

For the Torch.
THE COMING STRUGGLE.

BY A VOTER.

I own a Webster's Dictionary,
A big, stout, bible-seeming book,
And so I says to my wife, Mary:
"Old woman, let us take a look
If we can find this grand word 'Grit,'
And what they really mean by it."
"Old man," says she (and here she laughed),
"That's only half, so let us give
A squint what means the *Telegraph*,
By Lib-er-al-con-serv-a-tive."
And so we turned the pages o'er,
And studied them an hour or more

And there we found that "grit" means "sand,"
And that "conservative" means "pickling,"
And "principle"—"a platform stand,"
And "politics" means "party tickling;"
I'm smart, she's smart (therefore I prize her),
But none of us was none the wiser.

Therefore, says I "look here! my lass
Them members mostly fizz like rockets,
And none o' them is such an ass,
But legislate for his own pockets,—
Seems to me that's why they advise
Us to pledge them our free fran-chise.

Then here's my views, so sure as winks,
And this is principles that's sound,
I'll vote for him gives me most drinks,
And sends my wife a brand new gwond,—
For what's the use to have a vote,
If it ain't worth a five-pun' note?"

Mr. Thomas B. Chrystal, editor of the *Hackensack Republican*, and Mr. H. Clay Erratic Enrique Lukens, of the *New York News*, were in town Saturday, the guests of editor Riggs of the *Recorder*, and no man could have done them better. In the middle of one of Meriden's peculiarly bright and cheerful little showers they called on the *Times'* correspondent, and the feeble wail of joy that went up, will be heard when Gabriel gets his phonograph on the gold-topped tarrets, and grinds out the real thing from spiritual tin-foil, instead of trusing to angel book-keeping.

Three clever editors in their good clothes dressed—
In their good clothes dressed, as the rain came down;
Each thought of the paper he loved the best,
And the crowd stood watching them skip around town;
For editors must write, and pens go it steep,
And there's little to tell, and much to keep,
Though the "devil" yell copy till morning.—
—*Hartford Times.*

TORCHLIGHT.

A light so bright,
I flashed on our sight,
It seemed about to scorch;
But when we then
Did look again,
We saw the Saint John Torch.

Friend Knowles, our souls
Like crystal bowls,
Too easily are broken:
And though, you know
That torture is slow,
Your Torch is full of Joe-kin'.

—*Hackensack Republican.*

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

[From the *Roue et Ciel*.]

Shell trimming is very popular just now.
Short street dresses are rapidly coming into favor.
Lace ruffles and bracelets are being worn again.

Black silk stockings have come into vogue again.

Flower fringe is the most popular trimming for party dresses.

Satin combined with silk is used for dinner and afternoon dresses.

New designs in lava goods are very handsome, and are quite popular.

Overskirts are once more made with square, diagonal, and double-pointed fronts.

The richest lace collars of Duchesse or of Honiton are very large, and are pointed back and front.

Swiss topaz, semi-opaque, and of a dark red amber color, appears among the newest styles of jewelry.

Gold is again fashionable as trimming, both on dresses and on bonnets. It is handsome when used with taste and extreme moderation.

White Turkish towelling and pique vests are very popular with black dresses; black and white checked woolen vests are also pretty to lighten black suits.

The caprice for fancy vests increases. Striped silk vests are considered especially elegant in black, cream or beige brown, with satin stripes of the same shade.

Wraps made of Spanish blonde lace and imitation French lace are the present fancy. These are in regular mantilla shape, with round cape back and longer ends in front.

For the display of the costly hosiery fashionable shoemakers are making street shoes low, with high heels, and the uppers composed of fancy cloths corresponding to the dress.

A pretty ornament for the hair is the Greek fillet of silver or gilt—a mere band held on an elastic strap. Ladies are making these of black velvet studded with jet or with gilt nail heads.

The most fashionable lace wraps are capes, fichus or muntles. Nice sacques of thread, llama or guipure laces are in good taste and fashionable. The lace sacques of last season are in good style.

[For the Torch].
JOTTINGS.

BY "QUEEN."

He (idiotically). Do you, ah, know that, ah, song "WATER the wild, ah, waves saying," ah?

She (sarcastically). SEE it goes on "Sis' tear the whole day long," does it not?"

"By George!" said Augustus "didn't the old pair fume when I broke that *scent bottle* down at Doratha's house."

Grand-pa. "Well boys; been to church."
Precocious Punster. "Yes, grand-pa, and heard sermon enough to make a *chap-ill*."

A jocular cuss, looking at some leather in a city tannery the other day, asked the owner why it was like stenography?

It being a tough one he gave it up.
"Because," said the punny man, "its your tanned (it's short hand.)"

[For Torch]
I LOVE.

I love the rosy lips of morn
When peeping from the half closed eye;
She lips "Another day is born,"
And smiles along the eastern sky.

I love the noon, when up on high,
The golden chariot of the sun
In splendor rolls along the sky,
When half his daily course is run.

I love the breath of Summer eve,
The fragrance of the leafy glade;
I love in twilight seas to lave,
And woo the muse beneath the shade.

I love the night when solemn shade
Lets fall her curtains soft and deep;
I love the stars in heaven arrayed,
The soothing tranquil hours of sleep.

I love the worlds that swing in space,
The comets that untiring rove;
And nature with her happy face,
Her Author, and mankind I love.

EAK.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

Rose Belford's Canadian Monthly for July, opens with an instalment of Wilkie Collins' new story, "The Haunted Hotel: A mystery of Modern Venice." Mr. H. I. Spencer, of this city, contributes a poem, entitled "Love's Burial," and a couple of sonnets, one of which we copy in another column. Love, the sea; the grave, beauty of the earth and sky, memories of old joys, are the threads of which Mr. Spencer weaves the warp of his delightful lyrics and sonnets. Grace Green is the author of a pleasant paper descriptive of "The Yellow Tiber." This article is illustrated by a number of well executed engravings. Mr. J. L. Stewart's article on "The Early English Stage," is a gossipy paper, spiced with many well-told stories of the green-room, and of old actors and actresses, but appears to us to fail as a defence of the drama from the attacks of the Puritans, and their latest successor—Rev. T. DeW. Talmage—for it shows, if anything, the correctness of their chief charge against the Theatre. Whether the Church's hostility to the stage helped make it as bad as Mr. Stewart shows it to have been; and whether the Church's patronage of the stage would fully redeem it, are questions worthy of consideration. We notice that Mr. Stewart has also a pretty little Essay in the "Round Table" Department.

Another Saint John contributor is Dr. L. C. Allison, who furnishes a very lively and discriminating criticism of Dr. Grey's Edition of Butler's "Hudibras." Lawyers will be interested in the sketch of "The Bar of Ontario eighty years ago," by D. B. Read, Q. C., and in Mr. Holmes' lead's review of the Hon. Mr. Mills's Land Bill for the North-West Territories, by which the South Australian system of land transfer, was sought to be applied to the newly made Provinces of the Dominion.

Alfred Harvey tells a good story about "Yackerbenderkellie," and an instalment is given of that strange story, by Messrs. Besant and Ri'e, entitled "The Monks of Themela." Mrs. Trail contributes a chapter on "Our Forest Trees."

A good feature is the Round Table, made up of pretty little Essays—*a la* Elia. In "Current Events," Dominion politics are discussed in an even-handed and popular way. In "Current Literature," late Canadian and foreign publications are reviewed.

For sale at the bookstores. Price 25 cents.