

TORONTO

Light Literature'

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

Vol. I.

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1878.

No. 9

"The Two Orphans."

The excellent portraits of Mademoiselle Liza Tailleure and Signora Hanna Digges, the two world-renowned Tragediennes, does credit to the skill of our artist, Mr. C. H. Flewwelling.

Early in life they showed a fondness for the stage, (the Quaco stage passed their beautiful villa on the romantic shores of Loch Lomond every day), with a decided talent for tragedy, taking juvenile parts in such thrilling dramas as "The Bloody Ox Bow, or the Gum Merchant's Revenge," and "The Birch Broom Mystery, or Murder Will Out," and after years of patient study under the Rev. Mr. Francis, they made their debut in a piece called "The Barrel of Flour, or the Forged Order," achieving great success.

About four years ago, Miss Tailleure played "Dolly Varden" in St. John for a public benefit, attracting a larger audience than has ever been seen inside of any theatre on the continent.



THE TWO ORPHANS.

Hearing of Kate Claxton's success in "The Two Orphans," Miss Tailleure determined to study this part, and the rapturous applause with which she has been greeted is the best evidence of her success. She and her friend Hanna have been invited to play before the crowned (and dead) heads of Europe, under the management of Dyin' Poor-sick colt, and we know our readers unite with us in wishing them a successful career.

Miss Tailleure is a beautiful blonde (not bleached): age, sweet sixty-eeen; voluptuous form, and a foot which for size is the envy of her own sex and the admiration of the gentlemen. Signora Digges is a brunette, and bears, as some think, a strong resemblance to Mrs. Scott-Siddons.

P. S.—As good looking people often pay the proprietors of illustrated papers for publishing their portraits with laudatory biographies, we feel it due to "The Two Orphans" to state that no such vain ambitious motives prompted them to do so. They gave them, free gratis foh nuffin pro bono quoram jam.

THE OLD DAYS.

The old days are dead, said she,
And the old days are dead, said he,—
Though they die as the stars die out in the sky,
What does it matter, said she,
And what does it matter, said he!

Your love is forgotten, said she,
And your love was a myth, said he:—
It comes back at times in my musings and
rhymes,

But what does it matter, said he,
And what does it matter, said she.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

THE DOMINION Parliament—or rather "Donnybrook Fair,"—has commenced in good earnest. The government and opposition members have devoted this week to abusing each other in the liveliest style. Business will be begun when our playful representatives get tired of this amusement.

MUSCLE.—The exhibition of athletes at the Institute on Tuesday evening, was patronized by a large and appreciative audience. The music was the mus-sickest we have heard for some time. The dancing and club swinging were very good, but the great "hit" of the evening was the "set-to" between Dooney Harris and Jim McKay. Dooney is a well-known celebrity in the P. R., and "our Jim" is, as we heard a short haired chap remark, "no slouch." They had several "rounds," each getting in, at times, "rib ticklers," "eye bungers," and "nose busters," but the manly art critics, at the close, were divided in opinion as to which was the champion sparrer. Our fighting head "itter" thinks, "for ducats," that Jim is the "boss." But then you know great men differ.

Since last Saturday, when our "Art Union" scheme was announced, the subscription list has been considerably increased.

THE British fleet has entered the Dardanelles, but the dogs of war are still unloosed. Her Majesty says she sends her fleet with pacific objects.

MILLER, the alleged forger, who was committed for trial for Extradition by Judge WATERS—has, on motion of Mr. PALMER, been discharged from Custody by Judge WELDON.

JOHN BULL is about to "take a hand" in the War game which is being played in the East. He says, if no other Power wishes to be his partner, he will "go it alone," and as he holds the "joker" and both "bowers," he don't expect to be "euchred."

Puzzles.—In our next we shall commence a puzzle department under the heading of "Puzler's Knots." In the meantime any person wishing to contribute will please send to "Ellsworth," P. O. Box 3, 421, Boston, Mass.

[For the Torch.]

PEACE.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not
to the world giveth, give I unto you. John XIV: 27.
Peace be unto you. John XI: 19.

"Oh blessed peace! Oh heavenly calm! Elysium
of the breast,
When will this sad and weary heart 'neath thy
white pinions rest?
When will these weary feet of mine, rest in
thy pastures fair,
Where the voice of dimpling waters fills with
music sweet the air?
Oh blessed peace! Oh holy calm! Oh rest from
din and strife!
From all the spiteful, hateful ways, that hell,
make of this life,
From jealousy and malice, and from selfish acts
unkind
That blanch the cheek, and wring the heart,
and leave a sting behind
Sharp as a serpent's tooth, and a baneful shadow
ever fling
Across our path, and to our souls, like a dread
vampire, cling.
Oh peace of God! Oh sacred rest! from warring
words afar;
Oh heavenly calm ineffable! which naught of
earth can mar,
Be mine, all sinful though I be, and full of wild
unrest,
Shrive me, and take me to thy heart, a most
unworthy guest.
Lead me, Oh Shepherd of the sheep! beside
the shining calms
Of life's glad river gliding past heaven's ever-
lasting palms,
Give me by faith to see the light, the glorious
dazzling light,
That falls around thy pierc'd feet, where walk
the blest in white.
Give me by faith to feel the airs that are sweep-
ing sweet and low
Amid the trees of life on high, where immortal
flowers blow:
Give me by faith to catch the notes of the
glad triumphal song
Which rolls along the hills of heaven, and
through its groves of balm.
Give me, Oh Father God, give me, thy blessed,
blessed peace—
The sweet tranquility of heaven, where earthly
sorrows cease.

GLOW WORM.

[For the Torch.]

ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

No. 3. On Journalism.

What I admire in modern journalism is its
perfect freedom from reverence. In the eyes
of the interviewer divinity doth no longer hedge
a king. Around some immense criminal a dim
hallo of respect may yet linger, but even Boss
Tweed does not receive the adulation that he
once did. Cashiers bolting with the funds of
savings' banks, are so frequent and common-
place, that one really cannot keep up for them
the sustained admiration they deserve. A
regicide, now, or a person who would fry and

eat his gran'mother might draw the popular
heart—for a week. I fear it has always been so
during a high civilization, — Reverence dies
out.

My gracious and illustrious friend the Cardinal
Masuccio Polichinello, when recently search-
ing for his bible (which had been mis-laid),
chanced to come across an extra of the Roman
Mercury, of date ides of March B. C., 44, which
he was good enough to send me, and which I
present to the readers of the Torch in con-
firmation of the above theory. Some commen-
tators have expressed an opinion that there
are several anachronisms in the fragment of
antiquity, but I think not. The extra is neatly
printed on hot-pressed papyrus, and a memo-
randum on the margin, made with a stylus,
gives the foreman's affidavit that DMCVILX
XVII copies of the first edition were struck off.
The following is a free translation:

"Second Edition!

MURDER OF J. CESAR!!

Bill SHAKESPEARE up!!!

