



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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1878.

No. 18

REST.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired —
My soul oppressed—
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear—
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till—and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path; and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child, I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head; o'en then I prayed,
And now, for rest.

And I am restless still. 'Twill soon be o'er;
For, down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

—FATHER RYAN.

[For the TORCH.]

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 5.

DANIEL DERONDA.

Deronda pondered gravely on the romantic chance that had thrown into his hands the beautiful Mira—*piu bellissima dei fiori*,—and determined to go in search of her neglectful father. It may be remembered that although Daniel D. had the features of the Semetic race, he was distinguished for all the Caucasian graces, and had, indeed, been sufficiently handsome to attract the notice of Gwendolen in the gaming-house at Baden. His first care was, therefore, to assimilate himself in appearance to the children of Israel.

With this view, he omitted to wash his hands and face for several days, and sent his servant out to buy a coat too large for him and trousers too short, together with an embroidered vest of a very loud pattern, and a gilt chain to twine across it in complicated festoons. He also provided himself with a yellow walking-stick, with a crook of the same curve as a Jew's nose, and a blue satin stock a good deal worn, in which he inserted a glass diamond. This, with a great many rings on his fingers, a hat with a dent on the side and greasy rim, and a pair of baggy boots, completed the equipment; and thus equipped, with his hair glistening again with an excess of hair-oil, he set forth on his charitable mission into Jewry.

His first visit was naturally to the pawn shops. First he directed his search to the old clothes department of Houndsditch—the London ghetto—where cast-off garments are bought by the ton, and having been subjected to some wonderful reviving process, are exported to the Colonies as new. Then he explored the lower order of pawn institutions, known as "leaving" shops, where flat-irons and battered tin candlesticks appeared to be the principal articles of deposit. Higher than these were the pawnbroker's proper, magazines of mortgage that seemed to embrace everything, from the sorry tools of the ruined workman to the books and plate stamped with the arms of the rained gentleman. In none of these did he find the person of his search. At last he entered the shop of Cohen & Co., whose narrow doorway was surmounted by the three Lombard balls—the *palle* of the Medici.

Morlecan Cohen was a shoney Jew that reminded one of a brown snake in a dirty bib. With one glance he took in the spurious appearance of Daniel Deronda, and attempted to sell him a piece of jewelry for four pounds that was intrinsically worth two shillings. Deronda asked him if he knew the man he sought. "Perhaps," said Cohen, "if you buy the brooch,—s'elp me Bob of Abram, dirt sheep at the money." Deronda bought it and invited him to partake of a pipe and glass at the sign of the "Lion of the Tribe of Judah."

There they talked of many things of an Israelitish tinge. Cohen affirmed he had once met

Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, in the streets of London. Deronda spoke of Sir Moses Montefiore's efforts to rehabilitate the promised land. Cohen spat on the ground to show his contempt for the noodles who maintain the British nation to be the lost tribes. It ended by Cohen promising to find Mira's father, and Deronda returned to Mira.

She was seated that evening dreamily at the piano, with her cameo-like profile in statuesque relief, and the ends of her voluminous hair curling in the nape of her neck, and had just begun to sing Beethoven's passionate prayer, "*per pietà non dirmi addio*," when the door burst heavily open and a particularly unclean Jew, wearing three hats, staggered into the room.

"Misher Deronda, I'm Misher Lapidoth—house a' mother—O Moshesh," said the intruder.

Mira started up in anguish. "O, papa, you are drunk!" she cried, as she wrung her beautiful hands.

The stranger squared off feebly at the candles with a fatuous smile, and remarked: "Fite 'm for ninnepence—clo—ole clo"; and then collapsed in a heap on the floor.

"This is dreadful," said Deronda, "but I have restored dear Mira her father."

GEORGE ELIOT.

A PLUCKY WOMAN PREVENTS A BURG-LARY.

On the night of the 12th inst., the wife of Mr. Geo. W. Kidd, a New York merchant, was about retiring when she heard a noise in an adjoining room, and on going into the hallway met a burglar with a seven shooter, which he pointed at her head and threatened to shoot her if she gave any alarm.

Mrs. Kidd grappled with him and wrenched the pistol from his grasp. Finding that he was foiled he escaped through the front door.

Detective Murphy subsequently arrested him and Judge Gildersleeve sentenced him to fifteen years in the States Prison.

Ye burglar didn't find that Kidd-napping.

The man who leaves two-thirds of his cigar in a dark nook in the front door stoop when he goes in to see his girl, will make a thrifty husband.—*Herald*, N. Y.

COME BACK TO ME.

Oh! where are ye, bright happy days,
Ye gay and radiant hours?
When life to me was as a dream
Of sunshine and of flowers.
Alas! how little then I thought
How transient ye would be!
How soon that I should sigh in vain:
Come back—come back to me!

Oh! where are ye, my early friends,
The dead, the true, the loved;
Who shared my happy childhood's mirth.
Have ye, too, transient proved?
No, no! that thought I could not bear.
For, oh! with heartfelt glee
I cling to hope, that whispers still,
Ye will come back to me!

LETTERS FROM JOSH MUFF.

BOSTON, Mass., April 2.

MY DEAR HULDA,—

I want to no if you have been down to the city of saint John latelee. if you have ease me mind quicklee bi tellen me if there is any truth in the stories I hear concerning ic. the verree are is full of rumors about wat a dirtee, nastee & filthee place ic has got to be since i left. Wile seten in the korridor the other mornin smoken a sharoute, i herd quite an any-mated discussun about the good sittee of st. John, & the deplorabl konditshun off its streets One gentellemen said he never seed anything like it in all his life, & he has traveled all over Africa and feegee islands. Mud, mud, he said in some places up to your nees, & mind you, on the princible streets 2, tha all wonderit why the sittee people tolerated such ninnes in office. "The idea," as one man said, "of a 'Watch-maker' holden the office off inspector of streets wen he didden know how to clean a watch," and then he said, by jimittee, the ladies ware ferrry akross some of the streets in kanoos & at other times wood waddell tru ic like a woomen stirrin porridge. how tha must sware in wardlee at that sort of thing. everree time the steamer and kears arrive, you can hear the passengars talken about it, & point to thare boots as a speemen of Saint john mud; & yet I understood, the verree growlers, that is the respectable citizens, elected the verree fossils to office agin. Why, do you no, hulda, tha woodent tolerate sich a konditshun of things here in the hubb, no, not 3 minits, but would call on the hole pack to resin, & if tha didden, evera mother sole of eea wood be hangen to lamp posts before the kock krowed next mornin; and by gosh, that is the proper way to dew.

