

TORCH

Light Literature!

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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878

No. 33

[For the Torch.]

BEETS TO THE BEAT.

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

"Aw—sweets to the sweet," said the boarding-house swell,
As the sugar he passed to the landlady's daughter;
Receiving a gracious response from the belle
As she daintily sweetened the faintly-tinged water.

But the landlady viewed his attention with scorn,
No sugar for her for his board in arrears;
Now he'd take off her daughter, and leave her forlorn;
Thought she: "I will give him a flea in his ear."

So, dissembling her wrath, she laid hold of a dish:
"Mr. Bilkins, you don't seem to heartily eat;
Here's something you'll find very nice with that fish."
'Twill suit you exactly, sir—beets to the beat!"
Boston, Aug. 29th.

CURRENT CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

The New York News picked up wonderfully from a humorous standpoint.—*Wild Oats*. Thank you, neighbor, same to you; but there is no standpoint here. We intend to go straight ahead, if the people humor us.—*Effereescing Enrique*.

We hope the humorous of your right arm may be all write for many years yet "Erratic."

There is a woeful lack of scissors-grinders in Cincinnati just now. We understand that they have gone West "to grow up with the country." Most of them halt at St. Louis, and stay there. This sort of thing compels Cincinnati editors to buy new scissors.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

Why don't you get Col. Whetstone of the Cincinnati Post Office to sharp-pen them if its a case of 'shear necessity that you should have a pair?

Miss Krause, of Cincinnati, is at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

An ac-Krause-tic on this name would not be a miss.

Surgeon Hugg, of the United States Navy, is still unmarried.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

When he goes abroad, has no wife to lug. How he's to be envied Happy Surgeon Hugg.

Theodore Ile has been blessed with a girl baby.—*Merry Riggs*.

Did you say the baby is Ile? It's an ill-wind that uses Mrs. Wind-slow Soothing Syrup.

Of course, a dis-course on the marriage state should conclude with an elo-quent pair-or-ation. *N. Y. News*.

Would the pair-or-ation be considered a scullerly Cice-row-n-n production?

Betty Mustard leads the woman's rights party in Scotland. Betty ought to be able to make it warm for her opponents.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

That's so, when they get mustard in full force, with Betty to lead the as-sault the enemy will be well peppered.

If a man leans against a lamp-post, is it a sign that he is getting poor?—*Dan. Sentinel*.

No, it's because he's fat-igued.

Canadians and cosmopolites who would escape ennu and its torture, will find a remedy in the St. John Torch-sure.—*N. Y. News*.

"Enrique" Je suis tres oblige.

Mr. E. T. Kidd, of the Cincinnati Gazette Company, saved the life of a drowning bather at Cape May, a few days ago.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

A kidd who would goat to the rescue of a fellow-being while bathing should be made a "companion of the Bath." Kidd is a "brick"—yea a bath-brick.

The best shot in this country now is Dr. Carver. He is a man who don't want any trouble with, a shooter and a Carver.—*Fat Contributor*.

He'll carve his name
On the "Temple of Fame."

A photographer has succeeded in photographing heart beats. There are few that haven't had an extensive practice in photographing dead beats, too.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

What mangled-word-sells are you getting off on defunct beets?

Fred. Roos, of the Atlantic Garden, has introduced the Roos glass, nearly as large as a schooner.—*Fat Grease-wood*.

Is that a Ruse ter make them buy more beer?

Boys, eat plenty of green apples, for it will double you up and increase the census.—*Whitehall Times*. And drive your distracted mothers out of their senses.—*N. Y. News*.

"Enrique" please stop or you'll incense us.

XYLOPHONICS.

Chrystal's Hackensack Republican.

—You may live in a basement and yet not live in abasement.

—A fly that is caught on a foul will never more be re-spoc-table.

—If you comb your hair with a honey comb, it will bee comb sweet.

—A student abroad should study a tome.

—Is the beau who deals in arrows a barb-er?

—The only butter that is not affected by the warm weather is the gay and festive goat.

—Terror is the dark is caused by the atmos-phere.

—Chrystal of the Hackensack Republican is a single man. Probably he is so clear that the girls see through him, or perhaps he crystallizes them, on the other side.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*. See here, Captain Joe, if Chrystal eyes the girls and crystallizes them, do you think it's clear that Chrystal lies?—*Cerulean Chrystal*.

Does Cris-tell lies every time he kisses another girl.—*Joe. Kerr*.

A calm, serene, and shady nook,

A goblet of iced tea,

A fat, plethoric pocket-book,

Are good enough for me.

LESLIE'S EDD-CHINGS.

FROM EDENSBURG HERALD.

Two wrongs don't make one write.
A printer would rather have a loaf than pi.
It takes a brave man to collar a(n)-inn phantom.
The season for mad dogs and our rants has come.
The wind fell last night. It didn't get hurt either.

"Why don't you enter your horse for the pacing purse?" said one jockey to another. "Because it don't pace sir," was the apt response.

You may break, you may run on the bank, if you will; but the cent of the banker will hang round it still.—*Reynolds Herald*. Round it's till, do you mean?

Political confectionery—candy-dates.

The man who jumped on the hindmost seat of a train and was killed, ended his career from a rear-car.

YE BALLAD OF YE OYSTERMAN.

Down East there dwells a jolly tar
 As ever sailed the sea;
 But though he's not an austere man,
 An oyster man he is.

An eke, a generous soul he is—
 An open heart, I wot;
 For though he is a shell-fish man,
 A selfish man he's not.

Not over versed in bookish lore,
 Or college writ so fine;
 But, if he cannot write a word,
 He sometimes "drops a line."

And he is eke an honest man
 As ever you could wish;
 His neighbor's goods he'd never steal,
 Yet sometimes hooks a fish.

He gazes o'er the tumbling deep,
 While winds are blowing free;
 And often he doth see a ship,
 And sometimes ships a sea.

