



THE STYLE OF DRESS FOR THESE PIPING TIMES.

THE LITTLE FOOT-PAGE.

No messenger of love was he,
 No pet of ladies fair;
 He lived a life of misery,
 And—never combed his hair.

No feather did his cap adorn,
 Although I've seen one there;
 But that was early in the morn-
 -ing sticking in his hair.

He never saw a linen shirt,
 Nor heard of silken hose;
 His face was all begrimed with dirt;
 He never wiped his nose!

At each new place he changed his names
 To suit his master's will;
 And though he had been christened JAMES,
 We always called him BILL!

(N. B.—At that time he was engaged at our boarding-house.)
Cætera desiderantur.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

I AM, or more properly *was*, a three-inch plank. What is left of me is lying in Dorchester Street, in front of the House of Refuge. I am surrounded by a series of disabled brothers, who have deputed me to be their spokesman on the present occasion.

Cannot you use your influence with the directors of the House of Refuge to admit me and my brethren within their hospitable doors?

Surely, my character is a good one. I was born many years ago in the valley of the Ottawa, and in coming down here, shot the rapids in a creditable manner. I was always, in my youth, constant at my post. I admit that, latterly, I have not been quite so steady as before, but I was always worked hard in the service of the Corporation. During my old age I have broken one leg and sprained four ankles. I can confidently boast that there is a nail sticking up at one end of me which has torn more ladies' dresses than any other nail in the city.

Is all this virtue to go unrewarded? I am still willing to work, and can at least light fires. Do pay me a visit one of these evenings, though, if the night be dark, I recommend you to bring your lantern with you, as the gas lamps will certainly not be lit. Yours very truly,
 OLD PINE.

HANDBOOK for STRANGERS VISITING MONTREAL

No. II.

OUR OBSTRUCTIONS.

We think that in our second paper on this subject, it will be as well to inform strangers of a circumstance which is not generally known to non-residents, viz.: That it is the duty of each citizen of Montreal, to block up the public way by every means at his or her disposal.

The following regulations are not printed in any code, but are generally accepted as a rule of conduct in such matters.

RULES FOR CARTERS.

The streets are not built for any individual; therefore, never give way, or even move an inch out of the way for man, woman, or child. (This rule will be found specially applicable, should you happen to be in a light vehicle, in a narrow street, meeting a heavy load of hay approaching in an opposite direction.) Suppose that you are proprietor or driver of one of those long trucks, so amazingly peculiar to Montreal and Quebec. When returning home without a load, always return in a procession of five, very slowly and close together. This, if cleverly done, may block the public way for five minutes, a result eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

On turning a corner, drive as rapidly as possible. You may run over at least five people—which is sure to put money in the pockets of the doctors, and possibly of the coroner.

When delivering goods at a store, always place the truck as nearly as possible at right angles with the street, and after the goods are delivered, let it remain there for at least one hour. By this means you have time for refreshment, and have always the noble satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty in blocking the public way.

RULES FOR PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS.

Always observe when your opposite neighbour is taking in wood, and having it sawed on the sidewalk. Immediately order wood yourself, and set two stalwart sawyers to work at once. By these means the traffic will be directed to a narrow passage in the middle of the road.

RULES FOR BUILDING CONTRACTORS.

Space for building material is always necessary. Take up as much of the public way as possible. Any long scaffold poles, cedar beams, or such like, should be judiciously distributed across the street, and allowed to remain there three months after they are required.

HEART-RENDING CONUNDRUMS.

To what country does a Cannibal belong?
 To *Manchew* Tartary, of course.

WHEN do oarsmen resemble Indian Chiefs?
 When they *feather their sculls!*

WHICH is the stingiest continent of the world?
 Africa is the most *niggard*.

How is Venice inferior to Montreal?
 Venice has a Bridge of *Sighs*;—Montreal has a Bridge of greater *size*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—DIOGENES has to acknowledge the receipt of several communications, some of which have been passed for insertion. Others, which are unsuitable for his columns, are held at the disposal of the writers.

"SOLO."—Thanks. DIOGENES will be glad of a further acquaintance.