

Childhood's Happy Moments.

If you show me a boy who foor school has a likin',
I'll show you a dozen who jiggling delight in,
That school books and slates are their horror
and nightmare,
And their greatest torment their lessons to
prepare.

And who will them blame for this little failing
When they know if they go they are sure of
a waling?
I, myself, have been there, so pray don't me
chide
For a vivid remembrance of Tom S.'s cow-
hide.

He told me to spell, but spell I could not,
So he out with his cow-hide, his patience for-
got;
"Now spell, sir!" he thundered. I tried,
and I failed,
While he raved and he tore as he threatened
and waled.

He kept this fun up till his arm had grown
weak,
And his passion so choked him he hardly
could speak:
So he stopped, and in secret I tell it to you
That from my kness up I was all black and
blue.

Such scenes as this no doubts might be
Great fun to him, but 'twas no fun for me;
He could not have thought that it never me
pained,
For I blubbered and bellowed as long as he
caned.

My advice to boys who to school have to go,
If your pants are too thin, have them padded
below,
Just to be prepared for such sort of things
For a cut with a cow-hide, I tell you it stings.
M. A. J.

THE PENNY DIP can be obtained at the
following places; in the City and Portland.
E. Haney & Co., King street; T. H. Hall,
do.; H. R. Smith, do.; E. Harrison, News
Stand, Charlotte street; Watson & Co.,
Union street; George Murdock, do.; C. E.
Frost's Drug store, do.; W. K. Crawford,
Germain street; C. H. Waters, Post office;
Hamilton's News stand, I. C. Railway; C.
Belyea, Main street, Portland; J. H. Craw-
ford, do. do., and from Owen McLaughlin at
Fredericton.

THE PENNY DIP.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 20, 1878.

The Woodstock Press has been received,
and is a neat looking sheet.

Farmers, did you ever hear your corn stalk?
—[Rockland Courier. Certainly, and the
voice sounded very husky.—[Torch. Glad to
see you acknowledge "Corn,"

Two Young Pugilists, organized a free fight
on Brussels street, Wednesday night, but be-
fore they had ended, fell into the hand of the
philistines and were marched to the station.

Frankie (to Annie who is eating a piece of
Sponge cake) "Annie let me be your baby,
and you feed me," Annie: "Oh no Frankie,
you cannot be my baby; my baby must be in
long clothes—one what can't eat on sponge
cake."

A young man who practised nightly on a
flute, fell out a second storey window a few
evenings since, and was carried into the house
insensible. Several neighbors who witnessed
the accident, felt a thrill of joy, and rushed
right off for a physician. They were afraid the
young flute player might recover.—[Norris-
town Herald. St. John has a young mna
who practises night and morn on a cornet,
and all the people within three blocks of his
residence wish that he'd fall out the window
some fine day and be dashed into pieces so
small that coroner couldn't find one large
enough to hold an inquest on.

A door-knob fitted to receive and exhibit
the photograph of the head of the house has
been invented. A door-knob fitted to receive
and hang onto a man's soapy fingers until he
can turn it, is more necessary.—[Danbury
News,

Mysterious and Otherwise.

We presume that it must be some attraction
stronger than that of a steam across the har-
bor that brought the Market Square dry goods
clerk over a few Sunday's ago—eh, Frank?
Did you meet her at the corner of Waterloo
and Union streets as you promised? We
would advise you to request her to speak in a
milder strain when making an engagement of
that kind, as passers by could easily hear her
if that is her natural tone of voice. How hard
you walked past us on Charlotte street, the
other evening. We hope no Wood-lay in
your path.

N. B.—Better buy a sewing machine and
start biz on your own hook.

Our attention has been drawn towards a
young couple who every day between the
hours of one and two o'clock (meet for the
purpose we suppose of enjoying each others
society) leaning against a telegraph post on
Germain street. But they don't seem to be
aware that they stand directly under the open
windows of a tailoring establishment, and
their words of burning love going upwards
enter therein, striking the sensitive ears of
course enjoy it immensely but in turn tell it
to others thus making all parties as wise as
yourselves, which is not pleasant especially
when the young lady in question works next
door. It would be far better after this to
meet in the graveyard, seats being provided
for persons who like to listen to the birds
songs of love, etc., a hint to the wise man is
sufficient.

