

THE PENNY DIP.

St. John, N. B., May 25, 1878.

RETIREMENT.

With the last number of the Dip the former editors and proprietors ceased to have any connection whatever with this journal, and they now wish to thank the public for the very liberal patronage that has been extended to them since they commenced the publication of the paper in December last. With regard to the manner in which the paper has been conducted we have nothing whatever to say only that we did what we considered right, honest and just. We do not doubt that we, like all others, have erred in judgment in many cases, but that is only human. Our aim has always been to raise the tone of public morals, and we consider that should a man, or woman for that part of the matter, do wrong, he or she should receive a public reprimand. In retiring from all connection with this paper we wish the new editors and proprietors all manner of success in their enterprise. Wishing the readers of the Dip a hearty adieu, we are yours respectfully,

THE FORMER EDITORS.

BALLET DANCING.

For the past two or three days St. John has had some good exhibitions of ballet dancing and gaiety shows. Mr. McDowell who has evidently found out that the legitimate drama would not pay in St. John and has, consequently had recourse to the ballet as a manner of replenishing his treasury. But McDowell's ballet is good, that is to those who like an exhibition of legs in preference to an exhibition of dramatic art, but for our part it has no charms.

In Dockrill's Hall another show has been holding forth, the actors in which are not even decent in their language on the stage, expressions issuing from the mouth of both male and female actors that would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of any modest woman.

The time is coming when the business man retires to his country seat, stretches himself upon the lawn with his head upon an ant hill, and gets his shirt full of ants, and the consequence is he imagines his clothes a walking off with him, or that some one's rubbing him down with a garden rake or a curry comb.

Has any one observed that the Moffet bell punch marks the flight of the swallow? It does. —Ex. We have. But what we want to know is how many will the punch mark before the "swallows homeward fly?"

A Georgia lad split his toe, but varnished it and it healed.—Ex. Then he was healed at both ends of the foot.—Norristown Herald. If this is the case how does he put his boot on?

American papers are discussing diphtheria. They have it that it was imported from Europe to America in 1771, and that it originated in Egypt over two thousand years ago.

An exchange says that the human race deprived of insects would fade from the earth. Just so. Plenty would die of inactivity if they were not kept busy scratching.

The "hug-me-tight" is the latest article of feminine wear, and the girls are all the time making mention of it to the boys.

"Learn to smile," urges a contemporary. This is pretty advice for an editor to give, whose task it is to mould public opinion. Young men learn to "smile" soon enough without any newspaper instructions on the subject. It is suspected that the editor owns an interest in a large distillery.

DISHONESTY !!

Should a Man Buy Oil Paintings Before he Pays his Honest Debts?

A VERY SENSIBLE LETTER ON THIS SUBJECT.

SIR.—Yesterday, in looking over the *Tidigraph* of the 22nd inst., I read a notice entitled "A Sale of Paintings at Mr. Miles' Gallery," in which was given the names of purchasers of these beautiful works of Art.

I was glad to see that home art and industry were patronized. But as my eye fell on the name of one of the purchasers, I thought it was a pity that home dishonesty also was rewarded, patronized and encouraged, else the same purchaser would be applying the funds with which he bought pictures in lessening his debts to his creditors (though in ever so small a degree) than for him to be adorning the walls of his palatial residence (built with other people's money) with "gems" of art and the "largest picture in the collection."

Scribner for June has an article on "Crime in its own element" which, I think, bears singularly well upon the case in point, it says: "When such a man as William M. Tweed rises in a community, and becomes a great public thief, and debauches, or seems to debauch, a multitude of helpers and defenders, and achieves supreme power over a million people, there is really nothing strange or unnatural about it. The way is all prepared for his operations. The atmosphere in which such a man can breathe is all ready for his breathing. The food upon which such a man can live lies all around him."

There is no force in organization that can oppose him. Tweed could no more have done what he did, if the public mind had been in a sound condition, than a whale could swim on dry land. He accomplished his gigantic robberies, with long years of impunity, because the tone of the public morality was low, and because there were multitudes who were ready to divide the spoils of iniquity with him. Nothing but the instinct of self-preservation led men so to organize their forces that he was overthrown. It is well, therefore, now that he passed away in ignominy, for the public to say little about him, and to remember that he was only an ulcer upon the body politic which betrayed the vitiated blood that circulated out of sight.

In support of this I have now lying on before me a list of the liabilities of the said insolvent (who lately figured in a not very creditable way in the court) amounting to \$21,016.00 by his own showing, in addition to a debt of over \$4,000, which he denied but afterwards was for ignobly to acknowledge, making a total of \$25,215; whilst his available assets only amounted to \$5,600, and this no longer ago than December last.

Now, sir, in the face of all this, I think that man has an unparalleled amount of brass in his cheek when he could thus defy public sentiment and his unfortunate creditors at the same time. I think if he would keep a little in a *Shady Nook* and not flaunt his ill gotten gains so close to people's eyes, and keep quiet until the memory of his dishonesty has passed into oblivion a little, he would save himself much censure that now falls to his lot. A list of his creditors with the sums appended to their names I will send you at some future time for publication. Thanking you for your space,

I remain,

ONE OF THE VICTIMS WHO CANNOT AFFORD TO BUY OIL PAINTINGS.

"There is nothing new under the sun," remarked Solomon, the wise king. "How about neuralgia?" asked Reboam, walking into the palace with his jaw tied up in red flannel and the faint, far away odor of old Robertson country 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.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

THE BOY AND THE SKELETON.

The boy stood in the coffin shop;
His bright smiles all had fled!
A tallow candle lighted up
The fixtures for the dead.