While busy at his briny trade,
 A silence he prolongs;
 But though his crew must stop their tongues,
 They still must ply their tongues.

When on a lee shore in a gale,
 An offing quick doth make;
 But, though he dreads to have a wreck,
 He always has a rake.

Full many a dang'rous day he sees,
 When loudly pipes the wind;
 And often finds himself in peril,
 But ne'er a pearl doth find.

When warning breakers loom ahead,
 He puts his boat about;
 Sometimes, for safety hankerin',
 He heaves the anchor out.

He's scant regard for modern skill,
 And hates your steam like sin;
 He scorns a ship that goes by valves,
 Yet scoops the bivalves in.

And still, through all his ups and downs,
 He holds a purpose fair;
 For, though he's always sailing round,
 He's ever "on the square."

Long live ye gallant oysterman!
 Long may his course be run;
 And may his hardihood, so rare,
 Be termed at last "well done!"

E. T. W. GELBERG.
 Stamford, Conn. Advocate.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

The Call and Citizen comes from Meriden, Conn., where it is published, semi-weekly. Merry-den! We should say so, judging from its comic contents.—*St. John (N. B.) Torch*. Look here!—you alien sinner!—the *Meriden Citizen* "CALLS" you! Are you a g'v'in us tuff, or are you endeavoring to make light of us with your *Torch*? Have a care!—beware!—*Torch* us not!—*Meriden Recorder*.

Here nestles little Jim,
 A measles wrestled him
 And modified his tiny little system;
 Then other measles followed,
 Much medicine he swallowed
 And that is how it happened that we missed 'im.
 —*Philadelphia Lex'yer*.

When you treat a man to a glass of ale, are you brew-tally malt-treating him?—*St. John Torch*.

You might rather punch a fellow that bar

him from "milling" at your joke, or else liquor malt to pieces.—*Hackensack Republican*.

The *St. John Torch* says that our boy Hanlan may be assured of one thing, viz., that he will receive the most kind treatment from the *New Brunswickers*. We believe it. In fact he is now enjoying royal treatment. *Etna Harper*, the hospitable, drives him round town; *Captain Chip Smith* trots out the *Fire Brigade* for him; *Judge Nowlan* asks him to have lemonade; *Mr. Elder* gives him good local notices in the *Telegraph*, and best of all—*Joseph* refrains from *Torch*-ering his name to make puns for his paper. *St. John* knows how to entertain a stranger. We have been there.—*Toronto Grip*.

Oysters out of season,
 'Cannot have a raw;
 So we try a cobbler,
 Suck it through a straw.

St. John (N. B.) Torch.

Take, oh take your cobblers,
 We prefer ice-cream;
 With the glass at ninety,
 We of Iceland dream.
Meriden Recorder.

A categorical question: Did you ever see a cat sup catsup?—*St. John Torch*.
 No; but we've seen a cat fish for catfish.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Never try to waltz with a red hot stove.—*Hackensack Republican*. That's so, the poker or sc-hot-dish would be more appropriate.—*St. John Torch*. That's a grate reply. Who torch you that?—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

You may shatter the jug, and the potheen may spill,
 But the excise-man's nose knows the scent of its still.

—*St. John (N. B.) Torch*.

You may say that the nose is not red from the beer,
 But who will believe it?—not one of us here.
Racy Riggs, in Meriden Recorder.

Bryant says he kept his handwriting good by always writing deliberately and carefully. Bryant was never a local editor.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

Scene: A bedchamber; Desdemona in bed, asleep. A light burning. Enter Othello.

Oth. It izer cause—hic—it izer cause, my soul!

Let me not name it to you, you—hic—chaste stars!

It izer cause! Yet I'll not—hic—shedder blood,

For scar zhat—hic—whiter skin of hers zhan snow

And smooth as monumental ala—hic—alabaster
 Put out zhe gas, and then—hic—put out zhe gas!

If I quench zhee thou flaming monshter
 For which I pay four dollahs a thousand
 I ca'n again thy for—hic—former light restore

Shou'd I repent me; but once put out thine,
 Thou c'anningst pattern of excell'ng nature,
 I know n' where ish zhat Prometh—hic—

Prometh—hic—hic—Promethean he—hic—heat

Zhat can thy light relume.
 When I have plucked thy rose
 I cannot give 't vital—hic—vital growth again,
 It needs must wizzer—

I'll smell it on the—hic—tree.

[Kissing her.]

Des. O my! O tear! What was that?
 Did a distillery blow 'up? Or is it you, Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
 Oth. Have you pryed to-night Desde—hic—Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord,

Oth. If you bethink you now of any cri—hic—crime

Unreconciled as yet to heaven or grace,
 So—hic—solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief,
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
 No—hic—heaven forfend—I would not kill thy soul!

Des. Talk thou of killing?

Oth. Ay, I—hic—I do.

Des. Then heaven have mercy on you!
 [Desdemona jumps out of bed, hits Othello on the head with a bootjack, puts him to bed, and goes over and stays with her mother.]—*Oil City Derrick*.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, July 24.

Though we regret to have to state it, the report is current here, that the recent hot wave started on its mad career from Manitoba. It is to be hoped that further scientific investigation may prove the report false; for we, for our own part, had a better opinion of the British Provinces; but such is the feeling of indignation at the above rumor that we fear naught, but the present coolness of the weather, can prevent the minds of our citizens from experiencing a mental coolness toward their Canadian cousins.

In anticipation presumably of this cooler weather, quite a large fire was kindled at the Concord State Prison, Saturday morning. A large brick workshop was destroyed and several hundred convicts thrown out of employment, a misfortune that will doubtless cast a gloom over their spirits during their enforced vacation, and cause them to envy the "little busy bee," which is able to "improve each shining hour." However, the State, which is a heavy loser by the fire, may in a short time be able to find them some other work lest idleness should afford them time to grow melancholy and moralize over their imprisonment.

