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St. John, N. B.

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**TORCH.**

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES,.....Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 8, 1878.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Newton Wilson has lost three children within three weeks by diphtheria.

*The Freeman*, although *en accorde* with the *Borderer* on Dominion politics, goes for friend Reynolds red hot on the "Sectarian question" in connection with the Local election in Westmorland.

During the past week the posts around the King Square have been re-set and other improvements made, which are creditable to the energy of the Square Committee.

We observe on Mr. John Horn's new building, on Prince William street, an infringement of our patent Torch letters. We forgive him, however, in consideration of his good taste in selecting such a handsome letter. A Cockney, admiring the building, yesterday, said he thought it "the most ornamental front him the city." We agree with im.

DR TUPPER and lady arrived by train from Fredericton, on Wednesday evening, and stopped at the Park Hotel. They left in Thursday morning's train for Amherst, N. S.

Four young men, who happened to be tellers in various banks in the city, walking down King street the other day attracted the observation of a thoughtful youth, who turned to his companion and asked him why they were like astrologers? "Can't guess, why are they?" "Because," replied the youth, "they are four-tellers."

**THE LOCAL ELECTIONS.**—The nomination of Local candidates will take place to-day and the polling will be on Wednesday next for the County and Thursday for the City. As there don't appear to be any party combination it's a sort of "every man for himself" fight, and consequently difficult to determine upon whose banners victory will perch. After the nomination speeches to-day we may be able to form some idea as to who are the favorites in the Local Parliamentary Derby. Of one thing we are certain, that, although twelve will start, six of them will be distanced.

*The Freeman* is watching the movements of Dr. Tupper with distrust.

**THE MCCARTHY CASE**—After a long, tedious and exhaustive investigation of this mysterious affair, and a clever analytical summing up of the evidence by Coroner Hannington, the jury did not agree and were discharged. Five of them were of the opinion that the Osbornes committed the deed, and the other two, although feeling that McCarthy had been murdered, could not feel satisfied that they were guilty. The Osbornes have been remanded to jail pending further action. It is not perhaps right to pre-judge, but a vast amount of circumstantial evidence has been produced to corroborate the remarkable direct testimony of Annie Parker.

**CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.**

A correspondent asks "Will some of the readers of the ENTERPRISE please inform me through your columns, what part of the oca or okro plant is used for thickening soup?" Will some of our readers give the lady the information?—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

We never remember of having tasted o'crow soup.

There is a place in Michigan called Bad Axe. Helve name.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Ax-cent on first syllable.

Boston thinks its diet very beanfishal.—*Graphic*.

We always thought it a pork kind of diet.

The liver complaint—that it costs so much to live.—*Lowell Courier*.

After getting the gas bill, a man is more apt to complain of his lights.

In the grave there is no poll tax.—*Danbury News*. And no carpet tacks.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

Kerrect no man will carp at tax after he's dead.

The origin and etymology of backgammon is in doubt.—*Ex*.

The youth who wrote the above has evidently never heard of a bustle.

A vein search—that of the leech.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

We always found it a suck-cess.

John Morrissey has gone to meet Pharo—*Chicago Times*. There was Aaron on the bank, you bet, when Esau him.—*Hawkeye*. And Mo-ses he waiting for him.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*. Won't E-noch 'em right and left when he meets them with the club.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

Will the Pharo "see" him or "pass" on the other side?

Courtney is the noblest row man of them all.—*Whitehall Times*.

We have one here he hasn't come acc-Ross yet. We think he Wall lace him when he does

It is the last day of spring— unless you are a school boy and sit down on a bended pin tomorrow. Howl be responsible for the season then?—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

Would that be a pin itent bench?

The bell punch notes even the fall of a swallow.—*Chicago Times* Yes and its dulcet tinkle mingles sometimes with the music of men out on a lark. The authorities say there is much robin under it.—*Boston Traveller*.

It evidently does not prevent liquor dealers sel-linnet.

Poisoned apples have been picked up on London streets.—*N. Y. Herald*.

We have often had apple pies-in-us.

There isn't a vegetable that can ketch up with the tomato.—*Ex*. Wrong, we'll bet one years celery that a "scarlet runner" can beat Tom-A to all hollow.—*St. John Torch*. This sort of thing is so melancholy that it ought to be squashed at once or we shall feel inclined to-martyr the next beat who attempts to turn up any more such cucumbersome jokes.—*Provenpine*.

We know a pun-kin beat the above all hollow, but we don't carrot the present time to publish it.

Miss Kellog, the singer, says that men are fit only to be squeezed like an orange, and then thrown away.—*Ex*.

An exquisite young man of our acquaintance says "that would be a neck-squeeze-it death to die."

*The American Agriculturist* laughs down the idea that eating tomatoes tends to cancer.—*Ex*. || You are wrong, we have often seen them in a can, sir. Hope you can sur-vive after reading this.

*Wild Oats*, a humorous journal, is now published weekly. R. K. Munkittrick, a graceful poet and clever humorist—and a success in the way of giving "credit"—has assumed editorial control, and is making a very bright paper.—*Norristown Herald*.

Wheat tender our congratulations and hope it may ryes to the highest pinnacle of newspaper fame.

We have a paragrapher's photograph case, and the latest additions is a *fac simile* of "Ericatic Enrique" (H. Clay Lukens) of the *New York News*, and T. W. Greenslitt, of the *Danielsonville Sentinel*. We hope to be able to have all the "boys" in the group ere long.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

We congratulate you on having secured such a good Lukens set of photographs. Gow-an-do likewise with us.

Dr. May Walker has invented an invisible buckle to take the place of suspenders.—*Boston Post*.

No gay young buck'll be without one. Lukens, how would you like her ah-em-braces?

Socks will be very much worn this summer.—*Boston Post*.

The last *Canadian Illustrated* has a front page cartoon called "Canada's Homage to our De loved Queen on the occasion of her Sixteenth Birth-day." Hasn't Her Majesty more than six teeth?

There is a girl up in the country by the name of Hattie Rack, but her people call her Hat Rack for short.—*Gowanda Enterprise*. Some nice young man should "set his cap" for such an hat-rack tive young girl.—*Torch*. It will be mi-Rack-ulous if some young man doesn't fall in love with 'Hat girl.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

Was Tom Thumb called a-Tom because he was so small?

Have by-ways anything to do with scale selling?

When you see a skye-terrier playing does it remind you of a sky-lark?

A religious parent, on Sunday last, while imparting Biblical information to his six year old, was expatiating on the Antediluvians. The youthful prodigy listened attentively until his papa had got through, and, with a thirst for knowledge said, "And now pappy, wont oo tell me about de Uncle Dluvians?"

Advice to a boy who is anxious to fight—If a big boy insults him let him strike one of his size (his eyes).