



JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878.

No. 34

[For the Torch.]

STANZAS.

My little maid, with violet eyes,  
(I sometimes think they bloom for me!)  
Often from 'sunset to sunrise  
I turn at thought of thee.

I turn from toil—I turn from care—  
And feel thy arms around me thrown,—  
I breathe a better, purer air  
Than elsewhere I had known.

My little love! my little maid!  
The world goes on as go it will,  
And thou, though but a dream, a shade—  
Though lost, art with me still.

H. L. SLENCER.

CURRENT CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

The following luxurious logicians credited to by the *Wheeling Sunday Leader* to the "ingenious New York News," which is ingenious enough to confess it never originated anything quite so rat-ting: How an old female rat proved herself to be of a literary nature—She said: "A little rat I had—the litter hate I, and therefore the littler ate I; consequently among the litter rate I as one of the literati."—*N. Y. News*.

Rest easy "Er-rat-ic," the TORCH will relieve you of the responsibility of having perpetrated this ratiocinative joke.

Mr. J. E. Hatch is at the sea shore.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

He could not probably eggs-ist in town hens he went to the sea shore. Now ye eggotistical punsters seize your chance to make fowl jokes. If you have a good one Hatch-it immediately and give it to one of the comps, to "set."

Going through Fulton Market this morning we noticed a slight accident at a butcher's stall and remarked that this mutton seemed rather chop-fallen.—*N. Y. News*.

Did he seem to lamb-ent much about it?

Mr. Joe King starts for California next Saturday evening.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

Are you joking?

We haven't received any five hundred dollars bank bills by this week's mails, which fact denotes D notes are becoming scarce.—*N. Y. News*.

We wouldn't N. V. you if you had.

Miss Corson of New York, who tells how to pre-

pare a twenty-five cent dinner for a family of six, evidently keeps a fashionable boarding house.

[Norriston Herald.]

She can't afford more than one course on the bill of fare at that rate.

They have an able paragrapher out in Missouri named Cruce. In brief, a cruce-able. He refines golden thoughts for *The Jefferson City Tribune*, *N. Y. News*.

Lukens that is ex-cruce-iating.

Why don't the devil skate? Answer solicited.—*Boston Post*. We've seen our "devil's" gait pretty fast on the Styx of copy we gave him.

Victor Hugo, who has been laid up with the shingles, is taking a vacation at Guernsey.—*N. Y. World*. Did he have them on the roof of his mouth?

It is reported that Lord Dufferin will be made a marquis on his return to England.—*Boston Advertiser*. Beaconfield will peobably suggest it to mark his approval of Dufferin's good conduct while Governor-General of Canada.

Statistics prove that editors are the most moral men in the community—they always do write.—*Ex*. You so correct as they should be, however; for they do not always render unto scissors the things that are scissors.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

That's so. The *Acrostick Pioneer* last week contained a poem called "A Psalm of Life," freshly clipped from the TORCH but not credited.

We beg pardon, friend Knowles, but we are not to blame. It is those wicked nutmeg folks.—*Gowanda Enterprise*. It does nutmeg much difference friend Deming. We were not condemning you for it. When you beg pardon you have, pard, done the correct thing. What'll yer take?—*St. John Torch*. Something cool—a cool thousand, for instance.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

Why is a sick man when he's sent to the Hospital like a picket on duty? Because he's sent in ill.

The TORCH is another expressive name, for a weekly paper, published at St. John, N. B. It should be called the calcium, only its brightness is not the result of gas. It is of the style of the *Danbury News*, *Five Press* and others, and is as good as any of them. Shines with no borrowed light but furnishing a blaze of its own.—*Flatbush, N. Y., Rural Gazette*.

A sewing machine is not always what it seems.—*Danielsonville Scintilla*. Seems sew to us nevertheless.—*Meriden Recorder*. If it's a "Weed" machine it ought to be good for sewing tares. It "tuck" me some time before I "fell" into the racket. A hem!—*St. John, N. B., Torch*. Queer "feller." Now if some proper nice young girl would only "tucker attachment" onto you.—*Rollicking Kiggs*.

EPITAPHS.

By "BLAX."

FOR A LIAR.

In life, he lied while he had breath;  
And, strange to say, lies still in death.

FOR A GAMBLER.—Better off.

FOR AN ANGLER.—Waiting for a rise.

FOR A BAKER.—He kneads no more on earth.

FOR A BREWER.

A well-known brewer lieth here,  
His ails are o'er, he's 'on his bier."

FOR A WAITER.—Only waiting.

FOR A DOCTOR.—Waiting with patients.

FOR A BOOTBLACK.—With the shining ones.

FOR A BEGGAR.—"I asked for bread, and they gave me a stone."

FOR A RAZOR-GRINDER.—Underground.

FOR A POTTER.

On earth he oft turned clay to delf,  
But now he's turned to clay himself.

One of our largest brewers has recently brought on a man from Cincinnati to superintend his brewery, at an annual salary more than twice that of the President of Harvard University.—*Boston Herald*.

An imitation of Heine by Phillips Thompson is going the rounds of the papers. We congratulate Mr. Thompson; the imitation is perfectly heinous.—[B. J. of Commerce.

The funny paper of St. John called the TORCH is shedding its light abroad, and, although it is light reading there are not many who can hold a candle to it. We shouldn't consider it any torture to receive it in exchange.—[*Toronto Weekly Gossip*.

Phillips Thompson [Jimmuel Briggs] will in future be a regular contributor to the Torch of St. John, N. B. The Torch will furnish excellent setting for Jimmuel's literary gems.—[*Toronto National*.

Good name for a lady lawyer.—*Sue*.—*Rome Sentinel*. For a gambler.—*Bet*.—*Ballston Democrat*. For a female shoemaker.—*Peg*.—*St. Simeon*. For a female messenger.—*Carrie*.—*N. Y. News*. For a female compositor.—*Em*.—*Torch*. For a female soldier.—*Sally*.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*. For a female Globe writer.—*Lize*.—*Toronto National*.

Jesse Pomeroy, who was the "boy murderer," but now is a strapping young man, has got into trouble with the prison officials through wilfully spolling \$75 worth of stock given him to work up, hence his reading permit has been taken from him, and he has not even the solace of employment in his solitary confinement.—*Buffalo Express*.

**CHESS COLUMN.**

All communications and contributions to be addressed to J. E. NARRAWAY, P. O. Box 70.

OUR "COLUMN" had several typographical errors in it last week. One of these makes it necessary to reprint Mr. RABSON'S problem. We hope to avoid mistakes hereafter.

**Problem No. 17.**

BY J. N. RABSON.



White self-mates in 3 moves.

**CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.**

Game between Mr. J. W. SHAW, of Montreal, and Mr. JOSHUA CLAWSON, of St. John, N. B.

**KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.**

Black misread this move, understanding it to be 9 B to Q 2, and replied accordingly, 9 P to Q 3. White then played 10 Kt to K 5, and Black resigned. The game was afterwards played out, "pour l'amour," as follows:—

- |                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 P to K 4           | 1 P to K 4         |
| 2 P to K B 4         | 2 P takes P        |
| 3 B to B 4           | 3 Q to R 5 (ck)    |
| 4 K to B sq          | 4 Kt to Q B 3 (a)  |
| 5 Kt to K B 3        | 5 Q to R 4         |
| 6 Kt to Q B 3        | 6 P to K Kt 4      |
| 7 P to Q 4           | 7 B to Kt 2        |
| 8 Kt to Q 5          | 8 K to Q sq        |
| 9 B to K 2           |                    |
| 10 Kt takes Kt P (b) | 9 Q to Kt 3        |
| 11 B takes P         | 10 Q takes Kt      |
| 12 B takes P (ck)    | 11 Q to Kt 3       |
| 13 B to Kt 3         | 12 K to K sq       |
| 14 Kt to B 7 (ck)    | 13 B takes P       |
| 15 Kt takes R        | 14 K to Q sq       |
| 16 B to B 3          | 15 Q takes P       |
| 17 Kt to B 7         | 16 Q to K 3        |
| 18 Q to K 2          | 17 Q to B 5 (ck)   |
| 19 K takes Q         | 18 Q takes Q       |
| 20 Q R to Q Kt sq    | 19 B takes P       |
| 21 B takes B         | 20 B to K 4        |
| 22 Kt to Kt 5        | 21 Kt takes B      |
| 23 Kt to Q 6         | 22 P to Q R 3      |
| 24 K R to K sq       | 23 P to Kt 4       |
| 25 K to B 2          | 24 Kt to K 2       |
| 26 R to Kt 4         | 25 K Kt to Kt 3    |
| 27 R to Q 4          | 26 K to B 2        |
| 28 B takes Kt        | 27 Kt to Q B 3 (c) |
| 29 Kt takes B        | 28 P takes B       |
| 30 K R to Q sq       | 29 R takes Kt      |
| 31 R to Q 7 (ck)     | 30 R to K B sq     |
| 32 R to Q 8          | 31 K to Kt 4       |
| 33 R takes R         | 32 R takes R       |
| 34 R to Q 7          | 33 K to B 5        |
| 35 R to K 7          | 34 Kt to K 4       |
|                      | 35 Resigns.        |

NOTES BY J. C.

(a)—4, Kt to Q B 3 is given as a good variation in Staunton's Praxis, but is not so strong a defence as the standard move of 4, P to K Kt 4. Black thinks, however, that Staunton

would have followed up his move in better style, had he been playing the game.

(b)—This move, 10 Kt takes Kt P, is as sound as it is brilliant. Black's game now becomes an unwelcomely active and stirring one.

(c)—Black has so far succeeded in defending himself from further loss, but, his remaining Bishop being "en prise," he has no hope of drawing, and so precipitates a crisis.

**SOLUTIONS.**

PROB. 13, by A. Anderson, was incorrectly printed, a white piece being omitted, and as printed the problem is unsolvable.

PROB. 14.—1 Kt R 6, dis—ch—&c.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

J. N. B.—Many thanks. We shall be delighted to hear from you as often as possible.

C. F. S.—Your remarks on last game are very appropriate, except the adjectives.

The Sec'y of the Philidor Club is anxiously awaiting a challenge from the Portland Club, hearing some talk of a match being desired.

**PUZZLERS' KNOTS.**

Edited by ELLSWORTH, P. O. Box 3421, Boston, Mass.

Contributions and answers are cordially invited from all interested in whatever pleases the young, and also from every reader of the Torch, and the Puzzle fraternity in general. All communications for this department should be sent to its Editor at the above address.

**173.—CHARADE.**

They who lead a noble life,  
Free from rancor, free from strife,  
And very few they are,  
My first we call, as call we should;  
And I would have it understood,  
To them fame is no bar.

In Bible times, long, long ago,  
In days of war and days of woe,  
There was a noble work  
By next performed, the story tells,  
And all that listening to its spells,  
In it my name does lurk.

My last is a city of the sea,  
From much that's wrong 'tis ever free;  
Its name I give you here;  
If you can't tell what place I mean,  
Just wait two weeks and then is seen  
A name to hearts most dear.

CLEOPATRA.

**174.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

My 6, 3, 4 is a color.  
My 6, 11, 9, 1, 2 is to embark.  
My 6, 7, 8, 3 is a kind of food.  
My 4, 10 is to act.

My whole is an important city in Canada.

GLEN LYON.

**175.—DROPPED LETTERS.**

d—a—d    —a—r—n    —h—n—l—r  
DAN D.

**176.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.**

My first is in fog, but not in rain;  
My second is in save, but not in gain;  
My third is in dog, but not in cat;  
My fourth is in rag, but not in mat;  
My fifth is in pig, but not in sow;  
My sixth is in stern, but not in bow;  
My whole is a boy's name.

SENWOF E. EGROG.

**177.—DOUBLE DIAGONALS.**

A kind of captain or governor; a small flat surface; to exhibit; to curl; an account; a plant. Diagonals: a kind of hawk and a plant.  
SIL V.

**178.—MIXED QUOTATION.**

Tiw si het sseecnc fo lhte ndim.

FOSTER.

**179.—METAGRAM.**

Across the briny, misty sea  
My first is ever sure to be;  
But change a letter at the head,  
You have a story now instead;  
Another change and you will find  
A part of house, fore and behind;  
A color next change will disclose,  
And dack it is you m y suppose;  
And last of all we're seated round  
For in my puzzle it is found.

JOHN JAY.

**180.—STAR DIAMOND.**



A consonant; distant; a city; an outfit; a letter.  
FANNIE.

(Answers in two weeks).

**CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.**

S. F. C., St. John.—Send us a list in response to the Hunt. We are pleased to hear from, and some knots from your pen will prove welcome.

GOLDING.—All your answers are right. The omission of knots was in consequence of the non-receipt of our instalment.

CELESTIAL.—You have absented yourself so long from us we had begun to think you had gone to regions celestial. Glad to hear from you, however.

CLEOPATRA.—Your contributions are fair, and the charade is above the average. Please come again.

McKENZIE.—Thanks for kind letter. Will it be followed by some knots?

FANNY.—Your puzzle appears. We are always pleased to hear from you.

OUR WORD-HUNT.—We postpone the announcement of the result of this feature two weeks. This will affirmatively answer several of our correspondents' wishes.

**RESULTS OF PROTECTION ABROAD.**

The *Diosdas* (Ont.) Standard pertinently says: "Altogether the United States is a very wonderful country. A protective policy is daily raising it according to Grit opinion, yet in the last ten months it paid off \$150,000,000 of debt. A protective policy is bringing the country to bankruptcy, and yet its manufacturers are daily displacing the goods of England and other European markets at their own doors, and the balance of trade is in its favor to the extent of nearly three hundred millions a year. Canada has a 17 1/2 per cent. tariff and her debt is increasing; her revenue falling off; her trade declining. The contrast is not a pleasant one, but we must face and examine the evil before we can prescribe the remedy. The remedy need not be fair play to our industries; proper encouragement to merchant, agriculturist and manufacturer, that each may reap the fruit of his labor and be glad."

"Ann-vil, core us some apples," said the musical rural blacksmith to his visiting friends.—*N. Y. News*. Now, Chrystal, we appeal to you if such an-villain-ous pun is core-ect.—*St. John Torch*. Of cores it isn't, friend Knowles. Do you want us to encore such a pair of plums and still cherry stem the current?—*Hackensack Republican*.

THE RUSSIAN CZAR.

Thou Nero, with a guilty hand  
Deep dyed in servile blood ;  
That rules with iron sway the land  
That crouches 'neath thy rod ;  
Dost thou unfair on foreign shores  
Thy flag in mis-called Freedom's cause,  
In thine own land down-trod ?  
First teach its meaning to thy slaves  
Doomed, living, to Siberian graves,  
And thou hast thought to snatch a gem,  
That shines in England's crown,  
To deck thy blood-stained diadem,  
Recall its lost renown ;  
The torch defiant thou hast hurled  
Has lit a blaze that girds the world,  
And called the thunder down  
That outraged Justice sends to show  
Ambition may no further go.

Like Canute, who would rule the sea  
And stay the ocean's wave,  
The glare of triumph has made thee  
As blind and rashly brave ;  
'Til thou hast found the seething tide,  
In which thy sons have plunged and died,  
Offers thy power a grave ;  
The bandage from thine eyes is torn  
And shows thee but a thing for scorn.

