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Vol. III.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, 21st JANUARY, 1870.

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1. Two miles (open to all)—1st prize, \$20; 2nd, \$10; 3rd, \$5; 4th, \$3. First white man to receive \$10.
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The Proprietor has secured the services of that
eminent chef de cuisine, L'HOIST, late of the
MONTREAL CLUB, who is second to none in the
Dominion, as Cook, Patisier, &c.

Excellent attendance is guaranteed; and the
Proprietor hopes, by assiduity and attention, to
give general satisfaction to the numerous patrons
who have heretofore supported this well-known
Establishment.

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requested.

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MONTREAL.

THE DEATH OF "DIOGENES."

(Not by Burns.)

A mighty Ass from out the West,
Of wisdom great and high,
Indignant, swore a solemn oath
DIOGENES should die.

He hired some pens to write him down,
Threw dirt upon his head,
And then he swore a solemn oath
DIOGENES was dead.

Within his grave he staid a week,
Till snow began to fall;
DIOGENES got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

RAISING CANE, OR THE FATAL SWITCH;

BEING THE ADVENT, ADVENTURES, AND MISADVENTURES
OF STRAWBERRY MARK.

CHAPTER I.

After two Introductions and a Prologue, I can hear every one saying it is high time I proceeded with the story, and, for this once, everybody is right; and, as everybody is right, why shouldn't I write.

Attention, then, if you please! Since the date of the Prologue—which, I omitted to mention, was 1875—twenty-four years and twelve months are supposed to have elapsed.

The ancient patriarch, alluded to in Introductory No. 1, has by this time died, and "worms have eaten him," while the heavy villain, depicted in the Prologue, rocking the cradle of the deep, has been euchred in the great game of life, and has "passed."

Five-and-twenty summers have flown by, unheeded, over the head of the innocent babe on the first page; four-and-twenty winters have dusted with their hoar-frost the fifteen-shilling wigs of the elderly fops, and all this while the world jogged on, unceasingly and untiringly.

Men have come and gone, and not paid their washer-women.

Each morning, for this quarter of a century, has the sun risen in its pristine splendor, like

"Beauty unadawned, adawned the most,"

and still Time's whirligig goes on.

Innumerable early birds have risen to secure the countless worms, and found the diet indigestible in the extreme; multitudinous birds-of-a-feather have flocked together, with no other result than to afford a better mark for the fowling-piece of the sportsman; while incalculable rolling stones, if they have gathered no moss, have, at least, gone ahead faster than their more stationary brethren.

All these years has Old Time's Express been running on his broad-gauge towards the Eternity terminus; and never once, in all these multifarious "changes," has Nature failed to make connection, although how many of our friends have taken *sleeping cars*, by this same conveyance, never, alas! to wake.

Very comic, isn't it, this last sentence?—perhaps not; but granted, what then? This remarkable effort, which you do me the honor to read, was never intended for a whole joint, but, at best, a literary sandwich.

And this brings me to my story,—not too soon, you think; but, to tell you the truth, I don't know how in the world to begin. For the last ten minutes my brain

has been going round and round, with no other result than the formation of a cipher.

I know very well that the customary thing to do is to describe my hero or heroine, as the case may be, or both, on the principle that "two heads are better than one;" but, as it will be necessary to devote at least a page to that purpose, I defer it to Chapter 2, where a lengthened and accurate description cannot fail to be interesting, both on account of its own intrinsic merits, and, also, because my hero, like the "Party by the Name of Johnson," who couldn't sign his own name, but used a peculiar hieroglyphic instead, is likely to prove

A MAN OF MARK!

CHAPTER II.

Guessport, on the Narragansett Coast,—a delightful place to be in at any time.

In the Spring, primrose-and-violet-laden, the air seems to breathe a fragrance as of heavenly incense; in the Summer, more perfumed still with the delicate aroma of the many-tinted mackerel, or the balmy odor of the playful oyster, the whole atmosphere is suggestive of Facts, and Fish, and Fancy.

The town itself is Common enough (a theory not held by Bostonians) for its charms do not lie in bricks and mortar; brown stone fronts, or white marble, have proved sufficiently elegant for the primitive tastes of its simple inhabitants, while, from the entrances of most of the houses the velvety turf, cut by the modest, though costly, reaping machine, stretches down to the very edge of the sea, as though to embrace old Ocean in its loving grassp.

Among the many frequenters of the promenade which fronts the little town on its seaward side was a young man, whose personal appearance was, to say the least of it, striking.

His collars were the very *height* of fashion; his hat of Napoleonic grandeur, his coat a perfect (I had almost said epileptic) fit; while his trousers were what Shakspeare had in his eye—metaphorically, of course—when he said,

"Next comes the *lean* pantaloon!"

tight to a fault, and tight, also, to his legs, they were to me a dark and direful mystery; while, as for his boots, all that could be said of such excruciatingly small understandings was that they were the very *ac(he)me* of fashion.

He stood there, in the morning sun, and, as its rays beamed over him, and under him, and all round about him, a large-sized tear trickled down his face, and added its mite to the briny deep, which foamed and fretted, and washed the periwinkles off the cliffs in front of him.

Despair was in his eye, and a fragment of the unwholesome Bologna in his mouth; and still, with an untiring watchfulness, he gazed eagerly into vacancy.

