

TORCH

Light Literature!

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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1917.

No. 1

[For the Torch.]

FERNS.

I.

Hast thou the tender eyes and golden hair,
The peachy cheeks and lips like cherries red,
The heart that ached o'er tales of sin or care,
To joy, at sight or tone of joyance wed?
Hast thou the traits that rendered thee so dear,
In thy bright morning, which I oft recall?
How long and desolate hath been the year,
Since thou wert here, my sunlight and my all?
'Tis vain to question! And the days roll on,
While I sit here in illness, by the sea,
The faith and hope of early manhood gone—
Remembered, only as some melody
We knew in childhood echoes in our dreams,
While the dead Past a living Present seems.

H. L. SPENCER.

[For the Torch.]

ESTHETIC EMBERS.

BY HARRY FLETCHER.

We were sitting around the hearth, Vitruvius, Raphael, and the Colonel having come in for an after dinner smoke, and as it is customary with us at such times we sat without candles, being lighted only by the flickering and uncertain light of the open fire. Without the wind had arisen, and the air was filled with that fine driving snow which always seems to find its way under the closest covering and intrude itself upon the most carefully protected pedestrian who has the hardihood to venture out upon such a night. The wind howled over the chimney top as if angry that we had protected ourselves from its cold blast; and moaned at the windows in that dreadful agonizing way that seems to send shudders through one's evis by the side of the fire. There is nothing so comfortable in life as an easy chair before an open grate, at such a time when the elements without seem to be doing their utmost to prove themselves stronger than poor humanity. There is such a sense of security in thus enjoying oneself in spite of the storm, and feeling that one is entirely sheltered from his fury, and we hug ourselves and move up closer to the generous heat and give up to a feeling of blissful content.

We sat thus for some time engrossed in thought quietly smoking when the Colonel silence.

Have you bought your Christmas presents Raphael?

RAHAEL.—No, not yet, I find great difficulty in selecting what I want, the market is so full

of trash, and anything at all worthy of being called artistic is so dear, that one needs either to have few friends, or to be a modern Cressus to satisfy his Christmas generosity.

VITRUVIUS.—Yes, it is certainly a difficult thing to select what one wants under these circumstances, one's tastes so frequently are so entirely out of proportion to one's income; but really don't you think that the artistic element enters more extensively into the selection of Christmas gifts than formerly?

RAHAEL.—Yes, as in everything else, there is certainly an advance being made in this direction in matters of art, and we find more articles that may be called artistic than before this revival. There is not so much time wasted in fruitless attempts to represent upon canvas impossible perspectives of the Tower rises the size of cabbages, and resembling them in effect, or in painting landscapes by methods learned in half a dozen lessons, all calculated to surprise one's friends at Christmas. We find now, certainly a greater amount of taste displayed in the selecting of articles for parlor ornament or personal decoration, and we see that this demand has created a supply of Christmas gifts that are really a pleasure to look upon. But the public at large are still a great way down the mountain, and it will be a long time before they will get up into the pure air of esthetic taste where they will enjoy a thing not merely because it is costly, but because it is good, and because the conception and execution of it are governed by such principles as go to make good art.

VITRUVIUS.—That reminds me of an incident told me by a friend of mine who is somewhat of an artist as well as a shrewd business man. He is a dealer in Paintings, Engravings, etc., and he had a customer one day who had evidently more money than brains. This man seemed greatly interested in an elegant oil painting, the price of which was fifteen hundred dollars. It was a landscape, a broad reach of country dotted with peaceful farm houses, and a quiet river winding gracefully along in the distance. It was a work of art, but it didn't seem to satisfy his taste. "I like the frame, he said, and most of the picture, but I would like it better if it had a mountain right in there," pointing with his cane. Oh, said my friend, "we can put a mountain in there very easily." Can you? said the man, "then I'll take it," and it was done for him. When such men are the patrons of art, what can we expect.

RAHAEL.—You will find such men every where. They are like the father of the young girl who was once sent to me to study oil painting. He was rich but ignorant, and he had an idea that one could learn art as one

learns to run a sewing machine. As he was a good customer of mine, I disliked to offend him, and so I consented to teach his daughter. But my time was more than wasted, and I was obliged to tell her father one day that she was not progressing as well as I might desire. "What is the matter?" said he, "hasn't she got all the tools she needs?" Oh! yes I said, "she has everything of that kind, but she lacks capacity." Then buy it for her, BUY IT FOR HER, said he with an involuntary movement of his hand towards his pocket. You see there are a great many people who think they can buy capacity, but good art, good architecture, or good taste, generally are not the results of a lavish expenditure of money, and are only fostered by wealth, when it is applied by people of good judgment in producing articles which are in themselves worthy of the name of art. It is unfortunate, too, that the wealthy are too often ignorant of the true principles of esthetic culture and ostentatious show is frequently mistaken for good taste. How many people there are who will seriously tell you that a grandy chromo is as good as an oil painting, and they will choose the one as soon as the other. This is not to be wondered at, perhaps, when you consider that in matters of art education the public at large have absolutely no safe guide, and no means of informing themselves except by the unstable impressions of public opinion. But we are in the infancy of a better era, and the dissemination of art literature is beginning already to be felt by the masses.

VITRUVIUS.—Yes I feel it, too, in my profession; although I have still many disheartening things to contend with. I am confident that the time will come when an architect will be judged by his merit and succeed in proportion to his architectural ability. I remember when I first began to practice the difficulty I had in impressing people with the idea that an architect was anything but an artist, who could only be employed with advantage by the rich. I have many amusing incidents to tell you sometime when we have more leisure, about my clients, but the ladies will soon be here and we shall have to change the subject.

RAHAEL.—Speaking of ladies, I have some hope for the country when I see the ladies taking such a lively interest in art subjects. In the Normal Art Schools, which are being started in different parts of the country, the majority of the pupils are women, and if they only set themselves to the task, the work of redeeming the world is half done. No man of sense will buy a picture, or a statuette, or build a house, without consulting his wife, and if the wives are educated, the husbands can't go far wrong. I was at an exhibition of one of these schools of which I speak, and I could not help

noticing the neat and tasteful way in which these devotees of art were dressed, and the refined freedom of their manner towards those about them. I really fell in love with all of them at once. But at present, I am sorry to say it, the ladies are not always to be trusted in their estimation of matters of artistic taste. One reason for this is that they are too much guided by fashion so that most women of society dare not dress or act except by the established rule, and the principles upon which they select a bonnet or buy a dress, are applied in the collecting of pictures, or the furnishing of a house.

VITRUVIUS.—In that connection, too, I have something to say, for of all the abominable attempts at design the production of the furniture dealers exceed anything that the world has ever seen. The rage for something new, the desire to outdo all competition, and the demand for what is the most popular, has driven out of the market all good design, and the most outrageous things are perpetrated under the name of the "Medallion," or the "Empress," or worse still the "Eastlake." Poor Eastlake, he has had to bear the abuse of the furniture makers in a way that would make Here we were interrupted by a crash and the Colonel's pipe was shattered by its fall. He was asleep, and the entrance of the ladies at this moment entirely broke up all conversation upon the subject, and as the evening wore on we discussed Christmas presents, and new styles of bonnets, the fire went out, and we gathered up the embers.

For the Torch:

FASHION FLAMBEAU.

