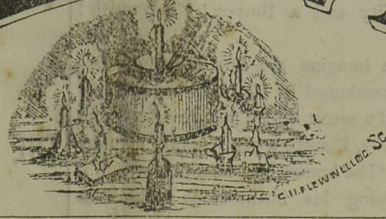


THE PENNY DIP.



Vol I. No. 19.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1878.

Price 2 Cts.

ILLEGAL!

A YOUNG LADY MARRIES A MARRIED MAN.

A LOVER DISCARDED TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE MAN OF A FAMILY.

He Could Get a Divorce.

THE MARRIAGE TAKES PLACE IN MONCTON.

What Will be the Result.

It is certainly a very hard thing to keep a mixed population pursuing the course intended for them by a higher power. When we say the course intended we allude to the proper course a man or a woman ought to traverse in order to obtain true happiness and contentment in this world of ours.

But here a little explanation may be necessary in order to point out more plainly what we mean. In the first place

ONE WIFE IS REALLY ALL ANY MAN NEEDS

though in Utah we believe this doctrine is contradicted, and the inhabitants select as many women as they can afford to keep, and as the feminine population out there is in excess of the man, each man who puts his head into the matrimonial noose generally finds that, in order to fully live up to the doctrine of his church, he has to support from three to sixty wives. In St. John, however, the unfortunate man who thinks that he has

LIVED SINGLE LONG ENOUGH, and determines to share his \$300 a year with a fair citizen, generally finds that the woman of his choice can spend his little all in six months, and that he has to trust to luck and lottery prizes to support him for the balance of the year. But we have given enough explanation, and

WE WILL NOW PROCEED WITH OUR TALE, which is a somewhat peculiar and eccentric one, as we understand the hero of the tale is a citizen of Montreal,

and a contractor, who emigrated to this city shortly after the fire in order to make a fortune out of the bluenoses, and whose name was made famous in an embezzlement case which came off in the Court House some time ago. When this young man arrived in the classic city of St. John he took up his residence in a private family who live almost under the shade of the Roman Catholic Cathedral spire. In this family was

SEVERAL MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS, and among them one whose personal appearance had been admired by a great many young men at different times at Prof. Danielle's pleasant Wednesday evening unions, which were held during the winter of '75 and '76. Unfortunately for the young man he had found among the fair damsels of Montreal one that suited his taste, and he had become united to her in marriage, at least so says report; and if the same authority is to be believed, one or more children

HAD LEARNED TO CALL HIM FATHER.

The young lady was also hardly free to say that she was in love with the young builder, as she was generally understood to have plighted her faith to another young man who was in every way calculated to make her happy.

This was how matters stood upon the arrival of the Montreal man at her father's residence, but since then a decided change has taken place. The acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into an intimacy, and the intimacy finally culminated in what was called a very close friendship by the friends of the young lady. In friendship the affair was allowed to stand for some time, but

SUCH A CLOSE FRIENDSHIP as existed between the parties most interested could have but one ending, which was the final result, as we will show a little further along.

She passed through the various epochs of becoming acquainted and being a friend of the Montreal man with safety, but the more that the acquaintance ripened into a stronger feeling the heart of the young lady was entrapped and

A QUARREL WITH HER AFFIANCED was the result, a too close intimacy with the builder being the alleged cause of the rupture between the once two fond hearts. Hardly had the discarded lover departed from the paternal roof than the young lady began to pay rather marked attention to the young contractor, and thus matters went on for some time, and it is rumored that she had stated several times that she would have him

EVEN IF HE WAS A MARRIED MAN. He could get a divorce. About a week ago, however, matters culminated in

the young lady and the builder taking a trip to Moncton at which place they were united in the bonds of

HOLY MATRIMONY.

Thus ends a tale which, if true, and we have every reason to believe it is, plainly demonstrates that love is stronger than matrimony, and that a married man now-a-days can easily get around the holy vow which he made a few years previous, provided only there is a woman in the scrape.

THE PENNY DIP.

St. John, N. B., May 4, 1878.

They had skating quite lately at Dorchester, and the *Sackville Borderer* says that it confirmed the prevailing idea that Dorchester was handy to a very, very hot place.

The cry is still they come! P. E. I. is to have a comic paper called the *Tomahawk*, and in all probability the first thing it scalps will be the publisher's pocketbook.