What had he done that he should be so blessed? What, indeed?

Echo answered "What?" in her usual stupid, unsatisfactory way, and, obligingly, left the question for me to explain in

CHAPTER III.

It is, doubtless, fresh in your memories, that the young and fascinating widow of the assassinated Henrico, after the untimely death of her husband, forthwith proceeded to the Eastern States of the Union, in order to educate and bring up the young and handsome hostage to Fortune, which, among other things, the ill-fated Chief had left upon her hands.

Her reason for choosing the East was obvious enough;

for, when we consider that it is one of Nature's laws that the son shall rise in that quarter, it must strike everybody that young Mark—for so she had named him—had a first-class patent-lever opportunity for getting on in the world.

And he had got on, through all the misfortunes and mysterious ailments of childhood—teething, the inopportune and rash suction of his rocking-horse, and those falls which babies do so much delight in,—from all these, and innumerable other imminent catastrophes, he had escaped, by the skin of his gums, and was now a prominent swell, living at a fashionable watering place, spending his mother's money, going the whole hog, and voting everything a bore.

And, now, I am going to moralize, giving you fair warning beforehand, that any of you who prefer "limp levity to starched seriousness" may hop, skip, and jump over the next half page.

Revenons therefore: if man could only look ahead a little,—if his "hindsight was but as good as his foresight," what a radical change would be worked in the fortunes of individuals. But they can't; the science of fortune-telling is a fraud, and the man who "looks into the future" is under medical treatment for sore eyes.

Each day, as we ply our ordinary vocations, fate stares at us from the sidewalks, meets us at our office door, lurks for us behind the smile of a friend; and yet, blind, or seeing but darkly, we stumble, and, oftentimes, are lost.

The particular fate that was lying in wait for our friend Mark was, however, as we shall see, of a rather fascinating nature than otherwise.

As he stood, idly switching his legs—or, as it has been somewhere graphically termed, "raising cane"—a gigantic boot, placed exactly upon his favorite corn, and a sudden obscurity of vision, caused by his hat descending over his eyebrows, warned him that some one approached.

The next instant an "Holloa, Mark!" caused him to turn his head, to find himself *tête-à-tête* with his old college chum and crony, John de Smythe. It was close on a hundred years since Mark and he had met, and, as a consequence, their meeting was affecting in the extreme. The day was exceeding sultry; overhead, the sun shone down on the gay and festive scene, in his usual incandescent manner; and, with the thermometer at 212° in the refrigerator, it can be hardly wondered at that the two young men

MELTED INTO TEARS!

CHAPTER IV.

"And what have you been doing with yourself, these centuries, Jack?" was Mark's first query, after he had taken stock of his friend, and satisfied himself that appearances, at any rate, favored the supposition that De Smythe was possessed of a moderate quantity of the "filthy lucre" we all profess to scorn.

"To tell the truth, Mark, I have been doing so many things, and so many people, that time would fail me to recount my adventures. But come,—I want to show you a damsel here whose charms have been too much for me, my old friend."

And thus, intellectually conversing, they strolled down the beach, where the graceful Venus, or the classic Minerva, clad in many-colored tunics, disported themselves in the sad sea waves, or playfully toyed with the bounding billows from the blue Atlantic, as they rolled on the sandy shore, or shingled the shells with saliferous seaweed. It was a scene worth the contemplation of an artist. Promenading along the neck of land, which does duty for a beach to the little village of Guessport, might be seen pedestri-

ans of all classes. Stately dames, whose demeanour seemed to indicate that every one else belonged to *de meaner* ranks of society; girls of the period, with lips of alabaster and cheeks of a roseate tinge (what, in "Villikins and his Dinah," are described as "uncommon fine young gals"); the gentle swill-cart driver, and the peaceful, though peripatetic, purveyor of periwinkles, formed, like the fifer in a German Band, an artistic "toot" ensemble, and served to add a piquancy and variety to the scene, which was as striking as it was animated.

Our two friends, wrapped in each other's society, wandered on, regardless of the busy hum which was going on around them, and finally reached the limit of the sandy patch before alluded to, where their further progress was arrested by a narrow belt of rocks, over the extreme end of which, three or four miles out to sea, the waves dashed with unusual violence. They would have turned back here, and thus the whole after-current of their lives would have been changed, had it not been for a cry which reached them, sounding, to the unpracticed ears of single men, like the shriek of a female in distress.

Lightly bounding over all intervening obstacles, and gracefully vaulting over such trifling things as the heavy boulders which lay scattered round about, our hero and his friend soon discovered the source of the shrieks.

At some little distance from the shore, on an isolated rock, stood a young and pretty girl,—the daintiest of *bottinés* enclosed her tiny feet, the most fairy-like hoop-skirt distended the most bewitching of Balmorals, while her attitude, suggestive at once of despair and *deshabille*, was picturesque and pensive.

Her situation was a perilous one. Already cut off from the shore, by two oysters and a large crab, the tears which streamed from her lovely eyes, seemed in imminent danger of totally eye-solating her from the mainland.

In truth, the moment was critical. But our hero was not a man to stand on ceremony at such a juncture. Hastily throwing off his coat and suspenders, he soon bridged the distance which divided them, and, clasping the fair unknown in his arms, boldly braved the dangerous mollusc and the catawampous crab, and safely landed the beauteous being in a trice, (which he had, fortunately, brought with him), on the sand beside him.