And thou hast sneered at England's might  
Because she loved not war,  
And vowed that India's sun should light  
The passage of thy car ;  
But, sword in hand, her sons arose  
To fight for England, 'gainst her foes ;  
Old wrongs forgotten are,  
And, in the hour of England's need,  
Sink difference of race and creed.

And Canada thy challenge herd  
Across the ocean's sweep,  
And through her loyal pines there stirred  
A rising murmur deep ;  
The drum-beat echoed through the land,  
Bright with the flash of half-drawn brand  
Impatient forth to leap ;  
Fair Canada ! The world has seen  
Thy love for England's Empress Queen.

Proud, self-styled Champion of the Cross,  
That thou has dragged through mire,  
Learn from thy shattered glory's loss  
To raise that symbol higher ;  
And let it be throughout thy land  
A light where Freedom takes her stand ;  
Where Tyranny expires ;  
Then shall thy fame be brighter far  
Than gained by millions slain in war.

W. H. EDWARDS.

New York, June, 1878.

PRINDLE'S PUNGENCIES.

(From Bridgeport Standard.)

--Lightning might do more sometimes if it wasn't in such an awful hurry.

--There are those who can't see any fun in a clunch picnic, but it isn't the boy who has charge of the ice-cream tub.

--The same backache which makes a boy howl when he's digging potatoes wreathes his face in smiles when he slips off the back way to a picnic. Boys are curious insects.

--The comments of a couple of exchanges upon our recent remarks about paragraphing are a capital illustration of our claim that the dullest writers always display the most jealousy.

--Jenny June rises to inquire "how many young ladies, or middle-aged ladies for that matter, are blessed with any sort of figure?" Well, Jen, we supposed they all were, but then we never noticed as closely as we shall after this appalling suggestion.

--Louis C. Prindle, city editor of the Standard, will take a vacation for the next few weeks, and during his absence local matters will be attended to by Mr. F. C. Smith, of the Bridgeport Library. All favors extended to him in the matter of "items" will be kindly welcomed.

BROWN BREAD CRUMBS.

(From Cincinnati Breakfast Table)

Some of the papers say that "trade is looking up." Flat on its back, eh?

Staves show which way the wind moves, and when the wind is quiet they show which way the mint-juleps move.

The chief of the Breakfast Table has never yet written any spring poetry, though he is always a Rymon. Yum!

The boy who goes a-fishing on Sunday, when he has been sent to Sunday-school, generally goes a-whaling when he gets home.

Having read an able and convincing argument that there is a land far better than this, we have squared the back rent for our pew.

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

GILLESPIE'S GLIMMERS.

(From Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.)

If a business man when in trouble, would only "brace up," it might save him from becoming a suspender.

A check for his baggage--his marriage certificate.

A careless compositor who lost his "copy" called it a miss'd take.

Light conversation--Rocket signal, between two vessels at sea.

The philosophic Lukens after returning from a trip to Connecticut, remarks, "How singular it is that so many vulgar people should have such elegant manners."

Girls find it hard to learn to swim. They're not naturally boy-ant. Stamford Advocate. They learn to pad the easy enough. St. John Torch. They ought to be able to breast the waves in that way.

An enthusiastic patriot says he wants to have a gala day next month, but doesn't he think a gal-a-day would prove rather too much of a good thing? Stamford Advocate. How could one a day be two much? St. John Torch. Because money is scarce, and ice cream is twenty cents a plate.

A fox-hound is not worth much when he has a scent.

The St. John Torch has a column headed "Stage Sparks." No allusion to the nice young men who hang about the rear entrance for a chance to go home with members of the ballet.

SANCTIMONIOUS LEVITIES.

BY WILKINS OF THE WHITEHALL TIMES.

It is not the *limb* of the law that *foots* the bill. A man of learning, E. J. U. Cation.

The funniest punctuation mark is the hy-fun of course. Xc't.

The journalists' motto--Stick to the write--St. Louis Journal. Or write by the "stick."

Many men find plenty of time to do a mean act, who are unable to spare a moment to perform an act of charity.

The Rochester Express speaks of the seaspray. When the seas pray of course, it must be in elegant words--kind of beach-her like probably.

Chicago promises a precocious female lecturer, gifted with remarkable powers of oratory, in the person of Miss Fannie Rowe, thirteen years of age. We would like to hear the great Sissy-Rowe orate.

"Ophelia" writes to ask if sacred history mentions card playing. Certainly my dear girl, Moses "led" for the children of Israel, and when the latter got to Jordan they "passed." Solomon ordered up the temple, Baalam "held a jack" and the seven Priests before Jericho took the city by 'playing their seven trumps."

FAT CONTRIBUTIONS.

BY GREGS-WOLD.

(Cincinnati Saturday Night.)

It was a crow who requested to be heard for his caws.

This is the kind of weather that makes a man welcome the approach of his bier.

To remove mildew--pay off what is due on the mill, of course.

Advice to a bar-tender--never put off until to-morrow what should be done toddy.

Motto for a total abstinence society--Pro no-beerly fratrum.

The world is full of devices to gain an advantage over the unwary; there are men who would even "beat" a poor old carpet.

What is the use of hunting up Spotted Tail's camp to witness a sun-dance, when sun'd-ants may be seen on any ant hill on a summer's day?

A discomfited soldier, who found that he had shot an Indian already defunct, was overheard to murmur, "I didn't know it was Lo dead."

"Peck's Sun" says Wilber F. Story has been stricken with paralysis "in the lower part of Switzerland." A very bad location for it; nearly always fatal.

When a little girl, on being asked her name, said it was Ann, sir, she gave a good answer back.

GREENSLITT'S GINGER-SNAPS.

(From Danversville Sentinel.)

An energetic young fellow is Percy Verance. --Sentinel.

An annoying fellow is Percy Cute.

We never thought that names had any feeling till we heard some one telling of their name's ache. --Sentinel.

Was his name Payne?

It does not necessarily follow that Fairbanks is the name of a fish because there are Fairbanks scales. --Sentinel.

Howe is that?

In these thirsty times even the banks take drafts. --Sentinel.

At the face?

"The day we silly-brate" is seen no more in the newspapers. --Sentinel.

That must be "all fols'" day.

When you read about the successful lighting of whole streets by a single electric light, do you ever think of the anguish the statement carries to the heavy stockholder in a gas company? --Toronto National.

It's a mean man who would set a hen on hard boiled eggs. --Hackensack Republican. It would be apt to eggs-asperate the hen. --Saint John Torch. Eggs-extraordinary eggs-pertness eggs-hibited. --Greenwich Observer.

As the night air is so unwholesome, do not sit on the front stoop without putting something around your girl. --Hackensack Republican. That's so; we always go armed for an emergency of that kind. But let's leave the painful subject. --St. John Torch. It would take more than a pane-fall to see it in that light. --N. Y. News. You mean the Torch-light? --Greenwich Observer.

Statistics prove that editors are the most moral men in the community; they always do write. --Er. Not so correct as they should be, however, for they do not always render unto scissors the things that are scissors. --Cin. Breakfast Table.

A nice girl for summer--Fan. She can always raise a breeze. Al-ice is also a cool girl. --Norristown Herald.

## TERMS:

The price of the Torch will be \$1.00 a year, payable in advance—paid post to any address in Canada or the United States.

## TO CLUBS.

Ten copies one year, in one wrapper to one address \$10, with extra copy to person getting up Club. Parties remitting should either Register their letters or send Money Order payable to the order of Joseph S. Knowles.

## ADVERTISING RATES:

	per inch.	half col.	1 column.
1st insertion	\$1 00	\$4 00	\$6 00
Subsequent	50	2 00	3 00
Per month	2 10	9 00	13 00
Per quarter	5 80	24 00	36 00
Per half year	10 00	40 00	60 00
Per year	17 00	68 00	99 00

★ Cards \$10 per year.

