



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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1878.

No. 25

[For the Torch.]

WHEN O'MADIGAN DIED.

The widow and children, they sat down and cried,
And Teddy and I drank whisky and sighed,
On the night after Patsey O'Madigan died.

The widow said, "Oh, there was nivr a man
Like Patsey!"—the tears down her pretty
cheeks ran,
While Teddy reached over to me for the can.

A pint of the whisky, begorra, he hid
'Neath his vest in a twinkling. Then turned
to the wid—
Ow, and said, "that's good whisky ye kape!"—
that he did.

Then I, Terence O'F laherty Michael McFinn,
Put me arms round the waist of the widow, and
thin
Said, "Patsey's at rest, and to mourn is a sin."

"There's as good men on top of the sod as be-
low it—
"So weep no more, Bridget, I'm sure that you
know it,
"And if you still doubt, I'm the man that can
show it."

Then the widow she wiped all the tears from
her eyes,
She choked all her sobs and she smothered,
her sighs,
While Teddy looked on with a dale of surprise
Says I, "Ould Saint Peter was nivr so glad a
man,
As when he scooped Patsey!"—and as you're
not so bad a man,
I acquaint you with Mrs. McFinn—late O'Madi-
gan.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

A woman says very few men have the slight-
est idea how to hold a baby. And we don't
suppose one man in a hundred has the slightest
desire to hold one. If it is a female baby he is
willing to hold it after it reaches the age of
seventeen years, we've been told. The best
way to hold one under six months is to hold
yourself aloof from it.—*Norristown Herald.*

Ed Gillespie of *The Stamford Advocate* ad-
mits that O'Leary is a fast walker, but thinks
that a hungry tramp is a faster.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

A MEMORY

I remember, I remember the day that I was
born,
Or if I don't you never did, so spare your sneers
and scorn:
Madidn't go to market, nor never cooked a
meal.
But merely laid and listened unto my baby
squeal,
My daddy was delighted, I looked so much
like him,
Poor sister's nose got out of joint, while broth-
ers Joe and Jim
Found they were small potatoes, and went off
in a huff—
That's all I know about it, and think it *quantum*
suf—*ERRATIC KNRIQUE*—*N. Y. News.*

It is stated that "Dr. Mary Walker cuts her
own trousers." Now that she has recovered
from a serious illness, it is hoped that she will
"cut" all her trousers, and don garments that
are slipped on over the head.—*Norristown*
Herald.

Chicago men can scarcely believe the evi-
dence of their own census.—*Danbury News.*

Sir Isaac Newton was a profound philoso-
pher, but he never investigated the chronic
courtship of congenial cats.—*N. Y. News.*

One of our Whitehall butchers is such a
stringent temperance man that he refuses to
sell his customers "corned" beef.—*Truthful*
Times.

Miss Hanlon, sister of the Canadian oarsman,
offers to row any woman in the United States
or Canada for a purse of \$500 on a three mile
course, and it is said she can beat her brother
in a mile race.—*Whitehall Times.*

A THOUGHT.

If flowers could always bloom at eve
As sweetly as they bloom at morn:
If joys could ne'er take wing and leave
Our hearts to languish all forlorn—
Then flowers would ne'er seem half so bright
And joys would ne'er be half so dear.
The sweetest dawn of morning light
Is that we gaze on through a tear!

Don't you always notice that when you spill
a bowl of gravy at dinner, that the attraction
of gravity-tation is strongest towards your
lap.—*Whitehall Times.*

Young lovers by moonlight are naturally
short-sighted, i e , they take a fine-night view
of things, you know.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

WORDS AND TONES.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it ;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.
The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart ;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart,

Her husband had been playing base ball and
when the doctor came she explained: "Poor
Adolphus! He got a pitcher in his centerfield,
and he can't walk." The doctor thought it more
likely that he had been playing short-stop to a
jug.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Many people cannot keep dry with their
rum-brella.—*Whitehall Times.*

The imperative mood. Stand and deliver!
—St. John Torch. When the old cow moo'd
it was its indicative mood.—*N. Y. News.*

"Why, how is this? Didn't that fisheries
award settle the finny'un question.—*Graphic.*

Never try to whistle a diamond back when it
is out of ear-ring.—*N. Y. Mail.*

We sometimes hear of public men taking
care of themselves, but Sitting Bull knoweth
how to take hair of his enemies.—*Stamford*
Advocate.

In India the towns communicate by means
of signals by candles—a sort of tallowgraph.—
Graphic.

A sharp-sighted Hibernian is our old friend
Mike Roscope.—*N. Y. News.*

The *New York News* is not distinctively a
sporting paper, but "Erratic Enrique's" column
is decidedly racy.—*Stamford Advocate.*

A contemporary inquires: Why is it that
when a man wishes to allude to a newspaper in
terms of withering contempt he calls it "a
sheet?" We suppose it is because he regards
the remark as a "comforter," and as being
calculated to "bolster" his feelings.—*Catskill*
Record.

No, isn't it because these ignorant people
imagine that it's something on which editors
lie?—*St. John Torch.* We always supposed
that the fellow wanted to blank it.—*Boston*
Porcupine.

The spring overcoat, like the oyster, has
nearly reached its pawning season.—*New York*
Herald.

What is the difference between the tide when
its rising in the Pettiocodiac river and a certain
instrument of punishment? One is rushin' in
and the other's Russian Knout.