know Mrs. Macgroother. She is an excellent old lady, a neighbour of ours, who drinks much tea; is of an inquiring mind; thinks very little of the “girl of the period;” has no children of her own; is devoted to her husband, who faintly resists, and has thereby lost much hair. She is a terribly active member of the Presbyterian Church at the corner of Free street, to three of the ministers of which she has been of such unceasing help, that, in search of peace, they have gone as missionaries “*in partibus.*” Finally, she is of the true Hielan’ blood of the McPhails, who are descended from that gentleman, Macphela, who sold a double lot in his cemetery to Abraham, and jewed him in the price, they say.

Mrs. Macgroother is a great friend of ours, and, on her daily peregrinations about town, often pays us a visit to discuss things of public interest. The other morning she stopped, put her spectacles on, and pulled out Saturday’s *Gazette*, which contains a terrible article on the proposed doings of the moon on the 5th. “What,” said she, “is the earth’s equator?” It is not an easy thing to explain to a lady whose ideas of Astronomy are very limited, what an equator is, but DIOGENES must do his best to suit himself to the capacity of all. “It is an imaginary zone—belt—sash or circle round the earth’s centre,” we tersely said. “An imaginary sash only, do ye say?” She looked very much surprised, and laid huge emphasis upon the word imaginary, making a note, however, of our explanation. “What, then, are atmospheric disturbances?” “Oh,” we replied, “disturbances in the upper regions,—wind, rain, and such like.” “About the centre!” Mrs. Macgroother insinuated. “Just so,” said DIOGENES, laying his hand on where most hearts are now-a-day’s situated. “Humph!” said she, “peppermint, with a little gin, would cure that disturbance; but what is this about Perigee,—where is that place?” “That means the nearest possible point to the earth’s centre,” was our plain explanation. “Upon my word,” said our friend, reading from her *Gazette*, “this is a pretty story. According to this sailor lieutenant,—who, I suppose, brought the news home from abroad,—the moon is to be on the earth’s imaginary zone,—or girdle, d’ye call it?—at twelve o’clock, when in Perigee, and “nothing can prevent a disturbance but a miracle. All I have got to say is, that both moon and earth ought to be ashamed of themselves,

“and, if there was a disturbance, she got all she deserved,—she had no business there, the slut! But I think the *Gazette* might leave such naughty stories for the *Witness*. I’m sure John will be distressed to see what this earth’s coming to,—in broad daylight, too?”

Mrs. Macgroother put her paper in her pocket, shut up her spectacles, making the steel case snap upon them angrily, as if they had been responsible for what her eyes had read.

“Stop, dear Madam,” said the Cynic; “we have made ourselves misunderstood. Although we use zone, or girdle, remember no such thing exists; and, although Perigee means the nearest point to us, there would still be a distance of ninety-five billions of miles between them.”

“Then,” said Mrs. Macgroother, shaking her fist at us, and speaking as though we had been her husband, “then you and Lieutenant Saxby, and the *Gazette* to boot, are bletherin’ fools, for how the moon could be on anybody’s equator when a billion of miles off, is more than I can comprehend, but she is a daft jade at the best.”

Our fair friend left us, and we felt rather crest-fallen. It was clear that in our attempt at explanation we had miserably failed; and it just strikes us that it would have been better had we told the simple truth, that we knew no more of the moon than she did, but then to say so would have made us look so inferior in intelligence to the *Gazette*.

Dear *Gazette*, pray print only what you understand, or, dear Mrs. Macgroother, henceforth go straight to headquarters for explanation.

A WAY TO MAKE MONEY.

