

TORROR

Light Literature

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

Vol. I.

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878.

No. 27

[For Torch]
A PICTURE.

On this wall were pictured quaintly,
(By whose hand I do not know)
Features sad, but very saintly,

Years ago.

Lustrous eye and drooping eyelid—
Lip that mocks the roses bloom—
Clustering hair, from sun and sky hid,
In my room.

Hidden within a corner shady,
Which no stranger's eye explores;
Was she sweetheart, wife or lady
Of Dolores?

I know not! a glance, a stanza,
To the picture on the wall!—
On her breast I pin a pansy,

That is all,
And that is all,
H. L. SPENCER.

THE MARKED ARM.

A CIRCUMSTANCE FROM REAL LIFE.

Click! In the dead of night a sharp sound wakened Mrs. Halifont. The room was dark. Not even a gleam of moon or starlight fell through the curtains of the windows. It was a very strange sound indeed, but she saw nothing, heard nothing more.

She sat up, leaning on her dimpled left elbow, and put out her right hand and touched her husband's shoulder. He lay upon his pillow sound asleep, and did not awake at her touch.

"It must have been a dream," said Mrs. Halifont; and her young head—"she was only the bride of a year—nestled down again closer to her husband's arm, and she slept again.

Click!

This time the sound did not arouse Mrs. Halifont. It was her husband who awakened. He did not pause to listen, but grasped the revolver beneath his pillow and jumped out of bed at once. In an alcove in the next room stood a safe which contained money and valuables. It was not one of the wonderful new safes which defy fire and burglars, but an old one that had been in the family a long while. Mr. Halifont knew on the instant that some one was opening the safe.

A man of courage, who never hesitated in the hour of danger—one, too, who had a warm regard for his worldly possessions, Mr. Halifont strode at once into the room, where he knew housebreakers were at work, and running in

the dark against a powerful man, tackled him at once.

The light of a lantern flashed across the room. There were two more men. Three against one.

The sound of blows, struggling, and the report of a pistol aroused the young wife once more. Amidst her terror, she had the good sense to light the gas.

It shone upon a spectacle of horror. Her husband weltering in his blood, wrestling with a gigantic man, whose features were concealed by a mask of black crape; a man, the upper part of whose person was clothed only in a knitted woolen shirt, of some dark color, with sleeves that left his great arms bare. On the right one, the one which clutched Mr. Halifont's throat, was a red mark, or brand, a scar, a birthmark. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Halifont, even in a calmer moment, to tell what it was; but it indelibly impressed itself upon her mind, as she bravely cast herself into the struggle, and fought with all her might to drag the horrible hand from her husband's throat, screaming all the while for aid.

A blow a kick would have silenced her. The burglar must have known that, but there are very bad men who could not use violence towards a woman to save their own lives. This man could not. His companions had flown with their booty, help might arrive at any moment. With a given effort he wrenched himself from the clutch of his victim, and let go his throat and sped away. It was not too soon; assistance arrived, now that it was too late, but Mr. Halifont did not live to tell the story. He was mortally wounded. His young wife watched by his bedside until he breathed his last, then dropped beside it senseless.

For weeks she raved in wild delirium of the murderous hand, of the great muscular arm, with the scar upon it, and called upon them all to save her husband's life; but she was young and had a fine constitution. After a while her health returned, and at last her mind regained its equipoise.

She removed from the city and took up her abode in a lonely country place, with a favorite sister for a companion. She had resolved, as all widows who have loved their husbands do at first, to remain a widow forever. And indeed, though many men would have gladly tempted one young, beautiful and wealthy, to change her mind on this point, she seemed to care less for any one of them than for the kitten which purred upon her knee, or the little black and tan terrier which ran by her side along the garden paths. She was nineteen when her husband was murdered; at thirty-two she was still true to his memory.

Is any one forever true to another's memory out of a romance—any one who does not die young? In this, the lapsing summer of wo-

man's life, when she pretended to believe that autumn had actually come, temptation to inconsistency assailed her. For many years a fine house upon a neighboring estate had been empty, but now there came to take possession of it a gentleman not yet forty. A widower with plenty of money and no children, a handsome man, well built and stalwart, with magnificent black hair, and eyes that were like black diamonds, Spanish eyes—indeed he called himself a Spaniard, and his speech betrayed a foreign accent.

The dark eyes and the blue ones met, a few neighborly words exchanged, a call followed soon. Mrs. Halifont felt a new emotion creeping into her heart. She felt pleased and flattered by the stranger's admiration. Then she knew she was loved and rejoiced—and so discovered that she herself loved again.

At first she was angry with herself, then she wept over her inconstancy, but at last she yielded utterly. After all, it was the love that made her untrue—since she had loved she could never pride herself on being faithful again, and so she listened to the sweet words, that, despite herself, made her happy, and promised to marry Colonel Humphries.

When a widow does marry a second time, she generally contrives to make a fool of herself.

Mrs. Halifont had certainly not done so foolishly as some widows do. She had neither chosen a little boy, or a titled Italian without money enough to keep himself in macaroni. Her future husband was older than herself, and too rich to be suspected of any intention of being a fortune-hunter, but, after all, no one knew him. He came into the neighborhood without letters of introduction to any one, and whether he won his fortune by trade, or came to it by inheritance, remained a mystery.

There were those who shrugged their shoulders and declared that Mrs. Halifont would regret not having chosen some one of whom more was known—some retired merchant, some gentleman of fortune whose father had been known to her friends. Nothing, to be sure, could be said against this Spaniard or Cuban, with the English name; but who knew anything in his favor?

However, no one said this to Mrs. Halifont, and if any one had, words never changed a woman's fancy yet. Mrs. Halifont believed in Colonel Humphries and meant to marry him.

Indeed, the trousseau was prepared, the wedding fixed, all was ready, and Ida Halifont believed herself to be a very happy woman. She once more built castles in the air. Her old sorrow seemed to fade away in the distance. She was a girl again.

At last only twenty-four hours lay between her and her wedding day.

She was busy in her sewing room on this last

del, finishing some ruffles in lace and ribbon, and singing softly to herself, when suddenly the house was filled with sharp cries.

An old man servant, while cutting the grass upon the lawn, had wounded himself severely. The doctor was sent for at once, but was not at home, and meanwhile poor Zebedee was bleeding to death.

Suddenly Ella Halfont remembered that Mr. Humphries had said that he understood wounds as well as though he had been bred a surgeon. Without this it would have been natural for her to call upon one who was soon to be her protector, in a moment of anxiety. She would call him herself, that there might be no delay, and, seizing her garden hat, she ran along a little path that led from her grounds to that of Mr. Humphries, climbed a low fence, to save time which would have been lost in reaching a gate, and so gained the rear of the dwelling of which to-morrow she would be mistress.

She thought herself terrified and distressed. She felt rather injured that such an unpleasant thing as the wounding of poor Zebedee should have happened on the eve of her wedding day. Ten minutes after she thought of her self at that moment as utterly at ease—wonderfully happy—for as she reached those windows and peeped half timidly through the curtains, a thing happened that made all she had ever suffered appear as nothing.