They were seated in a dark corner on the
deck of the David Weston enjoying the
moonlight excursion which they thought had
been gotten up for the express purpose of gaz-
ing at the moon but we venture to say they
never saw it or knew that such a thing existed,
for he sat with one arm entwined around her
waist, while the other was employed stroking
her long hair, which had been let down for the
purpose of letting him see it was all her own
(which statement we chuckled at) this get-
ting monotonous we moved on, but in a short
time our notice was drawn to the same
pair again, they were in the same place
but in different positions his head reclining on
her lap while she, (this time) was passing her
soft hand over the place where his hair should
have been, still not a word had been spoken.
So after throwing the butt end of our cigar
over board and was about to move to some
other pastures green, our sensitive ears was
struck by something which sounded extremely
like the report of a small cannon, the echo
coming after, being, Oh now nice, you jewel,
etc., the compliment being returned by a repe-
tation of the former which had the effect of
somewhat loosening their tongues, for although
being slightly stunned by the reports, yet we
gleaned the following parts of the conver-
sation.

Oh! dear, that it could be always thus sail-
ing along in this blissful moonlight, with no
thought or care for the future. But she in-
him by saying. Its steaming we are; well its
all the same thing ain't it, said he, She said
she supposed it was, especially if he said so,
then came another smack which proving too
much for our weak nerves, we smothered a
laugh and moved on.

How a Carleton Young Lady Popped the Question.

A few nights ago a young man walking
past the City Hall, Carleton, observed pieces
of paper lying on the ground, and on picking
one piece up he found it to be a letter which
reads as follows:

CARLETON, July 10th, 1878.

My Adored One,—

As I am convinced that you possess all the
qualities which entitle your admirable sex to
be dubbed "lords of creation," I shall forth-
with proceed to lay seige to your valuable
heart.

If you will only consent to be mine, it shall
be my constant study to make your life agree-
able, and in the endearing character of wife
endeavor to supply the place of your respect-
"parients."

I shall expect your answer this evening as
soon as possible, for I await it with the utmost
impatience.

Your own

ARABELLA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

July 19th, 1878.

Dear Sir,—

For the benefit of those in Carleton who
are wondering what brings the City boys over
there so often, and presuming that I am one
of the boys meant, wish to inform them that is
the ferry boat.

Yours, etc.,

ONE OF THE BOYS.

HAMPTON JAIL, July 17th 1878.

DEAR DIP:—

Sitting in this jail and looking out of one of
the government windows, I had the good luck
to see a native bushman pass by. He was
all that could be desired, and was walking
along as one who yet expected to be in some
high office,—or at least I thought so by the
many airs he put on. But I don't think he
has got any office yet, for he had no beaver
hat on, or yet a watch chain; but I will give
you as good a description of him as I can.
I will begin at the top of his head. His hat
was one of the finest make; it was made from
the choicest oat straw and looked beautiful.
His coat was made from the wool that grows
on the native sheep that skip around the Free
School hills of Hampton. His pants were
made from the wool that grew on Mary's little
lamb, or a twin brother to it. They were cut in
the latest style—I mean the style tailors call a
neat fit, for they were cut too neat for his cow-
hide boots. As for his boots, I need not say any-
thing about them, only they looked to me to
be No ros, though they might have been larger;
but one thing I knew they hadn't seen black-
ing for thirty days. But to make himself more
grand he had on a white duster overall. Taking
him all in all, I think he must be fitting him-
self up for a candidate for the free Schools.
But if he meets John or Philip they will test
him.

In my next letter I will relate a case of
loyalty between Philip and John.

SIRROCCO.

JULY 20th 1878.

DEAR DIP:—

Some six weeks ago there was a movement
made by one of the prominent wholesale
warehousemen in this City, to make an ar-
rangement to allow their Clerks and other
employees a half holiday on Saturday after-
noons, and an agreement was drawn up be-
tween the leading wholesale merchants of the
City to close their warehouses at one o'clock
Saturday afternoon, except during the month
of April and May in the spring, September
and October in the fall; these being the
periods, during which most of the business is
done. This agreement has been faithfully
and adhered to hitherto by all the houses,
and everything went on satisfactorily until
now. The head of one of the houses was
away when the agreement was made, his son
having signed the aforesaid agreement for
him. On his arrival home he was heard to
say "he would soon settle that affair," mean-
ing the agreement, above mentioned, and so
in last evenings Globe there appeared a
notice stating that his warehouse would re-
main open until 6 p. m., on Saturday.