The London *Free Press* says:—“The rumour is, that a most exorbitant account has been sent in to the Board of the Agricultural Association by Mr. Glackmeyer for the use of his house, and for the supplies incident to the visit of Prince Arthur. Further, that the Board indignantly refused to pay the charge, amounting to some \$2,500, but voted the sum of \$1,000, which, however, it is understood, Mr. Glackmeyer has not accepted. Certainly, ordinary people can’t understand how such a sum could be dispensed in so short a time, even though Mr. Glackmeyer may have received all his accounts after the following fashion:—

ALD. GLACKMEYER, *Dr.*

To

To driving Prince Arthur from the Station to your house, and round the city, \$25.00

Considering that the charge made was for a thirty minutes’ drive in a fusty old cab, drawn by a worn-out pair of greys, the conscience of ‘cabby’ seems to be fully equal to that of Mr. Glackmeyer in elasticity. Another Alderman, we learn, wants \$250 for the loan of two carriages in which the Prince rode! Is the word Alderman to be a synonym for ‘extortion’ hereafter?”

THE CHARGE OF THE LONDON ALDERMAN.

Suggested by the above extract, and respectfully dedicated to the citizens of London, Ont. (Not by the author of “*The Charge of the Light Brigade.*”)

Twenty-five! twenty-five!

Twenty-five dollars

For thirty minutes drive;—

It should be a hundred!

“Charge all you can,” he said,

“Let us not be dismayed,

A big bill shall be made—

Twenty-five hundred!”

Charges to right of them,

Charges to left of them,

Charges in front of them

Made by Glackmeyer;

Oh! if the town had thought

It would so much have cost,

They’d rather the visit lost

Of the Prince Arthur.

Ne’er shall the glory fade,

Of the great charge he made,

When the town stood dismayed

In great consternation;

Honor the cheek of him!

Let not his fame grow dim!

Make an M.P. of him;—

That’s his vocation.

SOMETHING IN THE OLD FLAG YET.

A Montreal contemporary, of strong Independence proclivities, informs us that, recently, two British subjects were arrested and wrongfully imprisoned at a Cuban port. They were, however, shortly afterwards released, in consequence of the energetic remonstrances of the British Consul. Both these gentlemen were *Canadians*.

Now, supposing that we were an Independent Dominion of the Huntington stamp, what would have occurred under such circumstances? Assuming, for the sake of argument, that, in the absence of a Canadian Consul at an obscure Cuban port, we had an Ambassador at Madrid, and that the imprisoned gentlemen were permitted to send a messenger to that functionary. Weeks would be consumed before the messenger could reach him, and, taking into account the proverbial delays of Spanish officials, and their indifference to protests unless backed up by the presence of an imposing force, it is highly probable that the prisoners would, at this moment, be repining in that very undesirable summer retreat, a Spanish dungeon within the tropics. Our "Cabinet" would meet in council, of course, and our "Minister of Foreign Affairs" would write furious despatches, no doubt. Our "Minister of War" would direct Messrs. Cantin to "hurry up" with those iron-clads. A draft would take place, and young men would be drilled night and day, previous to making a descent on Corunna or Cadiz. We should form an alliance with Cuba, which would not be of any use to us. England would not lend us any assistance,—it would be no business of hers. Jonathan would look on and smile; and thus, entirely on our own account,—if we had the spirit of a nation,—we should find ourselves embarked in a Canadian Peninsular war! In a short time, our Dominion would be bankrupt, and Sir Francis Hincks in a lunatic asylum.

The mere *prestige* of England's power and moral greatness was sufficient to release these two prisoners in a few hours. Are we to consider this one of the "restrictions, embarrassments and disabilities" under which we labour, according to Mr. Huntington, "in consequence of British connection?"

NOTES AND QUERIES.

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

The absurd derivation, about which J. M. asks a question, may be found in *Public Opinion*, of May 2, 1868. The passage is as follows: "The word *neus* is not, as many imagine, derived from the adjective *new*. In former times (between the years 1595 and 1730) it was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the compass. Thus—

N
E + W
S

importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe; and from this practice is derived the term *newspaper*."

The Rev. W. L. Blackley, in an entertaining book, lately published under the title of "Word Gossip," thus disposes of the writer in *Public Opinion*: "How delightfully is the statement put, 'The word is not, as many imagine, derived from the adjective *new*.' And what a condescending definition we are given of when 'former times' existed, namely, from 1595 till 1730. But the word *news*, in its present form, and that of *newes*, occurs far earlier in our literature." (Here follow instances from early writers.) "Finally, what sort of a guidance, other than a diametrically wrong one, can we expect from a writer who, merely to support his preposterous theory, makes the East and West change places on his compass card? The fact is, that though the word ends with an *s*, it is in the singular, and is strictly analogous to the German neuter adjective employed as a substantive—*Neues*, a new thing."