The room, the window of which she had approached, was one that opened out of a conservatory. She saw Colonel Humphries, busy with some rare plants he had just set out in the warm sunshine that fell through the glass. He had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Now he left the conservatory, and coming forward, proceeded to wash his hands in a basin of water that had been set ready for him. He was close to Ella Halfont. He did not see her, but she could have reached out her hand and touched him. Why did she not speak and call him by name? Why did she sink down upon her knees and clasp her hands and tremble like an aspen leaf? Alas! the awful reason was this: Upon that right arm, to which she was about to give the right to clasp her in tenderest embrace, she saw a terrible mark—a mark she had seen once before. She knew its shape and size, and color. Her eyes had been riveted upon it as the sinewy hand, at the wrist of which it ended, grasped her dying husband's throat. She had learned it all by heart; she could not be deceived. Though years had rolled away, that horrible marked arm was not to be forgotten or mistaken for any other.

Suddenly Colonel Humphries felt himself grasped by a hand that, small as it was, had the fierce clutch of a tiger's claw. The fingers closed over that red mark—a white face came close to his.

"You are my husband's murderer!" hissed a voice in his ear.

Then the two stood staring at each other. He made no denial. He only looked down at the red mark on his arm and cursed it aloud.

"How dare you make love to me?" she gasped. "You—"

"Because I loved you," he said. "Woman, if I had not fallen in love with you that night I should have killed you also. It was risking my life to spare you, with your screams calling men to haunt me down—"

"Oh, if you had but killed me then!" she moaned.

"Well, I am at your mercy now," he said.

She answered:

"You can kill! I wish you would. I pray do it. You killed my husband. The murderer of my husband must be brought to justice, and I—yesterday, my own hour ago—loved you! Oh, God pity me! I loved this man, this thief, who came in the night to rob my husband, and who murdered him!"

She remembered saying this. Afterwards a strange drowsiness overcame her. She seemed to let go her hold on the world. She faintly

recognized the fact that Colonel Humphries knelt at her feet and kissed her hands. Then there were blank hours, and strange wild dreams, and she awakened in the twilight and found herself bound fast to the great armchair, long cords about her arms tying her hands and confining her feet.

So her servants found her; but she was the only living being in the great house. Colonel Humphries and his two black servants had vanished, no one knew whither.

The empty bottle of chloroform on the floor—the fact that he had left little behind him, and that he had always kept his money in a form that left him free to leave the country at any time, all proved that detection had been prepared for. And he was never traced—or had the means to bribe those who were set upon his track.

Ella Halfont lived through it all. She lives to-day in the quiet house beside the river, but no one has ever seen her smile since that hour. No one will ever see her smile again; and from her deepest slumbers she often starts in terror fancying that she sees uplifted menacingly above her that cruel, terrible arm, masked with the blood-red stain. There is no hope of happiness for her, for she never can forget that this arm has also embraced her.

[For the Torch.]
JOTTINGS.

BY "SCISSORS."

Taking unto yourself a wife is a Miss taken notion.

The Undertaker sooner or later will overtake us.

To be witty a man must say a good deal. To be wise a man must say very little.

2 A. M. WIFE.—Adolphus! what's kept you to this hour again? Anonims—"He, I've been enjoying the—hic—legitimate dram—ah—hic."

Miss Howard's playing is perfection. How and she must have studied to be sure.

YOUNG LADY.—How delightful it must be to travel. I suppose you now have seen foreign places. SWELL.—Ah yes. I've been to, ah, distant, ah, climbs. N. H.—Climbing the rocks in Carleton was the extent of his experience.

THE ROAD SONG.

The teamster whistles, laughs and sings,
As he presses to and fro;
But he must be sad because his life
Is full of wheel and whorl.
—*Fulton Times.*

But, ah! the ombs he does invoke,
Amid the songs he's sang;
'Tis time the very wheels had spoke
'Gainst such a wiggla' tongue.
—*Chautauqua News.*

If, when he starts to travel home,
He sees his wagon mire'd,
He, like his wheels, will soon become
All mud and badly tired.
—*Ticketsack Republican.*

But at the cottage door there stands,
His wife, with chubby cheeks,
The little Edna claps his hands,
While mamma hugs her hub.
—*Ivanti Envyque.*

But if a load he's got aboard,
Which seems a little bulky;
Forth will come his own accord
Who'd be a little sulky.
—*Whitehall Times.*

And then she'll scold, and sulk, and pout;
There'll be the "devil to pay"—
While he will giggle, laugh, and shout
"My (hic) darlin' what'd yer shay?"

Is the horse jockey a agriculturist?—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

[For the Torch.]

DIGGING FOR THE INFINITE.

If I were to dig a hole
To the centre of the world,
I wonder what I should find
Coiled up and on a bed?

Perhaps I should find hot water,
Perhaps a primeval wall;
Perhaps a mastodon's funny bone,
Perhaps nothing at all.

Perhaps I should find the d—l,
Curled up and quiet,
Perhaps he might come up the hole—
And so I won't try it.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

PROBABLE TEXT FOR THE GOVERNMENT NEXT FALL.—"The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and we are not saved."—*Grip.*

Surely there is something new under the sun, in the case of a boy who has recently had his pants patched.—*Fulton Times.*

When you refrain from being mean to others, you are good to yourselves.—*Cinn. Breakfast Table.*

They have a police clerk at East St. Louis name Scullen. Wonder how he rows to the position.—*N. Y. News.*

Dr. Mary Walker deserves to be called the modern Venus de Medicines.—*New Haven Register.*

Every lady in a car is hand-sum when she is passing fair.—*Exchange.*

In a Kansas school girls who spell poorly are kissed by the boys. This makes all the girls have a poor spell.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

The sheriff visited our town yesterday.—*Ex.* We warrant he has an attachment for the place.—*N. Y. News.*

"Goldsmith Mai" front gait: 2 14.—*Utica Observer.*

Competition is so strong among the cotton factories down east, that ten mills don't make a cent.—*Stamford Advocate.*

With the exception of delinquent subscribers, everything is about a fortnight earlier than usual this year.—*New Haven Register.*

The man who escapes in a ten-mile race with a county sheriff—although he is an inhabitant of this County, we should set him down for a far-runner.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

Important, if true.—That strenuous efforts are being made to have the Government pension the punsters.—*N. Y. News.*

A boy with a patch on his knee can't be hired to go on an errand to next house, but he will follow a band wagon all over town, and never realize that he isn't dressed in broadcloth.—*Free Press.*

A Boston woman dislocated her shoulder the other day, while attempting to lift a pail of water to throw in her husband's face. When will women learn to call on the fire department when anything of this kind is to be done?—*Dunbury News.*

The N. Y. Mail had several copied "paragraphs" without credit, in its last issue. Before the next publication, the Sheriff had possession of the office, and the paper had ceased to appear.—*Stamford Advocate.*

A Boston man has a vest made by "Fanny Fern." We suppose he will be averse to Parton until he has to wear his clothes to somebody.—*N. Y. News.*

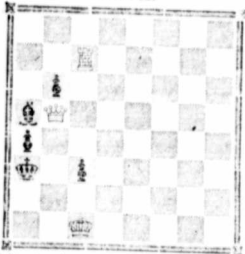
CHESS COLUMN.

All communications and contributions to be addressed to J. E. NAIRAWAY, P. O. Box 74.

Problem No. 12.

