

"MASKS AND FACES" ON ICE.

The Carnival at the Rink.

The first Carnival of the season, postponed from January 22nd, took place on Tuesday evening, January 29th, and was altogether an immense success, that is supposing the immensity of the success depends upon the number of people in attendance. As early as half past eight o'clock the platform, all around, was thronged with spectators, ranged three, four and in some instances five tiers deep, while those who, despairing of gaining even a peep at the show, took refuge in promenading, were forced to elbow their way through a crowd sufficiently dense and miscellaneous to suit the most exacting in these respects.

So far as the entertainment itself went, the ice was very good, the gas very bad and the costumes midway between, that is only mediocre: though upon second thoughts we doubt whether the bulk of them even attained to mediocrity. Originality was at a discount most assuredly, especially among the gentlemen of whom hardly more than two or three deserve more than the most passing mention. Of these favored few the Waffle Vender, a Patent Oil Can Man, a Bill Collector, and a couple of Hod-carriers were, perhaps the best conceived, though to our minds, the Baby was one of, if not the best thing on the ice. As a matter of course, being represented by a tall young man, this precocious infant was not exacting of a kind most young ladies would care to hold very long in their arms or smother with kisses, but still it was a very life-like representation and extracted much favorable criticism. Among the lesser lights were a South-sayer, a Knight of the Cross, a Moose Hunter, "Sullivan" Pusha, "Hamlet" and others whose identity, *pro tem*, might be guessed after close scrutiny though not in any case from their actions, these being in the highest degree non-committal. One of the main objects of a Carnival is, we believe, to make the skating ground, for the time being, a mimic stage, but the actors in this latter case fell very far short of their share in the representation. Indeed we are inclined to think that if any one of them, Hamlet for example, could be overheard when in conversation with the partner of the moment, instead of any such oracular and appropriate utterance as

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

The probabilities are, he would be saying, sportively and moderately, "Well, you know, I belong to the Ice-farm Club and have given up betting, but I think I could guess the initials of your name." This is hardly as it should be, and we hope that, at the next Carnival, the character represented will be better enacted.

Among the ladies this lack was not nearly so apparent, nor, indeed, was there such a want of originality in any way. Certainly Night, Moonlight, Snow, etc., would not strike the beholder as being notably unique, but other representations, such as a Fortune-teller, a Charity Girl and the Nurse Maid, who was also the prize winner, became new from the faithful manner in which they were assumed. Two young ladies representing respectively the Government and Opposition Tickets, gave a sprinkling of politics to the scene, and, also, caused a good deal of lively guessing as to their personalities. The impersonation of "Nancy" from the opera of "Martha" was good in every way, and the Oriental Princess was also very much admired and considered true to her text, though, we think, it would be somewhat of a novelty to see a real Oriental as expert on skates.

The music throughout the evening was especially good, and this fact combined with the excellent ice, made the whole affair pass off very pleasantly particularly so far as the skaters were concerned. Of course, there were present some disagreeable and moralistic people, principally those who

were crowded out of the front rows and forced to take a rear and very cold position on the outside edge, who amused themselves by contrasting the gay and animated scene upon which they gazed, (or upon which they would have gazed if they could) with all the misery and desolation those same rafters have enshrouded since last June; but such contrasts are neither here nor there, and, indeed, if the contrasters only stopped to think the matter over, they might find in it, causes for gratitude rather than grumbling. At best "all the world's a stage," and some of the relief committee are free to own that out of this same multitude who arouse the sentimentality of critics of this present time, there were those who could act a part quite as completely and far more wickedly than the innocent participants at the Carnival. Gloomy meditations at such a place are out of place.

"'Tis some times natural to be glad,
And no man can be always sad
Unless he wills to have it so."

[FOR THE TORCH]
FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

Neckties and handkerchiefs frequently go in pairs now a-days, the ties being white muslin with tucks and plaited ends embroidered in colors; and the handkerchiefs also embroidered and edged with leaves and scallops in the same shades—of which shades red and blue is the favorite combinations.

Nearly all the fashion books are joyfully announcing the return of short walking dresses, but we fail to follow *quite*, inasmuch as we St. John people have not witnessed their departure to any noteworthy extent. Demi-trains and total-trains have, of course, always been more or less represented upon public promenades, but as a general thing our womanhood are too sensible to sweep the streets with silk or velvet, or, in fact, any other dress material.