Ladies' Ulsters are ceasing to be fashionable in St. John, and becoming decidedly common. This is a distinction with such a difference that soon everybody who is somebody, in the fashionable sense of the word, will have reduced her ulster only to the most common place purposes. In spite of that queching fact, though, it is doubtful when Madame Le Mode will devise anything so comfortable and convenient for ordinary wear. There are some wonderfully ugly specimens to be seen, of course, but this is to be expected when a fashion is run aground or needlessly elaborated. Keeping the simple meaning of the Ulster in view, and cutting it by a standard pattern, it can hardly fail to give satisfaction and serve admirably the double purpose of wrap and waterproof.

Last season, it was said, that the different fashionable hat shapes worn amounted to over seventy-five; but as this must have been an exceptionally large number, the millinery establishments and Fashion books do not show any very decided novelties for the present winter. The more popular of those shown, however, have the extra advantage of being adjustable either backwards or forwards. Far back upon the head for dressy occasions and snugly down before the forehead, when Boreas being out "on a time" is likely to be very rough with the wearer's front hair.

Among the new Parisian bonnets are shapes tightly covered with kid or chamois, which are so stylish as to be additional proofs of their being "nothing like leather." As a matter of course, they need very elaborate trimming, and are very expensive, but it is open to question, whether this latter fact does more than them all the more attractive. Six months ago, when imperials and Saratogas lay in burnt or battered heaps upon almost every street, *Sackcloth* seemed the only appropriate material for a city of ashes and extreme denial as to fashion, the inevitable portion of many of fashion's votaries; but now as finer bonnets are taking the places of those departed, to finer clothes must replace those which perished with the trunks. In the matter of dress St. John is more aesthetic than aesthetic, and thus

we have no doubt the bonnets aforementioned will be bought and worn at almost any price.

Just now Christmas presents are the order of the day for shoppers and the dry goods and fancy ware stores are literally crowded from morning until night. In the fancy work department of holiday goods, one of the prettiest novelties is embroidery upon honeycomb cloth with colored darning cotton or bright wools. All sorts of toilet appliances are made in this way, but a more satisfactory piece of work is a piano-cover. A pale, straw-colored piano cover embroidered with pale blue, and a delicate fawn color and having a large monogram worked in the centre, is described as being very handsome and at the same time less tedious in manufacture than many of the good-for-nothing trifles over which dainty fingers so often dwell.

Handkerchiefs, embroidered with colored monograms, are yet another outlet for the embroidery mania. Some simply have the initial or monogram worked in one corner, but more pretentious specimens have a motto or other device surmounting the name. Linen or cambric holds the chief place as a material for ladies' pocket handkerchiefs, but silk is also very much used, and is especially soft and soothing when the owners thereof groan under an attack of influenza.

"Now is the time," as the country papers say, when ends or corners of slippers protrude from almost every feminine work-basket. Apropos of the subject, quilted satin slippers for ladies, and embroidered velvet ones for gentlemen are equally the rage this season, but still more extreme novelties, that is for gentlemen, are those of untanned deer-skin, alligator skin, or silvery colored seals in imitation of snake skin. The latter might very fairly be called a *scaly* sort of present; nevertheless, as they are the latest Parisian furore, any young man receiving a pair will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is ultra-stylish as to footing.

In Jewelry the fancy for the moment are Japanese sets of olive-brown metal with designs in gold. Chateaufort vinaigrettes, belt-buckles, agrafes for cloaks as well as ordinary brooches and ear-rings, all come in this style, and are exceedingly unique; rather too much so in fact to last for any great length of time, oddity being an objectionable thing sometimes when it ceases to be also a novelty.

PORK VEEST'S MOOSEMEAT.

In the winter of 1874 a party of hunters, camping in the woods of the "Black North," were visited one day by an Indian named Newell, who, seeing some fine looking pork in the camp, suggested the idea of exchanging some of it for Moosemeat. They finally concluded to give him two rounds of pork, for which he agreed to give them two quarters of Moose. "Where will we find the Moosemeat," said Mr. S. "Know um big hill?" said Newell, pointing in a certain direction. "Yes, we know where that is," replied S. "Know um big pine tree close to big hill?" "Yes," "Well Indian started off with his pork, and the hunter's following Newell's directions, went for the tins of a hoax by "Big Injun." The following winter, Newell entered the camp one day and was soundly berated by S. for "selling" up with an air of injured innocence, and said, "Find um big pine tree?" "We did." "No red rascal?" "Of course we didn't, You find um big hill, and find um big pine tree, and no find um moose. Two truth and one lie way of elucidating the matter disarmed their anger, and Newell left the camp that night with his red skin full of "fire-water."

STAGE SPARKS.

BOICHAULT finding that "Marriage" is not a success will try a "Divorce."

DURING the performance of "Henry V." at the Arch Street Theatre, Rippeil became incensed at one of the "snaps," whom he picked up and hurled about a dozen feet across the floor. As "Our Joe" would say, he must have super-human strength.

HARRY CRISP has scored a success as Asa Trenchard, in "Our American Cousin," at the Park Theatre. New York. His 14s Savors was also warmly applauded for her lively and intelligent impersonation of Florence Trenchard.

JAMES LEWIS is engaged to act Oliver Magnus in "Baby" at the Park Theatre—Jimmy ought to be a good Magnus for "Baby."

MAGGIE MITCHELL opened in Cincinnati on the 17th inst.

JOHN MURRAY'S Metropolitan Company opened in Mechanics' Falls, Me. on the 17th inst., in the new Yacht Hall. Harry Basecomb and Grace Cartland are still in the party.

LOUISE POMEROY has been playing at the National, Washington, in "As You Like It."

OLIVER DOND BYRON is scalping "ingins" in Cincinnati.

RACHEL NOAH has been doing Shakespearian business with Edwin Booth in Buffalo, N. Y.

BILLY SCALLEN and Jas. A. Meade are at the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia.

HARRY LESLIE is at the Adelphi in Buffalo.

THE Dramatic News noticing a scalping drama called the "Fox and Ranger," at the Box on Howard says: "The principal object of this extraordinary production appears to be to give Joe Dowling an opportunity to murder people, which he improves to the utmost. He rosiestly reverts in gored. Everybody in the piece is continually running away from him. But it's no use. He overhauls and kills 'em all before the end of the piece. Glory be to Allah, there is not a man left except Dowling and the Dogs."

THE "Amateur Minstrels" will give burnt cork illustrations in Bangor, Dec. 28th and 29th.

BYRON IN CHICAGO.—Oliver Dond Byron has crossed the Continent here nightly during the week, and fair sized audiences have witnessed the startling, blood curdling, hi-rioting gun and burning. Acts that seem a cessary to effect such a feat of trans-continental.

LOUIS ALDRICH is supporting McKee Rankin in the "Dimites," at G and Opera House, Milwaukee. The following extract from a review on the performance will please the numerous friends of Louis in "St. John": "Ed. the Pastor," by Louis Aldrich, was especially well taken.

THE Champion bare-back rider of the world Jimmy Robinson, is a St. John boy. His right name is Toby Lyons. He went away with Rowell & Stone's circus about thirty years ago and is now the acknowledged champion equestrian.

FRANK ROCHE is playing "Sir Wagstaff" in "Pink Dominoes" at Bulfinch's in San Francisco.