BY C. H. WHEELER.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.
CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY

Game recently played by correspondence between Mr. Joshua Clawson of St. John, N. B., and Mr. George P. Black, of Halifax, N. S.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| J. C. | G. P. B. |
| 1 P to K 4 | 1 P to K 4 |
| 2 P to KB 4 | 2 P takes P |
| 3 B to B 4 | 3 Q to R 5 (ck) |
| 4 K to B sq | 4 P to KKt 4 |
| 5 Kt to QB 3 | 5 P to Kt 2 |
| 6 P to Kkt 3 (a) | 6 P takes P |
| 7 Q to KB 3 | 7 P to KKt 7 (ck) |
| 8 K takes P | 8 Q to KB 5 (b) |
| 9 Kt to Q 5 | 9 Q takes Q (ck) |
| 10 Kt takes Q | 10 K to Q sq |
| 11 KKt takes P | 11 Kt to KR 3 |
| 12 R to KB sq | 12 R to Kt sq |
| 13 P to Q 3 | 13 P to QB 3 |
| 14 Kt to B 6 | 14 B takes Kt |
| 15 R takes B | 15 R to Kt 3 |
| 16 R takes R | 16 B takes R |
| 17 Kt takes R P | 17 Kt to K 5 |
| 18 B to B 7 | 18 Kt to K 4 |
| 19 B to Kt 5 (ck) | 19 K to B 2 |
| 20 B to KB 4 | 20 P to Q 3 |
| 21 B takes Kt | 21 P takes B |
| 22 B takes P | |

And Black resigned.

NOTES BY J. C.—(a) This move, 6 P to Kkt 3 is the invention of the brilliant McDonnell and is the beginning of a merciless attack.

(b) 8 Kt to KR3 is the right move here. The move actually made, looking to an exchange of Queens is more than met by the reply 9 Kt to Q 5.

When a dog has a tin can tied to his tail it must make him feel very can-cur-ous.

Spin-ach makes tip-top greens.

A man caught robbing a robin's nest on the Common spent the 17th inst. in a Police Station.—*Boston Post.*

A very dis-on-est act. We wouldn't spare 'ow man who would do that.

SELF-MADE.—One of a gentleman's daughters who had often heard her mother speak of her father as being a self-made man, asked her one day if her father was a self-made man who didn't he put mo.e hair on his head?

"Permit me," said a gentleman to a Custom House officer recently, as he tried to walk past him with a valise of smuggled goods. "Certainly, if you have a permit," replied the polite official.

PUZZLES' KNOWS.

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.

127.—CHARADE.

My first is to hurt;
My second is a metal;
A y whole is a bird. SILV.

128.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 3, 4, 6, 5 means fool.
My 1, 2, 12, 10 signifies to purpose.
My 9, 7, 1, 11, 13, 4, 12 is a division of Asia.
My 3, 12, 8, 13 means to mend.
My whole will be found in Europe. GLEN LYON.

129.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cat, but not in dog;
My second is in rat, but not in frog;
My third is in roan, but not in home;
My fourth is in tide, but not in loam;
My fifth is in write, but not in read;
My sixth is in smart, but not in speed;
My seventh is in idle, but not in work;
My eighth is in Greek, but not in Turk;
My ninth is in house, but not in barn;
My tenth is in cloth, but not in yarn;
My whole is a prominent member of Dominion Parliament. ANDY.

130.—HALF-WORD SQUARE.
Puzzles; a Latin number; an English number; a preposition; a consonant. EPHEV.

131.—RIDDLE.

If first a part of me you take
I'm like the figure eight;
My next a numeral will show
Before it is to late;
The last a figment cometh now.
With color unlike slate. JEW SHARP.

132.—DROP-LETTER DIAMOND.

* H *
* T * I *
* H * R * E *
* I * R * E *
* E *

ETHEE.

133.—CENTRE METAGRAM.

Change centre of a farmer, and I have so'emm.
Change centre of an orgie, and have a traitor TORCH-EYE.

134.—LOGORIPHI.

Whole I am a river in Africa; transpose and I am to rule; delete and transpose, have a half laugh; changehead, and have a roted island; change final, and reverse, and have conflagration; behold, have anger; change head and transpose, and have a period of time. (Answers in two weeks.) JOSHUA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE 8.

- 106.—Rake, cake, Jake, hake, lake, wake, sake.
- 107.—Much Ado About Nothing.
- 108.—Name.
- 109.—Ephay.
- 110.—Antioch.
- 111.—AMERICA
L G E R R
M R S S M
A S S E R V E
N N R S N
A I V T I
C A P E L L A

- 112.—FABER
ALIVE
BISON
EVOKER
RENEW

113.—Shell.

114.—Paris Exhibition.

- 115.—ONE
ENFER
EEL
R

- 115.—TALLOW
LITHIC
FELLOW
AKMLET
BOOKER
TURKEY

OUR WORD HUNT.

Knowing a Word Hunt will be very interesting to all our puzzlers, and a number of readers; we give the word suggested by Foster, from which as many other words might be taken as the patience and ingenuity of the hunters may devise. The words

ARCHITECTURE.

The hunt is subject to these conditions: No letters to be used often in a word than it occurs in the basis. Words of the English language only are allowed. All words must be unaltered. The result will be announced in our issue of August 3rd; and to the sender of the highest list will be awarded a first class prize unnamed until its publication of the results of the hunt. All lists will be published.

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

GLEN LYON.—Read "partial directories" instead of "practical dictionaries" in our list.

ANDY, Portland.—Always glad to hear from you. Puzzles are very good. Please accept thanks. The prize is sent to your other address.

JEW SHARP, St. John.—We are glad you have turned your inside this way. May it so continue.

ETHEE, St. John.—We are always ready with a welcome for a new knoter. Your enclosures are very fair, and we invite their continuance.

LEWISINE, St. John.—Yours is a first rate batch of puzzles, all of which shall have an early appearance. Of course you will enter the Word Hunt.

SILV., St. John.—Our columns are much indebted to you for your excellent installment. We are pleased to know we have such a puzzling contributor.

"THE YOUNG BRUNSON."—We have received the first three numbers of the amateur paper and find it very good of the kind. It is published by Geo. E. Frye, Box 58, Halifax, N. S.; and favors Carvel Kendall, of Boston, as President of the N. A. P. A. "Intricate 1400s" makes a very good Puzzle Department, and the motto "multum in parvo" is expressive of its contents.

"THE CORNER."—Of Cuba, N. Y., is a small-sized paper and much better printed. Its reading-matter, mostly selected, is of the first order, and the editorials read well. Published by R. W. Burnett.

On the steps it's nice to listen, while he tells the story old; then the loved one's eyes will glisten, and she'll catch her death of cold.—*Knob's Constitution.* Then she trips up to her chamber, delfly delfs her raiment light, throws on her dainty dimity, and suffles all the night.—*N. Y. News.*

A dramatic item says that Kate Claxton is playing to poor houses in Brooklyn. Brooklyn must have pretty high-toned paupers.—*Glean and Enterprise.*

Does the editor of the St. John Torch sin till late? His paper scintillates.—*Dexter Smith's.*

TERMS:

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All communications to be addressed,

"*Torch*,"
St. John, N. B.

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Single Copies—Two Cents.