★ Special notices \$1 first ins., 1 line or 10.

All communications to be addressed,

"EDITOR TORCH,"  
St. John, N. B.

The Torch will be for sale at the following places:  
H. R. SMITH, Charlotte street;  
W. K. CRAWFORD, Market Building, Gormait st.  
E. HANEY & CO., King street;  
G. E. FROST, Union street;  
C. BELYEA, Portland;  
J. CRAWFORD, Portland;  
GEO. MURDOCK, Union St.  
Single Copies—Two Cents.

## TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 10, 1878.

## ABOUT HOME.

THE CITY authorities have commenced "haying" on the King Square.

Most of the important witnesses for the Crown, in the McCarthy murder case, have been examined.—The Judge rules out evidence of Osborne's money transactions.—The defence will begin some time next week.

THE REFORM PARTY are going into the struggle with great energy.—They have opened Club Rooms, including a free Reading Room, in Hon. T. R. Jones's Building on Canterbury street, and now have hung out the Reform banner, guarded on each side by the Union Jack. They seem determined, that if they are beaten, it will not be for want of organization and effort. The activity of the canvass on the Government side, leads us to suppose that the Writ for the Election will be issued almost immediately. The Reform candidates addressed the Portland electors, the other evening, at Court's Hall.

THE OPPOSITION candidates addressed the Carleton electors, on the Friday evening of last week, and had a public meeting in Gardner's building on Monday night.

It is said that a new Opposition paper, to be called the *Cartoon*, is to be started next week, under the management of ex-Alderman Russell and Mr. J. Boyd.

WHAT WILL THEY DO ABOUT IT? is the question suggested to any one who has watched the contest between Mr. Bullock and the Common Council, about the land lying outside the Railway, at the end of Wentworth street. Mr. Bullock on his side has the order in Council granting him a lease of the land on certain terms, with which he offers to comply; he has possession of the land under this order, and has also

the opinion of the Recorder, strongly expressed, that he is entitled to his lease. On the other side the Council have the possibility of getting a larger rental for the land. Mr. S. R. Thomson, Q. C., has been retained to devise some plausible reason for breaking the contract. It is more likely, however, that Mr. Thomson will tell the Council it is bound by its order granting Mr. Bullock the lease. Meanwhile—as Ginx's baby perished while the philanthropists were deciding who should take care of him,—so, while this dispute goes on, the city suffers for want of a suitable place in which to store dangerous oils. Better take Torch's advice, gentlemen. Listen to the warning of the Insurance men—stop paying lawyers, and let Mr. Bullock build his warehouse.

CORNER STONES.—On Thursday Mr. J. B. Gaylor, a venerable member of the Methodist church, laid the corner stone of the new Queen Square Methodist church. Earlier in the week General Donville performed the like ceremony at the building in course of erection by the enterprising James Donville, M. P., for the Maritime Bank.

POLITICAL PERSONALS.—On Thursday night Mr. Silas Alward, who seems to be the coming man among the Young Reformers, addressed the intelligent yeomanry of Havelock, King's County. Mr. Donville spoke at the same place on the previous evening.

HON. MR. TILLEY talked politics to St. Andrews on Monday evening.

MR. PALMER will probably have a chance to begin his canvass in about a fortnight.

MR. R. A. CHAPMAN opposes Sir Albert J. Smith in Westmorland.

IN ALBERT Mr. C. A. Peck will oppose the present member, Mr. Wallace.

MR. G. FRED FISHER of the *Fredericton Reporter*, was in the City last week.

The beautiful prize oil paintings are nearly finished, and will be placed on exhibition in the window of A. C. Smith, Esq.'s, Drug Store early next week. The drawing will positively take place on the first of September. For the small sum of One Dollar you will have the Torch sent to you for One Year and a chance for one of the prizes.

## EARL BEACONSFIELD, K. G.

"The King alone above thee," wrote Disraeli of one of his characters some fifty years ago; and to-day, with the order of the Garter conferred upon him by Queen Victoria, he stands but a step below the royal family in honors, while his name eclipses that of the proudest peer of the United Kingdom. The order of the Garter is esteemed more highly than a Dukedom, although it does not give the same precedence. It is the highest British order of Knighthood, and one of the most illustrious in Europe. The number of knights companions is limited to twenty-five. The only other members of the order are the Sovereign, who is the head, princes of the royal family, foreign princes upon whom the order has been conferred, and occasionally extra knights—an extra knight becoming one of the twenty-five when a vacancy occurs. The number of knights companions previous to the nomination of the Earl of Beaconsfield was twenty-four, so that he fills the complement. With the Dukedom that the Queen will probably confer upon the new-made K. G., the Disraeli who presided the House of Commons, nearly forty years ago, that he would yet be heard, will have received the greatest honor and highest title possible for a subject under the British constitution.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The deaf man is the only one who really enjoys a shave.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

[For the Torch.]  
REGRET AND RESOLVE.

BY H. CLAY LUKENS.

A little span of time, another year  
Has quickly passed away  
Beyond the veil, that blank and drear,  
Obscures each fleeting day;  
A twelfth-month gone, yet dread and fear  
Both soul and sense betray.

My thoughts are with the bitter past  
Forever brought to mind,  
The tears now falling thick and fast,  
My eyes completely blind;  
I can but weep—my lot is cast—  
To grim despair consigned.

No blithsome joys are mine. No more  
Will hope illumine my path;  
All foul and dark, the iron door  
Of fate is closed in wrath—  
Well be it so, 'twas thus before—  
I'll go and take my bath;  
NEW YORK CITY.

[For the Torch.]

"OH WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"  
WITH VARIATIONS.

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

The farmer looks over his broad field of hay,  
Rejoicing its progress to see,  
And gleefully chants the appropriate lay,  
"Oh what shall the harvest be?"

The horse-doctor comes on his horse to attend,  
And finds a big lump on his knee;  
He remarks as he strives the excrescence to end,  
"A wart shall the harvest be."

The thief plies his art in some crowded resort,  
With the contents of pockets makes free,  
Says in clutching a time-piece of elegant sort,  
"A watch shall the harvest be."

The ascetic in search of a garment hairsute  
(To atone for his sins seeketh he),  
Exclaims as he starts on the pious pursuit,  
"Oh what shall the har-vest be?"

*Boston, Aug. 1st.*

## EDITORIAL PUNSTERS.

"I fear I have ligand too long," remarked the editor of the new daily, at the close of the performance in the Institute Monday night.

"Are you afraid the *Sun* will be late in rising to-morrow?" asked the editor of the *Chatham Advance*.

We were borne away by the people rushing from that part of the hall, and failed to hear the *Sun's* reasons for regretting the lateness of the hour.

The man who was wafled away from a Western governor's residence by that dignitary's boot was under the impression that it didn't pay to pass anything over his V-tote. —[Danielson's Sentinel.] When Kiggs of the Meriden Recorder sees that heel tap his forehead and say something about having the sole right to perpetrate the bootful jokes.—[St. John (N. B.) Torch.] You are most beautifully soled; we shoen't drive in a single peg; let this be the last and uppermost observation we hear in this connection, else we take to leggins.—*Allegorical Kiggs*.

"Charles Quiet," remarks the *Graphic*, "is one of the most promising and gifted of our younger poets." Very true. It may even be said that he is destined to make a noise in the world some day.—*Buffalo Express*.

[For the Torch.]  
SONNET.

The bloom of health was on thee when we parted,  
Thy cheeks were rosy and thy lips were red;  
And I was happy,—now I'm broken-hearted;  
I gaze upon thee, and behold thou'rt dead.  
The lips that smiled, the eyes that danced with glad-  
ness,  
The heart that throbb'd, the voice—all, all are  
still,  
Are lushed for aye, and death hath filled with sadness  
The measure thy sweet life was wont to fill,  
Yet I must bow, as bow must every mortal,  
To death, when he swings wide the noiseless door,  
And beckons some loved friend to pass the portal  
Which leads the soul to the untraversed shore.  
I see thee passing death's deep trodden hollow,  
And hear thee whisper, "Ready be to follow."  
EAK.

