

RECKLESS DRIVING.—Driving the printer's account out of your mind.

THE DISPATCH'S EDITORIAL.—Words that burn, and thoughts that kindle—the fire.

HOGGISH.—Why is a pig more intelligent than the *News*? Because he *nose* everything.

POLICE.—The reporter of the — before the Police Magistrate this morning. Same old story—light-fingered in taking notes the previous evening at St. Andrew's Festival.

A Cow's age can be learned from her year marks on her horns.

A Yankee strike—striking for their country and their homes at Bull's Run.

Creighton got the prize at the Double XX Porter Show; the judges having first got tight on Fisher's brewing. Hamilton will get a diploma next year—that is, if the corks don't fly out before the judges come round.—Dr Barker *wasn't* one of the judges—having a dislike to *alf-an-alf*. Try him with a *whole*.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

ENGLAND.—Special Atlantic Telegram to the British Whig (the only paper that gets the Montreal markets)—“The Ministry have taken your advice in filling up the vacancies, and organizing the new Government. Please send in your account, making it large enough to allow a generous discount, and continue in our confidence.—RUSSELL.

IRELAND.—The Fenians are still furiously forking over their fifties for flight to Canada—especially the O'Flanigans. [We have two prominent Flanigans in Kingston, but which is the O'Flanigan we can not tell. The one that spells his name with an *I*, may be him; but he has always an eye to the *financial flowers*, so there is no fear of his fifties going afloat.—Ed. N. E.]

SCOTLAND.—The Kist o' Whistles has at last burst forth its notes to Charlie to Canada—uncertain sound, and wherever there was a pie made last night, Sandie had his muckle finger intil't. [Glorious country o' ours! how oor wame rumies at the thocht o' thy auld bicker o' brose, an' oor back kittles for the Duke o' Argyle—God bless him!—Ed. N. E.]

YANKEE LAND. We have now so much money that there is no end to murders about it. Cousin Canada will please take a lesson. [Mrs Canada does, and thanks! We haven't a *cint*, nor won't have, so there's no use in coming to see us this winter. P. S.—Bread and beer is *ris*, and you know where the beef, butter, chickens and eggs *wint*.—Ed. N. E.]

Answers to Correspondents.

Parties addressing matters to this department, or any other, should prepay their Communications. Answers will be given as space allows.

Poor Man with large Family we feelingly sympathize with. If the bakers have joined together to raise the price of bread (which we can easily believe from the present price of flour), we would advise Poor Man, and every body else, to do their own baking. It will not require much extra fire during winter to do so, and by next summer the bakers may come to know that (like our brewers) a monopoly of the staff of life is not the *cheese*. We shall next week tell Poor Man how to make bread, cheap and good.

Jimmy Cheek, we're afraid, has more cheek than brains. Next time you have a quire of cream wove paper to spare, send it along *clean*. If you had read our Prospectus with more care you would have seen that such personalities are not in our line. Jimmy, folks in glass houses should'nt throw stones. The “poetry,” however, is amusing, and as it is appropriate to yourself, and, consequently, feelingly written, we give two verses:

I wud knot dye in ortum,
With peaches fit for eating,
When the wavy korn is getting wripe,
& candidates are treating,
Phor these and other wreasons
I'd not dye in the phall;
& sinse I've thort it over,
I wud not dye a tail.

I wud knot dye in winter,
When whisky punches fo—
When pooty gals are skating
Our fields of ice and sno—
When sassage meet is phyring,
& hickery nuts are thik;
Owe! who kud think of dighing,
Or even getting sick?

Hope has had a lover's quarrel, and asks our advice how to make it up. We quote a charming stanza for Hope's benefit—

“As thro' the field at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ear's,
We fell out, my love and I—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why—
And kissed again with tears.”

Robin.—More verses! Ah, Robin, we can not oblige you “just one time.” We're afraid “Jessie” would be after us with a *tickler*.—You must have been out with the tom cat “that night,” invoking the *news*, to write such stuff. Try the *Whig*; he prints for one named “Canada.”

Orator wants to be a good speaker—who does not? As a help, study Demosthenes, Pitt, Burke, Canning, Whately, and Gladstone.—Think over you subject well, divide it into heads, and practice talking to yourself—not in the street, mind you.