



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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1878.

No. 28

(For the Torch.)
AT FORTY-FOUR.

'Tis curious how our natures change!—
The hopes and fears of the days of yore
Seem frivolous and very strange,
At forty-four!

The friendships of our early years
Grow cold, and our hearts grow sick and
sore!—
For such we have few sighs or tears
At forty-four!

When Mabel died the sun was hid—
I wept as boys had wept before!
"My heart lies under the coffin lid,
Forevermore!"

But other Mabels have taken her place—
And flowers the landscape have dotted
o'er!—
I have no memory of her face,
At forty-four!

Once for the friendship of men I sought—
And at a slight my heart grew sore!—
How well I know how friendship is bought,
At forty-four!

Well, it is well! I shall go away—
Some one, mayhap, will my loss deplore—
But that some one will muse as I muse to-day,
At forty-four,
H. L. SPENCER.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

When a girl tries to whistle, her mouth looks
as though she tasted something bitter.—*N. J. Republican.* How would you expect her mouth
to look if something bit her?—*Stamford Adv.*

Who ever saw a devil fish.—*Herald, P. I.*
Victor Hugo and tell him.—*Oil City Derrick.*

It was a good thing for a New York daily to
engage H. Clay Lukens as paragraph editor.
It helps to carry the *News* to hire 'im.—*Stam-*
ford Advocate. We're very sorry, but Lukens'
name is not Hiram, it's Henry. Don't you wish
you hadn't?—*Hackensack Republican.*

"This is poor twine," said a customer to a
dealer, as he exclaimed an inferior article of
wrapping-cord. "Port wine, is it?" exclaimed
an Irishman standing by. "It isn't poor wine

at all, man; it's sthring just. Phwat're yo
givin' us?"—*Albany Argus.*

There is a place in Michigan called Bad Axe,
Helve name.—*Turners Falls Reporter.* Ax sent
on first syllable.—*St. John Torch.* We had one
on this, but we can't latchet it out just now.—
Stamford Advocate.

Europe is like the modest guest at dinner,
"I'll take a little peace, thank you."—*Keokuk*
Constitution.

To the average Athenian the dearest spot on
earth is the Greece spot.—*St. Louis Journal.*

An "eminent chemist" holds that penny-
ante inevitably suggests the presence of ante-
money.—*Stamford Advocate.*

A black-edged envelope makes a very neat
mourning wrapper.—*N. Y. News.*

A New Haven man whose wife, Emma, has
just presented him with twins, raising the total
number of his "responsibilities" to thirteen,
now goes about the house thoughtfully hum-
ming that charming new melody, "Whoa Em-
ma."—*Stamford Advocate.*

Ingratitude is strongest in a Coroner. You
may do him every kindness, and you can't tell
what moment he will sit on you.—*Oil City*
Derrick.

He was a school boy of eleven, and had a
mind full of interrogation points. When he
asked his teacher "Who was Ocles, and what
was he cursed for?" his instructor nearly split
his head thinking before it occurred to him
that his pupil referred to Damocles.—*Norris-*
town Herald.

If Satan is not a 'female, what is he called
Luci-fir?—*Whitehall Times.* This is a very im-
portant question.—*St. John Torch.* You will
find it so, some day.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"Anything new or fresh this morning?" a
reporter asked in a railroad office. "Yes," re-
plied the lone occupant of the apartment.
"What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping
out his note-book. Said the railroad man, edg-
ing towards the door: "That paint you are
leaning against." Such are the loads a news-
paper man must bear.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Keokuk Constitution: "Look at the butter-
fly," said a landlady at one of our boarding-
houses, and she said it in such a tone that
every knife was arrested in its march toward
the butter-plate, and the boarders could not
tell whether she meant the insect which had
just flown in at the window or the dairy pro-
duct on the table.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

"What is the difference," said she,
Between the moon and you?"
"I cannot tell, my treasured one,"
Said he, with intr'est new.
"The difference is this," said she,
With satire of a Junius.
"The moon hath silvery quarters, love,
While you are impecunious!"
Yonkers Gazette.

Arrows by any other name would fly as swift.
—*Hackensack Republican.*

A dry Dey.—The thirsty monarch of murky
Morocco.—*N. Y. News.*

Cincinnati Breakfast Table: A soldier wrote
to a Chicago pension lawyer, to learn whether
a man who had been kicked by a mule while
in the service could secure a pension. The
lawyer replied that if the mule was feeling
well and had a fair chance he didn't think he
could.

A comic song is an absurd-ditty.—*Hackensack*
Republican.

New York News: It seems second nature for
the average Teuton to toot on some brass in-
strument.

Wax figures will not lie.—Ex. No; but they
will run—if you place them in the sun or too
near the fire.—*Norristown Herald.*

The tender memories of a past love will come
stealing o'er the senses of a man like the rich
aroma of pan-cakes on a frosty morning.—*Hack-*
ensack Republican.

Says Pat, "many aches
Be japers o'ertakes
I's, dwelling in mortal tinimints;
But our aches we can cure
Begorra I'm sure
With SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENTS."

Little nips of whisky,
Little horns of beer,
Makes the high old bender,
And the drunk severe.
—*Hartford Journal.*

We clip the above from the *Gowanda Enter-*
prise in which it is erroneously credited to the
Hartford Journal. It was written by Mr.
Phillips Thompson of the *Boston Traveller* for
the *Torch* and has been extensively copied,
sometimes with and often without credit, ever
since.

(For the Torch.)
REST IN THE RIVER.

Out in the still night where the River's dark tide
 In silence sweeps steadily on,
 Under the great trees where the winds have
 sighed,
 A woman is wandering alone.
 Low droops her figure—pale is her cheek
 And her white hands are wrung in despair,
 Sobs check the words her pale lips would speak
 To the dark River flowing there.

Miles away in a City street,
 In a Palace garden fair,
 Dawdling his time at a Siren's feet
 Sits a man without a care.
 Form of Apollo. Face of a God,
 Erect in his manhoods pride,
 Little he cares for the broken heart
 Down by the River-side.

Out on the night, the winds bear a cry,
 As she plunges beneath the wave
 And is borne with the tide, that is sweeping by,
 Down to an early grave.
 Up in the Heavens, where the moon on high
 Hides her face behind a cloud,
 Echoes again that sorrowing cry,
 In the ears of the Father, loud.

The River has covered its secret in peace
 And the night wind still means on,
 And the angels hide their faces, and weep
 O'er another lost soul that is gone.
 How many a tired victim,
 For refuge from her toes,
 And rest from earthly suffering,
 Has sought the River's repose.