Evangeline has been paying her usual summer visit here, her headquarters being at the Museum. As her retinue is of more than average ability and her own personal charms so numerous, an appreciative audience has greeted her every appearance, "though she is quite a young thing too."

During July and August the unfortunate stay-at-homes, whose name is legion, make life bearable by excursions down the harbor to the different beaches and pleasure gardens, where they amuse themselves by wandering over the hot sands, or imagine they are happy, sitting on the crowded deck, listening to the rather doubtful music made by a fiddle and a harp, accompanied by the tender voices of a chorus of crying children. If they only knew it, there is more comfort to be found in a cool room than in all this pleasure-seeking in a crowd. However some of the excursions are not so bad after all, the "Empire State" has made several enjoyable trips along the coast.

The papers recently have recorded several suicides and attempts at suicide, some being by quite young people. Why will any one enter upon a state he knows so little of, only to escape the trifling miseries of this world.

Quite a curious search is going on here for one Theophilus Young. It seems he has been missing some time, and, as a large property has recently been left him, his wife is trying to prove him dead that she may obtain control of it, while the executors of the estate feel confident that he is alive. If in the land of the living, Theophilus ought to put in an appearance if only to disappoint the lawyers, who no doubt expect to reap a rich harvest.

Notwithstanding the many warnings given through newspaper columns and the pages of sensational novels, a lady was so foolish as to hold another woman's infant for her in a railroad depot last week "just for a minute;" the

minute lengthened to an hour, when the mother not returning for her child, it was taken to the Chaldon Street Home.

LEAH.

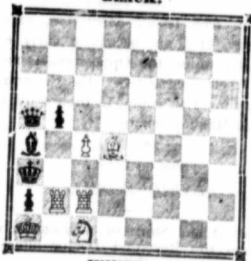
CHESS COLUMN.

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

Problem No. 17.

BY J. N. HANSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White self-mates in 3 moves.

[For The Torch.]

THE CHESSER'S RETURN.

BY J. C. M'INTYRE.

Time one o'clock, a. m.

Sho help me Caissa-hic-schushe me my dear, Shust come from the Club; Shay Kate, look-hic-here;

Had the sholly'st games, "What kept mo sho late?"

I, I was shust wait'n to 'nounce-hic-sheekmate, In fit-hic-ty moves, oh! the sholly'st play,

"I'm the shampain 'nounce' th' fellers-hic-shay. "What makes me-hic-wobble about like a kite?"

It's all own' to practic-hic-move of the Knight. "Ve I been dining at Parkers? whyshs m'utt-rance sho lame?"

Gesh its the-hic-shillerash'n of win-hic-the the game.

GAME No. 28.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| C. F. S.,
St. John. | J. W. B.,
Providence. |
| 1 P R 4 | 1 P K 4 |
| 2 Kt K B 3 | 2 Kt Q B 3 |
| 3 P Q 4 | 3 P x P |
| 4 Q R 5 (a) | 4 Q R 5 (b) |
| 5 Kt Q B 3 (c) | 5 B Q Kt 5 |
| 6 Q Q 3 | 6 B x Kt + |
| 7 P x B | 7 Kt K B 3 (d) |
| 8 Kt K B 5 | 8 Q Kt 5 |
| 9 P K B 3 | 9 Q K Kt 3 |
| 10 P K Kt 4 | 10 P K R 4 |
| 11 P K Kt 5 | 11 Kt R 2 |
| 12 B K B 4 | 12 P Q 3 |
| 13 P K R 4 | 13 Castles |
| 14 B R 3 | 14 R K 1 |
| 15 Castles (Q R) | 15 P K B 3 |
| 16 P x P | 16 Q x P |
| 17 Q R K Kt 1 | 17 P K Kt 3 |
| 18 P K 5 | 18 Kt x P |
| 19 B x Kt | 19 B x Kt |
| 20 B x B | 20 Q x Q B |
| 21 B x P | 21 Q K 6 + |
| 22 Q x Q | 22 R x Q |
| 23 B x P + | 23 K R 1 |
| 24 K Q 2 | 24 R K 4 |
| 25 B K 6 | 25 Q R R 4 |

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| 26 B x Kt | 26 K x B |
| 27 R Kt 5 | 27 R x R P (e) |
| 28 P R 5 | 28 R R 1 |
| 29 R (Kt 7) Kt 6 + | 29 R R 4 |
| 30 R (Kt 6) Kt 2 | 30 K x P |
| 31 K R 2 + | 31 K R 3 |
| 32 R x R + | 32 R R 4 |
| | 33 K x R |

NOTES BY J. B. S.

(a)—B Q B 4 was a favourite with Morphy at this point, but later analysis has demonstrated the superiority of the move in the text.

(b)—A difference of opinion exists among good players as to which is Black's best fourth move. Here Zukertort considers 4 Q to Q R 5 to be best, but other eminent authorities prefer 4 B, Q B 4 for Black.

(c)—Inferior to 5 Kt Q Kt 5 which is White's strongest mode of play.

(d)—Black's position is incontestably to be preferred.

(e)—The game to this post has been moderately well played, but after this move Black's become hopeless and after playing about eight more moves he resigns.

By request we held over answers to Problems 13 and 14 for another week. The solution to Problem 11, by J. B. McKim, is

- 1 Kt—K7 1 Anything.
2 mates accordingly.

No. 15 is solved by—

- 1 R—K 3 1 K—R 3
2 R—Q 7 2 K—R 5
3 R—Q R 3, meeting both Kings.

PUZZLES' 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.

[We print to-day the Puzzles which should have appeared in issue for 20th July, retaining the numbers they would then have had. Next week we will have the column in order again.]

164.—WORD SQUARE.

An animal; a girl's name; a mineral salt; animals. A. B.

165.—HOUR GLASS.

Across: Wide; a Syrian town; a fruit; offspring; a letter; an insect; to patch; tutors; introductory writings. Centrals: A species of lizard.

