

Tierney Abroad.

HIS DAIRY IN THE MARKTYME PROVINCES.

Moncton, Jan. the 18.—Arriv here arly this mornin'. Enthertainin plisint minories av lasht night at the Chatham Junction. Tuck a walk around Moncton to-day, an' came to the conclusion that it will be a shplindid pint to sind Immigrants to. Was intherjuced to a countryman av me own, wan Mistor McSWEEENY, as foine an ould gentleman as iver kem over the wather. He is a good Refarmer, long loife to the loikes av him, an thinks Moncton wud be a shplendid place av it warrn't for the hard *Toimes* (manein' the newspaper, I suppose.) Shpakin' av the *Toimes*, av coorse I called in to see Mistor LIVINGSTONE, the iditor. He traited me wid civility until I happened to mention that Mistor MACKENZIE was, after all, a decent sort av a man. This sauned to hurt his feelins, an' fwhin he larnt that I was only a recent convert to the Reformm persuasion, he losht no toime in axin me to lave the primisis. The shleps av the front dure wasn't very aisy to climb down, so Mistor LIVINGSTONE kind av assisted me from the rear, an' I don't think I iver wint down shleps so nate befoor. I wasn't long in the *Toimes* affce, but I tuck notice that they have a purty nice place, wid cromos av Mistor BRYDGES and Mistor LUTHELL, hangin' up. I am towld that thim two gentlemin mostly inspires all the articles they print in the *Toimes*. Maybe they own a share av the paper. I may also mention that Mistor LIVINGSTONE is fond av chromos.

St. John, Jan. the 23.—They must have been havin' a foire in this town a fwhile ago, judgin' from the amount av buildin' material wan sets eyes on, an' the long rows av houses that is invisible. But fwhat is left has plinty av life in it, an' slathers av good solid business min. I tuck a shmall walk down the sthrate to-day me lone, jush to have a quiet luck at the place, I didn't get more than five yards fwhin I was shopped by a shmart-looking man, who had an exprossion av compassion on his face, an' tears standin' in both eyes. He tuck me by the collar av me coat, an' sez, sez he: "But think of yer poor wife an' child." I axed him fwhat he mint, and inforrmed him I was a widdy man, and widout issue. "Av coorse," sez he, "I am aware av that; I hard about the sad beravement an' want to offer ye me sympathy, so I do," and thin he burst out wavin'. "It tuck place more nor tin yares ago," sez I. "Is that so," sez he. "Alas, sich is loife, an' that is fwhat I want to sphake to yez about—loife, are yez insured? Wadn't yez take a policy, now, in the *Ætina*, my dear fellow-pilgrim," sez he. Thin I gev a hard luck at him, an' it imajately dawned on me moind. "Me name," sez he, "is HARPER; I belonged to Taranty wanst; how is Mistor GARVIN an' the purty gurls av the big choir?"

I was plazed to see him, ispcially fwhin he tould me he wuddn't say anny more about me loife, an' only did that be way av a joke on me. I was intherjuced to some av the ladin citizens. Me co-religionist, Mr. ANGLIN showed me through his printin' affce, an' let me examine the type and press to prove there was nothing wrong about the printin' he did for the govrnint. I blave now that was wan av thim Tory scandals, though manny a spache I med on that same befoor me conversion. I wint also into the affce av the *Telegraph*, and there I saw the iditor, Mistor ELDER. The *Telegraph* is a nate litle paper, an' is a sort av a *Globe* down in this part av the Dominion. I had a long conversation wid the iditor on the political situation, an' fwhat was the best coorse to persue. He is wan av the humorists av the place, an' is well known for makin' jokes an' things av that kind. He towld me he larnt this by kapin company wid Mistor JOHN BOYD, a counthryman av me own, I am proude to say, for a foiner speciment av the rale ould Orish gentleman than JOHN BOYD niver settled in Ameriky.

I asked for his photograph, an' here it is. Mistor ELDER med a joke for me, be special request, durin' our conversation. We wor conversin' about the DIGBY eliction—or I suppose I should say defate—fwhin Mr. ELDER ups an' sez, sez he: "Digby jist now is a *Vale* av tears, but weepin' won't *avail* us anything." That is purty bad, but no worse nor the St. John sufferers is used to, for, begorra, they have two comic papers. The *Torch* is wan, an' the



Penny Dip is the rest. You obsarve, the names av thim papers, as well as the jokes they be publishin', is intinded to keep up the minority av their past sufferings, they say Mistor KNOWLES makes up some av the poetry for the *Torch*; but I know wan thing, namely, Mistor HARPER is not the iditor av the *Dip*. I lave St. John be to-morrow mornin' thrain.

