

(For the Torch)
A DIRGE.

"Lay him down gently"
"What? is he dead?"
"Shot through the waist coat button,—dead as the divel."
"Where 'bouts was he stretched?"
"In Jim Jukes's cellar,
For Jim is the shootist that kin take a level."
"Looks kind o' yellar—
Know him?"
"Yes, rather,
Well's A B C,
Age twenty-three,
Was kind o' lonely,
Had n't no father
Sister nor brother,
For he was only
Son of his mother,—

And his mother was kind o' much set up on him."
"Old 'ooman didn't think he'd be went' for by Jim."
"Guess not. Well let's liquor. Say, what'll ye take?"
"Straight; but we'll wait, for this here corpus sake."
"Not if I know 't,—for I tell you Pat Bourne
It's no business of mine and no business of yours."
"That's so. So I guess we'll go in for that nip,
And as for the dead man there,—well, let him RIP."
ANONYMOUS.

SELECT SCINTILLATION.

BY "SCISSORS."

Auctioneers seem to have more-bid curiosity about their customers' wants.—N. Y. News.

Judge Hilton always prefers to say "good-bye" to "a Jew."—Brooklyn Union.

"That's a bark ashore," cried, the pilot, as he caught the sound a dog's yelp from the beach.—N. Y. News.

A Norman Hill baby ate a box of blacking on Sunday afternoon, and the happy parents are confident the youngster will shine in polished society.—Burdette.

A prominent book-firm of Boston announce "England from a Back Window," the latest literary venture of the brilliant Danbury News Man.

Don't drink too freely at Erie. You may become bloated, and get Eire sip-alas! N. Y. News.

A thief may make a bolt for the door and not be a very good mechanic, either.—Brooklyn Union.

James Robinson, the circus man, has trapezed into bankruptcy.—Hawkeye. He will go through the Act with his usual grace and agility, being injured to bare back performances.—N. Y. News.

An Irishman who stood near the third base watching a game of baseball yesterday, was sent to grass by a foul which struck him under the fifth rib. "A fowl, waz ut? Begorra I thought it waz a mule."—N. Y. Star.

Blanc cart-ridges. When the road ruts are covered with snow.—N. Y. News.

Cattle exist by the sweat of their browse.—Danbury News.

A good boy may not become a handsome man, but a nice bonnet surely becomes a pretty woman.—Hacksack Republican.

The New Haven Register shows the "Reweyling passion strong in life."—Graphic.

Oh, Politics where are thy charms
That candidates see in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than run a political race.
—Grip.

Little boy (log.): "Say, Sis, what is a *residue*?"
"Why, anything that remains, Bobby." Sharp younger brother: "Then your feller must be a residue, Sis, for pop says he remains entirely too late."—N. Y. News.

Historic—You are right. Latimer was burned at the stake. But it was not because he owned a flute. Let us be just and fair, and honest in all things. He was only learning to play the cornet.—Puck.

You have heard of the "silence of the mist." But there must be a dreadful mistake about it. The people of Newport have petitioned for the abolishment of the fog-horn, because it keeps them awake nights.—Danbury News.

LITTLE BOY—"Please, I want the doctor to come and see mother." SERVANT—"Doctor's out. Where do you come from?" LITTLE BOY—"What! Don't you know me? Why, we deal with you. We had a baby from here last week.—Ez.

The first base man who sends another such conundrum as this shall be declared out: Why would Richard III have made a slow base ball referee? Because he was 'ump higher behind.—Dexter Smith's.

"Mamma," asked a little Whitehall Miss of four years, "is fleas white?"
"No my little daughter" was the reply, "why do you ask?"
"Tause, mamma, my book says 'at Mary had a little lamb,
' Oose fleas was white as snow,'
Don't it?"—Whitehall Times.

Some juries in murder trials are so tender-hearted that they wouldn't hang a barn door.—Fat Contributor.

Tell me not in idle numbers life is but an empty dream; did you ever eat cucumbers till with colic you could scream?—N. Y. News.

The umbrella was invented during David's rain. It was successfully used as a parry-Saul.—N. Y. Graphic.

