

TORCH

Light Literature!

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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

No. 12

[For the Torch]
TO—

Out through the daisied meadows,
And out through the breezy woodlands,
And up by the willowy brookside,
My heart, a-wandering, goes;
But, ah, for the daisied meadows,
And, ah, for the breezy woodlands,
And, ah, for the willowy brookside,
And, alas, for the winter snows!

For my eyes see not what they saw once,
And my heart feels not what it felt once;—
I walk with the staff of a pilgrim,
And my steps are weary and slow;—
And those that I loved have forgotten
The guest that comes unbidden,—
A ghost of the days departed—
A shadow of long ago!

The meadows are daisied and sunlit,
The woodlands are breezy and songful,
The brook murmurs on 'neath the willows,
And the orchards are all about;—
But I see not the nodding daisies,
And I hear not the songs in the woodland,—
The babbling brook is an ice-thread,
And the orchard blooms are snow.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

[For the Torch.]

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No. 9.

We are not susceptible to flattery, and are firm in the faith that the remarks of some of our contemporaries with regard to TORCH, its editor and contributors, are nothing else than the heartfelt expressions of America's most distinguished men, whose feelings in the matter could not be repressed or controlled. We quote from the *New York Evening Post*—(the article was penned by that veteran in literature, William Cullen Bryant:)

"TORCH is one of the most brilliant luminaries that has ever broke upon the horizon of literature. Its editor, Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, I classify among the deepest thinkers and most felicitous writers in existence. His contributors are hardly less remarkable in brain power and felicity of expression."

Our space will not permit us to quote the

balance of the *Post's* notice, which fills some two columns of that remarkably discriminating journal. The *New York Tribune* (edited by that distinguished *savant*, Whitelaw Reid,) remarks in a recent issue:

"TORCH is one of the most brilliant luminaries that has ever broke upon the horizon of literature. Its editor, Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, I classify among the deepest thinkers and most felicitous writers in existence. His contributors are hardly less remarkable in brain power and felicity of expression."

But we cannot afford space for all of Mr Reid's discriminating remarks, and hasten on to quote from an extended article in the *North American Review*, from the pen of James Russell Lowell—the poet—

"TORCH is one of the most brilliant luminaries that has ever broke upon the horizon of literature. Its editor, Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, I classify among the deepest thinkers and most felicitous writers in existence. His contributors are hardly less remarkable in brain power and felicity of expression."

We would be glad to give Mr. Lowell's remarks to our readers in full, but space will not permit.

We cannot omit, however, to quote from a paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, by W. D. Howell.

"TORCH is one of the most brilliant luminaries that has ever broke upon the horizon of literature. Its editor, Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, I classify among the deepest thinkers and most felicitous writers in existence. His contributors are hardly less remarkable in brain power and felicity of expression."

As Mr. Howell's notice occupies some eighteen pages, it is impossible for us to reproduce it in full.

The *North American Review*, in a paper by John G. Whittier, the poet, seems to appreciate our literary efforts with the appreciation of true genius. We will be pardoned by our readers for quoting as below.

"TORCH is one of the most brilliant luminaries that has ever broke upon the horizon of literature. Its editor, Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, I classify among the deepest thinkers and most felicitous writers in existence. His contributors are hardly less remarkable in brain power and felicity of expression."

We are pained to have to omit the balance of this brilliant paper, but as it occupies 96 pages of that standard periodical, its republication at this time is impossible.

We are greatly encouraged by the remark of Mr. Longfellow, that "though TORCH is young in years, it has the brain of ages."

To the brethren from whom we have quoted, we extend the hand of fellowship, for we are not proud, and their appreciation of our work convinces us that they are worthy co-laborers with us in the field of human progress.

The creditor's favorite color—dun.—*Dexter Smith's*. The baby's favorite color—yell-oh?—*St. John Torch*. Wirt Sikes' favorite color—Olive. Conductor's favorite color—carmine. The wind's favorite color—blue.—*Dexter Smith's*

Ada Cavendish is going to travel as a star in America if she can get a manager to back her.—*Dexter Smith*. Don't chew tick it would be a good idea to let your artist make a "fine cut" of her for your paper?—*St. John Torch*. What a Torchere of words!—*Dexter Smith's*.

The Boston small girl mixes her theology strangely. When her Sunday School teacher asked her, "Who made you?" she answered, "God made me that length," putting her hands about twelve inches apart, "and I grewed the rest myself."

