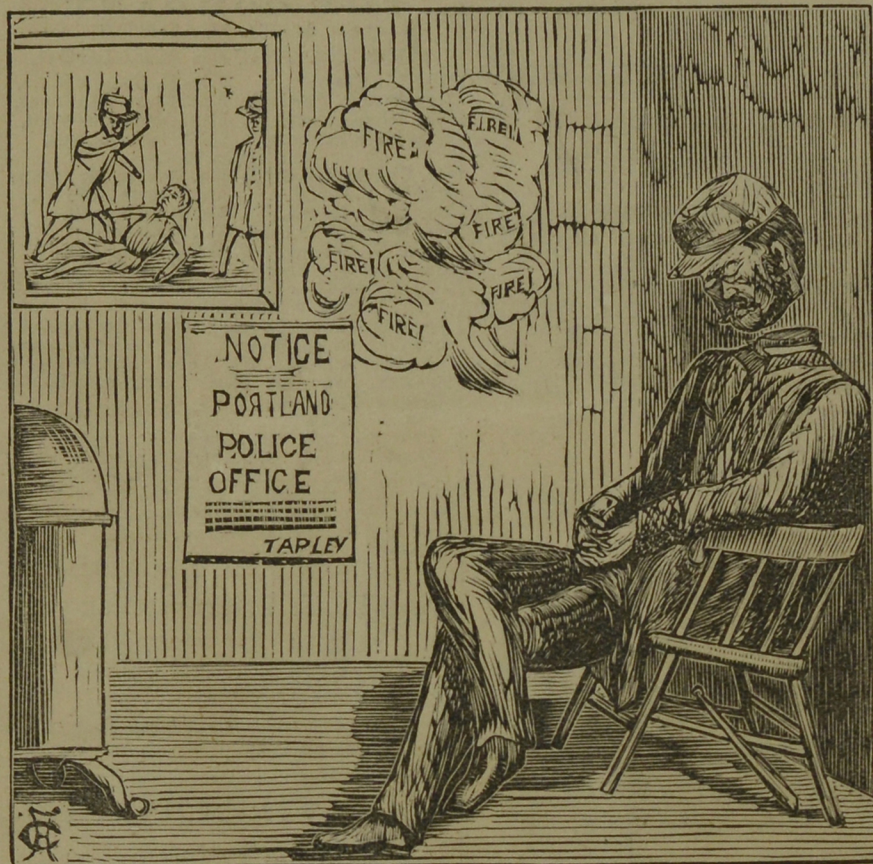


FEARFUL FACTS CONCERNING THE PORTLAND POLICE.



"Coun. Harris said the Police force was like a body without a head."

"Coun. Robinson said he was satisfied that no policeman got to the fire referred to until after the flames were under subjection."

Report of Meeting of Portland Town Council.

"It is quite evident that the Portland policemen take a snooze in the Station Office now and then when they should be on duty."

Daily Papers.

It seems to me that Gibson used unnecessary force in making this arrest.—JUSTICE TAPLEY.

"The Portland Police force is a nice organization, both morally and professionally."—QUIP. And at this last remark all the Portland people laughed.

BACH, whose letter we publish, complains of a nuisance that should be abated. When good music is being performed, even those who don't know the difference between it and "Old Dan Tucker" might, out of courtesy to those of better culture, refrain from interrupting it.



Speaking of *H. M. S. Bellerophon*, in its report of the anniversary celebration at Halifax, the *Express* says, "Although the ship lay in the stream, she was visited by a very large number of our citizens who availed themselves of boats to get on board." The inference is, we presume, that had the tide been low people might have walked to the ship. What an insinuation against the splendid harbor of Halifax! The *Express* also says that "The wreck of the *Niobe* will be investigated by a naval court martial on board the flag ship after the arrival of the *Spartan*, *Sphinx*, and *Doris*." How can they investigate the wreck unless they bring it to Halifax? Perhaps they had it "on board the flag ship."

Mr. Dyer of Boston passed through Fredericton, *en route* for the *Miramichi* on Saturday last. After stumbling along the side of the street he met a Boston runner of his acquaintance, and the following was said:

DYER:—Been here long!

RUNNER:—Four days.

D.:—Much of a place for law?

R.:—Nothing else.

D.:—Any enactment against having respectable sidewalks?

R.:—There must be, I suppose, as I find the laws generally against the comfort of strangers.

It is quite evident the "runner" had been compelled to take out a business licence.

