



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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

No. 7

[For the Trench.]

FERNS.

VII.

Thou wert beside me when this song began,
And thou art still beside me, at its close;—
The sunshine of a life by fate made wan—
In a bleak waste, the only flower, a rose.

Calm be thy way, as is the stream that flows
Through the green meadows near where
thou wert born;

Thy joys be many—few and slight thy woes,—
For thee may Fortune plant no torturing
thorn.

In dreams I see the sunshine in thy hair,
The brighter sunshine in thy laughing eyes;
In dreams I hear thy unaffacted prayer,
Thy trustful prayer—and feel that heaven
replies.

God be with thee! it is my soul's request,
And thine at last be everlasting rest.

H. L. SPENCER.

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No. 6.

It is but a few years since Alexander Smith flashed out upon the literary world like a meteor, but now his multitudinous brother, John, occupies a hardly inferior place in the world's memory and affection.

"To our graves we walk in the thick footprints of departed men," and how soon the footprints of the many are obliterated by those that follow! I see on every hand, the upstarts of a day, mushrooms of a night's growth, who appear to imagine that heaven will prolong their existence because the world would drift into chaos without them, but fate snips out the feeble rush light and no one remarks its loss. I read of a man once, who feigned death in order to hear the eulogies that his friends might pronounce by his bier: he resumed mortality with less confidence in himself, and never tried the experiment a second time. But Alexander Smith's was a wonderful genius, and his *Life* shows us, as is shown by the fate of thousands more or less gifted, that the world's heart is not big enough to confer immortality

except upon the *very* few. Tides of popularity flow round the world as the Reform tide flows through Frederickton.

An ardent admirer of Shakespeare once asked me if he were the author of Milton's Paradise Lost or Pollok's Course of Time! And this man (of course it was not a woman), was one of the millions who glorify the Bard of Avon! Ah, well—it is the fashion to approve this and condemn that, and in thought as well as other matters, few realize the extent to which fashion sways the world. Next year I shall wear the hat my grandfather wore in 1813, and shall be *au fait* in head gear;—a year ago, with that appendage I might have passed as a visitor from another planet. But there *are* those who are not swayed by fashion—who detest Jersey cider notwithstanding the popularity of champagne. Such we meet in St. John—men who not only wear what they like but read what they like and appreciate what they read. Such are no less intimately acquainted with their favorite authors than with their works, and will understand this passage from one of Tuckerman's essays.

"What a new grace the first view of the hills of Spain derived from the memory of Cervantes, and the gleanings in that romantic field of Lockhart and Irving; how rife with associations was the dreary night-ride beyond Terracina, near the scene of Cicero's murder; and what an intense life awoke in desolate Ravenna, at the sight of Dante's tomb! The rustling of dry reeds in the gardens of Sallust had an eloquent significance; the figures on Alfieri's monument, in Santa Croce, seemed to breathe in the twilight; the rosemary plucked in Rousseau's old garden at Montmorency had a scent of fragrant memory; in the cafes at Venice, Goldoni's characters appeared to be talking, and Byron's image floated on her waters like a sculptor's dream; in the Florentine villa Boccaccio's spirit lingered; in the Cenotaph Shelley's deep eyes glistened; in the shade of the pyramid of Cestus the muse of Keats scattered flowers; on the shores of Come hovered the creations of Manzoni, and a cliff in Brittany rose like a cenotaph to Chateaubriand; while the cadence of Virgil's line chimed with the lapsing wave on the beach at Naples. I thought, at Lausanne, of Gibbon's last touch to the *Rise and Fall*, and his reverie that night; sought the tablet that covers Parnell's dust at Chester, craved Montgomery's

blessing at Sheffield, looked for Sterne's monk at Calais, and beheld the crown on Tasso's cold temples beneath the cypresses of St. Onofrio. Defoe lighted up gloomy Cripplegate, Addison walked in the groves of Oxford, Johnson threaded the crowd in Fleet Street, and Milton's touch seemed to wake the organ-keys of St. Giles.

FIRE FLIES.

BY "FLICKER."

Sergeant Bates isn't carrying flags any more. He was carrying a hod when a Chicago reporter saw him the other day.—*Ec.*

A kind of hod employment. Carrying mortar for putting down flags probably.

Mints-meat—The dollar of our fathers.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A very good currents-y.

A Saginaw City (Mich.) court has decided that "oysters are fish." But shell fish be called oysters, too?—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Did the court decide in favor of the clamant?

"Papa," said a little girl, "give me a ride on your knee, won't you." He took the little gallop at once.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

If he hadn't done so she'd probably have been "sulky."

In London, years ago, a prize of \$50 was offered for the best original joke, and Horne Fooke it.—*Norristown Herald.* Now, be honest. Didn't Theodore Hook it?—*Oil City Derrick.*

We know Hood have taken it if he'd tried.

A slip of the compositor's deft fingers makes the *Boston Advertiser* say that a lecturer talked to the Young Men's Christian Association. Of course the speaker addressed only the laity.—*Worcester Press.*

He probably wanted to "set" them a good egg-sample, hen-ee he talked to them in that way. Yolk can all see the point of the joke.

The Cincinnati police arrested the whole troupe of "Dizzy Blondes" who were dancing the can-can at Wood's Theatre in that city recently, on the charge of giving a lewd and obscene performance. They were released on \$25 bail each.

What a wicked place that Sin-sin-naughty must be.

For the Torch!
THE REFORMERS.

BY "BLUE HERBON."

There was a young man who got tight;
To his home he went drunk every night;
But he now wears the blue,
He is steadfast and true,
And his future looks cheerful and bright.

If you meet one who's trying to mend;
Treat him kindly, and act as his friend;
Don't ask him to drink,
For he stands on the brink
Of eternity—where there's no end.

Now brothers, be faithful and true;
And never "go back on" the blue;
Don't mind the world's jeers,
But think of the tears
That at home have so oft flowed for you.

And when you are tempted to stray
From the "Club of Reformers" away;
Ask for strength from on High
And the Tempter will fly;
Be a man, and resolve to say "NAY."

There's a heart that is noble and brave,
But to run he's been always a slave;
Stretch out your right hand,
Take him into the band
Of Reformers, whose mission's to save.

In pure water I now drink success
To Reform Clubs, and Heaven will bless
The efforts of all,
Who raise those that fall,
And help the poor drunkard's distress.

[For the Torch]
ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

NO. 1.—ON FRIENDSHIP.