Prize for first solution. GLEN LYON.

166.—PERSPECTIVE CUBE.

(Respectively dedicated to Clara L.)



Horizontals: A kind of fish; an eccentric person; attention; a kind of shot. Verticals: A planet; the front; care; violence. Diagonals:—Upper left; abroad; lower: a village. Upper right: To disturb; lower: mellifluously. Sit. V.

167.—PRIZE REBUS SQUARE.

F

500

R

E Por 500.

A nice prize for solution. X. L. C. R.

168.—RIDDLE.

(Inscribed to Ellsworth.)

What can it be my whole so bright,
So lively and so dancing?
Its sparkles give a silv'ry light,
The wanderer entrancing.
It flows along the highway's dust,
'Neath shades of living trees;
Its draught is life, and bring it must
The rich and freshening breeze.

JOHN JAR.

169.—WINE-GLASS PUZZLE.



A title; a name; a division; a city; a humorist; a name; an animal; a humorist; a city. DAN. D.

170.—CHARADE.

My first you find I do pronounce
By leaving off a T;
It is the name of a writer known
From north to southern sea.

My next we everywhere do find
In cities and in towns;
Its ownership is coveted
By those in coats and gowns.

A distant clime across the sea
Finds whole its richest boast;
It is a place of liberty,
Its beauties all do toast.

DON. CAMER.

171.—PRIZE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 4 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is a Flemish measure.
My 4, 3, 2 is everything.
My whole is the prettiest of names.
Prize for first solution. CLARA BELLE.

172.—HIDDEN CITIES.

The Tales of Glauber Spa rise in favor.
The lumber lined our progress.

(Answers in two weeks.) VIOLA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY 6.

146.—
S
B A Y
S A F E S
Y E W
S
D S A P N
Y A M S A F E S N A D
D A L E S A F F R O N A B O B
M E W P E R R Y P O T
S S O Y B
N
P A D
N A D I R
D I P
R
S A C
R A V E L
G E M
L
O A F
L A V E R
F E E
R

147.— NEWCASTLE
ORLEANS
HAMBURG
ECLAUST
EAAESUO
RYNNIN
DCA
E

148.— CHESS
L U
A S
R I
ANNIE

149.—Donkey.

150.—All things produce good.
Right is might.
Time and tide wait for no man.

151.—Montreal.

152.—Word Square.

153.— FABLE
GROAN
GLOWS
METRE
ASHES

154.—Pill, ill. Want, ant.

155.—Missouri. St. John.

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

PRIZE WINNER.—Kemble, St. John, sends answer to No. 146 correct in every detail, and wins the prize offered. Clara L.—to whom the puzzle was dedicated—expresses thanks for the favor, and gives second best answer.

PRIZES.—The readers' attention is called to the prizes offered for first correct solutions to Nos. 165, 167 and 171. They are all first-class and the puzzles that must be answered to gain them merit the inducements.

ST. V., St. John.—Your letter arrived safely at the Dead Letter Office at Ottawa, in consequence of non-prepayment. We secured it, and were extremely sorry for the delay. The list you send is first-rate, and the knots fully up to our standard.

OUR WORD-HUNT.—We hope this feature will engross the attention of many. Architecture is a good word from which to build excellent lists. All should enter.

X. L. C. R., Halifax, N. S.—Perhaps we will. By whom has it been "abolished"? We use the term in over a dozen departments, and find it very convenient. Please inform. Our thanks are yours for very good instalment. Nos. 149 and 151, correct; others, partially.

CLARA BELLE.—Your list is excellently prepared, and will have due attention. Pleased to find you like the idea.

ANNA GRAM.—We are sorry so few of our answers were right. You will remember success comes with perseverance.

GLEN LYON.—We can appreciate your want of time. It is something of which there is never a surplus. Your last shows very well.

A. B., St. John.—Your puzzle appears. Will be happy to hear from you often. Thanks for list.

St. J. rusticates.

And also Pew Pill.

GLEN LYON is in the bush.

VIOLA's card is very pretty.

X. L. C. R. publishes "Young Bluenose."

NONE should fail to remember the Hunt.

ST. V.'s Perspective Cube will prove a puzzle.

A toast from Dan D.'s Wine-Glass: May the TORCH never go out; and its founder never have the go (o) ut.

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St. John, N. B.

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TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 3, 1878.

THE REPORT of the appointment of the Marquis of LORNE to the Governor-Generalship of Canada has been well received throughout the Dominion. The Marquis has taken an active and intelligent interest in British politics, and both he and his accomplished wife, the Princess LOUISE, have worthily contributed to English literature. We expect for them both, in the performance of their new duties, as much honor and enjoyment as are now wished for them by all loyal Canadians.

THE RACE.

After many disappointments, the ROSS-HANLAN race was started on the Kennebecasis last Wednesday afternoon. The first mile of the race was as fine a contest as has been seen on any waters—the time of each man surpassing all former record. The mile was rowed in 6 minutes and 11 seconds. Then the accident happened—which put Ross out of the race, gave the stakes to HANLAN, and left the question of the relative merits of the two oarsmen unsettled. In view of the loss of time and money—not to speak of the other unpleasant features incidental to this race—the result is certainly very unsatisfactory. The redeeming feature is, that Ross comes from the contest—although defeated—yet not dishonored. The lesson of the race to boating men seems to be the folly of carelessness in preparation. Ross had the skill and strength to win, but was not provided with a proper boat. A defect like this, after the record of other races rowed by St. John men, is inexcusable. At Paris, the race was rowed against the odds of an unfit boat; and in every race since, except the REXFORTH race, they have been unready.

THE POLITICAL atmosphere is warming. Last week Hon. Mr. TILLEY addressed a mass meeting in the Institute; and this week the Reformers started their campaign with a meeting of their own friends, on Monday evening, at the Club Room on Canterbury Street, and a general meeting in the Institute on Wednesday night. On Thursday night Messrs. KING and TILLEY addressed the electors of Portland.