[For the Torch.]  
JOTTINGS.

BY "QUEEN."

If you saw a wood-horse would you say you saw it,  
When you see a young man speak to a strange  
lady on the street, you may infer it is a case of *miss  
taken* identity.  
"Hat," this means "a covering for the head" among  
men. Now who will tell us what it means among  
women.  
"My heart *pants* for you," as the broken down  
swell said as he gazed into a ready made clothing  
store. But ere I *in-vent* let my *quote*-tation be: "Death  
before this honor."

A notable institution—a Bank.  
How to be successful in business—make money.  
Two *birds* that *nest* as one—Brace of tramps.

How doth the busy *Musquito*  
Scent out its human prey,  
And settle on his pate and go  
A *sucking* rig' away?

Pray do not as— is question hold  
Else I *must-quo*-to prove  
The instances when it is sold  
Ere *success* crowns its move.

Your failure will be a nine-days wonder. Your  
success a wonder for life to the world.

The ladder of fame is hard to *sole*. This is a  
*wighty* thought.

Murdered by your wife, is meeting your *down* in a  
*domestic* manner.

'*Daughter* a man rare *San* flowers in his garden?

FABLES.

BY F. SOAP, ESQ.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A Wolf, after dining on his prey, happened to have  
a beef bone stick in his throat, which gave him so  
much pain that he went howling through the hall to  
his boarding house, bemoaning every creature he met to  
relieve him of it, and promising a handsome reward  
and no questions asked to any one who would under-  
take the operation with success. At length the Crane,  
who was greatly in arrears for board, undertook the  
job and thrust his long neck down the Wolf's throat,  
mentally concluding that it was neck or nothing with  
him. He brought up the bone, but when he claimed  
the reward the Wolf only laughed and told him he  
ought to feel sufficiently repaid in the fact that he  
didn't bite his head off when he had the opportunity.  
The Crane saw it in that light at length himself, and  
invited the Wolf out to drink.  
Moral—Never put your head in an enemy's mouth  
to steal away a bonus.—*Civ. Sat. Night.*

PITHY-AN' POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

BY "ERRATIC ENRIQUE."

(From New York News.)

"Bone sore," was the polite ejaculation of the  
French gentleman when he struck his knee-cap against  
the floor joint while taking leave of his guest.

When the nightingale was requested to sing, it re-  
plied: "I cantillate." This is only a chaunt's witi-  
cism.

When a cat is perverse does she purr worse than at  
any other time?

Can you call a clerk in an oil store a serve-ile fel-  
low.—*St. John Torch.* Why not call him Peter O.  
Lynn?

"Can storied urn or animated bust" exceed in elo-  
quence the words: *No Trust?*

When the house agent told the poor man he could  
have the fifth floor for an X, was it the tenement?

We have often thought that a potent-ate a power  
of food.

It is hard to mend-a-city when mendacity is the  
rule in municipal government.

"Come, now, you can't try that on here," as the  
indignant shopman said to the purchaser of a bustle.

Bad counsel is very apt to ad-vice to temptation.

When the young porker said he would paint  
the sty can you tell me what color the pigment?

When the Shah of Persia laughs, why is it a  
sign that he's angry? Because he does it to  
show his shah-zim.—*St. John Torch.* Our  
readers may not be aware of it, but there is no  
law against this sort of thing in Canada, and no  
one knows that better than the perpetrator of  
the above.

His bosom heaved with emotion as he sighed  
'twixt a smile and a tear, "If ever I cross the  
salt ocean 't will be in a schooner of beer,"  
*Hockensock Republican.* He never could breast  
the Atlantic with a three cent craft without sale;  
to us it would be more romantic to bathe in a  
bucket of ale.

FLAMBEAU FLASHES.

A man who owes more than he can pay is natu-  
rally more-ose.

VISITOR.—"Are jails, penitentiaries and alm-  
houses supported by grants?"

KEEPER.—"Certainly."

VISITOR.—"What kind of grants?"

KEEPER.—"Va grants."

When a man gives a "blow-out" does he re-gale  
his friends?

What is the difference between a man who sells  
planes and one who uses them? One is a plane  
dealer and the other's a deal planer.

Should young ladies be good oarsmen because they  
know how to "feather" their "sculls"?

When is a boy like a whale? When he's pouting.

Every wife should have enough of chemistry to  
make pot-hash.

The last language spoken on earth will probably  
be the Finnish.

Why is the letter S like the end of hogs? Because  
it's the beginning of sausage.

Hogs numbness in the head make a man a num  
scull?

Are ale-wives brew-nettes.

ICED TEA.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Singular enough, science has not yet as illed  
iced tea. But it will not do to permit people to  
enjoy this cool, delightful beverage, simply be-  
cause its taste is grateful to the wearied system  
during the scorching weather. We must do our  
duty, though science may shrink from it, and  
the people may cry out against us. There is  
danger in iced tea, and if you would live long  
and well, shun the cooling cup. We have not  
the space to devote to an extended discussion  
of the matter, and can only cite a few instances  
from a long series of carefully made experi-  
ments, which can not fail to carry conviction to  
the most incredulous mind.

On June 10 of this year, John C. Hempstead,  
West Hill, began to drink iced tea at dinner and  
supper. He kept up his practice for nearly three  
weeks, and then one day, resting down the  
Division street steps, he slipped and fell, abra-  
ding the skin of on both legs, and drawing a sil-  
ver into the ball of his thumb so far that it made  
his teeth ache when he pulled it out. His clothes  
were also considerably torn. When he went  
home that evening he learned that his eldest  
boy had been whipped at school for sticking a  
pin as far through another boy as the head  
would let it go.

He was warned to quit drinking iced tea, but  
he persisted in the practice, and is now sleeping  
in the valley between West and North Hill,  
where he lives, and says he never felt so well  
in his life. But may be he lies about it.

Henry Esterfeldt, of Eighth-street, drank iced  
tea regularly every summer for three years. He  
noticed that, after drinking it about two  
months, his boots began to run over at the heel.  
He persisted, and one Sunday afternoon, while  
he was out driving, his horse ran away and  
smashed seventeen dollars of a borrowed bug-  
gy. He paid the money, but neglected the  
warning. He went on drinking iced tea, and  
in less than six weeks some one poisoned his  
dog. These statements can all be verified by  
writing to Mr. Esterfeldt, who is now living in  
Kansas City, the father of eleven children, all of  
whom inherit their father's vice.

A young woman who did plain sewing in this  
city, while employed in the family of Ralph  
Henderson, of Maple-street, became addicted  
during the summer to the use of iced tea. She  
soon ran a sewing-machine needle through her  
thumb, and, for many days, whenever she pick-  
ed up a cup of iced tea, a sharp pain ran through  
her thumb. She refused to obey the warning,  
however, and in six weeks she was carried away.  
The man who carried her away married her  
first, and they are now living in Sagetown.

Last week, at the beginning of the heated  
term, two eminent scientific gentlemen of Bur-  
lington took a strong, healthy black-and-tan  
dog, and immersed him in a tub of pure city-  
water, into which a weak solution of iced tea  
had been poured. They held the dog's head un-  
der the water fifteen minutes, although he  
struggled violently, thus showing the natural  
and instinctive aversion to a substance which  
intelligent human beings blindly and eagerly  
drink, and when the gentlemen took him out of  
the tub he was quite dead. If a teacupful of  
iced tea in a tubful of water will kill a dog,  
think for yourselves what must be the effect of  
a strong, undiluted cup of this decoction upon  
the system of a weak woman.

