

Home News Condensed.

—Fashion Notes next week.

—Potatoes are declining in price.

—Wanted—100 English-speaking boys to sell THE GEM.

—The walking fever has attacked Halifax.

—Several Provincials are returning from Manitoba, Dakota and such places.

—A. L. Palmer, Esq., has been sworn in a Judge of the Supreme Court.

—Another batch of Magistrates have been let loose in the County of St. John.

—A grape shot was found in Mr. Shadrac Holly's garden at Indiantown the other day.

—Annie Parker has been honored by having a sloop named after her in Carleton.

—Every one with fifty cents to spare and a great many that hadn't it to spare, were to see Barnum.

—A little girl named Tell was run over by a cart and killed, on Brittain street, on Thursday last.

—Wallace Ross came home on Tuesday afternoon, looking well and hearty after his trip to the old country.

—Traffic for teams has been suspended on the bridge at the I. C. R. Station. It will be some time before the new bridge is ready for use.

—We have no sympathy whatever for those old gentlemen and young gentlemen who lose their watches, money and good name in midnight debaucheries.

—Summer will soon be here. You had better keep your ulsters in readiness, though, for it is hard to tell what a day may bring forth.

—Another base ball club has been organized in the city, called "The Early Risers." They play at 4 o'clock in the morning. We deeply sympathize with them.

—Is lager beer intoxicating? This question is now exercising the minds of our police officials. According to Mr. Best's analysis it contains 4 1/2 per cent. of alcohol.

—If the Town of Portland cannot afford to keep the streets lighted at night they will have to adopt a code of signals so that the policemen can distinguish the difference between a drunken Councillor and a drunken citizen.

—Some persons, hailing from St. John, have purchased a sloop, and are trading on the River. The last cargo consisted of concertinas and whiskey. They evidently have a poor conception of what the country people most require.

—Barnum's street parade on Friday created a lively stir in the city. Not the least in the grand pageant was the magnificent gilded car, but the presence of half a dozen old felt hats scattered indiscriminately among the water nymphs, detracted much from the sentiment that would have otherwise attached to it.

—The dull times afford a grand opportunity for would-be pedestrians to test their powers. We were witness the other day to an amusing heel and toe contest between two beggars, who were both making for the same door. One of them succeeded in distancing his opponent by indulging in a run, but he had his labor for nothing, the master of the house (who was an eye-witness) not feeling inclined to help a man who would take such an "uncharitable" advantage of an opponent in business.

—We purpose commencing shortly a series of biographical sketches of the lives of some of the most illustrious(?) members of the city police and detective force. It will contain interesting narratives in the lives of these celebrities, a vivid account of their numerous hair-breadth escapes while saving life and property, and of their bloody encounters with burglars, small boys, midnight assassins, etc. We shall be happy to receive memoranda and information on the subject—in confidence.

General Reading.

The Rev. John Jennings.

WHAT THE NEPHEW OF THE ARCH-DEACON OF WESTMINSTER IS DOING IN THIS PROVINCE.

A little excitement was caused in some circles last week when what was termed an *expose* of some of the impositions of a man giving his name as John Jennings, was made public through some of the newspapers. This personage represented himself as being formerly a Church of England clergyman, (whose gown had been taken from him on account of his drinking propensities), and also as being a near relative of the Arch-deacon of Westminster. While here he made professions of repentance, and on the strength of these succeeded in obtaining money from the Mayor and several other parties in the city. From his appearance and speech it is quite evident that he is both refined and educated, but his love for liquor has caused him to neglect his personal appearance somewhat. He went up to Frederic last week to obtain an interview with Bishop Medley, in the hope (as he said before leaving St. John) of procuring a situation as teacher in the University or in some school, through the instrumentality of the Bishop. He returned here the following day, having evidently been unsuccessful in his efforts. On his return here he threatened several parties with actions for libel, but since then he has done nothing in the matter. A reporter of THE GEM made an effort to obtain an interview with Mr. Jennings, and ascertain from his own lips his reasons for his conduct, but found that he had gone off to Dorchester,—no doubt looking for the chaplaincy of the new Penitentiary.

Urged to go into Bankruptcy.

"Boggs," said Mrs. B., suddenly, the other evening, "why don't you go into bankruptcy and have some style about you?"

"Go into bankruptcy?" repeated Boggs—"what for?"

"Because it's the fashion," replied Mrs. B. "Everybody who is anybody goes into bankruptcy nowadays. Our neighbours are all getting the start of us. Here's Soggs, who lives across the street, he is in the list to-day. Now we have lived in this town a good deal longer than Soggs has. Why couldn't you have got your name in the papers as well as he?"

"I don't want my name in the papers in that way," said Boggs.

"That's the way; always behind everybody else. We never could hold our own along with our neighbours."

"But we couldn't hold our own if I went into bankruptcy," persisted Boggs.