TORCH.

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 22, 1878.

THE TWENTIETH OF JUNE.

On Thursday, in compliance with the request of Deputy Mayor TUCK, our citizens commemorated the first anniversary of the fire, by expressions of thanksgiving to ALMIGHTY GOD, for blessings received at the hands of Providence, while engaged in the work of rebuilding that part of the city destroyed by the great fire on the 20th of June last.

The effects of the fire have of course been painfully felt, but for the most part the sufferers are done lamenting about it—and to many even the events of that famous day have, to a great extent, faded from their memories—most of the busy merchants and manufacturers, of Saint John, are in new business places, and live about as they did before the fire. It remains a question, whether the public and private undertakings, in the way of building, opening new streets, and widening and repairing of the old streets, are not on a larger scale than our financial position warranted; but even the pressure of these burdens will soon have passed away, and the fair new city will remain. We do not doubt that the manly spirit which enabled the citizens to stand up under the sudden stroke of misfortune, will enable them to bear patiently the resulting burdens.

THE PEACE CONGRESS continues in session with fair prospects of the establishment of peace. The Greek Delegates will be admitted to the Congress, but without the right to vote. The important subject of discussion so far has been the boundaries of Turkey, and of the various provinces into which it is proposed to divide the Empire.

CRYSTAL WEDDING.—A large number of the friends of Mr. R. Marshall, M. P. P., honored the fifteenth anniversary of his marriage, on Tuesday last, with a Crystal Wedding.

THE HANLAN-MORRIS RACE.

The long and anxiously looked for struggle, for the aquatic supremacy of America, as far as Edward Hanlan and Evan Morris are concerned, came off on Thursday afternoon on the Hulton course, about 12 miles from Pittsburgh. The race was a five-miler, two and a half and turn, for \$1,000 a side, and, as both of the men were considered good ones, and that the race would be pulled on its merits, there was considerable interest manifested as to the result. Although the Canadians went to the front like solid men with, it is said about \$50,000 to capture the shakels of the smoky Pittsburghers there was very little invested, as the grimy Pittsburgh sports would not back their man except at long odds, which the Canucks persistently refused to give.

The start was advertised for 5 o'clock, but did not get off until 6.10, both men being enthusiastically cheered as they came in sight, preparatory to the start. At 6.10 the word was given and Hanlan took the lead with a 34 stroke. Morris made several vigorous, but unsuccessful spurts to try and close up the watery gap, but his efforts were unavailing, and as they turned for the home stretch Hanlan led between four and five lengths. Morris pulled on pluckily, but to no purpose, and the doughty little Canadian "flyer" came in the winner in 35.15.

Hanlan's backers are jubilant over the result, and are ready to back him for any amount against Courtney, "or any other man" who thinks he can wrest from him his aquatic honors.

The general opinion now seems to be that Ross will be badly beaten, but "doubtful things are very uncertain."

VAUGHAN'S EXECUTION.

To-day WILLIAM VAUGHAN is to suffer the highest penalty of the law, for the wilful murder of MARY QUINN. While the justice and expediency of VAUGHAN'S punishment are admitted; there is also a widely-felt repugnance at the continuance of so barbarous a method of punishment as the death penalty.

The story of VAUGHAN'S career, so far as it has been given to the public, should be an effective warning to those who, through the use of strong drink, are falling into idle and dissolute habits of life. It is a matter of satisfaction that VAUGHAN has made full confession of his crime, and is apparently so sincerely repentant.

LAYING A CORNER-STONE.—On Tuesday, at noon, Mr. Lewin, the President of the Bank of New Brunswick, without any imposing ceremonial, laid the corner stone of the new Bank. While we stood there watching the box of treasures gradually disappearing from sight, our thoughts drifted dreamily along the future as we wondered who, among the spectators, would live to see it re-opened. A tap on the shoulder aroused us from the day-dream to the stern reality of a "bank notice" kindly presented by the bank messenger of this very institution. Our thoughts were quickly diverted in another channel, but was it right to demolish our airy castles with such an unromantic weapon as a base "bank notice"? But such is life.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

The Odd-Fellows were fortunate in having so pleasant a day as Thursday was, for the laying of the corner stone of their new Hall. The procession and ceremony were in every way creditable, and the entire proceedings were unmarred by a slip of any kind. The evening entertainment at the Rink attracted a large crowd, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves.

The members of the Grand Lodge dined, and made Fraternal speeches, in the Dining Hall of the Park Hotel, in the evening. Much praise was given to Mr. JONES for the excellent Bill of Fare, which, notwithstanding the impromptu character of the dinner, he was able to provide.

WHO OWNS THE RIVER?—A law suit, it is said, will determine the right of certain gentlemen to catch fish in the Restigouche. Mr. J. W. Nicholson has, heretofore, had an undisputed right from the Dominion Government to a certain part of the river, but lately Messrs J. DeWolf Spurr, Simeon Jones, and Grant purchased some land situated on the banks, and consequently claim that they have a right to fish the river. These gentlemen, who, heretofore, have been angling together pleasantly are now wangling very unpleasantly. In fact their "lines don't appear to have fallen in pleasant places," and the lawyers smile serenely with the thoughts of "hooking" something handsome out of the muddy pool. Messrs. A. I. Palmer and W. H. Sinnott have been retained by Mr. Nicholson. The names of the opposing counsel we have not learned.

PHILANTHROPY.—On Monday evening, about eight o'clock, two philanthropic "Commercial Travellers" observed a small boy leaning against Everett & Butler's brick building on Canterbury street and sobbing piteously. As he stood there in the drizzling rain a forlorn picture of despair, the sympathies of Messrs. C. and M. were aroused and Mr. C. who acted as spokesman, said "What is the matter my little boy?" ("Boo! hoo! boo! hoo!") I'm stuck on twenty papers that I can't sell, sir, and I'll lose forty cents." The tender hearts of these two "drummers" were quickly touched with the tale of woe and they gave the boy ten cents each to help him over the financial crisis.

Sequel.—A few minutes later, to a chum, who has been watching the operation at a distance—"Dinney, de two blokes thought I was bust an' giv me twenty cents. Isn't it a boss racket to play?" DINNEY.—"Yis, Patsy, but its only good on the wit nights"

HOTEL DUFFRIN.—The building heretofore known as the Hazen House, has been leased by Mr. Geo. Swett, manager of the late Victoria Hotel, and, under his supervision, has been undergoing a thorough renovation. A new wing has been added which gives considerable more room and accommodation, and the entire interior has been elegantly furnished. Mr. Swett is now ready to receive guests and his previous well established reputation as a successful hotel manager, will doubtless ensure him plenty of custom.

Never give a wai'er, nor a loafer a load.—*Hæckensack Republican.*

Never give anything away—fer you may repent that you did so, and then you'll rue.

[For the Torch].
ENRIQUE-ISMS.

—Might we axe, who first split the difference?
—When we bolt our food it is hardware on the aggravated abdomen.
—Why are clownish twins like certain Spanish coins? Because they are double loons.
—What a sneaking esteem a man has for the other chap, who has thrashed it into him.
—He was barber-us enough to set a razor simply because his wife wanted to raise her hone—chickens.
—Any miner, knowing how to handle his proper implement ought to be able to pick-up an honest living.
—The philanthropist, who had a fellow feeling in his bosom handed him over to the police, after recovering his diamond stud.
—Anxiety, satiety and inebrity make the miserable monstrosity, we term *Society*.
—It has been said "the wicked flee where no man pursues," but it is more likely man pursues the wicked flea wherever he finds him. We will swear woman does.