ROSA D'ERINA is giving Concerts in Richmond, Va.

M'LE ALENIS, the fire queen, is announced as now on her way from Europe, and to shortly appear here in her special, described in the card in another column.—(Type.)

Let not the above be a mistake? We always thought that Kate Claxton claimed the "fire queen" eb uniposition.

THE Dramatic and Sporting News says "Blind Tom" played a fight between Nashville, Tenn. on Dec. 14th and 15th. He must have been somewhere on the coast if he played to a "Light House"—Perhaps Tom won so the gook.

CAMILA USHO has been doing a good Concert business in Indiana. We like Ur so well that we hope she will always be successful.

MR. W. J. STANTON has resigned his position on the Boylston & Union Company.

THEY purr-puss having a cat show in Boston Music Hall on Jan 21. It will be a Mew-sick Hall, shouldn't they have it in the Talby-mole?

THEY are going to have the Devil Fish in Boston. Let the Devil Fish in Boston and he'll be sure to catch some fish.

BOARDING-HOUSE SCENE.

Place—Elliot Row

Landlady.—Mr Jones will you have a little more stuffin with your chicken?"
Jones.—No, thanks, it's tough en-ough for me."
One of the irreverent boarders said something about Jones's very hen genious reply, and other fowl remarks were freely indulged in, much to the annoyance of poor Mrs Snuffkins who threatened to feed them on lash for the balance of the week.

LOVE.

Love is a stray leaf of the rose,
Of vagrant winds the floating prey;
Inhale its fragrance as it goes—
But touch it, and it fades away.

Love is a fragile butterfly.
The brightest of created things;
Its brilliant colour charm the eye—
But grasp it, and you crush its wings.

[For the Torch.]

USEFUL LESSONS FROM ANIMATED NATURE.

BY A. E. SOP.

Never be silly like a Goose.
Or too cunning like a Fox.
Or repeat the sayings of others like a Parrot.
Learn to say *Nay* like a Horse.
Never be stubborn like a Panther.
Or treacherous like a Panther.
But be faithful like a Dog.
And never quack like a Duck.
Or be vain like a Peacock.
Or stupid like an Owl.
Or changeable like the Chameleon.
Or deceitful as a Snake.
Or venomous as a Toad.
Never sting like a Bee.
Or be lazy like a Drone.
Or sluggish as a Sloth.
Or grasping as a Hawk.
Or voracious like a Shark.
Or inquisitive like a Ferret.
Or dirty as a Pig.
Or boorish as a Boar.
Or ravenous as a Wolf.
Or strut like a Rooster.
Be innocent like a Saint.
Don't be made a butt of like a Goat.
Always keep one eye open like a Weasel.
Keep a sharp look out like the Lynx.
Be brave as a Lion.
Never be cowardly like a Calf.
Or timorous as a Mouse.
Be full of the milk of human kindness like a Cow.
Be jolly under all circumstances like a Cricket.
Be active as a Flea.
Be industrious like the Ant.
Work like a Beaver.
Be pure and simple as a Dove.
Abstain from croaking like a Frog.
Never be rough like a Bear.
Or clownish like a Monkey.
Or hypocritical like the Crocodile.
Be domestic as a Cat.
And never be caught, as a thief, like a Rat.

FEEBLE FLICKERINGS.

Under the above heading we intend to devote a column each issue to the first fruits of amateurs in the flowery paths of literature, with the hope that by so doing we may aid in developing the dormant genius of some of those literary aspirants whose virgin offerings are generally consigned to the editorial "waste basket." Contributors will please write legibly, and only on one side of the paper, keeping brevity and point well in view, as well as carefully abstaining from private personalities of an objectionable nature. Contributions not accepted will be noticed in the "Chat with Correspondents" column.

A youth who signs his name "Shop Boy" sends us the following, which is not so bad. To that "Shop Boy" we say: As you grow stir may you keep improving in your literary efforts.

A GROSSER PARTY.—A man went into a grocery store of Charlotte Street the other day to buy some tea on credit, which the grocer refused to give. "Do you know," said the man,

"why you are like a merchant who never fails in business?" "No, Sir, I don't know. Why am I?" "Because you don't trust tea."

Our friend "Spark" forwards us a nice lot of "Kindlings" from Halifax. Much obliged. Do so some more.

KINDLINGS.

Are "spoon oars" made from silver ores? One who moves in the higher circles—the planet Saturn.—*Ec.* Oh, yes, a kind of satellite society. By the way, don't the "Milky Whies" belong to the "craie de la craie?"

The statue erected to Plimssoll is a statue wet of a wreck-tangle-r form, and should be paid for out of the "Sinking Fund."

What kind of a tree is the best for making card-board? The *You pass* tree.

What is the most mournful tree of the forest? The *Weeping* Willow.

Which is the most happy? The Maple's sappiest.

A conscientious barber will hone up when his razor is dull.—*Ec.* Yes, if he's an honest one.

New Orleans amuses itself on Sunday by racing in tubs drawn by swans.—*Ec.* That's wan way of spending the Sabbath.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER.

.....Slaves of Fashion—Gall-ey slaves.
.....A "still" wine—Mumm
.....The fashionable new color in cats is yellow.—*Ec.* Thought it was ver-mew-lion.
.....What part of a church does a ticket in the Irish Friendly Society resemble? The chance-sell.
.....Mexican mustangs are a drug in the Pittsburg (Pa.) market.—*Ec.* They must hang heavily on the dealer's hands.
.....What are most appropriate flowers for decorating Churches at Christmas? Christmas.
.....A Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language is now in full life in Dublin. They will probably Cork it up.
.....Where is the best place to launch an ice boat? On the Alps they av-a-lanche 'bout every day.
.....If you are getting in coal, shute it.—*N. Y. Herald.* Wouldn't it be a grate deal better to "fire" it?
.....Two illicit stills have been seized in Renfrew, and still they are not happy.
.....Late news from China—A Chicago crockery dealer has gone to smash. Wasn't he a Phila-delf-in man?
.....A sweet thing in combs—Honey.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*
A very fine tooth comb to cell.
.....Please ask, through "Household," for recipe to prevent hair falling out. *Mrs. J. C. Cleveland, Ohio.—Proc Press.*
Don't leave the "heirs" any money and there will be no danger of them "falling out."
.....A St John man asked his sweetheart in New York, by telegraph, if she would marry him. That's what we call electric sparking.—*Philadelphia Saturday Night.*
It was a man in New York named Roop, merely ink-wire-ing if he could show Miss Roop, of St. John, how to tie a "Roop Knot."
.....During Miss Von Hillern's performances it was a noticeable novelty that the gait-keeper sat on the platform.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*
We saw the above just a minute before we were going to write Gait-anoney—Miss Von Hillern's.—*Cincinnati Commercial.* We mean no of-fence, but if you wish to bing-e-a-pun a gate-why not say something about the lady's

shoes, which would be a gaiter joke?—*Proc Press.*
Shouldn't these jokes be set up in a-gate type?

PITHY PERSONALS.

—Levi Swartz, of Mansfield, Penn-sylvania, while on a grape vine was mistaken for a wild turkey by Henry Croll, who shot and fatally wounded him.

It was a Cro'll thing for Henry to do. Did he shoot him with "grape" shot?