See pp. 204-207 of "Word Gossip."

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

Samite (according to Cotgrave, quoted by Richardson) is "a silken or half-silk stuff, which hath a gloss like satin, but lasteth better than it." The term is, undoubtedly, derived from the Greek *hexamitos*, i.e., from *hex*, six, and *mitos*, a thread, woven with six threads; just as *dimity* is

cloth woven with a double thread. The word *Samite* occurs in Chaucer, and even before his time. G. M.

Samite. I am in doubt whether satin, as we understand that material, is the correct definition of *Samite*. The Laureate, in his poem of "Vivien," speaks of the material as

"Samite without price, a robe that more exprest
Than hid her."

By this description I should imagine it to be of a transparent texture, and, probably, identical with a material common in the East, woven from pine-apple fibre. It is as transparent as muslin, but has a showy satin-like surface. This would dispose of the anachronism.

ORIENTAL.

Answer to Query No. 4, Vol. II., No. 20.

"Bull," in the sense of Papal rescript, is from Lat. *bullā*, the seal affixed to the document. Richardson, in his Dictionary, remarks on the word: "A *bull* is also applied to that which expresses something in opposition to what is intended, wished or felt; and so applied from the contrast of humble profession with despotic commands of Papal bulls." See the following quotation from Milton's *Apology for Smectymnus*: "But that such a poem should be toothless, I still affirm it to be a *bull*, taking away the essence of that which it calls itself. For if it bite neither the persons nor the vices, how is it a satyr? and if it bite either, how is it toothless?"

Sydney Smith, in his lecture on the "Conduct of the Understanding," writes as follows: "The pleasure arising from *bulls* proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected." He gives, subsequently, the following instance of a *bull*: "A gentleman, in speaking of a nobleman's wife, lamented very much that she had no children. A medical gentleman, who was present, observed that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he thought he had remarked it was *hereditary* in some families! Take any instance of this branch of the ridiculous, and you will always find an apparent relation of ideas leading to a complete inconsistency." G. M.

The Battle of Culloden (1745) was generally believed to put an end to the last hopes of the Jacobites for the restoration to the Crown of Great Britain of the male line of the Stuarts. Nevertheless, to maintain the appearance of Royalty, and so as not to compromise, in any way possibly, existing rights, the Pope of Rome, Clement XIII., consulted (apparently at least) the representative of the House of Stuart, in the person of the Chevalier de St. George, Pretender, or James III., in the appointment of Bishops to vacancies in "his Irish Kingdom," as may be seen from the extract from the "Limerick Bull" which follows. Accordingly, with all pomp and form, two Bulls of Irish Roman Catholic Bishops were issued in 1759 and 1760 for the vacant Bishoprics of Limerick and Killala, the former in favor of Daniel Kerney—consecrated 1760, died 1775—the latter in favor of Philip Phillips or Phillips, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam (1780), died 1791:

"*Jacobo III Magnæ Britannie Regi, jura nominationis ad Episcopales Sedes Catholicas præservat carissimo in Christo Filio nostro Jacobo Mag. Britt. Regi III.*

"CLEMENS PAPA XIII.

"*carissime in Christo, &c., &c.*

"Cum nos * * * habere volumus Ecclesiæ Limericæ, in Regno tuo Hiberniæ vacanti Dilectum Filium Danielum Kerney * * * quemque Nobis Majestas Tua per suas literas ad id nominavit, in Episcopum præfecerimus, &c., &c., &c. Datum Romæ apud S. Mariam Majorem sub Annulo Piscatoris die XXX Novembris MDCCCLIX. Pontificatus Nostri Anno Secundo."

That of Killala is much the same, except the heading, or address, a little different. Killala is called "Ecclesia Alladen," why I know not; and the date is 24 Nov., 1760.

