

[For the Torch]

THE BLUE RIBBON BOYS.

Make way there old King Alcohol,
You blue-eyed blondest toper;
We'll put a lasso round your neck,
You'll find a pretty choker.
Throw your joint-jumps to the winds,
Let brandy cock-tails follow,
And from this day come what come may,
We'll nought but water swallow.

Chorus—

Three cheers for the blue ribbon boys,
A firm united band;
We've nailed our colours to the mast,
And by them mean to stand.

Down, down, with your gin-palaces,
And gambling hells—a light
Luring the feeble from the path
Of rectitude and right.

Till bound in chains your victims lie,
All trace of manhood gone,
And in the gutter sprawling lie,
Mouthing some ribald song.

Lift up your drooping head, poor wife,
Nor with despair sit dumb;

We mean to fight your giants now—
Gin, Brandy, Whiskey, Rum—

That beat you black with cruel blows,
And starve your prattling brood,

Which takes the fire from off your hearth,
And from your cupboard food.

Come join our band, poor slave of rum,
Enlist beneath our banner,

And go to work with might and main,
With chisel, plane or hammer.

Build up the gaps which rum has made,
Cover the ruins over,

And with God's help, you surely will
Be living soon in clover.

— GLOW-WORM.

[For the Torch]

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

HINTS ON CARNIVAL COSTUMES.

The event of next week, so far as our juveniles are concerned, will, in all probability, be the Carnival at the Skating Ring, regarding the preparations for which, THE TORCH has so often been interrogated, that its broad sense of duty makes it necessary to devote the ensuing column entirely to the task of throwing a little more light upon the subject. Originality in this matter is almost impossible, and there is a small likelihood that we, even we, may be arraigned for *plagiarism*, but still, on the other hand, we are inclined to hope that, to some of our readers at least, the following characters will be suggestive.

"Sunrise," may be represented by a glaring and unlimited display of crimson, blue and yellow, profusely intermingled with tinsel. The skirt which may be either cambric or delaine, is of blue, cut rather short than otherwise, extending only to the tops of the boots, which should also glitter with tinsel. Another skirt of alternate red and yellow points, is to be worn over this, the points radiating downward from the belt and being trimmed with a border of gilt braid, which braid also ornaments the blue under-skirt. The corsage is of yellow very much decorated with gilt galloon, and last of the *troupe ensemble* is a gilt crown surmounted with gilt and crimson points. This latter perhaps is the most difficult part of the construction, and therefore in making it, great care should be taken, especially as to size. We have seen some home-made crowns which were conspicuously diminutive and unnecessary to add. "Un-easy was the head that wore such a crown."

A "Mad Ophelia" is to be known principally by her dishevelled hair, her white dress with bunches of grass and poppies, tacked carelessly (perhaps crazily would be a better word) over it, and the willow basket filled with flowers

which she carries upon her arm. An occasional quotation from Hamlet might also go towards making her identity known and effective, though with regard to the effectiveness, we are inclined to think, upon the whole, that it would not be very good, and that in the hurly-burly of the evening, poor Ophelia with her ravings would have but a small chance in the competition for the ten dollar prize.

"Folly," represented by a pointed black dress with a multitude of bells, was one of the fashionable New York masquerading dresses of last season, but this also, we imagine, would be negated by our masqueraders, there being very few of them so crazy for originality as to don the "cap and bells of a fool."

A "Glow-worm" wears a black dress sprinkled all in pale blue under skirt, with a tunic of striped pink and white, a short round basque of pink with a stomacher of white tulle, and a jaunty straw hat surmounting a head of floating curls. Her crook may be a slender stick, with ribbons wound around and tied at the top, and, as covering for the feet, striped stockings with low slippers are most suitable.

A "Palmer" of the olden times, with wide hat, sackcloth suit and coarse, heavy staff, makes a very easy model for a boy, and, if he be a serious fellow, the character is very easy of enactment.

A "Watteau Shepherdess" may act her part in a pale blue under skirt, with a tunic of striped pink and white, a short round basque of pink with a stomacher of white tulle, and a jaunty straw hat surmounting a head of floating curls. Her crook may be a slender stick, with ribbons wound around and tied at the top, and, as covering for the feet, striped stockings with low slippers are most suitable.

To make the Arcadian picture complete, there should, of course, be a Shepherd in attendance, but space forbids our detailing his outlines, and the same tyrant restricts us from touching on other characters such as "Wate-Lily," "Queen Cotton," "Fleet of Yachts," etc. Any one wanting to learn their make-up, however, may find the same in Butterick's Delineator for January.

GOLDEN GLEAMS.

We commenced, last week, publishing "press notices" of the Torch, and shall continue them in each issue until finished. For the many kind and complimentary remarks on our literary venture we feel duly grateful, and have much pleasure in wishing that all of our contemporaries may grow rich, live long, and die happy.

We have received from St. John, N. B., the first number of a new weekly entitled the TORCH, very properly devoted to light literature. Among its numerous attractions we observe an excellent chess column, under the able management of Mr. J. E. Narraway one of the leading players of that city, and with whom we remember having some friendly encounters over the board several years—*Ironclad Times*, Ironclad, Dundale, Ont., Dec. 29, 1877.

