

"NIGHT THOUGHTS."

(THE FLEEFUL FLEA.)

The wicked flea fleeth when we-man pursueth.

How doth the little jumping flea
Incline to bore and bite;
He sticketh his proboscis in,
And sucketh with delight.

How skillfully he sinks his well!
How neatly taps our backs!
Nor heedeth in his purpose fell
The itchiness he makes.

O Flea! O Pulex Irritans!
I must be busy too;
And if on you I lay my hands,
I'll gladly put you through.

In luscious draughts and nimble play
Thy restless hours are past,
Yet thou may'st find, e'er dawn of day,
A wat'ry grave at last.

N. G. E.

THE PENNY DIP.

St. John, N. B., May 18, 1878.

All the papers up Westmorland way are growling about the side-walks. We grin and bear it down here.

An American paper calls the man who is going to walk the distance of the circumference of the earth, the "Toronto lunatic."

And still it continues in P. E. Island. One editor calls another a "gingerbread editor," but he may not be good enough to eat for all that.

The fortifications and guns on Partridge Island are being put in order, probably on account of rumors of a Fenian raid. For our part we'd a darn sight sooner be fired at than be the daring gunner who'd fire any gun on the Island.

Banks McKenzie is going to Charlottetown. Let us hope he'll inform some of the newspaper men and make them less quarrelsome for the *Patriot* calls the *Examiner* a "doleful contemorary," and says "its tone is old womanish, or rather old madish."

The Sackville *Borderer* congratulates the *Globe* man who drew the \$5,000 prize, and says:—

This, we believe, is the first instance on record in which a newspaper man has had such remarkable luck. Many of them owe \$5,000, but very few can command such a sum.

Edison, the phonograph man, has got out over one hundred and fifty inventions. His last, says an American paper, is a machine that will tear up a street, turn it over, stand it on end, break it in two, and slam whang it all over the crossings and sidewalks in less time than three thousand men can get it back to grade. That's the kind of a machine we want in this city.

People pastures their cows on the streets in P. E. I., and this how they manage when a policeman tries to run them in:

An amusing incident occurred on one of our streets the other day. One of our policemen, bent on the discharge of his duty, and no doubt urged on by the hope of gaining twenty-five cents reward, espied a cow wandering about the streets. He immediately gave chase, and endeavored to head the animal off and get her to the pound. but alas! for the frailty of human nature, that policeman could not be in two places at once. The cow ran, closely pursued by the policeman, up and down the streets, into yards and out. The policeman puffed and blowed, but he could not get the best of this refractory cow, during an exciting chase of half an hour's duration, and he had to give up the hope of securing the animal in the pound.—*Patriot*.

A popular sovereign—one pound sterling.

"There is nothing new under the sun," remarked Solomon, the wise king. "How about neuralgia?" asked Rehoboam, walking into the place with his jaw tied up in red flannel and the faint, far away odor of old Robertson county arnica on his moustache. The monarch scowled and said he hoped the kingdom of Israel hadn't got down to running a Paragrapher's Association just yet.—[Hawkeye.

OTTAWA.

CLOSING SCENES!!

Antics of the Black Rod.

D. A. SMITH AND SIR JOHN A.

HOT WORDS.

OTTAWA, May 11.

The Session closed with a grand Pyrotechnic display, rhetorical fireworks creating a great sensation. I was one of the few witnesses of the closing scene, the crowd being in the Senate, gazing upon the gorgeously uniformed "Viceroy of Her Majesty," as he styles himself, although he has no claim whatever to such a title. There were three dozen members in the House, two thirds of whom were Ministerialists, and there was nothing to do, but await the coming of the