NEW YORK CITY.

MURRAY'S CIRCUS arrived by the steamer *Ellie Knight* on Wednesday afternoon too late for a performance on that day. On Thursday morning their fine band, of which Mr. Oscar F. Perry is leader, paraded the streets in a gorgeous Golden Chariot, drawn by 16 horses. They gave their first performance at 2.30. The horsemanship of Wooda Cook was daring and skillful. He also accomplished the difficult feat of turning a double somersault over six horses. His wife's trapeze performance was very fine and was loudly applauded. The feats of strength; Prof Stowe's trained dogs, and Mr. Murray's trained horses, were all greatly admired, and the clown kept the audience amused with his merry quips and songs.
The statement in the *Globe*, that "Zilda, the female Blondin, exhibited herself on a wire stretching from the top of the pavilion to the ground," was a stretch of the imagination, as the lady is at present in New York "doing as well as can be expected" after a recent addition to the family.
They give their last performances this afternoon and evening.

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon, His Honor, Lieut. Governor TILLEY, at the request of the Portland Methodist Church, laid the corner stone of their new meeting house. Gov. TILLEY and a number of clergymen of the Methodist and other churches, delivered addresses appropriate to the occasion.

A BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT.—The new suit of clothes which your tailor failed to send home on Saturday night according to promise.

If you've got a cold or a cough,
Be not sad—'tis as well to be merry
There's a cure that is sure—
Just go and procure
A bottle of SPENCER'S WILD CHERRY.

The man who had a bad cold couldn't get anybody to floor him a kingdom for his hoarse.
—*Hackensack Republican*.

If it was a "racking" cough why didn't he try a little colt's foot or some of "Trotters Balsam."

Piece Congress—A quilting party.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

The New London *Telegram* remarks that with "Rewey of the New Haven *Register* and Prindle on the Bridgeport *Standard*, Connecticut, occupy an envious position in the paragraphical world." Correct. Both are vivacious writers, and stand high among their brother quill-drivers.—*Danvers Sentinel*.

BRYANT.
1794—1878.

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,"
When he, we love and lauded long,
As poet, patriot, seer—
Struck by the certain common doom,
Lies pulseless on his bier.
We mourn his death, a nation's loss;
Such was the high esteem
All held the sage's hons hold name,
That none will care to deem
This truant tribut— to his worth,
Aught but a heartfelt theme.

—ERRATIC ENRIQUE.—N. Y. News

A poem by George Eliot will appear in the July number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, under the taking title, "A College Breakfast Party."

The *Sportsman's Gazette and General Guide*, by Charles Haddock, is one of the most complete works of this kind that has been published. It contains several nicely engraved maps of the various sporting localities in the United States and Canada, and is valuable not only as an informant to the regular sportsman, but to the tourist, who is roaming around for pleasure, it will be found an excellent guide book. As a book of reference in regard to camping out, equipment, game, etc., it is far ahead of all others. Published by the "Errest and Stream" Publishing Company.

THE LEISURE MOMENTS.—A new "holiday quarterly," called *Ours*, edited by Miss Annie Thomas, has just appeared. As Mr. G. A. Sala, author of *Twice Round the Clock*, is writing for it, we ought, at all events, to be provided with amusement for *Ours* during the day. We wish it every possible success.—*Punch*.

APPLETON'S POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY has commenced the publication of Prof. Emil Du Bois Reymond's address on Civilization and Science, recently delivered before the Scientific Lectures Association of Cologne. The installment, with which the July No. of the Popular Science opens, sketches the historic periods, into which the progress of science and civilization is naturally divided, from the "Age of Unconscious Inferences," to the "Rise of Modern Science." Prof. DuBois-Reymond attributes the rise of modern science very largely to the Christian Religion. A portrait and biographical sketch of Prof DuBois Reymond, are also given. The practical side of scientific investigation is represented in this number, by Prof. Tyndall's paper on "Recent experiments on Fog-Signals." The other articles in the July number are: Water-Supply of Rivers, by Geo. Chalmers; Forms of a Fire-Sea, by Herbert Spencer; Education as a Science, by Dr. Bain; Sea-Side Studies, by Prof. Sanborn Tenney; The Scientific Study of Human Testimony, by Dr. Beard; On the formation of nebulae, by Wm. M. Davis; The question of Pain in Hanging, by Dr. Tracy; and the "Rational Fallacy of Materialism," by R. G. Eccles. Price 50 cents; for sale at the bookstores.

Folio for July is embellished with a portrait of Eugenie Pappenheim, it has also a picture of Mme. Rose warbling to the Phonograph. The chapters on Theory and Radiational Harmony, are continued. The musical contents are "Good-by Old Suwanee River," words and music by O. W. Lane; "Oh, Turn not from Me," words by E. W. Smith, music by J. P. Rollins; "God of Mercy," a Soprano Solo and Chorus. The Phonograph: "March Brillante," Chas. D. Blake; and Mountain Zephyrs, by Chas. V. Cloy. For sale at Flood's music store, 87 King street. Price 15 cents.

PITHY PERSONALS.

—Lieut. Governor Tilley laid the corner stone of the Portland Methodist Church on Wednesday afternoon.

—The Prince of Wales requested Sir John Rose to cable that he was very much pleased with the Canadian trophy at the Paris Exhibition.

—On Tuesday morning a young man named John Leary, who resided on Pond street, was found dead in his bed. It is supposed he died in a fit.

—Mr. H. Clay Lukens of the New York *News*, whose wit, and humor in that paper have obtained for him an enviable reputation, visited us on Tuesday. Under the non de plume of "Erratic Enrique" he contributes regularly to the *Danbury News*, and his poetical effusions rank high. He is a gentleman of culture and one whom we are proud to call a friend.—*Hackensack Republican*.

—Gen. Fremont's son married a young lady clandestinely and left for Europe. He probably thought, as he was of age, he was a Free man-to do whatever he liked.

—Mr. Abraham Mundeid died suddenly on Wednesday morning.

—Sir John A. Macdonald has sued the Brantford *Expositor* for libel. \$10,000 is the amount claimed.

—Mr. W. W. Emie a well-known old Scotch resident, died at his residence Golding street, on Wednesday evening.

—Mr. Wm. Walker, of the Napanee Paper Company, is at the Park Hotel.

—Miss Florence Rankin, an affable and accomplished young lady, of whom the guests of the Rankin House, Charlottetown, speak in the highest terms, is at the Park Hotel. *On dit* that her visit here is to make necessary preparations for an interesting event which will soon rob the Rankin House of her charming presence.

As the night air is so unwholesome, do not sit on the front stoop without putting something around your girl.—*Hackensack Republican*.

That's so, we always go armed for an emergency of that kind. But let's leave the painful subject.

The Duke of Connaught will succeed Lord Dufferin.—*Boston Post*.

It wont make any Dufferin-ee who comes, as he Connaught be more popular than Lord Dufferin.