These two Bulls—appointments by a King without a kingdom, and a Pope whose pretensions were laughed at—were, of course, treated with ridicule at that time by the Hanoverian, or reigning party, and hence, we believe, originated the term "Irish Bulls," as something valueless, ridiculous, &c. ***

In an old slang dictionary, published anonymously, in London, in 1796, it is stated that the term took its rise from one Obadiah Bull, an English lawyer, celebrated, in the reign of Henry VIII, for these kind of blunders, and that, afterwards, seeing that they were characteristic of Irishmen, the word was applied more exclusively to that nation. My authority is, however, not of the best.

Another correspondent, "H. M.," suggests that the word took its rise in the time of Sir Boyle Roche, the well-known bull-maker of the Irish Parliament. This, I think, is hardly tenable. Both the word and its Irish application are considerably older. Ed. Dio.

ORIGIN OF LACROSSE.

Kole Oyle says, our National game is named after the senior partner of Crosse & Blackwell, because the player is always in a pickle!

LEECO & CO.
EXCHANGERS

L A C R O S S E .

1534

1869.

FOLLOW THE BALL.

BY EDWARD CLUFF, OTTAWA.

When the sun's bright rays
Break through the haze,
Away to the fields we go,
With eyes so bright,
In the morning light,
To follow the ball, "Heigho!"

As we tramp along,
With shout or song,
In cadence high or low,
Folks wake from sleep,
To take a peep,
At the boys who shout "Heigho!"

Make up your mind,
Leave care behind,
Come with us where we go;
You'll see us play,
And learn the way
To follow the ball, "Heigho!"

The bracing air
Will drive 'way care,
And the sun's rich cheery glow
Will bronze the cheek,
Make strong the weak,
Who follow the ball, "Heigho!"

The flags we place,—
The Centres face,
With knee to knee bent low;
No sound is heard—
We wait the word
To follow the ball, "Heigho!"

The game's begun,—
See how they run!
And what a splendid throw!
And, now, they toss
From crosse to crosse,
And follow the ball, "Heigho!"

See, two are down,
And not a frown,
But up and away they go;
We don't mind a toss
When playing Lacrosse,
But follow the ball, "Heigho!"

The game is done,
And we have won,—
They cheer us as we go;
Hip! hip! hurra!
For the boys at play,
Who follow the ball, "Heigho!"

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

At Brantford, they inaugurated a new church by a sermon
and a Lacrosse match. Very sensible.



WELCOME!

Dio. (*loq.*)—YOUTH, THOU BEAR'ST THY FATHER'S FACE ;
KIND NATURE, RATHER CURIOUS THAN IN HASTE,
HATH WELL COMPOSED THEE. THY FATHER'S MORAL PARTS
MAY'ST THOU INHERIT TOO. WELCOME TO MONTREAL!—("All's Well That Ends Well,"—slightly altered.)

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. I.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

"I never was more astonished in the whole course of my life!"

The astonished person was the Rev. Charles Winter, a comfortable looking portly clergyman, who sat at breakfast with his son and daughter. The cause of the astonishment was a telegram which he had just received, and had read aloud. Before describing the contents of the telegram, it will be necessary to introduce the reader of it to the reader of this.

Mr. Winter was well to do in a worldly point of view. He was rector of the village of Woodshot, in Blankshire. His living was worth between six and seven hundred a year, and his private means were about as much more. Before receiving his present appointment, he had been English chaplain at a Mediterranean port. He was a well read man, of elegant tastes, conscientious in the performance of his duties, although constitutionally inclined to indolence—a man of much kindness and benevolence, of a hot temper, and as obstinate as a mule.