—Mr. Cask is a candidate for the Georgia Legislature. He has a good head, and will "whoop 'em up.—*Courier-Journal.*

If he's "not on the keg," when he gets a good "punch," in, he'll be able to give them a good "stave."

—Wm. Winters new book of poems will be called "Thistle Down." It is evidently light reading.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Isn't Winter the author of "Beautiful Snow?"

—John Melick, Esq., whose classic features are being transferred to canvas by Artist Miles, is at present rusticating in Boston.

—The sweet singer of Michigan, according to the *Graphic*, oils her hair with poem-aid. If Julia is a Michigander, wouldn't goose grease be more appropriate?

—Wong Chin Foo, the Chinese lecturer, is on his way eastward. Hadn't Wong Foo better "wipe off his Chin'?"

—Mrs. Annie Edwards is out with her "Blue Stocking," and it is a darned sight better than the average novel.—*New Orleans Picayune.* Yes, it is a good yarn, but that needn't induce you to put your foot in it.—*Free Press.*

The wind must have blue or how could the *Picayune* man have seen it? Annie dear, can you tell us why that "Blue Stocking" is like the figure 1? Why, because it is the one u-nit.

The first volume of Victor Hugo's "History of Crime" has reached its one hundredth edition in Paris.

—Gen. Hood's wife has presented him with three sets of twins since the war. For such a man to surrender the right of secession is no light task.—*Danbury News.*

He must have made a good lively hood to support such a family.

—Young Mr. Astor, who has just been elected to the Assembly in New York, has set his heart on the Consulsip of Hong Kong, China. If he gets it, look out for floral puns—China astor for instance.—*St. Louis Journal.*

Wouldn't Astor-nomical puns, such as Astoroid, be better for a resident among the Celestials?

—Archibald Forbes, the great war correspondent, was once a private in the English army.

—Mrs. Boss is lecturing on "Our Girls," and our girls say she is the "boss" lecturer.

—Prof. Graham delivered a free lecture on Phrenology in Boston. The *free knowledge* he dispensed was doubtless interesting.

—Claws of which no child is afraid—Santa Claus.

—Gen. Grant refused to grant authority to the illustrated papers of Paris to print his portrait.

—Sir Edward Thornton has declined the mission to Spain, and will remain in Washington.

—The Duke of Manchester will succeed Governor General Dufferin.

—The *Commercial* describes a ball in a jelly factory, at Hannibal, as being a perfect jam. Do you mean a jam-boree?—*N. Y. Herald.* Suppose the ladies looked an-jelly-cal?

—Julia A. Morse, the sweet singer of Michigan, is giving readings of her own lyrics. The poetic effusions bear a singularly striking resemblance to those of our late lamented "Bard of War" Dixon.

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TORCH

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 22, 1877.

SALUTATORY.

We launch our little "fighter" on the great sea of literature this morning, laden with an assorted cargo, and trust that, with fair winds and careful pilotage, it may long ride the stormy billows with safety, and at last, when its mission has been accomplished, sail peacefully into the haven of rest.

We know the dangerous rocks and quicksands of private personalities on which we, if not careful, are liable to strike, and shall always endeavor to give them a wide berth.

If anything of an objectionable character should inadvertently creep into our columns, calculated to wound the feelings of any one, we shall cheerfully make the *avoué honorable*, but trust there will be no occasion so to do, as our aim shall ever be to carefully guard against such mistakes, and keep them free from anything of an objectionable nature.

The Torch will shine every Saturday, and we shall try to make its brilliancy increase with each succeeding number.

We propose to serve up to our patrons wholesome and pleasant dishes of Wisdom, Wit, Humor and Satire, delicately seasoned with spicy materials, which will not be injurious to the health of the most delicate.

We have been promised aid in the way of contributions from quite a large number of talented writers, and shall always be happy to receive assistance of this kind from any who desire to lend us a helping hand.

As the future success of the Torch will very materially depend on a good financial return, we hope our numerous friends, who have so far cheered us on with encouraging words, will come to our assistance with something tangible in the form of subscriptions and ad-

vertisements, and by so doing, give us nerve and backbone to push boldly ahead.

And now, having made our modest bow to our friend, we have much pleasure in wishing them a very "MERRY CHRISTMAS" and a "HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Don't scan our *first* with critic's eye,
Please pass our imperfections by;
We hope to make our little paper,
In every home, a welcome *type*.

Shortfellow.

CHRISTMAS.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ,"—Tennyson.

In spite of the many unpleasant memories of the past summer, the people of Saint John seem determined to put the usual amount of brightness into the Christmas season. The stores are well stocked with seasonal goods, and in private homes, in kitchen and parlor alike, preparations are being made to celebrate in a becoming manner the birth of the world's Redeemer. This Festival, has for so many centuries been welcomed with delight by Christians of every sect, and by the poor and rich alike—for the prophet of Nazareth was not merely a Jew—his mission was to all nations, and his life was as much a companionship with the lowly as it was a life fit to be imitated by kings.

Let those who proclaim themselves followers of JESUS CHRIST practice, at least at this season, the charity which was the great characteristic of their MASTER.

As more and more men keep in mind the story of the manger in Bethlehem, it will lead them to seek a worthier manhood, and will hasten the accomplishment of the purposes of the Incarnation of Christ—"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

"THE LONE FISHERMAN."

Grips last cartoon puts the "bait" question in rather a tantalizing way for our neighbours across the line. John Bull and Canada (in the person of the Minister of Marine) occupy a boat near the Canadian shore—in the bow of the boat is a bag, containing the award of the Joint High Commission. Mr. Bull and Canada are busily filling the boat—while Brother Jonathan, in a boat near by, holds out a fish-hook, and says: "I've paid you for the privilege of fishin' in these waters, now give us a bait!" John Bull answers:—Why, Bless your hazyes Jonathan, "bait" is a question by hitself.

THE NEW POLICE COURT is being rapidly built, and when finished will be an ornament to that part of the city, in which it is. The Corporation seems to have been even with Messrs. Cutter & Potter in the matter of paying for the work—and have been able to carry it forward without interruption.

WILL WE be considered inmodest if we express the hope, that soon the people will say of us—as *George Herbert* said of Sunday.

"The week were dark without thy light—
Thy Torch doth shew the way."

THE POLICE MAGISTRATE is sometimes complained of, by one-sided men, because he does not forthwith put an end to the liquor traffic. The complainers forget that the magistrate does not hold his position as a temperance man, but as an officer of justice—and that his acts must be done within the line of the law. During the past week he has fined six liquor dealers. This does not look like excessive leniency towards the traffic. Much of the abuse of the Police in this matter is quite as unreasonable. The police being well known, it must necessarily be difficult for them to get information of violations of the liquor law. Why do not those, who say they see the violation, make the information as it is their right and duty to do?

INSPECTOR OF BUILDINGS.—Mr. Malhar is a good man, and a first class mechanic, but would it not be well in view of the unrest which is being created in the city by falling buildings to appoint some competent mason as an assistant. The work is rather too much for one man to attend to faithfully, and a practical and experienced mason, like Mr. James Sullivan, for instance, would greatly facilitate the work of the office, and increase the feeling of security among those who are expecting to occupy the new buildings.

THE FASHION FLAMBEAUX are not a refresh of any other journal's fashion articles, but are prepared expressly for the Torch by a young lady, who has had considerable experience in such matters, and whose good taste and literary ability, we can assure our fair readers will be a sufficient guarantee of their value.