The corner stone of the Bank of New Brunswick was laid without any cere money.

FROM GAT TO GRAVE.—Bailey of the *Danbury News* has quit being funny, and now teaches a Bible class of twenty young men.—*Halifax Herald*.

Well that's funny—for him.

One of the attractions of the Paris Exhibition is a glass chair made by a London firm, for an Indian Prince.—*Boston Advertiser*.

We have often heard of a chair-man, but never of a chair moid.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"BUFFALO BILL." MORTIE 1—Much obliged for the French comic paper, *Le Guard*, a theory we can't bring the Grand Line "we shall esteem it a favor if you send it along.

E. A. K.—Your poem "To Love" will appear next week.

"BEST IN THE RIVER" shall appear next week.
"THE COMING STRUGGLE" received and will probably appear in our next.

STAGE SPARKS.

The Moffit and Bartholemew Pantomime Troupe will commence a short season at the Institute on Monday evening. As this is a first party they will do a dress review or wild farces during the day. Misses, School-girls and Coxs, two of the funniest Lithuanian comedians on the stage, are with them.

Mr. W. Nannery's company opened in Frederick on Monday night, in a full house. Miss May Howard, who was suffering from a heavy cold, was unable to appear.

Miss Ada Cavindish will make her first appearance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, to fall in "Jane Shore." "N. Y. Tribune." She will be "Shore" in a good reception.

When Abbad marries Ernest Gye, she'll be a guy in earnest.

Miss Rachel Noah writes that the reports of her husband's insanity are exaggerated. Mr. Shirley France is now recovering from the effects of a stroke, and a complete cure is anticipated.

J. W. Lanagan was one of the judges at the Silver Lake Regatta.

The N. Y. Times has a correspondent in Europe who thinks Mrs. J. M. Cogswell should marry Jimmy Lind, as a vocalist. His is O'Connell as Jimmy's girl, O'Connell.

While in Boston Mr. Mapleson bought a lap-dog for his wife, Maud. Reax, "Tribune." Did he buy it in Lap-land?

Boucault's new steam yacht is to be called the "Shanghaena." Of course it will have a "wake." "Boston Herald." No, it will leave its wake behind when it sails. "Tribune." Yacht to be a word of yourselves for exhibiting your weakness in that manner.

A reception was given to Miss Emma Abbott, May 20 by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Lake, 541 Fifth Avenue, New York. Lord Butler was present.

The Philadelphia "Democratic Mirror" says that Robert McWade's "lip" in some portions is even better than George Joe Johnson's. It is certainly true.

Abbad and Ernest Gye are to be married on the 5th of August. They should give the groom Gye Man a ring for a wedding present.

A Miss Smully has sued Max Strikoff for breach of promise, and values her heart at least at \$5,000. She is evidently determined if she can't get him to get his ring each.

Mr. Neil Warner will play a short engagement in this city under McDowell's management, commencing July 8th.

The "Hess Opera Troupe" open at the Institute on Tuesday evening July 20th, in "The Children of Normandy."

Simpson was an eminent tragedian in his day, and in his last act brought down the house. "N. Y. Post." The piece must have been cast to the full strength of the company.

Feat. by Hanging Fatigue.

All the evidence goes to show that death by hanging is painless, and there is positively no fact or well founded opinion to the contrary. If this be the case then, what is the explanation of it? Simply this: That in every form of strangulation the blood-vessels of the neck are compressed, as well as the air-passages. A large part of the blood is returned from the head by the external jugular veins, which are very near the surface, and in which the current can be checked by slight pressure. Most of the blood from the brain itself comes back through the internal jugulars, which lie near, but a little outside of, the carotid arteries. The walls of veins are lax and yielding, so as to be easily compressed, while those of the arteries are firm and elastic, and it requires considerable force to approximate them. Pressure, then, which is sufficient to close the jugular veins

only crowds the carotides a little further inward, and the blood is still poured through them into the brain, whence it cannot escape. When this hanging process is going on at the rate of seventy strokes a minute, it is easy to understand how the engorgement of the vessels of the brain, in a very brief time, reaches a degree which causes insensibility. To explain why this congestion causes unconsciousness would involve a technical discussion which would here be out of place. It must suffice to say that it does; so that, as the cerebral congestion in a hanged person brings on insensibility within a minute, while the physical agony of suffocation does not begin until after it follows that the victim does not feel any of the pangs of asphyxia. He first becomes insensible, with accompanying pleasurable feelings, from cerebral congestion, and then is clacked to death while unconscious. - Dr. R. S. Incey, in Popular Science Monthly for January.

Mr. Jennings's well known trotter Andeyne has gone to Boston. It is expected that he will trot on several Massachusetts tracks during the present summer, in charge of Mr. John Trout an experienced horseman.

T. R. HANINGTON, DIRECT Importer of Genuine Havana Cigars, Virginia Tobaccos, whole sale and retail dealer in Cigars, Cigars, Pipes and Smokers goods of all kinds. The stock is full of the best quality and prices low. Liberal discounts to wholesale buyers. Holders of exp. 1000. 24 PRINCE WILKS ST. ST. JOHN, N. B. Jan 1-ly

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

OYSTERS in every style. The Bar is supplied with a choice stock of Wines, Ales and Liquors. WM. DANIELL. June 1st

NEW BOWLING ALLEYS AND LUNCH ROOMS. THE Subscriber is pleased to inform the public that he has opened his new BOWLING ALLEYS on Sydney Street, next to St. Malchi's Hall.

A Lager Beer & Lunch Room has also been fitted up in first-class style. C. COURTENAY June 1-11

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

Star Clothing Store.

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

P. SHAIKEY & SON, Cor. Dock Street and North 7th. June 1-11

GERMANIA LAGER BEER AND Lunch Rooms.

German Lunches Served at Short Notice. Private Lunch Room for Parties.

COMMERCIAL BLOCK, Canterbury Street. SAMUEL WHITEBONE. Proprietor. m18-11

C. FLOOD, 87 King St., St. John, N. B. IMPROPER AND DEALER IN

PIANOS, ORGANS, Sheet Music, Music Books, And General Musical Merchandise. SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK FOR

STEINWAY & SONS, CHICKERING & SONS, WM. BOURNE, HALLETT & CUMSTON, HAYNES BROS., PIANOS!

MASON & HAMLIN, And SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS. April 27-28m

Business Directory.

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AGENTS. DUN, WYMAN & CO., Mercantile Agents, Jarvis Building, Prince Wm Street, St. John, N. B. A. P. POLP, Montreal, 1891

W. D. OLIVE, Custom House, For forwarding, Commission, Retired and Steamboat Agent, Local Passenger Agent International Railway, 47 Prince Wm St., Agent for Luffell's Water Works, Rotary Saw Mills, Engines and Boilers, Wood and Iron Working Machinery.

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

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

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

WAVELEY HOUSE, John Guthrie, Proprietor, King St.

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

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J. D. TURNER, 25 North Side King Square, dealer in Oysters, Finnan Haddies, and other 1 Commission 74, 110-111.