"In our first edition we gave full particulars
of the assassination of the bloated aristocrate,
J. Cesar, by our esteemed townsmen Brutus
and the rest. Our reporter has just returned
from the scene of operations with full particu-
lars that can be had in no other paper. Our
cotemporary the *Fisces* may grovel in the slime
of his own mendacity, and that scurrilous ruf-
fan the *Lictor*, may howl his lies in the market
place, pretending to give particulars; but as
the *Fisces* reporter was never there at all, and
the *Lictor* man was picked up by the police in
his usual beastly state of intoxication, we are
in a position to give our million readers an ex-
clusive account in that high-toned style that has
made the *Mercury* the organ of the masses, and
the banner paper of Rome. Subscription one
dollar per annum, invariably paid in advance.

"BRINGING IN THE BODY.

"The corpus of the late swell having been
placed on a stretcher was brought out and laid
on two dry goods boxes in full view of the
people.

"W. S. ON THE STAND.

"As even the meanest criminals have occa-
sionally a friend, the deceased tyrant found
one in the person of William Shakespeare,
Esquire, the enterprising impresario of the
Globe theatre, whom we beg to remind that
our complimentary pass to the dress circle has
almost expired, also that the *Mercury* job office
continues to execute first-class printing, such
as wall posters, little williams and the like,
cheaper than can be done elsewhere in town.

"Amid loud cheers the Globe impresario
climbed the rostrum of Pomponius & Co., auc-
tioneers. Old Pomp,—his factious friends call
him *youngie fanchie*,—objected, but finding there
was some likelihood of being torn in pieces by
the people, gracefully assented, observing in
reference to the deceased, that "that impartial
lot had been long going, going, and was now
gone,—knocked down—given away in fact,"—
an observation that was well received.

"With a graceful bow such as he uses when
he advances to the footlights, W. S. presented
himself and begged to make a few feeble re-
marks. [Cries of *can't do it, boss!—no money
returned,—music!—up with the rag, &c.*] Un-

heeding these interruptions the orator pro-
ceeded:

"Friends, Romans, fellow-citizens, I come to
bury Cesar not to praise him. [Cries of *bully
for you!*] The evil that — [That's so—pro-
pel!] He was my friend; [great laughter]
gentle and just to me; [oh! oh!] honorable
man, [rayther!]

"Here the uproar became general.

"When our reporter returned from around
the corner, where he had been seeing a man,
the orator was showing the holes in the deceas-
ed's ulster where Brutus knifed him. Shots
now began to be heard in the crowd, and the
excitement of the people to be wrought up to
the highest pitch, which was intensified when
Bill said, the lamented Cesar had left \$20,000
to provide free lunch and lager twice a week
in Central Park. [If this is true it materially
modifies our opinion of the defunct.—Ed.]

"On being thus made aware of the gross out-
rage perpetrated on our late esteemed fellow-
citizen by Brutus,—who never was of much ac-
count any way,—the crowd rushed to the Quir-
inal Hotel, where Brutus and his committee
boarded, on purpose to lynch them, but Jim
Snodgers, the gentlemanly clerk, got them out
of a back window, where seizing a hack they
drove rapidly up Broadway. Mr. Shakespeare
mopped his head with a blue banana hand ker-
chief, and remarked to Dion Boucicault:
"Mischief! thou art a foot!" to which Dion
replied: "Guess so,—they drove like mad-
men through the gates of Rome"

(Further particulars in our next.)

[For the Torch.]

REFLECTIONS.

As a rule the genus "homo" scarcely ever
live in the present. The mental eye gener-
ally gazes retrospectively, and scenes that are
gone, and whose harsher lights and shadows
have become mellowed down by distance and
age, appear in panoramic vision before the
gaze of the musér. Sometimes the future en-
gages the attention, and fancy conjures up a
pleasing spectacular drama, which, alas! is
but a conjuration, and which never shall follow
in the sequence of the events to come. The
events of the moment but seldom furnish their
quota of pleasure in the moment. It is only
when they become things of the past, that they
become appreciated. Such is life, and it is
well that it is such. It is well that the mind
can free itself from corroding care and present
unpleasantness, and can revert to the brighter
spots, that are like oases in the desert.

It is well that the human mind is so created,
and that the powers of the imagination make
it a pleasure giving function.

It is well that a thick veil is drawn so closely
over the future, for did we but know what
shall transpire, our lives would be occupied in
a fruitless and continual paroxysm of planning
and projects.

Our endeavor would be to shape our own
ends and ignore our destiny.

The result would be a world of miserables,
continually crying for the mountains to fall on
them. The sorrows alone of the future would
engage attention, and when added to the cares
of the present, life would be unbearable.

[For the Torch.]

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

It is well that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Eneas, of old, in a neat after dinner speech at the Banquet given by his affable hostess, the regent of the city whose circuit was denoted by a bull's hide, gave utterance to the thought that:—Perhaps thereafter it would delight himself and comrades to remember the things then transpiring. The idea was based upon knowledge of humanity, that it is more prone to dwell out of the present, than to enjoy its pleasures to the fullest advantage, though the things of to-day serve as food for reminiscence in the unknown future.

The maxim of the Epicureans was "whilst we live let us live," but unfortunately the old school is nearly extinct. The disciples of to-day have degenerated, and now synonymous with epicure, are gourmand, voluptuary, and sensualist.

The advice of the wise is to seize the present hour,—the past is fled. No longer can a tangible enjoyment be taken out of it; and who can forecast the future? who can tell its joys or its sorrows? How little does it take to divert the tenor of life from its accustomed channel.

Life is made up of minor details, the striking events only occur as the conspicuous objects of the picture. Take from it its background, its light and shade, its sky and water, and what was a landscape, becomes a mere representation of the single prominence that arrested the attention. The life has gone out of it.

What does experience teach us? To look for our pleasure and enjoyment in the little things of to-day. To give over hopelessly waiting for a condensation of joy that may never come. To give over comparing present circumstances with those of the past, whose ghosts alone remain to haunt us, and to call up that which is invidious.

And yet experience has ever yet played but a minor part to human nature.

Human nature is innate. Experience is acquired. It is seldom that the acquired principles predominate over the intuitive ones for our good, though the reverse is the case when the evil propensities play the parts.

It is not intended to be insinuated that the past should be buried in oblivion, or that the affairs of the future should be devoid of speculation. Such a doctrine would make man but a machine, and would rob him of all happiness, for a mind deprived either of memory or imagination, is but the mind of a dolt, incapable of enjoyment either mentally or materially, unmoved by either sorrow or joy, and utterly incapacitated to fill the assigned position of a social animal.

Rather let the idea be conveyed, that the mind should neither dwell continually upon the happy events of the past, whether they be few or many, nor should it give up present happiness, in the contemplation of a mirage-like future created by the joyful anticipations of hope.

Unfortunately we live, too much in a world of our own creation, rather than in the world that has been created for us. CREON.

The majority in Congress speak in silver monosyllables.—*Norristown Herald*.

Yes, there are a good many silly-bills introduced in Congress.

A late and pretty device for a lace brooch is in the shape of the point of a peacock's feather, the colors being outlined with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. The model to be worked upon is, in the first place, anything but humble, and unnecessary to add, the novelty itself is scarcely suited to those of humble means.

One of the most stylish of the new spring wraps has large sleeves, and is to fit closely to the figure. This off-spring of Dame Fashion has not been named as yet.