THE FIRST of a series of papers called "Esthetic Embers," by Harry Fletcher appears in the Torch this morning. They will be continued every week, and will be found both instructive and amusing.

(A) ICE JOB.—The platform just put down on the sidewalk, east end of Union St. "Who will pay for it?" do you say? "Why it will settle for itself, next spring." When the ice melts.

THE GALLERY GODS who attend the Institute lectures evidently believe in the "stamp duty." Cannot the Chi-f get a "clew" to the disturbers of the peace?

WHY HE CONSENTED.—One of our most popular preachers, on being applied to by Rev. Mr. Wills, pastor of the Unitarian Church, to preach for him, replied: "Yes; I will preach for you, because I know of no congregation that is in more need of the gospel."

SHE TRUSTED IN THE LORD.—An old lady, in a Carleton prayer meeting the other evening, related her struggle with the slippery streets as follows: "I slipped up and slipped down, and didn't know what for to do. Then I trusted in the Lord and let myself went; and here I am."

[For the Torch]

MRS. SILLIBUS ON HOTEL CLERKS.

Mrs. Sillibus says she always likes to stop at first class hotels because the nice young man in the office with a shiny shirt luzzum and demon studs always has such a sweet smile and salve manner and gives such sassy factory answers when you ask him what time the ten o'clock train goes out and he tells you half past nine. Then he sends you up in the Elevator to the seventh story and tells you that it will be so handy for you to get out on the roof in case of a configuration at night. Oh! yes my dear, always stop at a first class hotel,

The Torch would shine in a practical way for the benefit of those who regard the light. So therefore in its advising columns tells them where to buy things useful and ornamental. The most fastidious should be able to select suitable Christmas gifts from the large and varied stocks of goods thus brought to their notice.

Messrs. Mackenzie, Bros., are still at their old stand and as busy and obliging as ever.

Messrs. Beard & Venning and James Adams & Co., are displaying a very fine assortment of dry goods.

Messrs. Page, Smalley & Ferguson show an elegant stock of jewellery and the finer qualities of hardware.

Mr A. Chipman Smith, in his new and well appointed store in the Market Building, has a fresh supply of personally selected Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet requisites, &c.

The disciples of the "Road" can satisfy their taste at the popular Stables of Mr. W. H. Austin.

We direct the attention of wholesale buyers to the advertisement of Messrs. Scott & Kerr.

It would be difficult to imagine a smoker's need which cannot be satisfactorily met at McLeod's Tobacco Store, Charlotte Street. Everybody stops to look at the ingenious toys displayed in his window.

Mr. H. R. Smith has a full line of well assorted Christmas goods.

We direct attention to the Card of M. A. Finn, who has on hand a first class assortment of Liquors and Cigars.

Ferrick, Bros., are ready to supply stimulants for Mince Pies, etc.

See A. J. Armstrong's Card in another column.

If extra Ink you wish to buy

At very small expense, sir,

Take good advice from TORCH and try

That made by H. L. SCIENCE.

The Albatross in the window of J. H. Murray & Co.'s Store, on King Street, is not the original bird shot by the "ancient mariner"—but recalling Coleridge's poem at this season it will, no doubt, lead many to cherish the kindness of heart which the poem inculcates.

Messrs. Jas. McCallough & Co. have a fine and varied assortment of Dry Goods, and with an attentive and obliging corps of clerks are ready to wait on fair customers.

TORCHISMS.

What is the difference between a "Hard Shell Baptist," and a Musselman?

SHOP KEEPER—"That gas bill is altogether too heavy."

COLLECTOR—"Excuse me sir, you're mistaken: it's not heavy, it's a light bill."

Can a man be said to be at "death's door," when he's about to enter a vault?

Why are two doctors consulting, hard to comprehend? Because they are a pair-o'-do's.

The worst oath by which a country editor swears—"By scissors!"

When was Odd-Fellowship instituted? The earliest date of which we can find any account was when Cain went to the "Land of Nod" and became a Nod fellow.

A bare-back act—Whipping a convict.

What is the difference between a Leg-gotye and a Pho-to-graph?

A fort that no soldier objects to take—Comfort.

If there is a place for everything, where is the place for a boil? *Et.* In the boiler.

Why is a tree in winter like a certain kind

of Sculpture? Because it's bare o'leaf (*but relief*).

England has a surplus of 800,000 women. . . . Perhaps it's not right to be over particular about trifles, but how can *women* be a surplus?

Even in the publication of religious papers they cannot get along without assistance of the "devil" who plays an *imp*-ortant part.

When a sailor goes to sleep on his watch, does he sleep on ticking?

Some unprincipled being wants to call a convention of all the funny paragrapphists: What's the use of tempting Providence?—*Boston Globe*. There are none in Providence, (R. I.) to tempt.

When Mr. Bartlett was informed by the nurse that "twins" had arrived—Mr. B. with a smile of pleasure replied, "I'm glad that she's been so *fruitful* as to present me with a Bartlett pair.

LUMINA LIBERALLI.

Whoever has a half-hour or an hour not fully occupied by business,—an hour which he or she is willing to devote to the gratification of aesthetic tastes and feelings, and the refined pleasure that gratification is sure to bring, could not do better just now than to step into Mr. J. C. Myles' little printing room in Jack's Building, Charlotte street. The visitor will immediately find himself in good company. He will be at once surrounded by a multitude of bright and suggestive sketches of sunny fields and stately trees and beaming clouds, or with equally attractive bits of rocky coasts and sandy shores, camped by sombre skies and lashed by rolling waves. And he will see, in all stages of progress pleasing pictures of which these sketches form the groundwork.

Mr. Myles has taken several of these sketches from nature in the neighborhood of Norton, King's County, and the paintings he has produced from them are, to our taste, the best and happiest things he has ever done. One of these is entitled a *Vignette in Norton*.—From the *Hendricks Farm*. It takes in a wide and long range of country, showing the Norton hills,—so striking in their forms,—on the right. The picture is painted under a very pleasing effect of afternoon light, and gives a just and true impression of the character of the scenery which it depicts. Another of this Norton series is a *Wooded Scene*, which has in the foreground hay-stacks and other appropriate adjuncts, and in the distance the charmingly-painted hills, blue and lazily blue. Then we turn to enjoy a *Quiet Day*—*Lower Norton*, which is also a meadow scene, and in which some lazy, dreaming cattle form a chief feature. In all these canvasses the sky is constituting a principal part, and in each of them the sky is exceedingly good, being skilfully painted in distinct and massive cloud-forms which are yet free from all hardness of outline and are full of luminous quality. But if we desire to feast the eye upon some glorious *caudatus* clouds, that are full of pure light, and that recall the summer, let us gaze steadily for a few minutes at the *Vignette in Norton*.—*Shower passing off*. Here is most effectively realized the aspect of nature which the artist intended to express. We have rarely seen clouds so well represented,—so large and massive and yet so soft and full of beaming light. The water which fills the immediate foreground catches the light from the clouds and reflects it in the most natural manner, without disturbing the harmony of the view, or throwing out of place the hills over which the rain-cloud has just passed and which it has left wet. In our judgment this little picture, painted with breadth and freedom, is valuable not only for the quality it has but for the promise it gives.

