

TORCH

Light Literature!

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Vol. I.

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No 31

[For the Torch.]

JUNE 29—JULY 1, 1878.

I.

Two love-lorn youths went out in the train;
Out in the train as the sun went down,
Each carried within him an amorous pain,
And the people rejoiced to see them leave town.

For young men smoke, and young women flirt,
And when you haven't a clean Sunday shirt,
Better leave town till Monday.

II.

Two love-lorn girls sat reading 'Tom Moore';
Reading Tom Moore as the sun was high;
Each voted poetry a horrible bore,
But they little dreamed two worse bores
were nigh.
Though the West window nought but forest
reveals,
Yet out of the East they hear carriage wheels,
And leave Tom Moore till Monday.

III.

Two love-lorn couples went out for a walk
On the shores of a beautiful lily-pond;
And the fireflies gleam while the lovers talk;
And the bull-frogs mock the hearts so fond,
And the pale stars envied their seeming bliss,
As they heard the oft-resounding kiss,
In early dawn of Monday.

IV.

Two love-lorn youths returned to town
More love-lorn than when they went away.
Two love-lorn girls remain to frown,
And eagerly long for the next holiday.
For Sunday must some time come to an end,
In spite of the sorrow of lover or friend,
Who wish there was no Monday.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

Nice thing for a hot day—a cool thousand.

A rolling stone is to be congratulated. It
gathers no mosquitoes.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Woman's sphere—that she won't get a rich
husband.—*Stamford Advocate.*

The man who kneads bread must be very
poor.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

Has to loaf for a living.

When administering ether, is it ether kill or
cure?—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

If business men would only "brace up" on
advertising in hard times, there would be fewer
suspenders among them.—*Stamford Advocate.*

Every once in a while we hear of a California
woman killing a bear. This is all right. But
we challenge the world to ransack the pages of
history and show us where a woman has ever
got away with a mouse.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Halifax has a paper called the *Razor*. We
suspect some great strapping fellow edits it.—
Goranda Enterprise.

A Torch-light procession well worth viewing
—three successive issues of the *St. John (N.
B.) Torch* arriving on the Editor's table by
three successive mails.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Motto of the European Congress—Any Port
in a storm.—*Buffalo Express.*

"I don't care much for a quiet baby, but I
dote on a squalling one," said an old bachelor.
"Why, how strange!" admirably chorused all
the mothers present. "Not at all," responded
the bachelor, "because, you see, as soon as a
child begins to squall it's always taken from
the room."—*St. Louis Journal.*

What's the difference between a renewed
shoe and the contents of a corner-stone? One's
soled and heeled, and the other holed and
sealed.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A duel is quickly managed. It only takes
two seconds to arrange it. If it was hour duel
and we had the choice of weapons, we'd select
the minute gun at sea.—*St. John Torch.* Such
certainly would seem to be a sea-sensible
selection. We suppose you would also form in a
Torch-light procession. But this is making
"light" of a sea-rious matter.—*Meriden Recorder.*

I hate the Persian pomp, O boy—
For me the sherbet hath no joy;
But in the shade it gives me cheer
To rest at ease.

And, with my schooner in my hand,
Sing songs of my dear father-land
And quaff the cool Milwaukee beer
And nibble cheese.

—*St. Louis Journal.*

O vision of celestial ease!
With no one but yourself to please,
How happy in the shade to sit
And drink your beer.

Mortals less favored, grind away,
No rest for them by night or day,
For editors must "up and git"
Year after year.

—*Meriden Recorder.*

Wanted—Delinquent subscribers to settle
up. P. S. In answering this advertisement
please state what paper you saw it in.—*Cin.
Saturday Night.*

We have seen a bun-dance in our time. Waltz
the next observation?—*New York News.* We
have frequently seen de-pen-dance. But are
either of these reel-y well' bred puns.—*Yonkers
Gazette.*

"Make a note of it," as the bank-engraver
said to the plate-printer.—*N. Y. News.*

Why is it that Harpers pay so much for the
most of the literary works that appear in their
publications, and hook their funny pages from
the paragraphs without credit? Has a good
joke no rights that are bound to be respected?
—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

An English medical authority says that the
man who blows the big horn in a band rarely
lives beyond a period of three years. This is
about two years, eleven months and twenty-
nine days longer than his next door neighbor
wants him to live.—*Norristown Herald.*

Did you ever see a pen hold'er, and the ink-
stand by and never interfere? Talk of your
dastardly outrages after that, will you?—*N. Y.
News.*

The day is not far distant when the house-
wife will glance into the woodshed, and finding
that the husband has gone off without splitting
the daily allowance of fuel, will take down the
phonograph, howl into it a volley of epithets
that will register 160 pounds pressure to the
square inch on the safety gauge, and then call
out to her boy: "Here, John, go down town
and grind that out to your darned lazy old
father, and see that you turn the crank lively,
too."—*St. Louis Journal.*

Good name for a lady lawyer—*Sue.*—*Rome
Sentinel.* For a female gambler—*Bet.*—*Ball-
ston Democrat.* For a female shoemaker—*Peg.*—
St. Simeon. For a female messenger—*Carrie.*—
N. Y. News. For a female compositor—
Em.—*Torch.* For a female soldier—*Sally.*
Pass'er round.—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

THE PHONOGRAPH.

WIFE.—"Husband dear have you been up to
the Y. M. C. A. Hall to see the Phonograph?"

HUB.—"Why, no love, what do I want to go
and see that for while I have you?"

WIFE.—"Why Charlie how do I resemble a
Pannograph?"

HUB.—"When I tell you anything in confi-
dence don't you always go out and repeat it to
all the neighbors at your sewing circle?"

WIFE.—"Oh! you nasty brute."

Exit Charlie in haste.

Has a former contributor of the *Globe*, turned
up in Oil City? Will that poem be consider-
ed an Nick's-hot-ic among literary flowers?