Pascal with his *Pensées* was a person who knew a little, but not much. Rochefoucault has caught a glimmering of truth in his "Maxims," but dim, sir, dim. Other makers of aphorisms have been very dull dogs. They had not the opportunities that I have had. How should they? I have moved in the best society. I once knew a man who was second cousin to a baronet. My board, at fashionable hotels, has cost, for a week at a time, as much as four dollars per diem. I always change two shirts a week and never wear paper collars. Besides I am not above hobnobbing with anybody (if respectable, mind you.) in the cause of Truth. Hence I am Sir Oracle, and really no dog ought to bark. It is true that my enemies—for every great man has enemies—incorrigible doits, say that I am an insufferable gossip and exasperating twaddler. But what of that? The finest creatures in the animal kingdom are equally maligned. The ass is full of intelligence, and the goose is a bird of much observation.

Here are my views on Friendship. A friend is a pre-arrivert person, who sees your fine qualities more clearly than others do. Hence he attaches himself to your society. Is such attachment to be gratuitous? Is he to derive all the advantages of contact with your superior mind? Reason forbids. Advantage should be reciprocal. Now, admiration, and all that, are merely sensational and impersonal. The only just medium of exchange, in the present stage of civilization, is *cash*. Cash is tangible, admiration is not. Admiration is tribute paid to your superior qualities. Tribute is always payable in coin. Hence if your friend, as is very likely to be the case, possesses coin while you have none, is it not his duty to devote a portion of his superfluity to you as a tribute of admiration, even as votaries lay their gifts on the altar? A very limited intelligence can see that.

Therefore it is evident that your friend ought

to provide for your necessities. There are many ways of inducing him to do this. One way, that has been tried with much acceptance, is to persuade him to endorse a note by placing his name thereon merely as a—matter of form. This ought to gratify him to see his name placed on terms of equality alongside of the name of the person he so much admires. Moreover, it makes the time run rapidly in quite a friendly manner for the next three months after date. At the expiry of that time, it is judicious to tell him you have been disappointed in receiving remittances from your uncle, thereby inducing him to sign a renewal, with the interest added for three months more. Thus the rosy robe of friendship has been spread over half a year. A large section of a man's life. After such a lapse of time friendship grows stale. Then the wise man changes his residence without leaving an address. The friend pays the note and, ever after, you remain among his pleasant memories.

Again—what is life without amusement? One long and cheerless round. And how simple are the means of enjoyment. Only a few balls, and some little squares of card—the latter invented as amusement for a king—the former as the innocent pastime of Cain and Abel when they were boys. Now here is a piece of close reasoning: if your friend admires you, it is because he thinks you are his superior, therefore you ought to be his superior, even in the little matter of cards and dice and balls. In most cities professors are to be found who, for a consideration, will impart spells, by which aces will come when called for, and balls pocket themselves where desired,—little secrets, like the *coup de Jaruaek*, that give one assurance of his own skill. Friends rarely know these little mysteries. The man who appreciates friendship does. Therefore it is his duty to teach them to his friend. Not by theoretical explanation, but by the medium of bought experience. Experience, you know, has a monetary value, and who has a better right to pay for it than a friend?

Is civilization a mistake? Are all the poets, from Anacreon, wrong? Absurd to think so! Yet they all sing:

What is life without the rosy—rosy,
Rosy—rosy wine,

which includes, doubtless, all modern substitutes therefore. Let us therefore content our friendship with our friend, by playing him with the rosy, especially before entering on the above little games,—taking care to keep cool ourselves. This will make the play vivacious on his part, and probably lucrative to us. And, if the friend be overcome by our generosity, what are city watchmen for but to convey gentlemen home and to see that the wing of friendship never moult a feather.

Sometimes friends, out of the fullness of their hearts, pay so large a tribute to friendship that they become poor. Sad. Quite affecting to a rightly constituted mind. But it then becomes due to one's self to drop their acquaintance. As the poet beautifully remarks:

Alas! they had been friends in youth,
A dreary sea now flows between,

and so forth. And as nothing is more distressing than the remembrance of past joys, the best way then, is to pass them in the street without recognition. Sometimes unfeeling well-to-do men (and how shocking is intolerance!) will remark of these stranded friends, "poor devils! ruined by gambling and intemperance." On such occasions the correct thing to do is to look sad and sigh.

Jacob Harniss was executed the other day in Tennessee. The Sheriff put on the halter and took off the Harniss.—*Worcester Press*. And left Jacob a waggin'.—*Oil City Derrick*. He is probably a little *buggy* by this time.—*Whitehall Times*. Gone where they have no sleigh-ing.—*Danvilleville Sentinel*.

It will soon be difficult to "trace" this paragraph to the right moose-paper.

IN OUR ARTIST'S STUDIO.

BY OUR OCCASIONAL LOAFER.

Well, you see, Mr. Editor, I hadn't much to do the other morning and so I thought I'd look into Mr. Pencil's rooms, and a pretty nice place he's got there too, I can tell you. He'd just been down to the Police Court, and made a remark as I came in, about an olfactory change for the better. At all events he was using a Cologne sprinkler pretty lively. When he saw me he sprung out something about æsthetic tastes, and went into an argument about art and perfumery and music, and he made a very conclusive show too, how they relatively stood to each other in regard to their particular relations to the eye, the olfactory sense, and the organ of hearing. He talks well, and I like to hear him, one always feels, well—a little more elevated in tone after he's had a half an hour in his rooms.

By this time he had got out his palette and brushes, and a black meerschaum, at the same time directing my attention to a box of real "Cubans," that, no doubt, you are acquainted with; and he puffed, painted and parleyed, pretty much after the manner of a machine, at least, as far as effort was concerned; for one seemed to come as easy to him as the other, and the third as both.

"I like our own scenery," he said, "as well as that of any country. We have a diversity of landscape and sky that can only be found in America, and only in that part of the Temperate Zone which does not extend more than five or ten degrees to the north or south of the parallel of latitude on which we lie."

"Now, you see this 'bit,' well it embraces a charming variety, all in a small space. Here is meadow-land, water, hill, and sky, grouped in such a manner as to appear almost improbable, to one not accustomed to our peculiar scenery; yet it is a sketch from nature, and a true one."

"It is one of my Norton sketches," he answered to my inquiry, "I had a pleasant time the few days I spent up the Valley last season. This year I intend spending a fortnight on the St. John."

"Do you see that piece on the easel, near the back window, that was done by a friend of mine in Boston."—"Moonlight along the coast."—"It is a beautiful thing. He has caught the spirit of the scene and has given 'life' to the motion of his waves. Do you notice how they catch the refulgent beams on their tips? It is certainly a pretty thing. I think there is something charming in moonlight, and I don't wonder Poe wrote—

"For the moon never beams
Without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

I think moonlight turns our thoughts to contemplation of things we love, especially when accompanied by a lullaby of the waves of the sea. I should like to live in direct contact with nature. It must be splendid sleeping under the open sky. I should like it immensely.

I ventured, that it would be rather a risky experiment for one of his physique.