Of quite another character is a fine, solidly painted *Vignette of the Grand Falls* on the River Saint John, in which the tumbling, boiling, foaming water is given with great fidelity. A widely different view of our noble River is presented in a picture of the well-known *Harling's Point*, in which is introduced, as a matter of course, the remarkable Elm-tree which stands out so conspicuously on the river-bank. And this, too, is a good picture, full of broad, sunny daylight. In still another vein is a bit of *Old Orchard*

Beach, Maine, where breakers are dashing down upon the strand, and a bold sky overhangs the scene. And widely different again from these are two other canvasses,—one an unfinished landscape, closed in by a screen of woods, and filled in the foreground with cattle lazily standing in and around a pool from which some of them have been drinking, and the other a *Wayside Brook*, the parts of which are so similarly arranged. In this last the most conspicuous object is an admirably drawn and painted white cow stands with head just raised from the water, of which she has been drinking, having eyes staring out and ears erect and pointed forward, as if to discover from whom or what, proceeds some sound she has caught. This is, in every respect, a very striking and effective picture.

In addition to all these landscapes and seascapes, Mr. Myles has tried his hand with considerable success upon some portraits. Two of these,—one a portrait of Mr. Court, of Portland, and the other an unfinished portrait of Mr. John Melick, of this city, are both faithful likenesses, and prove the versatility of Mr. Myles' artistic powers. Nor let the visitor to this modestly fitted-up studio come away without taking a glance at a strongly-painted *View of the Great Fire*, which will show him what our devoted City of Saint John looked like after sunset on the morning of the 29th June last, to one who gazed monrofully at the raging flames from a point on the Douglas Road directly opposite the city. It has in it all the dreadful reality of that fearful event.

As a concluding word, we will venture to say that whosoever has thus spent a vacant hour or so in Mr. Myles' room, will go to spend another hour there upon the first opportunity he can command.

BOOK NOTICES.

Mr. T. H. Hall has a Godey for January upon his counter, a number which, under the new editorship, is rich in Fashions, stories and other items essential in the make-up of a thoroughly good Magazine. The opening story, a burlesque of the Jack Harkaway series, by Bret Harte, is so like its author's funniest efforts as to make it worth the price of the book.

Any one wanting a thoroughly fashionable Fashion Book should send in to Mr. W. E. Blanchard's subscription for Butterick's Delineator, the best Magazine of its kind.

SCENE IN A DRY GOODS STORE.

Young Lady—(who has selected some nice *moire-antique* for a dress) "You will please charge that *moire-antique* to pi.

Affable Clerk—"Excuse me miss, but my employer says your pa cannot have any *moire-antique* until he settles his last year's bill." *Exit* young lady in high dudgeon."

PERSEVERANCE.

Father—"My son persevere and you'll overcome all obstacles."

Son—"Jess so dad, give me a good full purse and I'll be all right, but I guess I'll find it *severe* enough to get along without it!"

CAT-ECHEISM.

SMART BOY—"Mamma, can you tell me why them kittens' daddy is like a little injin baby?"

MATERNAL—"No my son I cannot—why is it?"

SMART BOY—"Because it's a *pa-puss*."

MATERNAL—"Nurs; put that child to bed."

A NEW DEFINITION of the word Contractor. One who contracts debts, and then steps out, *cicé* Cutter.

IS IT POSSIBLE? The *Fremont* quotes from Carlyle.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

- "VERITAS" McJannet.—"Crowd-out" Will try and find a place for "The Insects of our Rural Life" at an early date.
- "KATE" Siskville.—Letter received. Will answer soon.
- "CHARLES" Halifax, N. S.—Send along the Club of Subscribers. "Julie" are tramps with us.
- "TALON FANG"—No, my son, the fact of your having served an apprenticeship in a Cudde Factory and retiring with a *disgrace*, would not be a guarantee that you'd be a success in a *Leads* Competition. It might, however, assist you to *avoid* your future destiny.
- A Correspondent wants to know what the "G" in J. G. Holland's name stands for. We don't know, without it's "Gin." Holland's Gin don't seem out of the way.
- "A YOU G BEGINNER"—Write only on one side of the paper, and then—*back* it. No charge for advice.
- "BLACK STOCKING" sends us "An Epic," which she says is her first production. We thought so. We can't swallow such a fearful dose of Epic-ure.
- "RECTOR"—No, we never heard of a cleric man accepting a "call" to a *honey-dairy*—not on purpose.
- "STOCKING" A *man* can't be a *man* in a *man*—a *man* one, or we should be pleased to give your joke one insertion gratis.

CHESS COLUMN.

All communications and contributions to be addressed to J. E. NARRAWAY, P. O. B. 37.

In opening a Chess column in connection with the Torch our object is to foster and encourage the study of this noble game among the youth of New Brunswick. A taste for it has been on the increase in St. John for two or three years, and we can boast of one Chess Club in the city—"The Philidor Club," which meets weekly in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., and where not a few excellent players may be found. On the Saturday immediately preceding the great fire on the 20th June, the *Weekly Globe* initiated a Chess column, edited by Mr. McIntyre of Portland, but the "plant" being destroyed in the fire the column has not since been revived. Previous to this, we believe, no St. John paper has devoted any of its space to the "Game of Kings and the King of Games," and we hope to supply a want long felt in our midst.

GAME No. I.

Recently played by correspondence between Mr. J. C. McIntyre, of Boston, and Mr. J. E. Narraway, of St. John.

RUY LOPEZ.

White.—J. E. N.

Black.—J. C. McL.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P—K 4 | 1. P—K 4 |
| 2. Kt—K B 3 | 2. Kt—Q B 3 |
| 3. R—Q Kt 5 | 3. B—Q B 4 |
| 4. Kt—Q B 3 | 4. K—Kt—K 2 |
| 5. Castles. | 5. P—Q R 3 |
| 6. B—R 4 | 6. P—Q Kt 4 |
| 7. B—Q Kt 3, (c) | 7. Kt—K Kt 3 |
| 8. P—Q 3 | 8. P—K R 3 |
| 9. B—K 3 | 9. B—K 2 |
| 10. Kt—Q 2, (b) | 10. P—Q 3 |
| 11. Q—K R 8 | 11. R—K B 3 |
| 12. P—K B 4 | 12. P takes P |
| 13. B takes P (ch) (c) | 13. R takes B |
| 14. P—Q 4 | 14. P takes B |
| 15. Q+Kt | 15. B—B 3 |
| 16. P—K 5 | 16. Kt—K 2 |
| 17. Q—R 5 | 17. P takes P |
| 18. Kt from Q 2—K 4 | 18. P—K Kt 3 |
| 19. Q—K B 3 | 19. B—K B 4 |
| 20. Kt takes B (ch) | 20. R takes Kt |
| 21. P—K Kt 4 | 21. P takes Q P |
| 22. Kt—K 4 | 22. R—B 2 |
| 23. P takes B | 23. P takes P |
| 24. Q—R 5 | 24. K—B |
| 25. Q takes R P (ch) | 25. R—Kt 2 (ch) (d) |
| 26. Kt—K Kt 5 | 26. Q—Q 4 |
| 27. P—K R 4 | 27. Q—K 4 |
| 28. Q—R 8 (ch) (c) | 28. Kt Kt sq |
| 29. R+P (ch) | 29. Q takes R |
| 30. R—K B | 30. Q takes R (ch) |
| 31. K takes Q | 31. R—K |
| 32. Q—R 5 | 32. Kt—B 3 |
| 33. Q—B 3 | 33. K—K Kt sq (f) |
| 34. Q—Q B 6 | 34. R from Kt 2 to K 2 |
| 35. Q takes R P | 35. K—Kt 2 |
| 36. Q takes P. | 36. R—K 4 |

At this point White by mistake left his Queen *en prise*, and of course lost the game—otherwise the game is about even.