Man laughs in his security,
 And with fraud his life is fraught;
 What cares he for tears and prayers?
 A woman's heart is naught.
 Now ye, who are leaving a mother's care
 In a wicked city to dwell,
 Of smiles and low soft words beware
 For the ending is Death an Hell.

H. E. B.

BOSTON LETTER.

BOSTON, June 25, 1878.

Dear Torch.—Even to one who has witnessed them, but especially to one who has never had that pleasure, the Class Day exercises at Harvard are always interesting. On that day the usually quiet city of Cambridge is all astir, lines of carriages surround the college grounds, and a stranger would not be long in deciding that something unusual was going on.

Class Day this year was even more pleasant than usual, for the class, unlike that of last year, were quite united, and the weather was simply perfect.

At eleven o'clock, after the devotional exercises in the chapel, the class marched to the beautiful Saunders Theatre, where an oration was delivered to a select audience. There was no class poem on account of the sad death of the class poet last month. In its place the big oration a most amusing one, was then given, and the ode sung.

During the afternoon many speeches were given, those by the Pi Eta, Hasty Pudding and Signet Societies being the longest. Throughout the afternoon the yards presented a lovely sight, the brilliant duets and happy faces of the ladies, the students more quietly dressed, the stately buildings seeming to smile upon the scene, with the smoothly shaven turf be-

neath, and over all the bright clear sky, formed a picture not soon to be forgotten.

At 5 P.M. the class having made the circuit of the yard, cheering each building in turn, proceeded to the enclosure where the tree exercises were to take place. The huge tree as garlanded with choice flowers, placed just beyond the reach of even the tallest youth. After singing an ode written for the occasion, and cheering nearly every person and thing connected with the college, the seniors clad in old clothes with "shocking bad" hats formed a ring, two more rings of sophomores and juniors were formed and soon the three circles were rapidly revolving round the tree.

At a given signal, hands were unrelaxed and the seniors in the presence of over a thousand spectators rushed for the flowers. Then the fun began, scrambling over one another's shoulders, each one strove to obtain some portion of the glowing wreath for himself a trophy he carefully preserves forever. At length the tree is entirely divested of the flowers, cheers and shouts greeting the young man who distanced his companions in obtaining the last bouquet. Eager for something more the youths call for the marshalls of the day and treat them one by one to a ride on their shoulders. At length seeming to have exhausted themselves with their mirth, they gradually disperse and soon their suits are exchanged for more decorous though less picturesque broadcloth.

During the evening the college yard is hung with thousands of Chinese lanterns, while calcium lights shed abroad almost the brightness of day. The yard is roped off and only those fortunate ones having tickets are admitted. These in couples and groups promenade and listen to the music of the College Glee Club. Until eleven dancing is kept up in Memorial Hall. In the whole country one could hardly find a finer dancing hall than this, adorned with elegant pictures and statues. All the young ladies are elegantly dressed and all look handsome and happy. To many in deed this is a memorable day, for some have come from distant parts of the country to honor the graduation of brother or "that one dearer still." By twelve the lights in the yard begin to fail, the distant rumble of wheels is heard, and soon all that is left of the Class Day of '78 is a pleasant memory not soon to fade.

LEAH.

(For the Torch.)
JOTTINGS.
 BY "QUEEN."

Whatever made you choose the life of an editor? queried an old inquisitive.

Because I felt ink lined and well read was the retort.

Note from "Old Probability."—To-day "weather's mild." Laughable ain't it.

Some men are mean enough to sleep on tick.

See ure (seek your) money these hard times

This is the age of *godheadism*. Men nowadays express their thoughts, and are not a freight to do so.

A hen has a most business-like way of providing eggs for our comfort. She goes about it *in-er-nest*.

A naval fight was witnessed by crew of the "Mary Ann," of Leads, between two large whales. *Blowes* were exchanged freely by both combatants.

Small Boy.—Ma, why are all the shops shut up?

Ma.—Because it is Sunday, and no places are open but places of worship.

S. B.—Are Livery Stables places of worship ma?

(For Torch.)
CENTENNIAL POETRY.

Muscle is god. Man is muscular mind.
 Nation is aggregate muscularity: ergo
 U. S. is the nation that whips,
 And has whipped these hundred years.

Circus me a Centennial circus. This no programme
 Of piebald cabhorses coined of the ringmaster's brain,
 But Bonnerian Goldsmithian Maids in mystic gambol
 Appeal to the inner consciousness of the fashionable audience,—
 An audience simply splendid, lovely, cunning, sweetly pretty,
 Vast, grand, illimitable, republican, unwhippable, free!
 There in the circle circumambient, the arena of infinite hoofs.
 Cirrhus, for saw dust, and for orange-peel, aureate, golden,
 Fragments of chaos flaked off from the mantle of day,
 Compete the winged horse Pegasus, and Bucephalus, Alexander-bestridden,
 With the respectable ass of Mahomet, Al Borak,
 And Aurora's flower-named steeds that make 2.10 of time.

Lo! the Archangel Art on the flying trapeze;
 Gorge balances the ladder of Jacob on nose,
 While athwart the rungs transversely shin the Atlantide
 And the Eumenides perpetrates with cups and balls.
 Galbreith leads the band with his twingle twangle,
 And resonant with melody is the operatic air,
 And I, Centennial Clown, deliver my jokings clowny.

For this is an Age Progressive that our fathers were not of,
 And this is the Poetry of the first Centennial,—
 So what, in Blaze's name, will be that of the second?

Exploded is the antique Heaven,—burst is the Christian paradise,
 Civilization hath wiped out the hymns of David and Watts
 And substituted the psalms of Moody's and Sankey's evangelies;
 Boston is the hub of the universe. Around the hub revolveth the wheel.
 No money taken at the doors. Thrones secured at the box-office.
 Rejoice, O Intellect! rejoice! Make way O Old for the New!

WALT WHITMAN.

Happy thought.—What more appropriate name could be obtained for the editor of the *Mugfloer* than *Baker*. We *dough-nut* mean this as an ill *bread* remark.—*Hali-fax Razor*.

The Cucumber will soon be ripe,
 With its green and yell-O hue,
 But if U. eat a double I,
 It soon will W. —*Hali-fax Razor*.

A vain search—that of a leach.—*Entreprise*. We have always found it a *suc-cess*.—*Torch*. If you leach explain the joke we'll laugh.—*Hali-fax Razor*.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

Problem No. 13.

BY JOSEPH N. BABSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Self mate in eight moves.