Just then Milock came in, and helped himself to a cigar. Pencil, who is painting a portrait of Milock, asked him if he came for a sitting.

"No," he answered, "there's a small party of us going out to the beach this afternoon. Won't you come?" "You come, too," he said to me. After a moment, as a special inducement, he said, "Maffine's going too, so you'd better come." I declined with thanks, but Pencil thought he'd go, "such a splendid chance for a marine sketch," he said, "besides you can shoot sand pipers or pitch quoits." I believe they went. I'll find out all about it and let you know next time I call.

CREON.

[For the Torch.]

DRUNKEN SOLILOQUY IN A COAL CELLAR.

BY TAPER.

Let's see, where am I? Ah! lying on coal. How'd I get here? Yes, I mind, 'twas down through a hole
In the sidewalk. While coming up street. A drunken wheel-barrow I happened to meet. It fell over me—I fell over it, and one of us fell in the cellar.
I don't mind now which, but think I'm the fell-er.
I'm a nice young man; tight, tore, drunk, shot; No money; won't work; and a drunken old sot.
Well, I really can't help it—it ain't my own fault.
Nor Jones', nor the wife's; but too much of old malt
Whiskey, whiskey! who's whiskey? Has large family 'spose—
Got a great many friends, and a great many foes.
Any more I want own him, his acquaintance I'll cut,
Had that notion for years, and will do so now—but,
I couldn't for fear his nice feelin's I'd hurt, And off' when I tried it, he was on the alert
To make friends. And back to the old haunts again
He'd bring me. Ah! Yes, I'm tied with a chain.
Sometimes I gets mad, beats Bets and the brats;
I once called 'em "Lizzie and the children," but that's—
A long time ago—Things have changed so since then
I once used to be the happiest of men.
When I'd come home she'd put her dear arms 'round my neck—
But that was before I turned out such a wreck— She'd call me "dear William," and imprint a sweet kiss
On my lips. Ah, to me those days were pure bliss.
Yes, I now calls her "Bets," and she calls me "Bill."
I ain't a good *bill* neither. I'm counterfeit still,
I won't pass—(a tavern without taking a drink)
The slightest thing tempts me, I wait for a wink.
I stay out pretty late—Sometimes all night, When Bets bars the door. We're sure then to fight.
Sometimes I'm in; I'm in-toxicated now, And in somebody's cellar—there'll be a big row,
If they find me down here. At once out I'll scoot,
Or I'll feel the hard toe of somebody's boot
Wonder how I'll get out? I ain't able to climb.
If I'd a drink I could do so, but I hain't got a dime.
I've got one good principle, I was never in debt,
Cause nobody'll trust me. But here I am yet. They'll arrest me for burglary, if I stay any longer.
Brace up William, Ah, I feel rather stronger. It was not my fault, that down here I came, 'Twas that drunken old wheel-barrow that was to blame.

◆◆◆◆◆

GONE TO THE DOGS.—A man near Manchester, who lost a fine little skye terrier a short time ago, has had a tomb-stone erected, on which is inscribed the following epitaph, which is equal to Geo. W. Child's breeziest:
Here lies a little skye bitch Nell,
Whose master was Joe Carr the Farrier;
She's gone with other dogs to—well
To be a good *Sky Terrier*.

[For the Torch.]

NO. FOUR OF THE WIDOW MCKILLIGAN SERIES.

In the midst of this dreadful commotion Aggy rushed out the front door crying "Elp! Elp! Murder! Elp!"
A man was passing with a team.
"What's the row," said he:—"Man killing his wife?"
"Ere's a madman hin 'ere: come hin for 'evens sake," said Aggy.
"Two to one on that" says he, rushing in, whip in hand
In the meantime Honeycomb had run out to look at the scene of the catastrophe, but ere he was aware he slipped on the soup, and fell flat on his back, the soup splashing all over him. He sang out like a catamount, making frantic efforts to rise, but each time slipped back again into the flood
Bounce observing that things looked rather mixed, thought he would mix beef with his bro, so flew at Honeycomb's flank, and abstracted a juicy steak. Amid Honeycomb's howls of pain and rage, the stranger and Aggy arrived at the scene of the action.
"Here's a go," said he, "Be this hyar the lumatic, you all fire good looking piece of dunnity."
"Yes! yes!" said Aggy, "Do something, ho! do something, ho! hi shall hevaporate."
Aggy would use big words, whether she got them right or wrong.
"Bet ye two to one I'll do something," he replied, "but there's been 'exvin' enough by the looks of things an the 'looney's' all right. Dog's got 'im fast. Don't you be scart, Marm, Mrs., or Miss, I, Billy Spooner 'll stand by ye till the Mellinnum; but three to five on't, S'boy, there, hold 'im fast."
"For the Lord's sake take the brute off," shrieked Honeycomb, "or he'll kill me."
"S'boy!" cried Spooner, "hold 'im fast."
In this emergency I, Penelope Fowler, flew to the pantry, and, seizing the rolling-pin, I and retired howling, when, with Bridget's assistance, I wiped the grease off Honeycomb's ed me, but stood sootling and lowering, as mad as fire at Aggy and Spooner, who were seated on the sofa billing and cooing like a pair of turtle doves in spring time.
"He's a leetle touched here you think," said Spooner, tapping his forehead.
"Ho yes," replied Aggy, getting closer, "e cried hout, no mad, no mad, han dashed down hall those yer flower pots han hink, han that—ho don't leave me, please don't."
Aggy wound up most of her periods with 'han that,' generally waving her hand as to some invisible person or thing.
"Not much, if I know it," said Spooner.
"How do ye feel now, Mister," (to Aggy) "looks leetle dangerous, but don't you vporate an' that, Billy Spooner's the boy to take keer of you."
"You noodle! you pumpkin head!" snarled Honeycomb, "you'd Letter not try me, you'd find me dangerous."
"Ha, ha, ha, ha, yah, ha," laughed the stranger, his vast mouth opening from ear to ear, like a barn door, slinging out a pair of legs on the carpet, resembling quilting frames more than anything else. "I'm Billy Spooner, at yer service, from Spoon Creek, ten mile tother side Beaver Dam. Hearn tell of the Spooners, in course. They're as multitudinous as the steers of heaven fur numbers, broadest as the Colorado Beetle or the whooping cough. Bet ye three to one on that. They kin whistle higher, run faster, swear harder, an' eat more, than any other critters on this terra-quarions globe, an' they kin lick all creation; ten to one on that. How air ye, stranger?"
"If twas for the cloth," rejoined Honeycomb, "I should say they can out lie all creation."

"Right as a trivet, stranger, true as a bomb-shell; three to five on't!" and he discharged a squirt of tobacco juice on the handsome carpet.

