

TERMS:

The price of the Torch will be \$10.00 a year, payable in advance—post paid to any address in Canada or the United States.

TO CLUBS.

Ten copies one year, in one wrapper to one address. \$10, with extra copy to person getting up Club.

Parties remitting should either Register their letters or send Money Order payable to the order of JOSEPH S. KNOWLES.

ADVERTISING RATES:

	per inch.	half col.	1 column.
1st insertion	\$1 00	\$1 00	\$6 00
Subsequent	50	2 00	3 00
Per month	2 50	9 00	15 00
Per quarter	5 50	21 00	35 00
Per half year	10 00	40 00	65 00
Per year	17 00	60 00	95 00

☛ Cards \$10 per year.

☛ Special notices \$1 first line, 1 line or 10.

All communications to be addressed,

"Editor Torch,"
St. John, N. B.

THE TORCH will be for sale at the following places:

H. R. SMITH, Charlotte street;
W. K. CRAWFORD, King street;
E. HANLEY & CO., King street;
G. E. FROST, Union street;
F. BLACKADAR, Carleton;
C. BELYEA, Portland.

Single Copies—Two Cents.

TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 18, 1878.

Buzzard's Bay is swarming with taug.—*Boston Post.* Is this taug-og any relation to the "educated pig" which Barnum exhibited?

A gentleman, looking at the shanty occupied by the Relief Society, on King Square, asked Mr. Reynolds if they were going to have it sold off by auction.

"No," replied Mr. R., "I think we'll have it hauled off by ox-shin."

The *World* calls that Iowa tornado, which carried off a man's oxen, a case of "cattle-up-sy." Caused probably by too much ox-y-gen in the air.

So far as reports have yet been received Mercury and the Sun did not collide.—*Boston Post.* The astronomer of the Torch says—"That's so, for if they did call-ide have seen them."

If the peace mission of Count Schouvaloff to St. Petersburg should result in a failure, there will be a good many who will "shuffle off their mortal coil" on the tented field ere long.

The boarder, who found a hair in the butter at a certain hotel in this city, asked the waiter if they always had it on the "bill of hair?"

The Election Pen is a new patent, of which Mr. Emerson is the patentee. It is an ingenious device, and is connected with a small battery, and after one impression, others can be struck off in any quantity.—*St. Andrew's Standard.*

Our first impression on reading the above, was that some inventive genius, among the numerous aspirants for legislative honors, had invented a pen which would give him a patent write to a seat in the Legislature without going to the trouble or expense of running an election, but we have since discovered that it is an Electric (not an Elect-trick) Pen invented by Edison the inventor of the Phonograph and several thousands of other useful inventions.

IN AUGUST LAST by resolution of the Common Council, after report from the Eastern Lands Committee, Mr. Joseph Bullock was granted a lease, for 21 years at \$100 a year, of the land forming the rocky point outside the Railway and lying to the eastward of Wentworth street on the Bay Shore. The leased land comprised about five ordinary sized lots, but was without approach, and had never been looked upon as of much value. Mr. Bullock at the expiration of his term was to be paid for improvements to the value of \$5,000; he was to provide his own approach to the lot, and was also to build upon it a warehouse for the storage of dangerous oils under the law in force relating to the storage of these oils. Mr. Bullock, it appears, took possession of the lot from the Chairman of the Eastern Lands Committee and put up a building. He also purchased the Gilbert lot on Sheffield street for the purpose of providing an approach to the lot. When he applied for the usual written lease, paying his fee of \$4 for it, and the lease prepared under the terms of the Resolution was presented to the Mayor for his signature. His Worship refused to sign it, taking the ground that the rent was too small. At a late session the Common Council passed a resolution rescinding the resolution granting the lease.