White, so long known as the emblem of innocence, is the most fashionable of all colors in Paris and particularly in New York. For ball dresses, opera cloaks and dress bonnets, it is universally preferred to any of the gaudy tints in vogue heretofore. And yet we doubt whether this age or season is more conspicuous for its innocence than those which have gone before!

White Swiss scarfs, with ends of lace, are in fashion again.

The low Princess dress is now very frequently laced at the side, thus making it a problem worthy of solution, how the wearer of such a dress manages to get into it. Soft materials, such as China crepe, Indian crepon, and Bagdad silk, are preferred to all other fabrics, that is in the making up of those low Princess dresses.

Another new material for spring wear, composed of both silk and wool, is called lophopore velvet, because the silk cast upon the surface has as long a pile as velvet and the colors are as rich and varied as those in the feathers of the lophopore. It is always nice to know the names of those novelties, as it is a great help in conversation.

The most stylish belts are now often made of gold and silver braids, and some young ladies fasten them with bouquets of flowers. This latter part of the fashion is not universally observed, however.

The latest thing out in the way of millinery is a bunch of bananas, ornamenting a bonnet of New York design. It seems absurd, and yet why should bananas be any more out of place than the artificial grapes and cherries which are so commonly used for decorating hats and bonnets?

It is not quite so fashionable now for our people to talk "fire," as to talk about moving, building and furnishing. Fashions change so often though, that we can not prophesy with any degree of certainty what topic will be most *en vogue* by the time the real Spring arrives or the June roses blow.

In the "far Beyond," that is the big cities where fashions are manufactured and started on their career, gentlemen are wearing mother of pearl buttons on their overcoats, and the funny papers are waxing very sarcastic in commenting upon the fact. We have looked for specimens of the fashion on our *Broad*, or we should say *narrow*, way, but failed to see them.

A San Francisco paper says that the rage for gloves in that city is assuming proportions thoroughly alarming to husbands. One lady is reported to have a pair of gloves which reach very nearly to her shoulder, and are fastened with diamond buttons, graduated in size from the wrist upwards. Three other matrons attending the Stanford reception, had respectively gloves with forty-two pearls, thirty-four small diamond buttons valued at \$1,000, and three large diamonds valued at \$500 each, thus making the pair cost over \$3,000. At this rate the contemptuous simile of being thrown away "like an old glove" will lose much of its point and pungency, old gloves being valuable, if for no other reason than relics.

Ornamental pins are again very much worn in the hair, particularly those with large tortoise-shell heads; some also are made of cut jet, others of light tortoise-shell, of filigree silver, and of coral.

Simplicity as to the arrangement of the hair is becoming the order of the day, and, we even hear, that false hair is to go out of fashion altogether.

STAGE SPARKS.

LITTLE AND LONG.—Mr. Little and Miss Eliza Long are playing in Brooklyn, *The Dramatic News* says, "Miss Long, in 'East Lynne' deserves special mention for good acting."

JALE BEIDE is business manager at the Comique, Washington.

The Dramatic News says, "Our Boarding House" drew fair houses, at the Arch, in Philadelphia, last week. A *five* house is very appropriate for "Our Boarding House."

DE CORDOVA lectured in Patterson, New Jersey, on the 1st January.

MR. McDOWELL sustained the part of Baron Lambick in the "Angel of Midnight" at the Boston Mus. an in such good style as to receive highly laudatory press notices.

W. J. STANTON is playing with Pauline Markham in burlesque at the Howard.

KATIE PUTNAM is in Chicago practising feats of jugglery to be used in her new play.

Louis Aldrich and Dora Goldthwaite are playing in "The Danites" at DeBar, St. Louis.

Mrs. Macauley, whose maiden name was Rachel Johnston, has been presented with a costly silver tea service, by the ladies of Louisville. Edwin Booth sent her a telegram last week requesting her support in some of his specialties in New York.

FRANK ROCHE is at Baldwin's San Francisco.

"The Octoron," with J. W. Lanergan, J. H. Burns, Lillie Eldridge, and Louisa Morse all St. John favorites in the east, was played at the Boston Globe Theatre on Monday night.

ANOTHER Baby show in Music Hall, Boston, next May, under the management of Mr. Park. The managers of these shows should give parents a longer notice.

MISS GERTRUDE KELLOGG made her debut as a reader at Music Hall, Boston, on Tuesday last.

ELIZA WEATHERSBY'S Burlesque Company, with W. H. Whitcomb as business manager, is making a very successful New England tour.

MISS LOUISE POMEROY has added "Nancy Sykes" to her list of impersonations.

What is the best kind of a trap to set for catching a thief? A steal trap.

Hugh Dever died on the 30th inst., at his residence No. 1902 Hilbert street, in the 102d year of his age.—*Ec*.

Bagnell, can't Hugh en-dever to get off some "aged" joke on the above item?

Wilkins of the *Whitchall Times*, says the proudest day in a woman's life is her first son day.—*Danbury News*. In case of twins, wouldn't her first Two's day be the proudest?—*St. John, N. B. Torch*. Pro-bub-ly.—*Whitchall Times*.

Somebody has sent the editor of *The Torch* a life preserver as a present. The idea! Why, bless you, that editor never goes near the water, and the last thing he would think of would be letting water come near him.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

Haven't you seen women, who could stay up all night, making red flannel night caps for the young Heathens and work all day making "antimacassers," and "whatnots" for a Bazaar, who hadn't time to sew buttons on their husbands' shirts, or put a patch on the seams of little Johnny's pants?

Mrs. Misallot is over-anxious to know whether Sergeant Bates and Corporal Punishment were in the same company.—*N. Y. News*. If she knew General Intelligence she would not ask such a question.—*Norristown Herald*. From Private Information we heard something, but cannot repeat it.

TERMS:

The price of the Torch will be \$1.00 a year, payable in advance—post paid to any address in Canada or the United States.

TO CLUBS.

Ten copies one year, in one wrapper to one address, \$10, with extra copy to person getting up Club.
Parties remitting should either Register their letters or send Money Order payable to the order of JOSEPH S. KNOWLES.

ADVERTISING RATES:

	per inch.	half col.	1 column.
1st insertion	\$1.00	\$4.00	\$6.00
subsequent	.50	2.00	3.00
Per month	2.00	9.00	13.00
Per quarter	5.00	24.00	36.00
Per half year	10.00	40.00	60.00
Per year	17.00	69.00	97.00

☞ Cards \$10 per year.

☞ Special notices \$1 first ins., 1 line or 1 l.

All communications to be addressed,

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

The Torch will be for sale at the following places:

H. R. SMITH, Charlotte street;
W. K. CRAWFORD, King street;
E. HANEY & Co., King street;
G. E. FROST, Union street;
F. BLACKADAR, Carleton;
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Single Copies—Two Cents.

TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY 16, 1878.

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 "Liedle Yawcob Strauss, 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, John 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. Knowles, 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.

OUR ART UNION.

The Torch is not satisfied that the products of Art should be the exclusive enjoyment of the rich to the extent that they are.