This was too much for Aggy's sense of neatness. She ran, and getting a spittoon placed it beside him. "Ere's the spittoon, sir," she said.

"Spits times, eh?" said he. "Fire away then, I go fur moosiek of all sorts, from Rule Britannye to,

A frog he would a wooing go,
Heigho says, Heelye.

Whether his many would let him or no,
With his Roly, body, cabbage and spinnach,
Heigho says, Anthony Roly."

Spooners all run to moosiek like a boss to grass, or ducks to water. Larned it from the plaguy Spoon-Bills. When they hold portracted meetins on the banks of Spoon Creek, in the twilight, they yell worse than a band of Sioux on the war path, or a country singing school when some sap-head's tryin' to beat quavers and demi-semi-quavers into the country bumpkin's heads; two to one on that. Was you ever to Spoon Creek Ma'am, Mrs., or Miss," he asked, turning to Aggy.
"Ho no," she replied, "hi hanticipate hi never was so 'appy."

"Lord," says he, "yer bound to come. Why darn! to darn! we're billet-duxe I all over the airthly firmament out thar. Lord love ye, the Spooners' tents is spread out thar like the Children of Israel on the plains of Shiner, or other plains; we air ekal to a hundred thousand lodges of Mrs. Sittin' Bulls. We've sprang up like the willars by the waters; we've tuk root downward like couch grass; we've driv out the Caananites, the Girgishites and the Tubisantes, an' enlarged our borders like the Muscovites, that's so, ten to one on't; how air ye, stranger?" And he drove another squirt of tobacco juice clear across the house, and gave a cut of the horse whip in Honeycomb's direction.

"He won't bite now," says he. "Golly what a heap of city fixins; talk about cloth, stranger, look hyar," and he flung one of the quilting frames across the room, "ye see that thar cloth, Mother Spooner span three hundred an' sixty-five yards of it in one day. Snakes and Centipedes! Marm Spooner beats all hollar that thar Scripitor gal who riz afore day an' lit 'er candle an' made things lively; eight to eighteen on that," launching one quilting frame over the other.

"Arrah now thin," said Biddy, putting her head in the door, "that there grease is sot in the rug as solid as Biddy Finnigan's tomb-stone."

Aggy ran out to look and returned wringing her hands. "Ho my, that there elegant carpet has hi brought from Hingland twenty years ago, han hit just las good has new, han so bean-tiful han that," waving her hand, what 'that was 'twas impossible to tell.

"My dear Aggy," commenced Honeycomb. "Don't you Haggy me," she cried, "Hi won't 'ave it. A hundred dollars won't cover damages."

"What! after twenty years wear," put in Nick.

"Avent you hanything has you 'ave 'ad twenty years that's as good as new," she interrogated.

"Oh, if you put it in that way," says Honeycomb.

"Look hyar, you wilted clothes bag, you barrel of swill," shouted Spooner.

Honeycomb made a drive at him, crying out, "I don't care a cent for all the lying Spooners between this and Jerico, out you go, ten feet eleven of bragging bushwhacker."

"Ten to one on that," roared Spooner, laughing.

"Elp! 'elp! murder! 'elp! ho my, hi'm hall hof a quiver," said Aggy, and she threw herself between the belligerents.

GLOW WORM.

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TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

THE HALIFAX ELECTION.

The struggle in Halifax has ended in the return of Mr. Jones, by a majority smaller by some eight hundred votes than his plurality at his former election. May not the Halifax papers, from the *Magnifier* down to the *Chronicle* and *Herald*, now have an interval of sanity, and get braced up for the General Election. The country is duly provided with a War Minister, therefore "Let us have peace."

BENGOUGH, the Caricaturist, drew another good house at the Institute on Thursday evening last. We are sorry that want of space prevents us giving an extended notice. Some of the cartoons were excellently well done. Judge Gilbert passing sentence on a seedy-looking bummer, who is pleading for mercy, was first class. The Judge (holding out a blue ribbon,) says "Eight dollars, or sign the Reform Club." "Wee Johnnie" was a capital caricature. He closed the portrait gallery of handsome men (including A. L. Palmer) with Robert James Patterson, Esq., who held a tray, on which were "isters on de shell," in his hands. The likeness of Robert James was very true to nature excepting his feet-ures, which were rather large. All it wanted to make this picture complete would have been, instead of the "isters," to have had the letter from Mr. Sparrow on the "Butter Question" in his hand.

We congratulate Mr. Bengough on his success, and hope to see his pleasant face here again next summer.

We notice that the tidal wave of matrimony sweeps over the county more plurally during the winter months, than at any other time. Will Mr. Murdoch please explain the *meet-her* logical cause of this *fec-nomenon*?

John Morrissey, the celebrated gambler and Senator, is very ill.

MARKET REPORTS.—Turkish Porte has a downward tendency.

A blacksmith always has, at least, one vice.—*Rockland Courier*. He has two, he *steels* and *forps*.

The *Herald's* lion, Stanley, was entertained at a dinner in Paris on Monday. The *Herald* has always been noted for its *lyin'*.

The sun, like bread, always rises in the yeast.—*Rockland Courier*. It is also like it in another respect. We knead it to make it light.

Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is said to be a plagiarism. This is a heavy charge against the author of the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

What is the difference between sailing down the Lachine Rapids, and firing a Mitralieuse? "One is shooting the Rapids," and the other's *rapid shooting*.

A marriage between the Prince of Orange and Princess Beatrice of England is contemplated. An orange-ment of this kind would probably be satisfactory.

Although there are not many in St. John who can draw as well as Bengough, we have several good draughts-men; some are native and others are aliens. Re-porter-s don't count.

Mrs. Sillibus says, "the negroes are the cause of all the wars of late years. The American war was fought for the abolition of slavery; and now the three card Monte-negroes and the Turkeys are havin' it."

The reason why "The boy stood on the burning deck" was probably because he had no chair on which to sit down. This fact is not generally known.

There is a good paper, called *Grip*, which from Shams, all disguises doth strip; It stands up for the Right, And 'gainst Fraud: it will fight; So beware of it's sharp stinging whip.

A man begins to "bill and coo" when he first falls in love, but after he gets married the *bills* trouble him more than the "coos"—*Whitchall Times*.

Yes, he begins to know then something about the a-coos-tick properties of his house.

A GENTLEMAN told us, the other day, that a nice young lady, residing in the rural district, said she "had fallen in love with the Torch." If that young lady will send us her name we will send her the paper for one year and take our pay in ki-ndling wood to light the Torch.

OUT OF SEASON.—On Thursday, a butterfly was observed by Mrs. Clarke, who resides on Wentworth street, on one of her house plants. She attempted a capture, but the gaudy insect eluded her grasp, flew out of the door, and is probably now where the "wicked cease from troubling."