I must tell you, hulda dear, wat a grate cin I kommitted last Sunda the mayear asked me down to sea the muscehim of fine arts on the back bay. I went, & wat dew you think I see, why the galleries is trown open everree sunda to the people to kome & see the picturs. Onlee think of it, dear Hulda, in this pureantnickel seat of larnen. I saw it myself, & dew you no I felt shamed to think the sabbath was broken in that manner. fansee a big krowd of men, weeman, children & infants prowlin around from room to room looken at pictures of angels with wings and without, devils wid tails, & sheep & cows & men in fitein attitudes, picturs of men who died, bled, & left thare bones to bleach on some distant paster, & many others who didden bleed, & so on all thro the katalog. Me konshuns smote me muchlee, & I said to his worship, let us leave this den of inkutee, & drowsh the remembrance of it in a mug of sider. Correct, he said, & in a half an hour I was enjoyen the hospitallity of the Somersett club on Park street.

I guess i wont rite any more to night, so i will bid you good nite, & kisses to all.

Adew until death does

us part,

JOSH MUFF.

P. S.—cant you send me some butter milk in a jug. i want it for meedisailee purposes.
JOSH MUFF.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, April 15, 1878.

THEATRICAL.

Dear Torch.—Things generally in the amusement line here are moving on quietly but effectively. At the "Boston" last week we had the "Danites," and when the management gave matinees, the attendance day-in-nights was good. At the "Museum" the clever actor, Lawrence Barrett, played his fourth and last week of his engagement, and the attendance showed that the public could bare it for some time to come.

At the "Howard," the lively and entertaining burlesque of "Robin Hood,"—and the *Robin* who did it was Miss Nellie Larkell—and as there is a beautiful bird scene in the extravaganza, the management seem to feel that the addition of a *Lark* 'll make it successful, and the management are right.

At the "Globe" the *Hess* English Opera Troupe held forth, and the *Hess*-ians made a great success—in fact the attraction was so excellent that it made such a *pressure* upon the pocket-books of the denizens of the "Hub" that the Temple did a *rushin* business.

More by-and-by,

JEMS.

FALL.

Let a man fail in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Man who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrog their shoulders and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have sent the light for months to come, but for the misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not, the scowl of the sheriff, perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spotless character, and makes his boasts that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him, a writ is read for the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and stop paying once in his life-time. If he has kind friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral sieve, it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

The Troubles of Life.

It is not true that the world is smooth. Therefore do not teach your boys that they will find it so. If you do, they will have to learn the contrary by bitter experience. Tell them frankly that the pathway of life, to active men, to such as faithfully serve themselves and their kind, is rough, and ragged, and thorny. They will not be disappointed. But inculcate with this correct information lessons of physical and moral courage. Instruct them that he who shrinks from the encounter is a coward; while he who bravely does his duty, under all circumstances, in spite of opposition—sometimes, it may be, in the face of denunciation and obloquy—is a true hero. He has sufficient reward, and of that he is certain, in the mere consciousness of doing right. That will allow many buoy him up and support him in the darkest hours.

The death of a woman from what is said to be hydrophobia, resulting from the bite of a cat, is repudiated this morning.—N. Y. Herald.

THE GROCERY CLERK.

W. B. WILLIAMS.

Oh, sweet is the life of a grocery clerk,
It is happy and free from care—
Except that he has to work in the night,
And can never neglect his hair.

While shoveling sugar he laughs and chats
On the questions that may a-riee,
And he knows just how to open the door
In a way that is really nice.

Sometimes of course he must cut salt pork,
But swine not do this as well
As be writing poetry, or teaching school,
Or ringing the milk man's bell.

And it's oh, such fun, to bundle up starch,
Batter clerk of the high degree,
But rarely appears in the least way stiff—
He does the thing up to a tea.

When baking powder he sells to a girl,
Then it must be jolly to say—
"My little miss dough not fail to come up
And purchase some other day."

And if she buys nutmegs, or coffee or cloves.
Or spices, she's sure to reply—
"I ne'er cin-na-mon as polite as you are;
Please give me some blueing—I dye."

Let's soap, then, friends, ere we shut up shop,
And turn from life's crackers and cheese;
We all can be clerks, and wait on the girls,
Who purchase potatoes and peas.

And if it be so, lettuce never neglect
To open the grocery on thyne,
Nor artlessly cabbage the wealth from the till,
Or think three cent piece a dime.

—Fallon Times.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER.

.....At what per (s)cent can you obtain col-
loun?

.....SYNONYMOSS—E-clips-e of the sun, and
hiding of the son.

.... Two editors, after blowing each other
up editorially, came to blows corporeally, and
a plunny reporter described the combat as A
PAPER MILL!!

.....Can a bird be on nest when its a robin?

.....Rents are enormous, as the poor fellow
said when he looked at his coat.

.....A new development of insanity—If a
mad man becomes madder he's fit to dye.

.....Does a raise in the price of gas improve
the rays of light?

.....To a criminal who is sentenced to be
hung and waiting to hear of a commutation,
"No noose is good news." He don't like how-
ever to be kept in suspense.

.....A negro monarch should be highly
polished, being a black-k-nyg.

.....Oculists say that wearing nails is the
cause of many diseases of the eye, but what
a nails such statements, as long as they're
fashionable.

.....Is a man who is not a friend to the N.
Y. Daily Graphic a foe-to-Graphic man?

TEA-TABLE SCENE.