In former times, feebly, we fear, called "Dark ages," the poor were better cared for. Then the Vatican, the Cathedral of St. Mark, and Giotto's tower,

"The Lily of Florence blossoming in Stone" were built and filled with Art treasures, where everybody might enjoy them.

Now, and especially in this new country, the pleasures of picture and statue are for those only, who can afford to pay for them. Only nature's pictures of seascape and landscape are for everybody.

The Art Unions of England and America have improved matters somewhat, and brought the works of some of the most eminent artists of the day, to the homes of people of limited means.

We take attention to Advertisement of our Art Union, by means of which, on the first of June next, each of our Subscribers will have a chance to secure an oil painting by artist Myles.

Mr. Myles intends putting good work into these pictures, which will be valuable possessions to those who are fortunate enough to get them.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED NEW BRUNSWICKERS.

We commence in this number a portrait gallery of native celebrities, many of whom could not afford to have their pictures in the *Canadian Illustrated News*. Feeling that these worthy people should not go down to their graves "unhonored and unsung," we have resolved, unanimously, to devote a space of our paper each week to some of New Brunswick's distinguished characters. Any party sending us Fifty Dollars and a Photo, can have a beautiful likeness and a first class lay-a-graphical sketch inserted FREE.

PRERE NOTES.—The Torch is the name of a wide-awake little sheet, that reaches us from St. John, N. B. It is ably edited by Joseph Knowles, and the sprightly little sheet sheds its witty rays in a brilliant manner. Long may it scintillate.—[Whitehall Times.

We have much pleasure in welcoming the *Whitehall Times* to our sanctum, and take this opportunity of thanking Brother Wilkins for his kind notice. The *Times* comes right up to our beau ideal of a red live, spicy, go-ahead paper—perhaps a trifle too "sanctum-onions"—and we in-*vide* all who have not done so, to subscribe for it at once, and see if we're a lyre. May its new dress always look gay, and be "cut" bi-us.

Which is the sickest day in a boy's life? His first Chew's day.

Where are you most liable to find type-us fever? In-fants.

What kind of a girl is best to marry? A fru-gal is the best.

The goose is probably the tailor's emblem on account of it's dress-ing.

What is the difference between a parasol and a brace of pistols? One is a parachute and the other's a pair o'-shooters.

We are pleased to hear that Pullman car Conductor Doherty, of the E. & N. A. Railway, has taken charge of a new "sleeper."

Why is a paragrapher taking items from the *New York Sun* like a photographer taking a picture of the sun during an eclipse? Because he takes, *an' he clips off the 'Sun.*

A RYE-FILL JOKE—Did you ever notice when two military men go into a bar room for a drink, and one of them calls for rye whiskey, the other always takes aim? (takes same). See-Mac?

That humming little stinger, the Montreal *Wasp*, has been buzzing about our Sanctum again. Any body can get it "on the fly" for \$1.00 a year.

E. M. Rewey, the paragraphist of the Worcester *Press*, has become one of the owners of that spicy sheet.

We hope it won't prove a Rewey-nous business.

The N. Y. *Post* speaks of "a convention of crows." Wasn't it a caw-cus?—Er. No; it was a crow-cus.—[*Norristown Herald.*

If it was a croak-us, they must have been frogs.

LOCAL LOLLIPOPS.

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL will meet on Tuesday next to consider Committee's report on Legislative Bills.

JOHN CUMMING carried off the first prize at Moncton Skating Tournament. We thought the first prize would be coming to St. John.

MR. W. NANSELY has arranged with W. T. Carleton, to give us two weeks of Grand Opera, commencing April 22nd with "Il Trovatore."

GEORGE STEWART, Jr., left on Wednesday morning on a short visit to the United States.

HELEN MARK'S theatrical party, from Boston, will arrive here on Tuesday next.

MESSES. JOHN MELLICK and John C. Miles left by boat for Boston on Thursday morning.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS.—A friend, of one of the prisoners in the Jail, "ran the blockade" and smuggled in two quart bottles of "stager juice" by having a blue ribbon pinned on the lappel of his coat. It won't do for him to "play" that again on the Deputy Sheriff.

THE SKATING TOURNAMENT in the Bink was well patronized. The ice was in good condition. The Club and the Andrews-Torrance Medals were won by John Cumming. The Club Medal, having been won by Mr. C. two years in succession, is now his property. Mr. Hart secured the Hutton Medal. Messrs. Thos. Adams, E. W. Gale and Henry Hillyard acted as judges. Mrs. C. E. Scammell presented the prizes.

ALL ABOUT A PEW.

BY "WILL" CARLETON.

Said Dick to Jerry I want your pew,
 And the wardens say I may find it too,
 But Jerry swore with an awful swear,
 (You see poor Jerry had need of prayer.)
 I'm bound to keep her, "so now beware."
 On Sunday morning, in broadcloth fine,
 And creaking boots, with a patent shine;
 With his perfumed hair and his whiskers trim,
 (Surely the Lord must be pleased with him.)
 Dick sits down in his neighbor's pew,
 Close to the door, so he can't get through,
 Jerry comes striding along the aisle,
 And Mrs. Jerry keeps close the while.
 "Open this door," he shouts aloud,
 And a shiver runs through the solemn crowd.
 "Open this door," he yells again—
 Pushing and pulling with might and main.
 But Mrs. Jerry will wait no more,
 Rules and customs she will ignore,
 Trust a woman to find a door,
 So she climbs over into her place,
 And she fetches Dick a slap in the face.
 White with passion he tries to speak,
 But Jerry punches the other cheek.
 And a poor young man betwixt the two
 Gries "Let me out, let me out; pray do."
 The Parson stood like a man perplexed;
 For what the dickens was coming next?
 Women fainted and shrieked with fright,
 And men rushed forward with all their might,
 They dragged poor Jerry down the aisle,
 But he kicked and struggled and fought the
 while;
 "I paid my pew rent," he shouted loud,
 As he disappeared from the gazing crowd.
 And then poor Jerry he went to Jail
 Till some one offered to go his bail.
 But Dick sat still in the house of prayer,
 With a look of peace and a saintly air,
 Not quite so neat, and not quite so trim,
 But surely the Lord must be pleased with him!

It is estimated that there will be a deficit of a million pounds in the English budget this year. How much ought their old budget to weigh, anyhow.—[Worcester Press.

If it weighs so much that it would be difficult to lodge it.

THE MIKADO of Japan is an Irishman by birth. He belongs to the McAdoo family. His right name is Mike M'Ado, but they condense it in the Japanese language and call it Mik-Ado. Murphy is pronounced More-fay; O'Brien, Olree-en, and Flaherty is called De Flairi-tai.

Of-fish-al intelligence from the Usher of the Black Rod, in the Dominion House of Commons, who occasionally "drops us a line."

The reappointment of T. W. A. to the Speaker's chair was very appropriate, as a man who has been *anglin'* all his life should be well qualified to be a judge of *de-bait*.

Will somebody hand us a spade and direct us to some lonely spot.—[Rochester Democrat.
 Yes, let somebody hand you the ace of spades when you are drawing for a flush of hearts, you'll think it is the loneliest spot you ever saw.—[Saginaw Courier.

We "saw" that joke "straight" off.



POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, whose portrait we present on this page, was born at Sinigaglia, near Ancona, in 1792. At the age of eighteen he came to Rome, intending to enter the Pope's body guard, but having been seized by an epileptic attack, he resolved, on recovering, to devote himself to the service of the Church. After studying at the College of Volterra, he was ordained priest, and despatched on a mission to Chili in 1823. In 1829 he became Archbishop of Spoleto, and in 1840 he received a Cardinal's hat. In 1846, upon the death of Gregory XVI. he was made Pope. At first he was a very popular sovereign; he disbanded the Swiss Guards, amnestied the political prisoners, and lightened the taxes. But when the Revolution of 1848 burst out in Europe, the Roman people rose against their ruler, and Pius IX., after remaining a prisoner for some time in his palace, fled in disguise to Gaeta. In 1849 a French army marched upon Rome and restored the Pope to his throne. All his liberal tendencies had disappeared under his terror of republican violence, and aided, by the great Catholic Powers, he entered on a reactionary course. In 1860, during the Garibaldian invasion, the Pope lost the greater part of his dominions, which were annexed to the new kingdom of Italy.

Among other leading incidents of the reign of Pope Pius IX. may be mentioned,—the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England; the authoritative announcement of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; the promulgation of the Encyclical Letter, and the Syllabus of Errors, denouncing the whole fabric of modern civilization; and the assemblage of the great Oecumenical Council for the purpose of declaring the personal infallibility of the Pope. But the greatest event of all was yet to come. Pope Pius IX. had nearly completed his twenty-five years of sovereignty—the fated term which no Pope had ever yet exceeded—when his temporal power came to an end.

Since then the life of His Holiness has been one of comparative quiet—devoted to the exercises of religion—the reception of pilgrims, and the performance of such routine duties as pertain to his office.

On the afternoon of Thursday last, the aged

Pontiff surrounded by the high dignitaries of the Church, passed to his eternal rest.

The last words of this illustrious man were peculiarly appropriate, in view of his life-long devotion to the interests of Roman Catholicism—"Guard the Church I have loved so well and sacredly."

The obsequies of the late Pope were begun yesterday and will be continued until the 18th instant. The conclave will meet on the 17th, to elect his successor, who, the cardinals have decided, shall have the fullest freedom of action.

MR. GEORGE STEWART, JR., AT THE INSTITUTE.

The author of "Evenings in the Library" has reason to be proud of his *debut*, as a lecturer on Monday evening last.

His graceful monograph of the life and character and writings of Emerson, was listened to with marked attention—and merited the approval with which it was evidently received by the audience.

After sketching the group of brilliant American authors, who have been Emerson's contemporaries, Mr. Stewart proceeded with his description of the Seer of Concord—his methods of composition—his incisiveness as a critic—the wit and humour, which are characteristic, of even his profounder writings—and his kindness of disposition.

A large section of the lecture was devoted to an analysis of the religious opinions of Emerson, which Mr. Stewart, contended have been much misrepresented and misunderstood.

The Lecturer also critically considered Emerson's poetry, which he held to be, although mystical, yet more intelligible than Robert Browning's pieces usually are.

The poems are wanting sometimes in harmony—and carelessly disregarding of tune and time—yet are the outcome of a cultivated mind, "and often full of graceful images, and always full of thought and expression."

We refer our readers to the *News* of Tuesday last for a full report of the lecture.

Mr. Croff will be the next lecturer; Subject, "Imagination."

MAYVILLE, KY.—"Tommy" asks for something to prevent rabbits from gnawing the bark from young apple trees. There are scores of remedies at hand in books, but if any farmer has something which he has tried and knows to be good let him please write to The Letter Box.—*Free Press.*

Put some gnaw seous mixture on the bark, and if that don't cure their 'abbits, why shoot the gnaw-ty rabbit, or peel the bark off the tree. No charge for advice.

Rev. E. G. Cobb voluntarily returned his salary of \$300 a year. Are you going to live on corn, Cobb?—[Detroit Free Press. Or are you going to live on ground corn, Cobb? If the kernels should call around for the pith of this matter what shall we tell him?—[Fayette (O) Record, Hominy shucking puns will you grind out of this grit minnow-ster's corn-culsion? Wheat he can live on ye know not.—[Fairburn (Ga.) Star.

Perhaps it was because he s-corned to accept such a small sum, and wanted a rye. Bagnall will suggest that the congregation should "shell out" the same salary as Beecher gets, and try him.

"GOD, MAN AND THE DEVIL."

On Sunday afternoon the Carletonians were treated to an able and eloquent discourse on the above subject by this eminent Theologian, which, for deep research, analytical skill, theological knowledge and eloquent pathos, stands unequalled among the ablest oratorical displays of the Earth's most accomplished Divines.

A large audience assembled in the City Hall to hear this eloquent preacher, and the opinion was unanimous that his discourse was a master piece of eloquence.

The Chair was occupied by a noble young man who, in a few felicitous words introduced the speaker, after which the Chairman gave out a hymn and called on the choir (composed of a male trio, Messrs. Taylor, Freeze and Allan) to sing. The choir responded to the call ably assisted by the organist.

The Rev. gentleman then made a short prayer, after which he commenced his discourse, taking for his subject, "God, Man and the Devil." He seemed either to have a more intimate knowledge of the latter gentleman, or else he took it for granted that a dissertation on His Satanic Majesty would be more appropriate to that particular audience.

It would be impossible to give a graphic report of the sermon, as our reporter's dull pencil was not equal to the emergency of keeping time with the burning bursts of eloquence which flamed incessantly from his lips. We, therefore, content ourselves with a brief epitome. He informed us that "the Devil is not omnipresent nor ubiquitous. Satan, the prince of darkness, can't be in St. John and Boston at the same time. He works by agencies, and goes from his headquarters in the St. John newspaper offices through aerial space to Chicago, Boston and other immoral and wicked places. Does he travel in bodily form? No, he goes *incog.*, as it were, by an intricate system of electric locomotion. For instance, if he desires to go from here to Egypt, he clutches the tail of a comet—and in the twinkling of an eye he is whirled through space, and presto! change in less time than you could say "Jack Robinson," he is at his destination; travelling at the rate of 1000 miles an hour, as the earth is 24,000 miles in circumference, it only takes him one day to go around the whole world.

The above gives but an extremely faint idea of this peerless Demosthenic effort. The copiousness of exuberant fancy, and redundancy of ambiguous imagery, should have been heard to have been appreciated.

At the close of the sermon a vote of thanks was given the eminent theologian, for his able and exhaustive diabolic discourse, and a collection was taken up, amounting to 450 cents, which he deposited in the pockets of his pants. The weight of the specie must have been too much for the pocket lining as the cents went through with a rush and came jingling out of his trousers' legs on to the platform. The chairman and choir helped him to pick them up, and the audience dispersed amused if not edified.

A man in Woodstock has an apple tree that bears all the year 'round. It will bear apples in summer, and bare branches in winter.

TORCH.

LETTER FROM JOSH MUFF.

BOSTON, January, 1878.