Luther G. Riggs, of the Meriden Recorder, is  
the champion poetical commentator of the uni-  
verse.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

## Advice to Old Maids.

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, gray hairs discover,  
Then to the barber go, and—dye.

[St. John (N. B.) TORCH.]

## AFTER GOLDSMITH—A LONG WAY.

Woman condemned with youth to part  
Still on this hope relies,  
That though she may not win a heart,  
Sometime she'll gain a prize.  
Hope, like the glow-worm's feeble light,  
Sheds lustre on her way;  
She decks herself anew each night,  
And beautifies each day.

[Luther G. Riggs in Meriden Recorder.]

The harp that once through Tara's halls—  
I cull that line from Moore—  
Is thumbed all day, and quite enthralled  
The clerks of each Bowersy store;  
At least if not the identical harp  
Of which Tom so sweetly sang.  
I trust no one will sneer and carp  
Or question its dulcet twang—  
For the dull set, swarthy Italian, lean  
Might stiletto—pinion feel his spleen.

[Erratic Enrique in St. John TORCH.]

No wonder that the Muse is sick—  
More strange it is that he  
Survived so long—Death takes his pick  
Of bright ones, usually.  
And verses such as these above  
Betray superior minds—  
Such stars as Death is said to love,  
These are the marks he finds.  
Forbear, O friend, lest too soon end thy day!  
For Death, Lakens on, may turn thee into Clay,  
[Luther G. Riggs in Meriden Recorder.]

## SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

When lovely woman stoops—what folly!  
And feels too late her skirts give way,  
She yanks that pull-back up, does Molly,  
And disappears from light of day.—Puck.

"What is a sea-urchin?"—Brad. Betake  
yourself to an industrious sea-urchin' through  
the pages of natural history and you will find  
out.—Yonkers Gazette.

An old citizen, formerly a sea captain  
shook off a book agent by yelling, "Man over-  
board!"—Oil City Derrick.

Did you ever see a goose-berry its eggs?  
—N. Y. News. No, but we have seen a cow-  
hide in a tan vat.—Gowanda Enterprise.

The Hackensack [N. J.] Republican is wel-  
come. There is a clear ring about the jokes  
which denotes Crystal.—Etenburg, Pa.,  
Herald.

We are gratified to note a marked decline  
in market values. Five cents will now pur-  
chase a sheet of fly-paper that will stick to

the seat of a man's pantaloons for the bal-  
ance of the season.—St. Louis Journal.

War-fare—soldiers rations.—St. John  
Torch. Hard-tack—the one you sat down  
on.—Hackensack Republican.

The Shah's Paris expenses up to date are  
\$750,000. This extravagance is Shah-King.  
—Detroit Free Press.

We met a farmer a day or two ago who was  
so hard pushed that he was on his way to  
pawn his hoe. We told him we were sorry  
to see his case so hopeless. "Hopeless?" he  
exclaimed; "far from it! You know the old  
motto, 'hoe-pawn, hope ever.'"—Yonkers  
Gazette.

C. O. Mc says he was out walking with his  
wife the other day and she fell down and  
strained her back. She told him the fall  
wouldn't have been her lot if he'd showed her  
more attention. To which he responded that  
the strain was evidence that she'd had a ten-  
sion enough.—Yonkers Gazette.

"WHEN," asks the Warrensburg, Missouri,  
Press, "when is the time to travel?" When  
you hear her father's foot on the third step,  
young man, is about as good a time as any  
to start, and you can prolong the tour to suit  
your own convenience and the length of the  
old man's cane. From the innocence with  
which you ask the question, we suppose you  
didn't travel until he was clear into the par-  
lor. Served you right.—Hawkeye.

To drive away sorrow

And rouse all your fun,  
Read that Torch-crous sheet  
That comes from St. John.

[Danielsonville Sentinel.]

Its scintillations light

Our sunset every week;  
It flashes on our sight,  
And don't we vengeance seek.

[Meriden Recorder.]

Nothing will harass a worthy man more  
than the comparatively trifling discovery that  
his wife has cut a corner lot out of his un-  
dershirt for a powder rag.—St. Louis Jour.

Should a wealthy butcher's footman be  
dressed in livery!—St. John Torch.

Such jokes are neither meat nor lam.

Would a Chubb-lock be the best for a Her-  
ring safe!—St. John Torch.

It would be suf-fish-ent for a dead-lock.  
[Hackensack Republican.]

The home bird—the coo-coo.—New York Com-  
mercial. The pugilistic bird—the sparrer.—New  
York Graphic. The burglarious bird—the robin.—  
Yonkers Gazette. The balbutic bird—the swallow.  
—St. John Torch. The "paragrapping" bird—  
the goose.—Toronto Grip.



1878. SPRING STYLES. 1878

SILK HATS.

WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK

HATS.  
Also in Stock—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT  
HATS, 7% to 7%.

THORNE BROS.  
Hat and Fur Store, 13 King Street.

MEXICON, N. B., May 7th, 1878.  
J. P. ROBINSON, Esq., St. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR:—In January last I came to Moncton from  
Montreal to consult a physician, as I was in the 1st  
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  
certainly not more. As a last resort he recommended  
Robinson's Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime.  
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 continu-  
ed taking it ever since and am rapidly improving. I am  
confident that had it not been for your Oil I would 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—E. M. ESTREY.

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

## EXHIBITION

A Provincial Exhibition

WILL BE HELD IN

FREDERICTON

ON THE

8th, 9th, 10th &amp; 11th October next.

A LARGE, handsome building is now being erected  
for the purpose, and ample yard and shed accom-  
modation for stock is provided.

ABOUT \$5,000 IN PRIZES

Premium lists and blank forms of application can be  
procured by application to the Secretary of the several  
Agricultural Societies, or the undersigned.

Arrangements will be made for the conveyance of  
stock, Produce, Manufactures by Railway and Steamers to  
Fredericton at Reduced Rates, and one-half the  
freight paid will be refunded to Exhibitors.

All entries to be made by the 20th September.

A Sale of Pure Breed Cattle and Sheep, will take place  
during the Exhibition.

It is hoped that the liberal arrangements made will in-  
duce Farmer and Manufacturers to use every exertion to  
make this surpass all former Exhibitions held in this  
Province.

Any further information will be given on application  
to

JULIUS L. INCHES,

Secretary for Agriculture.

Fredericton, July 27, 1878

aug 10-4

FOURTH EDITION

—OF—

HENRY MORE SMITH,

The Mysterious Stranger,

JUST PUBLISHED.

Price, - 25 Cents.

GEO. W. DAY,

may 4

57 Charlott's Street.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Clyde shipwrights refuse to work for reduced wages.

THE ENTERING WEDGE.—Prince Bismark stands by the Falke laws, but agrees with the Pope as to how they shall be interpreted.

THE AUSTRIANS are meeting with opposition in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The old tenants do not cordially welcome the new. The Turks share in the insurrection trouble. SULEIMAN PASHA being in a fix at Trebinje, the Bosnian half of his army have deserted him, and joined hands with the Insurgents, who are blockading the town.

WHILE the world has been guessing what new honor VICTORIA would confer on BEACONSFIELD, it transpires, that he was offered a Dukedom, and the needful means with which to support the dignity of the title; and that he declined both the title and the money. This is the second time that BENJAMIN DISRAELI has acted the role of CESAR and CROMWELL. The other occasion was when he refused the lordship of Hinghamden, and it was conferred upon his wife instead. The brilliant Jew is content to be the real leader or DUX of English people—and fears, perhaps, that in taking the title, he would lose the fact.

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP!

There has something gone wrong. My brave boy, it appears, For I see your proud struggle To keep back the tears. That is right. When you cannot Give trouble the slip, Then bear it, still keeping "A stiff upper lip."