Blankshire has the deserved reputation of being one of the ugliest counties in England. There is hardly a pretty spot throughout the length and breadth of it, though, here and there, it certainly contains some magnificent trees. Its sole manufacturing industry is a little straw plaiting and hand lace making, both branches being much on the decline. It is a purely agricultural country, and the agriculture by no means of an advanced description. The peasantry, though not absolutely indigent, are poor and very ignorant, and, as a matter of course, combine with their ignorance most of the vices incidental to it. Near to Woodshot is the seat of the Earl of Blank, the principal Whig landowner of the county, the Conservative interest being represented by Viscount Cipher, who occupies the more northern portion of the shire. Blank Abbey is a hideous pile of stone of the time of King William III. It is, however, a show house on account of a very fine collection of pictures, which the present Earl does not in the least value, but which are held in high estimation by Mrs. Crumbs, the housekeeper, who makes a considerable addition to her income by showing the gallery to admiring visitors. The house was, in olden time, a monastery, dissolved by Henry VIII., the kitchen of which still remains; and an old oak in the park, marks, according to tradition and some verses by the village ironmonger, the spot where the last Abbot of Blank was hanged for contumacy.

Mr. Winter occupied a very convenient and what had been a very ugly red brick parsonage. By trailing creeping plants nearly all over it, and carefully cultivating a flower garden, he had made it one of the prettiest spots in the neighbourhood. Two large fields contained Mr. Winter's cows and Mr. Winter's pony,—besides producing annually a good crop of hay.

The parson had known two great misfortunes in life. These had been the loss of his wife, shortly followed by that of his eldest son,—both from consumption. The latter had died about five years ago, when twenty-four years of age. He had been bred an artist. His portrait in crayons hung over the mantel-piece, and the one picture which he had exhibited at the Royal Academy, in a conspicuous place in another part of the room. It was a Scripture subject, weak but clever, and treated in a strong pre-Raphaelite manner. Great store had he set on this son, and greatly did he feel the blow which had deprived him of him. Since his death, all his hopes seemed centred in his youngest son, Gerald, a remarkably clever lad of thirteen, whom he was educating at home under his own eye. His partiality for this son was in no wise concealed. Gerald did with his father pretty much as he liked. He was a fine fellow, but a spoiled boy. Everybody in the village liked the lad and his winning ways. Lizzie Winter was, unmistakably, a lovely girl, of nineteen summers. She was clever, too, and possessed her dead brother's love of art and poetry, not that she was a mamby-pamby damsel, though she did affect Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. She regulated her father's household well, and the parson had never to complain of a bad dinner,—a subject about which he was by no means indifferent.

But there was another member of the family who was much apt to be forgotten. This was Gilbert, now the eldest. It was idle to deny that he did not occupy a large share in the affections of his father and sister. Lizzie usually called him "poor Gilbert" whenever she spoke of him. His appearance and manners were, certainly, not prepossessing. He had red hair, and a head much too large for his body. He was knock-kneed. His face was not repulsively, but comically, ugly. His laugh would shake the house. He had two voices—one a deep bass when he was pleased, and, when excited, he emitted a sound like that of a penny whistle. He was not uncleanly, but singularly untidy in his person. I defy the most accomplished tailor in the world to make a suit of clothes that would fit Gilbert Winter. His garments hung about him like a half-filled carpet-bag. And then he would never sit still. Every joint of his was always in motion. Put him for half-an-hour in a room by himself, and, during that time, he would have occupied every chair in the apartment in succession. The parson was a nervous man, and these peculiarities irritated him. If Gilbert was thinking or studying,—and he was much addicted to brown studies,—he always whistled unconsciously,