DAPPER AND DANDIFIED YOUNG MAN

who is known in Parliamentary parlance as Black Rod. We expected nothing more startling than his summons to the presence of His Excellency, nothing more amusing than Black Rod's famous form before the august presence of the Speaker. At this moment Daniel A. Smith, well known for his connection with the North West troubles which followed the purchase of the Hudson Bay Company's rights, arose and replied to an attack which Sir John Macdonald made on him the previous night, in connection with the proposed lease of the Pembina Branch Railway to the Minnesota Company of which Mr. Smith is supposed to be a member. He was allowed to complete his reply, which denied that he had confessed his connection with the Company to which the lease had been promised, without denying that he was connected with it, and wound up with an attack on Sir John. This was all right, and was not resented by any one, Sir John merely saying "hear, hear," and laughing. And then Mr. Smith

OVERSTEPPED THE BOUNDS OF DECENCY.

by taking up a speech delivered by Dr. Tupper last summer, in which the Doctor handled Smith and others who rattled at the Pacific Scandal crisis without gloves. He denied the statement, and the Doctor told him he had been a very long time making up his mind to the denial, having sat there in silence three months. Mr. Smith proceeded to give his own version of the negotiations between him and the leaders of the parties at the time he changed sides. Dr. Tupper, with great passion, denounced the proceeding as mean, cowardly and treacherous, because there would be no opportunity of reply. Smith proceeded to detail private conversations with members of Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet, and Dr. Tupper cried out: "The man who retails a private conversation will falsify it." Smith continued, and Sir John shouted: "There is not one particle of truth in it. The man is telling an utter falsehood." Smith kept on, saying he had refused every offer of the Cabinet to support them. Rochester exclaimed: "They had not enough to satisfy you." Tupper thundered out: "You wanted a seat in the Cabinet, you begged and implored me to use my influence with the right hon. member for Kingston to make you a Privy Councillor, and you deserted because your prayer was refused." Smith kept right on, and asserted that Tupper had told him that Sir John was not in a condition to know what he said when he (Smith) had his conference with him on the subject. He declared that SIR JOHN TOLD HIM ONTARIO WAS ROTTEN, and could be controlled. Sir John cried: "That is false, every word of it;" and Smith replied that if Sir John had not said that to him the spirit which was within him had said it. The Black Rod was announced in waiting for admission, and the Speaker rose to receive him, but Smith, instead of sitting down,

kept talking right along, while Dr. Tupper, in indignant fury, thundered:

"SIT DOWN!"

You mean, treacherous coward, sit down!" This was kept up for a minute, perhaps, and the Speaker, putting his hands up to his mouth for a speaking trumpet, shouted, with all the lungs he possessed, "Admit the messenger," and beckoned him forward at the same time. It was only when Black Rod, startled, surprised and agitated, had made the second of his three advancing bows, their inferior grace showing that he had been thrown out of his usual good "form," and their lack of depth indicating his loss of respect for an assembly that could receive so important a functionary as himself in that way, that Smith sat down and Tupper shut up. The instant the ceremony was over, and when members met in the floor to fall in behind the Speaker, to follow him to the bar of the Senate, the row began again. It is hard to say who spoke first, but, with

FISTS IN THREATENING PROXIMITY TO FACES, Sir John said Smith was the biggest liar in Canada. Smith said Sir John was the damndest scoundrel in the House, and Rochester, with his face flushed with fury, and his wig standing, up from his bald head in wrath, put his fist under Smith's chin and hissed in his ear! "You are a damned old liar, a traitor, a coward, a murderer. You were concealed in the fort when Scott was murdered, and could have saved him with a word!" "You are a liar, Sir," replied Smith, trembling in every limb. The Speaker all the while, with the Clerk and Sergeant-at-Arms, was waiting for a chance to get through their gossip, and cried out: "Sergeant-at-Arms, arrest the disorderly members. Send for a messenger to assist you, and arrest them." The Sergeant-at-Arms raised his disengaged arm to