We have received but one correct solution to Mr. Stubbs's problem, No. 11, published a fortnight since—from Mr. Joseph N. Babson, Boston. The solution is as follows:—

- | | |
|--------------|--------|
| 1 Kt—Kt3 | 1 K—B7 |
| 2 Q—Kt2 (ch) | 2 K—Q8 |
| 3 B×P | 3 P—R6 |
| 4 Q—K5 | 4 K—B7 |
| 5 B—R4 (ch) | 5 K—B8 |
| 6 Q—Kt2 (ch) | 6 P×Q |
- Mate.

GAME No. 25.

We take the following very singular game from Lange's *Handbuch*. The moves are logical; yet after 17 moves, a position arises which would be deemed impossible of occurrence in actual play.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1 P to K4 | 1 P to K4 |
| 2 Kt to B3 | 2 QK to B3 |
| 3 P to Q4 | 3 P×P |
| 4 KB to B4 | 4 B to B4 |
| 5 Castles | 5 Kt to B3 |
| 6 P to K5 | 6 P to Q4 |
| 7 P×Kt | 7 P×B |
| 8 R to Ksq ch | 8 K to Bsq |
| 9 P×P ch | 9 K×P |
| 10 Kt to K5 | 10 R to Ksq |
| 11 Q to R5 | 11 Q to B3 |
| 12 B to R6 ch | 12 K to Kt sq |
| 13 QKt to B3 | 13 P×Kt |
| 14 Kt×Kt | 14 R×R ch |
| 15 R×R | 15 B to B4 |
| 16 P to QKt4 | 16 P×Kt |
| 17 P×B | |

Presenting 6 pawns on one file.—*Phil. C. Record.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. N. B.—Many thanks for puzzles; hope you will again favor us when you have leisure.

C. S.—What about Hoyle?

BEGINNER.—No. A pawn instead of Queen can become any other piece, a King excepted.

A San Francisco bride made her bridal trip upon a vessel on which she was born twenty years ago.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Then she was borne again on the same vessel

Cobbet's wife caught him by the grace with which she used her washtub.—*Ex.*

More likely by "soft soap" than *grase*.

Phonograph is feminine-gender—because it talks back.—*Boston Post.*

Yes, but it never speaks unless it's spoken to.

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.

135.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

- In mouse, not in rat;
- In round, not in flat;
- In Lot, not in his wife;
- In death, not in life;
- In bread, not in butter;
- In knife not in cutter;
- My whole in a Turkish title.

LEWINDER.

136.—HALLOW SQUARE.



Across: Early; to plunder. Down: A boy's name; a girl's name.

137.—GEOGRAPHICAL WHEEL PUZZLE.

Centrals across and down: A village of northern Italy; a town of France. Diagonals left and right: A State of America; a chain of mountains in Asia. External name a well-known city of Europe.

SILV.

138.—REBUS.

S S WROSS.

149.—ANAGRAMS.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| Exert an l. | On real s. |
| Gin men. | On prim ten. |
| | SOBER SIDES. |

140.—UNION JACK.

Across: An ancient town of Lydia; the aborigines of Crete; persons who encourage growth. Down: An ancient town of Thessaly; one of the tribes into which Romulus divided his people; the dog ramp. Diagonals: The ancient name of a cramp of Britain; to make sweet.

GLEN LYON.

141.—RIDDLE.

I am worn by Chinamen. I am not myself. Two of me now make ease. Lastly, I am to motion. Combine me and I am one of Canada's cities.

CIPHER.

142.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters.
 My 4, 6, 2, 9, 3, 8, 7, 12 is to respect.
 My 7, 3, 8, 10, 2 is a girl's name.
 My 1, 5, 12, 3, 4 is obvious
 My 4, 6, 9, 10 is a sort of instrument.
 My 7, 12, 3, 5 is a kind of fish.
 My 1, 8, 10, 11, 5, 6 is a bed for children.
 My whole is an English novelist.

EPHEI.

148.—CHARADE.

One twelfth of the year my first you'll find
 As a verb 'tis often used
 And many of them you'll call to mind
 Whenever you feel amused.

My second you know you must admire
 When in the joyful spring
 You see its blooms rise high and higher
 And Nature a lovely song does sing.
 My last you'll find in this lame rhyme
 A boat of fame historic rare
 Its name is known since early time
 Its motto was to do and dare.

144.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A city in Connecticut; a fast train; a tree that droops; an illegal confederacy; primitive; to enclose. Primals and finals connected name a portion of our Dominion.

PEW PILL.

145.—WORD PUZZLE.

S O U E. JOSHUA

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE 15.

- 116.—COLIN
 OBESSE
 LEASE
 ISSUES
 NEESSE

- 118.—Mad-a-gas car.
 119.—Frederick the Great.
 120.—Nat, tan.
 121.—Wilful waste makes woeful want.

- 122.— B
 FUN
 BURN
 FRANKLE
 PEACEMAKER

- 123.—Prussia, Prussia.
 124.—Because it is found everywhere.
 125.—Keats, Shelley, Willis.

- 126.—A L L A N
 L O
 I R
 C A
 E D I T H

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

PEW PILL, St. John.—We can see the pupil of your eye dilate when you learn your puzzles have been accepted. Your solutions to Nos. 117, 118, 119, 121, 122, 124 and 125 are O. K. Very good for a new beginner.

JOSHUA.—We must say Josh you are an excellent puzzler, and your contributions we are pleased to add to our columns. May your shadow never grow less.

WROSS.—Thanks for your knots. It is pleasing to find you are one of the forget-me-nots. We are glad to learn your interest in our columns is unabated. Please come often.

CLARA L.—We are sorry to say you have been unsuccessful in an-wearing all the Knots. Nos. 117 and 116 are incorrect. We wait your promised puzzles.

JEW SHARP.—Your solutions are accurately given, with the exception of Nos. 124. Your remarks prove you sharp.

PRIZES.—For the list of correct answers to puzzles in this number we will send an excellent prize. For the best incomplete list the Torch three months.

WORD NEXT.—We cordially invite every reader to enter this amusement, and endeavor to receive the prize; or, at least, be very near the head of the list.

In Benton Harbor, Mich., no boys are allowed out after nine o'clock.—*N. Y. News.*

In St. John the boys are loud out at night, but it's not nine o'clock they're after. They are bent-on having a good time.

The first thing out in the morning—City gas-light.—*N. Y. News.*

How do you know, did you ever meet'er?

The racy *Rome Sentinel* wants the key to a scalp lock, and the address of whoever has heard of a hog eating from the trough of the sea.

The best time to sea it would be when Old Bore as is blowing from the sow west.

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TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 29, 1878.

REQUISITION TO GOVERNOR TILLEY.