and whistling nearly drove the parson mad. Gilbert, too, was apt to differ from his father, and was in the habit of expressing his opinions in a manner more American than respectful. Now, one of the parson's pet obstinacies was a hatred of public schools, and Gilbert had always begged him to send him to one. This irritated his father, who looked upon it as shewing disregard for his wishes, and disrespectful to himself, who was superintending the boy's education. Gilbert had a great love of figures and geometry, which the parson had not. He also delighted in all the analytical portions of language, such as grammar and etymology, and for these his father also cared little. But when Mr. Winter tried to impress upon him the beauty of certain passages of Virgil and Homer, the boy yawned. The beautiful seemed to him a sealed book—he had no perception of it. Nothing could induce him to read a work of fiction. As a child he never delighted in fairy tales, or was frightened by hobgoblins. The "Arabian Nights" he contemptuously termed "a book of lies." He was, essentially, a matter-of-fact youth. Mr. Winter unhesitatingly pronounced his son a fool. Getting at last disgusted with the task of his son's education, he yielded to his wish, and sent him to the school department of Somerset College, London. Here he remained three years, and the reports which came home quarterly spoke highly of his progress. These Mr. Winter did not believe, but put them down as part of the humbug of public schools. His son was a fool, and nobody could persuade him to the contrary. On leaving school, Gilbert, in tones far more respectful than usual, besought his father to send him to College. The parson laughed, and asked him what use Cambridge would be to a born fool. But Gilbert now met with an unexpected ally. The Earl had found him out, and recognised in him a plain, shrewd, practical mind, a good deal like his own. He interceded with the parson, and offered to bear the whole expense of his College career. This Mr. Winter declined, but to Cambridge his son went. He came home during the vacations, and seemed more self-opinionated than ever. His sole amusement was cricket, in which he excelled. That ungainly, awkward form at the wicket, bat in hand, was grotesque enough to the eye, but the runs he always made added no little to the already high reputation of the county. Field sports he hated. He described hunting as "setting a whole pack of dogs after one poor animal of a fox." "Why," said he, "there was more fair play in cock-fighting." Now, the parson, in his youth, had followed the hounds keenly, and but for his cloth, would have done so still. His son was evidently a fool. And now, one fine morning, arrived this wonderful telegram, which so astonished the parson. It ran thus:

"CAMBRIDGE.

Honor lists just out. I am fifth wrangler.

"GILBERT WINTER."

(To be continued.)

THE MEETING OF THE AUTHORS.

Mr. C—, a gentleman who had just published his first attempt at authorship, which met with remarkable success, was, shortly after, met by a seedy-looking individual in the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. The latter extended his hand, and, in a tragic manner, exclaimed, "Allow me, sir, to welcome you to our ranks,—the ranks of authorship."

The peculiar appearance of the individual rather amused Mr. C—, and he replied, "Thank you, sir; but may I venture to ask who you are and what work bears your name?"

"Certainly, sir. Have you ever heard of Tennyson, the Poet Laureate?"

"Yes," said Mr. C—.

"Well, I am not he. But have you ever heard of Longfellow?"

"Yes, but I have never seen him. Surely you are not Longfellow?"

"No, I am not he."

"Then, who the dickens are you?"

"Ah! there. Have you ever heard of Charles Dickens?"

"Yes, but I know you are not Charles Dickens."

"No, sir,—I am neither Tennyson, Longfellow, nor Dickens; but, sir, I, the individual who stands prominently before you, in the noble person of a man,—I, sir, am—"

"Well, sir, who are you, and of what are you the author?"

"I, sir, am Jonathan Ezekiah Washington Jefferson Piggleton, and I am the celebrated author of a Recipe for taking grease spots, tar, oil, and all stains out of cloth, wood, marble, carpets, &c., &c., and which I will be most happy to sell you, or any other gentleman who now looks upon me, for the small sum of twenty cents!"

Mr. C— collapsed.

BIBULOUS.

Why may we mistrust the consistency of the National Lacrosse Association, in the resolution passed at the annual meeting in Toronto, discountenancing the sale of intoxicating liquors on Club grounds?

Because, after the resolution passed, Maltby was elected President, and Beers Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MAISTER DIOGENES.

SUR,—I see that in yer bit paper ye let intill't letters that fook write oot o' their ain heeds, an' pit intill' their ain words. Gif it hadna' been sae, I, for ane, wadna' hae dar'd till sen' ye this epeestle. Ye us'd to be awfu' parteclar aboot fine English; bit I'm pleas'd tae see that ye are noo no sae pernickety aboot the words, sae lang as the maitter is richt; and I'm gled that, on that accoont, ye're mair pop'lar than ever ye were.

