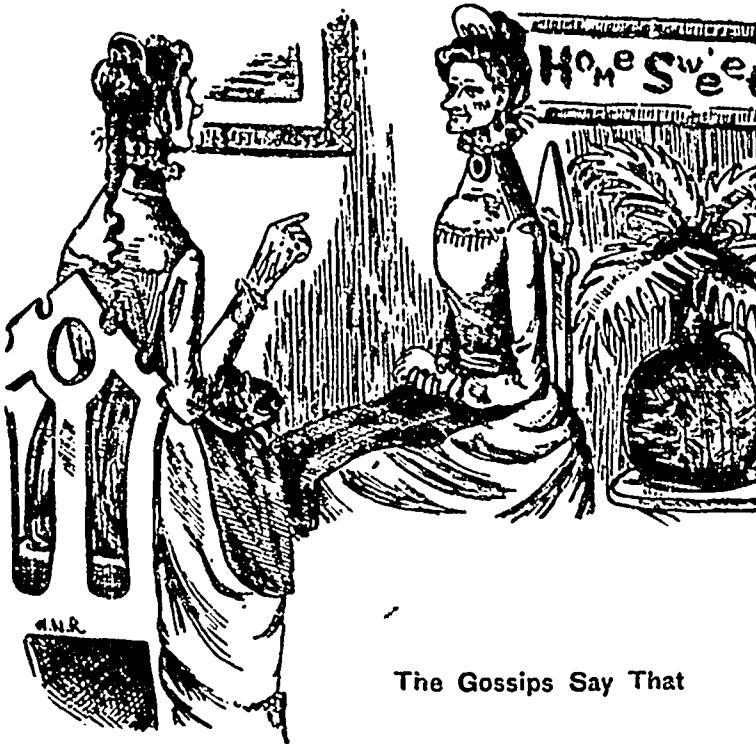




The Gossips Say That

The judges were severe in the case of John T. Hawke now incarcerated in Fredericton jail. Public opinion is with him.

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The JURY's choice, John A. Chesley as commissioner, has been ratified, and Portland feels safe, knowing its future is so well provided for.

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Portland should provide a gymnasium for its police force, or rather for some of the unfortunates who are manipulated by the *gentle* peace-makers.

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Now that the labor Commission is about through its labors, the members of it feel they would like to open up another constituency. Big pay and little *labor*.

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St. John will have another evening paper to be called the *Evening Gazette*. John A. Bowes has returned from New York, after making arrangements for press, type, etc.

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A tailor is now the only "member of the Press" who may "go over" a judge on the outside with a hot iron, without any fears of being imprisoned for "contempt of court."

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"*Progress*," the new paper, looks very fine: it contains lots of news on all the leading topics of the day. This paper should "catch on" with the people of St. John, who generally know a good thing when they see it. The JURY wishes "*Progress*" a healthy future.

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C. N. Skinner is a conundrum. He is on neither side just yet. All important party questions calling for a division of the house renders Mr. Skinner invisible. He will probably fill a vacancy on the police force when he comes back, as he has all the invisible qualifications necessary to a position of that kind.

His Predicament.

The desperate struggles and flounderings by which some endeavour to get out of their embarrassment are amusing enough.

We remember to have been much delighted the first time we heard the history of the wooing of a noble lord, now no more, narrated. His lordship was a man of talent and enterprise, of stainless pedigree and a fair rent roll; but the veriest slave of bashfulness. Like all quiet and timid men, he was very susceptible and very constant as long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affection daily.

He chanced at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter to lose his heart to Miss——, and as their families were on habits of intimacy he had frequent opportunities of seeing her.

He gazed and sighed incessantly—a very Dumbiedikes, but that he had a large allowance of brain; he followed her everywhere, he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage if she looked even civilly at another; and yet, notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions, notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady—a woman of sense, who saw what his lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affection, and made every advance consistent with womanly delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring and he had not yet got his mouth opened.

Mamma at last lost all patience, and one day, when his lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing-room, silent, or uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good lady abruptly left the room, and locked the pair in alone.

When his lordship, on assaying to take his leave discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him.

Miss——sat bending assiduously over her needle, a deep blush on her cheek. His lordship advanced towards her, but, losing heart by the way, passed on in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring into a powder mine, he stopped short before her.

"Miss——, will you marry me?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, my lord," was the answer, given in a low, somewhat timid, but unfaltering voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker.

* * *

"You have the advantage of me," said the old merchant, blandly. "You will have to get someone to indentify you."

"Identify me? Why, I am your son, just back from college."

"May be," answered the old gentleman, "but my son did not look like a fool, wear a monkeytail coat, tight trousers, and toothpick shoes, nor did he suck cane handles. When my wife returns from her visit to my sister in the country, you may present your claims to her, and if she decides that you are our offspring, I shall be happy to bid you an affectionate good-bye on your return to college."

Tid Bits.

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One For Him.—Rustic Dame (who has never before seen a bicycle, to Cockney bicyclist who has dismounted for the purpose of asking the way): "We don't want nowt groinding to-day, mester."