On Thursday evening a large number of gentlemen met in a hall of Nickerson's building Prince William street, for the purpose of presenting a requisition, signed by over one thousand names, to the Hon. S. L. Tilley, asking him to become a candidate to represent the City for the coming Dominion Parliament. On motion, Charles H. Fairweather, Esq., was requested to act as Chairman. Mr. F. stated the object of the meeting after which he presented the requisition to His Honor expressing a wish that he would accept it and assuring him that his many and staunch friends would rally around him as they had in days gone by and carry him on to glorious victory.

His Honor, in reply, thanked the Chairman and his many friends who had honored him with this high compliment, and stated that he had a great deal of pleasure in accepting the requisition and would certainly comply with the request. In a few days he purposed placing his resignation in the hands of the Dominion Government after which, with his hands and tongue free—he would call a meeting of the citizens to discuss the political questions of the day and enter actively on the campaign.

The Chairman closed with a few remarks and the meeting adjourned.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT.—On Monday evening next the 63rd Rifle Band of Halifax, N. S., will give a Promenade Concert at the Skating Rink under the auspices of Hibernia Masonic Lodge. As this is said to be one of the finest Bands in the Dominion a rare musical treat may be expected. The names of the gentlemen who form the Committee is sufficient guarantee that it will be a great success. See advertisement.

A dog-matic man is always dis-cur-tious.

A pound of butter.—Locking up a goat in the city pound.

Some girls are like old muskets; they use a good deal of powder but don't go off

To Watchmakers.—How many carats will go to a gold turnip that will beat time?

What is the difference between an *He Agent* and a *G-out-ile*?

Rome has a small navy and yet she's "Mistress of the Seas."

Fog is mist—but, strange to say,
It's not missed when it goes away.

What is the difference between the dinner going and the cook? One makes a *din* and the other a *dinner*.

When you give a reformed drunkard a piece of blue ribbon, it is to show him that he azure good wishes.

Among the articles at 'an Agricultural Fair we notice Scotch Drum Potatoes. Is not this a mistake? Perhaps Drum *Beats* is intended.

A dog fancier in St. John has a dog, shaved to represent a lion, which he calls Richard. He puts the reason he calls him that is because he puts him so much in mind of 'Richard Cur de Lion.'

Only one man has ever dared to climb the spire of St. Paul's Church, London. £20 was offered to any one who would repaint the ball, but no one could be found who would a-spire to the job.

What kind of a light is the most appropriate for a ship's binnacle?

Stearine Candles.

Are they made from sheep's tallow?

No—*steer's*.

Our Liniments try—

Please don't take offence, sir;

Come to us and buy,

Yours,

WORTMAN & SPENCER.

A young lady offered to bring her brother a present if he could in a punning way express what article of amusement he would like to have and which would at the same time name a poem by a popular author.

"All right," said the youthful prodigy, there is nothing I would sooner have Than-a-top sis" He got it.

Why are the clumsy louts, whose big feet tread on and destroy ladies dresses in the ball-room, like the villains who place obstructions on a railroad track for the purpose of throwing the cars off? Because they are train-wreckers.

N. B.—It is perhaps needless to say that the above was perpetrated by a lady.

Halifax, tired of being dependent on other cities for Comic papers, thought it time to have one of their hone, and the *Razor* is the result, a keen, sharp, cutting little shaver, published by Messrs. Taylor and Boutellier, 167 Hollis street. It makes a good start and we wish it success.

ADVICE.

If free you'd be from worry and fret,
Take kind advice—KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

How an old female rat proved herself to be of a literary nature. She said: "A litter rat I had—the litter hate I, and therefore the litter ate it; consequently among the litter, rate I as one of the literati."

When a man has been out fishing all day, and comes home in the evening with big stories about the large number of three-pound trout he caught and—gave away—you can say to him. "That fish story am-fib-ious."

It never rains but it pours. Our exchange list is further expanded this week by the reception of the *Breakfast Table*, from Cincinnati. Its bill of fare is choice enough to please the palate of the most fastidious epicure. Mr. James L. Ryman is the clever caterer who keeps it supplied with good things, and, as Lukens would say, since-a-natty and good looking young man like Hyman has charge, it must succeed.

PITHY PERSONALS.

—Mr. P. A. Crosby, manager of the Dominion Type Foundry is in the city.

—Lord Dufferin attended the commencement exercises at Harvard University on Thursday.

CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

Why do people pay ten cents a sheet for music when they can get it by the choir for nothing?—*Omaha Republican*. Some people even test it by scales and purchase it by the chord.—*Com. Adv.* We buy ours by the bar.—*Boston Transcript*. Pretty sharp! *nous twigons!* "Sweet spirit hear my prayah" makes one quaver. Somebody will, of course, call this flat, but don't let him get that crochet into his head.—*Com. Adv.* He won't take the trouble, but there is still time for tenor or a down bass jokes on the subject.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*. We don't C sharp, but hope uncle Andante may register theirs with the rest.—*N. Y. News*

It wouldn't B natural that you should C sharp, but if you will issue a false set o' notes it's alto-gether likely you'll be sent to Sing-Sing when you'll have a chants with a change of air—to improve your bare o' tone jokes.

"Do fish sleep?" asks an inquirer. If they they don't, what are they doing in the river's bed?—*Courier Journal*. Lying under a sheet—of water.—*Whitehall Times*.

We have often heard of a salmon's leap-after a fly.

Agent Bates had a full hand last week. He now holds three of a kind in two suits.—*Luckensack Republican*.

What Bates a full?

Should there ever be a base bawl Congress of paragratic polyphonists, St. Louis will glory in having center Field.—*N. Y. News*.

We know where they could get a good Chrystal pitcher.

Bark brings four dollars a cord in this city. This is not a very extensive market for it, however.—*Altoona Evg. Mirror*. In this city bark can be had for nothing. It rises on the evening sir from the lungs of a thousand canines.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A kind of canine bark.

When one swallow makes some err it often makes one fall also.—*Whitehall Times*.

Yes, because you cant tel' whin-ter stop. It autumn make him do so when he 'swallowing in: the mire.

So many suits for breach of promise now-a-days show that a man is not safe to ring a young lady's hand.—*Stamford Advocate*.

No, it's not safe to ring a belle if she's been told by her father not to allow you to "ring in."

What kind of a bottle is the most appropriate for holding Bass ale? A Bass vial.—*Thirty Torch*.—N. Y. News. "Enrique," you are a base vile fellow for calling us such names.—*St. John Town*. Fiddlesticks! We had no intention to do any violence to your feelings.—N. Y. News.

Please don't harp-pun this subject any more.

