

THE PENNY DIP.

St. John, N. B., May 11, 1878.

PORTLAND POLICE MATTERS.

In the adjoining town of Portland the skeleton in the closet of its Council is police matters. Every year, since 1875, there has been some trouble with the Captain of the Police. Last year, however, the climax was clapped by the dismissal of Captain Jones by the new Council, of which Mr. Henry Hilyard was Chairman. This, at the time, was looked upon by a great number of the people of the town as an outrage, and those who were not so demonstrative in their opinion of the Council called it a very high-hand act. Upon the dismissal of Captain Jones, a petition of several hundred ratepayers was handed round by Dr. T. W. Smith and others. The petition was presented to the Council, and after a heated debate was laid on the table. For a time the vacancy was filled by William Hamilton, who was elected *pro tem*, and after about two months the present incumbent, Captain Rawlings, was appointed. Things went along smoothly until the new Council had been elected. The first action of the new Council was to elect Wm. Jack, Esq., as their Chairman, instead of Mr. Hilyard. This, of course, was perfectly right, for if they thought Mr. Hilyard had held the position long enough, and that Mr. Jack was better suited to fill the office, the proper course was to choose the man who according to their mind was best calculated to fill the office. The next stroke they made was the getting of their friends and supporters to fill the principal places on the various committees. The Police Committee, especially, consist chiefly of the of the supporters of the new Board, and they have been engaged for the past few weeks in investigating charges preferred against the Captain, which we believe will end in smoke, as by what we can hear from outside sources they are perfectly groundless.

As to the advisability of dismissing Captain Jones from the force we have nothing to say, only that it certainly can be no concern of the present Captain, who has certainly proved himself an efficient officer in very trying times.

ROWDYISM.

Last Saturday night was a very noisy one in this usually quiet city. Rowdiness was unusually prevalent in all parts of the city, but more especially in the principal streets and thoroughfares. Drunkenness, of course, was the principal cause of the rioting, but besides rum there appeared to be a feeling as if some one wanted to fight some other party who was not to be seen. Young men walked up and down the streets evidently looking for some one to hit, and when that some one was not forthcoming they called out for him, and the consequence was that they spent the most of the night in the lock-up, and had Sunday to brood over the trials of their young lives while indulging in a meal furnished at the expense of the County, and consisting of pea-soup or some other equally inoffensive and nutritious edible. We hope that the turbulent spirit has by this time been quelled and that to-night there will be peace and quietness, and that the night will be undisturbed save by the howls of that interesting animal, the Thomas cat.

HOW CAME IT THERE?

At a very late hour we learn that a married lady, living on Elliot Row, was summoned to the door of her residence by the ringing of the door-bell. There was nothing very extraordinary in this, but imagine her astonishment at finding a basket about eighteen inches long and about nine in breadth. The basket looked very suspicious, and had every appearance of containing affouling. The lady took it into her house, and immediately called a conference of other ladies of the neighborhood, in order to ascertain if her suppositions were correct. They opened the basket only after considerable consultation, and their suppositions were found to be correct, for there lay a card bearing the inscription—"Care for it tenderly." The ladies nearly

fainted, but the lady of the house summoned up sufficient courage to lift the covering which had been carefully placed over the sleeping infant. The child did not move, and at last another lady stepped forward and lifted out—a large china doll!

A BOGUS WEDDING NOTICE.

This is the kind and generous manner in which the editor of the Charlottetown *Patriot* speaks of a man who sent in a bogus wedding notice which was published. The editor in question has either been reading the reports of Banks McKenzie's temperance lectures to the reporters of the St. John press as published in the *Freeman*, or Pomeroy's *Democrat*, the great religious paper of the West:

Some unfeeling brute has sent to this office a bogus marriage notice which was published in yesterday morning's paper. The notice was sent by mail accompanied by fifty cents—the usual charge—and a letter to which the forged name of the gentleman said to have been married was attached. The letter is written by an experienced penman. Both the notice and the letter are on exhibition in the office, and we hope that persons from the part of the country in which they were written will call and examine them so that the cowardly sneak who wrote them may be brought to justice. We promise, if we find out the name of the miserable hound who would be guilty of so mean and utterly contemptible a fraud, that we will let the people of Hope River know the name of one scoundrel in that vicinity.