The new Opposition paper, *The Daily Sun*, commenced its course on Monday last, under the editorial management of Mr. J. L. STEWART. The fireside and street corner debates about protection, free trade, corruption, extravagance, etc., etc., are becoming fairly exciting. Last evening the Oppositionists met to organize their committees; the Government supporters meet to complete their ward committees on Monday evening.

[For the Torch.]

ENRIQUE-ISMS.

—Newport has Storrs of well-known visitors. Even the Reverend Doctor himself is booked for next month.

—They tell some robust yarns about Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, but personally he is too thin.

—“Bear with me,” was what the man who was treed by the grizzly wanted to say to his comrades, but his private telephone wouldn't work.

—Probably the most trying time in a pork butcher's life is when he renders lard. We think we have said this before, but lard it makes no difference.

—We have a friend, who is out of town, out of funds and out of sorts, yet for all that he is an out-and-outer; so “DON'T GIVE IT AWAY.”

—A man may be conscientious without necessarily being consequential.

—What availeth it to the foot-sore traveller if he saves his “upper” and loses his “sole”? Shoe fly!

—Bill Slade Ben McNice at Macon last week, and the murderer may be makin' for Canada, for all I know.

—“Timothy Titcomb” has a house on a pine-planted promontory at Thousand Isle Park, and I'll wager he built it in the Italian style, to match his favorite brands of licorice and macaroni.

—The Camp fires of the red man have faded from our hills, but you have only to step into the restaurants along “Newspaper Row” to see the Bohemian tribe make the green corn dance. So sayeth *Simatkinson*, big chief of the Maizewaltzers.

—The Cape May conceit of giving medals to popular participants in children's parties, meddles with the youngsters' modesty and their mamma's tempers.

—Old Uncle Crossgrain of Cattaraugus was in Gotham a few days ago, and was telling us of the difficulty he had to keep a hired girl at the farm. “Why, bless your heart, Enrique,” said the antique agriculturist, in a burst of confidence and indignation, “of all the young fellows for ten miles 'round there are few my gate hasn't swung under; but I intend to fu-mi-gate the premises with powder and split peas. I'll break up the darned courting, now see if I don't!” And he looked as solemn and determined as a country judge when he grants an order to show cause why an injunction against picture peddling should not be vacated.

New York City.

[For the Torch.]

WE HAVE FEET WHEREBY TO CLIMB.

Not in high places joy abides,
But in true souls it seeks repose.—
As heart's-ease pines for warm hill-sides,
Or lowly vales display the rose.

We have not wings; we cannot soar;
But we have feet whereby to climb.
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The steep declivities of Time.

As the Egyptian pupil trod
By mystic step, the air, to heaven,
So may we reach the throne of God,
Walking the way divinely given.

LUTHER G. BIGGS.

Meriden, Conn.

ROSE-BELFORD'S CANADIAN MONTHLY for August, the contents of which were noted in our last issue, should have a warm welcome, in all Canadian homes.

One of the most note-worthy contributions is Mr. M. J. GRIFFIN'S "A quarrel with the XIXth Century." In this, the first of a series of papers, on the same subject, Mr. GRIFFIN attacks one of the most popular institutions of the day—the common school system. Mr. GRIFFIN seems emulous, to be a new DON QUIXOTE.

Mr. SPENCER'S sonnets are hardly, as finely wrought as some of his former compositions. We quote one of them, which seems intended as a reply to the critics, who complain of the tone of sadness in Mr. SPENCER'S poems.

SONNET.

It may be thought my life hath been of sorrow
Full to the brim! Of joy I've had my share.
Of grief I borrow, and of joy I borrow,
Of hope I borrow, and of blank despair!
To me the sunshine is a cure for care,—
To me the storm brings darkness and distress,
The garb that nature wears I always wear,
Give love for love—for hate no tittle the less,
I, with the happy-hearted, have been glad,
And, with the sorrowing, I have sorrowed!

So,

They dream who say that I am always sad,
Or that my joys are overpoised with woe!
But some we forget our joys while sorrows
cling,
And through the years we writhe beneath their
sting.

Everybody, who has been delighted with the "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley" will enjoy Mr. J. L. STEWART'S study of these old favorites.

"Round the Table" opens with a sharp reply to J. E. W.'s, pleasant discourse in the July number, on "Hibernicisms in Philosophy." Another monologue induced by J. E. W.'s essay, is on the subject of "little great men." "Current Events" is a trenchant review of political affairs at home and abroad.

We are pleased to notice that Mr. GEORGE STEWART, Jr., is meeting the expectations of his friends, in the editorial conduct of the monthly. In addition to his present excellent staff, of contributors, he announces as contributors, EDGAR FAWCETT and WILLIAM C. HOWELLS, each of whom will furnish a poem to the September number.

APPLETON'S POPULAR SCIENCE, for August, is of a more aggressive character than usual. The second part of Prof. EMIL DUBOIS-REY-

MOND'S paper on "Civilization and Science," attacks vigorously, those who make science merely a matter of practical and utilitarian investigation.

Mr. GEORGE HENRY LEWES contributes a strong article, on the unending dispute between the scientists and the theologians—the arguments in which lead him to the conclusion that the contest between Science and Theology, is a struggle between "knowledge and ignorance"—the ignorance being, according to the LEWES'S view, among the theologians. The other "aggressive" articles are Prof. YOU-MAN'S Editorial, on "Religion and Science, at Vanderbilt University," and the review of Prof. WINCHELL'S book on "Adamites and Preadamites"—in which the charge of bigotry and intolerance is pressed against the manager of the Vanderbilt University for their dismissal of Prof. WINCHELL, on account of his pamphlet on man's antiquity in the earth.

DR. E. MONTGOMERY begins, in this issue, a series of papers on "Monera and the Problem of Life," a subject which of late has attracted a great deal of attention, and about which some of the most absurd mistakes have been made, by too hasty scientists.