And then she fainted,—of course she did. When did "lovely woman in distress" ever wind up in any other manner?—Susan B. Anthony and the Woman's Rights Convention to the contrary notwithstanding.

Gentle restoratives were resorted to, and, after having her boots cut off and a small piece of the skull removed, she recovered her peace of mind, if not her piece of cranium.

But how about Mark, all this time, and his friend De Smythe, who had followed so closely upon the heels of our hero as to seriously injure a new pair of patent leathers which the youthful Di Barkerola had recently invested in.

Alas, poor Mark! Cupid had, indeed, hit the Mark this time, and he was completely knocked over, smashed, clean gone,—anything else that, to your innate genius, may seem appropriately to express the position.

So was De Smythe, too! No more would his heart rejoice in the stiffness of his shirt-collar; no longer would the sit of his coat, or the tightness of his pantaloons, fill his soul with satisfaction and his tailor with dismay! Despair was in his eye, as the cause of all this distraction turned towards the blushing Mark, and, in her most dulcet tones, thanked him for his timely assistance.

"One moment more, sir," she said, "and I might have been the prey of the remorseless waves, or the matutinal

meal of the voracious and unboiled lobster. A lifetime of gratitude and indigestion would not serve to repay the debt which Angiretta M. Higgins owes to her unknown and gallant preserver."

"Mark di Barkerola, at your service; but who disclaims all rewards save one," responded our hero, as he courteously squeezed the lovely digits extended towards him by the fair Angiretta.

"And that?" she said, as the rouge upon her cheeks turned pale, by contrast with the natural blushes that now suffused her beautiful countenance.

Placing his lips to her pearl-like ears, Mark whispered something, which deepened the crimson to the ruddiness of an autumn sunset, and caused her to look earnestly at nothing in particular, with even greater assiduity.

Would you know what he said? You shall,—but, meanwhile, don't let us forget poor De Smythe, to whom, during the foregoing colloquy, a fearful accident had happened.

It was first made apparent by Annie—as we, in future, will call her—who, chancing to glance in his direction, gave vent to her feelings in another and prolonged squeal.

The cause of her alarm was but too evident. There he stood, but with a pitiable lack-lustre on his face; for, having chanced to cast his eyes at our heroine some few minutes previously, they had fallen on the ground, and, at that precise moment, still lay there.

With his customary presence of mind, and the aid of his pocket-handkerchief, our hero picked them up, and soon returned them to their natural position in De Smythe's face; and then all three wended their way home to Guessport, the gentlemen—in true American fashion—enlivening the journey with conversation and tobacco juice.

I would here remark that persons who expectorate on the boundless "parairie" cannot expect to rate as gentlemen. [Good, but old.—Ed. Dio.]

Of course, after the disclosure of his feelings, which this incident had afforded De Smythe, he felt it was morally impossible that Mark and he should reside under the same roof; so, being an exceedingly muscular man, he

REMOVED HIS ABODE TO THE NEXT STREET!!

(To be continued.)

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

No. I.

"VITTELS."

Vittels is considered good medsin for the humane stum-jak. Vittels is of too kinds,—fresh and cand,—so called cause they'se so darned bad that most peeple cand eat em! I shall speak of cand vittels in a footer number. In Ameriky fresh vittels konsists of beaf, mutton, pork, hog, swine, sucking pig, and Sinsinnatty hamms. Some pork is so fat that it is kalled porker, and a cute "down-easter" is trien to raise porkest.

In France they chews frogs, in Spain snales, in Italy sluggs, in China puppy doggs tales, in England the kud of reflexshun. The President of the U. S. of Ameriky chews tobaccer, and eschews the Reverdy Johnson treaty, & Montreal has the inestimable priviledge to chews its own Mayor, who is the prime toad-eater to the airistokrisy in general, & differs from the Mayors of Diomedes in dietery respects, they havin been adickyted to humane flesh, even

as evil tales accoos the enlitened natives of Figi of luncheon on baby with cold mishunary on the seabored.

Wunce I was in England, in redooced circumstanzas, & hired out at the Grovenor House. In the mornin I was konsiderabul hungry, when the boss says to me: "I guess you'll 'eat these rooms, d'yer understan." "Nary," says I. "You'll 'eat these rooms," says he. "Darn the thick end of my Aunt Sal's black and white tom-catt's tail," says I, "won't I get nothin elts." "No," says he. "Wall, if you aint the allfiredest meanest kuss ever kovered six meels a day," says I, darned pesky, "may I"—Here we kolided. He got fits, you bet. Yoors,

PELEG PLUG.

ON DIT.—It is stated, in City Hall Society, that since Judge Coursol, acting on a high principle of honor, declined to break the pledge he freely gave to His Worship the Mayor not to oppose the latter's pretensions to another year's tenure of office, Graveltown stock has gone up some thirty-five or forty per cent.

DIOGENES is in a position to supplement the above highly important information. He can state, on the very highest authority, that a distinguished Revenue Officer is so elate over the not unexpected result, that he is content to let Lewis triumph,—the Bonding Warehouse escapades having been already comfortably "boxed," under his own immediate superintendence.

"THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.—How is it that citizens who see all the liquor traffic, and who would gladly sign petitions to limit it to short hours at night, will, at the same time, sign a requisition and pledge themselves to vote for a rumsellers' candidate, perhaps even a notorious bar-room frequenter and drunkard? What kind of consistency is there in such conduct? Is duty to the public a nullity or a farce? Is there no conscientiousness in the discharge of one of the most solemn of all trusts—that of putting good and true men into office? Our civic elections are approaching, and it really seems to us that the citizens in each ward where there is to be an election look into this matter, and not allow any unsuitable man to walk the course."—*Montreal Witness*, Jan. 20.

DIOGENES is not a subsidized organ. The liquor-sellers do not make up the deficit between the cost price and the issuing price of his sheet, nor in any other way do they pecuniarily endorse his pretensions to the character of "Guardian of the public morals." The Cynic is nevertheless constrained to say, that, in his opinion, a worse candidate might be found than the individual said to be indicated in the foregoing paragraph. The "rumsellers' candidate" (if there be such a person) may be a strictly honest man, although fond of an occasional "tipple." DIOGENES dare be sworn there are many such who never diddled their creditors and founded moral newspapers on the proceeds. He dare also aver that it would be wiser in the citizens to place even a "notorious bar-frequenter and drunkard" in the chair of a City Councillor than one who, having "done the thing 'gainst which he writes," is still known to be a maw-worm and a hypocrite, whose antecedents, in other respects, denote him as eminently qualified to carry out the rôle of corruptionist and jobber, and who

"Compounds for sins he is inclined to,
By damning those he has no mind to."

CON.

Why are the Rupert's Land half-breeds more inhospitable than their country's bears? Because the latter would not turn away even a Governor—if they were hungry!



A RECENT SCENE IN ST. PAUL STREET.

[Vide Montreal Herald.]

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

Mr. Justice Berthelot, of the Superior Court, is renowned in our legal annals for the jealous care with which he shields from profanation the majesty of the law in the person of our Judges, including even Recorders and Police Magistrates. A short time ago, he threatened to strip an Advocate, pleading before him, of his gown, for having, in the hurry of argument, addressed him as "Sir," instead of the time-honored title of "Your Honor." A memorable instance of his praiseworthy efforts in the great cause of etiquette occurred, on Saturday last, in the Court of Review. Soon after taking his seat on the Bench, his Honor, in a state of intense agitation, addressed himself to Mr. Night, Q. C., complaining that that gentleman had just winked at another learned Q. C., and had also presented himself before the august tribunal, then and there sitting, with a red nose! Mr. Night positively denied the winking, and, in explanation of the unusual redness of his nasal organ, declared that he was frost-bitten when coming from church on the evening of the previous Sunday. The Hon. Judge expressed his gratification that the learned Queen's Counsel had purged himself of contempt in the matter of winking, but, with respect to the other cause of complaint, it was His Honor's opinion that gentlemen who had red noses should leave them at home, when they came to Court. He, however, would withdraw the charge against Mr. Night, while warning him and his *confreres* of the profession that he would maintain the dignity of the Judiciary, especially in cases of winking and red noses, or die in the attempt. His Honor further intimated that he was inclined to regard Mr. Night's long beard as a flagrant contempt of Court, but he would not move in that affair until he had consulted his brethren of the Bench on the subject. The members of the Bar are, of course, anxiously awaiting the Judicial decision on this important point.

"O! FOR A FORTY-PARSON-POWER,
TO CHANT THY PRAISE, HYPOCRISY!"

See the Mayor's speech on Moral Reform at the Banquet. [Who paid for the Banquet?] On next public occasion, look out for a speech on Chicago divorces.

THE CATHEDRAL "SCANDAL."

This very discreditable affair has acquired additional notoriety by the appearance of a roaring article on the subject in a recent number of the *Montreal Evening Telegraph*.

Although DIOGENES dislikes to meddle with such questions, he must give his readers a short summary of the really material facts of the case:—

Canon Balch and Canon Loosemore, of the Cathedral, had long been on such unfriendly terms that their quarrels and dissensions had created a scandal in the Church and had been injurious to its interests.

Such being the case, a Committee of five gentlemen (members of the congregation) was duly appointed to enquire into the matter.

The Committee enquired into the matter, and reported on it to the proper quarter.

Without entering into details, it is only necessary to say the Committee recommended that the services of Canon Loosemore should be dispensed with in future.

In this recommendation of the Committee, the Dean concurred, the Vestry concurred, a large majority of the congregation concurred, and the Bishop concurred.

DIOGENES again avoids entering into unnecessary details. To all these facts, what is the reply, as we find the same set forth in the roaring article of the *Evening Telegraph*?

It is this, and nothing more:—The Bishop, the Dean, the Committee, the Vestry, a large majority of the congregation,—all are conspirators, knaves, or fools;—everybody except the roaring Editor of the *Evening Telegraph*.
BOSH!

HONOR TO DEPARTED WORTH.

The *Daily Witness*, in a laudatory obituary notice of a late respected citizen of Montreal, states, with pious gravity and unction, that his chief subjects of study throughout life were the BIBLE and the *Witness*! Our modest contemporary ought to have added, in justice to his deceased friend, that he was also an admirer of the Sermon on the Mount, the Book of Mormon, and *The Clown and Horse-Collar*.

