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"Editor Torch,"

St. John, N. B.

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TORCH.

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES,.....Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 20, 1878.

THE LOCAL ELECTIONS.

The elections for the Local Legislature, it is said, will come off early in June. Dame Rumor mentions the names of several aspirants, but nothing definite is yet known.

Mr. Chas. A. Everitt, on the "early bird" principle, has commenced canvassing. Mr. David McLellan, of Indiantown, (popularly known as the "Deacon") is talked of as a County candidate. Robert Marshall, Esq., will, of course, enter again. Mr. Willis does not purpose to "take a back seat." Mr. Austin will be likely to try it once more. The Attorney General, it is said, will not offer again for the Local, but will strike for higher game. Mr. Wedderburn will be in the field. Mr. Jas. I. Fellows will also probably enter for the "mill," and if so, you will find that Hypo-phos-fights well. Several others will doubtless "take a hand," but they'll find when the game is over that they didn't all hold "straight flushes."

B. F. QUIGLEY, Esq., in his lecture on "Pius Ninth" in Portland on Sunday evening last, alluded in highly complimentary terms to Mr. Geo. Stewart, jr.'s literary abilities. Mr. Stewart will leave St. John in a few days, to reside in Toronto, where he will assume the management of *Belford's Monthly*.

THE NEW NEWS ROOM, on the cor. of Church and Canterbury streets, is a great improvement on the old one, and we congratulate Col. DeBlois on having such a neat and commodious room, supplied with a judiciously selected variety of papers and magazines. An institution of this kind deserves to be well supported by our mercantile community, and we hope that Mr. DeBlois will be amply recompensed for his outlay.

Mint's meat. Spring lamb.

Should dog taxes be paid in cur-rent funds?

If a house takes fire from a cinder, can it be called the work of an in-cinder-y?

Where should criminals be sent? To the Crim-a.

Why is counterfeit money like a boomerang? Because if you send it out, it's likely to come back to you.

What more charming picture can you imagine than a red-headed, freckled face girl walking along the street chewing gum?

It does not improve a satin hat to be sat in.

DROP LETTERS.—Letters dropped by Cockneys. Sample, "Enry 'and my 'at."

Why must the popular novel which your friends are continually borrowing, be a religious book? Because it *Keeps Lent*.

According to Dr. Maginn, no cigar smoker ever committed suicide.—*Er*. Puff-ectly correct. We never did.

What is the difference between an old maid, and the first book in which children are taught to read? One is *prim* and the other's a *primmer*.

ABSTEMIOUS TRAVELLER.—Landlord is this a temperance Inn?

LANDLOED.—Yes sir, it's Inn-temperate.

Mr. Thomas F. Raymond has paid \$210 into the City Treasury since the fire, to assist in liquidating Civic expenses.

BAZAAR.—The Germain St. Baptist Bazaar re-opened on Tuesday, and closed on Wednesday night, on both of which occasions it was well patronized.

CENTENARY CHURCH BAZAAR.—The ladies connected with the Centenary Church are actively engaged preparing for a BAZAAR, which will open 1st May next. The collection of articles is said to be a very superior one, and we hope the financial anticipations of the promoters may be fully realized.

BOSS TWEED, whose life has been an eventful one, died in Ludlow Street Jail, on Friday, the 12th inst. His last words were: "I have tried to do some good, if I have not had good luck. I am not afraid to die. I believe the guardian angels will protect me." His case has been taken to a Higher Court—to be tried before a Judge from whose sentence there is no appeal.

PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.—No printer interested in his craft is likely to take up the February number of the *Miscellany* and put it down again without having read it through. It is replete with practical, witty and gossipy information. It costs only \$1.00 a year.

PARK HOTEL.—Mr. Fred. A. Jones has taken the Park Hotel on King Square, and expects to have it in running order on or about the 1st of May. He intends to have it thoroughly renovated and kept in first-class style, and, judging from his past popularity while manager of the Barnes Hotel, we feel sure he will cater successfully to the wants of those who patronize him.

Easter-ly wether—Easter lamb.

THE SUX is the boss scavenger. He did more on Tuesday last to make the streets navigable than all the Corporation scavengers could accomplish in a month.

"Nip" and "Tuck" having died, New York has imported five fresh Chimpanzees.—*Boston Post*.

We always thought a bed of pansies looked like a lot of monkey faces, so these fresh Chimpanzees must be a new variety.

Hotel guest, on retiring: "I want to get up at eight o'clock." Facetious clerk: "Have not got one, sir." Gent: "Have not got what?" Clerk: "A potato clock."—*Boston Advertiser*.

Every man don't belong to the theatrical profession, and yet we see ail-men-acks.

What is the difference between a mad bull and the steer-rage of a ship?

A neat hat rack is one of the new hat-rack-tions at the "Royal."

Did you ever notice that, when a newspaper publisher asks a subscriber for the amount of his subscription, he does so in a lay-the-tic tone of voice.

LANDLADY—"Mr. S., will you have a piece of chicken?"

Mr. S. (observing her difficulty in dissecting it.)—"No thanks, I'm afraid it might *lay* heavy on my stomach."

Conundrums, as a rule, are wretched. Take the following as a sample, and ask yourself if immurement in the penitentiary or lunatic asylum would be too severe punishment for the perpetrator:

"Why is a happy laughing eye like one that is totally destroyed? Because it is an eye-eted."

BILL.—The reason a note of hand is called a promissory note is, because so many are *sorry* that they cannot fulfil their *promise* when the note falls due. Due you see it?

AS WE WERE WADING through the slush on Canterbury street, one day last week, our companion—a youth of a jocular nature—turned to us with a lamb-like expression and asked: "Why is this street like a ripe peach?" "Because it beats two pears?" was asked. "No," said our phunny phriend, "it's because it's slush-ions!"

ART.—A string of Gaspereaux, hanging on a nail driven into an imitation board, attracts considerable attention in the window of A. C. Smith, Esq., Charlotte street. The fish are admirably painted, and the board—an imitation of pine—is so true to nature as to deceive nearly every who looks at it. The artist, Mr. John C. Miles, has received numerous congratulations on his successful effort.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—It having been stated by Alderman Peters, at the last meeting of the Common Council, that the *Light Cavalry* of the Gas-Light Company cuts up the asphalt walks in the Old Burial Ground when General Chapman goes through it to light the lamps, we would suggest that a set of rubber shoes be procured immediately for the fiery charger, so as to prevent a further destruction of these avenues.