The *Maritime Sentinel* has a poem beginning—"With a faded flower in her hand," and perhaps in future years when we look through that poet's biography will learn that that line was inspired by seeing the servant girl just after mixing bread.

A young gentleman who was a passenger by the American boat yesterday was dissatisfied with the personal appearance of some of the ladies of Mr. McDowell's theatrical troupe. The young man thinks they should be as pretty as a picture, which we believe they are.

We observe one of the new water carts bears the advertisement "Spring Park Water." The owner should not use so much T.—*Patriot*.

We always had an idea that P. E. I. people didn't know much about water, but seeing they can't spell it, we feel sure of it now.

A building in the course of erection on King street tumbled to the ground last fall, but has since been erected anew, and is now let out in offices and stores. Some of these offices are occupied by architects who have so little business to attend to in their profession that they spend most of their time studying the architecture of ladies passing in and out of the stores on the opposite side of the street through an opera glass, much to the disgust of the fair ones who do not like their wardrobes scanned through opera glasses, more especially when they are in the hands of idiotic idle architects.

The editor of the *Truro Sun*, quite assured that spring has come, throws off his coat, rolls up his shirt sleeves, and getting gradually warmed up to the subject, lets himself out to the extent of half a column in the following manner:

"The joyous, joyful spring is now upon us. The robin has long since been warbling his matin notes and arousing the dreamy sleeper with the first music of a new season. The swallow too has come along, the surest harbinger of spring that we have, and now twitters from barn to barn."

If this does not drive the subscribers mad, it will some one, and if we hear of the *Sun* wanting an editor we'll know what's happened.

Black Eyes and Rioting.

Paradise Row seems to be a paradise for a number of young men just at present. The attraction which causes the young gentlemen to meander in that direction of an evening are a pair of very fine black eyes, and, like Longfellow's maiden, the possessor "takes a sly glance and looks down," and no matter in what direction—whether in the direction of any particular gentleman or not—each thinks he is the favored one and immediately becomes demonstrative, waves his handkerchief, or kisses his hand and wafts many a kiss through the air—which must be as satisfactory as kissing by telephone or proxy. The young gentlemen also "make night hideous" and annoy the residents of adjacent houses, where there are no eligible young ladies, by indulging in skylarking. The locality does not seem to be favorable to some of the young men as one of them had to be carted to a doctor shop and have an eye plastered up.

About the Weather Report.

As our readers will have concluded by the time they have finished perusing this, we have no Weather Report this week. It will doubtless be missed by many, as it has always been reliable and satisfactory. In lieu of it, it becomes our duty to report of the Clerk of the Weather and the why he does not send his usual report. We wrote to hurry up, and received in reply a letter covering sixty sheets of foolscap, written on both sides, but as they do not use pens in the part of the country he resides in, but apparently prefer to dip spiders in the ink and let them run on the paper. We remain, as yet, in ignorance as to what he attempted to write. Some few words were intelligible—the were "snakes," "boots," "blue devils," etc., from which it may be inferred that the Clerk of the Weather is not down with diphtheria.

Brigham Young's widow is being gradually married off.

"Oleomargarine" is the name they give to a goat up among the shanties, because it is a bad butter.—[N.Y. Mail.

Henry Ward Beecher is a hard coffee drinker.—[Free Press. Punch him; punch him!—[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Abed sh! Noohntyno, may his tribe decrease, slept in his store, but had no dreams of peace; in dire array ducbills in visions rise, while comes no trade. He does not advertise.—[Rome Sentinel.

Mr. Rory has absconded from Montreal because he was fearfully in debt, and no one would let Rory owe more.—[Whitehall Times.

Chun Sung, of Hien Shang, China, spoke at the Yale junior exhibition yesterday. There was music, of course; Chun Sung.—[Brooklyn Union.

P. T. Barnum never felt bad over any of his failures except one. He offered five dollars to get his wood-cut into Webster's Dictionary, and the publishers scorned him, though they were putting in wolves and buzzards for nothing.—[Detroit Free Press.

An exchange has an article telling "How Matches are Made." We supposed everybody knew it was by taking a young man and young woman of equal parts, and let them sit up together about six months, telling them a few times in the interval that they should never have each other. Still there may be other ways which we haven't heard of.—[Am. Newspaper Reporter.