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TORCH

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 6, 1878.

CANDLE OF BOHEMIA.—The Rev. R. F. Burns, of Halifax, lectured on "John Huss, the Candle of Bohemia," in Calvin Church. It struck Huss, on reading the announcement, that Wick-life would have been a more appropriate Candle for Burns.

THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR is an imitation of its English namesake, and is published weekly at Montreal, by the Rev. A. J. Bray, one of the leading Congregationalist minister of that city. Politics, ethics, religion, and literature are discussed in it.

The St. John TORCH is not a flash paper, but it is very appropriately devoted to light literature, and (as Hans Breitmann would say), its editor "blaze pun words."—N. Y. News.

The situation is such that neither Russia nor Great Britain can retire.—N. Y. Herald. Well, then let them stay up all night. Owl that work?—N. Y. News.

That would be owl right providing it was on the eve of Bat-tle.

The Elmira Cemetery Company has paid a dividend.—Ex. We should rather call it a bone-us.—N. Y. News. The profits were divided, probably.—Torch. We rather think they were souled-out from the body.—Gowanda Enterprise.

Scene in Court.

DR. TECK.—"Did you meet a man on the road?"

MR. WALLACE.—"Your Honor, I object to this question."

DR. TECK.—"You surely don't mean to say that you object to such a question?"

JUDGE WETMORE.—"If you insist on making such a silly objection you'd better stand up when doing so, so as to make it more impressive."

Voice outside the rail.—"That's rough on poor Wallace"

A CANDIDATE INVITED TO RETIRE.—Mr. Joseph Magilton, a candidate for a Portland Town Councillorship, entered the Court Room to listen to the Vaughan trial, and had got about half-way across the room when he was taken hold of by Constable Powers and marched outside of the rail. Joseph looked indignant—and Calvin probably didn't know who he was handling. Joe swears "By the Powers he'll have revenge."

EDITOR OF TORCH:—Can you tell me why our daily papers do not publish the Hotel arrivals? To business men, a list of arrivals at the principal hotels is of high importance, and in all cities of any consequence, except St. John, such lists are printed in the papers every morning. QUERO.

OPERA.—The Rubens Grand English Opera Company commenced a short season at the Grand Opera House, New York, on Monday night last. "The Bohemian Girl" was the opera selected for the first evening and the following notice of the Contralto singer, which we clip from the N. Y. News, will be appreciated by her many friends in St. John, who had the pleasure of hearing her in the Granger Dow party, and will have it renewed by listening to her sweet voice during the Grand Opera season which Mr. Nunnary purposes giving us for two weeks, commencing on the 22nd of this month:—"Miss Adelaide Randall, who has been, if we mistake not, much admired as a member of one of the opera companies which bore Miss Kellogg's name, possesses a stage familiarity that is needful to an effective impersonation, and displayed the vocal tuition and occasional brilliance that are the results of skill and devotion to her art."

LIGHT LOLLIPOPS.

Mr. Geo. C. Peters has been appointed Deputy Sheriff of Moncton. * * * Lamy's Hotel, Amherst, has been leased by Mr. Peers, of Halifax, and it a-peers he intends to run it as a "blue ribbon" house. * * * The Sackville Post says: "The mysterious hoic at Jolicure is to be prospected again this summer. A donkey engine has been purchased for pumping purposes." A donkey engine is very appropriate, as it shows their ass-itude. * * * The demolition of Shantyville, on King Square, has commenced. * * * Madame Restell, a noted abortionist in New York, ended a life of iniquity by committing suicide on Monday last. She cut her throat with a carving knife, in her palatial residence on Fifth Avenue. * * * The estimated population of Montreal is now 180,000. * * * Mr. Donville has returned to Ottawa.

A Chicago firm has purchased a large drove of steers which are to be sent by steamship to the pastures of North Germany for fattening and sale.—Ex.

Would they go as steer-age passengers?

Charles Dudley Warner can fill four pages of a magazine with a description of how he and another man caught a fish weighing twelve ounces.—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you ever see a jack-ass cry?" No, but I've seen a mule-teer.

GRAND OPENING.—The opening of Messrs. Hogan & Walsh's Saloon, No. 3, Magee Block, Water street, (see advertisement passed) took place on Tuesday evening last, and was off with a clat. The attendance was large, and the wines, liquors and cigars of the best brands. The general fitting up elicited so favorable a verdict as to be most flattering to the taste of the proprietors. The saloon has been fitted up with scrupulous care and judgment for the accommodation of a high class trade. On the right as we enter is a massive bar of black walnut, with a rail in front and attached by nickel plated brackets. The front of the counter is boldly cut, chamfered and moulded, and further ornamented with projecting bases and turned ornaments. In rear of the bar are the side shelves and central mirror and pump, the whole surmounted by a battlemented cornice, and the mirror by a canopy of bold design. The whole supported by columns with moulded capitals, mid-bords and bases. On the left are two large cases for wines and liquors, slightly differing in design, but in harmony nevertheless. The general effect is one of architectural freedom and breadth of design, as pleasing as it is true; the intermingling of renaissance with subdued Gothic, with here and there a touch of Eastlake, has been conceived and carried out in the happiest spirit, and resulted in an unqualified success. The whole of the work has been most satisfactorily executed by Mr. G. W. Ross, after the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Henry N. Black, architect.

HENRY S. PENNY, who has been for several years in the employ of Mr. Thos. F. Raymond, died suddenly of congestion of the lungs on Wednesday last. He was buried by the Odd Fellows yesterday afternoon from the residence of Mr. Jas. T. Raymond, Meeklenburg street, and the large number who followed him to his last resting place was a good index of his popularity.

Will O'Leary tend to heel our international jealousies?—N. Y. Graphic. If he doesn't "put his foot in it," he may take steps in that direction.—Norristown Herald.

Make him a consul and heel assist to console you for any imaginary wrongs done you by John Bull.

Mayor Ely yesterday set at rest a rumor of his proposed marriage by saying, "I am not acquainted with the lady."—N. Y. News.

But don't Ely?

Ship bred—Sailors. Made of awl work—Shoos. The hanganman's vegetable—Att-o'-choke.—Boston Com. Bulletin.

The prisoner's—Cell-ery.

A new exchange comes to our sanctum this week called the Gowanda Enterprise, published by Horton & Deming, in Gowanda, N. Y. It appears to have the right journalistic ring, and looks like a paper that would suffer from the scissors. Judging from the same, we judge the editor Horton know how to run a good paper. We are pleased to place it on our exchange list, and wish the Enterprise many happy days.—ST. JOHN TORCH.

We make our bow to J. S. Knowles of our new exchange from New Brunswick, and we shall not live up to the law that tells us to "Torch not, handle not," even if we do Knowles after we have broken that law.—Gowanda Enterprise.