

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 6th, 1874.

"Bonis nocet quisquis pepercerit malis."

## THE ELECTIONS.



LOW the trumpet, toot the fish-horn, beat the tin pan, hire boys to make bonfires, and let editors write leaders as long as your arm and as thick as your wrist. The Pope retired to his room on Thursday and Friday evenings and wept bitterly when he received a despatch from Mr. QUIP informing him of the result of the St. John elections. Mr. McQueen got a similar despatch while he was regaling himself on a clam bake at Cape Tormentine, preparatory to addressing the electors there, and he knocked off eating and commenced a regular break-down, and cut his boot soles severely on the clam shells. Thus the result affected different people in different ways. Hon. Mr. Willis became solemn in his awful surprise. Hon. Mr. King shook hands with would-be Hon. Mr. Armstrong and told him he had done very well—for him. The latter winked as much as to say that he had to run to keep his partner from doing it. Mr. Coram merely smiled in his usual seraphic manner and repeated the city motto in Latin, not having time to translate it and being afraid of spoiling the pun. Mr. Austin said that, like the Minister of Customs, he was returned at the head of the poll in his first election. He wouldn't turn his coat even should the city members succeed in overthrowing the Government. Mr. Gilbert said that Mr. King was a man of no ability. Mr. Maher said he would bide his time, and when the people had the wool lifted from their eyes they would behold the nimbus of statesmanlike ability surrounding his obese yet handsome form. The *Telegraph* stood oysters and the *News* stood five gallons of maple sap to wash them down. The *Tribune*, having been on the fence, flopped down on the straw side and partook, while the *Freeman* and *Globe* put on sackcloth and ashes. The *News* employees also were treated to two pies this time, and the hands were allowed to go on the roof of the office and see those haulyards reeved. Tom Collins brought word down from Westmoreland that the news from St. John had cooked Mr. Hanington's goose in the "noble county," but Tom is such a close imitation of the late Mr. Pepper that the goose of the man of "humble judgment" may hang high. (Happy thought—How close a resemblance there is between Collins and the victim of a "hireling press" in some respects.) Hon. Mr. Kelly said he was as much pleased as if Killam had received a contract to build a bridge to the moon. He sent for Adams and Gough, telling the latter there was no chance for him, but patting Adams on the back. Adams asked Kelly how he came to tell the *Telegraph* that he was denouncing Protestants, but when Kelly said that a party named Tom Collins represented that paper at Newcastle, Adams was satisfied. Down in St. Stephen Mr. Dow, author of poems on "Theodore," etc., thought of withdrawing from the contest when he heard how Armstrong was supported. Mr. McMonagle said he feared he wouldn't be successful as the common people were down on aristocrats. Bixby laughed so loudly at this that McKay came out of his shop, and when he was told how the anti-ticket men fared in St. John, he said something to the effect that a fellow could make more smuggling pork from Calais than by aspiring to legislative distinction through the medium of the ballot-box. Hon. Mr. Lindsay thought the Government would be handsomely sustained, and hoped they would not allow members of the Assembly commissions on looking after public works as heretofore, though it might be very proper to give any little pickings to gentlemen of the upper House. Mr. O'Leary said the fate of his party was hermetically sealed, and Mr. Gillespie still held to the opinion that the Government "lacked the mental capacity to carry on the affairs of the country."

The successful candidates have just dropped in to shake hands with us and receive our congratulations, so we have only time to add that we feel like singing out "fire," tying a tin kettle to our dog's tail, tearing the *Freeman* all to pieces, singing Boyne Water, and waltzing about on our ear. This, however, is between ourselves and our more bigoted Protestant friends, including the Orangemen. To our Roman Catholic friends we say *sub rosa*, that we're very sorry that fanaticism prevaileth, but in the meantime we'll let the heathen and the heretics rage.

## THE FISHERY SWINDLE.

It appears that the "bald-headed Ananias of the Toronto *Globe*" has been a party to the ripening of the stupid plot by which Canada is to be cheated out of a larger amount of money from the United States than Great Britain paid to that country on account of the Alabama claims. As QUIP stated a month ago, Canada is to be swindled out of the money compensation she was to receive under the Washington Treaty for the fisheries she has been obliged by the mother country to concede to the Americans. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* says that "the British Minister has been officially authorized to assure Secretary Fish that if the United States will agree to a Reciprocity Treaty for the exchange of their products for ours, without

duty on either, Canada and the Provinces will forego all claim to compensation for our use of the in-shore fisheries, and agree to dissolve the Fishery Commission that is to meet next summer, and it is reported that Sir Edward Thornton has handed Mr. Fish the draft of a treaty based on this proposition."