DIOGENES is afraid that the above language may appear somewhat profane to the ignorant and uninitiated. But he is only following, at a humble distance, the example of the *Witness*.

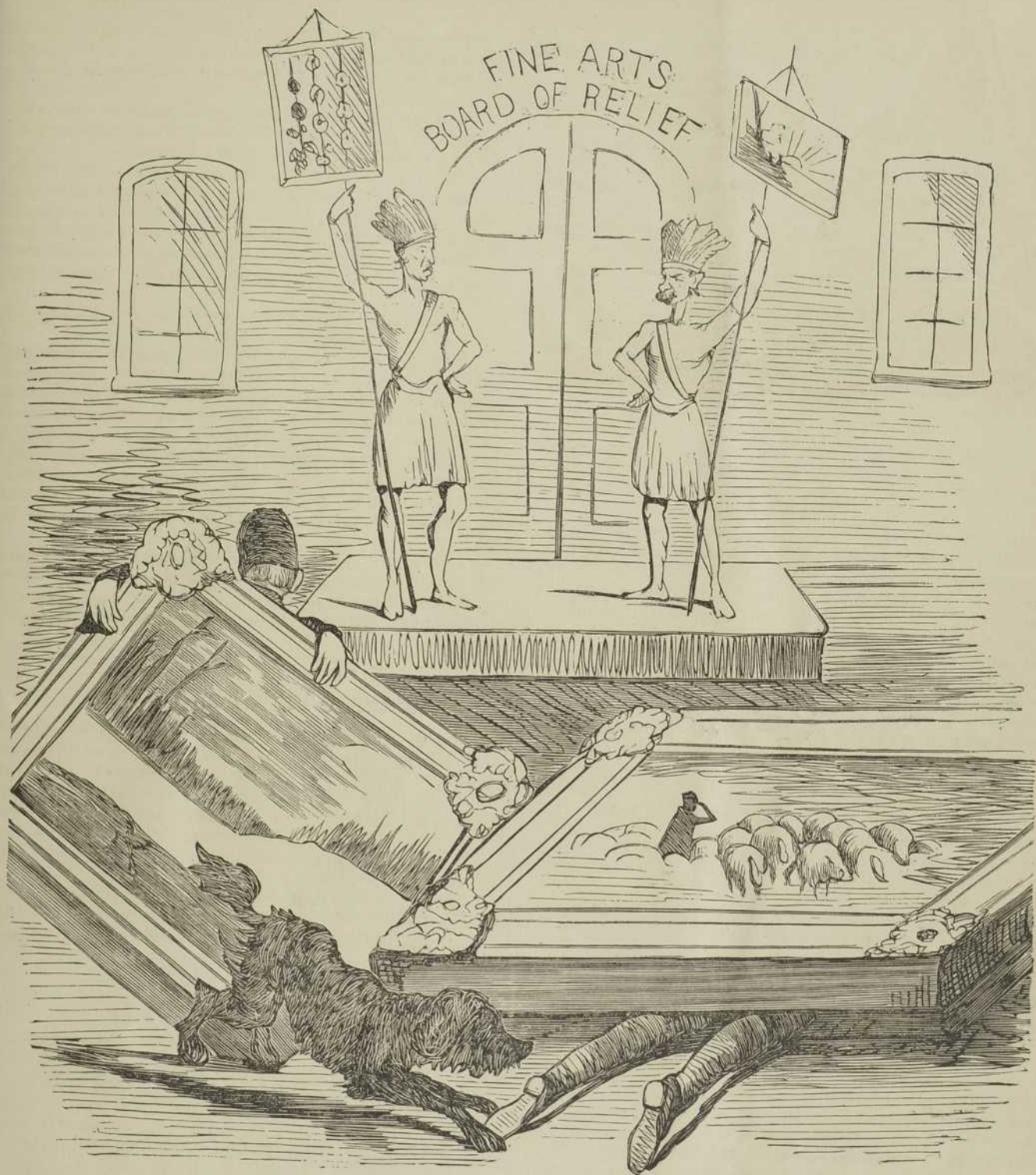
HARD UPON THE "ENFANT."

The *Nouveau Monde* deplores the fact that our leading French Canadians have not *entertained* the Prince; and the *Star*, commenting thereon, attributes it to stinginess. Both are wrong,—for DIOGENES has good reason to know that the Prince was very much *entertained*, and, in fact, *highly amused*, by several leading French Canadians when he visited the Quebec Legislative Halls, some time ago.

In fact H. R. H. has not been so much entertained since he visited the Monkey-House of the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens before he came to Canada!