THE REFORM CLUB movement is growing. Last week a Club was organized in Carleton. The Saint John Club have opened an employment book at their rooms.

There's a paper in London called the *Quiver*, but it is no great shakes.—*Puck*. Does it print arrowing accidents?—*Norristown Herald*. What a barb-erous joke.

Lydia Thompson is worth a quarter million dollars. So much for dressing economically.—*Dunbury News*.

That's barely possible. She probably sends her old dresses to the dressmaker and has them re-nude.

A Vermont editor was recently presented by his wife with a fourteen-pound daughter. That doesn't look as though there was anything slow about Vermont journalism.—*Post*.

A very fortunate editor, if true, but we'd like to see the "proof."

John "Brougham" is a wag on the "stage" and makes even "sulky" folks gig-gle. The last *Dramatic News* has a *carte* of him. Although an old man his "carriage" is still erect. When quite a young splay-ver he is said to have been very pre-coach ous.

THAT ULSTER.—A young man, who got 'tick' for an Ulster in November last, would like to dispose of it at a reasonable discount. He bought it, thinking it would be a hard winter, but he finds now that the winter is not half as hard as the cash is *hard* to get to pay for it.

NEW BOOKS.

"HE GOETH NOT SHE SAID"—A new book by a young lady who was bored to death by Mr. Augustus Fitzfoodlum, who called on her just after tea, and, in spite of the strongest hints, stayed until after midnight.

"GIVE US A REST."—An answer to "WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

MR. STARRUCK'S lecture at the Institute on Monday evening, was devoted rather to the picturesque and popular than to the practical side of "Architecture." The enjoyment of the audience was interfered with by the boorishness of a number of roughs who seem to have no higher object than to destroy the pleasure of those who go to hear the lectures. We hope the Directors will endeavor to abate this nuisance.

The Rev. Dr. Cytus Hamlin, of Bangor, will deliver the next lecture—subject—"The Eastern Question."

DIED.—On Tuesday last, at Rockland, Maine, *The Courier*, aged four years, of No-money-ah. He might have lived longer if the disease had been "checked" in time; but Tick-dollar-owe set in, and, sad to say, our dear young friend "passed in his cheeks," deeply regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Put away the little paste pot;

Put away the pair of shears;

Fuller never more will need them;

Died last Tuesday. Age, four years.

"MASKS AND FACES" ON ICE.

The Carnival at the Rink.

The first Carnival of the season, postponed from January 22nd, took place on Tuesday evening, January 29th, and was altogether an immense success, that is supposing the immensity of the success depends upon the number of people in attendance. As early as half past eight o'clock the platform, all around, was thronged with spectators, ranged three, four and in some instances five tiers deep, while those who, despairing of gaining even a peep at the show, took refuge in promenadeing, were forced to elbow their way through a crowd sufficiently dense and miscellaneous to suit the most exacting in these respects.

So far as the entertainment itself went, the ice was very good, the gas very bad and the costumes midway between, that is only mediocre; though upon second thoughts we doubt whether the bulk of them even attained to mediocrity. Originality was at a discount most assuredly, especially among the gentlemen of whom hardly more than two or three deserve more than the most passing mention. Of these favored few the Waffle Vendor, a Patent Oil Can Man, a Bill Collector, and a couple of Hod-carriers were, perhaps the best conceived, though to our minds, the Baby was one of, if not the best thing on the ice. As a matter of course, being represented by a tall young man, this precocious infant was not exacted of a kind most young ladies would care to hold very long in their arms or smother with kisses, but still it was a very life-like representation and extracted much favorable criticism. Among the lesser lights were a South-sayer, a Knight of the Cross, a Moose Hunter, "Sullivan" Pasha, "Hamlet" and others whose identity, *pro tem*, might be guessed after close scrutiny though not in any case from their actions, these being in the highest degree non-committal. One of the main objects of a Carnival is, we believe, to make the skating ground, for the time being, a mimic stage, but the actors in this latter case fell very far short of their share in the representation. Indeed we are inclined to think that if any one of them, Hamlet for example, could be overheard when in conversation with the partner of the moment, instead of any such oracular and appropriate utterance as

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

The probabilities are, he would be saying, sportively and moderately, "Well, you know, I belong to the Ice-form Club and have given up betting, but I think I could guess the initials of your name." This is hardly as it should be, and we hope that, at the next Carnival, the character represented will be better enacted.

Among the ladies this luck was not nearly so apparent, nor, indeed, was there such a want of originality in any way. Certainly Night, Moonlight, Snow, etc., would not strike the beholder as being notably unique, but other representations, such as a Fortune-teller, a Charity Girl and the Nurse Maid, who was also the prize winner, became new from the faithful manner in which they were assumed. Two young ladies representing respectively the Government and Opposition Tickets, gave a sprinkling of politics to the scene, and, also, caused a good deal of lively guessing as to their personalities. The impersonation of "Nancy" from the opera of "Martha" was good in every way, and the Oriental Princess was also very much admired and considered true to her text, though, we think, it would be somewhat of a novelty to see a real Oriental as expert on skates.

The music throughout the evening was especially good, and this fact combined with the excellent ice, made the whole affair pass off very pleasantly particularly so far as the skaters were concerned. Of course, there were present some disagreeable and moralistic people, principally those who

were crowded out of the front rows and forced to take a rear and very cold position on the outside edge, who amused themselves by contrasting the gay and animated scene upon which they gazed, (or upon which they would have gazed if they could) with all the misery and desolation those same rafters had canopied since last June; but such contrasts are neither here nor there, and, indeed, if the contrasters only stopped to think the matter over, they might find in it, causes for gratitude rather than grumbling. At best "all the world's a stage," and some of the relief committee are free to own that out of this same multitude who arouse the sentimentality of critics of this present time, there were those who could act a part quite as completely and far more wickedly than the innocent participants at the Carnival. Gloomy meditations at such a place are out of place.

" 'Tis some times natural to be glad,
And no man can be always sad
Unless he wills to have it so."

[For the Torch]

FASHION FLAMBEAU.

Neckties and handkerchiefs frequently go in pairs now a-days, the ties being white muslin with tucks and plaited ends embroidered in colors; and the handkerchiefs also embroidered and edged with leaves and scallops in the same shades—of which shades red and blue is the favorite combinations.

Nearly all the fashion books are joyfully announcing the return of short walking dresses, but we fail to follow *suite*, inasmuch as we St. John people have not witnessed their departure to any noteworthy extent. Demi-trains and total-trains have, of course, always been more or less represented upon public promenades, but as a general thing our womanhood are too sensible to sweep the streets with silk or velvet, or, in fact, any other dress material.