It lighted up the coffin grin,
It shone upon the clerk,
Who silly hid a pack of cards
And made believe at work.

But when he saw the little lad
Was frightened more than he,
He winked unto his comrade bad
And said "Fan we shall see."

"Dear little boy," he sweetly spoke,
And smiled a smile of gloom;
"There's something nice for you to take
Just yonder in that room."

The timid youth went in and saw
A skeleton was there;
It waved its arms and snapped its jaw,
Which stood up straight his hair.

The lad was frozen to the spot
But soon his throat was thawed,
And then of horrid yells—a lot
From out that back room poured.

With rolling eyes and pallid cheeks
He bolted from that store,
Discouraging on his way of shrieks
About a million more.

The undertaker sat up stairs
A sipping of his tea;
His features sharp, quite few his hairs,
And tall and thin was he.

A telling to his eager wife
About the corpse so nice,
Which he, ere doctors took its life,
Had shaved and put on ice.

But when he heard those howl's resound
He quickly rushed below;
A trick upon a boy he found
Had caused this scene of woe.

And fearing he might custom lose
He beckoned from the street,
"Come back, my son, they shan't abuse,"
He cried in accents sweet,

He shouted back in terror tones,
His fingers at his nose,
"You can't fool me again, old Bones!
I know you in your clothes."

A CHURCH NEED.—A new kind of pew bench is imperatively demanded. It is immaterial how it is made or of what it is made. It is needed and must be had at once. What is required is something that will not by any possibility tip up in the most impressive part of the service—something that a woman, however, much she may be absorbed in a bonnet ahead of her, will not displace. No pew bench fills the bill. No one has attempted to do away with the dreadful nuisance, and the bench goes pounding the floor, and filling noble hearted people with dismay. When a safe pew bench is established the community will enjoy a greater peace of mind, and better facility for looking around to see what other people have on.—[Danbury News.

A Nevada man whose wife asked him to take her to the circus boldly answered: "I've lost four wives already, and you're the fifth, and afore them circus fellows get here I'm goin' to chain you up."

Judge Hilton has made another blunder, and the Women's Hotel will prove a miserable failure. Every word of the bill of fare is printed in plain English that anybody can understand! —[Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

The latest discovery in the photographic art enables the operator to photograph a heart beat. But the art has not reached that perfection that will enable him to photograph a "dead beat" with any assurance of getting paid for the job.—[Norristown Herald.

"Hogarth would sketch any face that struck him on his finger nail." From which it may be inferred that he was never "struck" by the face of a lightning rod agent. He would have wanted a finger nail the size of a barn door to get in all the "cheek." —[Norristown Herald.

"Who was the doubting disciple?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "Peter" promptly replied the smart bad boy. "No, Thomas," said the teacher. "Then, what do people always say 'Petered out' for?" asked this smart bad boy.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

"PENNY DIP" SNUFFINGS.

The Indian question—Canoe hear the birch bark?—[N. Y. News.

Take a vote as to which is the most popular month, and what a vote would May Pole!—[Cincinnati Sat. Night.

There is a proverb which says that "capital is timid." We realize its truthfulness. It is afraid to come near us.—[N. Y. Mail.

There is a difference in milk-maids; the milk made in the country is not the same as the milk made in the city.—[Brooklyn Union.

If the dogs have to wear muzzles now they will be obliged to travel around in a bank vault by the first of August.—[Danbury News.

The agricultural papers are already discussing small fruit—though it will be months before they will be a current to-pic.—[N. Y. Graphic.

Don't tell the Utica school children that the age of miracles has passed. The boys and girls behold numerals every day.—[Utica Observer.

There must be as many names carved on the temple of fame now as on an old fashioned country school house door.—[Turners Falls Reporter.

There is something sad about a harp, but whether it's the tone or the collection taken up by the player is what puzzles the philosophical mind.—[Detroit Free Press.

There is no man who feels so cheap as he who goes about asking what would be a good inscription for a tombstone, and has his own name suggested.—[Puck.

George Francis Train predicts that Chicago will be destroyed by water. We always thought they were putting too much water in their whiskey out there.—[Oil City Derrick.

Barnum has tendered the entire Connecticut Legislature a free pass to his circus and menagerie. These little amenities between rival shows are very pleasing.—[N. Y. Com. Adv.

"Joe" Cook has been accused of stealing his original ideas from others. This reminds us that there are a good many "joke hooks" among the editorial fraternity.—[Whitehall Times.

When a series of belts and whacks, mingled with groans, yells and much prancing about, is heard in a house, it is a parent what is the cause of it, most always.—[Danielsonville Sentinel.

Do not try to console a bow-legged man by telling him that "a curved line is the line of beauty." It is safer to wait till you leave town, and then console him by postal card.—[Worcester Press.

A Nyack man was discovered in the cellar of a grocery store looking into a barrel of beef. When asked what he was doing there he gently and timidly replied, "I wish I could get corned like that."—[N. Y. Herald.

Some one asked Judge Black how he could conscientiously defend a self-confessed criminal like Belknap. He replied "that there was only two ways for a man to make a living in Washington, one by robbing the Government and the other by defending them when caught."—[Phila. Bulletin.

We don't want to appear ignorant or unsophisticated or anything of that kind, although we don't mind owning up that we're young and inexperienced, but, really, we would like to have somebody tell us whether fishes spawn their watches and overcoat?—[St. Louis Journal.

A correspondent asks us if we believe that the Marquis of Lorne really writes the poems that appear over his own name. We don't know positively; but we should think that a man of Lorne's fortune and position would employ a servant to do them for him. He probably does.—[Puck.