

TORCH

Light Literature!

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[For the Torch.]

BEETS TO THE BEAT.

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

"Aw—sweets to the sweet," said the boarding-house swell,
As the sugar he passed to the landlady's daughter;
Receiving a gracious response from the belle
As she daintily sweetened the faintly-tinged water.

But the landlady viewed his attention with scorn,
No sugar for her for his board in arrears;
Now he'd take off her daughter, and leave her forlorn;
Thought she: "I will give him a flea in his ear."

So, dissembling her wrath, she laid hold of a dish:
"Mr. Bilkins, you don't seem to heartily eat;
Here's something you'll find very nice with that fish."
"Twill suit you exactly, sir—beets to the beat!"
Boston, Aug. 29th.

CURRENT CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

The New York News picked up wonderfully from a humorous standpoint.—*Wild Oats*. Thank you, neighbor, same to you; but there is no standpoint here. We intend to go straight ahead, if the people humor us.—*Effereescing Enrique*.

We hope the humorous of your right arm may be all write for many years yet "Erratic."

There is a woeful lack of scissors-grinders in Cincinnati just now. We understand that they have gone West "to grow up with the country." Most of them halt at St. Louis, and stay there. This sort of thing compels Cincinnati editors to buy new scissors.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

Why don't you get Col. Whetstone of the Cincinnati Post Office to sharp-pen them if its a case of 'shear necessity that you should have a pair?

Miss Krause, of Cincinnati, is at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

An ac-Krause-tic on this name would not be a miss.

Surgeon Hugg, of the United States Navy, is still unmarried.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

When he goes abroad, has no wife to lug. How he's to be envied Happy Surgeon Hugg.

Theodore Ile has been blessed with a girl baby.—*Merry Riggs*.

Did you say the baby is Ile? It's an ill-wind that uses Mrs. Wind-slow Soothing Syrup.

Of course, a dis-course on the marriage state should conclude with an elo-quent pair-or-ation. *N. Y. News*.

Would the pair-or-ation be considered a scullerly Cice-row-n-n production?

Betty Mustard leads the woman's rights party in Scotland. Betty ought to be able to make it warm for her opponents.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

That's so, when they get mustard in full force, with Betty to lead the as-sault the enemy will be well peppered.

If a man leans against a lamp-post, is it a sign that he is getting poor?—*Dan. Sentinel*.

No, it's because he's fat-igued.

Canadians and cosmopolites who would escape ennu and its torture, will find a remedy in the St. John Torch-sure.—*N. Y. News*.

"Enrique" Je suis tres oblige.

Mr. E. T. Kidd, of the Cincinnati Gazette Company, saved the life of a drowning bather at Cape May, a few days ago.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

A kidd who would goat to the rescue of a fellow-being while bathing should be made a "companion of the Bath." Kidd is a "brick"—yea a bath-brick.

The best shot in this country now is Dr. Carver. He is a man who don't want any trouble with, a shooter and a Carver.—*Fat Contributor*.

He'll carve his name
On the "Temple of Fame."

A photographer has succeeded in photographing heart beats. There are few that haven't had an extensive practice in photographing dead beats, too.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

What mangled-word-sells are you getting off on defunct beets?

Fred. Roos, of the Atlantic Garden, has introduced the Roos glass, nearly as large as a schooner.—*Fat Grease-wood*.

Is that a Ruse ter make them buy more beer?

Boys, eat plenty of green apples, for it will double you up and increase the census.—*Whitehall Times*. And drive your distracted mothers out of their senses.—*N. Y. News*.

"Enrique" please stop or you'll incense us.

XYLOPHONICS.

Chrystal's Hackensack Republican.

—You may live in a basement and yet not live in abasement.

—A fly that is caught on a foul will never more be re-spoc-table.

—If you comb your hair with a honey comb, it will bee comb sweet.

—A student abroad should study a tome.

—Is the beau who deals in arrows a barb-er?

—The only butter that is not affected by the warm weather is the gay and festive goat.

—Terror is the dark is caused by the atmos-phere.

—Chrystal of the Hackensack Republican is a single man. Probably he is so clear that the girls see through him, or perhaps he crystallizes them, on the other side.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*. See here, Captain Joe, if Chrystal eyes the girls and crystallizes them, do you think it's clear that Chrystal lies?—*Cerulean Chrystal*.

Does Cris-tell lies every time he kisses another girl.—*Joe. Kerr*.

A calm, serene, and shady nook,

A goblet of iced tea,

A fat, plethoric pocket-book,

Are good enough for me.

LESLIE'S EDD-CHINGS.

FROM EDENBURG HERALD.

Two wrongs don't make one write.
A printer would rather have a loaf than pi.
It takes a brave man to collar a(n)-inn phantom.
The season for mad dogs and our rants has come.
The wind fell last night. It didn't get hurt either.

"Why don't you enter your horse for the pacing purse?" said one jockey to another. "Because it don't pace sir," was the apt response.

You may break, you may run on the bank, if you will; but the cent of the banker will hang round it still.—*Reynolds Herald*. Round it's till, do you mean?

Political confectionery—candy-dates.

The man who jumped on the hindmost seat of a train and was killed, ended his career from a rear-car.