MY DEAR HULLDAY,—“Grate Countree this” and no mistake. Soon as I arrived at the depot I was hailed and pulled about by a nice lot of ackomedatin gentlemen, who wanted to cart me to all the tavern’s in the town. Thank ye, I said, I guess I’ll take a horse keor. So I hollered to one that was jest passin, and told the konduktor to leave me at the American House, Handover Street, ware I was soon landed in 2 or 3 minits, writen me name down in the big book. Mr. Hankcock, the very prette clarke, asked me what I wanted to eat. “Well, I dun no, mabee some shupjacks and apel sas, with a few donuts will doo, unill I git the hang of your tavern.” “Korect,” he said, and ringin a bell for a serran man, told him to take me up to the hush room. I was soon surrounded by a lot of niggers, with white aprons and nektyes, and each viciu with the other to wait on me. I swow I was so konfused, I thought I was in a konvencion of preachers, and then, so polite too, me heart warmed towards them, and I asked ‘em if they wouden hush with me, and I am he goll darned if the diddent refuse; but all of ‘em, at the same time, shurvd there big paws towards me, erien with one voice, sea me, sea me, and I did see them, by givin ‘em some gum and dulce, for wich the thanked me. Gettin threw with my 1st square meed, since I left Otenabog, I retired to the parlor and, while lookin’ at one of the picters, I was tapped on the sholder in a very famillar manor by Mister Huva, of gardin sass notecaritory, why wanted me to look at sum of his seeds in his karpel bag. “Tha took the 1st prise in Russia, Prussia and London,” he said, “and I can rekommend ‘em as comin from all parts of the earth. You ‘ll by some, want you.” “I will, said I, if you ‘ll take buckwett and shingless in exchange, as I am not over partucler about fancye fermen. Mabee you mite sell London Jon’s some as he has grate tastes that way, howsomeve’, as you look weak, you better come up to my sweet of rooms in the 7th storee and tri a drink of my koughf cordel, given to me by M. Finn, of St. John, as a Christmas box.” Takin’ hold of me arm, I led him to the room, passin’ him the betle he took a good drink, smakin’ his lips with grate glass, asked for some more. “Hold on, bald head, I said, you are a little too fresh, you better carree a broom in your pocket; that has to do me until I git back to St. John, unless Friend Meliek brings on a stock.” He asked me to go to the theater to see Pippins. “All rite, Charle, wait till I put on a dickey.” So off we started in a barutch for the Tempell of Pagasses, arrivin in good season. Charle got some tickets from Mister Lingerin, the boss for the lone of 2 or 3 flour pots, and then we ware led in too a box, by a pale faced young man they called an hushler, and in considershun of me 1st visit to the Hubb, the managher with lots of kompliments, let me, I think, they call ‘em, opprech glasses. I found ‘em very nice to look at the female part of the show, and by jimitee, tha come on the stage with nothin’ on but a compell of frills and a pare of Ear Rings. “Pon my word, Huldai, I blushed all over with shame, and 2 or 3 times I put my Banana hankerchief to my ies. Charle told me I musent be that as the people might say we ware green. Rich singin’, it was hollerin’, isint a patch to ours in Otenabog, mabee I am prejuhiced, and thin agin, there lugin each other, wasant jest wat it ought to be, too much carryin’ on and throwin’ there legs up in the are, and mind you all this time I was lookin’ for the plot of the play, didn’t see it, any more than the beautiful kolections of plants from the celebrat ed nursery of the garden jess man, altho’ on the hills. It was awful agin’ my feelings to set there and see the thing threw, but I am agoin’ to see the world, and I thought I might jist as well see it

inside of the Theater as outside of it, and agin I don’t think it is any harm away from home. Yours untill death doo us part,

Josn.

P. S.—Bollvd shirts come all rite.

N. B.—You forgot Lutons on the above.

Mer.

See Chas. W. Watters’ Real Estate card in advertising columns. Mr. W. is also agent for several first-class Insurance Offices.

Mr. A. B. Sheraton was receiving congratulations yesterday on having received a “sweetly pretty Valentine” from Mrs. S. It isn’t a little boy.

SENATION IS UPPER TEN-DOM.—The marriage of a young lady, aristocratically connected, to a man whose social standing was considered below par, caused quite a flutter in the upper circles on Thursday last. Mrs. Grundy is shocked, but what’s the odds as long as they’re happy?

GODEY for March has arrived at Mr. T. H. Hall’s, and fully sustains the expectations induced by the first few numbers published under the new management. The fashions are new and extensively represented by plates, cuts, etc.; the storie are an admirable intermingling of grave and gay, and the opening engraving exceedingly spirited.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

***The New York *Herald* classes the works of Miss Rhoda Broughton, Mrs. Hamilton and their ilk as “novels of gush.”

***Mr. Edward Jenkins’ new book, *Lutchmee and Dilloo*, is a story made out of the same material which he used in *The Coolie*, the scene being laid in British Guiana.

***Frederick Villiers, the artist of the London *Graphic*, who was, till lately, with the Russians in Bulgaria, is about to write the story of his experiences, illustrated by his own sketches.

***Mrs Laura D. Fair, the San Francisco madress, has just finished a dramatization of Owen Meredith’s “Lucille,” the principal portion of which was done in prison.

***One of the leading features of Mr. I. T. Jennings’ journalistic and literary venture in London, *The Week*, is American news, including special letters from Washington and New York, etc.

***The *Atlantic* for March will contain a “Rosemary of Sonnets” by Longfellow; and a thrilling story of a fight with a trout in the Adirondacks, by Chas. Dudley Warner.

***Miss de la Rance—otherwise “Onida”—has written a new novel, one of modern English society, and it is to be printed in March.

***Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick, whose microscopical studies, published in *Scrivener’s Monthly* during the past year, have attracted wide attention, has become permanently connected with the editorial department of that magazine.

***Edward King describes Dr. Schliemann as an active, energetic gentleman in the prime of life, with regular, oval features, dark hair and mustache, sparkling eyes and a genial fund of humor. He speaks English very well; even in technical terms he is never at a loss for a word. As most people have heard, he has spent a good portion of his life in America, and in the title page of his new book describes himself as “Citizen of the United States.”

***A story, entitled “The Return of the Native,” by Mr. Thomas Hardy, author of “Far from the Madding Crowd,” was begun in the January number of *Belgravia*. The scenes are chiefly laid in the open air, on the hills of a large heath to the west of the New Forest; and the leading characters are seconded by a chorus of rustics, as in some of the writer’s previous novels.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

DASH.—Should like to see you at our office, Y. M. C. A. Building.
 GLOW WORM.—"No. 6 McKilligan Series" crowded out.
 BUFFALO BILL.—Letter and papers received. Will write soon.
 CONSER.—Aw! together unsuitable. If this is your fir 1, let it be your last.
 DOT, Indiana v.—Shall appoint an agent over your way next week.
 REBUS.—Thanks for sub. Our puzzle column will be started in our next.
 CUSTOMS.—In future the genuine names of contributors must be known by us before publication.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

PROBLEM No. 1.

By C. F. STUBBS, ST. JOHN.



White to play and mate in three moves.

A NEW SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Miss Marie Williams, formerly of the Lydia Thompson troupe is to marry a young Scotchman named Cartie.