I'm the faither o' a when unco fine bairns, altho' I say it that shudna' say it, an' it is the airnest wish o' me an' the guidwife to hae them decently edicated; an' whan I read o'er till her what the bit cockney body, "Calico," says aboot his laddies, it gaed me an' Jannet a sair thocht. I'm a Scotchman mysel (but I hae leev'd sae lang in Caniday that naebody wad ken I was frae Scotlan' by my languidge), an' Scotchmen hae aye been thocht to ken a gude deal aboot skules. Hoo this is I dinna ken, but Jenny says it's maybe because sae mony Scotchmen are skulemaisters. But that maun be a' havers, for fook say that skulemaisters dinna ken themselfs what laddies shud be tocht—that they're a' clean wrang thegether. The grate fook, that hae naething tae do but think an' write aboot hoo to mak the warld better than it was in the days o' oor forebears—some o' the cleverest o' them says, that skulemaisters, instead o' pushin' on, are haudin' oor bit bairns back—that when they shud be keepin' up wi' the progress whilk is bein' made in a' ither airts, the dominies are just daunderin' alang tae the same tune as they did in the aulden times when Geordie Buchanan, wi' his Latin an' his Greek, made sich an unco gouk o' oor gentle King Jamie. Gif this be true, (an' I'm thinkin' there's a bit truth at the bottom o't,) what's pur "Calico" an' me, an' bodies like us, tae do for oor bairns. Somebody 'll say "Calico's" bairns an' your bairns are nae warse aff than their faithers were. But that's no it,—I reckon that the struggle tae rise in the warld will become teuchar as the warld gangs on, every generation findin' it harder wark than the ane that gaed afore it, an' that it is principally to mense an' edication that oor bairns maun look for help. An', besides, I say that we want the bit lammies, that hae been gi'en tae us, tae be better aff than we were. What's the use o' the siller that we hae hayned, if it be na for the gude o' the weans. Maybe I'm coorse an' dinna ken muckle; but for a' that my hairt yearns after the bit mannocks, an' baith Jenny an' me wad like tae think that they shud haud up their heeds wi' the lave, when their auld faither an' mither are lyin' smoolderin' in the kirkyaird.

There's a learn'd man in Montreal, an' he's a kintyman o' mine, altho' he *was* born in Americay,—(a man's no a stot because he's born in a byre,)—an' I hae been tell't that he says that at hame, an' among the furrin' bodies in Jarmanee an' among the Frenchers, an' even among oor neebours the Yankees, they're gie'in' their lads "Sceinteefic Edication." An' they tell me that it's a kind o' skulin' that plooghs up an' harrows an' tap-dresses the harns o' the callants, sae that the chieils are able to mak' a staun' for themselfs onywhere, an' are far abune the blatherin' chieils that "Calico" grumbles aboot.

I am unco ankshus to hear mair aboot this kind o' skulin', an' I wish that oor gude Principal Dawson wad jist expoond to us a' aboot it—(he's graund at expoondin')—so that "Calico" an' me wad understan' it; an' if it's what they blaw it up to be, we'll hae oor bairns taucht it, if we hae to sen' tae the Yankees for skulemaisters. No that I wad like that pairt o't, for I hae aye been maist parteclar in makin' my laddies speek correct English, an' I wadna' like them tae

learn tae blather thro' their noses like oor freens frae the States.

That's a' the noo frae yer freen,

THAMAS SPRAT.

DEAR DIO:

The enclosed verses were sent by me to the Editor of *London Society* for insertion in that magazine, with a request that, if convenient, he would remit me, by return mail, the usual *honorarium*. I mentioned *return* mail as there was a little matter of indebtedness, anent which my landlady had, once or twice, vainly remonstrated with me.

The verses, however, were returned by the Editor, *L. S.*, without the accompanying *L. S. D.*, together with a short note to the effect that the "copy" was unsuitable on account of its lucidity,—the class of readers who affect *London Society* requiring something a trifle more vague and mystical than the poem which I now have the honor of laying before you.

You, I know, will appreciate it, and reward it *as it merits*,—so please paste it in a conspicuous place outside your Tub, that all who run, (and have 5 cents,) may read.

Yours, crumblingly,

A KNEADY BAKER.

"DOST KNOW ME?"