COULDN'T PASS.—"I have a picture on exhibition inside," said a young artist to the doorkeeper at the Academy of Design. "This is my father, who wants to pass in with me." "Can't help it. *Must* have a ticket," said the doorkeeper.

"You passed Ma in yesterday," remonstrated the embryo Raphael.

"Well, what of it?" continued Cerberus.

"Why, you ought to *Passé Par-tout*," was the reply.

The doorkeeper wilted.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

ODDITIES AMONG THE BOOKS.—A short man reading Longfellow; a burglar picking at Locke; a jeweller devouring Goldsmith; an artilleryman with Shelley; an omnibus driver calling one Moore; a nice young man going to the Dickens; a laborer at his Lever; a young woman with her Lover; Tom studying Dick's works; a lancer learning Shakespeare; a servant looking for the Butler; a Miller deep in Mill; a glazier's hour with Paine; a lodger absorbed in Hawthorne; a Dutchman interested in Holland; a domestic man with Holmes; a bookseller trying to save his Bacon; a woman in Thiers; a lazy man's Dumas; a corn-doctor with Bunyan's Progress; a philologist contemplating Woodsworth; a minstrel reading Emerson; a Catholic at Pope; a creditor pleased with Sue; a jolly fellow laughing over Sterne.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

INCOMPLETE.

A harp that has been touched,
But never waked to tone;
A little frost killed flower
That blossomed out too soon;
A young voice hushed in death,
Its sweet song half unsung;
Hands folded, cold and still,
Their life-work but begun,—
Unfinished, incomplete,
And yet forever done.

A leaf turned down to mark
A story-book half read;
The book forgotten now,
The reader lying dead.
A piece of work laid by,
The needle in it still;
Two feet already tired
Just starting up life's hill;
A home made desolate,—
O God!—is this Thy will?

With aching hearts we cry,
O God! is this the end?
Or may her harp from heaven
Its music to us send?
The blossom lost from earth,
The sweet unfinished song,
Shall it continue there?
The blighted rose re-bloom?
For all of life's lost joys
Shall recompense be given?
Is the life unfinished here
To grow complete in Heaven?
—Mary E. C. Johnson.

[For the Torch]
ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

No. 6.—On Sepulchres.

There is something exceedingly disagreeable in the idea of sepulchres, especially if whitened. Whitewash is an appropriate apparel when a man is alive and impunctious, but it is overdoing the thing when he is dead.

Sepulchres are legitimate subjects of commercial enterprise, same as wild lands and timber licences. All that is required is an acre of dry ground and a laborer, whom we shall call John, with a spade. Duly subdivided into lots, sepulture pays. Plant an alderman and he comes up grass; and pasture, you know, produces city milk. A fashionable clergyman can be had to inurn dear departed, at \$2.50, with services full enough to qualify for a glorious resurrection. Young doctors of much rashness and little experience can be retained as a protection to the native industry. Coffin-makers and hewers of red granite are called into existence, and, if God sends a green yule, the sepulchre yieldeth a better dividend than many Insurance Companies.

Sepulchres are mere articles of luxury. When cremation prevails we shall be buried in snuffboxes, perhaps snuffed up as "old high-dried." Time was when the unburied wandered as ghosts along the Stygian shore. But that is over. Beecher has abolished the place most of us were afraid of going to, and, if he had not, the genius of the nineteenth century would think nothing of incorporating a company to tunnel the Styx. A strong popular movement would also be made to abolish Charon's monopoly of the ferry.

But there are other sepulchres, peripatetic as to habit and mostly whitened as to chokers. Men of dried hearts who have grown puffy in the

scraping of pelf that has done good to no other than themselves, may be charitably described as sepulchres,—graves of youthful aspirations, manly ambitions, consolations of age. All these may be assumed to be dead and buried in the "respectable" Pecksniffian sepulchre, and when he opens his ponderous and marble jaws there is not much chance of his casting them up again.

When I see a little faded woman, in whose heart a first love lies buried, appearing in society with frivolous smiles and factitious graces, says I to myself, says I, those are artificial *immortelles* (at \$1.50) warranted not to wash out with tears.

There be other sepulchres,—impalpable, immaterial, but wept over by sad eyes. These are the graves of buried hopes.