Persons who are desirous of learning how to indulge in a comparatively harmless intoxication should read what CHARLES RICHELLET writes about "Haasheesh."

Two of the more practical articles are Prof. GALTON'S paper on "Composite Portraits," and the translation, from *Nature*, of an account of a "New Process in Photography."

There are a number of other papers of general and special interest, including a pen portrait of THOMAS ALVA EDISON, the inventor of the Phonograph.

No one who wishes to know what is going on in the world of science can afford to do without this valuable periodical. For sale at McMILLAN'S. Price 50 cents.

EXCHANGES.

THE MARITIME SENTINEL, published weekly at Amherst, N. S., gives the local news of Cumberland County, and guards the interests of the Reformers (political, of course) in that district.

THE AGRICULTURIST comes from Fredericton. It is handsomely printed, and in its make-up very similar to its rival the Reporter. Strange to say, it considers the Grills the true wheat.

THE NATIONAL, a weekly political, literary and family newspaper, published at Toronto, advocates "judicious but effectual protection to native industries. Our contributor, Mr. PHILIP THOMPSON, was formerly on its staff. The National is one of the best family newspapers in Canada.

THE SACKVILLE BORDERER is strong in politics, stories, obituary poetry, and news.

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS, not content with giving its subscribers each week eight large pages crowded with good reading, sends out with each number a supplement, called "THE

HOUSEHOLD," worthy of a place in every home. Lewis, the *Free Press* humorist, by his "Bijah" and "M. Quad," has contributed largely to the success of the journal. Each number is cut and pasted, ready for the reader's hand. Its Chess column is a treasury of five problems.

ELAMBEAU FLASHES.

Did you ever see a spire inside of a church? "Certainly, I saw a man per-spire inside of one last Sunday."

We had a cold wave of fog the other day. It "waved us a-dew," as it were.

Carpets though bought by the yard are worn by the foot.

Pacific Mail—a quiet husband.

Treat your baby kindly but not cordial-ly.

A dissipated dog—one who carries long at the whine—a tarrar at the cur-rent whine for instance.

Difficult punctuation—stopping a gossip's tongue.

A waiter has the *en tray* to the most aristocratic families.

Bostonians are very bean-evolent to the pork classes in the "Hub."

The man who tried Prof. Hyperion's wonderful "Hair Restorative" to cure baldness, says "It's all bald-erdash."

What is the difference between a young man just finishing a visit and a young lady who laces? One closes his stay and the other stays her close.

If you want to commit suicide go to the pantry before retiring, when you'll find some "cold pies'n," swallow a dose.

PATENT—"Doctors have an easy way of making a living."

DOCTOR B.—"Yes, dis-ease-y to see how we make a fee bill living out of the feeble living. We keep a curator who keeps our books and cure rates the bills of our patients according to a feasible system of "dead-reckoning." You will see now that you have med a cine-gular discovery."

AN ANNA-TOMMY-CAI DIALOGUE.

TOMMY—"Anna, do you know to what sect aunt belongs?"

ANNA—"No, Tommy dear, what one is it?"
TOMMY—"Why the In-sect, of course. Isn't an ant an insect?"

ANNA—"Tommy, you are an insect too."
TOMMY—"How is that, Anna?"

ANNA—"Because you are such a k-natty young man, which shows that you are a nice specimen of a k-nat-Tommy."

A duel is 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."—St. John TORCH. Time! All second-hand jokes should be set on the "Watch on the Rhine."—*Hockensack Repub. lican.*

[For the Torch].
AT HOME.

(PANTOUM.)

In this grass-widower's hall,
Here I'm sitting alone;
Flies buzzing round on the wall,
Cats on the garden fence moan.

Here I'm sitting alone;
The night is as cool as the fall;
Cats on the garden fence moan;
No one to speak to at all.

The night is as cool as the fall;
Rheumatic pains in each bone;
No one to speak to at all;
My back is as cold as a stone.

Rheumatic pains in each bone;
Sometimes I'm tempted to bawl;
My back is as cold as a stone;
Oh, for a fire in the hall!

Sometimes I'm tempted to bawl,
Things are so knocked out of place;
Oh, for a fire in the hall!
This is a tough-looking place.

Things are so knocked out of place;
Nothing's want to be found;
This a tough looking place,
Everything tumbled around.

Nothing's want to be found;
Holes in the heels of my hose;
Everything tumbled around;
Goodness, how horse-keping goes.

Holes in the heels of my hose;
Buttons all off of my vest;
Goodness, how horse keeping goes;
Every day dressed in my best.

Buttons all off of my vest;
Soon I'll go crazy, I fear;
Every day dressed in my best;
Hurry back home to me, dear.

Soon I'll go crazy, I fear;
This buzzing round on the wall;
Hurry back home to me, dear,
In this grass-widower's hall.

EAK.

RIGGS'S RACY REPARTEES.

[From Meriden (Conn.) Recorder.]

"It has begun to thaw," says the thoughtful man.—*Hackensack Republican*. Thawt so.

"If you would be clear and forcible, don't use foreign words; be natural." But suppose you are A flat; how are you going to transpose the scale in so minor a matter?

The last rows of summer—hedgerows.—*Hackensack Republican*. No, you be blowed, the last is wind rows.

The tonsorial artist is happy, and he often lubricates his shears.—*Hackensack Republican*. The first victim will experience a hair-breadth escape as it were.

"Eye" received a spicy, wide-awake journal from Reynoldsville, Pa.—*Guaranda Enterprise*. We always said you especially needed a good Eye-opener.

Ben Butler has been butting his head against hard money till it's softer than butter.—*Wolcottville Register*. Strange paradox, that hard money should share so soft a fate; and stranger still, that butter should assimilate to Butler's pate.

"The man who tries to flirt with me," remarks Dr. Mary Walker, "may escape a vigorous kicking; but if he does, he will have to run faster than I can." We never thought Dr. Mary was "fast"—but she may be, nevertheless.