One of our chessers commends the move. He says, "Why shouldn't she 'castle,' if she wish to, so long as the marriage is at 'knight' and the move properly supported by the 'bishop.'" The only objection is that the move results in an immediate "mate."

We looked up-pawn the above as the worst punning within our rook-cleation—but another chesser happening along went one better, remarking, that mating with the castle, was always pretty play—and that as Miss Williams is probably one of the "Queens" of society, it is plain that the castle ought, readily to "mate," after having captured the "queen."

We "check'd" him just there—lest he should reach even a lower depth.

BOSTON, Feb. 11, 1878

Dear Sir,—I find that the Torch Chess column which we have on file, through the kindness of a member, receives considerable attention in our Club and so, while waiting for some one to drop in for a "tussle," I am tempted to indulge in a little gossip with ye Editor.

Although nothing startling is transpiring in Chess circles here, we have had a slight breeze to vary the monotony, occasioned by the presence of Capt. McKenzie as the guest of the Boston Chess Club; and his encounter with that veteran of many campaigns, Mr. Hammond, was awaited with much interest.

The latter, by an unfortunate oversight, lost a piece in one of the games, but, nevertheless, succeeded in obtaining a draw, and the final

result of the match was, 4 games in favor of Cap. Mek. 3 won by Mr. Hammond, and one drawn.

Against so formidable an opponent as the Capt., this was a very creditable score.

We muster a numerous army of chessers in this Hub of ours, and any of your adventurous Philidorians, who may chance to stray hitherward, need not seek far for some rash belligerent to knock the chip off his shoulder. In addition to the Boston Club, the South Boston and Globe Clubs flourish, and with a good attendance ensure lively time, for the Chess business.

A favourite resort is the fine Chess room of the Y. M. C. Union, which is crowded nightly, the tables being all in use and a circle of interested spectators indicating the boards where "so'thin' is to be seen."

In the Mercantile Library much time is devoted to the game by many strong amateurs, and at the rooms of the Y. M. C. Association opportunity is afforded for any who may feel inclined to break a lance.

But, even with all these facilities at their command and blest with a disposition to make the most of them, the fraternity still find it not easy to be perfectly happy, and it would do your dear provincial heart good to see some of our over confident amateurs; catch an occasional tartar, in the person of some mild eyed and inoffensive looking stranger whose "scalp" they were kindly endeavouring to bring into camp.

I note with pleasure a growing tendency to promote an interchange of courtesies between our local Chess organizations, an instance of which occurred last week, when the members of the Newton Chess Association paid a friendly visit to the "Globe Club" and, which, after an evening, pleasantly and agreeably passed, resulted in an invitation to the visitors to send in a delegation to play a few games for the honor of their respective towns.

These "sociables" must have a beneficial effect on the professors of the noble science who participate in them, and it is to be hoped that so salutary a means of promoting a feeling of good fellowship and mutual esteem, will not be allowed to lapse into disuse.

More anon,

MAK.

GOOD SMART CANVASSERS WANTED EVERYWHERE for the TORCH.

In compliance with the urgent requests of a large number of persons, who were disappointed in getting last Saturday's Torch, we re-publish the portrait of Pope Pius IX. and the Carleton Pew squabble.

The portraits of Messrs. A. C. Smith and Jas. Reynolds are in this weeks *Canadian Illustrated*. Mr. Reynolds' likeness is very good. "Chip" has a "childlike and bland" look, but where ever did you get that coat?

A SPAR-BOW.—A Sparrow and a Gray bird had a friendly "Set to" on Thursday afternoon, "for the oysters." The Sparrow bit the Gray bird, and the Gray bird discolored the left eye of the Sparrow. Judge Gilbert talked to both of them in a very ostentatious manner, and told them that "little birds should in their nests agree," and fined the Gray bird Ten Dollars.

A FEELING of horror passed through this community on reading the story of the revolting tragedy at Little River, as given in the daily papers, on Thursday last. It is certainly startling to learn that there has been, and may be still, at large among us, a creature so inhuman as the perpetrator of the foul outrage and murder of MARY QUINN. The circumstances point to VATCHAN, as the criminal. He should be fairly tried, however, before being pronounced guilty of so black and dastardly a deed.

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 society and occupation, aided by a judicious use of a *dietary tonic 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 *sustaining and nutritive* tonic properties restoring the "defective functions and structures," as the number 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 CLUB.

CALICO CARNIVAL!

A FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL and Promenade Concert will be held at the Rink on WEDNESDAY, 27th February, 1878, Commencing at 8 o'clock, p. m.

A PRIZE of \$10 each will be given to a Lady and Gentleman for the BEST CALICO COSTUMES. The 2nd Band will be in attendance.

RULES:

No one allowed on the ice unless in Calico Costume or other Fancy Dress.

Impersonation of characters of Negroes and Fireworks prohibited.

No gentleman permitted to personate a female character.

Each skater will be required to hand in a card to the committee in the dressing-room with his or her name and character as usual written thereon.

The centre of the Rink will be strictly reserved for the use of the skaters, judges and directors.

Tickets 25 cents each—to be had at the residence of Messrs. A. Chipman Smith and Carson Flood, and at the door on the evening of the Carnival.

C. E. SCAMMELL, President. G. C. COSTER, Sec'y. Treas.

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO.

Special Notice.

STEAMER "New Brunswick" will leave Saint John on MONDAY, 25th January, and "City of Portland" on THURSDAY, January 31st, after which the "City of Portland" will be withdrawn from the route for the short time to be put in order for summer business. "New Brunswick" will leave Boston, MONDAY, Feb. 1st, and will continue to leave Boston, touching at Portland and Eastport, every MONDAY, and Saint John every THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock until further notice. In consequence of this change there will be no boat leaving Boston Thursday, Jan. 31st.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

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. WATERS, Office Vernon's Building, Corner King and German st.

THE BANKER'S GRAND-CHILDREN,

A NOVELETTE,

By NENA C. RICKESON,

OF WOODSTOCK.

PRICE, - - 20 Cents.

Just published by

G. W. DAY.

Printed by GEO. W. DAY, 57 Charlotte Street

SPENCER'S
Elixir of Wild Cherry,
 for Coughs, Colds and all Affections of the
 Throat, is a pure vegetable preparation,
 containing no opium or deleterious drug.
 Its effects are immediate and permanent.
 It may be given with safety to the tender-
 est infant. Price 30 cents.

SPENCER'S
GLYCERA,
 for Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, and all
 Roughness of the Skin. It is prepared
 from Price's Pure Glycerine, combined
 with other emollients, finely perfumed,
 and should be on every toilet table.
 Price 25 cents.

SPENCER'S
Vesuvian Liniment
 is a specific for Rheumatism, and all dis-
 eases for which a Liniment is applied.
 Circulars may be obtained at the Drug
 Stores containing certificates from gentle-
 men of high standing in this Province.
 Price 30 cents.

SPENCER'S
White Vesuvian Liniment
 possesses all the valuable properties of
 the brown Vesuvian Liniment mentioned
 above, but is less speedy in effect. It has
 the advantage that it does not stain the
 apparel when used on human flesh. Price
 25 cents.

