

TORCH

Light Literature

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. I.

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1878.

No. 14

THE BARBER SHOP.

A three days' growth of stubble on the chin reminds you that a visit to Prof. Clip, the Tonsorial Artist, would be in order; and off you start. As you approach the shop you see another making a "bee-line" in the same direction. Happy thought—"Get in before him."

You put on a little more steam and beat him by a length. You enter and find a dozen or so waiting, and are about to retire, with the intimation that you will look in again, when the polite tonsorialist says, "Your next turn, sah!" This fixes you, and you enter for a two hours' campaign. You then count how many are ahead of you, and settle down with an air of pious resignation to look over *Our Boys Weekly*, or some other journal of blood-curdling adventures and thrilling escapes. You are about dozing off to sleep when—"N-e-x-t g-e-n-t-l-m-a-n," salutes your ear. Up you spring, take off your coat, and are about to occupy the chair when a big burly chap steps up and disputes your right to it. You know well enough he came in after you, but a slight glance at his superior muscular development, induces you to resign in his favor, and you abjectly crawl back to your seat while the spectators are enjoying a good laugh at your expense.

In a few minutes another "N-e-x-t g-e-n-t-l-m-a-n" is heard, and this time, as there is no dispute, you deposit yourself in the comfortable chair, elevate your feet on the foot-stool, get your head properly adjusted, a towel under the chin, and you are ready for the lather, which the juvenile apprentice supplies with a lavish hand, generally managing to get more in your mouth and up your nostrils than on the outside.

The lathering process occupies about five minutes, after which Prof. Clip stops his razor and commences his slashing operations. Having been sitting up with a sick friend (?) the night previous, you feel sleepily inclined, and are about dozing off when a sharp twist of the head by Clip rouses you for your peaceful slumbers. "Does de razor pull, sah?" The blood he brings at every stroke should be sufficient answer to his query; but somehow you



A WIG-ED JOKE.—Barber—"Have yer h'ar shingled, sah? Give it reg'l'r fightin' cut."

don't seem to have courage to tell the truth, and though you are suffering excruciating torture every time he scrapes, you reply, "Oh! not at all—it cuts beautifully." He will probably volunteer the information that "It is a fine day, sah." You will of course agree with him in this particular, although it is "raining pitchforks," or "blowing big guns." "Have a sea foam?" "No." "Have little ile, sah?" Certainly. In a few minutes your hair will be frizzed like a French dancing master's moustache waxed *a la Louis Napoleon*, the small boy brushes you off—you deposit 10 cents with the polite tonsorialist and—exit.

[FOR THE TORCH.]
O'QUILL WALKS.

He walked one night by the side of the sea,
And he said, "Oh, heart! alas for thee!"
And he said, "Oh, God, have pity on me!"
As he walked one night by the side of the sea.

For what had he found in the world so wide,
But senseless dogmas and senseless pride?
"They may talk of truth and love," said he,
"But it's nothing but talk, as it seems to me."

And the sea replied,—he its language knew—
"To the false be false—to the true be true;—
Battle with fate! and a conqueror be!"
I will, with the help of God, said he.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

LIGHT LOLLIPOPS.

The Fifth Ward Bill passed the Legislative Council with a large majority. The father of the Bill says they are all good fellows. "Jeems" is a boss lobbyist. *** The rumors about Domville are said to be untrue. He would like to find out who the dom-vill-laus are who started the report. *** The Maritime Bank is said to be still solid. We will exchange our paper for theirs. One dollar in advance. Send along your Maritime. *** Mr. H. C. Stubbs, who kept a hotel in this city for a number of years, died in Sussex on Wednesday last. *** Mr. Croff returned from New York on Tuesday. *** Caroline Keltie, a colored woman, was badly burned, by a lamp explosion in her house, East end of Duke Street, on Tuesday evening. *** The Reform Club about to be erected on the corner of Germain and Princess streets. They will be fitted up under the Club's supervision. *** George H. Clark has started on the road again with the Fire Panorama. A Wizard accompanies him. George met wiz'ard enough luck the first trip. Hope he will do better this time. *** Vennor's promised snow storm came late on St. Patrick's day. There appears to be a good deal of veneration for his prophecies. *** Common Council aspirants are doing some lively canvassing. *** The Attorney General, when he is thinking most seriously about affairs of State, strange to say, is not *this King*. *** Mr. Quigly made a successful debut as a platform orator on Saint Patrick's night. His subject was, Pius IX. *** Our Demosthenic orator J. C. Ferguson told the "Celestials" on the same evening what he knew about Daniel O'Connell. *** A good book for the street committee to study—The Tal-mud.

Massachusetts tea chests are exported to China. So the New World teaches the Old how to box, it appears.—*N. Y. Daily News*.
Lukens, did it take 'Oo-long to think of that?

And now the vernal bard can crocus much as he likes about the first spring flowers.—*Yonkers Gazette*. And violet the poetic prophecies.—*Albany Argus*. What a pity the Chris-ant-hems are played out.—*N. Y. News*.

The cook's favorite flower is the pan, see? —