SMART SIX-YEAR OLD—"Papa, can you tell
me why the ice in the river, after it is broken
up and gets wedged up at Fredericton, is like
these preserves?"

PAPA—"No, Johnnie, I can't see the similar-
ity; why is it?"

JOHNNIE—"Because its an ice current jam."
Papa faints.

[For the Torch.]

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

No. 9.

Edward Blake is by all odds the ablest lawyer on the Ministerial side of the House, just as Palmer is the ablest on the Opposition side. He is a fine Parliamentary speaker, and a Minister of much administrative ability. He and Sir John McDonald have been the only men in the office of Minister of Justice who could perform its duties. All the others have failed lamentably, and a bill has been passed for the appointment of another law Minister to share the duties of the department of justice. Sir John performed the duties of the office and also attended to the multifarious duties of First Minister, bearing the double burden for years successfully. But Mr. Blake broke down completely under the strain, and had to retire. He is not a delicate man, but one capable of doing more than any ordinary man's work. He is not sick now, but is the picture of health. The fact is that Sir John Macdonald and Alex. Mackenzie are the only two men in the House who have displayed the power of endurance requisite for leading the House and discharging the double duties of First Minister and one of the Departments. While most of the portfolios require more clerical skill, and would run themselves if the signature of the Minister was not required occasionally, the Departments of Justice and Public Works involve a vast amount of work.

Mr. Blake is a tall man, and has begun to develop a corporation that may in time rival Judge Gilbert's. He is rather an imposing figure, as he walks briskly along, peering from right to left through his spectacles, and seeing everything while seeming to look over or through it. "Who is he?" naturally rises to the lips as he passes. His face is fresh, full of color, and round, with a shine to it like that of a schoolboy's after having been washed and wiped by his mother. He looks as though he might blush, if he had cause for blushing, and I know of nothing more complimentary than this that can be said of a veteran politician. His hair is brown, and always has a neglected look. It covers his head, falls over his forehead, and always sticks out behind in more or more profusion. Sometimes he takes his forelocks in his hand and pulls them further down on his forehead, and again he runs his fingers through them and gives them a straggling and demoralized aspect. He is fond of pulling or crushing his hat over his eyes, gathering himself into himself very much, and watching. Whether he is thinking out problems of law or State, taking mental notes of those around him, or merely indulging in dreams of something more satisfactory than the honor of public life, is not easy to say. Sometimes both hands are clasped behind his head, and again his face is buried deep in his hands on the desk. This is a sure sign that he does not want to be disturbed, that he is weary of his surroundings and wants to have nothing to do with them for the time, and no one ever ventures to slap him on the shoulder and say, "A word in your ear, old fellow." If they did, however, he would show no annoyance, but would listen to them and retire again into his shell. These and other peculiarities give him rather an eccentric air, and some have even hinted that he is not always exactly sane. But there is no ground for this, as his eccentricities are but the signs of the rebellion of genius against the repressing of individuality for the purpose of conforming to the standards which society and party set up for all men's imitation. He left the Cabinet because he could no longer endure the burden of having always to appear to be perfectly in accord with his colleagues. It would

not surprise me to see him at a ball in a business suit, by way of protest against the law that insists on the swallow-tail uniformity. When listening to the proceedings of the House he is rarely perfectly quiet. He examines his fingers, clasps his hands, nurses his knee, bites his nails, feels of his closely shaven face, strokes his cheeks as though he wore whiskers, and gives many other signs of restlessness. He is extremely sensitive to censure or criticism, and, like other sensitive men, pretends that he is as thick-skinned as an elephant. The only occasions on which he has risen to speak this Session have been when some speaker alluded to him, and the burden of what he said has been in his own defence. His great influence over the Government, considering how little he exerts himself, is wonderful. Whenever he condescends to make a suggestion it is acted on instantly, no matter if it destroys the purpose and changes the principle of the bill they have introduced. The Premier seems nervously anxious to please him in every way without making direct proffers of service. He is afraid of Edward Blake, that is clear, and is never happy when he is in doubt of his approval. He speaks forcibly, clearly, and with good temper. He is seldom severe, in a personal sense, does not draw inferences and state them as facts, as the Premier does, and does not persist, like him, in re-asserting, in another form, what a member denies. It is hardly probable that Mr. Blake will ever again accept a subordinate place in any Cabinet. The place of First Minister might tempt him, but there is no other position which has any charms for him. He is not fond of place and power in the vulgar sense, not fond enough to sacrifice his own opinions for them, and would accept office again only on condition that he was to have his own ideas carried out completely. It would be a serious loss to the country if Mr. Blake carried out his threat of retirement from Parliament. On the Ministerial benches he is a check on the Government, making them feel that they cannot go too far on a wrong road without forfeiting his support, and in Opposition he would, as he has been before, be a keen critic of Government legislation.

TORCHISMS.

*** What is the difference between a dandy, an optical contusion, and a well in which water is frozen? The first is a nice swell, the second is an eye swell, and the third is an ice well.

*** A tail more bare than a bear's tail. A talk bearer.

*** How to cure a cynic of misanthropy. Give him a good salary and nothing to do. That would be a good cynic-cure. (Sinecure.)

*** Why is a place used for coining counterfeit money like the lowest flat in a house? Because it is a base-mint.

*** Why is the Turkish religion the most fashionable. Because it's *al-lah-made*.

*** The Hon. John Morrissey has won so much money on "mills," that he is now called a Mill-lionaire.

*** Where do we look for redress for injuries? In injuries.

*** "Attack of the Blues." Beaten by a "Bobby."

*** "In tiers I pine for thee," as the pile of pine deals said to their owner.

A constant reader asks if a ship's bow is to be accepted as a mark of politeness on the part of the vessel? Such a trivial question deserves a stern rebuke.—*Norristown Herald*. Better refer the matter to Martin Gale.—*N. Y. News*. We'd rudder not express an opinion.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

"Sale of the Erie Railway postponed." This is the way it always goes with us. Just as we were getting ready to run down to New York and buy a railroad, hearing that one was for sale, they postponed the venture.—*Cia. Saturday Night*. When do you expect to let up on these Erie-sistible jocularities?—*N. Y. News*.