Mr. Bullock contends that, after all the steps already taken by the Council, and his own large expense, it is unfair, and out of the power of the Council, legally, to refuse him his lease. The rent of one hundred dollars is admittedly not the full value of the land, but on the other hand it is contended that the Council for several years tried, without success, to get a warehouse, such as Mr. Bullock proposes to build, erected. That the public safety demands the erection of such a warehouse—that the best possible place for it is the land leased to Mr. Bullock, and that the loss in rent is more than made up in the public advantage to the citizens, in putting an end to the present dangerous practice of letting people store large quantities of oil wherever they please, and virtually without any control.

Mr. J. Macgregor Grant, Chairman of the New Brunswick Board of Underwriters, has called the attention of the Council to the great danger of the present system. It remains to be seen whether or not the Corporation will take steps to dispossess Mr. Bullock of the land taken by him under the former resolution of the Board.

SAMBO.—"Julius if I was gwine to giv you orders to capture de Czar ob all de Rulers, what ginrel ob celebrity would I menslan?"
JULIUS.—"Gen'l Informashun."

SAMBO.—No, you stupid niggah, I'd say to you in senatorian tones "Julius, seize Czar!"

FATHER.—"My son you are going to the devil fast."

SON.—"Then why is my progress in that direction like the entrance to New York harbour?"

FATHER.—"I give it up."

SON.—"Because it is a "Hell Gait."

Pear trees are pairing off so numerously that it is supposed there will not be many pears to pare in autumn.—*Boston Traveller.*

There is a pear-antly a hearty joke in the above pear-agraph.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE PARTY.

Mr. Fred. A. Jones, of the Park Hotel, was visited on Monday afternoon by a "surprise party" consisting of a few of his many personal friends who desired to convey to him an expression of their esteem for him, not only as "mine host" in the capacity of a hotel manager, but also to testify their appreciation of his social qualities as a friend.

Mr. J. J. Fairbairn, of Green & Sons, Montreal, upon being assigned the post of honor, in a few happily chosen words referred to his and others' former pleasant associations with Mr. Jones while located in the Barnes Hotel, and also to the good opinion generally entertained of him by the travelling public for his uniformly kind and courteous treatment, especially to that much abused class of itinerants called "drummers," and hoped that Mr. Jones would meet with uninterrupted success during his stay in the "Park."

After a short and modest speech from friend Jones, thanking the chairman for his good and kind wishes, Messrs. W. Walker of the Napanee Paper Mills, Liddell and Cushing of Montreal, representing the Commercial Traveller's interest, extended their congratulations. "The Intercolonial" coupled with the name of Mr. R. Lutterell, was responded to by Conductors Sprout and Allingham. Alderman Kerr sustained the reputation of the Corporation. T. W. Peters, Jr., Esq., replied gracefully to "The Bar," and Messrs. John W. Gilmour on behalf of the *Telegraph*, and Mr. J. S. Knowles for the Torch, contributed their quota of "good words" in favor of giving Fred. a first-class "send off."

At the conclusion of the speeches, Mr. Jones called on a gentleman named "Piper" to "say something." He seemed to be well known when his name was mentioned, judging from the numerous "smiles" on the faces of the party. His remarks, although of rather a spiritual nature, appeared to meet with a popular reception from all excepting a couple of "blue ribbon" men who did not appreciate his liquid gurglings.

An adjournment to the Ladies' Parlor, was then suggested, for some music, when the company were entertained by Mr. Fairbairn with "Leedle Yawcob Strauss," and Signora Melicki in her prima donna song "Beloved Eye, Beloved Star," after which the party separated, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Jones continued prosperity, socially and financially.

"Wings" is the title of a new novel by Julie K. Wetherell in press by J. P. Lippincott & Co. Of course it will have fly leaves.

A lady remarked, the other day, "it must be very difficult for G. W. Childs to write so much beautiful obituary poetry." Not at all, it's only "Child's play" for him.

Why is a man who sells parafine like a gardener? Because he sells a oil.

Chip bonnets are fashionable.—*Fashion Item.* Just the thing for your ante. You might poker round, for some time and not find such a good one.