Bows, that is ribbon bows, are now often made of satin, and are classified under three heads—"Butterfly," "flot" and "treffe." Of these the first-named is flat, and has ends of the same length as the loop. The "flot" bow consists of falling loops all of narrow ribbon, and the "treffe" is made up of three loops and two ends. The "flot" is composed of one color, the "butterfly" of two, and the "treffe" of three.

It is now more fashionable than otherwise to have the underskirts of good dresses composed of a material different from and cheaper than that of the rest of the costume, some of the most stylish dressmakers frequently putting alapaca in the place of cashmere under the overskirt or polonaise. This fashion will lift a load from the heart of many a worthy lady, who has heretofore been exposed to an imputation of parsimony whenever any of such make shifts happened to come to light.

A Parisian novelty is a tremendous cuff stud for gentleman's wear; an affair so large that it gives in microscopic figures a date for day and month up to the end of the present century. It is called a perpetual almanac, and is said to be very convenient, but it must look like the jewelry a negro minstrel gentleman would wear, and is also slightly suggestive of the schoolboy habit of printing the multiplication tables upon the thumb nail.

Fashion's favorite color this season is green, under the various modifications of dragon, moss, olive, lizard myrtle, sea-foam, Nile, salad, bottle, bronze and hunter's green. They are all there, only pea green and apple green, and these have both slipped quietly back into the shades of a past generation.

The fashion of the gentleman taking the lady's arm is falling into disrepute this winter, being considered vulgar. It does not look exactly *comme il faut*, and yet when a lady wants to keep her equilibrium upon the ice and her hands in her muff at one and the same time, this despised and respected fashion becomes very convenient.

The most recent novelty in the way of jewelry is a beautiful hair pin—*epingle*—of three small dabbias composed of amethysts. A wreath of such dabbias would be rather an expensive effort in the way of style and simplicity.

Ox Dr.—That this is positively the last season in which overskirts and polonaises will flourish. Query. What can or shall we do without them?

TORCHISMS.

***Country lovers' favorite gem for Summer wear—A-gate. Much happiness hinges on it. *Norristown Herald*.

Especially when they're locked in each others arms.

***Bagnall, of the Turners Falls Reporter, thinks that Job wasn't much of a funny paragrapher. You mistake; for he boiled everything down.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

He was only a job printer. Don't job be so funny.

***An exchange says that "When a girl gets mad and rises from a fellow's knee, but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what they call a relapse." But when she falls into his arms, that's what they call a collapse.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*. We are told that such *real haps* are frequent here in Whitehall.—*Whitehall Times*.

In St. John we call them *miss-haps*, or as our girls say, *to ps-us linger*.

***Rose Wood is the next American great actress. Maybe she will only be veneering, after all.—*Whitehall Times*. We know she Wood be; she wal-nut be out shone by any star.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

We o-pine the thing we call a Rose Wood by any other name such as sweet. Please don't prov-ok us to say anything more on this dry subject.

***Mr. J. G. Smith, of Stamford, Conn., with his wife, got out of bed to answer the call of a tramp, and while they were gone a mass of plaster fell upon the bed, which would have probably killed them both had they remained. So, there is some virtue in entertaining tramps.—*Ec*.

And mortar-fication would have taken place immediately.

Soda water is said to have been invented somewhere about 1812.—*Ec*.

There was some popping done about that time if we remember correctly.

"An eager and nipping heir"—a new born babe.—*Lowell Courier*,

A colored baby you'd call, "A negur and a nipping heir."

Halley's comet has lost one third of its tail since it was first discovered.—*Ec*.

This skye tarrier has evidently been curtailed.

The denizens of the oil regions live on the fat of the land.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

This must be the real fat-herland.

Ladies now wear lisle thread stockings inside colored silk stockings.—*Ec*. How the newspaper gets all the news continues to puzzle many readers.—*Norristown Herald*.

Easy enough; they bustle around among the ladies.

"How can I leave thee," he was singing in a very tender tone. He wasn't very popular with her parents, and it was verging on twelve o'clock, and the old man came in and showed him how he could leave her.—*Rockland Courier*.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY: BITS OF GOSSIP ABOUT BOOKS AND THOSE WHO WRITE THEM.
By George Stewart, Jr.; Toronto, Belford Bros.; Saint John, R. A. Morrow.

The alternative title "bits of gossip about books and those who write them," very well describes this book, which is made up of conversations, supposed to have taken place in the "Professor's" library, between him and his nephews "Frank" and "Charles."

Much may be said in favor of this style of writing, and it is probably the best for conveying such gossip and personal information as Mr. Stewart has to impart. The danger is that it will become too conventional; for after all the one person speaks, whether we call him the "Professor," or "Frank" or "Charles." As Holmes puts it, in the epilogue to the "Poet at the Breakfast Table,"

"For though he change his dress and name
The man beneath is still the same."

The hand may be Esau's, the voice is Jacob's. But then the same remark may be made about the most dramatic and natural dialogues, proving, we suppose, the correctness of Emerson's theory, "That there is one mind common to all individual men."

The group of writers discussed by Mr. Stewart includes the two great leaders of the Transcendentalists, Carlyle and Emerson; the four foremost poets of America, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier and Lowell; and three of the pleasant storytellers, Holmes, Howells, and Aldrich—who are also delightful essayists and poets. The Professor does not pretend to discuss his authors or their books exhaustively. Now and then he indulges in criticism, for the most part warmly eulogistic, but the pleasantest things he has to say, are the personal anecdotes about the writers discussed, and the origins of many of their pieces.

True the craving for personal anecdotes is to a certain extent an illegitimate curiosity—leading people to be anxious to know where an author buys his coats, or what dishes he prefers for dinner, rather than to be familiar with what he has written, or to have a just appreciation of his opinions. Why can we not take with thankfulness, or with blame, if you will, what is written, without putting the writer into the public pillory? If a man writes to please us, we should have grace enough not to pester him for his autograph, or break into the privacy of his home-life. Well may Whittier ask,

"Who in a house of glass would dwell,
With curious eyes at every pane?"

for this is too much the position of our public men, authors included, in this age of interviewing and vulgar curiosity.

Mr. Stewart, however, does not appear from his book to be guilty of these faults. On the other hand, even the most personal of his stories, are not only, not indelicately intrusive, but are such as to give us a deeper insight into the meaning of many of our favorite pieces.

We enjoyed the digressions which are characteristic of some of the essays—as the sketches of Margaret Fuller, of Cleveland, and of Weber—but were not so well pleased with the un-called for attack upon Thoreau, in the essay on Emerson.

Thoreau may have been childish and boastful, and may have had too high an opinion of his own originality; but to call him a "pretender" and a "semi-charlatan," is to state the case too strongly. Emerson must have thought better of him—or he would not have given his works to the world with the sanction of his own name. We prefer to take Lowell's verdict,—that "there is no writing comparable with Thoreau's in kind, that is comparable with it in degree, when at its best;" that "his aim was a noble and useful one in the direction of 'plain living and high thinking;'" and that "he had caught his English at its living source among the poets and prose writers of its best days."