PITHY-AN' POINT-ED PARAGRAPHS.

BY "ERRATIC ENRIQUE."

(From New York News.)

— You can't fasten your clothes with a rolling-pin.

— Knowles, of the *St. John Torch*, is the bull-y dancer who asks if we ever saw a cow-drill.

— Arctic expeditions in need of able-bodied volunteers may apply at this office in the sweat by and bye.

— It is better to praise a man to his face than to blackguard him behind his back.

— We are able to ride out, but have no credit at a lively stable. What's the use of being convalescent?

— Never trifle with a woman's affections nor with her husband's misconceptions. Jealousy and suspicion are a rampant pair of antagonists to contend against.

— "Hence, babbling dreams, you threaten me in vain," for I've borrowed an umbrella, and don't fret about the rain.

— A grate match—The one that falls into the open fire.

— "I'll stick to you," as the undershirt said to the perspiring pedestrian.

— How silly for a good-natured man to build his house on a cross street.

— You cannot set a river on fire with a rowing match.—*Boston Bulletin*. Nor with tinder recollections.

— After all our eulogy and gush, a handsome figure is a mere matter of form.

— Can we not properly call the grooms who wait on our fashionable horsewomen equi-pages?

— "High-peer-I-on curls," quoted Fitz-Fangle, as he stood in the third tier of seats and gazed down on a bevy of sun-bonneted damsels in the orchestra chairs.

FIELD'S FUNNY FANCIES.

[St. Louis Journal.]

A green Christmas—no, no, we mean a green peach makes a fat churchyard.

A philanthropic citizen of Memphis has just wedded a Miss Hoss. He doubtless took her for wheel or whoa.

We have tried every expedient, and we find that the simple legend "Small Pox in this House" will preserve the most uninterrupted bliss in an editorial room.

There is a moment when a man's soul revolts against the dispensations of Providence, and that is when he finds that his wife has been using his flannel trousers to wrap up the ice in.

'Tis pleasant at the close of day

To play

Croquet.

And if your partner makes a miss

Why, kiss

The siss.

But if she gives your chin a thwack,

Why, whack

Her back!

A fashionable dressmaker gives the most satisfaction when she makes a miss-t.—*St. John Torch*.

And a printer thinks he's doing right when he makes a miss-print.—*Greenevich Observer*.

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

DEAR SIR.—In January last I came to Moncton from Memramcook to consult a physician, as I was in the 1st stage of Consumption. When I arrived here I had at leave it. A physician was called who pronounced my case hopeless; that I might live a week or two, but Robin-son's Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime, I purchased a bottle of 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 here in my grave to-day. You are at liberty to use this in any way you wish, as I am anxious to let others, who are afflicted in the same way, know, in the hope that they too may receive the same benefit.

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

GEORGE (his X mark) SEWELL.

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

DOCKRILL'S NEW OPERA HOUSE!

GRAND RE-OPENING

MONDAY, JULY 29th,

—BY THE—

California Minstrels.

20 Talented Performers

Composed of the sweetest Singers, best Dancers, and funniest Comedians in the World.

Change of Programme Thursday Night.

MATINEE FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN SATURDAY AFTERNOON. AT 2.30 O'CLOCK.

Evening Admissions, 25 and 50 Cents. July 29



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SILK HATS.

WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS.

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

THORNE BROS., Hat and Fur Store, 33 King Street.

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—OF—

HENRY MORE SMITH,

The Mysterious Stranger,

JUST PUBLISHED.

Price, - 25 Cents.

GEO. W. DAY,

57 Charlottes Street.

may 4

SCULLING SPLASHES.

—One of Hanlan's backers bet nothing but *Sterling* money.

—“M. Ike” wants to know if a barber should be a good oarsman because he's used to “shingle skulls!”

—Jack. Don't you think Hanlan is looking very robust?

Mike. If Ross beats him he'll be more row-“bust.”

—If there should be a foul in a single scull race ought they pullet over again? If so, when?

—From the number of rows at Torryburn on Thursday we should judge they must have had a rowing time.

—Warren Smith is Halifax's coming sculler, and we warren-t he's a good one.

—We are sorry that the gentlemanly Mr. Meeker did not come down to see the Ross-Hanlan race, as we should like to have taken him out in a “coach” to see the race in return for the many kind words and expressions of esteem for our people to the Torontonians, such as “Don't go to that hole to row. They'll poison Hanlan. No American sculler will ever go there again. You see if you ain't disgusted with them. They'll break your boat. They'll throw you overboard if you attempt to ‘coach’ Hanlan. They're a snide lot. Not a d—gentleman among them.” For these and other “good words” we say we are sorry this courteous and gentlemanly Meeker did not come, as we know the boys would have used extra exertions to make his visit pleasant.

—Advice to a man who wants to bet on a boat race—better: not.

—Are apprentices in a turner's shop “turning boys?”

—A young sport “playing the wheel of fortune” at the Race Course on Thursday evening, on a lucky turn said “one good turn deserve an other.” Result: After two hours “fighting the tiger” he was ten dollars out. Moral: Let well enough alone!

—A glass is very good to take out to see a boat race, but on Thursday some of the boys took so many that they couldn't even see the river.

—Mr. J. C. Miles took some fine sketches on the Kenebecasis.

—The Quebec and Ontario gentlemen who came down to witness the sculling match, speak in highest terms of the courteous treatment which they have received from the St. John boys. Mr. Menour's insinuations to the contrary notwithstanding.

—“Single Scull” asks, “Should a shellack speed, would a coat of shellac on the bottom of the shellack act so as to accelerate her rapidity.” We shall acquaint you when we find out, and then request that you shall ax us no more foolish questions.

—There were several roughs came from various cities to see the race but we did not notice Plaidsted's backer, Meeker, among the number.

—The sculler's favorite poet—Shell-y.

