



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

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No. 28

(For the Torch.)  
AT FORTY-FOUR.

'Tis curious how our natures change!—  
The hopes and fears of the days of yore  
Seem frivolous and very strange,  
At forty-four!

The friendships of our early years  
Grow cold, and our hearts grow sick and  
sore!—  
For such we have few sighs or tears  
At forty-four!

When Mabel died the sun was hid—  
I wept as boys had wept before!  
"My heart lies under the coffin lid,  
Forevermore!"

But other Mabels have taken her place—  
And flowers the landscape have dotted  
o'er!—  
I have no memory of her face,  
At forty-four!

Once for the friendship of men I sought—  
And at a slight my heart grew sore!—  
How well I know how friendship is bought,  
At forty-four!

Well, it is well! I shall go away—  
Some one, mayhap, will my loss deplore—  
But that some one will muse as I muse to-day,  
At forty-four,  
H. L. SPENCER.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

When a girl tries to whistle, her mouth looks  
as though she tasted something bitter.—*N. J. Republican.* How would you expect her mouth  
to look if something bit her?—*Stamford Adv.*

Who ever saw a devil fish.—*Herald, P. I.*  
Victor Hugo and tell him.—*Oil City Derrick.*

It was a good thing for a New York daily to  
engage H. Clay Lukens as paragraph editor.  
It helps to carry the *News* to hire 'em.—*Stam-*  
*ford Advocate.* We're very sorry, but Lukens'  
name is not Hiram, it's Henry. Don't you wish  
you hadn't?—*Hackensack Republican.*

"This is poor twine," said a customer to a  
dealer, as he exclaimed an inferior article of  
wrapping-cord. "Port wine, is it?" exclaimed  
an Irishman standing by. "It isn't poor wine

at all, man; it's sthring just. Phwat're yo  
givin' us?"—*Albany Argus.*

There is a place in Michigan called Bad Axe.  
Helve name.—*Turners Falls Reporter.* Ax sent  
on first syllable.—*St. John Torch.* We had one  
on this, but we can't latchet it out just now.—  
*Stamford Advocate.*

Europe is like the modest guest at dinner,  
"I'll take a little peace, thank you."—*Keokuk*  
*Constitution.*

To the average Athenian the dearest spot on  
earth is the Greece spot.—*St. Louis Journal.*

An "eminent chemist" holds that penny-  
ante inevitably suggests the presence of ante-  
money.—*Stamford Advocate.*

A black-edged envelope makes a very neat  
mourning wrapper.—*N. Y. News.*

A New Haven man whose wife, Emma, has  
just presented him with twins, raising the total  
number of his "responsibilities" to thirteen,  
now goes about the house thoughtfully hum-  
ming that charming new melody, "Whoa Em-  
ma."—*Stamford Advocate.*

Ingratitude is strongest in a Coroner. You  
may do him every kindness, and you can't tell  
what moment he will sit on you.—*Oil City*  
*Derrick.*

He was a school boy of eleven, and had a  
mind full of interrogation points. When he  
asked his teacher "Who was Ocles, and what  
was he cursed for?" his instructor nearly split  
his head thinking before it occurred to him  
that his pupil referred to Damocles.—*Norris-*  
*town Herald.*

If Satan is not a 'female, what is he called  
Luci-fir?—*Whitehall Times.* This is a very im-  
portant question.—*St. John Torch.* You will  
find it so, some day.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"Anything new or fresh this morning?" a  
reporter asked in a railroad office. "Yes," re-  
plied the lone occupant of the apartment.  
"What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping  
out his note-book. Said the railroad man, edg-  
ing towards the door: "That paint you are  
leaning against." Such are the loads a news-  
paper man must bear.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

*Keokuk Constitution*: "Look at the butter-  
fly," said a landlady at one of our boarding-  
houses, and she said it in such a tone that  
every knife was arrested in its march toward  
the butter-plate, and the boarders could not  
tell whether she meant the insect which had  
just flown in at the window or the dairy pro-  
duct on the table.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

"What is the difference," said she,  
Between the moon and you?"  
"I cannot tell, my treasured one,"  
Said he, with intr'est new.  
"The difference is this," said she,  
With satire of a Junius.  
"The moon hath silvery quarters, love,  
While you are impecunious!"  
*Yonkers Gazette.*

Arrows by any other name would fly as swift.  
—*Hackensack Republican.*

A dry Dey.—The thirsty monarch of murky  
Morocco.—*N. Y. News.*

*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*: A soldier wrote  
to a Chicago pension lawyer, to learn whether  
a man who had been kicked by a mule while  
in the service could secure a pension. The  
lawyer replied that if the mule was feeling  
well and had a fair chance he didn't think he  
could.

A comic song is an absurd-ditty.—*Hackensack*  
*Republican.*

*New York News*: It seems second nature for  
the average Teuton to toot on some brass in-  
strument.

Wax figures will not lie.—Ex. No; but they  
will run—if you place them in the sun or too  
near the fire.—*Norristown Herald.*

The tender memories of a past love will come  
stealing o'er the senses of a man like the rich  
aroma of pan-cakes on a frosty morning.—*Hack-*  
*ensack Republican.*

Says Pat, "many aches  
Be japers o'ertakes  
I's, dwelling in mortal tinimints;  
But our aches we can cure  
Begorra I'm sure  
With SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENTS."

Little nips of whisky,  
Little horns of beer,  
Makes the high old bender,  
And the drunk severe.  
—*Hartford Journal.*

We clip the above from the *Gowanda Enter-*  
*prise* in which it is erroneously credited to the  
*Hartford Journal.* It was written by Mr.  
Phillips Thompson of the *Boston Traveller* for  
the *Torch* and has been extensively copied,  
sometimes with and often without credit, ever  
since.