Fredricton, Jan. the 24.—I was tuck around this town be wan av the prominent min, who towld me they had a curoosity to show shtrangers. I ispcied to be tuck to a museum or somethin' av that kind, but instead av that, we shopped at wan av the schools, an' he pinted out wan av the tachers. "I don't see nathing in him," sez I, lookin' sort av disappointed at me companion. "Av coorse not," sez he, "There is nothin' in him to see, anny more than he goes a long way to prove fwhat Mistor DARWIN says. That, sur, is COLLINS, the Corrispondint av the *Freeman*." Thin I lucked wid more intherest. I tuck special notice to his head an' ears, an' thin I blaved all I had hard about him. Wid this excieption, the citizens av Fredricton are a decent lot av people. I wint up to the govrnint house, an' had a social glass av soda water wid the foine ould Governor, TILLEY. We talked av politics, but I

didn't let on that I was converted from the dark and wicked ways av 'Toryism. Nayther did the Governor. Av the Consarvatiff party was led by a man av Mistor TILLEY's shtamp, I wuddn't have left their ranks at all, unless MICKINKIE had med me salary as Immigrant Agent twice fwhat he promised me. Mistor TILLEY is a good man, an' I say it aven if I am a Grit this minit, that there isn't anny truth fwhatever in the shtory av his defendin' the Pacific Scandal wid his Governor appintment in his pocket. He is goin' to Ottawa to the next Parlymint an' av he don't lay out that bit av a slander, I aint a prophet, loike me grand-father was.

THE waterworks question is whether a BELL should not be permanently attached to the works. The objection is that that BELL could never be heard by the reporters or any one else at the W. W. meetings. Seemed to be a dumb-BELL.

The Lieutenant Governor of Quebec to His Ministry.

Don't talk to me!
You shall no longer be
A Government, as you shall quickly see.
Get out!

It is a trick
Of mine (words I don't pick)
To send you sort of people very quick
Right about.

You got in debt,
Were going deeper yet,
A sort of thing I do not stand, you bet.
So clear!

MACDONELL may
Let MOWAT have his way,
But in my boat the crew do as I say,
While I steer.

And you laid more
Rails down on the South shore
Than on the North, for which I will you floor.
So get!

I don't endure
Extravagance, be sure.
And you've it shown, for which I'll smash up your
Cabinet.

I do not care
What's customary—there!
Precedents do not me a cent's worth scare,
That's me.

I'm Governor.
That's what I'm round here for,
If chaps don't mind, a jolly little war,
They shall see.

The New Plan.

It is complained in the daily press that our Police Court as a rule administer justice—or injustice—without the prisoner having an opportunity to hear what is alleged against him. A daily speaks of "the present method, by which a whispered conversation is carried on between the witness for the prosecution and the Bench," and remarks that "in nine cases out of ten the prisoner is unable to ascertain the precise nature of the charge." Perhaps it was owing to this plan that the other day a man was nearly convicted for larceny committed on a day when he was safe in gaol. They had brought up the wrong man. But if this is right, why not carry it out? What need of bringing the prisoners up, or perpetuating the big yellow omnibuses? Let a list of names be submitted, the evidence whispered, and the culprits sentenced. They can be told in the afternoon what they are supposed to have done, and what they are to get for it. This will be a great saving to the city. A greater one is also possible. As no one can defend himself, it is clear one man will do as well as another, so all the police have to do is calculate the average amount of daily crime, take enough men to have committed it of those who are going along the street, and put 'em in prison for average periods, perhaps flogging a few now and then to vary matters, and break the monotony. The idea is excellent, and would simplify everything. Perhaps it would be as well for the CADY to take his seat on King street somewhere, and according as the wickedness of the city required, punish every hundredth person, say, who passed. If the hundred looked all very decent, it would be always safe to flog or imprison a politician or a lawyer, or any one of the infamous classes of that sort, G. B., or Sir JOHN, or BETTUNE, or any one of the kind. If they could always be subjected to corporal punishment, or put to death at once, it would save all the awful prison expense. GRIP will see about it.