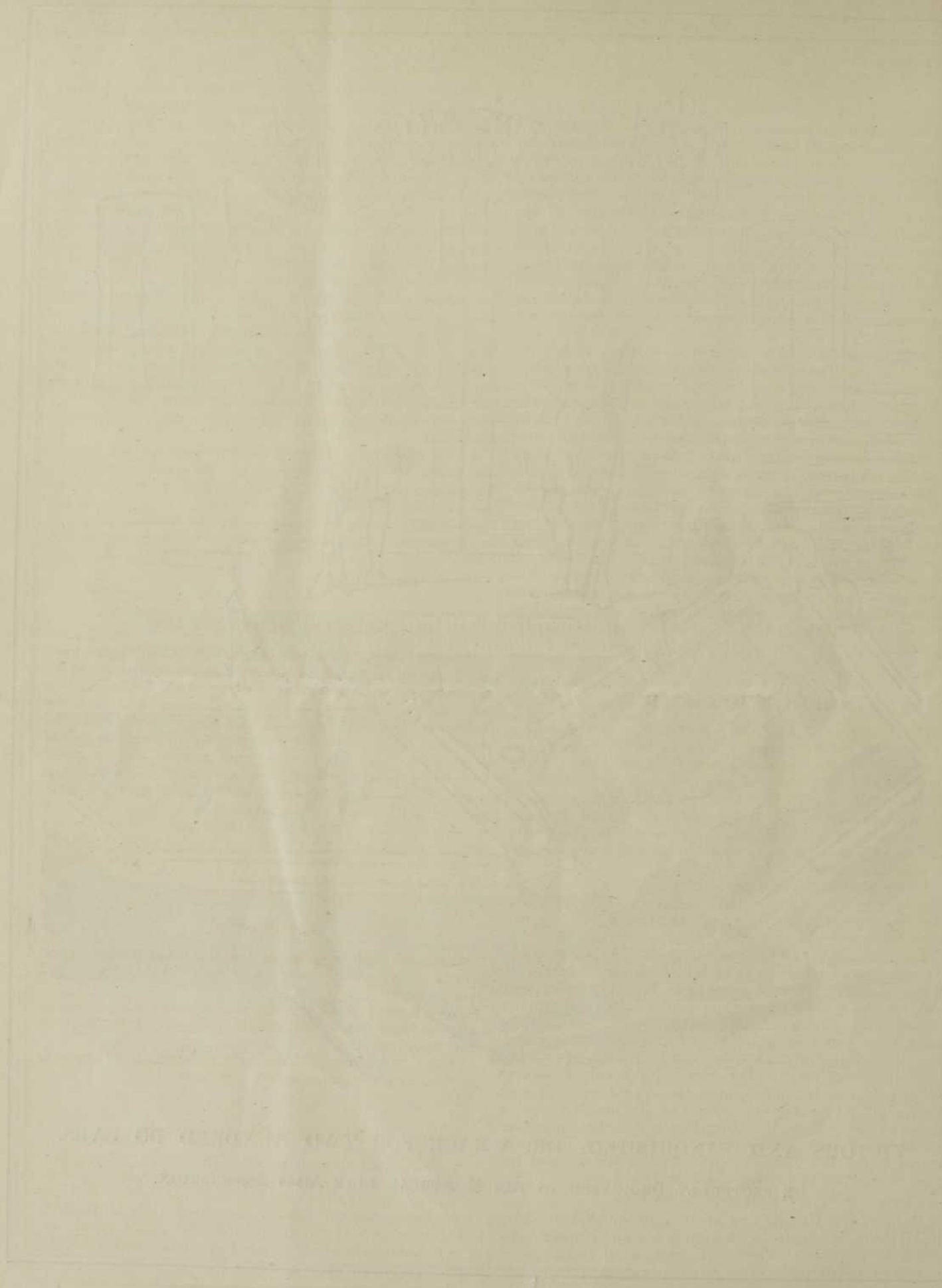
A HIGHLY MORAL REFLECTION.

Human nature is alike in every place, and in all circumstances. In the theatre, in the church, in the palace, in the shanty, and (especially) in the State;—the grand desideratum is—A GOOD PLACE.



VICTORS AND VANQUISHED; OR, A RACE FOR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE MONTREAL FINE ARTS ASSOCIATION.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
1892

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LEGISLATIVE DIGNITY.

Long before DIOGENES set up his Tub in this fair city of Montreal, he had been pretty well disgusted with the pompous pretensions of many of the ancient senators with whom he had been acquainted. He was quite aware that the bulk of those old Roman senators, who sat so grandly in their *curule* chairs, gracefully draped in the folds of the classical *toga*, were arrant old humbugs, perfectly wide awake to the pecuniary pickings to be derived their high offices, and he, therefore, rejoiced in his translation to this democratic land, and looked forward with delight to the simple habits of its denizens, in which he expected to find a refreshing contrast to the ancient pomposity.

His anticipations, *as to contrast*, have been fully realized. Can anything be more delightful than the unsophisticated simplicity with which our highest dignitaries fraternise in our saloons and bar-rooms with every loafer who happens to possess a vote; while the revelations of the inner life of our city legislators, as artlessly related by Messrs. Bulmer & Glackmeyer, add a crowning glory to the sweet picture of more than Arcadian simplicity.

The Philosopher can imagine nothing more sweetly simple, or more illustrative of the perfect equality of our institutions, than Mr. Messenger Darcy taking the *dhudeen* from his mouth to accommodate a longing legislator with a whiff of the fragrant herb. Where is our Canadian artist to immortalize the touching scene; and what shall be done to the wretch who would endeavour to destroy this sweet reciprocity of feeling and sentiment, by the introduction of the exclusive and aristocratic cigar?

RESPECT TO DIGNITIES.

The Synopsis of the Act introduced into the Quebec Legislature for the proper upholding of the Dignity and Authority of that august assembly, having been incorrectly stated by the Press and somewhat misunderstood by the public in general, DIOGENES is alarmed lest any of his readers should, by misapprehension, be led to incur the pains and penalties of this remarkable enactment, and he, therefore, submits an amended and more detailed explanation thereof.

