MONTREAL AGENCY.—Mr. Thos. F. S. Kirkpatrick, of the Newspaper and Advertising Agency, No. 101 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal, is the authorized agent of the Daily Whig in that city.

New Advertisements This Day.

Post Office Notice.
New Goods.
Third Week.
Cod on Invoice.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

The Daily British Whig.

"Opifer per Orbem Dicere."

TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 23, 1869.

OTTAWA.

Appointments — Dominion Notes.

Ottawa, Nov. 20.

The following appears in the Official Gazette:—

The Gov.-General has been pleased to make the following appointments:

James G. Moylan, of Toronto, Esq., to be Emigrant Agent for Canada in the South of Ireland.

Charles Foy, of Omemee, Esq., to be Assistant Emigration Agent for the North of Ireland.

Edwin Clay, Esq., M.D., of Pugwash, to be Emigration Agent for Nova Scotia, in place of the Hon. H. G. Pine, resigned.

David Shaw, of Kingston, Esq., to be Emigrant Agent for Scotland.

Parliament is further prorogued to the 31st of December.

The following is a statement of Dominion Notes in circulation on the 3rd November and of specie held against them:

Dominion Notes in circulation payable in Montreal	$4,004,150
Do do payable at Toronto	1,442,550
Do do payable at Halifax	391,040
Specie held at Montreal	750,000
Do at Toronto	600,000
Do at Halifax	78,800
Debentures held by the Receiver General under the Dominion Note Act	3,000,000

All the mills have closed for the winter. One firm has on hand thirty-three million feet of sawn timber, and twenty-five thousand logs, to start with in Spring.

Notice is given that the Canada Central Railway Co will apply next session for an Act to extend the time allowed them for the completion of their railway.

New Insolvent—John Taylor, Scotland.

MILITIA APPOINTMENTS.—In general orders published in the Canada Gazette, the following changes are made in the active Militia of Ontario:—

41st Brockville Battalion of Rifles; No. 2 Co., Gananoque, to be Ensign provisionally, Sergt. George Cunningham, vice Fleming, promoted.

43rd Leeds and Addington battalion of Infantry—No. 6 company, Earnestown; 1st Lieutenant, Joseph George McLean, M.S., vice Ayscough, whose resignation is accepted. To be Ensign, James Mabee, gentleman, M.S., vice McLean, promoted.

The following officers of the Kingston field battery have been granted first-class certificates by the Board of Examiners, viz:—Major Thomas Drummond, First Lieutenant Peter Graham, Second Lieutenant Henry Wilmot, Lieutenant Wallace Wotten, Adjt. Samuel Bristol, Allan Pawson, Quartermaster Napanee, and Thomas R. Dupont, of Odessa, Esquires, M.D's, to be a Board of Surgeons for the County of Lennox and Addington for the purpose of examining applicants for militia pensions.

THE LATE RAILWAY ACCIDENT—AN ASST OF A BRAKESMAN.—On Saturday night, at the instance of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, a brakesman named Murdoch McLeod, was arrested at Toronto on a charge of criminally neglecting his duty while acting in his capacity of brakesman on the mixed train into which the passenger train ran on Wednesday morning last, near Colinsby. McLeod states that one of the cars of his train having become uncoupled, a delay occurred in recoupling; and it was thought by the officials on board of the mixed train that the express had previously passed. However the noise of the coming express was heard, and McLeod ran a flag and ran back the line about the length of six telegraph poles, but did not reach the morning train in time to prevent the casualty.

At Toronto on Sunday afternoon the remains of the unfortunate driver, James Scott, were followed to their last resting place by a large gathering, consisting of the friends and relatives of the deceased, about five hundred members of the Masonic brotherhood, the Engineer Union and a large number of respectable citizens. The cortege was headed by the band of the Grand Trunk Brigade.

Excommunicated.

REPENTANCE AND SUBMISSION.

The ceremony of formally excommunicating offenders against the laws or the canons of the church, which has become almost obsolete even in Lower Canada, took place lately at Rimouski, Administrator Langevin officiating. The thunders against the culprits, who were one Louis Ouiet, widower, and Caroline Larue, niece of said Ouiet's deceased wife, both Roman Catholics; their offence being, as we hear, in the strictest sense, that they got married under special license, before a Protestant minister, a crime, it seems, for which they have by their own ecclesiastical authorities, the parties have since acknowledged the crime, and the sentence has been removed.

British Columbia.

A GREAT PETITION.

Exactly forty persons (it is well to know the dance) have, by Mr. Vincent Colyer, forwarded a petition from British Columbia, praying President Grant to receive that colony into the Union. Another petition signed by the same forty, who, it is fair to add, are said to be "prominent citizens," has been sent to the Queen. The telegram conveying this intelligence, is from an American source, and represents that Earl Granville's recent counsel to the Colony to ally itself with the Dominion of Canada, has given a new impulse to the government. That well intentioned advice is regarded by the "prominent" forty "as little better than an insult, as it would increase their burdens, &c., &c., &c." Their annexation to the United States would of course, do nothing of the kind, higher tariff and public debt of the latter notwithstanding.