Bows, that is ribbon bows, are now often made of satin, and are classified under three heads—"Butterfly," "flot" and "trefle." Of these the first-named is flat, and has ends of the same length as the loop. The "flot" bow consists of falling loops all of narrow ribbon, and the "trefle" is made up of three loops and two ends. The "flot" is composed of one color, the "butterfly" of two, and the "trefle" of three.

It is now more fashionable than otherwise to have the underskirts of good dresses composed of a material different from and cheaper than that of the rest of the costume, some of the most stylish dressmakers frequently putting alapaca in the place of cashmere under the overskirt or polonaise. This fashion will lift a load from the heart of many a worthy lady, who has heretofore been exposed to an imputation of parsimony whenever any of such make shifts happened to come to light.

A Parisian novelty is a tremendous cuff stud for gentlemen's wear: an affair so large that it gives in microscopic figures a date for day and month up to the end of the present century. It is called a perpetual almanac, and is said to be very convenient, but it must look like the jewelry a negro minstrel gentleman would wear, and is also slightly suggestive of the schoolboy habit of printing the multiplication tables upon the thumb nail.

Fashion's favorite color this season is green, under the various modifications of dragon, moss, olive, lizard myrtle, sea-foam, Nile, salad, bottle, bronze and hunter's green. They are all there, only pea green and apple green, and these have both slipped quietly back into the shades of a past generation.

The fashion of the gentleman taking the lady's arm is falling into disrepute this winter, being considered vulgar. It does not look exactly *comme il faut*, and yet when a lady wants to keep her equilibrium upon the ice and her hands in her muff at one and the same time, this despised and respected fashion becomes very convenient.

The most recent novelty in the way of jewelry is a beautiful hair pin—*épinglé*—of three small dahlias composed of amethysts. A wreath of such dahlias would be rather an expensive effort in the way of style and simplicity.

Ox Dr.—That this is positively the last season in which overskirts and polonaises will flourish. Query. What can or shall we do without them?

TORCHISMS.

***Country lovers' favorite gem for Summer wear—A-gate. Much happiness hinges on it. *Norristown Herald*.

Especially when they're locked in each others arms.

***Bagnall, of the Turners Falls Reporter, thinks that Job wasn't such a funny paragon. You mistake; for he belied everything down.—*Danversville Sentinel*.

He was only a job printer. Don't job be so funny.

***An exchange says that "When a girl gets mad and rises from a fellow's knee, but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what they call a relapse." But when she falls into his arms, that's what they call a collapse.—*Danversville Sentinel*. We are told that such *rel' haps* are frequent here in Whitehall.—*Whitehall Times*.

In St. John we call them *miss-haps*, or as our girls say, *lo-pus-linger*.

***Rose Wood is the next American great actress. Maybe she will only be veneering, after all.—*Whitehall Times*. We know she Wood be; she wal-nut be out shone by any star.—*Danversville Sentinel*.

We o-pine the thing we call a Rose Wood by any other name such as sweet. Please don't provok us to say anything more on this dry subject.

***Mr. J. G. Smith, of Stamford, Conn., with his wife, got out of bed to answer the call of a tramp, and while they were gone a mass of plaster fell upon the bed, which would have probably killed them both had they remained. So, there is some virtue in entertaining tramps.—*Ex*.

And mortar-fication would have taken place immediately.

Soda water is said to have been invented somewhere about 1812.—*Ex*.

There was some popping done about that time if we remember correctly.

"An eager and nipping heir"—a new born babe.—*Lowell Courier*.

A colored baby you'd call, "A negur and a nipping heir."

Halley's comet has lost one-third of its tail since it was first discovered.—*Ex*.

This skye tarrier has evidently been curtailed.

The denizens of the oil regions live on the fat of the land.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

This must be the real fat-herland.

Ladies now wear lisle thread stockings inside colored silk stockings.—*Ex*. How the newspapers get all the news continues to puzzle many readers.—*Norristown Herald*.

Easy enough; they bustle around among the ladies.

"How can I leave thee," he was singing in a very tender tone. He wasn't very popular with her parents, and it was verging on twelve o'clock, and the old man came in and showed him how he could leave her.—*Rockland Courier*.