

TOM COLLINS IN ST. JOHN.



It is with deep regret we announce the fact that the notorious Tom Collins has again visited St. John. He came from New York, arriving on Thursday evening by the train from Bangor. It will be remembered that he managed, some years ago, to get engagements—all at the same time—on the *Telegraph*, *News* and *Globe* (Mr. Anglin had the good sense not to read his credentials, which were all got up by himself, or he might also have been taken on the staff of the *Freeman*), and he lied so persistently that he secured his dismissal from all those papers excepting one, with which he still remained connected as general correspondent. The *Tribune* will now, no doubt, endeavor to secure him. As the train was leaving Bangor on Thursday morning he got on the locomotive, telling the engineer that he was a newly engaged conductor, and that Superintendent Angell had directed him to ride over the road, in order that he might become the better acquainted with it. The engineer thought it was all right, and the real conductor thought Collins was an official of the road or a friend of the engineer, and so he was allowed to dead-head through. He had the cheek to sit on the fireman's seat nearly all the way. While looking ahead, just in the vicinity of Lancaster, he jumped down quickly, crying out: "Didn't yer see him? You've run over a man!" The engineer gave her back steam, and the train was brought to a stand-still within its own length, and after a diligent search for the mangled man nothing was found but a black bottle half full of gin, which had been dropped by one of the candidates for the city and county. Track-master Ross deserves credit for kicking Collins off the train. He says he recognized him as soon as he put his eyes on him. He walked in from Lancaster, and got dead-headed over in the *Ouangondy* by telling Collector Thomson that he was the Fredericton correspondent of *QUIP*, and a member of the Temple of Honor. When Thomson asked him to give him the sign, he said the latter ought to be ashamed of himself for asking such a thing in so public a place.

He called at the different newspaper offices, where his newly-grown beard and moustache completely concealed his identity. At one office he said he represented *Forest and Stream*—Mr. Hallock's paper,—at another he pretended to be the city editor of the *Boston Post*, while, at the *Telegraph* office, he introduced himself as private secretary to Mr. Doolittle, of New York—a man of great wealth—who had just come to the Provinces in quest of recreation. Collins was thereupon treated with great deference until he said *QUIP* was more widely known in New York than the *Telegraph*, when he was informed by the editor that he would be glad to see him when he was more at leisure.

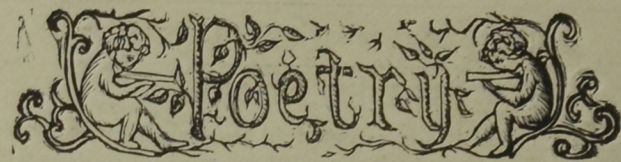
He told the Chief of Police that he was a detective, and after the latter had related to him the circumstances of several intricate cases he had worked up after many others had failed in them, Collins went away and then sent a note to the Chief, telling him it was no use to tell such stories to an old hand.

He spread a report to the effect that Hon. Mr. Tibbetts of Fredericton was afraid to push his suit against the Lugins, and Raymond of Victoria, fearing they would prove some things not very creditable to Mr. T.; but as everybody knows what an irreproachable political character the latter bears, and how the safety of the School Bill depends on the attitude he assumes towards it, no one will wonder when they learn that he was exasperated, and declared that although he was a magistrate and member of the Executive, he would black Collins' eye when he caught him. Mr. Marshall shook him until he bursted his paper collar for saying he (Marshall) told Shamus O'Sullivan that he would vote for giving the Roman Catholics separate schools, and the accountant of a prominent daily carries a short stick with him, intending to give Collins a drubbing for saying that any fellow who was called "Ivory Jack" must know how to play keno. Black of the Victoria commenced to thump him because he gave out that you never could get the right change back when you took Hilyard & Ruddock's brandy, but Collins' biceps are well developed, and Black has a contusion under the left eye. He said that Premier McKenzie assured a friend of his that the Government had no intention of constructing the Baie Verte canal, fearing that Halifax would not like it and that Jones would be constrained to oppose the Administration. This is quite sufficient to exasperate the Hon. Ministers of Customs and Fisheries, and when they come down to make an excursion over the proposed *air* line to Whitehaven they will, no doubt, have Collins mauled by some bellicose Reformer. We have heard of many other outrages perpetrated by this notorious rascal, but cannot give the details of them at the present time. He has associated himself with the Grit party in St. John, but it is hoped that even they will not countenance him when they become fully aware of his true character.

A WARNING TO CHILDREN.—An exchange says:

"A post mortem examination made on a valuable cow, which died at the Hester place, Santa Clara County, revealed the fact that the animal had been dieting on nails. Fourteen nails of assorted sizes were found in her second-stomach."

This is a warning to children not to bite their nails. This unfortunate cow, though it had a second stomach, died, and the inference is that eating its nails was the cause of its death.



"But wickedness came on the Earth
By eatin of the Tree of Knowledge."

—QUIP, Book 1st, 4th Canto.

Had Eve not plucked forbidden fruit,
Nor luckless Adam followed suit—
Had not found out their nakedness,
And, therefore, learned the art of dress—
Would man have braved the Arctic frosts,
And snow, with winds of winter tosed;
Or would he, with the Ethiope,
Always have been content to mope?

What then had been the price of wool?
Who'd made red flannel but a fool?
"Spring Hill's" much sought and valued stock
Would worthless been as Granite rock,
Which somewhere down on Fundy's shore
Had undisturbed been evermore.

Had it not been for sin and clothes
We'd need no fire to warm our toes,
No crumbling ice-cakes floating free
Had carried magnates out to sea;
No man could possibly have sat
At all with comfort such as that.
Portrayed in him who sat content,
And to the "local" drifting went.

A PAIR OF THEM.

Two men worked side by side for years
Upon a paper slow,
And wrote up an-nex-a-ti-on,
And doll'd out wails of woe
About New Brunswick's sterile hills,
And said a cure for all its ills
Was to "the States" to go.

An editor, their paper said,
Would be an awful guy,
Should he be tempted or misled
By pelf or van-i-ty
To make himself a candidate
For public office small or great,
Such paper men should die.

But John V. E.—the elder man—
For Commons ran unbid,
And people asked him—"How is this,
In view of what you've said?"
But he with candour said to each
"I didn't write it—don't you peach,
It wasn't me—"Twas Chris."

Of course John V. defeated was,
And badly too, we know,
And when the "local" contest came
He found, that knocked so low
In his attempt on power and pelf,
John did not dare to run himself,
But set Chris 'gainst the foe.

Chris, in the race, met sad defeat,
But, glad he's clear of bother,
Now laughs at John and John at him,
As one's square with the other.
And when they're cross—as men will get—
And John says "Chris, you're licked—you bet—"
Chris answers, "you're another."

YE MODERNE BOWEMAN.—(From *Chignecto Post*.)

Ye ancient sons of Chivalrie, De Warrenne and d'Evreux,
Brave Roger de Montgomerie, and Geoffrey de Rotrou,
Ye men who fought on Hastings day, and tamed the Saxon pride
With lance and bowe in fray—your heads dymynished hyde,—
We have a myghtier boweman who all your deeds excell—
The bowe, draw myghtie longe he can—hys namme is Danyl L.
—Hireling Press.