T. H. G.

We visited this strange woman, of course, and was somewhat puzzled to know which was her, as she is constructed on the double barrel principle, or to speak by the card, is composed of the right and left bowers. Her intellectual powers are respectable as she has two of them, giving her the inestimable advantage of looking at both sides of a question at once. On economical grounds though, she is a failure; like lawyers' deeds she is made in duplicate, so that it takes two pair of boots, two pair of gloves, two chignons, etc., to go round her. It is only right to add, however, that one Grecian Bend will supply her. She rejoices in two pair of hands—in fact is very handy, and is remarkably steady on her feet, having not less than four to stand upon, consequently she may be ranked among the quadrupeds, or to use poetical terminology, is a Tetrameter. She is always sure of a good footing in society. We did not learn her political views but rumor says that she favors dual representation. It is a base slander to say that she is squint-eyed. Such is not the case, although she can look two ways at once, if necessary. She is remarkably cute for her age and sex, and the cleverest swindler would find it impossible to go through her. A medical friend persisted in calling her "they," and added (in confidence, you know) that "they" are sisters and are very much attached to each other. For the benefit of those matrimonially inclined we may state that she is not single. There is nothing singular about her; on the contrary she is decidedly plural. We are sorry, but in deference to historical truth, compelled to add, that from her youth up, she has been guilty of incurable duplicity.

Korn Korb at the Bazaar.

I was walking quietly down town the other day, leaning mainly against no man, when a fellow yelled at me across the street 'Let's go to the bazaar.' Now that was just the place I wanted to visit, but I couldn't muster up cou age to go alone and unprotected. I had just met another fellow to whom I had propounded the same question, but he closed one eye and whistled, and said he guessed not. 'Charity is a very fine thing, old fellow,' he continued, 'a lovely and divine institution. What can be higher and nobler, for instance, than feeding the hungry and clothing the poor, and buying Churches and Sunday Schools and things; but the fact of the matter is, I can't afford it. I went to a bazaar last an man and I had to wear linen trousers all winter, and go without an overcoat. No thank you, not any bazaar for me to-day—not any.' I was ruminating uneasily on the foregoing remarks when I was hailed as above. My new friend, a jolly-bodied and prominent, but (he says) underpaid Government official, to whom I divulged my fears, said he' make it all right. He said he knew all about bazaars, and could give me a lot of valuable information concerning them, and would better go, and we'll have big fun, and the girls couldn't rope us in and make us buy unless we liked. Now here was just the very man I wanted. A man who knew all about bazaars and could show me the ropes, and x-ham the world's workings to the initiation. I was lucky. I went.

From time memorial bazaars have been used by lovely women as means to deplete the purses of her to be friends. After one spent a down on you day after day, and driving you to penury and wretchedness by making you buy tickets and sign subscription lists, she winds up very super-lovely with a bazaar, leaving you a total financial wreck with the choice of two alternatives—to take poison or a most high-way robbery. And then, its always the worst one of the year she takes for her operations. When there's no fuss but mud, and dump and snow, and bills, and you have a cold in the head and rheumatism in every joint, when every atom of moral depravity in your nature wants bolt, and setting fire to your neighbor's house would be more sociable and gratifying to your feelings than doing a charitable act, a lovely woman (who was given to us for comfort and a blessing) pulls into a barrack and despoils. But I digress.

When we entered the room we found the enemy entrenched in full force in the form of a square. On our advance being signalled they deployed into line, and threw out their skirmish to on the right and left flanks. The main body then opened on us with a brisk cannonade of bisqueline and embroidered slippers, whilst the skirmishers on the wings poured in a withering cross fire of fancy dolls, purses and pin cushions. The—

Then, I'll stop that. I thought I'd just try my hand at gory war, but I find as a military correspondent, I'm an uncompromising failure.

What I mean to say is: The moment we got into the room we were surrounded by a dozen young ladies, who in rushed us straight off to the tables to buy. My friend (who knew all about bazaars, and would make it all right) the talented and erudite, but, etc., as above, he marked off and left me to my destiny. I believe now that that fellow was in plot with the promoters of the bazaar, and that he was just coming to meet further when I met him. I said I was surrounded by young ladies—that I was hemmed in, and pulled about, and pinched and jammed up into a corner till my brain near cracked that I got trussed for only a week ago was nearly in ribbons. I expostulated with them in vain. I told them I was deaf, but they laughed at me. I explained to them that I had just come from a small-pox hospital, but they said the malady wasn't infectious. I hinted that I was subject to fits when in a crowd, and might get mad and tear things, but it wouldn't take. At last I capitulated. The first thing presented to my nose was a pin cushion, generously stuffed with rawhide—price, half a dollar. I bought that. Then a magnificent red smoking cap, beautifully inlaid with white cotton thread—price two dollars. Bought that too. When a splendid suite of baby clothes, consisting of a cloak and a dress, and—and—other things—price, eight dollars and a half. I invested in that too. Then fancy dolls and puzzles, and cologne cases, and slippers, and oyster soup, and transparency mills, etc., till my head swimmed with the bewildering throng of fair venders to buy, buy, buy