The doctor and a nervous man
Will never have two creeds;
For the former needs his patients,
And the latter patience needs.

—*Hackensack Republican*.

The same woman who can take a mental inventory of another feminine's street toilette in half a minute will occupy an entire morning telling her neighbor the details.—*N. Y. News*.

C. O. Mic says that his wife has hysteria and he has his terror too, at one and the same time.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Seasonable advice to gymnasts: If you want to learn to turn *Sommer* saults use a *Spring* board, and by Winter your *Antium* make a good tumbler—St. John Torch. Or bankrupt a glass factory.—*N. Y. News*.

"Row"ing with the tied—Quarrelling with a married couple.—*Norristown Herald*.

The Worcester Press says a barber never takes in a silent partner. He would be "taken in" if he did.

In standing up for the right it is sometimes necessary to knock down with the right.—*Turkey's Falls Reporter*.

It puts one in a neck-salted condition to have his throat fenced in with a supply of salt pork.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

At a recent church raffle in Nevada one man drew a crowbar. That's a nice kind of a pry to offer.—*Consul Collins*.

We have been without mail communication with the outside world for the last 12 days, being the longest case of "ice-solation" for many years.—*Charlottevona Patriot*.

He who steals our empty purse,
Takes that which maketh us no worse.
But he commits most wicked deeds,
Who steals our paragraphic secrets.

—*Whitchall Times*.

Some of our exchanges are finding fault with the dimensions of the new silver dollar, but in our opinion its size depends altogether upon circumstances. For instance, when you hand it to your wife to pay the last week's washing it looks big enough to eclipse a full moon, but when you toss it on the counter and yell, "Set-enupagin," it looks as insignificant as a peppermint lozenge in a cheese factory.—*Brookville Democrat*.

A Chicago firm has purchased a large drove of steers which are to be sent by steamship to the pastures of North Germany for fattening and sale.—*Ex*. Would they go as steerage passengers?—*St. John Torch*. Of course not, for though steerage passengers may be poor and lean they are not contemptible enough to carry tails about how many horns the captain takes on a trip.—*N. Y. News*.

The Elmira Cemetery Company has paid a dividend.—*Exchange*. We should rather call it a bone-us.—*N. Y. News*. The profits were divided probably.—*St. John Torch*. We rather think they were souled from the body.—*Gowanda Enterprise*. Now, who would have thought that Enterprise would go-wander-ing off in this fashion?—*N. Y. News*.

There is no truth in the statement that the English are buying horses in the West. It was invented by asses.—*Boston Traveller*.

Are you not bi-ased in your opinion?

TERMS:

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Per year	17.00	60.00	90.00

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All communications to be addressed,

"Editor Torch,"

St. John, N. B.

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TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 20, 1878.

THE LOCAL ELECTIONS.

The elections for the Local Legislature, it is said, will come off early in June. Dame Rumor mentions the names of several aspirants, but nothing definite is yet known.

Mr. Chas. A. Everitt, on the "early bird" principle, has commenced canvassing. Mr. David McLellan, of Indiantown, (popularly known as the "Deacon") is talked of as a County candidate. Robert Marshall, Esq., will, of course, enter again. Mr. Willis does not purpose to "take a back seat." Mr. Austin will be likely to try it once more. The Attorney General, it is said, will not offer again for the Local, but will strike for higher game. Mr. Wedderburn will be in the field. Mr. Jas. I. Fellows will also probably enter for the "mill," and if so, you will find that Hypo-phos-fights well. Several others will doubtless "take a hand," but they'll find when the game is over that they didn't all hold "straight flushes."

B. F. QUIGLEY, Esq., in his lecture on "Pius Ninth" in Portland on Sunday evening last, alluded in highly complimentary terms to Mr. Geo. Stewart, jr.'s literary abilities. Mr. Stewart will leave St. John in a few days, to reside in Toronto, where he will assume the management of *Belford's Monthly*.

THE NEW NEWS ROOM, on the cor. of Church and Canterbury streets, is a great improvement on the old one, and we congratulate Col. DeBlois on having such a neat and commodious room, supplied with a judiciously selected variety of papers and magazines. An institution of this kind deserves to be well supported by our mercantile community, and we hope that Mr. DeBlois will be amply recompensed for his outlay.

Mint's meat. Spring lamb.

Should dog taxes be paid in cur-rent funds?

If a house takes fire from a cinder, can it be called the work of an in-cinder-y?

Where should criminals be sent? To the Crim-a.

Why is counterfeit money like a boomerang? Because if you send it out, it's likely to come back to you.

What more charming picture can you imagine than a red-headed, freckled face girl walking along the street chewing gum?

It does not improve a satin hat to be sat in.

DROP LETTERS.—Letters dropped by Cockneys. Sample, "Enry 'and my 'at."

Why must the popular novel which your friends are continually borrowing, be a religious book? Because it *Keeps Lent*.

According to Dr. Maginn, no cigar smoker ever committed suicide.—*Er*. Puff-ectly correct. We never did.

What is the difference between an old maid, and the first book in which children are taught to read? One is *prim* and the other's a *primmer*.

ABSTEMIOUS TRAVELLER.—Landlord is this a temperance Inn?

LANDLORD.—Yes sir, it's Inn-temperate.

Mr. Thomas F. Raymond has paid \$210 into the City Treasury since the fire, to assist in liquidating Civic expenses.

BAZAAR.—The Germain St. Baptist Bazaar re-opened on Tuesday, and closed on Wednesday night, on both of which occasions it was well patronized.

CENTENARY CHURCH BAZAAR.—The ladies connected with the Centenary Church are actively engaged preparing for a BAZAAR, which will open 1st May next. The collection of articles is said to be a very superior one, and we hope the financial anticipations of the promoters may be fully realized.