This is not exactly the fair thing for the
other houses, but is altogether worthy of "a
man who would not pay his taxes."

We hope that the other houses will take
this in hand and join with us in persuading
this gentleman to do as the others do.

Yours Respectfully Wholesale Warehouse-
man.

July 20th, 1878.

Dear Sir,—

Could you inform one who is interested in
there is any clause in the statutes made and
provided which forbids smoking in the Old
Burying Ground; also if the benches which
now grace the named locality were placed
there for the accommodation of strangers only,
and not for the tax-paying citizens in general
as one would suppose.

The other evening while resting from the
fatiguing heat of the day, and enjoying the
fragrance of our cigar, a policeman came
along, who made us move away, and stop
smoking, stating that smoking was denied to
all within that hallowed precincts.

If this is true, notice to that effect should be
posted in a conspicuous place where all might
see it, and so that the tired workman coming
out at evening after his day of toil, might
have the gratification of seeing, that although

we enjoy the benefits of nearly all modern
improvements; yet the satisfaction of enjoy-
ing what we have contributed to produce is
denied us.

Hoping you will throw some light on the
subject.
I remain Yours, etc.,
BARON.

[There is no law or regulation that we are
aware of which prevents you from smoking
in the Old Graveyard any more than from
smoking in your own house. What privileges
a person can enjoy when in the Old Grave-
yard has become at present a common topic.
The public has learned from the experiences
of an English gentleman that one must "keep
off the grass," and from the above letter
the fact that one can smoke there. The
City has but lately put benches there, and at
this latter rate of proceeding, we may soon
expect that people will be forbidden sitting
on them. To the fact stated by our Corres-
pondent, that there are no rules and regula-
tions posted up. We call the attention of the
authorities to prevent any further transpassing
on the part of visitors to the Old Graveyard.
—Ed.]

"DO I LOOK LIKE A MAN WITH A BROKEN ARM?"

A SCENE IN THE OFFICE OF A CITY DAILY.

He glided like a shadow up the printing office
stair,
And shadow-like he glided in and round about
did glare,
Just like cat that's caught within a garret
strange and new,
Or like a fish upon dry land—he don't know
what to do.
No word was spoke, no sound was heard but
the steady even click
Of type being marshalled into line by fingers
deft and quick:
But when a comp. stepped 'cross the floor
with soft and cat-like tread,
The stranger man straightway stepped forth
and very slowly said:
"Are you the editor?" "I am," the comp.
replied,
And thoughts of tramps passed through his
mind and lots of other 'snide.'
The stranger man loud blew his nose and then
went on to say:
"You had a little item, sir, in your sheet of
yesterday,
The which, I think, is down on me a trifle
over rough."
"I hope," the comp. remarked quite bland,
"twas nothing very rough."
"Not quite that way, I rather think, it
would appear to you,—
But then, you see, what cuts me most, the
damn thing is untrue."
"That's bad, indeed," the Comp, still bland,
went on to say,
And glanced about unquiet for the foreman
looked his way;
"We always try, and do our best, that none by
lies are blacked,
And always make a point you know, to get
the bottom fact;
But now and then—I can't say how—there
creeps in a mistake."
The stranger man was solemn-like, but in it
all did take.
"Well, sir, I think that, as you say, a big
mistake's crept in,
Although I'm much inclined to think your
statements rather 'thin.'
You say a building on me fell and smashed
off short my arm,
And stopped my pulling in a race; now this,
sir, does me harm,
And do I look, sir, like a man who's got a
broken arm?"
And when with solemn emphasis these last
words he had said,
His arms he wildly waved about and flourish-
o'er his head,
And dumb bell motions very deft he next went
on to do,
And an exercise with indian clubs he
very soon got through,
And in some pugilistic things he showed him-
self adept,
And all to show the editor a mistake in had
crept;
But which soon filled the chaffing comp. with
a vague sort of dread
That in the end he really meant to punch his
blessed head;
And thinking every minute such intention he'd
express,
He ran away and stowed himself 'way in be-
hind the press,
The while the foreman with quick stride cross-
ed quickly o'er the floor,
And showed, determined but polite, the
stranger man the door,
And information volunteered far from polite
but plain,
To the effect the place was not an asylum for
insane,
While the stranger said: "Perhaps you don't
know who I am?"
And the foreman muttered 'twixt his teeth
that "he didn't care a——cent."