GHOSTS. COL. R. G. INGERSOLL'S Lectures on the Cause and Cure of Religion's State or the Liberty of Man, Woman and Child, Fall, or the Mid or Youth. Ten cent each, or six for 25 cents, 3 stamps or silver. Address: J. J. WILLIAMS, Waterford, N. B. June 1-2m

The May-Bennett affair having been raked up again, creating an animated discussion among newspaper men, a friend of Mr. Bennett's, residing in New York, sends us the following translation of the case and says that "paragraphers will do well to drop the subject and give us some thing fresh."

THE MAY-BENNETT DUEL.

There was a young man called John Bennett
Who was to be married, but when it
Came time to be married
He waded and tarried:
Said "I shant be a bennet diet Bennett."
To marry Miss May, Bennett had d,
'Cause he thought he'd be surly in ss-may-tee;
So he b'oke out of the match,
Said "you May go to 'Old Scratch,'
To remain an 'old back,' I am tated."

James refused his dear Carrie to wed,
Which so incensed her big brother Fred,
That, when Jimmy he spied,
He pulled out a cow hide,
And cut him right over the head.

An insult like that from Fred May,
Jim thought he'd a right to repay;
And for treatment so cruel
James thought that a duel
Was the best means to settle the fray.

So a challenge to Freddy, Jim sent,
With may-leveant feelings intent.
Says he "I will pop him
And by so doing stop him
From e'er again thrashing a gen'."

So Jimmy "called out" his friend Mity
And they met with their "seconds," one day;
With feelings most dire,
On each other to fire;
And the "seconds" called out "blaze away."

Bot, Jimmy and Fred closed their eyes,
And fired right up toward the skies;
And then all the folks
Called the duel a hoax,
And Jimmy and Freddy two Guys.

CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

Farmers, you that have corn to ear, let it ear.
—*Whitehall Times*. This stalk is idle—see corn-not see the joke.—*Fulton Times*.

Well, you'd better let it a'one 'til it rye-puns and then you maize-see it.

A young man from a neighboring town broke off an engagement because his girl named her pet calf after him.—*Rome Sentinel*.

If she did that he had a leg all right to do so. Was it her right or left ea—?

A man may be a good paragrapher and still not be well coated.—*Will Ouds*. The paragrapher who invests in such puns deserve to pant like a dog.—*Whitehall Times*.

That's "sew, Will Ouds"

Lawyers have a fee-bill way of making a living.—*Stamford Advocate*.

That's what makes them display so much a fee-bill-ity in their endeavors to "pleas" and "suit" their clients.

Question for debating societies—Would Lamb or Bacon have made the best paragrapher?—*F. F. Coa, Adc*. Why omit the educated Hogg, whose "tales" were once so popular?—*Norristown Herald*.

It's sour opinion that Lemon was the most re-mark-able one.

It's a mean man who would set a hen on hard boiled eggs.—*Hackensack Republican*.
It would be apt to eggs-eparate the hen.

Whereabouts is the sprinkling cart?—*Whitehall Times*. It passed north on Tuesday, making a great blaw and racket.—*Cambridge Post*. But it came back here again on Saturday as quiet as a lamb, and it was gladly welcomed.—*Whitehall Times*.

Ours is too mo-dast to come out on dry, windy days.

Gilmore's band will play in Paris for the first time on July 4th. It will give the Frenchmen "Hail Columbia."—*Ex*.

Dan Goffrey's band will probably follow with "Reign Victoria."

When a horse has an "open gait," isn't it time to bolt after his let-locks?—*Stamford Advocate*. Of key-horse; do the same as we did with your paragraph—clip him.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Wouldn't that be liable to lingeure the gait?

The New York *News* enquires in a bold headline, "Is there no cure for 'poverty'?" Plenty of money has been known to alleviate incipient cases. We fancy we hear Jo: Knowles of the Town shout, "Physician, heal thyself."—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Some people think money-wort' more than any other herb for curing Impecuniosity.

During the past week the posts around the King square have been re-set and other improvements made, which are creditable to the energy of the Square Committee.—*St. John Torch*. It is a credit to your City Council to have such a square committee.—*N. Y. News*.

You might travel round for some time before you'd find one more so.

A Bickelord, Me, lady has taught her dog to carry the train of her dress. He is now a train of dog of the Spanier 1 breed.—*Norristown Herald*.

A kind of an ex-cursion train dog, et setter-y.

Pluck the flowers while they are laden with dew.—*Hackensack Republican*.

And to Jemima be steadfast and true.

Never try to waltz with a red hot stove.—*Hackensack Republican*.

That's so, the poker or sc-hot dish would be more appropriate.

When two swine kiss each other, can it be called a pair hog-ismal kiss?—*Whitehall Times*.

Yes, swine not?

This sort of June weather even astonishes the house-fly.—*Gwynnda Enterprise*.

It is not usual to see a house with wings but who ever saw a house fly?

A sweet thing in newspapers.—Editor Candee of *The Bridgeport Standard*.—*N. Y. News*

We nominate him as a Candee-date for the next Presidency.

The men who handle the shovel and pick think this country would be better off if the national debt was spade.—*Whitehall Times*.

That's hoe.

Good name for a lady lawyer—Sue.—*Rome Sentinel*. For a female gambler—Bet.—*Hallston Democrat*. For a female shoemaker—Peg.—*St. S mean*. For a female messenger—Arrie.—*N. Y. News*.

For a female composer—Em.

† Pretty Pauline Markham has lost her tights. The sheriff took them on a writ of attachment.—*Ex*. She must have been in a pretty "tighy" place—financially.—*Norristown Herald*.

We are sorry for "Pretty Poll," but hope she'll be able to bare the loss heroically.

P. T. Barnum is said to have remembered 121 editors in his will. 'W'd like our grand-father, before Barnum dies.—*Det. F. Press*. We do not expect to get anything more than the news, but we're not proud.—*N. Y. Coa, Adc*. What we want is the rhino serious.—*Pella Bulletin*. Lots of us would be content with a bear living.—*Post-Caster Journal*. Wonder if any of 'em are a lion about this?—*Bridgeport Standard*. If he will keep the wolf from our door, we'll continue to pay for our own leather.—*Norristown Herald*.

It has been Costen's a good deal to live and keep up appearances, but if we are to be one of his hares we can "grin a d bear it."—*Town*.

Editor Torch—Dear Sir,—No do it P. T. Barnum would enjoy a few good jokes, cracked at the expense of his animals, by the editorial fraternity, but such beastly puns as the above are enough to make him, si-cuss you all.
EAK.

THOUGH DEAD YET LIVES.—The *N. Y. News*, speaking of an accident caused by the breaking of one of the strands of the Brooklyn Bridge, says:—

"Thomas W. Blake was instantly killed. He lives at 315 Broome street."

That paragraph seems incongruous. Luken's will you please ask the reporter, who wrote it, to rise and explain.

Fred. A. Plaisted won the three mile single scull race at Silver Lake on the 17th inst. Time 21:43.