Dresden possesses the "boss" wood heaver. His motto should be Hew-reaka!—*Whitchall Times*.

When did he seek-hewer him? Who alze the next?

Sixty cheese foundries in Lewis County but mould-ers need not apply.—N. Y. News. There must be a "mittev" big lot—but let's "cheese it."—*Stamford Advocate*.

A good joke oc-curd to us after reading the above but we don't like to "give it a whey."

When the rector of an English parish is suffering from a mortal malady, it is hardly possible to suppose his assistant can curate.—N. Y. News.

When he dies, put him into a gas retort and, through cremation, he'll be a die reactor in the Gas Company.

To dig for a living is no digra lation.—*Whitehall Times*.

And yet some people think it *in fra dig* to do so.

The sting of a bee will always be interesting.—*Hackensack Republican*.

We always thought it wasp particularly interesting.

At Kinderhook, N. Y., on the night of the 7th, the residence of James Mix, a jeweller of Albany, was entered by burglars and robbed of over \$2,000 worth of property.—*Ex*.

Mr. Mix didn't think they were kind ter hook his jewellery.

If Greece admitted to the conference it might lead some fatuous discussions that would make the grave situation even more gray than it now is.—*Yonker's Gazette*.

You think she 'Ath-en slim chane, of being admitted unless Russia a-Greece to let her. Phat do you say?

The weather this Summer is as unsettled as a cup of boarding-house coffee.—*Rome Sentinel*. We would like to ask whether you have sufficient grounds for making such a statement, or did J-av-a grudge against it?

They were but chants acquaintances, but she recognized hymn immediately.—N. Y. News. An'them only acquainted from pass-ing each other on the street.

An ex-press man—a retired printer.—*Stamford Advocate*. A necks-press man—a galoot er.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Annex-press man—the editor of the *Evening Globe*, who has been always advocating Annexation to the United States.

The Detroit *Free Press* having a new Bullock machine, it is to be hoped will steer clear of fires in future.—*Stamford Advocate*. Bad yoke; ox-coedding bad. Cart it away.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Yes, it sterrible bad. Gillespie will you heifer stop such cow-ardly attacks on the English language?

A monkeyish letter—ape X.—*Keokuk Constitution*. A sharper letter—keen O.—*Can. Sat. Night*. A noisy letter—blue J.—*Phil. Bul.*

A warning letter—let her B. A disagreeable letter—black I.

We never heard an oyster yell, but we have seen him 'raw.—*Hackensack Republican*.

We have often heard of an oyster 'shy yell. Probably because it annoys-ter rake him out of bed when he thinks it's-tew early to get up.

"Currant Literature" ought to be full of tart sayings.—*Washington Chron.*

Bret Tarte sayings.

The tenor and soprano in a South end choir are to married soon. They met by chants the usual way.—*Boston Sunday Courier*. Perhaps if they were to in-choir of some married man they might not duett.—*Can. Bulletin*.

Such base insinuations are alto-gether wrong. Trio ye witty paragraphists to give us something funny, but please don't make it so low.

Bee culture is waxing in California.—*Boston Post*.

If that's the case there'll be a good deal to cell.

Vessels marked with an asterisk have had new boilers placed on board.—*Engineers Report*. Indicating that, as to risk, all danger of an explosion has been removed.—*Can. Advertiser*. Rather that a man was an ass to risk himself on board.—*Lowell Courier*.

No, it's to show that a man would not—if of fered all the wealth of Astor, risk his life in a steamer with a de'ective boiler.

"Ripe Apples" is the title of a new play by a young Chicago aspirant. It is a me'low-drama.—*Exchange*.

The app-el-ation is a good one. May it meet with a core-dial reception and be greeted with tree-nuendous applause, and peals of laughter.

A duel's quickly managed. It only takes two seconds to arrange it. *Ex*.

If it was hour duel, and we had the choice of weapons we'd select the 'minute gun at sea."

A howl about rebel claims is in order. The Southern mail contractors are to be paid.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Howl that suit some of the rabid Northern-ers?

NATURAL HISTORY SERIES.

The bumble bee is on his ear,
The butterfly is mad;
The cricket chirps a lay most drear,
The bullfrog's awful glad
Next!—*Roch. Ec.*

The gentle skeeter warbleth now,
And says that blood will tell;
The cockroach crawleth slowly home
And shouteth "all is well"
Next!—*Boston Post*

The skeeter sings his pointed strain,
The parson draws his text;
The fly crawl on the window pane,
The tater bug comes
Next!—*Hackensack Republican*.

The patient angler coaxeth now
The speckled trout to rise;
The only bites that he will get
Will be from small black flies.

And now those nasty big June-bugs
Fill all the girls with fright;
While ardent lovers fondly hug
By fire-flies' fiftful light.

Next!

LITERARY LIGHTS.

We welcome to our sanctum this week the *City*, Penn., *Derrick*, published by W. H. Longwell, and paragraphically piloted by Robt. W. Criswell, whose pungent paragraphs are widely copied and admired. May the *Derrick* get a long-well, and under the *Derrick* tion of Criswell it's sub-cription list as large as its merits deserve.

The *Republican* comes to us, from Hackensack, N. J., this week for the first time. Judging from the plethoriness of its spicy items there must be a 'Crystal stream constantly flowing from the editorial head. It is crisp and captivating, and it shall give us much pleasure to Hack-an'-sack it with our shears every week.

Our exchange list is further improved by the addition of the *Stamford, Conn., Advocate*, and while it has such a brilliant paragraphist as Ed. Gillespie to Advocate its cause, success must surely crown its efforts.

We have received the *Dramatic and Musical Mirror*, a paper, published simultaneously in Philadelphia and New York, by Messrs Wallis, Holah and Ashbrook. It is ably edited and well-filled with the latest and most authentic Dramatic and Musical news.

A REASONABLE WORD.—By the time we go to press the people of the locality can procure from their bookseller a copy of the first number of the new national magazine, which being the combined strength of *The Canadian Monthly* and *Belford's Magazine*, proves the old adage "in union there is strength," undoubtedly a true maxim in this case.

We honestly, earnestly and heartily recommend our readers to obtain a copy of the first issue of the *Rose-Belford Canadian Monthly*.

Our patrons will be pleased with us to learn that the new venture will not be devoted, in any sense, to any sect or party. But will be broad, liberal and fearless in everything. At all times zealously devoting itself to Canada and Canadians, its history, and their literature.

We shall be pleased to give in our next issue a critical resume of the Monthly's contents. And now, we can only again ask all those who have the interest at heart to spread knowledge and establish a literature of their own, as every country of any importance since the earliest historical record shows have done, to support this great enterprise.