BOSS TWEED, whose life has been an eventful one, died in Ludlow Street Jail, on Friday, the 12th inst. His last words were: "I have tried to do some good, if I have not had good luck. I am not afraid to die. I believe the guardian angels will protect me." His case has been taken to a Higher Court—to be tried before a Judge from whose sentence there is no appeal.

PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.—No printer interested in his craft is likely to take up the February number of the *Miscellany* and put it down again without having read it through. It is replete with practical, witty and gossipy information. It costs only \$1.00 a year.

PARK HOTEL.—Mr. Fred. A. Jones has taken the Park Hotel on King Square, and expects to have it in running order on or about the 1st of May. He intends to have it thoroughly renovated and kept in first-class style, and, judging from his past popularity while manager of the Barnes Hotel, we feel sure he will cater successfully to the wants of those who patronize him.

Easter-ly wether—Easter lamb.

THE SUX is the boss scavenger. He did more on Tuesday last to make the streets navigable than all the Corporation scavengers could accomplish in a month.

"Nip" and "Tuck" having died, New York has imported five fresh Chimpanzees.—*Boston Post*.

We always thought a bed of pansies looked like a lot of monkey faces, so these fresh Chimpanzees must be a new variety.

Hotel guest, on retiring: "I want to get up at eight o'clock." Facetious clerk: "Have not got one, sir." Gent: "Have not got what?" Clerk: "A potato clock."—*Boston Advertiser*.

Every man don't belong to the theatrical profession, and yet we see ail-men-acks.

What is the difference between a mad bull and the steer-rage of a ship?

A neat hat rack is one of the new hat-rack-tions at the "Royal."

Did you ever notice that, when a newspaper publisher asks a subscriber for the amount of his subscription, he does so in a lay-the-tic tone of voice.

LANDLADY—"Mr. S., will you have a piece of chicken?"

Mr. S. (observing her difficulty in dissecting it.)—"No thanks, I'm afraid it might *lay* heavy on my stomach."

Conundrums, as a rule, are wretched. Take the following as a sample, and ask yourself if immurement in the penitentiary or lunatic asylum would be too severe punishment for the perpetrator:

"Why is a happy laughing eye like one that is totally destroyed? Because it is an eye-eted."

BILL.—The reason a note of hand is called a promissory note is, because so many are *sorry* that they cannot fulfil their *promise* when the note falls due. Due you see it?

AS WE WERE WADING through the slush on Canterbury street, one day last week, our companion—a youth of a jocular nature—turned to us with a lamb-like expression and asked: "Why is this street like a ripe peach?" "Because it beats two pears?" was asked. "No," said our phunny phriend, "it's because it's slush-ions!"

ART.—A string of Gaspereaux, hanging on a nail driven into an imitation board, attracts considerable attention in the window of A. C. Smith, Esq., Charlotte street. The fish are admirably painted, and the board—an imitation of pine—is so true to nature as to deceive nearly every who looks at it. The artist, Mr. John C. Miles, has received numerous congratulations on his successful effort.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—It having been stated by Alderman Peters, at the last meeting of the Common Council, that the *Light Cavalry* of the Gas-Light Company cuts up the asphalt walks in the Old Burial Ground when General Chapman goes through it to light the lamps, we would suggest that a set of rubber shoes be procured immediately for the fiery charger, so as to prevent a further destruction of these avenues.

GRAND OPERA.—The Institute is being rapidly transferred into an Opera House. New scenery is being painted by Mr Davis, the scenic artist, which will be finished in time for the opening night, when Flowtow's beautiful opera of "Martha" will be performed with the following cast:—

- Martha—Miss Marie Stone.
- Nancy—Miss Adelaide Randall.
- Lionel—Mr. C. H. Clark.
- Friestam—Mr. E. J. Payson.
- Sheriff—Mr. Engstrom.
- Plunkett—Mr. W. T. Carlton.

Mr. Nannery, while in New York, secured the services of Miss Isadore Martinez, the leading prima donna of the Grand Opera House. She will make her first appearance on Tuesday evening in "Il Trovatore." The rush for admission tickets, the issue of which commenced on Tuesday, has been very large, and the prospect of a brilliant season is good.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.—A terrible tragedy took place on Thursday, the 11th inst., in a house on Fourteenth street, New York. A man named Fogarty, who had been separated from his wife since 1876, returned, and finding his wife doing a prosperous grocery business, wished to take possession once more. Mrs. F. would not consent to a re-union, although Justice Duffy decided against her. On Thursday morning, about 2 o'clock, a policeman hearing a cry of "murder," entered the house and found Mrs. Fogarty lying dead on the floor, stabbed through the heart, and near her the body of her husband, with his throat cut from ear to ear.

BROKEN PLEDGES.—One of the unsuccessful candidates, at the late Civic elections, said, after he had been rejected, that "a large number of persons who promised to vote for him had "gone back on him," and that there was "a glorious uncertainty in promises." If he had come as near to being elected as he approached the truth when he made that assertion, he would have been returned by a good majority. Put not your trust in Prince-s. Pat. Before an election you cannot find many George Washingtons.

THE MAY "FOLIO" has, beside the usual editorial and selected reading matter, a valuable chapter on "Theory and Rudimental Harmony." The series of papers on the Violin is continued in this number. The musical department contains eight vocal and instrumental pieces, all of a popular and pleasing character, and an excellent lithograph of Maud Branscombe is on the first page. For sale at Mr. C. Flood's Music Store. Price 15 cents.

THE LANCE is "Grip's" latest rival as an illustrated comic paper. It is published at Toronto in the interests of the Liberal-conservatives. Its last cartoon gives the conservative view of probable effects of the present tariff. It is entitled "Market day in Free-tradeville" and represents a Canadian town, in which the streets are grass grown—and deserted—The Market House, Sugar Refinery, Furniture Factory, and even the Poor House have become ruined and delapidated. The reading matter consists of lively criticisms of Grit policy.

CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

Joseph Wolf, the tailor, now carries a stock of cloths, and makes garments therefrom.—*Turmer's Falls Reporter.*

Is this a Wolf with sheep clothing?

Queen Victoria presents mothers of triplets with £9 and no questions asked.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Triplets ought to be good for nine pounds each.