"Nonsense," cried Mrs. B. "Don't the Spriggses, who went into bankruptcy last summer, live just as well, if not a little better, than before? Now, Boggs, do oblige me by buying a file."

"Buying a file? What for?"

"So that you can file your petition. Do it this very day, and it will be in the morning papers. Then your wife and children can hold their heads up with the best of 'em. Somehow I feel that we are under a sort of cloud now. People

look at us as much as to say, "There's something a matter with the Boggses."

"Mrs. Boggs, I never take the advantage of nothing."

"I know it. And that's what keeps us under. But couldn't you put in a petition? You know there is a petition upstairs we don't need. You couldn't take it down and—"

"Woman, how foolish you talk! You don't know anything about the business."

"But I do know that we are getting left, and it won't be long, you will find before folks give up inviting us anywhere. Haven't you any liabilities?"

"I have liabilities," replied Boggs, "but I haven't any liability to lie."

"Oh, you're too nice for anything where the welfare of your family is concerned. Tell me about your assets."

"I wouldn't have any if I did as Neighbor Soggs does across the street."

"How is that?" asked Mrs. B.

"Why, the ass sets around all day doing nothing, and it is no wonder that he had applied to the bankrupt court for relief."

A Stupid Witness.

THE stupidity of some witnesses, and the perplexity occasioned by the "says I" and "says he" are thus illustrated:

In a recent trial at Winchester, a witness failing to make his version of a conversation intelligible by reason of his fondness for "says I," and "says he," was taken in hand by Baron Martin, with the following result:

"My man, tell us now exactly what passed."

"Yes, my lord; I said I would not have the pig."

"And what was his answer?"

"He said he had been keeping it for me, and that he—"

"No, no; he could not have said that; he spoke in the first person."

"No, my lord, I was the first person that spoke."

"I mean, don't bring in the third person; repeat his exact words."

"There was no third person, my lord, only him and me."

"My good fellow, he did not say he had been keeping the pig; he said 'I have been keeping it.'"

"I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of the lordship at all. We are on different sides. There was no third person there; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it."

The Baron gave in.

Lies are hitless swords—they cut the hands that wield them.—*Prentice.*

It is rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful; angular, not rounded. It is where long, white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled along the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, so in art, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, their lustre. The more the diamond's cut the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect his people.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Humor and Wisdom.

EXCELSIOR.

Put out thy talents to their use—
Lay nothing by to rust;
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn,
And innocence thy trust.
Rise to thy proper place in life—
Trample upon all sin—
But still the gentle hand hold out
To help the wanderer in.
So live, in faith and noble deed,
Till earth returns to earth—
So live, that men shall mark the time
Gave such a mortal birth.

Excellent wash for the face—water.

"Slack times," as the piece of lime said to the water.

Dropping a privateer—Weeping in secret.

It is a great mistake to suppose a widow's veil is always a vale of tears. It is astonishing how keen stupid people are in discovering affronts.

A man who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

Live on what you have; live on less if you can; do not borrow, for vanity ends in shame.

A young lady lately won a wager by not speaking for a week. There are not many such.

"Let girls be girls." That may suit some of them, but nine out of every ten would rather be married women.

When a lady stands at the hymeneal altar with her intended, you may know she is about to draw her beau into a knot.

The cheerful live longest in life, and after it, in our regards. Cheerfulness is the off-shoot of goodness.

"Dipped into a weak relation of accomplishments," is the term now applied to those of our girls professing to be highly educated.

"Jaws," said he; "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire, we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years either.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would still be sewing on your own buttons.

"He's my darkest hour," said a wife pointing to her husband; "and would you know the reason why? It's because he always arrives just before the day."

"I have always noticed," says a shrewd old financier, "that one dollar in my own pocket is always of more practical benefit to me than five dollars in any other man's pocket."

It is said that a baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes his bread so light, that a pound-loaf of it seldom weighs more than ten or twelve ounces.

Adorning one in lavender gloves and a blue scarf: "Oh, how I wish I were that book you clean so lovingly!" She: "How I wish you were so that I could shut you up!"

"Father," said a wistful lass about sixteen years of age, "I know something about grammar; but I cannot decline matrimony, nor see the reason why Gilbert and myself cannot be conjugated."

It is said that a young man's first sweetheart is like a hime, because she is always something to adore (a door).

"Come, pa," said a youngster just home from school, "how many pens are there in a pint?" "How can any body tell that, you foolish boy?" "I can every time. If you don't believe it, try me."

"Well, how many are there, then?" "Just one pen in every pint, pa."

Instructor in astronomy: And now young gentleman, which of you can tell me the name of the greatest of the planets—the champion planet, so to speak—of our solar system? Student: "I can, sir, it's Saturn." Instructor, hesitatingly: "And how's that, pray?" Student: why, because he carries the belt."