St. John roosters are becoming so intensely anxious to eclipse a new importation of Thomas cats, that they now get up at one in the morning and begin to crow like all-possessed.

How He Escaped Toll.

[Cincinnati Times.]

About two o'clock yesterday morning, as the collector at the Covington end of the Newport and Covington bridge which spans Licking river, was barely in the land of dreams, and while his mind wandered on every subject imaginable, including sweet rest, hot pancakes and a loving wife with a broomstick at home, he heard a slight noise. Looking out, he noticed a man tacking toward him under full sail. At first glance, the idea struck him that the man was running to a fire, but a second and longer look convinced him that he was just returning from a revelry in some wholesale whisky house.

The stranger eyed the collector for a moment, add then said, "I'm a man of property, live in Camul county, ain't got no money, and I mus' go home."

"We are not in the habit of passing every tramp who happens along, these days," said the collector.

"I'm no tramp," persisted he from over the Rhine, "and if you don't let me pass I'll swim over," and suiting the action to the words, he pulled a board from a fence in the neighborhood, carried it to the river, stripped himself, and, piling his clothes on the board, struck out, pushing his barge before him.

When he had reached about the middle of the river, the collector became alarmed and cried out, "come back and I'll let you pass over."

"I'm doing well enough, d—n you," was echoed from the river.

The collector stood on the bank shivering until the man reached the other side. The stranger climbed the bank, and, looking back, saw the collector and cried out to him, "Yer see there's more'n one way o'doin' things in this world, old coupon destroyer."

DIFFERENCE IN INGENUITY IN GOOD AND BAD PEOPLE. — The philanthropists are again endeavoring to convert criminals. One of their arguments is that the criminals show ingenuity, skill and power greater than the qualities of mind possessed by detectives and other pious people; so that the detectives, the safe-lock inventors and the burglar alarm inventors are intellectually weaker than burglars, tellers, murderers, head-line writers for Chicago newspapers, elopers, pickpockets, and Georgia ministers. — [New York York Herald.

OTTAWA.

How Mr. Cook Watches Mr. McCarthy.

MEMBERS GAZE AT LADIES' FEET.

OTTAWA, May 7.

The manner in which Mr. Cook, of North Simcoe, watches Mr. McCarthy, of Cardwell, is very amusing. Mr. McCarthy, who was beaten by Mr. Cook at the last general election, and afterward chosen to fill a vacancy in Cardwell, has been re-nominated as Mr. Cook's opponent, preferring risk of defeat in North Simcoe to a sure thing in Cardwell. Mr. Cook is an active, full-blooded, determined man,

NOT TO BE BEATEN

at any cost, and is fully alive to all the chances of the contest. He has taken time by the forelock and began his canvass by the sending home of thousands of public documents and printed campaign speeches of members, having got all he could of the pub. docs. out of the departments and purchased hundreds of extra copies from the Queen's Printer. He is the gentleman who boasted in his place in the House this session that

"HE FOUGHT OLD NICK WITH FIRE,"

and is evidently prepared to act on the same policy in the coming struggle. He sits on the opposite side of the House from his opponent, pretty well back, and exercises constant espionage over his movements. When McCarthy coughs Cook notes it down in a memorandum book that is always open before him. McCarthy opens a blue book, and Cook makes another entry.

MCCARTHY WHISPERS TO DR. TUPPER

or Sir John Macdonald, and Cook, after watching intently while the whispering proceeds, makes another entry. McCarthy writes a note and hands it to a page, and Cook, after seeing whom the page takes it to, makes another memorandum. McCarthy rises to speak, and Cook, with long, rapid and stealthy strides,

MOVES TO THE FRONT

with his book in his hand, and makes notes. Mr. Cook is thus prepared to tell the electors of North Simcoe how many days Mr. McCarthy was in the House, how early he entered, how late he stayed, how often he spoke, what he said, how many times and with what what particular degree of violence he sneezed, and the names of all with whom he exchanged

NODS, WINKS, WHISPERS

and notes. I don't know whether he has him watched outside also, but suppose he has a man engaged in that duty. As Mr. McCarthy is a man of unexceptionable morals, the outside espionage would not amount to much, I suppose.