THE GIGANTIC MACE

upon his shoulder as though he felt like wielding it as a war-club for the clearing of the passage, and the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, aided by the less excited members, opened a passage for the Speaker. About a dozen followed him to the Senate, and the rest gathered around Smith and Rochester, who, with their noses almost rubbing together, were crying "Liar," "Coward," "Murderer," and other equally emphatic words indication of esteem and respect, and the members struggled into the "Vice-Regal" presence, and talked excitedly about the row while His Excellency was reading his Speech and assenting to bills. If such a scene had occurred with a full House there would have been a big time, but there were not quite enough present to raise a first-class whirlwind. The Ministerialists outnumbered the Opposition two to one, but there were some powerful fellows among the latter who could have cleaned them out in a twinkling if it had come to blows. So they tell me, and their muscular development looks like it. Not a man if all his friends went to Smith's rescue, or supported his statements, or questioned the accuracy of the descriptive epithets which Sir John, Tupper and Rochester applied to him.

JOHN SMITH.

A WARNING.

ST. JOHN, May 15, 1878.

SIR,—I think that young man who boards on City Road had better be careful about his conduct when he is in company with young ladies, or he will get himself into trouble yet; for no man can be such a scamp as he is and not be found out some time. To look at him one would think that butter would not melt in his mouth, but he is a man who cannot look one straight in the face. I call him a dirty, mean, low, contemptable scamp. Any man who would disgrace himself by his filthy language and beastly actions to a respectable young girl, as he did, ought to be tarred and feathered.

YORK POINT.

Poetical justice may be one of the eternal verities, and the mills of God may grind with the deliberate certitude of an elephant marching on a periwinkle, but where are the red-hot pitch and the boiling oil for the seven times damnable villain who invented the word "cablegram?" Does Nemesis slumber?—[Puck.

NEWCASTLE.

GRAND FINALE!

The Editors of the "Dip" Threatened.

The Banker and Merchant Jim put their pasteboards together to take into consideration the advisability of whacking "Billy West" and "Spruce Gum."

THE SINNER RETURNS HOME.

The Banker and his Factotum Fight.

NEWCASTLE, May 13, 1878.

DEAR SIRS,—If you have any regard for your personal health, or any near relations who would be likely to mourn over your early demise, keep clear of Newcastle, as our friend the Banker (being a mere boy—"nineteen, mum,") and his admirer, Merchant Jim, have vowed eternal vengeance against your precious selves. They had a long conversation last Saturday on the advisability of way-laying your correspondent and giving him a beating; but alas for the plans of mice and incumbrances (it would not do to call them men), when such sparks try to hold a conference. As they could not settle upon the same individual, the noble pair separated thoroughly disgusted with the planning proclivities of each other. But to the point. Great rejoicings among the relatives of the half-tamed cub, as he has returned to the right path and gone back to the religion of his forefathers. They now sing that good old hymn, "Sinners Returning Home." But can you blame him when he said:

"Come walk with me now
By the light of the moon,
For I'm as sly as a fox
And as cute as a coon."

She replied:

"No, no, sighs the maiden,
As she gave him the slip:
I'm ashamed of you now,
And afraid of the Dip."

The banker became frantic, and accidentally meeting his factotum Sam, abused him for telling about helping the lady fair to the saddle. Sam denied it. Words waxed warm, and our friend retired to his bed. Next morning the pillow was wet with tears. He has the sympathies of the whole community. From a laughing, rollicking, rolling cub, he has dwindled down to a half-starved cub.

Yours, &c., BILLY WEST THE FOX.

Tom Edison, the great American inventor, has invented a machine that will pull the "squack" out of an English sparrow. A grateful people will build him a monument for this.—[Hawkeye.

THE PHONOGRAPH.—What consequences flow from this? It gives commerce advantages. It may save ships and lives. It would abolish the trumpet, fog-horn, and steam whistle. Already the machine is been tested, whereby the engineer on the locomotive may announce to the train of passengers the coming station. What advantages would accrue to the pulpit and choir of the church? All the minister would have to do would be on Saturday night to speak his sermon against the diaphragm of a telephone. The choir might sing their hymns after the same method. Sunday morning the cylinder is brought in, and by a reversed revolution the service goes on. No other physical power would be necessary than the dog power that is harnessed to a churn.