

[For the Torch,
AT HOME.

(PANTOUM.)

In this grass-widower's hall,
Here I'm sitting alone;
Flies buzzing round on the wall,
Cats on the garden fence moan.

Here I'm sitting alone:
The night is as cool as the fall;
Cats on the garden fence moan;
No one to speak to at all.

The night is as cool as the fall;
Rheumatic pains in each bone;
No one to speak to at all;
My back is as cold as a stone.

Rheumatic pains in each bone;
Sometimes I'm tempted to bawl;
My back is as cold as a stone;
Oh, for a fire in the hall!

Sometimes I'm tempted to bawl,
Things are so knocked out of place;
Oh, for a fire in the hall!
This is a tough-looking place.

Things are so knocked out of place;
Nothing's want to be found;
This a tough looking place,
Everything tumbled around.

Nothing's want to be found;
Holes in the heels of my hose;
Everything tumbled around;
Goodness, how horse-keping goes.

Holes in the heels of my hose;
Buttons all off of my vest;
Goodness, how horse keeping goes;
Every day dressed in my best.

Buttons all off of my vest;
Soon I'll go crazy, I fear;
Every day dressed in my best;
Hurry back home to me, dear.

Soon I'll go crazy, I fear;
This buzzing round on the wall;
Hurry back home to me, dear,
In this grass-widower's hall.

EAK.

RIGGS'S RACY REPARTEES.

[From Meriden (Conn.) Recorder.]

"It has begun to thaw," says the thoughtful man.—*Hackensack Republican*. Thawt so.

"If you would be clear and forcible, don't use foreign words; be natural." But suppose you are A flat; how are you going to transpose the scale in so minor a matter?

The last rows of summer—hedgerows.—*Hackensack Republican*. No, you be blowed, the last is wind rows.

The tonsorial artist is happy, and he often lubricates his shears.—*Hackensack Republican*. The first victim will experience a hair-breadth escape as it were.

"Eye" received a spicy, wide-awake journal from Reynoldsville, Pa.—*Guaranda Enterprise*. We always said you especially needed a good Eye-opener.

Ben Butler has been butting his head against hard money till it's softer than butter.—*Wolcottville Register*. Strange paradox, that hard money should share so soft a fate; and stranger still, that butter should assimilate to Butler's pate.

"The man who tries to flirt with me," remarks Dr. Mary Walker, "may escape a vigorous kicking; but if he does, he will have to run faster than I can." We never thought Dr. Mary was "fast"—but she may be, nevertheless.

PITHY-AN' POINT-ED PARAGRAPHS.

BY "ERRATIC ENRIQUE."

(From New York News.)

— You can't fasten your clothes with a rolling-pin.

— Knowles, of the *St. John Torch*, is the bull-y dancer who asks if we ever saw a cow-drill.

— Arctic expeditions in need of able-bodied volunteers may apply at this office in the sweat by and bye.

— It is better to praise a man to his face than to blackguard him behind his back.

— We are able to ride out, but have no credit at a lively stable. What's the use of being convalescent?

— Never trifle with a woman's affections nor with her husband's misconceptions. Jealousy and suspicion are a rampant pair of antagonists to contend against.

— "Hence, babbling dreams, you threaten me in vain," for I've borrowed an umbrella, and don't fret about the rain.

— A grate match—The one that falls into the open fire.

— "I'll stick to you," as the undershirt said to the perspiring pedestrian.

— How silly for a good-natured man to build his house on a cross street.

— You cannot set a river on fire with a rowing match.—*Boston Bulletin*. Nor with tinder recollections.

— After all our eulogy and gush, a handsome figure is a mere matter of form.

— Can we not properly call the grooms who wait on our fashionable horsewomen equi-pages?

— "High-peer-I-on curls," quoted Fitz-Fangle, as he stood in the third tier of seats and gazed down on a bevy of sun-bonneted damsels in the orchestra chairs.

FIELD'S FUNNY FANCIES.

[St. Louis Journal.]

A green Christmas—no, no, we mean a green peach makes a fat churchyard.

A philanthropic citizen of Memphis has just wedded a Miss Hoss. He doubtless took her for wheel or whoa.

We have tried every expedient, and we find that the simple legend "Small Pox in this House" will preserve the most uninterrupted bliss in an editorial room.

There is a moment when a man's soul revolts against the dispensations of Providence, and that is when he finds that his wife has been using his flannel trousers to wrap up the ice in.

'Tis pleasant at the close of day

To play

Croquet.

And if your partner makes a miss

Why, kiss

The siss.

But if she gives your chin a thwack,

Why, whack

Her back!

A fashionable dressmaker gives the most satisfaction when she makes a miss-t.—*St. John Torch*.

And a printer thinks he's doing right when he makes a miss-print.—*Greenwich Observer*.

J. P. ROBINSON, Esq., St. John, N. B., May 7th, 1878.

DEAR SIR.—In January last I came to Moncton from Memramcook to consult a physician, as I was in the 1st stage of Consumption. When I arrived here I had at once to go to my bed, and was so low I never expected to leave it. A physician was called who pronounced my case hopeless; that I might live a week or two, but Robin-son's Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime, I purchased a bottle of and after taking the first dose I commenced to improve. It seemed, after taking a dose, as if I had eaten a good, hearty meal. I have continued taking it ever since and am rapidly improving. I am confident that had it not been for your Oil I would have been in my grave to-day. You are at liberty to use this in any way you wish, as I am anxious to let others, who are afflicted in the same way, know, in the hope that they too may receive the same benefit.

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

GEORGE (his X mark) SEWELL.

Witness—Ed. M. ESTEVY.
Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto Phosphate of Lime is prepared solely by J. H. Robinson, Pharmaceutical Chemist, St. John, N. B. For sale by Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$1 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.
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