In Turrer's Falls, April 8th, a son to the wife of Charles Waite.—*Turmer's Falls Reporter.*

What was the Waite of the boy?

All game is now out of season, except the weather-cocks.—*Chicago Journal.*

What about "draw-poker"?

The British Lion wants to insert its clause in the peace treaty.—*Stonford Advocate.*

And he will do so with all his might and mane.

Last week at Grand Falls, a young man sold all the property he had and put the resulting money, \$500, in his pocket. While standing on the bridge looking down on to the falls the money fell into the water and was carried down the stream and lost.—*Maine Standard.*

Went down with the current, so?

The Press says that Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Keenan, of Portland, had a religious discussion Saturday night, which resulted in the former striking the latter on the head with an axe.

The discussion was probably about the "Axe of the Apostles."

Mrs. Gaines says that the woman suffragists will not elevate their sex by dragging men down and calling them names. That's so.—*Es.*

Kerrect: a woman Gaines nothing by "sich langwidige."

Mr Bower died some time ago and left an aged wife, and now Gabriel's trump has called the left Bower.—*Whitball Times.*

Spades were trumps, and she made a 'march'—the "dead march."

A new brand of cigars, called the "Moody and Sankey," is being sold in New Haven. If the quality of the cigar is in accordance with its name, it will call forth great prays.—*Danville Sentinel.*

If they are anything like their namesakes they will "draw well."

No birds in the spring would be robin it of half its pleasure.—*Oil City Call.* It's hatred to swallow such a pun as that. The fellow must have been off on a lark.—*Fulton Times.* Canary man sparrow moment to read such ex-hen-tric puns?—*Whitball Times.*

That will do-ve-ry well, considering the subject is aviary hard one.

An exchange says: "Ben Butler has an eye open on the Massachusetts Governorship." Which eye, please.—*Com. Advertiser.*

Which do you think he would natural-eye have?

Many of the drummers that travel over the land seem to be great lifers also.—*Whitball Times.* Certainly, they blow when they guitar orders.—*Wheeling Leader.*

Fie-for shame, making fun of the poor drummers. You'll find a good many jew-s-harps among them.

The Toledo Commercial has an article headed: "Man Killed by the Explosion of Lane." Then this was indeed a lime kiln.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Mortar-fication probably took place very soon after.

At Fort Ann the dogs have been making sad havoc among the sheep.—*Whitball Times.* They saved the skins probably Fort-Ann-ing purp-oses.

Every round of the ladder of fame is soaped, and it takes the sands of a good many lives to give the fortunate man a foothold who climbs to the top.—*Whitball Times.*

But the man, who tries it, can console himself with the thought that "While there's life there's soap."

What is the difference between a cat-fish and a por-puss? asks the Torch. What is the difference between a por-puss and a poor-crust? One can "shell" and the other can't. Answer your own conundrums.—*Genevada Enterprise.*

Do you mean a tortoise "shell" cat?

We don't see how Uncle Sam is going to back out that Canadian Fishery award, and preserve his reputation for fair dealing.—*Norristown Herald.*

We are pleased to see the Herald taking such a sensible view of the case.

WHY DOES PORK REST?—Will some one tell me why pork rest, and the remedy for it, if any?—H. A. Howard in *Troisote Globe.*

The cause of poor crust is generally on account of bad butter. Any cook knows how and it is to make rich crust out of poor butter, hence the large quantity of poor crust. Ask us some more hard questions.

Inducements to Subscribers.

BEAUTIFUL ART PRIZES.

We intend offering a number of first-class Prizes, to be drawn for by subscribers according to the English Art Union rules.

- 1st Prize—An Oil Painting called "Moonrise on the Coast"—value \$30.
- 2nd do.—"The Passing off Shower"—value \$20.
- 3rd do.—"The Evening Song"—value \$10.
- 4th do.—A Water Color—value \$5.
- 5th do.—A handsomely bound edition of "Liddle Yawcoob Strains, and other Poems," by Chas. F. Adams.
- 6th do.—"Evenings in the Library," by Geo. Stewart, Jr.
- 7th do.—Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's "Last book, "Silent and True."

The oil paintings are being painted by our talented townsman, J. In C. Miles, Esq., whose well earned reputation as an artist is sufficient guarantee that the pictures will be valuable works of art.

When finished they will be placed in the window of Mr. A. C. Smith's drug store, on exhibition.

The drawing will take place on the 1st of June.

Remember that for One Dollar you will receive a copy of the Torch for one year, and have a chance for one of the prizes.

Canvassers wanted, to whom good commissions will be given, to obtain subscriptions in this city and the Provinces. Parties wishing to canvass will please apply personally to the editor, at the office of E. T. C. Know es, Barrister, &c., in Y. M. C. A. Building, or by letter addressed to "Editor of Torch," St. John, N. B.

Specimen copies sent free to any address. Agents wanted in every town.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO CANVASSERS.—A cash prize of \$10 (beside the commission) will be given to the person obtaining the largest list of subscribers between now and the first of June.

PUZZLES' KNOTS.

Edited by ELLSWORTH, P. O. Box 3121, 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.

54.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in strife, but not in fight;
My second is in war, but not in might;
My third is in season, but not in time;
My fourth is in cent, but not in dime;
My fifth is in eel, but not in fish;
My sixth is in Turkey, but not in dish;
My seventh is in centre, but not in middle;
My eighth is in wit, but not in riddle;
My ninth is in game, but not in hawk;
My tenth is in raven, but not in cock;
My whole is a question agitating the public mind.

JUVENILE READER.

55.—HIDDEN WORD SQUARE.

Name an animal that lives in Australia.
Get Nathaniel to do it.
An American is generally enterprising.
Have you a namesake?

GLEN LYON.

56.—CHARADE.

If in a public coach or car
You should travel near or far,
By the night, or through the day,
Then my first you'd have to pay.

If my second you should meet
In the sandy desert heat,
Its appearance you would greet,
And also find it quite a treat.
When you stand with drooping head
By the side of loved one dead—
Then my whole is often said.