It has been stated that this enactment is unprecedented, but the CYNIC is in a position distinctly to deny this affirmation,—a case in point having occurred within his own knowledge.

The Philosopher had a grandmamma. [This may astonish many of his readers, as such cases are not common in Montreal,—but the fact remains.] This venerable lady had several peculiarities in common with the Quebec Legislature. She was somewhat imbecile, but, at the same time, had a remarkable sense of her own dignity. Her undutiful grandchildren (the CYNIC regrets to say himself among the number) did not properly recognize these pretensions, and treated them with ridicule and contempt; whereupon the heads of the family passed a series of resolutions, inflicting castigation and imprisonment on all juvenile members so offending. DIOGENES submits that the cases are precisely analagous, and the plea of want of precedent is null and void.

The following is the amended synopsis:—

Each of the Houses, and every member thereof, shall, at all times, be treated with high honor and respect; and the following shall be deemed infractions of the Act:—

1. Any reflections on the personal appearance or char-

acter of any member of either House,—to wit, it shall be unlawful to say that the Minister of M-l-tia is not a person of imposing appearance, and urbane and dignified demeanor, or that Mr. C-uch-n does not contract for his lunatics with the sole object of benefitting his country, and to the entire disregard of his personal emolument.

2. "Threatening or attempting to intimidate members of either House,"—to wit, should any constituent, or number of constituents, be dissatisfied with the proceedings of any member of either House, and should attempt to force or intimidate him by calling upon him or by threats of ousting him at the next election; he, or they, so offending shall be liable to fine or imprisonment, as hereinafter provided.

3. The offering to, or acceptance by, any such member of a bribe to influence him in his proceedings as such; provided, always, that nothing in this enactment shall be construed as preventing the Government from bribing the members of either House, either individually or collectively, by the offer of increased allowances or lucrative sinecures.

4. All fines imposed under the Act shall be paid over to the Clerk of the House, and by him paid over to the Treasurer, after deducting such sum or sums of money as the necessities of the Government, or any member thereof, may render necessary; and the balance, should it so happen that any balance remain (which is not anticipated), shall form part of the Consolidated Revenue Fund of the Province.

NOTHING MADE IN VAIN.

Among many other curiosities in "The Capital," we have an Irishman (generally supposed to have been affected by a sun-burst), who commences every week by expressing his willingness—nay, his determination—to "die for Oireland" before the ensuing Saturday evening. But he lives on, month after month, quietly pursuing a rather unromantic calling,—trading in money and mutton. Ireland respectfully declines the sacrifice,—putting the pertinent but ugly query, *cui bono?* The times are dull, and neither Ireland nor Canada can spare him. He shall receive due notice when an appropriate moment arrives for the holocaust. In the meantime, he must please to remain, to provide both countries with an object to laugh (we were near writing sneer) at.

SCHOLASTIC.

At a recent school examination, the Head Master called up one of his pet elves. "Now, sir," said he, "will you decline *meet*."

Tony Lumpkin, astonished, stared round for a moment, and stuttered out—"No, thank you, sir; I should like some roast veal."

"Boy!" exclaimed the irritated pedagogue,—"boy, you have cannibalish propensities. Sit down!"

UNEXAMPLED RUDENESS.

A short time since, a party of ladies and gentlemen, of literary tastes, were discussing the rules and the difficulties of punctuation. A wretched old bachelor—ugly as a ghost,—who had been listening with a growling impatience, suddenly exclaimed: "Women's books resemble their talk; they never know when and where to stop!"

A WORD ABOUT DENTISTS.

A bill for the incorporation of a "Dental Society for the Province of Quebec" has recently passed through the Local Legislature. DIOGENES is not acquainted with all its provisions, but, from an article he read, some time since, in the *Herald*, he is led to believe that the object aimed at by the bill is the inauguration of a *respectable* monopoly,—in other words, certain individuals form themselves into a *respectable* Society, in order to dictate to the public what dentists shall or shall not be employed, and the terms to be exacted for so-called "professional services." In connection with this subject, the following "card" has just come into the Cynic's possession, and he gives it as an amusing illustration of the pretensions of modern "respectable" Dentistry:—

In imitation of the custom among *respectable* European and American Dentists, and to prevent misunderstanding, we respectfully beg to present the following as our

FEES FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES:

Gold Fillings (small).....	\$ 2.00	
Do. do. (large).....	2.50 to	10.00
Compound Gold Filling or Pulp Cavity and Crown..	5.00 to	20.00
Temporary and other Fillings.....	1.00 to	2.00
Reducing Sensitiveness previous to Filling.....	0.50	
Separating Teeth do. do.	0.50	
Extracting.....	0.50 to	1.00
Administering Nitrous Oxide, &c.....	1.00 to	6.00
Destroying Nerve.....	0.50	
Treating Alveolar Abscess, Diseases of the Gums, &c.	1.00 to	10.00
Applying Leech.....	1.00 to	3.00
Cleaning and Polishing.....	1.50 to	3.00
Renovating Superficial Decay.....	0.50 to	2.00
Pivot Teeth.....	4.00 to	10.00
Regulating Teeth.....	5.00 to	200.00
Each Single Full Set, on Gold.....	60.00 to	80.00
Each Single Full Set, on Vulcanite.....	25.00 to	60.00
Professional Visit.....	2.00 to	5.00
Partial Sets, on Vulcanite.....Per Tooth	3.00 to	8.00
Single Tooth, on Vulcanite.....	4.00 to	8.00
Partial Sets, on Gold.....Per Tooth	5.00 to	8.00
Single Tooth, on Gold.....	10.00 to	15.00

The delightful uncertainty of the above figures cannot

fail to strike the reader. DIOGENES does not give the names attached to this remarkable "card," as, doubtless, it has been pretty extensively circulated among their patients. He contents himself with saying that the inevitable result of legislating for this particular class interest must be the advent of a host of cheap practitioners,—and it is possible that some of them may be, at least, as talented as those inside the pale of "incorporation."