The *Cincinnati Breakfast Table* (like partners in a cotillion) has changed hands. Its guardian spirit is one Re-man.—N. Y. News.

The Port Chester *Journal* jingles its jolly "Journalinktums" jowfully, and from the judicious jaggerings of its jeculator, and the jound jokes of its jeculator, we judge its jecnatry is a joy to jovial journalists.—*Hackensack Republican*.

The *Eastern Knight*, published by Greenslitt & Hamiton at Danversville, Conn., comes to us enlarged and otherwise improved. The Knights of Pythias to whose interests it is exclusively devoted, should evince their appreciation of it by subscribing at once.

ONE OF THE FINEST residences erected since the fire, is the beautiful brick building owned by John Magee, Esq., on Mecklenburg Terrace. The galvanized iron cornices, and other ornamentalions, which have been so generally admired, are said to be very superior specimens of workmanship, and a credit to the skill of the manufacturer, Mr. Yearshe, who guarantees that the work will stand without repair for ten years. Mr. Yearshe's manufactory is at Everett's Foundry, on Brussel street, and he has a branch shop next to the Y. M. C. A. Building, on Charlotte street.

STAGE SPARKS.

A Variety Company under Mr. John E. Brady's management, will commence a short season at Backhill's Hall, about the 23rd of July.

Charlotte Thompson, a Sensational actress, supported by a good company, commences a short season at Backhill's Hall, this evening, in her great part of "J. N. Evers." Since the enlargement of the stage and the addition of new scenery, a great improvement has been effected. The Company comes well recommended, and should be well patronized.

Mr. W. H. Whitcomb left for Boston on Monday evening. It is even made so satisfactory arrangements he purposes leaving the Rice Exchange party down here during the summer.

Mallet & Bartholomew's Pantomime and Variety Troupe opened at the Institute on Monday evening to a full house. Mallet's Pantomime, "Flick and Flock," went fairly well, but it seems ridiculous to attempt to play anything of this kind on a stage so badly adapted for Pantomime. Mr. Coe delighted the audience with his artful burlesque and songs for which he received three encores. The double act between him and Luke Scholeroff went out draggy. Mr. Leopold and Mike Terrelli's double trapeze performance was graceful and daring, and the feats of Egyptian Jugglery by Signor Nanni were the finest ever seen in St. John. The music under the skilful leadership of Prof. Mulzer was, as it always is, first class.

On Thursday evening a change of programme, and more brilliancy in the lighting made a decided improvement. The pantomime went first-rate, and Mrs. Bittern's Party, by Scholeroff and Coe kept the audience amused with laughter. Scholeroff, in his part is unnecessary. Mr. Level's episode alone was very amusing and difficult, but the most wonderful feature of the entertainment was the astonishing performance on the trapeze by a little girl aged six years, who did the most perilous feats with the ease and agility of an old and experienced hand. They close to-night, and open in Halifax on Monday evening, where, with the splendid stage, they can put the pantomime on in good style.

It was reported not long since that Shirley France was dead, and a son of Dr. Preston, residing in St. John, mentioned the rumor at the dinner table. His sister looked up at him and said, "Dear Ed, is it true about it?" The fun of that joke must have been unimpaired on the boy's mind.

Mrs. E. L. Davenport is engaged at the Walnut Hall, for next season.

Frank Mayo is taking a Summer rest at his cottage at Canton, Pa.

Frank Roche is engaged for leading business at the Holiday street Theatre, Baltimore.

J. W. Fields (of Fields and Hanson), said to our Newark, N. J., reporter that the best professional looking glass was the Mirror of Philadelphia. The reporter told John it took quite a while to look it, though—then "was Ever's—Dramatic Musical Mirror."

Blanche Selwyn is said (by the bills) to have no equal as a noble impersonator. Right. She has no equal in point of cradly and tremulousness.—Mirror.

May Howard was married ten or twelve years ago to an actor named Victor Henshank, better known as Walter Gray, author of "Hamlet condensed in three Acts."

COL. INGERSOLL ON LOVE.

Some people tell me, your doctrine about loving, good wives, and all that, is splendid for the rich, but it won't do for the poor.

I tell you to-night, there is more love in the homes of the poor, than in the palaces of the rich. The meekest hut, with love in it, is a palace fit for the gods, and a palace, without love, is a den only fit for wild beasts. That is my doctrine! You cannot be so poor that you cannot help somebody. Good nature is the cheapest commodity in the world; and love is the only thing that will pay 10 per cent to borrower and lender both. Do not tell me that you have got to be rich! We have a false standard of greatness in the United States. We think here, that a man must be great, that he must be notorious, that he must be wealthy, or that his name must be upon the putrid lips of Rumor. It is a great mistake. It is not necessary to be rich, or to be great, or to be powerful, to be happy. The happy man is the successful man. Happiness is the legal tender of the soul. Joy is we lth.

It is not necessary to be great to be happy; it is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous, and to have a heart filled with divine affection. No matter whether you are rich or poor, treat your wife as though she were a

splendid flower—and she will fill your life with perfume and joy. And do you know, it is a splendid thing for me to think that the woman you really love will never grow old to you? Through the wrinkles of time, through the mask of years, if you really love her, you will always see the face you loved and won. And a woman who really loves a man, does not see that he grows old; he is not decrepit to her; he does not tremble; he is not old; she always sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way; I like to think love is eternal. And to love in that way, and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, and the birds of joy and love sing once more in the leafless branches of the tree of age. I believe in the fireside. I believe in the democracy of home. I believe in the republicanism of the family. I believe in liberty, equality and love.

A DEAF EDITOR.

The editor of the Santa Clara (California) Echo is happily deaf, and thus tells of his adventures with a female book agent (the book was not a female, of course): We thought everybody in the State knew we were deaf, but once in a while we find one who is not aware of the fact. A female book peddler came to the office the other day. She wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in this world, and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance; hence we should buy her book. She was unmarried, and had no manly heart into which she could pour her suffering, therefore we ought to invest in a book. She had received a liberal education, and we could not in consequence, pay her less than two dollars for a book. We had listened attentively, and here brole in with, "What did you say? We're deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rignarole. When she had finished we went and got a roll of paper, and making it into a speaking trumpet, placed one end to our ear, and told her to proceed. She nearly broke a blood vessel in her effort to make herself heard. She commenced "I am alone in this world—" "It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are a husband, father, Bignany is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals." "Oh! what a fool the man is!" she said in a low tone; then at the top of her voice, "I don't want to marry you, I want to sell a b-o-o-k." This last sentence was howled. "We don't want a book," we remarked, blandly; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good looking a woman as you to stay in the house five minutes. She is very jealous. She looked at us in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt, she exclaimed: "I do believe that if a three-hundred pounder were let off alongside that deaf fool's head, he'd think somebody was knocking at the door." You should have heard heard her slam the door when she went out. We heard that.

