

[For the Torch.]

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

No. 10.

Mr. Dymond is known to fame as "the Bald-headed Ananias of the *Globe*," and the epithet is a happy one in every respect. He is very bald, and his affection for the Ananias family is manifested very often by his distaste for truth. Mr. Dymond, in short, will have nothing to do with facts at all, unless he can marshal them in such a way as to convey an untruth. He must have worn the hair off the top of his head, butting the commandment (which one is it?) against lying, and has kept up the habit so constantly that the bare poll shines like the scales of a perch under water. His jaws are heavy, showing a strong appetite for something out of the ordinary fare of decent people, and covered with a heavy grey beard, mixed with black. When those huge jaws are fastened on a man's character they never let go until something gives way. He will have the piece if he dies for it the next minute. Those jaws keep up a perpetual rotary motion, showing the man's craving for some one's reputation to gnaw on. No ill-fated dog ever longed more ardently for bones than Dymond does for scandal. "He is on the scent of some thing nasty," is what rises in the mind as Dymond passes by,—the whole manner of the man being suggestive of scavenger duty. His liking for this kind of work is so great that he is given all of it to do, as a matter of course. He would resent, as meddling with his department the attempt of any other member of his party to get his nose into anything unsavory on the other side of the House. Discouragement does not damp his ardor for corruption, and he wonders at the distaste of others for his favorite pursuit, as the lover of old cheese wonders at any one's turning his nose up at worms. When he finds any sores, putrid or otherwise, he rejoices in the discovery, and gloats over the evidences of disease; but when he loses the scent, or arrives at the end of his chase and finds nothing there, he dances around like a dervish at his devotions, and howls even more loudly than when he finds something, trying to make up in wind what he lacks in matter. He is very indiserect, allowing his passion for putridity to carry him beyond all decent bounds, and George Brown often says to him, in the words of the immortal Isaac Newton to his dog: "Ah, Dymond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" But the work he does is part of the legitimate party warfare of the day, and his services are supposed to outweigh his indiscretions. Dymond is an ideal demagogue. He has all the mannerisms of his class, having graduated from the English school. The chief qualification for success is the art of counterfeiting deep convictions of duty, and an immovable purpose of acting on them. Dymond has this art to perfection. The bold effrontery with which he will rise in his place and make high-toned appeals to the House against being supposed for one moment to have done things which he is known to do every day, takes the breath away from less audacious hypocrites. Time after time this session he indignantly repudiated all connection with the *Globe* correspondence, and then the dismissal of a reporter led to the revelation that Dymond had been in the habit of sending his slanders over that man's name. You cannot imagine the lofty air of the man as he inveighed, with a virtuous indignation that made him two feet taller than his fellows, against the unkindness, and the undeserved cruelty of the assumption, even for a moment, that he could have written anything which he would have blushed to sign his name to. His eyes beamed with frank openness, his voice was sympathetic with emotion, his face was turned upward in devout appeal to Heaven, his hand was on his heart, and the shine of his ivory scalp was brighter than the moon at the full. And still

he was imitating the Scripture wo-thy for whom he has been named! O ye who yet retain faith in man, who believe you can look in the depth of a fellow being's eyes and see the truth there, who fancy that none can lie so like truth as to deceive, stay away from Ottawa! keep clear of Dymond, or your faith will depart from you and leave you with suspicion of all protestations of innocence and virtue. Dymond can get more tons of inference out of a given number of ounces of fact than any other man in Parliament or on the press. He can put two and two together and make a million with ease. A suggestion is as good as a demonstration for his purposes. It is not in one respect merely that he is a consummate hypocrite, not one of the smooth oily, oily hypocrite, but a harsh-toned, high flying, self-asserting hypocrite. He speaks at temperance meetings, is enrolled among the champions of the cause, and considered one of their great lights, and yet takes his glass regularly, having the assurance to drink with the very men he assails in the *Globe* for drinking.

CLIPPINGS CRITICIZED.

There is a dead-lock in the San Francisco Council through the refusal of the Mayor to sign contracts for the new City Hall.—*Ex.*

Hadn't he better open the dead-lock with a skeleton key?

When you go out to shoot wild cats you should have a "Long Tom," and not fool around with a cat ling gun.—*N. Y. News.*

That's so, if you go out on purr-puss to shoot that kind of game, but what does a wild cat amount to anyway?

