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All communications to be addressed,

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

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## TORCH.

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 22, 1877.

## SALUTATORY.

We launch our little "fighter" on the great sea of literature this morning, laden with an assorted cargo, and trust that, with fair winds and careful pilotage, it may long ride the stormy billows with safety, and at last, when its mission has been accomplished, sail peacefully into the haven of rest.

We know the dangerous rocks and quicksands of private personalities on which we, if not careful, are liable to strike, and shall always endeavor to give them a wide berth.

If anything of an objectionable character should inadvertently creep into our columns, calculated to wound the feelings of any one, we shall cheerfully make the *avuncule honorabile*, but trust there will be no occasion so to do, as our aim shall ever be to carefully guard against such mistakes, and keep them free from anything of an objectionable nature.

The Torch will shine every Saturday, and we shall try to make its brilliancy increase with each succeeding number.

We propose to serve up to our patrons wholesome and pleasant dishes of Wisdom, Wit, Humor and Satire, delicately seasoned with spicy materials, which will not be injurious to the health of the most delicate.

We have been promised aid in the way of contributions from quite a large number of talented writers, and shall always be happy to receive assistance of this kind from any who desire to lend us a helping hand.

As the future success of the Torch will very materially depend on a good financial return, we hope our numerous friends, who have so far cheered us on with encouraging words, will come to our assistance with something tangible in the form of subscriptions and ad-

vertisements, and by so doing, give us nerve and backbone to push boldly ahead.

And now, having made our modest bow to our friend, we have much pleasure in wishing them a very "MERRY CHRISTMAS" and a "HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Don't scan our *first* with critic's eye,  
Please pass our imperfections by;  
We hope to make our little paper,  
In every home, a welcome *type*.

Shortfellow.

## CHRISTMAS.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ,"—Tennyson.

In spite of the many unpleasant memories of the past summer, the people of Saint John seem determined to put the usual amount of brightness into the Christmas season. The stores are well stocked with seasonal goods, and in private homes, in kitchen and parlor alike, preparations are being made to celebrate in a becoming manner the birth of the world's Redeemer. This Festival, has for so many centuries been welcomed with delight by Christians of every sect, and by the poor and rich alike—for the prophet of Nazareth was not merely a Jew—his mission was to all nations, and his life was as much a companionship with the lowly as it was a life fit to be imitated by kings.

Let those who proclaim themselves followers of JESUS CHRIST practice, at least at this season, the charity which was the great characteristic of their MASTER.

As more and more men keep in mind the story of the manger in Bethlehem, it will lead them to seek a worthier manhood, and will hasten the accomplishment of the purposes of the Incarnation of Christ—"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

## "THE LONE FISHERMAN."

Grips last cartoon puts the "bait" question in rather a tantalizing way for our neighbours across the line. John Bull and Canada (in the person of the Minister of Marine) occupy a boat near the Canadian shore—in the bow of the boat is a bag, containing the award of the Joint High Commission. Mr. Bull and Canada are busily filling the boat—while Brother Jonathan, in a boat near by, holds out a fish-hook, and says: "I've paid you for the privilege of fi-kin' in these waters, now give us a bait!" John Bull answers:—Why, Bless your hazyes Jonathan, "bait" is a question by hitself.

THE NEW POLICE COURT is being rapidly built, and when finished will be an ornament to that part of the city, in which it is. The Corporation seems to have been even with Messrs. Cutter & Potter in the matter of paying for the work—and have been able to carry it forward without interruption.

WILL WE be considered immodest if we express the hope, that soon the people will say of us—as *George Herbert* said of Sunday.

"The week were dark without thy light—  
Thy Torch doth shew the way."

THE POLICE MAGISTRATE is sometimes complained of, by one-sided men, because he does not forthwith put an end to the liquor traffic. The complainers forget that the magistrate does not hold his position as a temperance man, but as an officer of justice—and that his acts must be done within the line of the law. During the past week he has fined six liquor dealers. This does not look like excessive leniency towards the traffic. Much of the abuse of the Police in this matter is quite as unreasonable. The police being well known, it must necessarily be difficult for them to get information of violations of the liquor law. Why do not those, who say they see the violation, make the information as it is their right and duty to do?

INSPECTOR OF BUILDINGS.—Mr. Madar is a good man, and a first class mechanic, but would it not be well in view of the unrest which is being created in the city by falling buildings to appoint some competent mason as an assistant. The work is rather too much for one man to attend to faithfully, and a practical and experienced mason, like Mr. James Sullivan, for instance, would greatly facilitate the work of the office, and increase the feeling of security among those who are expecting to occupy the new buildings.

THE FASHION FLAMBEAUX are not a refresh of any other journal's fashion articles, but are prepared expressly for the Torch by a young lady, who has had considerable experience in such matters, and whose good taste and literary ability, we can assure our fair readers will be a sufficient guarantee of their value.

THE FIRST of a series of papers called "Esthetic Embers," by Harry Fletcher appears in the Torch this morning. They will be continued every week, and will be found both instructive and amusing.

(A) ICE JOB.—The platform just put down on the sidewalk, east end of Union St. "Who will pay for it?" do you say? Why it will settle for itself, next spring. When the ice melts.

THE GALLERY GODS who attend the Institute lectures evidently believe in the "stamp duty." Cannot the Chi-f get a "clew" to the disturbers of the peace?

WHY HE CONSENTED.—One of our most popular preachers, on being applied to by Rev. Mr. Wills, pastor of the Unitarian Church, to preach for him, replied: "Yes; I will preach for you, because I know of no congregation that is in more need of the gospel."

SHE TRUSTED IN THE LORD.—An old lady, in a Carleton prayer meeting the other evening, related her struggle with the slippery streets as follows: "I slipped up and slipped down, and didn't know what for to do. Then I trusted in the Lord and let myself went; and here I am."

[For the Torch]

## MRS. SILLIBUS ON HOTEL CLERKS.

Mrs. Sillibus says she always likes to stop at first class hotels because the nice young man in the office with a shiny shirt luzzum and demon studs always has such a sweet smile and salve manner and gives such sassy factory answers when you ask him what time the ten o'clock train goes out and he tells you half past nine. Then he sends you up in the Elevator to the seventh story and tells you that it will be so handy for you to get out on the roof in case of a configuration at night. Oh! yes my dear, always stop at a first class hotel,