Our limited space forbids our further con-

sidering Mr. Stewart's book which we commend to our readers, assuring them that it will well reward perusal.

We will only add a line in praise of the publisher's work, which has been very creditably done. The smooth white paper—the well margined leaves—the clear type—and the careful press work, are such as would satisfy even Haskin.

BITTY PERSONALS.

C. H. B. Fisher, Esq., of the *Reporter* was in the city on Monday night last. He left for Halifax on Tuesday morning.

Miss Swissheim is in favor of a half-dress for school girls. The girls would be almost killed by such a fashion.—*Detroit Free Press*.

We rudder like Miss Swissheim's ideas on female apparel.

An exchange says, Commodore Vanderbilt was a Free Mason. But Cornelius, Jr., swears he was a very odd fellow.—*Boston Post*.

Both right. Masons are odd fellows.

Rev. I. H. Coe will be Chief of Police in New Bedford during the coming year, and where persuasion will not work, Co-ersion will be used.—*Detroit Free Press*.

If persuasion fails, he might try Coe-xing.

Orchard is the apple ation of the editor of the *Columbia* (S. C.) Register, and he bears good paragraphic fruit.—*Et.*

It wont do to rob that Orchard of its pear-graphic fruit. If you do, Mr. *Globe Democrat*, the conse-quence will be that he will cherry-sh feelings of animosity against you.

Mr. Brownell, at one time manager of the Victoria Hotel in this city, lately of the Palmer House, Chicago, has taken a partner, and opened a new hotel in Galesburg, Illinois.

Mrs. Mary Honey of Warsaw, N. Y., convicted of arson, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life. Our grammatical contributor says, "Have a notion a cell bees the proper receptacle for such Honey." Mrs. Honey, we presume, will be permitted to have a comb in her cell—if not a cell in her comb.

She will have to lead a life of cell-ibacy.

Robert P. Parrot, inventor of the Parrot gun, died at Cold Springs, N. Y., on the 24th.

Is the Parrott gun a repeating rifle?

A hen, the property of Mr. Thos. Youill of Old Barns, the other day layed an egg which weighed over a quarter of a pound.

You'll please eggcuse us if we say that egg story is slightly eggsgenerated.

Senator Withers, of Virginia, has ten unmarried daughters; and he frequently remarks to his wife, "I am afraid we shall always have them With-ers.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*

They'll be withering before long if some one don't present them With-a-ning.

BILL DUNN called at our office yesterday with his "little Bill," which he said had been "standing for some time." We said if it had been *standing* some time it must be tired, so we generously offered a chair; but second thoughts are sometimes best, so we magnanimously suggested, as it had been standing so long to "let it run" for a while. He got irate, and soliloquized us thusly "If't were Dunn when 'tis dun, 'twere well 'twere done quickly." We assisted him out with our gaiters. And he left.

JUST WHAT WE WANTED.—Some unknown philanthropic individual, with a keen sense of sarcastic humor, has sent us a peculiar present, which is singularly appropriate for an editor's sanctum. We could not at first see why any one should send us a mammoth LIFE PRESERVER. But it gradually occurred to us that it must be because we are so often *over bored*.

FEEBLE FLICKERINGS.

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

N. V.—A new contributor, sends us a few "Squibs." We don't n. v. the cynic who can perseute them without a smile. No, Jack, not that kind of a "smile."

SQUIBS.

BY N. V.

A young man, rendered desperate by the indifference of his charmer yelet Susan, sent a bullet through the place where his brains should have been. They do say the reason he committed suicide was because for Sue he sighed.

Is it not a peculiar coincidence in connection with the publication of Gambetta's speech that while the Government thinks it reasonable, he also should think it reasonable.

We never could understand the horror of a dog fight, entertained by sensitive people. Why the very motive of attending one is a curiosity. Perhaps it has never occurred to see it that way before.

A gentleman living in the suburbs intimated his intention of keeping bees, but his wife waxed wroth when she heard of it, and gave an idea that if he wants to keep peace around the place, he had better not attempt honey such thing.

When you are looking through the window of a place where liquids are dispensed (of course this is the only way such things are ever seen) you have probably observed the chromo clock with "No Tick Here," printed on the face, and you will perhaps think it an incongruity when we inform you that they are not bar-tick-ular people in there.

And while on the subject of bars, we wonder if it is the "association of ideas" that impels our boys when they have had a fish dinner to immediately seek a Finn. Mike goodness that *must* be it. We dinner ken (pure Gaelic) if it is the anticipation of such a dinner that makes them drop in before that time.

We confess ourselves hentraptured with the on nest confession of Mark Twain that the lay of the feathered tribe that pleases him most is the lay of the hen. Yolk couldn't but eggree with that heny how. But we wonder feather B-yant and the other poets of nature will endorse this. We shall hope so.

"Bias," a young lady desirous of becoming a Fashion Contributor, sends us the following

FASHION FOIBLES.

Frilled shirt bosoms are in vogue. Our swells can now "put on frills."

White *pique* is coming to fashion. It is said to be pique-culiarly for the Peek-in ladies.

The white Turkish toweling is used for morning wrappers. Young ladies will do right to-vel consider this fact.

The latest novelty from Paris is the *Pensee* shoe. The ladies who wear them will have very thoughtful soles

The bonnet called the *capote* will be worn muchly during the Spring. It will be a capotal idea—if it is much worn to buy a new-one.

Bushles will be cut Hats.

Course Straws for hats next Summer. Of-course straws for sherry coolers will be *en regle*.

Do dogs, when they die, go to the "Happy Land of Canine"?

SWELL.—"I've a great mind to tweak youah nose you impertinent puppy."

PUPPY.—By Jove you know my deah fellah I wouldn't do it to day if I were you, I'd postpone it till next week.

We have often wondered whether or not the journeyman cigar maker cabbages what cigars he smokes at home.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

Certainly, if he don't Hav-an-a other place to get them. Please leaf off punning Cecil. It's puff ectly outrageous.

A Philadelphia girl was seriously injured by standing up in a street car, while tightly laced. Young man, if your girl laces don't let her stand up a moment. Make her sit down, even if you have to hold her in your lap.—*Rockland Courier.*

Of corset is the best thing to do, and then she can so-lace herself with the thought that she's safe.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

N. Y. Com. Ad.: It's no wonder, as a critic recently remarked, that "The Raven" savors of ancient Greece. It's Poe-made.

Certainly, the Ile of Greece.

Wilkesbarre Times: What's the difference between a funeral and a bar-room? This will be easy enough after we have told you. At a funeral the bier holds the casket, but in a bar-room the cask it holds the beer.

