

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE (?)

The following lines, emanating, apparently, from an indignant and disappointed storekeeper, were found the other day among the sawdust on the floor of the Cynic's office. As it is possible they have more than an individual application, DIOGENES publishes them:

You tell my collector you don't like his dunning;
Do you think, Sir, he likes to your house to be running?
When he asks you for money, you give yourself airs,
And threaten to let out his blood on the stairs!

You think it's sharp practice, but what's to be said?
When you buy a man's goods, he expects to be paid;—
You threaten to leave me, and say I shall rue it,
I wish in my heart you would pay me and do it!

I pity a man who such hard feeling nurses;
I can't live on smiles, and I won't live on curses;
Then pray take your favours to some other store,
But pay me my Bill, sir, and do not say more.

THE VELOCIPEDE SCHOOLS.

Dear Dio.—Velocipede schools are now opened in the Crystal Palace and L'Institut Canadien, and I understand that others will be shortly attached to McGill College, the Natural History Society, the Literary Club, and other seats of learning. Members of the Royal Guides have also been observed at private velocipede drill, and the capabilities of the instrument have made the most profound impression on the leading military authorities. Indeed the velocipede may ultimately exercise no little influence on the appointments of our future Canadian army. For cavalry it would be splendid, as it requires no oats, and never has a sore back. The facility with which a man is dismounted and spread over the floor is also a great advantage, and in this way the modern difficulty of cavalry approaching infantry may, in a great measure, be overcome. For Mountain Trains of Artillery, the advantages of the velocipede over the camel and the elephant will be enormous. An elephant eats a haystack for dinner, and a camel, as is well known, is pretty hard on the Temperance Question. But place a man with a six-pounder howitzer on a velocipede, and he will be able to travel at the rate of nine miles an hour, and harass the enemy's columns in front and rear, as he gaily dances over the most inaccessible mountain peaks, while the discomfited enemy can only examine him through eye-glasses. War, it is well known, is made up in a great measure of safe retreating, and what instrument offers more facilities of placing distance before the enemy than the velocipede? It is calculated that had a certain command upon the lines during the late Fenian raid been provided with velocipedes, the officer in charge would have made his retreat in half the time at which he made it at the double. War naturally suggests women, and I may say they are getting awfully jealous of the present movement. In the great Bill of Woman's Rights, now preparing in secret session, there is a clause, I am told, insisting that a certain percentage of velocipedes "shall be constructed with three wheels, and capable in all respects of being managed and propelled by women." An amendment was proposed by a domestic, weak-minded woman to attach a sewing-machine to the instrument. This caused a good deal of banter, and it was jocularly asserted that a young lady eloping on a velocipede with this attachment might manufacture a large portion of her *trousseau* on the journey, save her future husband's pocket, and prolong the honeymoon. After much jeering, the amendment was rejected by a large majority, and the original clause was passed.

SHORTLEGS.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—"Oh Weir! and oh Weir! Is that Yankee silver gone?"

PERSONAL.

The *Daily News* of the 23rd inst., had the following in connection with the account of Miss Ranoe's benefit:

"——— was IMMENSE as Gibby."

Really this appears to Dio to be personal. Does the *Daily News* accuse the gentleman (whose name we have omitted from motives of delicacy) of obesity? Does it mean roundly to assert that he is a Mammoth in figure and a Behemoth in appearance? Dio hopes not, as he knows the gentleman to be very *sparse*, and is sorry to hear that stern duty may shortly *call him hence*.

PARADOXICAL.

DIOGENES lately read in a New York newspaper of a lady who, driven to desperation by the loss of all her property, committed suicide by holding her head in a tub of water. Surely a woman who was possessed of determination so strong, should have been able to keep her head above water, even if it was a hopeless task to regain her lost wealth!

MARS AND VENUS.

DIOGENES has been informed that a distinguished military gentleman is about to deliver a lecture, and that the subject he has selected is "Woman,"—a difficult subject to deal with; but the Cynic has no doubt the gallant soldier will be able to tell her what to do with her *arms*. Dio, very often wishes the same privilege was his.

"ONE FOR JOE."

DIOGENES is neither a zealot, a bigot nor a party-man. To say that he is a Cosmopolitan, conveys but a shadowy idea of his beatific frame of mind. The world is too narrow for his sympathies, and, without being moon-struck, he extends them to every thing that lives and moves in our silvery satellite. He is no unbounded admirer of any man, thing, sect, or being, excepting, always, his own incomparable self; and here, by comparison, Narcissus is a very small daffodil indeed. Yet is he not insensible to the triumphs of pluck and common sense, and he has no hesitation in astonishing the world with the declaration that the success of his own Joe, in Hants, will considerably *en-Hants* his satisfaction. The Cynic, exhausted with this prodigious effort, retires to his Tub.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GREAT DIOGENES,—

I perused your beneficent recommendation to Sir John with intense delight. Nevertheless, I have some doubts as to its efficacy. So would you, were you to visit certain points on the coast of Acadia on a misty day. Our discontented cousins are case-hardened to sweet sounds. People are not likely to be much affected by the bag-pipes, or by Pan's conch itself, who can listen, unmoved, to the Fog-Whistle.

Yours, &c.,

SCARABEUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NO. 15.

L en T
I c I
F ar M
E as E

Life.....Time.

Correct answers have been received from "Fanny," "X.," "R. S.," Toronto, "W. G. B.," Kingston, and "A Well-wisher," St. Hyacinthe.