A NEW LIGHT.—A new paper entitled the TORCH has just flashed out on the horizon at St. John. The first number make quite a pleasing appearance and no doubt the succeeding numbers will increase in brilliancy and power. We hope the TORCH while shedding healthful and safe light on the country, will prove advantageous to its enterprising editor and proprietor, Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, of this city. Mr. Geo. W. Day is the printer of this new weekly paper—*Christian Visitor*, St. John, Dec. 29.

THE TORCH.—This new luminary made its first appearance on Saturday last. And it was altogether a quite brilliant appearance, such as does credit to all concerned in supplying the illuminating material it contained. The first thing on the first page is a fine Sonnet from the pen of Mr. H. L. Spencer, and it is marked by all the delicate finish and the characteristic tone of subdued melancholy which distinguish the similar production of the well known Enylla Allynne. The rest of the contents of TORCH No. 1 are excellent, and of the typographical aspect of the sheet it hardly becomes us to say much, since it is a specimen of the handiwork of our *New Dominion* office.

TORCH No. 2 will speak for itself to all buyers and readers to day. We expect that the demand for it will be quite equal to the lively call for No. 1.—*New Dominion*, Dec. 29.

St. John, N. B., has a humorous paper of its own—small but good. It is called the TORCH, and its editor is J. S. Knowles, who has contributed much pleasant reading to the *Voice*, over the *non de plume* of "Blax." We wish him success.—*Ironclad News*, Jan. 3.

THE TORCH conducted by Mr. Joseph S. Knowles is a sprightly weekly journal published in St. John, and while it amuses at fun and satire it deals with literary and other matters in such a way as to make it a rather readable paper. Some of Joe's puns are a shade too melancoly for ordinary reading, but the grave and gay will be admirably combined to suit all tastes. The TORCH has an unique head of Clever design, engraved by Mr. C. H. Flowering. The paper only costs a dollar a year. Knowles will be doubtably make it well worth the money.—*St. John Herald*, Jan. 3.

PURE AND PLACID.—The TORCH has copied *Gipsy's* second cartoon of the editor of this paper, and what is worse, *Gipsy's* frightful poetry.

Well, so the early christian martyrs were assailed, and why should we not bear our cross too?

Keep on, worldlings, the sated *Woodcock* man forgives you, blesses you, and meekly turns the other cheek to the smelter.

Let us trust, *Gipsy* will keep his grip on the public, and *Torch* will blaze as cheerily as it begins, and not flaze, and finally go dead out.

We wish both a happy new year, but dread the shoals and quicksands that lurk about in their course, the wary brethren; never malicious, spiteful, or wicked. Strike right and left at shams and wrongs; avoid controversies with scurrilous ink-slingers, and when you find such for antagonists, ignore their abuse. Be Brave, witty, but always good natured. Smile even when you thrust the hardest; if we must be run through the body, let it be done in a gentlemanly manner, then give us a decent burial, and our ghosts won't haunt you.—*Ironclad News*, Halifax.

THE TORCH comes to us bright and lively as ever. It is the best paper of the kind ever attempted in the Province.—*Fredricton Reporter*.

FEEBLE FLICKERINGS.

Under the above heading we intend to devote a column each issue to the first fruits of amateurs in the flowery paths of literature, with the hope that by so doing we may aid in developing the dormant genius of some of these literary aspirants whose virgin offerings are generally consigned to the editorial "waste basket." Contributors will please write legibly, and only on one side of the paper, keeping brevity and point well in view, as well as carefully abstaining from private personalities of an objectionable nature. Contributions not accepted will be noticed in the "Chat with Correspondents" column.

Angeline sends us the following little pungent domestic scene:

Domestic Dialogue.

HUSBAND.—"Why is there no necessity of me drinking wine as long as you are alive?"

WIFE.—"I can't guess Charlie; why is it?"

HUSBAND.—"Because I'll always have you to sup-port!"

WIFE.—Well, Charlie, you needn't *whine* about it. Why are you, when you are cross, like a certain kind of wine?"

HUSBAND.—"Give it up!"

WIFE.—"Because you are *Mud-dear*!"

HUSBAND.—"I *oe-claret* makes me feel proud to think I have such a clever little wife. Let us open a small bottle of 'Moet & Shandon.'"

LAGER BEER NOT INTOXICATING.—We saw the man last night who don't believe lager beer will intoxicate. He stopped us to say, "Mos' harm's be've'gee in er'orld. Manc 'an drink fifty glasses 'n never feel it morn'n I an this min't. A man drinks whisky 'n he shows it. Drinks lage' beer 'n don't sh-s'lowt an' al'y's did! Look at t' nobel German pop-pop-lashun. Never (hic) see 'n tos-tos—ated, don't ye, so 'm I. Lage' beer 's no more 'lect on me 'n so much wa'er. Can walk (hic) hole through la'er or see crack in for 'y foot si-walk well 's any other man. Bet ye two do'n half fian. Ye shay beer 'strays mem'ry. 'She member better to day 'n ever did. What an I—who'r you an'how. Please tell me 't street runs down 'n get a hack 'n go my way. If ye don't who has?' We left him satisfied that he was right. Lager Beer is not intoxicating. Oh, no.