EPHEY.

57.—LETTER REBUS.

Double my first and get manner.
My second with give a circle.
Double my third and get custom.
Double my fourth and get among.
My fifth is a Latin numeral.

My whole mankind enjoys but a short time,
and each successive year sees it leaving us.
The ancients worshipped me, and my presiding deity was made a cup-bearer of the gods.

N. V.

58.—WORD SQUARE.

A band of the earth; a sign; a river; a well-known abbreviation.

LABEL.

59.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 13, 11, 12 is a machine used for lifting heavy weights.
My 14, 15, 16, 5, 9 are used in nearly every house.
My 10, 8, 7, 9, 2, 4 is in every ship.
My 1, 3, 6, 14, 10, 2 is a German author.
My whole is a celebrated American.

DATE PIT.

60.—COMPOUND DIAMOND.

First Diamond: A letter; dexterity; potter's clay; a metal; a letter.
Second Diamond: A letter; a difficulty; a tree and its fruit; over; a letter.
Third Diamond: A letter; qualified; to depress; to dress white leather; a letter.
Fourth Diamond: A letter; to dampen; a

sweetheart; a river in Great Britain; a letter.

SIL. V.

Answers in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL 6.

42.—TORCH.

43.—CHARLES
O H E H E
R A T A N Y
O P E R O S E
N P A I N
R E V E L T Y
R E V E L R Y

44.—NEW T
E Y R Y
W R A P
T Y P E

45.—ALERT
L O N E
E N D
R E
T

46.—MANGO
S A I N T
G R I E F
N O T E D
N E W E L

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

GLEN LYON, St. John.—Your "Knots" are excellent; the more the better. Three solutions are right. Come often.

SIL. V., St. John.—Four of your answers are correct. Thanks for your puzzles to hand. They are always welcome.

N. V., St. John.—Answers three correctly. Puzzle appears. Always glad to hear from you.

OLD ABE.—We will be pleased to receive your contributions, and trust they will soon be forthcoming.

EVERY reader of the TORCH is cordially invited to favor our columns with puzzles of all kinds.

BEGINNER, St. John.—Correctly solves three puzzles. Remember that even "stickers" may be overcome. Glad to know you intend to contribute regularly.

EPHEY, St. John.—Please accept thanks for last. Happy to hear you like the prize.

ST. J. writes: Why is a full measure like the Editor of our "Knots?" Because both are Ellsworth. Also: In what way are little round hills and the Editor of the TORCH alike? Because both are knots. We hope our correspondent's wit isn't contagious.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to fade by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,

Like fairy-gifts fading away!
Thou wouldn't still be adored, as this moment thou art.

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the clear ruin each wish of my heart

Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known.

To which time will but make thee more dear!
O! the heart that truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close.

As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.

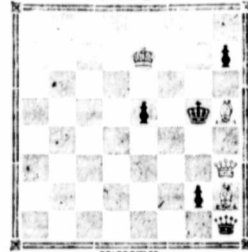
CHESS COLUMN.

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

Problem No. 7.

BY SAMUEL LOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME No. 17.

Played between Messrs. DeVesser and St. Enix in New York.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White.—Mr. DeV.

Black.—Mr. St. E.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. P-K 4 | 1. P-K 4 |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | 2. Kt-Q B 3 |
| 3. P-Q 4 | 3. PXP |
| 4. KtXP | 4. KtXKt (a) |
| 5. QXKt | 5. P-Q 3 |
| 6. Kt-B 3 | 6. Kt-B 3 |
| 7. B-K Kt 5 | 7. B-K 2 |
| 8. Castles. | 8. B-K 3 |
| 9. B-Q B 4 | 9. Castles |
| 10. P-B 4 | 10. BXB |
| 11. QXB | 11. Kt-Kt 5 (b) |
| 12. BXB | 12. QXB |
| 13. Q-K 2 | 13. P-K B 4! |
| 14. P-K R 3 | 14. Kt-R 3 |
| 15. P-K Kt 4 | 15. PXKt P (c) |
| 16. PXP | 16. RXP |
| 17. Kt-Q 5 (d) | 17. QXP |
| 18. KtXR | 18. QXKt (ch) |
| 19. K-Kt | 19. QXP |
| 20. Q-K 7! | 20. Q-Q B sq (e) |
| 21. RXKt | 21. Q-Q sq |
| 22. Q-K 6 (ch) | 22. K-R sq |
| 23. KXP (ch) | 23. KXR |
| 24. R-R sq (ch) | 24. Q-R 5 |
| 25. RXQ mate | |

(a) This form of defence is not favourable. It enables the first player to obtain too great a command over the board.

(b) The Kt ought to have gone to K sq.

(c) Extremely risky; we would have taken the other Pawn.

(d) Black's three Pawns are of no avail as he cannot get away with his plunder.

(e) Losing a piece off-hand.—*American Chess Journal*.

SOLUTIONS.

PROB. 6.

- | | |
|-----------|-------------|
| 1. KtXP | 1. PXKt |
| 2. BXR | 2. K moves. |
| 3. mates. | |

PROBLEM 7.

- | | |
|-------------|--------|
| 1. QXB (ch) | 1. RXQ |
| 2. R mates. | |

No correct answers received.

The *American Chess Journal* has appeared in a new form with an elaborately engraved frontispiece. It is now published by Dr. C. C. Moore, New York, assisted by Messrs. Loyd, Mackenzie and Mason.

An excellent way to avoid paying the butcher. Never buy any fresh meat.—V. F. Nees. Yes, that ought to meet the difficulty. We didn't think of that beef-ore.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"EAK".—Poen under consideration. B. D. SPENCER, Washington.—Your "Little Bits of Non-sense" is N. G. G. M. HEFFNER, Salamanca N. Y.—Your papers have been mailed regularly. G. M. S.—Hantsport, N. S.—Sample copy sent as requested. A PROPHECY.—Try and find some more profitable employment. Poetry is evidently not of your forte. Lance, Toronto.—Torch will be de-light-ed to en-light-en you. The paper has been sent every week, and if it has not reached you its path must have been either very rocky, or else some mail evildoer individual has confiscated it. Hoping this answer will lance, as we remain, &c., TORCH.