THE POSTS around the King square have been painted a pretty shade of green, and, since the last shower of rain, the grass has sprouted up very rapidly, and looks quite verdant.

PREPARATIONS are being made for a grand demonstration at the laying of the corner stone of the Masonic Temple, on Monday afternoon.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

G O B, Boston.—Letter with "filthy lucre" received. Many thanks. Shall send as directed.
E P W C, Stamford, Conn.—Letter received. "Ode to England" next week. Shall send copies as requested.
EAK.—Unavoidably crowded out.
"ERATIC ENQUIRER."—Pleased to hear that you had a pleasant time. Hope to hear from you again soon.

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

DEAR SIR.—In January last I came to Monrton from Menarrbrook to consult a physician, as I was in the 1st stages of Consumption. When I arrived here I had of one 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 continued taking it ever since and am rapidly improving. I am confident that had it not been for your oil I should have been in a premature resting. 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. ESTEY.
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 25 per bottle; six bottles for \$1.
may 25



GRAND FROMENADE CONCERT!

THE Undersigned Committee from HIBERNIA LODGE, No 2, E. & A. M., have pleasure in announcing to the city of St. John, that they have engaged the services of the

63rd RIFLE BAND, of Halifax,

AND WILL GIVE A Grand Promenade Concert, IN THE Victoria Skating Rink, ON MONDAY EVENING, JULY 1st. Concert to Commence at 8 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cents, to be had at the stores of A. Clippman Smith, Charlotte street, Court Bros., Portland, from the members of the Lodge, and the following committee:

- Geo. E. PERRINS, A. J. STEWART, P. W. SNIDER, JAS. R. PERU U'ON, C. J. HENDERSON, GEO. KILNAPP, JOHN R. BIGBY, JAS. ADAMS, E. E. KENNAN, H. M. HAMILTON, W. W. McFETERS, JOHN COCHRANE.

WM. J. LOGAN, Secretary.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that a Deal, or Plank Sidewalk 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 Elizabeth, Esq., and the northerly line of Reed's Point Wharf, under the provisions of the Act of Assembly, 20th Victoria, Chap. 74, Dated 4th June, 1878.

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



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 1/2 to 7 3/4. THORNE BROS., 102 Hat and Fur Store, 30 King St. E.

Disrespect in the Family.

One of the greatest evils known in the family circle is the disrespect so frequently shown between members, one to another, in speech, action and dress. The gruff "yes" or "no" of husband to wife, in answer to a pleasant query, leads to unpleasant consequences, and begets a cold, calculating style of address on either side, which sooner or later is adopted by the younger members, and the love and affection which should dwell within is dispelled like dew before the morning sun. The indifference often shown in little acts of duty, and the manner in which they are performed, seem to carry the expression: "I'm glad that's out of the way; don't trouble me again."—In dress and personal appearance the husband goes unkempt and unshaven, and the wife sloshy and shabby. Anything is good enough for home when there are no strangers about. Thus are habits of disrespect formed, and one of the great dangers of home-life bred and fostered. Many of us have seen the play of "Flannigan's Home," where Pat comes tumbling into the house at dusk, dumps his hod in one corner, his hat and coat in another, kicks the cat through the window, damns Biddy, swears the grub isn't "fit for a man to eat," and raises a general row all round. It is a good thing for us well to do in life to study the character of the extremists of the lower strata and ask themselves if there is not room for improvement in their own more pretentious homes.

Some homes are full of love and sunshine for strangers, and all ugliness and gloom for the ones for whom they live. To constitute a true happy home there should be pretty little personal adornments on the part of the wife, who thereby shows a desire to please her husband, and to add to the general attractions of her home. A pleasant word on her part, when the overworked man comes home, often eats away the raw edge of some trouble on his mind, and draws out a corresponding desire to be both agreeable and respectful, which characteristics are always accompanied by affection. What is true of manners is true of dress also. Rudeness, roughness and impatience are soon followed by insolence, and when sweet temper gives way to anger and discord, the home circle is no longer attractive.

NEXT.—An intelligent farmer of Des Moines county has invented a henophone, by which one old reliable hen occupying a central office in the henery sits on all the nests about the establishment, leaving other fowls free to lay eggs, scratch and cackle. As soon as a new nest contains the full complement of eggs, it is connected with the central office by a copper wire, and the business is settled. The only trouble with the machine is that it sits so hard it hatches out the porcelain nest eggs with the others, so that one chick in every nest is born with glass eyes, and the farmer has to

buy and train a dog to lead it around. This makes it expensive. —*Burlington Hierarchy.*

This, if not eggs-agerated, is a hen-genious invention and "lays" over anything of Edison's.

He thought to head off the volatile barber. Sitting down in a chair, he said: "I want a shave, a shampoo, a bath, a bottle of hair tonic, one of Florida water, a private cup and brush, and a stick of cosmetic." The tonsorial artist was staggered for an instant, but quickly recovering, he suggested that he was the agent for "the new patent flexible steel wire hair brush, warranted to keep in any climate, only one dollar and six bits." The shaver was catching his breath for a fresh start, but the customer slid from his chair and escaped.—*Gold Hill News.*

If Noah counted all the animals that went into the ark, weren't they certainly of Noah count?—*N. J. Republican.*

You ark quite right.

T. R. HAXINGTON,
DIRECT importer of genuine Havana Cigars, Virginia Tobaccos, wholesale and retail dealer in Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes, and Smokers' goods of all kinds. The stock is all of the best quality and prices low. Liberal discounts to wholesale buyers, jobbers and expressmen. 94 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B. ju8-ly

MARITIME DINING ROOMS.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has opened his new **DINING AND LUNCH ROOMS** in the basement of the **BYARD BUILDING**, Prince Wm. street, and having secured the services of a first-class Cook, is prepared to serve up Meals at the shortest notice.

OYSTERS
in every style.
The Bar is supplied with a choice stock of

Wines, Ales and Liquors.
WM. DANAHY.
June 1-1m

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. Malchi'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. COURTENAY
June 1-1f

HOGAN & WALSH,
Wine and Liquor Dealers,
Saloon, No. 3, - Mayce Block,
WATER STREET.
WHERE are kept constantly on hand the finest Brands of Foreign and Domestic
WINES, LIQUORS,
AND **CIGARS.**
OYSTERS, & C.
April 6

Star Clothing Store

BOYS' SUITS.
100 Suits, \$1.50 to \$3.
150 " 3.00 to \$5.
80 " (extra fine) \$3 to \$8.