SPENCER'S
Black, Violet and Crimson Inks
 are used in the Commercial College, many
 of the Public Schools, and by our prin-
 cipal business men. A trial will prove their
 superiority over imported Inks.

Spencer's Antibilious and Blood
Purifying Bitters.
 An efficient cure for Indigestion, Bilious
 Complaints, Jaundice, Sick Head-
 aches, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of
 Appetite, and all Diseases having their
 origin in a disordered state of the organs
 of digestion. Price 25 cents.
WORTMAN & SPENCER,
 Jan 5 Paradise Row, St. John, N. B.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
 Just received—A very fine Stock of Ladies'
 and Gents'

GOLD WATCHES,
 Key and Stem Winders.
 Also—A large assortment of **SLIVER**
WATCHES, of English, Swiss and Wal-
 tham manufacture, which will be
 sold low at

MARTIN'S
Jewelry Store,
3 MARKET BUILDING,
Charlotte Street.
 Feb 16-1m G. H. MARTIN.

Catch 'em - Alive
MOUSE TRAPS!
 A Mechanical Curiosity, at
Clarke, Kerr & Thorne's,
 GERMAIN STREET.

TEMPERANCE
REFORM CLUB!

Provisional Subscription Committee

The following members of the St. John
 Temperance Reform Club are authorized
 to solicit subscriptions for the Club House:

J. B. HAMM, ROBERT BUSTIN,
J. A. S. MOTT, J. KERR,
C. R. RAY.

St. John, January 26th, 1878.

C. R. RAY, President.

J. L. McCOSKERY,
 Printer, Bookbinder,

AND
MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
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 done in first-class style, and at rea-
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Account Books,
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 Jan 12-1m

GRAND OPENING!

THE subscriber takes pleasure in an-
 nouncing that the

DOMINION
Wine Vaults!

LUNCH AND BILLIARD ROOMS,
 Situated in Mullin Bros. Block,
 Cor. Dock St. & North Wharf,

are now open to the public. The entire
 premises fitted up in the most approved
 American style.

Thankful for past patronage, a contin-
 uance of the same is respectfully solicited
 Jan 12 C. COURTENAY.

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

E. T. C. KNOWLES,
 Barrister at Law, Notary Public,
 Solicitor of Patents, &c.

OFFICE: Y. M. C. A. BUILDING,
 30 Charlotte street, - - St. John, N. B.

KERR & SCOTT
 Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants,
 17 King street, St. John, N. B.

1877.
INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP
COMPANY—FALL ARRANGE-
MENT—TWO TRIPS A WEEK

On and after MONDAY, Sep. 17th, and
 until further notice, the Steamer "New
 Brunswick," E. B. Whitehead, master,
 and "City of Portland," Bruce H. Ste-
 mber, will leave Beed's Point wharf,
 every MONDAY and THURSDAY morn-
 ing, 4.30 o'clock for Eastport, Portland,
 and Boston, commencing both ways as
 per with steamer Belle Brown for Saint
 Andrew and Halifax.

Returning will leave Boston every Mon-
 day and Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock,
 and Portland at 6 p. m. with arri-
 val from Boston, for Eastport and
 St. John.

No claims for allowance after goods
 leave the Warehouses.
 Freight received Wednesday and Sat-
 urday, only up to 10 o'clock a.m.
 Jan 5 H. W. CHISHOLM, agent

JAS. ADAMS & CO.
 HAVE OPENED
 In their New Premises,
 (OLD STAND)
NO. 16 KING STREET,

Where, with a New and
 Thoroughly Assorted Stock
 -OF-
SEASONABLE
DRY GOODS,

Increased Facilities,
 -AND-
 Prompt attention to Business

They hope to receive a continuance
 of the Patronage so liberally be-
 stowed on them in the past,
 dec 22 7f.

E. P. HAMMOND,
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
 SINGER'S, HOWE'S AND LAWLOR'S
SEWING MACHINES.
 King Square, St. John, N. B.
 Needles, Oil and Attachments kept
 constantly on hand.
 Sewing Machines Repaired and Im-
 proved.
 Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 6m)

DUN, WIMAN & CO.,
MERCANTILE AGENCY,
 MARKET BUILDING,
 St. John, N. B.
A. P. ROLPH, - - - Manager.
 Jan 8 1f

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

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

Boarding Horses
 kept on reasonable terms, and supplied
 with Loose Boxes or ordinary Stalls, as
 required.
 All call respectfully solicited.
 Jan 8 1y **ALBERT PETERS,**
 Manager.

BEARD & VENNINO,
 No. 18
 South side King Street.

Are now showing a Large and well
 assorted Stock of

Mourning Dress Goods.
 Comprising Black Lustre, Black Politan-
 tines, Black Satin, 11; French Merino,
 Black Cashmere, Black Bareless, Black
 Persian Goods, Black Empress Cord,
 Black Wool Serge, A'ss, Court and
 Celebrated 11 1/2 Crapes, in all qual-
 ities.
 Feb 16

BEARD & VENNINO.
 N. B. ICE—Just received at the City
 N. M. Ice Co. 11 King Hall—200 basket
 1/2 Ice Suits, made to order; 200 Cans—
 100 Tweed Suits, to be sold at the fol-
 lowing low figure:
 Scotch Tweed suits, 8 1/2, formerly \$5;
 Canadian Tweed do. 10, " 15;
 Scotch Tweed do. 12, " 18;
 In order to make room for Spring Stock,
 THOS. YOUNG, CLARK'S, Prop'r,
 Custom work a specialty. Feb 16-1m

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS
Must be True!
 THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every
 size, lined, unlined, Buck & Castors.
 ROULLION'S SEAMLESS FIRST
 CHOICE KIDS.
Black Goods and Silks!
 The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock,
 in the City to choose from.
 Gentlemen's UNDERCLOTHING
 every make.
MACKENZIE BROTHERS,
 dec 21 47 King Street.

INSURANCE BLOCK.
 Fire and Marine Insurance!
 Capital over Twenty Million Dollars
ROBERT MARSHALL,
 Gen. Agent, Notary Public and Broker.
 (dec 20 1y)

Boarding and Livery Stable
140 UNION STREET,
 dec 22 1y W. H. AUSTIN.

THURGAR & RUSSELL,
 Wine and Commission Merchant,
 15 North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.
 (21 mo.)

JOHN KERR,
BARRISTER AND NOTARY,
 No. 5 NEW MARKET BUILDING,
 dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.

ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG,
 Wholesale and Retail dealer in Wines
 and Spirits, Old Virginia Cigars and Tobacco,
 No 2 King square,
 Branch Store, 18 Charlotte street.
 dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.

M. A. FINN,
 Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana
 Cigars. Hazen Building King Square.
 dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.

E. W. GALE,
 GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
 The Equitable Life Assurance Company
 of the United States, The Accident
 Insurance Company of Canada.

Office Room, No 12 Magee's Block,
 Water street, - - - St. John, N. B.
 (dec 22)

FERRICK BROTHERS,
 Wholesale and Retail dealers in First-
 Class Wines, Old Brandy, Whiskies, etc.
 No. 15 North side King Square,
 Thos. S. FERRICK, J. S. J. FERRICK,
 dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.