

stood up in the House the other day and recounted the struggle which ended in Confederation—not with the calmness with which one speaks of events of the past, but with the air and manner of a man who talks of the living present. Those times, those scenes, those questions, are real, living things to the ghost of Digby, and the men and issues of the present are but shadows pulling across his path and lessening the distinctness of his vision. As some of the dwellers in the rural districts of Halifax County thought they were voting on the Confederation question at the last election, so the member for Digby appears to think he is still contending for the Union of the Colonies, and that the structure of Confederation rests upon his shoulders.

OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.

OTTAWA, 25th Feb., 1878.

Your correspondent don't know what the Torons' politics are, and has only to say that if the political lights of this letter don't suit, he can have them so altered by next week, in a twinkling way, as to just fit your radiant columns.

Probably, however, owing to the *Torcheuse* course Sir John Macdonald has pursued, it might be thought right for your pages to reflect some *radiance* upon his career in addition to that of the *Pacific's* candle which has "thrown its beam so far." (Shakespeare.)

Again looking at the matter from a medical point of view the editor might be supposed in duty bound to take his political medicine from such distinguished practitioners as the great Sir John from Kingston or the Cumberland Doctor. The former has a keen *scalpel* for dissecting his subjects, and the latter is no doubt a *piller* of his cause, indeed I may vary the figure enough to say that he is like the great caterpillar scourge of the Reform plantation, which field the member for St. John also threatens with an ominous eye brow, so that, as in the days of the old prophet "what the caterpillar had left the *Palmer worm* may destroy" or render *unprofitable*.

On the other side there are also bright and shining lights. *La Flamme* for instance, (which being interpreted meaneth "the flame") who might probably enough claim close relationship with The Torch, an affinity which, in justice to the Minister of Justice I am bound to point out. *Holton* might also claim a *hold on* your sympathies, as also the Minister of Marine whose hundred lights along our coasts *delight the mariner*. Then, too, is not the customary smile of the Minister of Customs a light in itself not to be lightly spoken of? The Premier too has claims upon you, as he always looks to the Torch as the very best light that Mac-ken-see by and *lightens* his labors, and *enlightens* his mind with its *flashes* of wit and humor.

Your correspondent in view of these facts sees the necessity of holding the scales with equal poise, so that neither side shall show by the Torch's flame to be too *light* in the balance, and taking care also that there shall be no scales before his eyes to impede his vision. (That last remark looks fishy, somewhat.)

The Ministry claim that in all their attacks — (the worst tax of all under the present tariff) — the Opposition have not got off *scott*

free, and that indeed they have only brought grist to the Government *Mills*, which like those of the Gods have ground them exceeding small. They claim moreover that the Post-master General succeeded metaphorically in *haunting down* and *disem-boweling* the member for North Hastings, and that the Receiver General has a *Coffin* ready to receive their political dead.

They say that it is quite a mistake to suppose that *Cartwright*, who carries the flumes, in view of the deficit, is like the famous carrier of Milton's day, "dying of *hewiness* that his *Cart* goes *light*, but that, on the contrary, I may write that *Cartwright* was *right* in the great annual *rite* of presenting his *Budget* (speech with a hopeful aspect, and that indeed the statement was so well guarded and strong that even Tupper could n't *bugle* it.

They furthermore add that the Opposition have given up *Anglin* for the New Brunswick members, rightly judging that there are no *loose fish* among them, and are now singing in melancholy mood that good old hymn, "Life is a *Shadow* how it flies". I may add in conclusion these two *private* personals, that Wallace wears a handsome Albert chain, and that Gillmor "has a love for *Charlotte* such as words can never utter."

BLAKENEY.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER.

Respectfully Dedicated to all Maidens of an Uncertain Age.

BY AN OLD BACH.

When lovely maidens, gay and jolly,
Find that their hair is turning gray,
They never should be melancholy,
But live in hopes, and wait, and pray.

Their surest way to catch a lover,
And hide their age from every eye;
When, in the glass, grey hairs discover,
Then to the barber's go and—DYE.

Why is butter cowardly? Because it *runs before fire*. Butter should be *courageously* any way.

A policeman, brought before the Magistrate for being found drunk in an alleyway, was asked what he had to say in defence. "I was all right on duty, your Honor." "How is that, sir?" "Why, I was (a) resting in the alleyway." "But, sir, when brought here you staggered from one side of the street to the other," replied the Judge. "Well, your Honor, wasn't I *taking up*—both sides of the street?" A loud laugh in Court from the unwashed was promptly suppressed, and the "bobby" was let off with a caution.

BRICK—An article sometimes found in hats, caused by a too frequent "moistening of the clay."

CAXON—A big gun in the Church.

CREAK—A cureiosity in the Romish Church that has the power of *creaking* after death.

A SCHOOL OF DESIGN—A Jesuit College.

The best way to *steer coars*—By their *udders*. Rock maple is the best wood for making cradles.

Turning tops are good for cows, but for spinning purposes they are not worth a cent.

ON CRADLING.—Babies are cradled when young. Grain when it arrives at maturity.

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 Song"—value \$10.
- 4th do.—A Water Color—value \$5.
- 5th do.—A handsomely bound edition of "Leedle Yawwab 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 townsman, 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. Know es, 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.

Mrs. Silbiss says she's made all sorts of tarts such as Cramberry, Gooseberry, Huckleberry, and Damsel Puns, but there's a new fangled kind she's heard tell a good deal of lately called Bret Tart. She says her son Simon, who makes puns, says they must be made of "puft paste" jedging from the way Scribblers Magazine puffs them up.

"How much have you got meat-taxed for?" as the butcher said when he called at the Tax collectors office to settle.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. Very clever; he paid his bill because the collector was liable to suit.—Chicago Times. Or because his reputation was at stake.—Boston Com. Bulletin. Perhaps he thought it meet tax him before paying so as to see if the collector's book and his bill tall-(ow)ied.

As yet no one can tell why it is that the most substantial pair of stairs will creak and creak like a night shirt on a clothes line in the wind, whenever a fellow tries to climb them noiselessly late at night, but thank goodness there is an average of ten philosophers born every day, and this darkness will be dispelled some time.—Fallon Times.