A story is told of a trumpeter at the Cape of Good Hope who got drunk, laid himself down on the ground to sleep off the effects, and when he awoke found himself in the mouth of a powerful wild beast and being carried to the animal's lair for future provender. Not losing his presence of mind he fixed his trusty bugle to his mouth and gave a loud prolonged terrific blast. The beast dropped him and fled at furious speed to the shelter of the forest. The hero of this story was no doubt one of those minstrel-show, circus-wagon blowers of brass instruments who parade our streets at times and make the air hideous with their attempts to play five or six different tunes at once.

If papas who buy expensive hair switches for their daughters would only invest a little more in the old kind of switches—and use them, too,—how much better it would be for society. The girls don't think so, but their grandmothers do.

Our special policeman is looking for the Irishman from Paris who sent us this:—Why are ripe strawberries like dead bodies awaiting the last rites, *a la nouveau mode*? Because they require cream-ating.

The latest style of walk affected by that class of young ladies who comb their hair over their foreheads and pencil their eyebrows is as follows:—Arms akimbo, head tossed on one side and eyes turned heavenward. In this style they saunter along the street, embodiments of impudence and *sang froid* painful to see among ladies.

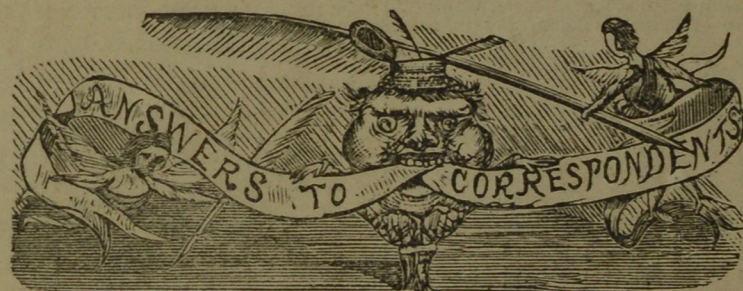
A Boston millionaire offered a man two dollars and a half, the other day, for stopping a runaway horse, and saving the life of his daughter. He can't hope to be a millionaire long if he is going to squander his money in that way.

The Carleton (N. B.) Superintendent of Police, Gibson, is to be prosecuted for ill-treating a prisoner.—*Hx. Express*. There is no Carleton, N. B. Police force and no Superintendent Gibson of said force, and no such Supt. is to be prosecuted. We again call the attention of the *Telegraph* and *Trade Review* to the conduct of the *Halifax Express*.

The Councillor for Sidney Ward was, of course, opposed to the report of the Common Council in favor of paving Prince Wm. St. He said the other members of the Board should offer their own heads as material to make the paving out of, and that if they go on covering everything with pavement there will be no place to dig worms for trout bait. Of course the Councillor fishes with a Jenny Lind.

There is hope that our present City Council is better qualified for the discharge of its functions than many of its predecessors. Its determination to improve Prince William Street and render the Police force more efficient will certainly call down upon them the censure of very many respectable citizens whose private virtues are entirely overshadowed by their meanness in public matters.

The *News* local items are large enough to contain the word asphyxiation. This comes of Free Non-Sectarian Schools.



SCHOOL MARM.—*Loch Lomond*.—The Attorney General was not in New Brunswick on Friday of last week, and the Hon. Commissioner of Works was not at Loch Lomond on that day. If any persons examined your school and promised prizes in the name of those gentlemen, they were deceiving you.

LEANDER.—*Sussex*.—The lines you refer to occur in Home's "Douglas"—not in any of Shakespeare's works, so you have lost your wager.

O. BESE.—*Halifax*.—The editors of the St. John papers are not all lanky. *Freeman* and *QUIP* editors are plumpers (the former having voted for Maher in 1870). The *Telegraph*, *News*, *Globe* and *Tribune* are, we know, presided over by persons of macilent tendency, one or two of them being painfully thin. The editors of Halifax, however, are no better off in the way of flesh, if we except him of the *Mayflower*, but he only runs his paper for his own amusement, you know. Watts, however, says:—

"The mind's the standard of the man."

LEATHER.—*Moncton*.—We don't know who will be your next Judge of Probates, and may add, without any desire to offend, that we don't care—ask the *Telegraph* or *News*.

"THE END OF THE GREAT FIGHT."—Lines received under this caption speak of a gentleman "long, thin and slender," who "spouted" articles, etc., and after giving this one a slap, says he hopes all the papers will, etc. The lines are lame in measure, defective in composition, and too decidedly personal for us.