MORISTON, N. B., May 7th, 1878.
J. P. ROBINSON, Esq., St. John, N. B.
DEAR SIR,—In January last I came to Moriston from Meunbrook to consult a physician, as I was in the last stages of Consumption. When I arrived here I had at once to go to my bed, and was so low I never expected to leave it. A physician was called who pronounced my case hopeless, that I might live a week or two, but certainly not more. As a last resort he recommended Robinson's Cod Liver Oil with Lactic Phosphate of Lime. I purchased a bottle and after taking the first dose I commenced to improve. It seemed after taking a dose, as if I had taken a good hearty meal. I have continued to take it ever since and am feeling very strong. I am confident that had it not been for your oil I should have been an invalid to this 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 N. next)

WITNESSES—T. M. ESTEY,
Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lactic Phosphate of Lime is prepared solely by J. H. Robinson, Pharmaceu-tical Chemist, St. John, N. B. For sale by Druggists and general Dealers. Price 25 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.
may 20

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that a Deal, or Plank, Stomack will be laid on the easterly side of that portion of Prince William street, lying between Duke and Queen streets.

ALSO
On the westerly side of that portion of Prince William street lying bet- on the northerly line of William Blizard's Lot, and the northerly line of Reed's Point Wharf, under the provisions of the Act of assembly, 3th V. c. 10, Chap. 74.
Dated 14th June, 1878.

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

THORNE BROS
1878. SPRING STYLES. 187
SILK HATS.
WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS, 7% to 7%.
Also in St. ck—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT HATS, 7% to 7%.
THORNE BROS.,
Hats and Fur Store, 33 King Street

TEMPLE BAR. J. L. McCOSKERY,

If you want the good "Three Star"
Call on George at "Temple Bar."
"Cobblers," "Juliers," "Brandy Smash,"
Made first class, and cheap for cash.
And for those who wear the "Blue"
Lemonade and Ice for you.
If you want a fine cigar
Come at once to "Temple Bar."

GEORGE EDDINGTON,
1818 CHURCH STREET.

FISHING THREAD

WE have received a large Stock of
GLASS THREADS, assorted,
all number. In use

DAILY EXPECTED:

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

For sale at Commission Prices.

T. R. JONES & CO.

Feb 22-24.

Real Estate Agency.

THIS subscriber begs to inform the pub-
lic that he is prepared to negotiate
loans on Mortgage and Real Estate in
the City and Portland.

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

Feb 9

NORRIS BEST,

GENERAL IMPORTER OF

Iron & Metals,

No. 120 & 122 Water St.
Apr 16-17

WM. DOHERTY & CO.,

Custom Tailors,
MARKET SQUARE

St. John, N. B.

FINEST CLASS and Workmanship
guaranteed. A full stock of Gent's
Furnishing goods.

LADIES' SACQUES a Specialty.

We have in stock a first-class assort-
ment of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH
TWEEDS, WORSTED COATINGS, Blue
and Black BURGINS and BRAD-
VERCOTINGS, &c. which will be
made up in the latest styles, and a perfect
fit guaranteed. may 4

CARPETS.

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

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

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

Printer, Bookbinder,
AND
MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
PRINTING

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

A full line of

LAW AND COMMERCIAL

STATIONERY!

kept constantly in Stock.

Account Books,

Ruled, Bound, and Printed to any
pattern.

J. L. McCOSKERY,

(Late with H. Chubb & Co.)

Ennis & Gardner's Building.

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Jan 12-1m

GRAND OPENING!

THE subscriber takes pleasure in an-
nouncing that the

DOMINION Wine Vaults!

LUNCH AND BILLIARD ROOMS,
Situating in Mullin's Bros. Block,
Cor. Dock St. & North Wharf,
Thankful for past patronage, a continu-
ance of the same is respectfully solicited.
JUN 12 C. COURTENAY.

TEMPERANCE

REFORM CLUB!

Provisional Subscription Committee

The following members of the St John
Temperance Reform Club are authorized
to solicit subscriptions for the Club House:
J. B. HAMM, ROBERT BUSTIN,
C. R. RAY.

St. John, January 26th, 1878.

C. R. RAY, President.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

42 and 44

Prince William Street.

HON. ISAAC BURPEE'S BUILDING.

International Steamship Co.

COMMERCIAL MANAGEMENT.

Tri-Weekly Line.
Sailing on MONDAY, JUNE 24,
at 10 o'clock, and will call at the following
ports: St. John, New York, P. R.
S. F. F. B., Mexico, and thence to the
Pacific Coast, every Monday, Wednesday
and Friday morning, at 5 o'clock, for
Esport, Portland and Boston.
Returning will call at Boston every Mon-
day, Wednesday and Friday morning, at
8 o'clock.
Connecting with calls at Esport with
the regular line from St. Andrews and
Colby, and at Portland and Boston with
regular lines to all parts of the
United States.
No claims for allowance after Goods
loaded in the warehouse.
Freight received on Tuesday, Thursday
and Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock, p. m.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.
June 22

JAS. ADAMS & CO.

HAVE OPENED

In their New Premises,

A OLD STAND)

NO. 16 KING STREET,

Where, with a New and
Thoroughly Assorted Stock
—OF—
SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS,

Increased Facilities,
—AND—
Prompt attention to Business

They hope to receive a continuance
of the Patronage so liberally be-
stowed on them in the past.
dec 22 1/2

NOTICE.

We have in Stock a splendid line of
Coatings and Tweeds
for our Custom Department, and will
be glad 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 22-1/2

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

**VICTORIA
LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,**
PRINCESS STREET,
(Between Sydney and Charlotte).

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

Boarding Houses
kept on reasonable terms, and supplied
with Loose Boxes or ordinary Stalls, as
required.
A call respectfully solicited.
ALBERT PETERS

DENTAL NOTICE.
GEORGE P. CALDWELL, M. D.,
DENTIST,
No. 7 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.
Jan 5 17

Rouillon Josephine KID GLOVES,

First Choice.
USE THE ABOVE—One Case of the
above celebrated
GLOVES
in street and evening shades.
Metropolitan, 47 & 48,
Corner King and Germain streets,
may 4

WHAT EVERY BODY SAYS

Must Be True!
THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every
size, lined, unlined, Black & Colors
ROULLIION'S SEAMLESS FIRST
CHOICE KIDS.

Black Goods and Silks!
The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock
in the City to choose from
500 Genlemen's UNDERCLOTHING
every make.
MACKENZIE BROTHERS,
dec 29 47 King Street.

Ready-Made Clothing.

The Cheapest Lot of Goods ever
imported to this Market.

A GOOD SUIT FOR \$8 00;
A FIRST-CLASS SUIT FOR \$18 00;
THE BEST IN THE MARKET FOR \$14 00;
WORKING PANTS from \$2 00 to \$2 50;
BOYS' SUITS from \$2 40 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

22 1/2 W. H. AUSTIN.

THURGAR & RUSSELL,

Wholesale and Commission Merchant,
15 North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.
21 m.

ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Wines
and Spirits, Havana Cigars and Tobaccos,
No 2 King Square,
Branch Store, 18 Charlotte street.
dec 22 1/2 St. John, N. B.

M. A. FINN,
Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana
Cigars, 177 Queen Building King Square.
dec 22 1/2 St. John, N. B.

E. W. GALE,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
The Equitable Life Assurance Company
of the United States, The A. eidout
Insurance Company of Canada,
Office Room BAYARD BUILDING
Prince Wm st. 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, Jas. J. FERRICK,
dec 22 1/2 St. John, N. B.

JOHN GRADY,
Importer and Dealer in
Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
Wholesale and Retail,
Co. MILL and NORTH STREETS.
Feb 22-17