Though you cannot escape Disappointment and care, The next best thing to do Is to learn how to bear. If, when for life's prizes You're running, you trip, Get up—start again, "Keep a stiff upper lip!"

An incorrigible Cockney says that *Rarus*, who has just done his mile in 2.13, must really be a rare 'oss.

Is bass drum music sold by the pound!—*Decker Smith*. Yes; and tenor drum music by the roll.—*Kingwood Journal*. And harp music by the cord.—*Norristown Herald*. And hand organ music by the pennyweight.—*Graphic*. And horn music by the dram.—*Cin. Sat. Night*. And cat music by the yard—in the rear.—*Whitehall Times*. Church music is sometimes by the quartette.—*Geneva Gazette*. And

bagpipe music is always by the pipe.—*Pallston Journal*. And chin music by the y'll.—*Fulton County Republican*. And piano music by the gallon on the piano.—*St. John Torch*. Has anybody said anything about the viol?—*Burlington Hawkeye*. You folks will never be harpy till you quit this.—*Detroit Free Press*.—And they all quit accordably.—*Toronto Grip*.

Mr. R. J. Belford returned from Halifax on Wednesday. Messrs. Taylor & Boutellier have been appointed agents in that city for Rose Belford's publications.

If you challenge Neddy Hanlan to a friendly contest, and Neddy gets ahead—as is his usual custom—you should take it in good part, dear Wallace,—there is no use falling out about it.—*Grip*.

They were going to murder Hanlan at Torryburn the other day because the water was rough and the boat-race had to be postponed. This was very unreason-able. Poor Hanlan couldn't help it. The people of New Brunswick should remember that the Brit Government exercise authority in that section as well as here; and are responsible for the weather as long as they hold the reins.—*Grip*.

There isn't as much fuss made over the inauguration of a boy's first pants pocket as there is over the laying of a corner stone, but there are more things put in it.—*Fulton Times*.

Industry does not always pay. Let a husband be seen oiling the hinges of the doors in his house and his wife will at once charge him with intending to remain out till midnight.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Is the Ross-Hanlan boat-race the "grand drawing" of a Louisville lottery? If not, why these postponements!—*Oil City Derrick*.

NEW BOWLING ALLEYS

AND LUNCH ROOMS.

THE Subscriber is pleased to inform the public that he has opened his new

BOWLING ALLEYS

on Sydney Street, next to St. Malachi's Hall. To young men in offices and others whose occupations are of a sedentary nature, a healthy exercise of this kind will be found very beneficial.

A Lager Beer & Lunch Room has also been fitted up in first-class style.

C. COURTEYAY

June 1st

T. H. HANINGTON, DIRECT Importer of Genuine Havana and Virginia Tobacco, wholesale and retail, in all kinds of cigars, Pipes and Smoking goods of all kinds. This is the best quality and price. Also, a large assortment of wholesale and retail, and especially, *Decker's* Wm. & Co., St. John, N.B. Jan-ly

HOGAN & WALSH,

Wine and Liquor Dealers,

Saloon, No. 3, - Magee Block,

WATER STREET,

WERE kept constantly on hand the finest Brands of Foreign and Domestic WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS. OYSTERS, &C.

GERMANIA LAGER BEER

AND Lunch Rooms.

German Lunches Served at Short Notice.

Private Lunch Room for Parties.

COMMERCIAL BLOCK, Canterbury Street.

SAMUEL WHITEBONE, PROPRIETOR.

C. FLOOD,

87 King st., St. John, N. B.

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

PIANOS, ORGANS,

Sheet Music, Music Books,

And General Musical Merchandize.

SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK FOR

STEINWAY & SONS,

CHICKERING & SONS,

WM. BOURNE,

HALLETT & CUMSTON,

HAYNES BROS.,

PIANOS!

MASON & HAMLIN, And SMITH AMERICAN

ORGANS.

April 27-2m

Business Directory.

LEGAL.

W. B. HERGERT, Solicitor at Law, Notary Public, Ac. Office—No. 7 Barnhill's Building, Rocky Hill.

D. JOHNSON, Barrister-at Law, Ac. Jarvis Building, Prince Wm. St. No. 10

JOHN KERR, Barrister and Notary, No. 3 New Market Building, St. John, N. B. dec22-ly

F. T. C. S. DAWLES, Barrister-at Law, Notary Public, Solicitor of Patents, Ac. Office—Bayard Building, Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

AGEY S.

DUN, WIMAN & CO., Mercantile Agency, Jarvis Building, Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B. A. P. ROLPH, Manager. Jan 87

W. H. OLIVE, Custom House, Forwarding Commission, Railroad and Steamboat Agent, Local Passenger Agent Intercolonial Railway, 65, Prince Wm. St. Agent for Leffel's Water Wheels, Rotary Saw Mills, Engines and Boilers, Wood and Iron Working Machinery.

J. LINES DONVILLE & CO., Agents Coldbrook Rolling Mills Company, Victoria Wharf, Corner Smith & Union Streets.

INSURANCE.

INSURANCE BLOCK. Fire and Marine Insurance! Capital over Twenty Million Dollars

ROBERT EARSHALL, Gen. Agent, Notary Public and Broker. (dec 29 ly)

J. J. & J. SIDNEY KAYE, Agents Royal Insurance Co., Fire and Life, No. 7 Barnhill's Building, Rocky Hill.

D. W. COWARD, Insurance Agent, Bayard's Building, Prince Wm. St.

ARCHITECTS.

W. MORGAN SMITH, Architect Jack's Building, 13 Charlotte St. June

HENRY F. STAMBUCK, Architect, Bayard Building, Prince Wm. St.

CROFF & CAMP, Architects, Rooms No. 20 Magee Block, Water St.

H. N. BLACK, Architect, Nos. 4 and 10 Barnhill's Building, Rocky Hill.

HOTELS.

HOTEL DUFFERIN.—G. W. Sweet, Proprietor, South side King Square.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, Corner Union St. and Wellington Row, R. S. Hyde, Proprietor.

PARK HOTEL, Fred. A. Jones, of the late Barnes Hotel) Proprietor, King Square.

ROYAL HOTEL, T. F. Raymond, Proprietor, North side King Square.

WAVERLY HOUSE, John Guthrie, Proprietor, King St.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. H. THORNE & CO., General Hardware and Mill Supplies, Market Square.

JOHN SWEENEY, Wholesale and Retail Boot and Shoe Dealer, Cor. Market Square and Prince Wm. Street.

M. WALSH, Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Millinery, &c., No. 5 Market Square.

ADAM YOUNG, Mantles, Ranges, Register Grates, Stoves, and General House Furnishing Goods, Sands Building, Prince Wm. and Water Sts.

JOHNSON & FEELEY, Contractors, Masons and Builders, Residence—22 Horsfield Street, Saint John, N. B.

J. D. TURNER, 25 North Side King Square, dealer in Opium, Finest Hardies, and General Commission Business.

GHOSTS.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL'S Lectures in pamphlet form on GHOSTS, or the Coming and Going Religion: Saints, Hell, or the Hidden Truth. Text cents each, or all three for 25 cents. Stamps or silver. Address J. M. WILLIAMS, Waterford, N. B.

**TEMPLE BAR. J. L. McCOSKERY,**

If you want some good "Three Star"  
Call on George at "Temple Bar."  
"Cobblers," "Jalops," "Brands' Smash,"  
State first class, and cheap for cash.  
And for those who wear the "blue"  
Lemonade and Beer for you.  
If you want a prime cigar  
Come at once to "Temple Bar."

**GEORGE BIDDINGTON,**  
CHURCH STREET.

**FISHING THREAD**

WE have received a large stock of  
GILLING THREADS, assorted,  
all numbers in use.