A categorical question: Did you ever see a cat sup catsup? —St. John Torch. Did you ever catch up a brick bat to throw at cats up on the wood shed roof? —*Rome Sentinel*. Do you think we woodshed blood in such an unfein manner for a mew-ment? In the words of Cat-alina, “Scat! thou pass illi-mouse cuss.” —*Prolific Punter of St. John*. Oh, dear. We never can survive that. Somebody bring us a catsupman to relieve the effect of this terrible catchersis. —*Rome Sentinel*.

They have a real live, sparkling, readable light literature paper down in St. John, and heedless of the warning of the great fire they call it the Torch, and take it into their homes. —*Toronto National*.

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. —*St. John Torch*. You Ararat-ting good crew, you fellows, but aren't you afraid you will flood the market? —*Edenburg Herald*.

A dog deliberately drowned himself in Groton not long ago. —*Bridgeport Standard*. A sad occurrence; probably he wasn't feline well. —*Torch*. Is his bark still floating on the water. —*Gowanda Enterprise*. Must have had dog gone good cur-age. Anyhow, whine not? —*Edenburg Herald*.

—Thomas Mason, a humorous writer in the St. Louis *Republican*, under the nom de plume of “I. X. Peck,” died suddenly of sunstroke, in Ellston, Mo., on the 13th.

The Saint John Torch fairly sparkles with wit. Each week displays improvement. It is the New Brunswick *Figaro*, *Punch*, *Charivari* and *Puck* combined. It's a small pickle, but it's spicy. —*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

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. Maliech'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.

June 1-1f

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T. B. HANINGTON,
DIRECT Importer of Genuine Havana Cigars, Virginia Tobaccos, wholesale and retail dealer in Tobacco, 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. **93 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.** Jan 8-1y

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Wine and Liquor Dealers,
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WINE, LIQUORS,
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april 27-3m

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D. JORDAN, Barrister-at-Law, &c. Jarvis Building, Prince Wm. St. my10

JOHN KEHR, Barrister and Notary, No. 3 New Market Building, St. John, N. B. dec22-1y

E. T. C. KNOWLES, Barrister-at-Law Notary Public, Solicitor of Patents, &c. Office—Bayard Building, Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

AGENTS.

DUN, WIMAN & CO., Mercantile Agency, Jarvis Building, Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B. A. P. ROLPH, Manager. Jan 8-1f

W. H. O'VE, Custom House, Forwarding, Commission, Railroad and Steamboat Agent, Local Passenger Agent, Intercolonial Railway, 67 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B. Agents for Rotary Saw Mills, Engines and Boilers, Wood and Iron Working Machinery.

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ARCHITECTS.

W. MORGAN SMITH, Architect Jack's Building, 13 Charlotte St. June 1

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

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

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COL. R. G. INGERSOLL'S Lectures C in pamphlet form on GHOSTS, or the Coming and Going Religion; Skulls, Hell, or The Hidden Truth. Ten cents each, or all three for 25 cents. Stamps or silver. Address

J. J. WILLIAMS, Waterford, June 1-2m N. B.

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If you want some good "Three Star"
Call on George at "Temple Bar."
"Cobblers," "Julips," "Brandy Smash,"
Made first class, and cheap for cash.
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FISHING THREAD

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

DAILY EXPECTED:

3000 lbs. Dressed Salmon
Twine;
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For sale at Commission Prices.

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THE subscriber begs to inform the pub-
lic that he is prepared to negotiate
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the City and Portland.

Parties desirous of transacting business
are requested to call.
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Feb 9

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GENERAL IMPORTER OF

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THE subscriber has removed to
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Carpeting of every description,
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Ennis & Gardner's Building,

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Jan 12-1m

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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 con-
tinuance of the same is respectfully soli-
cited. 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:

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

St. John, January 29th, 1878.

C. R. RAY, President.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

49 and 44

Prince William Street.

HON. ISAAC BURPEE'S BUILDING.

1878.

International Steamship Co.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Tri-Weekly Line.

ON and after MONDAY, JUNE 3rd,
and until further notice, the splendid
sea-going steamers, New York, E. H.
Winchester, master, and City of Portland,
S. H. Pike, master, will leave Reed'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
steamer Belle Riv. for St. Andrews and
Cuba, and at Portland and Boston with
Steamers and Rail to all parts of the
United States.

No claims for allowance after Goods
leave the warehouse.

Freight received Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday only, up to 10 o'clock, p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM.

June 22

Agent.

JAS. ADAMS & CO.

HAVE OPENED

In their New Premises,

HOLD STANDS

NO. 16 KING STREET,

Where, with a New and

Thoroughly Assorted Stock
—OR—
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 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.,
Dock Street.

Feb 22-14

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.

Needles, Oil and Attachments kept

constantly on hand.

Sewing Machines Repaired and Im-

proved.

Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 '8m)

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.

Call respectfully solicited.

ALBERT PETERS

DENTAL NOTICE.

GEORGE P. CALDWELL, M. D.,

DENTIST.

No. 7 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.

Jan 5 14

Rouillon Josephine KID GLOVES,

First Choice.

JUST RECEIVED—One Case of the
above celebrated

GLOVES

in street and evening shades.

McCAFFERTY & DALY,
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.
McCAFFERTY & DALY'S
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.

Feb 29 47 King Street.

Ready-Made Clothing.

The Cheapest Lot of Goods ever
imported to this Market.

A GOOD SUIT FOR \$3.00;
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 \$2.00 to \$3.00

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 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 Tobaccos,
No 2 King Square.

Branch Store, 15 Charlotte street.

Dec 22 14 St. John, N. B.

M. A. FINN,

Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana

Cigars. Hasen 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 HAYARD BUILDING

Prince Wm at St. John, N. B.

(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 FERRICK

Dec 22 14 St. John, N. B.

JOHN GYFFO

Importer and Dealer.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

Wholesale and Retail.

Cor. MILL and NORTH STREETS.

Feb 22-14