Great Britain's diplomatists, when entrusted with the interests of these colonies, have always shown a remarkable *penchant* for allowing the Americans to prove how superior they are to the "John Bulls" as negotiators. A British Minister and an Ontario Grit are quite sufficient to cook Canada's goose in this matter, and they seem determined to do it. Some so-called leading dailies in the Maritime Provinces, too, are assisting them. We fear that some of that Alabama money is finding its way indirectly into Canadian pockets, although it should come more directly and in greater quantity.

## THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

We knew it. The *Express* of Halifax has let the cat out of the bag. They don't know anything about St. John over there. A young man was arrested by the Bedford look-out party as a navy deserter from Halifax. He told the assembled court, in that magnificent police building in Halifax, that he had come from England four years since on an Anchor Liner, and had been, since that time, in New York, St. John, and other cities—but never in Halifax. Experts and travelled men questioned him. Those who had been abroad most were gathered in the court. The *Express* says:

"Nobody was there who had ever remained long enough in St. John to master the intricacies of the place; and therefore the youth could not be questioned on that head. One man did ask him if he ever heard of a certain Academy of Music, and he said he had a faint recollection of seeing mention of such a place in the papers, but he had never been there. The ignorance the young man displayed of St. John and its environs was the only circumstance that appeared suspicious. He don't deserve to be at large for not knowing where the Academy of Music is."

When the Haligonians know St. John more they will like it first rate. We knew that their railing at us was due to ignorance and not viciousness.

## A POSTAL-CARD DIFFICULTY.

Robinson's wife having gone to the country, R. writes an old college friend, named Polley, to come, and have a good time. Arrangements scarcely made, when a note arrives from wife's uncle, who is rich, old, and a bachelor, to say he is on his way to put up with them for a bit. Plans thus frustrated, Robinson sits down and hurriedly writes three postal-cards, namely:

No. 1. (to his uncle).—DEAR OLD BOY—Delighted to see you. Don't fail to come!

No. 2. (to his wife).—MY DEAR ANGEL—That confounded old bore of an uncle of yours is coming to stay. Hurry home.

No. 3. (to his friend).—MY DEAREST POLLEY—No go this time. Wife coming home. Better luck next time. Nil desperandum. Ever yours. R.

In his haste and irritation he turned the cards over on his blotter, and directed No. 1 to Polley; No. 2 to the uncle; No. 3 to his wife.—Slow curtain on very awkward tableau.

## BRITISH INVASION OF AMERICAN RIGHTS.

## ENGLISH CORRUPTION OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

The Czar of all the Russias, now visiting England, intended to land at Gravesend. But his Imperial yacht *Derjara* ingloriously stuck in the mud just outside Flushing. As she would have to wait for some hours before the tide would *flush* high enough to float her off, the Czar effected his landing at Dover. In consequence, the poor Mayor of Gravesend was miserably disappointed, having lost his chance of reading a neat little address which he had elaborated. And the surprised Mayor of Dover was highly delighted, though dreadfully flustered. Of course, he had to present an address, and an English retailer of Court news tells us that he even "delivered a *mayoral* address on the spur of the moment." Not having time to carefully write anything, he was forced, we suppose, to make his address an *oral* one, and having been delivered in the month of May, it was, of course, *May-oral*. That's how it happened, and that's the humorous meaning of the new word.

## "AH SIN" IN DANGER.

The new gold diggings, which are located on the Stickeen River, British Columbia, and rejoice in the name, Cassiar, attract large numbers of both professional and amateur miners. Among the latter is a fair proportion of Chinese, who will, no doubt, meet with little quarter from uncelestial adventurers. The steamer *Isabel* had fifteen Johns amongst her one hundred and thirty passengers when she left Victoria for the diggings on 28th April. The other passengers were putting cartridges in the chambers of their revolvers, sharpening their bowies, and swearing vengeance against the unfortunate fifteen. The British Columbia *Colonist* says that attached to one of the trees on Stickeen River is a placard on which is scrawled in scarcely legible handwriting:

NOTISS!!  
TOO JHINERMEN.

Yu are hearbi noteefed that iff yu gow into these diggens yu will ketch (very bad and warm place.) Sow yu hed beter luk ought or yull smel powder and brimstun, if knot hemp.  
Stickeen River will probably be heard from.