The Quebec Conservative members are very sore over the large Rouge gain in that Province, and those whose Counties have elected political opponents are considerably exercised for fear the vote will be repeated at the general elections. They still claim that a

CONSERVATIVE MAJORITY HAS BEEN CHOSEN.

This may be true, so far as the word Conservative goes, but the explanation seems to be that some of the Conservatives elect were nominated and supported by the Jolyites. "Well, if you have a majority you will turn Joly out, I suppose," said I to Mr. Desjardins this morning. "Non, mon ami," he replied, "not for just yet. We will play one tactic with him, let him go in for one while, and then turn him the office right out." I mildly suggested that the "one tactic" which ordinary politicians would adopt, in view of the fact that the procession of the Government is desirable for the purpose of influencing the coming elections, would be the passing of a vote of

WANT OF CONFIDENCE

in the Government at the earliest favorable moment, but he shook his head and said

something in French which I did not understand.

This is the season for delegations to coax anxiously willing members with the acceptance of nominations, which they have intrigued steadily to obtain. The member, preserving discreet silence until his measures for securing re-nomination have succeeded, coyly replies to the

EAGERLY LOOKED-FOR NOTICE

that his hopes have been fulfilled, that he fears his health or his business will not permit his serving another term. Then his agent in the County suggests a delegation, and the delegation starts. The nominee receives the delegation with great courtesy, introduces them all around, puts off every attempt to force him into giving a direct answer to their offer, and finally, when they have really become

ALMOST PERSUADED

that he really does not intend to yield to their persuasions, he entertains them to a champagne supper, and, after considerable drinking, he rises in response to solicitations to accept the nomination, recites his services and sacrifices, says he had hoped the nomination would have been given to one of the gentlemen before him, either of whom would have been

A WORTHIER STANDARD-BEARER

than his humble self, tells them that they must take the burden and heat of the day if he consents to serve them, and then pulls out an elaborate letter of acceptance, written days before, and reads it amid the plaudits of the delegation. The gentlemen return, tell how hard they struggled to secure an acceptance, hint that he yielded only when

WARMED WITH WINE,

and urge all their friends to gird on their armor for the fight.

Many of the members have a great habit of dodging into the galleries to see the ladies. "Hang it," said a newspaper correspondent the other day, "I can't be beside a lady in the gallery five minutes without a member of my acquaintance running after an introduction and then monopolizing the talk.

SOME BRAZEN-CHEEKED OLD BALDHEAD

have opera glasses on their desks, and lie back and stare by the hour at pretty faces in the front seats and little feet on the railing. You can't imagine how much interest a kid boot on the lower part of the gallery railing, with or without an inch of stocking visible, excites on the floor of the House. Half the members forget all about the business of the House, and do nothing but watch it, while the fair owner pretends utter unconsciousness to the absorbing interest she is exciting.

JOHN SMITH.

Who dare say there is no hell now? What is this they give us so frequently from Brooklyn.—[New York Mail.

Edison, the phonograph man, has taken out one hundred and fifty-seven inventions. He is about ready to kill.

String beans with pretty little green caterpillars on 'em will be worn about the stomach this season, cut bias.—[St. Louis Journal.

Dr. Mary Walker is trying to raise a mustache, and her upper lip looks like a last year's tooth brush in the last stages of consumption.

The Council Bluffs Nonpareil says the average tramp needs exercise as well as something to eat, and suggests "stone piles" as being very beneficial.

The fight over the division of Brigham Young's estate has begun. We'll take a little hand in, if you please. We once were Young. About fifty-two years ago.

General Grant disgusted the keeper-ess of Shakespeare's house, because on his visit there, he didn't froth at the mouth and gush and rave and spout carefully crammed passages of Shakespeare all over the house, after the custom of travellers. Really, we are growing more and more convinced that General Grant is the most sensible person in the world, and would make even a better president next time than he did before.