



BIBLIOMANIAC.—We object to having our name spelt—Kuyoueyepa.

BOGARDUS.—*San Francisco*.—We don't like St. Jose, or would have staid there. A respectable paper like QUIP would soon become sickly in your climate.

MORE ANON.—*Moncton*.—It would, certainly, have been very dangerous to the life of the editor had the dog bitten him. He should be grateful to "Ezra P." for throwing the cold water on the rabid animal.

HOMER.—*Shediac*.—Try something less personal. "Ben's" legs may be long, and "Dan" may enjoy a very high opinion of himself, but that would not justify the publication of your "Homeric" composition, which, we may remark *en passant*, lacks smoothness of style. QUIP fully understands the "hits," but the subject is an old one, and the chief of the "very smart men" has pointedly and unequivocally, in his place in the House, denied the charge connecting him with the attempt to buy "Ben" off. Just see the position he occupies in the race, too, as shown in our cartoon. We shall be pleased to hear from you again, if you will favor us with a contribution.

REFORMER.—Vanity seems to be the prevailing attribute of the race, and it is not to be wondered at that it should crop out in editors so much more readily than in others. We agree with you that an editor should never permit himself to become a candidate for legislative honors, and when that doctrine was promulgated in the *Globe*, together with the statement that a paper suffered and was made weak through its editor's candidacy, it was generally felt to be true. The *Globe* was then hitting at the editor of the *Telegraph*, who came very near being elected. Why the editors you refer to seem disposed to thrust themselves on an unwilling constituency unasked is a conundrum we must give up. Perhaps, however, it is because they desire to emulate the example of the editors of the *Telegraph*, *News* and *Freeman*, and also that of the gentleman who is said to own the *Tribune*.

GLORIOUS VICTORY.

Men of York. Men of Charlotte and Westmorland! Men of King's and Queen's, Sunbury and Carleton. Male beings of Albert and Kent, Victoria and Northumberland!! Bone and sinew of Gloucester and Restigouche, and electors of Madawaska, all hail!!! The polls were opened in St. John on Thursday and yesterday mornings respectively, and the Government ticket was sustained. Rejoice that we have a Pope in the world. What would we do without him? The result of the elections show that no foreign potentate, or prince, no Quebec dictator, no "nothin'" shall ever make the free born citizens of the noble City and County of St. John believe that there are not twice as many Protestant as Roman Catholic electors in it entitled to deposit ballots for members of the Local Legislature. Let every County in the Province, excepting Madawaska, Gloucester and Kent, remember St. John, and count noses, and victory is sure!

P. S.—Since the above was in type the City members elect have assured us that the ticket was not a Government ticket—at least they never understood it so. Why is this thus?

OUR CYNIC.

We remember our copy book in the days of our youth, "Be virtuous and you will be happy;" but it is surprising how large an amount of virtue some men plank down on the world's counter, and how small an amount of change they get out of it. Of course they can be happy at their own expense.

Considering that the constitution of human nature has been the same old sixpence since the world began, and the conditions which it has to encounter are continually repeating themselves in forms more or less crude, as "times go by turns," it is surprising that human beings have never attempted any systematic chart of their course; but go on knocking their heads against the same old gate-posts, which they have found it impossible to get through time and again. We suggest the compilation of a "Dictionary of Human Experience." The achievement, we admit, would be difficult, but its completion would be a great blessing.

It is an old saying, that "Truth lies at the bottom of a well," and in our opinion it is the only safe place to keep it, for the truth about most things is too dangerously comic to be tolerated above ground. People can only put up with it when they think it's fooling them. Hence our Cap and Bells.

The hearse, like the snail, goes at a slow pace; but in Halifax and St. John, and many other places, it is a great instrument of progress. The wealth of the *ancients* was often far greater than their wisdom.

When women seriously enter the professions, it will be a sin for some of our young men to marry them, lest they should spoil their prospects.

THE BAD BOY.

BY M. QUAD.

CHAPTER I.—*Introductory*.—His name was John Henderson Tompkins, and he was going on thirteen years old. He had freckles all over his nose, chewed plug tobacco, and loafed around schools and put tin ears on smaller boys than himself. His father was killed by a saw-log, his only sister slept in the silent tomb, and his mother divided her time between gossiping and canvassing for money for the heathens in Africa.