(a.) The Bishop is driven to the square, where he is of most service to White.

(b.) Preparatory to advancing K, B, P.

(c.) On this sacrifice the whole game turns. It looks, at first sight, rather risky, but appears sound on examination.

(d.) A critical conjuncture.

(e.) Winning Q and P for two Rooks.

(f.) If 31 Q takes Kt, 33 R—B sq.

The Philidor C. C. are at present engaged in a correspondence match with the Boston Globe C. C., best two games out of three.

Messrs. Clawson, Mill's and Stubbs are conducting one game, and Messrs. Henderson, Knowles and Narraway the other.

The *American Chess Journal* is now agitated by the question, "Is castling admissible in problems?"

ENIGMA FOR BEGINNERS:

White—K at K R sq, Q at K B 8; PAWNS at K Kt 2, and K Kt 1.

Black—K at K R 2

White to mate in two moves.

MAKE ME A SONG.

Out of the silences make me a song,
Beautiful, sad and soft and low;
Let the loneliest music sound along
And wing each note with a wail of woe,
Dim and drear
As hope's last tear,
Out of the silences make me a hymn,
Whose sounds are shadows soft and dim

Out of the stillnesses in your heart—
A thousand songs are sleeping there—
Make me but one, thou child of art,
The song of a hope in a last despair,
Dark and low,
A chant of woe,
Out of the stillnesses, tone by tone,
Soft as a snowflake, wild as a moan.

Out of the darknesses flash me a song,
Brightly dark and darkly bright;
Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along
The mystical shadows of the night,
Sing it sweet,
Where nothing is drear, or dark, or dim,
And earth-songs melt into Heaven's hymns.
Father Ryan.

WALTZING IN THE FAR WEST.—While perusing a little volume on waltzing, lately published in San Francisco, the different styles of waltzing indulged by our Western girls were vividly called to mind. There are waltzers and waltzers. With some it is natural and graceful movement—in fact, the very poetry of motion. An Austin's girl's waltzing is easy, graceful and "melodious." If she is from Carlin she throws her hair back, jumps up and cracks her heels together, carries off her astonished partner as though a Washoe zephyr had struck him and knocked over all obstacles in her mad career. A Tuscarora girl crooks her body in the middle like a door hinge, takes her pard by the shoulder, and makes him miserable in trying to hop round her No. 9 shoes. A Carson girl will now and then work in a touch of the double-shuffle, or a bit of pigeon wing. A Winnemucca girl—yum, yum!—creeps closely and timidly up to her partner, as if she would like to get into his vest pocket, as if she would with ecstasy as the strains of the "Blue Danube" sweep through the hall. An Elko girl is a natural waltzer, and does it with an abandon that is charming. A Virginia City girl throws both her arms around his neck, rolls up her eyes, and as she floats away is heard to murmur, "Oh, hug me, John!"—*Cheyenne Leader.*

GOOD GLIMMERS.

Curiosity about trifles is a mark of a little mind.

Men should be careful lest they cause women to weep, for God counts their tears.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

The memory of things precious keeps warm the heart that once did hold them.—*Jean Inglor.*

The essence of nobleness is the mind with which we carry out our work. The mean man never tries to rise above himself, but always tries to crush everything else below him. He looks out upon the great universe through a mouse-hole. Shrink from that man who cracks open every noble deed to find a crook in it.

What is eternity? Count the stars of night, the leaves of autumn, and the sands of the sea-shore, if you can, and let each one represent an age—still, in comparison with eternity, you have—

"A point too trivial for account."

Love is to the soul of him who loveth, what the soul is to the body which it animates.

Truth will never die; the stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory; but truth will be ever young; integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, these are all imperishable. No grave can ever entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they have been freer than before; those who have enshrined them in their hearts have been burned at the stake; but out of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up the ever-living truth of God. You cannot kill goodness, and truth, and integrity, and faith, and holiness; the way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.—*Spurgeon.*

THE AUTUMN TINTS.

The brilliant colors of an American forest in autumn, especially in the Northern States, are a source of never failing delight to our own people, and to a foreigner of astonishment. Indeed, the attempts to reproduce them on canvases, though never so far from coming up in point of brilliancy to the original, have been looked upon as gross exaggerations by those whose good fortune it has never been to see the gorgeousness of an American October. The belief is very prevalent that the early frosts produce these colors in the leaves, and that belief is strengthened by the suddenness with which the transformation is often effected. It is, however, beyond dispute that the change is due to the ripening of the leaves, and a careful observer will notice that when the frosts hold off to a late date the colors are exceptionally rich and brilliant, appearing in some seasons long before there has been a sign of frost. The characteristic colors of the trees are thus prettily spoken of in Miss Cooper's "Rural Hours": "The oak leaves a deep rich red, or a warm scarlet, though some of his family are partial to yellow. The chestnuts are all of one shadeless mass of gold color, from the highest to the lowest branch. The bass-wood, or linden, is orange, the aspen, with its silvery stem and branches, flutters in a lighter shade, like the wrought gold of the jeweler. The sumach with its long, pinnated leaf, is of a brilliant scarlet. The pepperidge is almost purple, and some of the ashes approach the same shade during certain seasons: Other ashes, with the birches and beech, hickory and elms, have their own tints of yellow. That beautiful and common vine, the Virginia creeper, is a vivid cherry-color. The sweet-gum is vermilion. The liberum tribe and dog woods are dyed in lake. As for the maples they always rank first among the show; there is no other tree which

contributes singly so much to the beauty of the season, that it unites more of brilliancy, with more of variety, than any of its companions; with us also it is more common than any other tree. Here you have a soft maple, vivid scarlet from the highest to the lowest leaf; there is another, a sugar maple, a pure sheet of gold; this is dark crimson like the oak, that is vermilion; another is parti-colored, pink and yellow, green and red; yonder is one of deep purplish hue; this is still green, that is mottled in patches, another is shaded; still another blends all these colors on its own branches, in capricious confusion, the different limbs, the separate twigs, the single leaves, varying from each other in distinct colors and shaded tints. And in every direction this magnificent picture meets the eye; in the woods that skirt the dimpled meadows, in the thickets and copses of the fields, in the bushes which fringe the brook, in the trees which line the street and road-sides, in those of the lawns and gardens—brilliant and vivid in the nearest groves, gradually lessening in tone upon the farther woods and successive knolls, until, in the distant background, the hills are colored by a mingled confusion of tints, which defy the eye to seize them."

AT THE LAST.

There must be something after all this woe;
A sweet fruition from the harrowed soil;
Rest some day for this pacing to and fro;
A tender sunbeam and dear flowers at last.

There will be something when these days are done,
Something more fair by far than starry nights—
A prospect limitless, as one by one
Embodied castles crown the airy heights.