The editor of the Turner's Falls Reporter Cecil lot of fun in almost everything.—*The Torch.*

This is *Torching* the language, fearfully, my boy.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

Newark Call: Emerson says that "all mankind love a lover." But Emerson doesn't live in a down town boarding-house where the landlady's daughter and her young man monopolize the parlor every evening in the week except Saturday.

Miss Grundy, the "society" correspondent, claims for Gail Hamilton "a foremost place among the belles of the National capital."

An exchange says, an old gentleman of Kittery, ninety-one years of age, who won't allow the good old times to be outdone, says that in the winter of 1818-19 no snow fell until the last of February, and that on Feb. 10th, 1819, he saw living green grasshoppers crawling among the grass.

The editor of the Turners Falls Reporter is full of fun, but the editor of the Rockland Courier is Fuller.—*The Torch.*

What'd yer say?—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

SPARKLINGS.

Fine bred horses give decided evidence of taste for the elegant.

Madame Dudevant (George Sand) enjoyed a cigar after dinner.

There are 3,000 paper mills in the world that make 1,800,000,000 pounds annually.

HOPE AND FAITH.

"Like love and friendship, these a comely pair, What's done by one, the other has a share."

IDLENESS.

"An idler is as a watch that wants both hands, As useless if it goes as when it stands."

America consumes more paper than any other nation, and Russia the least.

Printing playing cards from blocks first suggested the idea of moveable types.

Queen Victoria ate preserves put up by Nebuchadnezzar's cook.

There is nothing about a house that is affected so quickly by coal gas as silver.

Cards for games of chance were first used in Germany before the close of the 14th century.

Housefly eggs hatch in twenty-four hours, and the larva spends ten days in passing through two stages before being full fledged.

Miss Lee, who wrote "I want to be an Angel," last year celebrated her 72d birthday.

The first Y. M. C. A. in the United States was formed in Boston in 1851.

Gerome, the French artist, is forty-five, and looks like a student as well as an artist.

A book on an easel is the latest device for a napkin ring.

Handkerchiefs are now made fragrant with a new Japanese cologne.

Dragon, griffin and "catamount" candlesticks are the favorite designs for small brasses.

Marshall Jewell while Minister to Russia discovered the secret of Russia leather and imported it to our tanneries.

Quills for writing were introduced for the convenience of an ignorant King in the fifth century.

The earliest account of modern writing pens was in the year 635.

A rough estimate of the value of the Norfolk-Hastings wedding presents is \$5,000,000.

Garcia is the most eminent of singing masters now living.

A LEADING MEDICAL AUTHORITY says:—"Consumption is essentially a disease of degeneration and decay. So it may be inferred that the treatment for the most part should be of a sustaining and invigorating character—nutritious food, pure, dry air, with such varied and moderate exercise in it as the strength will bear, the enlivening influence of bright sunshine and agreeable scenery, and cheerful social and occupation, aided by a judicious use of *small tonics and stimulants*, are among the means best suited to restore the defective functions and structures of frames prone to decay."

Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime by its gently stimulating and nutritive tonic properties is adapted in an eminent degree to this office of restoring the "defective functions and structures," as the numbers of cases in which it has been so successfully used, together with its short record of a few months that has placed it in the foremost ranks of proprietary remedies will fully testify.

Prepared only by J. H. Robinson, St. John, N. B., and for sale by druggists and general dealers. Price \$1 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.

VICTORIA SKATING RINK.

NOTICE.

It having come to the notice of the Directors that persons without tickets have obtained access to, and many holding Promenade Tickets have been skating in the Rink, the public are hereby informed that for the future it will be necessary for those desiring admission to the Rink to SHOW THEIR TICKETS AT THE DOOR, and Promenade Tickets will be forfeited if the holders are found skating in the building.

St. John, January 31st, 1878.

C. E. SCAMMELL, President.

G. C. GOSTER, Secretary.

Feb 3

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

GLOW WORM.—I gave your compliments to our "Imp of Darkness" and he thinks you are imp-olite for a glow-worm. He says the penmanship of Judge Fisher, Sheriff Botsford, or A. L. Palmer, is copperplate compared with yours, and wants to know how you can expect him to decipher writing which is a cross between distilled Dutch, and the Chinese hieroglyphics on a tea chest?

JOHN MUFF'S Boston letter will appear next week. "THE MONEY DUGGERS" unavoidably held over. A LAMENT, by "Glow Worm," crowded out.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

GAME No. IX.

An alternation Game played between Messrs. Clawson and Knowles, and Messrs Mills and Narraway.

White.

Black.

Messrs. M. and N.

Messrs. C. and K.

- 1 P-K 4
- 2 B-Q B 4
- 3 Kt-K B 3
- 4 P-Q 3
- 5 B-K Kt 5
- 6 Kt-Q B 3
- 7 Kt-Q 5
- 8 Kt-Kt
- 9 Q-K 2
- 10 PXP
- 11 B-Q Kt 3 (a)
- 12 PXP
- 13 Kt-Q 2 (b)
- 14 Castles Q's side
- 15 BxKt
- 16 Kt-P
- 17 P K B 3
- 18 K R-K
- 19 K-Kt (d)
- 20 Kt-B 6 (e) (e)
- 21 BxP (ch)
- 22 Q-R 4 (ch)
- 23 R-Q 7 (ch)
- 24 QxK B
- 1 P-K 4
- 2 R-Q B 4
- 3 P-Q 3
- 4 Kt-K B 3
- 5 Q Kt-Q 2
- 6 Castles
- 7 P-Q B 3
- 8 Kt-Kt
- 9 P-Q 4
- 10 PXP
- 11 P-K 5
- 12 PXP
- 13 B-K B 4 (c)
- 14 Q-Q Kt 3
- 15 Q-B
- 16 Q-K 4
- 17 Q R-K
- 18 Q-B 5 (ch)
- 19 QXR P
- 20 PxKt
- 21 KxB
- 22 B-K 3
- 23 K-Kt 3 (f)
- 24 BXR

And White resigned.—(8).

(a) The position here is quite puzzling—if 11-QXP-11 BXR (ch)—12 KXP-12 Kt-Kt 5 winning the exchange, on the whole we should prefer 11 (ch) BxKt.

(b) The best move.

(c) This allows White to Castle and frustrates Black's attack to a great extent.

(d) How would 9 Q to Q 2 do?

(e) This combination is too brilliant to be sound. It looks very well at first sight.

(f) This is the move which did not consider when making move 20.

(g) This game is one of a series now being contested between the same players, and which White have proved highly interesting so far.

SOLUTION to No. 4.

- 1 K-Kt 3. 1—anything.
- 2 mates accordingly.

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A NOVELETTE,

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1877.
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