



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

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STANZAS.

Whenever I see a red, red rose,
I say, "Mayhap from some heart it sprung,
That moulders beneath, whose cares and woes
Were never voiced by mortal tongue."

And whenever I see a violet pale,
By hedge or woodside, I think, "Ah me,
Of its mother heart, how sweet the tale
Of deathless love and trust might be!"

For it is a fancy of mine, that rise
From buried hearts an emblem true;
That in every flower that buds and dies
The lost and the dead their lives renew.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

[For the Torch.]

NO. EIGHT OF THE WIDOW McKILLIGAN SERIES.

"Look at me, Mehala 'Crossgrain," repeated Aggy sternly, stepping round in front of her, her white muslin wrapper sweeping the carpet like a train. "do I look like a person whose work is done, who is ready to fold her hands and die?"

Mahala thus adjured, mounted her glasses and gave her a searching look.

"Niece McKilligan," said she, "you look remarkably well; you're well milliner'd, an' got up. Why don't ye go like me, accordin' to natar's gardin'!"

"Hif that's natar's gardin'," repeated Aggy scornfully, "its an awful ugly one."

"I don't hold with no sich high flyin ways," retorted Mahala, "I believe in watchin' an prayin'."

"Especially the 'watchin'," snapped out Aggy. "Yes you, and such as you, Mahala, watch sharper nur a weasel fur a chicken, for any little four-paws (faux-pas) in your neighbors' conduct. Oh, yes, you'll watch well, an' if you do see anything you spread it worse than mumps or measles in ten minutes."

"Well," said Mahala, "if ever. No I never—hev yew done, Aggy McKilligan? I didn't come here to quarrel, nur I bein't agoin' to; but its my dooty as yer mother's sister to—to—Gist ring fur Bridget to fetch sum more crumpets, niece, will yew—these be proper

good," and she poured herself another huge cup of broma.

Suddenly came a thundering rap at the door, and Bridget ushered in Doctor F. Alexis Poundpill.

"Morning, ladies," said he bowing, "delighted to see you."

"Be seated, doctor, do," said Aggy, "hits han lage sence I see you."

The doctor was a smallish sort of man, very thin, thin lips and large flashing eyes, big nosed and bald-headed, remarkably stylish in his get up, and very polite and ceremonious in manner.

"I hope the ladies are in excellent health," he said, "but such enquiry is quite useless, absurd in fact,—a look at each charming face is answer sufficient, and such eyes—I am dazzled, bewildered in fact, by their splendour—the blaze of the far-famed Khoo-i-noor is lost beside their beams!"

I. Penny, looked up just in time to catch the glance the fiery eyes levelled at Aggy—that glance!—I heard the silvery peal of wedding bells, and scented orange blossom in its lingering sweetness. Aggy blushed scarlet. Oh, Nicodennus, thinks I to myself, you're nowhere; you didn't lay it on thick enough; you're too slow; you're as gone up as—the last balloon.

"My dear Mrs. McKilligan," continued the doctor, "I am happy to inform you that I've just got out a new thing." "Hindeed," said she, "what his hit? Meantime let me give you a cup hot 'ot broma."

"No, thanks," said the doctor, "I've just breakfasted. About this thing, I have named it 'Dr F. Alexis Poundpill's Rejuvenatus de Imortalatis.'"

"Dew tell!" gasped Mahala, edging close up to the man of the mortar.

The doctor—a very nervous, excitable man—springs up, and begins to stride up and down the room, his great white eyes flashing like the headlight in a locomotive. He kicks things out of his way. He deals sundry vicious kicks at velvet-covered, embroidered foot-stools—the very apples of Aggy's eyes.

"My dear, doctor!" she exclaims, "ow de-

structive you are, to be sure," and she quietly gets everything out of his path.

"Here," she says, laughing, "now go hon han tell hus hall habout hit, han that!"

"Yes, my dear ladies," he continued, "use this wonderful ungentum medicummentum, and grow immortal."

"To goodness, gracious, massy me, yew don't say!" jerked out Mahala, eyes and mouth agape, "I never hearn tell o' the like."

"Yes, ladies, use my 'Rejuvenatus de Imortalatis,' and you will eclipse the sleeping beauty—Cleopatra will be a mere sunflower compared with you; Helen of Troy a mere kitchen wench; Lucretia and fair Rosomand daubs, hottentots,—simply hottentots.—" In his excitement, stampeding about the room like a stray buffalo, he grabbed at different things and tossed them from hand to hand, and performed other gratifying gymnastics, such as catching the kitten on the toe of his patent gaiters and landing her in Aggy's lap, himself quite oblivious of the fact.

"Yes," said he, "make you new from top to bottom, as a shilling fresh from the mint. No more aches, no more pains—assimilation all right, organization all right, the clavicle and humerus movement easy—the phalanges, poration and sputation perfect,—the cripple will throw his crutches to the dogs—old age will—will—be cast off like the serpent's skin—"

"Well in creation!" ejaculated Mahala, "in case it makes ole folks good as new, I'll git dad to sell the two year old steer and buy some. Makes old folks new, git cont there! What jifil news! the jubilee hez come! I feel az tho' I could skip like the daylight on the moun'tains, jist ter hear tell ov it. Ted Styles kin throw his wooding leg to the moles an tew the bats, and Jerushy Jones kin haul out her glass eye, an no mistake."

"Yes ma'am," said the Dr., "the infirmities of poor humanity will disappear before my irresistible medicament like—like—(he paused for want of a figure)—like the mirage of the desert. Sickened and distress will fly—"

"Only one dollar a bottle; buy it, dear ladies, and become like the angels in beauty, as you are in goodness."

Aggy bought a bottle of the immortal elixir,