CHAPTER II.—*Thrusty*.—Thus it will be seen that there was no one to give John Henderson Tompkins any domestic attention beyond an occasional whack with a slipper which made him the worse. He wasn't sent to school, never had to take a dose of castor oil, was allowed to go around with a letter to the post-office and his pants supported by a magnificent belt of sheep-twine, and if he wasn't home by ten o'clock at night his mother felt perfectly sure that he would dump down somewhere, and be at home in time for codfish and potatoes in the morning.

CHAPTER III.—*Shameful Neglect*.—John Henderson Tompkins's mother never took him on her knees and asked him if he knew what was beyond the bright stars, and he knew where he'd go to if he grew up an awful liar and horse-thief. She never told him about the Children of Egypt, Moses in the bulrushes, or Daniel in the lion's den, and it is no wonder that he grew up to be a bad boy. She never had sticking plaster ready when he got a cut, and Sunday mornings there was no one to rub him behind the ears, fill his eyes with soap and water, and comb his hair the wrong way.

CHAPTER IV.—*His Peculiarities*.—Everything which happened in the village was laid at John Henderson Tompkins's door. "It's some of that boy's work," they said, whenever a bushel of plums, a water-melon, or a peck of peaches mysteriously disappeared. He was probably guilty of everything charged, as when he died they found where he had hidden seventeen stolen cow-bells, forty axes, ever so many saw-bucks, fifteen or twenty front gates, and I can't remember how many snow-shovels.

CHAPTER V.—*Down on Him*.—In time, as the reader was informed in a previous chapter, the adult male population of the village got down on John Henderson Tompkins. Old maids jabbed at him with umbrellas, merchants flung pound weights at him, shoemakers dosed him with strap-oil, and grocers always looked around for John Henderson when they wanted to heave out bad eggs and spoiled fruits.

CHAPTER VI.—*His Ambition*.—You might think that they would have eventually succeeded in breaking the boy's spirit and dashing his hopes, but they couldn't do it. He had an ambition which nothing could check. He wanted to be a bold pirate and sail the raging main, and he was patiently waiting for the time to come when he could wear No. 10 boots, and swear in a voice like the echoes of a base viol. He would be content to crawl into hen-roosts and creep around horse-barns for a few years, but then—but then—

CHAPTER VII.—*Efforts at Reform*.—Some of the more philanthropic citizens made strenuous efforts to reform the boy. They locked him up in a smoke-house for a week; they clubbed him until he couldn't yell, and they held him under a pump until he was as limp as a rag, but as soon as they let him go he went right back to his old habits again.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Nearing his End*.—John Henderson Tompkins had kept this thing up for eight or nine years when our story opens, and he was nearing his end. Justice overtakes the guilty sooner or later, and justice was laying low for this bad boy. He had the cheek to believe that he would live to be a hundred years old, but he was to be taken down a peg or two and his mother left an orphan.

CHAPTER IX.—*The End*.—One day, while in the heyday of his wickedness, John Henderson Tompkins came upon something new in the line of plunder. It was a pile of little cans labelled "nitro-glycerine—hands off—dangerous poison, &c." but he couldn't read and didn't care a copper. He carried a can behind the meeting house and sat down on a rock to open it. There wasn't any guardian angel around to tell him that he'd get busted if he fooled with that can, and so he spit on his hands and gave it a whack on the stone.

CHAPTER X.—*Obituary*.—The folks all ran out, and after a good deal of trouble they found and separated the pieces of meeting-house from the pieces of boy, and they got together enough of John Henderson to fill a cigar-box and answer as the basis of a funeral. They buried the remains in a quiet nook, and the grave-stone maker put a little lamb on the head-stone, to show that John Henderson Tompkins was meek and lowly.

And now Prince Edward Island has a pig 9 ft. 6 in. long; 7 ft. 4 in. in girth; 5 ft. around the neck; 3 ft. 11 in. high, can be heard grunting 7 miles away; can root up 3 acres of ground in a week; produces 3 crops of bristles per season, and is of Irish descent. We trust we shall hear no more about big eggs from the *News* and *Globe*, that the *Telegraph* will take a back seat with its lizards and piratical treasures; that the *Tribune* will publish no more sanguinary obituaries of distinguished Frenchwomen and their families in Victoria, and that the *St. Croix Courier* will abandon those Utopia serpent, mid-winter butterfly and white crow stories with which it has so often regaled its readers.

BY A BOSTON "RUNNER."—Small towns in Nova Scotia are like eel pots. They are very easy to get into, but very hard to get out of.