UP TO ANYTHING.

DIOGENES hears, from various quarters, that little or nothing has been heard of a certain illustrious K. C. B.,—that he has shown no more signs of life than a frog in December, for some time past.

On the other hand, the CYNIC has been informed that this distinguished individual, observing symptoms of doubt, indifference, and lukewarmness, among the Faithful, has been engaged in a series of Camp-Meetings, in the Revival line.

* * * Singular weather for Camp-Meetings! But it is not improbable that the astute conjuror, who has long been in the habit of fossilizing his followers, may have conceived a new idea, and be trying the effect of freezing them.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"LIBERTY.—The Rev. Father Doucet, of the Jesuits' College, will shortly deliver a series of lectures on LIBERTY, in all its phases, in the Academical Hall of St. Mary's College."—*Evening Telegraph*, Jan. 19.

DIOGENES trusts that the Reverend Father will not omit to dilate on the peculiar phases of "liberty" as exemplified in the Guibord and Chiniquy cases.

"WHO KNOWS?"

A brute of a carter, at Quebec, has assaulted a gentleman, and bitten off a part of his nose. As the carters of Quebec are a powerful organization, the authorities will probably content themselves by binding the brute over to *keep the piece!*

TO OUR READERS.

Commencing on Friday week, DIOGENES will appear, without illustrations,* at ONE PENNY, and will consist of eight pages (including advertisements).

The reading matter will be such as experience has proved to be most acceptable to patrons of serio-comic journalism. The articles will be short, pithy, and epigrammatic, and the Cynic will be less sparing than ever in his attacks on political and civic quacks and pretenders, and the great army of social snobs.

In future, let no one hesitate to communicate his ideas to DIOGENES. After fifteen months temporizing, he intends to be terribly in earnest; and it is hardly necessary to say that he has lived long enough in Canada to be able to discriminate between his friends and his enemies,—between those who are deserving of support and countenance and those whose corruption and venality demand a scathing exposure. The Cynic hopes the public will support him in this new phase of his undertaking.

* From time to time, however, as circumstances arise, a cartoon may be given.

DIOGENES.

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113 St. Peter Street,
CORNER OF CRAIG.

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Portrait Painter and Photographer.

Business Notice.

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

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Excellent Family Flour, in 14 lb. bags.
OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, AND BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.
Graham Flour, manufactured from the Finest White Wheat.
SELF-RAISING BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, } in 6 lb. Packets.
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GENTLEMEN'S FUR CAPS,
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INSURANCES AGAINST FIRE,

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

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

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"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.

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HOWARD'S PATENT VENTILATOR.

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WEST WARD.

To James Smith, Esq., N.P.

The undersigned desire you to allow yourself to be nominated as Councillor for the West Ward of this City, and we pledge ourselves to support you to the utmost of our power.

MONTREAL, December, 1869.

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| E Dolan | John McKay | John McKerron | H Chandler |
| C Pariseau | W A Phillips | John Fraser | Jonathan Findlay |
| George Barrington | Robert Mitchell | Mann & Son | A Bresler |
| D J Sadtler & Co | Charles Baillie | S Browning | Edward Hill |
| Michael Crathy | T R Whitehead | J H Ross | W A Little |
| Robert Weir | John M Jones | James Brown | H L Prowse |
| N B Charlebois | E Angers | Joseph Dion & Bro | Fred Lowe |
| John Wilson | D Mann | | |

To the Ratepayers of the West Ward.

GENTLEMEN :

I need not say that I feel extremely flattered at the reception of your call to allow myself to be nominated as your Representative in the City Council. In acceding to a request at once general and spontaneous, I beg to assure you that, should I be returned, I will endeavour, faithfully and diligently, to promote the interests of the Ward, as well as those of our rising and prosperous City.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

JAMES SMITH.

MONTREAL, 6th January, 1870.

ALFRED BAILEY,
Architect,
PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

Quantities Taken, and Artificers' Work Measured.

VERMONT
CENTRAL RAILROAD
LINE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,
Commencing Nov. 29, 1869.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.40 a.m. for Rutland, Boston, &c., arriving in Boston at 10.30 p.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.30 p.m. for Waterloo, Boston, and New York, arriving at Boston at 8.40 a.m., connecting at Bellows' Falls with Cheshire R. R., for Boston and Worcester, and with Vermont Valley R. R. for Springfield, &c., arriving in New York at 12.30 p.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

DAY EXPRESS leaves Boston 1/22 Lowell at 8 a.m., arriving at Montreal at 10 p.m.

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

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

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

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

G. MERRILL,
General Superintendent.

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