



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

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No 29

[For the Torch.]  
JOHNNY'S ELEGY.

A la Philadelphæ Løtger.

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

The death angel stooped,  
And Jimmy he scooped,  
And up with him swooped,  
To the golden gate,  
Now freed from alarms,  
He warbles sweet psalms,  
Waving branches of palms,  
In that happier state.

He plays on a harp,  
To the key-note C sharp.  
With no critic to carp,  
As below here they will;  
He wears a gold crown,  
And he fears no one's frown,  
And he wouldn't come down,  
For a ten-dollar bill.  
Boston, July 1st.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

Never reproach a man for the worthlessness of his friends, and in the same breath protest that you are the best one he has. It may set him to thinking.—*N. Y. News.*

The hearing is more acute when the eyes are closed, philosophers say. Then we want to know why a fellow doesn't hear when he is called in the morn—or, rather, why he doesn't get up the first time he is—why do they call a fellow, anyway?—*Fulton Times.*

In the daytime, we admire the gentlemen's silk hats; but in the dead of night we don't admire the gentlemen's sill cats, do we?—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

"It is easier to believe an ill report than to inquire into the truth thereof," and so much more satisfactory to scandal-mongers.—*N. Y. News.*

Fewer men have gone to destruction over the brink of Niagara, than have been destroyed by the little cask-aids.—*Whitehall Times.*

Drum majors insist upon a nude dress at every parade, at all events they invariably appear in their bear skins.—*Stamford Advocate.*

There is a physician on Murray Hill who

boasts of his patients being all epi-cures.—*N. Y. News.*

Edison is engaged in inventing a boneless fish. Eel do it.—*Detroit Free Press.* Perchance he may.—*Torch.* We should like to have him do it, for to us they have been a terrible bone-us.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

"Only a tress of woman's hair,"  
The boarder pensively did mutter,  
"And yet I think its hardly fair,  
To give it to us in our butter."

—*Stamford Advocate.*

The man who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls woke to find that the clothes had been pulled off from him by his wife.—*Danbury News.*

A young mother writes to complain of her baby. She says: "There is no use of talking; it won't go to sleep." She should be more pareg—*and in her remarks.*—*Keokuk Constitution.*

When little Thomas stoops to toy with berries, jam and jelly cake, no art can soothe the chastened boy—no nostrums ease his stomach-ache. And if the gripping pains defy the medicines prescribed to foil, his parents will do well to try the limpid, liquid castor oil.—*Fulton Times.*

The force of the human jaw exerts a force of five hundred pounds.—*Lockport Union.* Guess the editor of that paper hasn't a mother-in-law or he wouldn't make the figures so low.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

It takes more philosophy to sit down on a tack without swearing, than it does to put up with a cold dinner on washday without grumbling. This item was handed in by a man who has tried both.—*Con. Breakfast Table.*

There's a place in Michigan called Bad Axe. Helve it so.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.* Accent on first syllable.—*Torch.* Don't chop at this any more or we'll cut sticks.—*Halifax Razor.*

The smallest vessel that ever crossed the ocean is now on the voyage from Boston to Havre. She is named the "Nautilus," and is 19½ feet long and 6½ feet wide. Barque "Henrietta," which arrived here yesterday from Newport, reports having spoken the dory on the 20th ult., in lat. 43, 06 N., lon 56, 50 W. The crew—consisting of William and Walter Andrews—wished to be reported all well. The "Nautilus" was then nine days out.

Perhaps it is naught-'til-us what becomes of these men, but does it naut-illus-trate their lunacy?

[For the Torch.]  
LIFE.

BY "QUEEN."

I gaze into the placid deep,  
And see the fish flash by,  
The frogs around me croak and leap,  
The breeze scarce bends the rye,  
The setting sun—its lurid light  
With glory clothes each blade,  
And far away the darkening night,  
Creeps up with sombre shade,  
Alas! thought I, how like our life,  
This picture seems to be.  
The shades of night portray the strife,  
From which we cannot flee,  
I raised my eyes unto the sky,  
Advanced—then thought *this o'er,*  
As I crawled out (not over dry),  
That I'd drop in no more.

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.—Last Saturday morning, Mr. H. Clay Lukens, of the *New York News*, and Mr. Thomas B. Chrystal, of the *Hackensack Republican*, visited Meriden and passed the day in soul communitings with their brethren of the quill of the Silver City. Having dined in a sumptuous manner with their generous patron, landlord Ives, of the "Meriden House," attended by their friends of the *Recorder* and *Republican* they called on Mr. Damon of the *Times*, and Mrs. Damon of the *Contract*, and afterwards passed a couple of hours very pleasantly at the works of the Meriden Britannia Company, where they received the utmost attention from the junior Mr. Wilcox. The gentlemen took the evening express for their native heath, well-pleased with what they saw and heard. The day was one which will long be remembered by the fraternity of this city, as fraught with pleasure, flavored with wit and repartee, and fragrant with firm and pure friendships.—*Meriden, Conn. Recorder.*

When we feel very bad,  
And get very sad,  
And life's lamp in its socket flitters;  
We have only to go  
To the druggist, you know,  
And get SPENCER'S superior BITTERS.

Female barbers, because they cut off beautiful curls, style themselves dock-trussers.

Did you ever make a bull sigh the first shot?