



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

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(For the Torch).
THE BEGINNING.

BY "QUEEN."

Now Adam he stood in his grandeur alone,
Ere out of his body had come a rib bone.
(For woman was made from a rib you're aware
So rib bone's their idol, and ribbon they'll wear).

The first of his race, a monarch sublime,
He gazed all around and said "all is mine—
—But still there's a want, a something I miss,
And feel that I long that something to kiss."
Soon after poor Adam fell down in a sleep,
Not restless and tossing, but solemn and deep.
Then rose he, but knew not that woman was maid,

He walked in the garden and was not afraid
But hold! what is this? a maiden so fair
Walks boldly up to him without thought or care.

You're anxious to know how they first broke
the ice?

Well, below find the words, 'twas done very
nice:

HE—"Madam I'm Adam."
SHE—"Adam I'm madam."

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

How sweet 'tis when the golden sun
Is sinking in the rosy west,
To sit beside the sea and rest,
And watch the wavelets, one by one
Break on the sparkling, shell strand,
To watch the distant sail and lull,
To watch the happy, soaring gull,
To hold your fair enslaver's hand,
To clasp your idol to your heart,
All this to me is simply grand—
Especially the idol part.

—Wild Oats.

You can't make friends with a mule by paring
his corns.—*Hackensack Republican*.

"A report is going the rounds"—as long as
you continue to fire a revolver.—*N. Y. News*.

St. John, N. B., is a plucky little city. Since
the disastrous fire of a year ago eight hundred
and sixty buildings have been erected, at a
cost of over \$4,000,000.—*Danbury News*.

Parents with a large family, all boys, can look

on the sunny side of life.—*Ec*. They had
daughter look on the other side too.—*Norris-
town Herald*.

A clergyman who has buried three wives
needn't hesitate about marrying another. It
is part of his calling to "hold fourth."—*Cin.
Sat. Night*.

The culprit eyed the rope that swung
Above him, with a smile;
And whispered, just before he hung,
"This is the noose spring style."
Wild Oats.

"Mose! dey's one wrinkle in dat ark bizniss
of Noah's dat looks rudder billious for my
speckles!" "Wha' dat, Pomp?" "Well, it
pears de Scripture sets forf dat de ole man
cram de c'nnoo wid all kinds o' birds and all
kinds o' beasts, but it don't mension 'bout
sabin any fishes an' clams. Now, wha' kep
dem from drownin'?" "Dat is 'spicious, Pomp,
but I guess de fus printer what set up the Bible
mus' lef' out siffin' 'case hyers yer clam chow-
der for pruff dat Noah landed dat insecck all
right, anyway."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

As the night air is so unwholesome, do not
sit on the front stoop without putting some-
thing around your girl.—*Hackensack Republi-
can*. That's so, we always go armed for an
emergency of that kind. But let's leevie the
painful subject.—*St. John Torch*. It would
take more than a pane-full to see it in that
light.—*N. Y. News*.

Behold the farmer-boy going out to mow.
How sweetly the hours pass as he pores over
"Adam Bede" beneath the handy apple tree,
and returns to his noon fodder without "Adam
Bede" of perspiration on his brow.—*Yonkers
Gazette*.

Powder and gloves are the last thing put on
a girl going to a party.—*Bazaar*. You are not
going to get us to ask what is the first, if we
never find out. Besides, we don't want to
know.—*Oil City Derrick*.

First darkey: "What's dis dey's preachin'
now, dat de airf done sagatiate 'roun' de sun?"
Second darkey: "Jess yo' lissen, honey, Brud-
der Jesper's gwine to rise de church debt ef he
knocks all de stuffin' out ob de 'stronomy."—
Andrews Bazaar.

No matter how hard it is to find a rocking-
chair during the day, a man is sure to fall over
when he is in search of the match box after
dark.—*Fulton Times*.

A man never fully realizes to what extent he
is dependent upon others until, at the bar-
ber shop, he has waited impatiently for an hour
and a half for his turn.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A dog-matic man is always dis-curtious.—
St. John Torch. And should be hounded out
of decent society, eh?—*N. Y. News*.

While the jolly joiner adds to his wealth by
his adze, the cheery cobbler finds his all in awl.
—*Hackensack Republican*.

How fitfully the fly surveys
The editorial phiz,
And busily from hour to hour
He hymns his little bizz,
And when he woos the scribe to smack
His journalistic nose,
He lights upon a summit bald
And claps his little toes.

Yonkers Gazette.

It is rather singular that on a wet day a
topee is usually very dry.—*Hackensack Republi-
can*.

He got up this morning, feeling heavy at
heart, without knowing the cause. He went to
the back door, and there saw his garden, the
pride of his waking hours, and the subject of
his dreams, looking like an editor's office. He
sat down on the door-step and said, "(Of all the
sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are
these: I keep a hen!"—*Turner's Falls Re-
porter*.

A butcher's boy was coming down the ave-
nue with a tray on his shoulder. It accident-
ally struck a young lady's seven story bonnet,
when she exclaimed: "Deuce take the tray."
"Madame," said the boy, gravely, "the deuce
can't take the tray."—*Albany Argus*.

If your minister has a severe cough, or ap-
pears to be suffering from a chronic lassitude
during service, or any other symptoms of break-
ing down, he can be cured by a six months
leave of absence, and the prompt application of
a letter of credit for \$5,000.—*Roch. Express*.

The Princess of Wales bought a dozen flat-
irons in the Paris Exposition.—*Wild Oats*.
Perhaps she is going to comb out Albert Ed-
ward's hair.—*Exchange*. Come now, don't
you think this is flat iron-y.—*Razor*.

It has been discovered that the noise made
by bees is a lament.—*Detroit Free Press*. It is
also true that the noise is made by hens in a
layment.—*Review*.

Chrystal, of the *Hackensack Republican*, is a
single man. A week ago Sunday evening, as
his girl nestled her head lovingly upon his
shoulder, her "sharp, pointed ear-rings" tore
a hole in his best broadcloth coat. Verily,
what dangers encompass the bachelor editor.
The next issue of his paper contained the fol-
lowing solemn and suggestive advice: "Young
ladies are advised not to wear sharp, pointed
ear-rings, because they will tear a fellow's
coat."—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.