P. SHAFKEY & SON,
Cor. Dock Street and 1 North Wharf
June 1-1m

GERMANIA
LAGER BEER

AND
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German Lunches Served at Short Notice.

Private Lunch Room for Parties.

COMMERCIAL BLOCK,
Canterbury Street.

SAMUEL WHITEBONE,
Proprietor.
my18-1f

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IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

PIANOS,
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Sheet Music, Music Books,

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SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK FOR

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PIANOS!

MASON & HAMLIN,
And **SMITH AMERICAN**
ORGANS.
April 27-3m

Business Directory.

LEGAL.

W. HERRICK SANFORD, Barrister at Law, N. B. City Public Ac. Office No. 3 Bayard's Building, Rocky Hill.

D. JOYDAN, Barrister at Law, No. 7 Jarvis Building, Prince Wm. St., my10

JOHN KEENE, Barrister at Law, No. 5 New Market Building, St. John, N. B. dec22-ly

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

AGENTS.

DUN, WELMAN & CO., Mercantile Agents, Jarvis Building, Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B. A. P. BOLPH, Manager. Jan 8-1f

W. H. OLIVE, Custom House, For writing, Commission, Railroad and Steamboat Agent, Local Passenger Agent, Intercolonial Railway, 67 Prince Wm. St. Agent for Lelli's Water Wheels, Rotary Saw Mills, Engines and Boilers, Wood and Iron Working Machinery.

JAMES DOMVILLE & CO., Agents Coldbrook Rolling Mills Company, Victoria Wharf, Corner Smith & Union Streets.

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

ROBERT MARSHALL,
Gen. Agent, Notary Public and Broker. (dec 20 1 y)

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

ARCHITECTS.

W. MORGAN SMITH, Architect Jack's Building, 15 Charlotte St. junel

HENRY F. STARBUCK, 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.

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, Wholesaler and Retail Boot and Shoe Dealer, Cor. Market Square and Prince Wm. Street.

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

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

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

J. D. TURNER, 25 North Side King Square, dealer in Oysters, Finnan Haddies, and General Commission Business.

GHOSTS.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL'S Lectures on "GHOSTS," or the Coming and Going Religion: Skepticism or the Liberty of Man, Woman and Child; Hell, or The Hidden Truth. Ten cents each, or all three for 25 cents. Stamps or silver. Address **J. J. WILLIAMS,** Waterford, N. B. June 1-2m

TEMPLE BAR.

If you want a good "Three Star" Call on George at "Temple Bar." "Cobblers," "Jokers," "Brandy Smash," "Vale 61st class, and hecper for a sh. And for those who wear the "Blue" Lemonade and Beer for you. If you want a prime cigar Come to us at "Temple Bar."

GEORGE HIDDINGTON, CHURCH STREET, no 15

FISHING THREAD

WE have received a large Stock of GILLING THREAD, assorted, all number, 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-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, WORSTED COATINGS, Blue and Black BUCKINGHAM and BROAD-GOVERC - TINGS, &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 WAREROOMS, FOSTER'S CORNER, where he has a select stock of

Carpeting of every description, including Brussels, Tapestry and Wools.

ENGLISH OILCLOTHS

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

J. L. McCOSKERY,

Printer, Cookbinder;

AND

MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

PRINTING

done in first-class style, and at reasonable prices.

A full line of

LAW AND COMMERCIAL

STATIONERY!

kept constantly in Stock.

Account Books,

Ruled, Bound, and Printed in any pattern.

J. L. McCOSKERY,

(Late with H. Chubb & Co.)

Ennis & Gardner's Building.

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

St. John, N. B.

Jan 12-14m

GRAND OPENING!

THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing that the

DOMINION Wine Vaults!

LUNCH and BILLIARD ROOMS, Situated in Mallin Bros. Block, Cor. Dock St. & North Wharf, Thankful for past patronage, a continuance 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 House:

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

St. John, January 26th, 1878.

C. R. RAY, President.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

43 and 44

Prince William Street.

HON. ISAAC BURPEE'S BUILDING,

1878.

International Steamship Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Tri-Weekly Line.

(S)ail on MONDAY, JUNE 3rd, and still further on the 10th and 17th inst. to New York, E. R. Whitehead, master, and city of Portland, S. O. Park, master, will leave London's Point Wharf every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Liverpool, Port and Boston. Returning will be in Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 8 o'clock. Courses being both ways at East-port with the cutter Belle Brown or St. Andrews and Globe, and at Portland and Boston with the schooners and ketch 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. June 12

JAS. ADAMS & CO.

HAVE OPENED

In their New Premises,

(OLD 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 bestowed on them in the past, dec 22 15.

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 prices. 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., feb 22-14

E. P. HAMMOND,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in SINGERS', HOWES and LAWLOR'S SEWING MACHINES. No 26 COMMERCIAL BLOCK, King Street, St. John, N. B. Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved. Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 6m)

VICTORIA

LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,

PRINCESS STREET.

(Between Sydney and Charlotte.)

THE above New and Commodious Stables 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.

As a call respectfully solicited. ALBERT PETERS

DENTAL NOTICE.

GEORGE P. CALDWELL, M. D., DENTIST.

No. 7 Garden Street, St. John, N. B. Jan 5 17

Rouillon Josephine KID GLOVES,

First Choice.

JUST RECEIVED—One Case of the above celebrated

GLOVES

in street and evening shades. McCAPPELLTY & DALY, Corner King and Germain streets. may 4

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS Must be True!

THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every class, lined, unlined, Buck & Cotton. 40- ROUILLON'S SEAMLESS FIRST CHOICE KIDS.

Black Goods and Silks! The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock in the City to choose from

of 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 \$18.00; THE BEST IN THE MARKET FOR \$14.00; WORKING PANTS from \$2.00 to \$3.00; BOYS' SUITS from \$2.40 to \$5.00

Custom Work a Specialty. THOS. LUNNEY, No. 9 King St. may 25

KERR & SCOTT

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

PARK HOTEL

Boarding and Livery Stable SYDNEY STREET,

dec 22 14 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 Tobacco, No 2 King Square, Branch Store, 18 Charlotte street, dec 22 14 St. John, N. B.

M. A. FINN,

Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana Cigars. Hison Building King Square. dec 22 14 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)

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 14 St. John, N. B.

JOHN GRADY,

Importer and Dealer in Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Wholesale and Retail, Cor. MILL and NORTH STREETS, feb 22-14