So cheer up, heart, and for that morrow wait!
Dream what you will, but press toward the dream;
Let fancy guide dull effort through the gate,
And face the current, would she cross the stream.

Then when that something has atwain the way—
Coming unthought as good things seem to do—
'Twill prove beneath the fish of setting day
A nobler mood than now would beckon you.

For lifted up by constant, forward strife,
Hope will attain so marvelous a height,
There can be nothing found within this life
After this day to form a fitting night.

So heaven alone shall ever satisfy,
And God's own light be ever light enough
To guide the purified, enabled eye
Toward the smooth which lies beyond the rough.

There will be something when these clouds skim by—
A bounteous yielding from the fruitful past;
Sweet peace and rest upon the pathway lie,
Even though but death and flowers at the last.

—James Berry Weaver.

ROCK A BYE BABY.

WIFE.—"Charlie dear will you go down town to-day and buy a nice handsome rosewood cradle?"

CHARLIE.—"Emilia Jane, don't think I've a pocket full of rocks to invest in rosewood.—Don't you think rock maple would be the most appropriate for a cradle?"

Charlie dodged the slipper and—sent home the "fruit basket."

POLITE PICK-POCKET, (who has just picked Mr. Greany's pocket):
"Can I do anything for you in my line?"

MR. GREANY.—"What's your business?"

PICK-POCKET.—"I'm in the picture business. I have picked yours."

MR. GREANY.—"He paints or wood-cuts?"

PICK-POCKET.—"Neither—they're steel."

Arrangements are being completed in Kingston for the Rine campaign.—*Ex.*
Mrs. Silibus says she thought that Mr. Rine held meetings to defame drunkards, and if so she wants to know why they are making derangements at Kingston "for the Rine champagne."

A WOMAN'S WISH.

Would I were lying in a bed of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds in the deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the flesh of Worry
In eager haste, from Thought's impatient neck,
And watch it coursing in its heedless hurry
Declining Wisdom's whistle—Dury's back!

Ah! if it were sweet, where clover-cups are meeting
And doves hiding, so to hide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's steady beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast.

Just to be there filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of its being to a free bird's song!
Our souls require at times this full un-heaving—
And I would not rest if seabird kept too long.

Ah! I am tired! so tired of my duty!
So tired of all my tired hands and feet!
I even feel, for some of life's free beauty,
Its loose bands with no straight string running through!

Aye, laugh if laugh you will at my crazy speech—
But women sometimes die of such a greed;
Die for the small joys held by you'd their reach,
And the assurance they have all th' y need!

MRS. A. THORNTON in New York Evening Post.

"MORE COPY."

In November, wet and dreary, sat a writer,
Weak and weary, pondering o'er a memorandum
book of items used before—(book of scrawling
head-notes, rather; items, taking days to
gather them in cold and wintry weather, using
up much time and leather) pondered we those
items o'er. While we couldn't them, slowly
rocking, (through our mind queer ideas flock-
ing) came a quick and nervous knocking—
knocking at the sanctum door. "Sure that
must be Jinks," we murmured—"Jinks that's
knocking at our sanctum door; Jinks, the
everlasting bore."

Ah, well do we remind us, in the walls which
then confined us, the "exchanges" lay behind
us, and before us, and around us, all scattered
o'er the floor. Thought we "Jinks wants to
borrow some newspaper till to-morrow," and
'twill be relief from sorrow to get rid of Jinks,
the bore, by opening wide the door." Still
the visitor kept knocking—knocking louder
than before.

And the scattered pile of papers cut some
rather curious capers, being lifted by the
breezes coming through another door; and
we wished (the wish was evil, for one deemed
always civil) that Jinks was at the door, to
stay there evermore; there to find his level—
Jinks, the everlasting bore!

Bracing up our patience firmer, then, with-
out another murmur, "Mr. Jinks," said we,
"your pardon, your forgiveness we implore."
But the fact is we were reading of some evis-
cerating proceeding, and thus it was, unheeding,
your loud knocking there before—"Here we
opened wide the door. But phoney, now, our
pipe-linings—for it wasn't Jinks, the bore—Jinks,
nameless evermore!

But the form that stood before us, caused a
trembling to come o'er us, and memory quickly
brought us back again to days of yore; days
when "items" were in plenty, and where'er
this writer went he picked up items by the
score. 'Twas the form of our "devil," in at-
titude uncivil; and he thrust his head within
the open door, with "The foreman's out a
copy" sir—and says he wants some more?"
Yes, like Alexander, wanted "more!"

Now, this "local" had already walked about
till nearly dead—he had sauntered through the
city till his feet were very sore—walked
through the street called Dauphin, and the by-
ways running off into the portions of the city
both public and obscure; had examined store
and cellar, and had question'd every "feller"
whom he met, from door to door, if anything
was stirring—any accident occurring—not
published heretofore; and had met with no
success; he would rather kinder guess he felt

a little wicked at that ugly little bore, with
his message from the foreman that he wanted
"something more."

"Now, it's time you were departing, you
scamp!" cried we, upstarting; "get you back
into the office—office where you were before;
or the words that you have spoken will get
your bones all broken," (and we seized a cud-
gel, oaken, that was lying on the floor.) "take
your hands out of your pockets, and leave the
sanctum door; tell the foreman there's no
copy, you ugly little bore." Quoth our devil,
"send him more!"

And our devil, never sitting, still is flitting,
still is flitting, back and forth upon the land-
ing just outside the sanctum door. Tears down
his cheeks are streaming—a strange light from
his eyes is beaming—and his voice is heard,
still screaming, "Sir, the foreman wants some
more."

MY PICTURE.

Stand this way—more near the window—
By my desk—you see the light
Falling on my picture letter—
Thus I see it while I write!

As it is, I would not give it
For the rarest piece of art;
It has dwelt with me, and listened
To the secrets of my heart.

Many a time, when ill and sleepless,
I have watched the quivering gleam
Of my lamp upon that picture,
Till it faded in my dream.

Do you wonder that my picture
Has become so like a friend?
It has seen my life's beginnings,
It shall stay and cheer the end!

Eyes have they, but they see not—potatoes,
Ears have they, but they hear not—corn stalks,
—*Detroit Free Press*. Arms have they, but
they hug not—windmills.—*Exeter's Gazette*.
Tongues have they, but they talk not—wagons is.
—*Poughkeepsie Press*. Legs have they, but
they walk not—tables.—*Poughkeepsie News*.
Heads have they, but they think not—cabbages,
—*Hudson Register*. Hands have they, but they
toil not—tramps.—*Camden Post*. Noses have
they, but they smell not—pitchers.—*New York
Express*. Lips have they, but they kiss not—
tulips.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*. Teeth have
they, but they chew not—bar-saws.—*London
Advertiser*. Knees have they, but they kneel
not—ships.—*Toronto Globe*. Months have they,
but they eat not—rivers.—*St. John Tele-
graph*. Hearts have they, but they love not.
Bark have they, but they bite not. Limbs
have they, but they run not, neither do they
strike—trees.—*Miramichi Advertiser*. Elbows
have they, but they nudge not—stovepipes.
Waists have they, but they lace not—ships.
Feet have they, but they dance not—verses,
—*Sackville Borderer*. Beards have they, but
they shave not—fields of wheat. Thought's
have they, but they think not—boats. Walks
have they, but they move not—gardens. Backs
have they, but they bend not—chairs.

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