'Tis *The Louisville Courier Journal* which places a paragraph's weight at one hundred and fifty puns.

A Robin's red-breast—the Indian. It is the brake of day that prevents night from going too fast.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Colonel Ingersoll wept when he heard Lotta sing the "Sweet by and by." May be. But he would swear if he could hear the young man over the way play it on an accordion.—Hawkeye.

Once upon an evening dismal I gave her a paroxysmal kiss, and called her name baptismal; precious name I loved of yore. Ah, she was a darling creature, pert of speech and fair in feature; but egad, you couldn't teach her, for she had been there before, and only murmured, "Buss me more."—N. Y. News.

There was a man in our town, who didn't advertise; that's why so lively from his store the sheriff's flag now flies.—Whitehall Times.

They call 'em "balm-hoisters" in Gloucester.—Boston Post.

We call 'em "balm moisters" here as well.

Patrons of Husbandry are numerous in Texas.—Ez. Mis. Sillibus says when she sees her husbandry he's most numerous about Rye-or Gin aro."

Edison is engaged in inventing a boneless fish. Eel do it.—Detroit Free Press.

Perch-ance he may.

P. T. Barnum is said to have remembered 124 editors in his will. W'd like our giraffe now, before Barnum dies.—*Det. F. Press.* We don't expect to get anything more than the gins, but we're not proud.—N. Y. *Com. Adv.* What we want is the rhio-scurfus.—*Phila. Bulletin.* Lots of us would be content with a bear living.—*Port Chester Journal.* Wonder if any of you are a lion about this?—*Bridgeport Standard.* If he will keep the wolf from our door, we'll continue to pay for our own beaver.—*Norristown Herald.*

It has been Costen's a good deal to live and keep up ape-arances, but if we are to be one of his hares we can "grin and bear it."

MOSCOW, N. B. May 7th, 1878.

J. C. ROBINSON, Esq., St. John, N. B.
DEAR SIR,—In January last I came to Mon ton from Memramook to consult a physician, as I was in the first stage of consumption. When I arrived here I had at once to go to my bed, and was so low I never expected to leave it. A physician was called who pronounced my case as hopeless; that I might live a week or two, but I purchased a bottle and after taking the first dose I commenced to improve. It seemed, after taking a dose, as if I had eaten a good, hearty meal. I have continued confident that had it not been for your oil I could have been in my grave to-day. You are at liberty to use this in any way you wish, as I am anxious to let others who are afflicted in the same way, know, in the hope that they too may receive the same benefit.
I remain, dear sir, yours respectfully,
GEORGE (his X mark) SEWELL.

Witness—Ed. M. ESTRY.
Robinson's Phosphoric Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime is prepared solely by J. H. Robinson, Pharmaceutical Chemist, St. John, N. B. For sale by Druggists and general Dealers. Price \$1 per bottle; six bottles for \$5. may 25

1878.

International Steamship Company
Summer Arrangement.
TRI-WEEKLY LINE.

ON and after MONDAY, JUNE 17th and until further notice, the splendid sea-going Steamer, NEW YORK, E. B. WILCHESTER, master, and CITY OF PORTLAND, S. H. PIERCE, master, will leave from Point Wharf every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 8 o'clock, for EAST-PORT, PORTLAND and BOSTON. Returning will leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock. Connecting both ways at Eastport with steamer BELLE BROWN for St. Andrews and Onan, and at Portland and Boston with Steamers and Rail to all parts of the United States.

No claims for allowance after Goods leave the warehouse.
Freight received Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock, p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that a Deal, or Plank, Siding will be laid on the easterly side of that portion of Prince William street, lying between Duke and Queen streets.

ALSO
On the westerly side of that portion of Prince William street lying between the northerly line of William Hilliard, Esq., and the northerly line of Reed's Point Wharf, under the provisions of the Act of assembly, 30th Victoria, Chap. 74.
Dated 4th June, 1878.

By order of the Common Council.
HUBB PETERS, City Engineer.



1878. SPRING STYLES. 1878
SILK HATS.

WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS. Also 50c-ck.—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT HATS, 75c to 75c.
Hat and Fur Store, 36 King Street.