"Dost know me? dost know me?" *was* all the maiden said,
As she stream'd her golden tresses through the half unkneaden bread
While the sunset light came sheening athwart the oaken floor,
And the Headsman chaunted his roundelay at the soul-beshriven door.

"Dost know me? dost know me?" rang o'er the heather wild,
While the dew-drop lifted its golden head and the hoary bull-frog
smiled;

And every eye *was* dim with tears, as the shadow of Time replied,
And the echo from over the moonland drear,
In its cloister'd glory and voice of cheer,
Silently welcomed the Bride

"Dost know me? dost know me?" and a soul from out the gloom,
Welcomed the rippling brooklet flowing past the tomb,
Gilding the steeples, near and far, with a dusk and dimsom spleen,
Tipping with crest of golden fire,
Rising like some great funeral pyre,
In its wealth of golden sheen.

"Dost know me? dost know me?" eftsoones the answer came
From the lips of a ladye with blonden hair, like a wealth of golden
flame,
As she lifted the light of her beauteous eyes to the questioning lips
of the Knight,
And muttered a word of import dire,—
And flashed her eyes with a baleful fire,—
Alas! did he hear aright!

"I know thee! I know thee! for thou art the Khouli Khan,
And I am the Empress of Allajabad, or any other man;
And turtle soup is lifting its crest o'er the stars in the twilight dim
And shall I, an Empress of regions fair,
And a wealth of succulent blonden hair,
Elope with a Khouli grim!"

Ah, me! 'twas sad, and a gruesome night, when ye maydene fair
said "No!"

And gave response to the Knight's demand in accents sad and low;
Yet if my poem is "somewhat sadde and myxed," pray tell to me
If it is not at least a poem clear,
As poems which oftentime appear
In ye *London Societye!*

EXCRESCENCES.

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various Offices licensed by the Government,
compiled from the Returns to Government:

CANADA LIFE.....	\$5,476,359
Standard (late Colonial).....	4,235,916
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.....	749,211
London and Lancashire.....	591,365
Atlantic Mutual.....	400,000
New York Life.....	302,600
Equitable, of New York.....	141,500
Travelers, of Hartford.....	130,790

* 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 Com-
pany, are satisfactory evidences of the popu-
larity 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 end—

ing 30th April, 1869.....\$61,300
Interest earned on investments..... 68,318
leaving the main portion of the premium in-
come for permanent investment.

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

DIOGENES.

GRAND LACROSSE TOURNAMENT

IN HONOR OF

H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR

To be held in MONTREAL and to continue four days.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB.

PATRONS.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES A. WINDHAM, K.C.B.

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. EARLE,
CAPT. FRASER,
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STARTERS.

N. H. HUGHES, Esq., President MONTREAL CLUB,

R. BEAUFIELD, Esq.,

E. A. WHITEHEAD, Esq.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

W. GEO. BEERS, Esq.,

W. L. MALTY, Esq.,

J. R. MIDDLEMISS, Esq., Secretary.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

- 1—MONTREAL LADIES' PRIZE—"All Montreal Twelve" vs. Ontario (Whites). Twelve Gold Medals—value \$200
- 2—MONTREAL MERCHANTS' PRIZE, for the Championship of Canada. Open to all. Gold Medals—value \$100.
- 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!
No player will be allowed to compete without producing a certificate of membership from his club.
Only clubs enrolled in the National Lacrosse Association are qualified to enter.
Second Twelves of first-class clubs may enter for second-class club prizes.
Winners of two silver medals will have the option of taking one gold medal instead.

DECISION OF JUDGES FINAL.

Entries for Special Prizes, Free. Entries for Individual Prizes and Races 12½ Cents. Indians Free.

Any competitor guilty of rough or ungentlemanly play during the Tournament will be excluded from further participation.
The Committee is in negotiation with the different Railway and Steamboat Companies and Hotels for reduced fares.
No betting allowed on the grounds.
The Tournament will open at Nine o'clock each Morning, and Two o'clock each Afternoon.
Entries to be made with the undersigned on or before 4th of October.

J. R. MIDDLEMISS,

Secretary Montreal Club.

Box 890 P.O., Montreal.