PITHY PERSONALS.

Mr. Joseph Allison, of the firm of Manchester, Robertson & Allison, arrived home from England, via New York, on Tuesday evening. Sanford Fleming is on his way home from England.

Governor Archibald and daughter are on a pleasure tour in the United States.

Mr. Frank Lansdowne, of T. R. Jones & Co. has returned from England.

Mayor Earle commenced his second term on Tuesday last.

Mr. J. Smith MacIaren has one of the largest and most complete collection of coins on the continent.

Hon. John Young, Chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commissioners, died on Saturday last.

Mr. Cassidy has been appointed Inspector of Civic Public Buildings at a salary of \$4 a day.

Judge Gilbert has gone to the Willow Farm to spend Easter.

Hon. A. J. Smith has been knighted by the Queen, K. C. M. G.

Mrs. Tilton has written a letter, confessing criminal intimacy with Beecher Beecher's friends say she's insune.

THE GOLDEN RULE is publishing the Rev. W. H. H. Murray's new story, entitled, "How the Old Trapper Solved It." Each number of the Rule contains one of Mr. Murray's sermons, and has well-meranged departments for "the young folks" and for "the farm and home." Published in Boston.

Frank Perkins, the candy lottery man, has had his license cancelled by the Mayor, and now he can-sell no more. Perkins says why not close up the liquor sellers who keep rye whisky, as they keep a lot-o'-rye.

IS IT COUGH CANDY?—One of the boys who has been "scoffing" the cough candy supplied to them by Andy Gorman at the candy lottery, says "of course it's 'scoff' candy.

THE LADIES' TEMPERANCE UNION gave a Tea-Meeting in Association Hall, on Thursday evening, in aid of the funds of the Reform Club. The members of the Reform Club, and the young men of St. John generally, should highly appreciate the self-sacrificing efforts of these ladies for their good.

ALMOST AN ELOPEMENT.—The other day a couple of youths, one belonging on this side of the harbor and the other a young "Algerine," made arrangements with two Carleton young ladies of a romantic temperament to elope. On the morning appointed, the fair damsels and their ardent lovers were on board the American boat all ready to "go West," when a sudden appearance of the young ladies' maternal on the scene caused a change of base, and they were marched back home much to the disgust of the entire party.

MORAL:—The course of true love never does run smooth.

The Irish Friendly Society

OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

GRAND

GIFT ENTERPRISE

Will Positively take place on

22nd APRIL, 1878.

DO YOU WANT

\$ 5, 0 0 0 ?

For \$5.00 You May Receive

\$5,000, \$100, 1,000, 50, 500, 20, 250, 10,

OR RETURN OF YOUR \$5.00.

—AND—

Two Admissions to the Grand Opera!

The grandest Musical Festival ever held in the Dominion.

Every Ticket Holder has One Chance in less than 1/4 in the following list:—

Table with 3 columns: I, GRAND CASH GIFT, and amount. Includes entries like 1 \$5,000, 10 \$100, 25 \$50, 100 \$25, 1000 \$10, 1200 GIFTS, aggregating \$16,000.

Eleven Tickets

FOR

\$50.00!

The following persons named below were the lucky winners of the large prizes in the Academy of Music scheme, June 20th, 1873. \$5 got it for them. Mr. A. T. Carpenter, Montreal, \$16,000; Miss Annie Guthrie, St. John, \$2,000; Miss Bessie Dalsell, St. John, \$1,000; Mr. C. S. Curran, Halifax, \$1,000; Miss Katie Mahoney, In-diantown, St. John, \$500; Mr. A. F. Hunt, Quebec, \$500. In addition to 1784 others, who received from \$5 to \$250 each.

Your chance is as good now in proportion as theirs was on the 20th June, 1873.

ASK YOURSELF THIS QUESTION:—Can you afford the small sum of \$5 to do a public good, in addition to your chance of receiving a return of your investment, which, perhaps may make you comfortable for life.

Remit by Post Office Order or Registered Letter to WILLIAM NANNABY, P. O. Box 419, St. John, N. B.

and Tickets will be Registered and sent to your address April 5

WEAK AND SICKLY CHILDREN, with their pinched features and emaciated forms, appeal strongly to the best sympathies of everyone. Yet our sympathies are of but little benefit unless they take a practical form, and the sufferings from both Mental and Physical Debility be relieved by administering some such strength-giving and nutritive Blood and Brain food as Robinson's Phosphorized Euclyston of Cod Liver Oil and Lacto Phosphate of Lime. It aids the processes of digestion and assimilation, re-vitalizes the blood and, supplying material for bone and muscle structure, furnishes the foundation for strong and healthy constitutions.

Prepared solely by J. H. Robinson, Pharmaceutical Chemist, St. John, N. B., and for sale by all Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$1.00 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.00.

NORRIS BEST,

GENERAL IMPORTER OF

Iron and Metals,

No. 120 and 122 Water Street.

April 19

HOGAN & WALSH,

Wine and Liquor Dealers,

Saloon, No. 3, - - Magee Block,

WATER STREET.

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

April 6

Custom Clothing.

WE are showing at our establishment one of the best Stocks of Scotch and English Tweeds and Suitings.

in the market, which we would make to order at very low prices.

ap 6

THOS. LUNNY,

No. 9 King Street.

REMOVAL.—HENRY GORRIE, Merchant Tailor, has removed to Dr. Ring's BUILDING, GERMAIN STREET. a arch 9—1m



1878. Spring Style. 1878.

SILK HATS.

WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS. Also in stock—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT HATS, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4. Hat and Fur Store, 33 King Street.

FISHING THREAD.

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

DAILY EXPECTED:

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

For sale at Commission Prices. Feb 22—1f.

T. R. JONES & CO.

Real Estate Agency.

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

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

Feb 9

Printed by GEO. W. DAY, 57 Charlotte Street