The newspaper maker who enlivens his columns by stealing paragraphs, appeals to his readers with all the eloquence of a scissor-ow.—*Whitchell Times.*

Will the "Racy Item"-izer of the North Sydney Herald please cut the above item out and paste it in his hat?

A policeman's club is termed a "loclist," because it is generally low cursed by the riff-raff of creation.—*N. Y. News.*

We always thought it was called a baton, because a prisoner who resists is liable to get a bat on the head with it.

Prompt people are planting their early vegetable seeds.—*Yonkers Gazette.* We should think so, for two regular beats came up in our office yesterday.—*Conn. Bulletin.*

Suppose you knew they were beats by their reddish turn-up noses. They probably went up expecting that you would pass-a-"nip" to them. Lettuce pro-seed.

A baby in a basket was found in the corner of a rail fence in Pennsylvania the other evening. It is supposed to have been left there by Miss Stake.—*Worcester Press.* You're not posted. It was put there in hopes that some kind person would picket up.—*Norristown Herald.* When they asked the baby how it was, the infant admitted it was "cornered" for a reason.—*N. Y. News.*

The jokes are rail good, but isn't the desertion of a baby a pun-ishable of fence?

On the evening of his wedding, Lord Roseberry received a package from the bride-elect. It contained a small gold box, and in a separate envelope a pretty gold key. No letter accompanied the gift, nor instructions of any kind. My Lord, however, did not hesitate as to the use of the key. He opened the box. It contained the last check which Hannah de Rothschild would ever sign as a spinster.

Beautifully written in her own fair hand, it was drawn in favor of Lord Roseberry—\$1,000,000, payable to his order.—*Ex.*

She probably Rose-berry high in his estimation when he received such a handsome present.

WITH THY TRESSES.

With thy tresses, sweetheart bind me,
Aye, a willing slave to thee,
Never, never shalt thou find me
Striving, longing to be free.

Serving glad in bonds forever,
Counting still the service sweet,
Nothing shall the dear chain sever,
Living, dying at my feet.

—Minnie C. Ballard.

Minnie, when you mailed that poem,
Did you think what folks might say?
Though your parents, I don't know 'em,
Sad, forsooth, they feel to-day.

That their daughter, whom they dote on,
Sends such stupid stuff to print,
Don't get riled, I merely wrote on
Your account—no malice in't.

ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

—N. Y. News.

"Enrique," you're too hard on Minnie,
Who with tresses, would be bound;
Such a "willing slave" as she is,
In this world is seldom found.

Try and make poor Minnie happy,
Who for you would like to die;
And, if she asks to marry,
Answer sweetly—"What d'yer say?"

Inducements to Subscribers.

BEAUTIFUL ART PRIZES.

We intend offering a number of first-class Prizes, to be drawn for by subscribers according to the English Art Union rules.

1st Prize—An Oil Painting called "Moonrise on the Coast"—value \$30.

2nd do.—"The Passing off Shower"—value \$20.

3rd do.—"The Evening Show"—value \$10.

4th do.—A Water Color—value \$5.

5th do.—A handsomely bound edition of "Leeds Yawcob Strauss, and other Poems," by Chas. F. Adams.

6th do.—"Evenings in the Library," by Geo. Stewart, Jr.

7th do.—Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's last book, "Silent and True."

The oil paintings are being painted by our talented town-man, John C. Miles, Esq., whose well earned reputation as an artist is sufficient guarantee that the pictures will be valuable works of art.

When finished they will be placed in the window of Mr. A. C. Smith's drug store, on exhibition.

The drawing will take place on the 1st of June.

Remember that for One Dollar you will receive a copy of the Torch for one year, and have a chance for one of the prizes.

Canvassers wanted, to whom good commissions will be given, to obtain subscriptions in this city and the Provinces. Parties wishing to canvass will please apply personally to the editor, at the office of E. T. C. Knowles, Barrister, &c., in Y. M. C. A. Building, or by letter addressed to "Editor of Torch," St. John, N. B.

Specimen copies sent free to any address. Agents wanted in every town.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO CANVASSERS.—A cash prize of \$10 (beside the commission) will be given to the person obtaining the largest list of subscribers between now and the first of June.