DAILY EXPECTED:

**3000 lbs. Dressed Salmon  
Twine;  
1000 lbs. Undressed do.**

For sale at Commission Prices.

T. R. JONES & CO.  
Feb 22-24.

**Real Estate Agency.**

THE subscriber begs to inform the public  
that he is prepared to negotiate  
loans on Mortgage and Real Estate in  
the City and Portland.

Parties desirous of transacting business  
are requested to call.  
**CHARLES W. WATERS,**  
Office Vernon's Building,  
Corner King and Germain st.  
Feb 9

**NORRIS BEST,**

GENERAL IMPORTER OF

**Iron & Metals,**

No. 120 & 122 Water St.  
April 6-14

**WM. DOHERTY & CO.,**

Custom Tailors,

**MARKET SQUARE**

St. John, N. B.

FIRST-CLASS FIT and Workmanship  
guaranteed. A full stock of Gent's  
Furnishing goods.

LADIES' SACQUES a Specialty.

We have in stock a first-class assortment  
of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH  
TWEEDS, WOOLLEN COATINGS, Blue  
and Black DRESKITS and BRAD-  
OVERCOATINGS, &c, which will be  
made up in the latest styles, and a perfect  
fit guaranteed. may 4

**CARPETS.**

THE subscriber has Removed to  
his NEW WAREHOUSES,  
FOSTER'S CORNER,

where he has a select stock of  
Carpeting of every description,  
including Brussel, Tapestry and  
Wools.

ENGLISH OILCLOTHS

In all the newest designs, and  
FURNITURE in all the latest styles  
ly A. B. SHERATON.

Printer, Bookbinder,

MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

PRINTING

done in first-class style, and at rea-  
sonable prices.

A full line of

LAW AND COMMERCIAL

**STATIONERY!**

kept constantly in Stock.

**Account Books,**

Ruled, Bound, and Printed to any  
pattern.

J. L. McCOSKERY,

(Late with H. Chubb & Co.)

Ennis & Gardner's Building.

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

St. John, N. B.

Jan 12-1m

**GRAND OPENING!**

THE subscriber takes pleasure in an-  
nouncing that the

**DOMINION**

**Wine Vaults!**

LUNCH AND BILLIARD ROOMS,

Situated in Mullin Bros. Block,

Cor. Dock St. & North Wharf,

Thankful for past patronage, a contin-  
uance of the same is respectfully solicited  
Jan 12 C. COURTENAY.

**TEMPERANCE**

**REFORM CLUB!**

**Provisional Subscription Committee**

The following members of the St. John  
Temperance Reform Club are authorized  
to solicit subscriptions for the Club: Use:

J. B. HAMM, ROBERT BUSTIN,  
C. R. RAY.

St. John, January 29th, 1878.

C. R. RAY, President.

**CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,**

42 and 44

Prince William Street.

HON. ISAAC BURPEE'S BUILDING,

1878.

**International Steamship Co.**

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Tri-Weekly Line.**

(Jan and after) ONDAY, JUNE 2nd,  
and until further notice, the splendid  
sea-going steamers, New York, E. B.  
Winchester, master, and City of Portland,  
S. H. Fiske, master, will leave West's  
Point Wharf every Monday, Wednesday  
and Friday mornings, at 8 o'clock, for  
Eastport, Portland and Boston.  
Returning will leave Boston every Mon-  
day, Wednesday and Friday morning, at  
8 o'clock.

Connecting both ways at Eastport with  
our new boats for St. Andrews and  
Calais, and at Portland and Boston with  
steamers and rail to all parts of the  
United States.

No charge for allowance after Goods  
leave the warehouse.  
Freight received Tuesday, Thursday and  
Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock, p.m.  
B. W. CHRISTIE, M.  
Agent.

June 22

**JAS. ADAMS & CO.**

HAVE OPENED

**In their New Premises,**

**BOLD STAND!**

**NO. 16 KING STREET,**

Where, with a New and

Thoroughly Assorted Stock  
-OF-  
**SEASONABLE**

**DRY GOODS.**

Increased Facilities,

-AND-  
Prompt attention to Business

They hope to receive a continuance  
of the Patronage so liberally be-  
stowed on them in the past,  
dec 22-14.

**NOTICE.**

We have in Stock a splendid line of  
**Coatings and Tweeds**  
for our Custom Department, and will  
make to order at our usual low price.  
At our old stand, Dock St.  
**MULLIN BROS.**

We are selling our

**READY-MADE CLOTHING AT COST**

to make room for our Spring arrivals.  
MULLIN BROS.,  
Dock Street.

**E. P. HAMMOND,**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
SINGER'S, HOWE'S AND LAWLOR'S  
**SEWING MACHINES.**  
No. 36 COMMERCIAL BLOCK,  
King Street, St. John, N. B.  
Cottons, Oil and Attachments kept  
constantly on hand.  
Sewing Machines Repaired and Im-  
proved.  
Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 6m)

VICTORIA

**LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,**

PRINCESS STREET,

(Between Sydney and Charlotte.)

THE above New and Commodious Sta-  
bles are now open for business, with  
a new and first-class stock.

**Boarding Horses**

kept on reasonable terms, and supplied  
with Loose Boxes or ordinary Stalls, as  
required.

ALBERT PETERS

DENTAL NOTICE.

GEORGE P. CALDWELL, M. D.,

DENTIST.

No. 7 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.  
Jan 5 ly

**Rouillon Josephine  
KID GLOVES,**

First Choice.

JUST RECEIVED—One Case of the  
above celebrated

**GLOVES**

in street and evening shades.  
M. CAFFEY & DAILY,  
Corner King and Germain streets,  
may 4

**WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS  
Must be True!**

THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every  
size, lined, unlined, Buck & Castors.  
Rouillon's SEAMLESS FIRST  
CHOICE KIDS.

**Black Goods and Silks!**

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock  
in the City to choose from.  
Gentlemen's UNDERCLOTHING  
every make.  
MACKENZIE BROTHERS,  
dec 29 47 King Street.

**Ready-Made Clothing.**

The Cheapest Lot of Goods ever  
imported to this Market.

A GOOD SUIT FOR \$8.00;  
A FIRST CLASS SUIT FOR \$10.00;  
THE BEST IN THE MARKET FOR \$14.00;  
WORKING PANTS from \$2.00 to \$2.50;  
BOYS' SUITS from \$2.40 to \$5.00

Custom Work a Specialty.

THOS. LUNNEY,

may 25 No. 9 King St.

**KERR & SCOTT**

Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants,  
17 King street, St. John, N. B.

**PARK HOTEL**

**Boarding and Livery Stable**  
SYDNEY STREET,

dec 22 ly W. H. AUSTIN.

**THURGAR & RUSSELL,**

Wine and Commission Merchant,  
15 North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.  
21 mo.

**ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG,**

Wholesale and Retail dealer in Wines  
and Spirits, Havana Cigars and Tobaccos,  
No 2 King Square,  
Branch Store, 18 Charlotte street,  
dec 22 ly St. John, N. B.

**M. A. FINN,**

Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana  
Cigars, Hazen Building King Square.  
dec 22 ly St. John, N. B.

**E. W. GALE,**

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,  
The Equitable Life Assurance Company  
of the United States, The Accident  
Insurance Company of Canada.  
Office Room BAYARD BUILDING  
Prince Wm st (dec 22) St. John, N. B.

**FERRICK BROTHERS,**

Wholesale and Retail dealers in First-  
Class Wines, Old Brandies, Whiskies, etc.  
No. 15 North side King Square.  
THOS. S. FERRICK, JAS. J. FERRICK,  
dec 22 ly St. John, N. B.

**JOHN GRADY,**

Importer and Dealer in  
Wines, Liquors and Cigars,  
Wholesale and Retail.  
Cor. MILL and NORTH STREETS.  
Feb 22-ly