I have no doubt that when I die my neighborhood will combine to do me honor. The Motley and Illustrious Order of Corsican Brothers (of which I am a Grand Worthy Past) will demand to walk in their absurd little aprons, and will take some refreshment stronger than water before setting out from the lodge. Horsey and Co.'s hearse, overshadowed by its colossal plumes of rusty black, and drawn at a snail's pace by its two spavined hacks, will want to carry me home. The doctor who killed me, and the clergyman to whose church I have left nothing, would like to occupy the first mourning coach. Mutes diffusing a pleasant aroma of whiskey will beg to be there. My neighbors who care nothing about me, or I about them, will doubtless consider it correct to straggle after, like a flock of black crows, and lay me in a cemetery lot within hearing of the railway whistle and the swearing of cabmen. But I will disappoint them all, for I have left direction in my will (the only thing I have to leave), that two or three good fellows whom I love shall bear me quietly to a nook I know of beneath tall hemlocks,—a little streamlet singing near,—and lay me down under the wild thyme. Then, as they blow their noses to conceal their emotion, they will murmur in broken accents: "poor devil!" Perhaps by-and-by they may put at my heels a stone, and on it for epitaph: "DE BRASSY." I am in doubts about adding "RESURGAM." Perhaps they, and even the readers of the TORCH, might be disappointed if I did. HUNTER DUVAR.

The Term Porte.

The term "Porte," which is used to denote the administrative government of the Ottoman empire, and includes the Sultan, Grand Vizier, and the great council of state, had its origin in this way: In the famous institutes established by the warrior Sultan, Mahomed II., the Turkish body politic was described by the metaphor of a stately tent whose dome rested upon four pillars. "The Viziers formed the first pillar, the judges the second, the treasurers the third, and the secretaries the fourth." The chief seat of government was figuratively named "The lofty Gate of the Royal Tent," in allusion to the practice of earlier times when the Ottoman rulers sat at the tent door to administer justice. The Italian translation of his name was "La Porto Sublima." This phrase was modified in English to the "Sublime Porte," and finally the adjective has been dropped, leaving it simply "The Porte."

During a cold, no one should be so foolish as their health by sitting by a stove without it.—*Whitehall Times.*

A MARVELOUS YOUNG MAN.

Talk about girls who coquette and mince and primp and attitudinize, why, there is one young man we know of who can give any girl a round number of points to start with and then leave her far behind.

Of course many young men can do this, but one particular young genius homo can to a certainty. He is so sweet, so polite, so courteous, so artificial, that one longs to pull him to pieces, and finding other cast-off members in a rag bag, make him over again into a respectable charcoal vender.

He is a wonder and a marvel to his numerous acquaintance. He is everywhere at all times, without ever having been especially invited.

He occupies by no means a brilliant position in some mercantile house, but dresses like a young swell with patrimonial acres to back him. His salary is at a low figure, but he manages to wear new clothes every month, and to keep up with the fashions like a Prince. Girls hate to snub him, as his utility is unquestionable. He holds fans and parasols like an automaton, is always at the elbow of any young lady who desires to make use of him, and although the greatest bore on earth, is not wholly ornamental but often useful.

It is impossible to cut this urbane young man.

He will not be cut.

He is determined to keep in society at all hazards, and winks at guys and downright snubs, growing more useful and more polite all the time.

By sheer impudence and cheek he procures entree into excellent company, and keeps his position by the same means.

He manages to be on hand at every party, wedding, kettle-drum or rout, although everybody wonders how he got there.

He is a moral young man; attends weekly prayer-meetings, and bible-classes. He is always at church, and walks home with one of the prettiest girls every Sunday, while other men—substantial, eligible men—are dying to take his place.

His every smile and bow is studied. He has forgotten how to be natural. He spends hours on his back hair and his moustache. The style of his necktie is the envy of all the young men who know and despise him. He has not a spare dollar at the end of the month—in fact is heavily in debt, but is looking for a fortune, and hopes that his appearance and that immaculate moustache will bring him into a good family and a competency.

He wants to marry, and board with his wife's mother.

He is one of the many young men who earn seventy-five dollars a month and spend two hundred without feeling it; but somebody feels it—and several too. Now the question is who keeps up this miraculous young man? The butcher, the baker, or candle-stick maker?

But he lives through all sorts of epidemics and gets to be a greater bore every day.

The Interregnum.

The following may be useful as a calendar of the papal Interregnum of 1878:

Feb. 7. Pius IX. dies 4.57 p. m. Italy guarantees the independence of the Conclave.

Feb. 8. Pope's last wishes read—Cardinals Pecci, Bilio and Di Pietro appointed to govern the Church.

Feb. 9. Cardinal McCloskey sails for Rome.

Feb. 10. Body of Pius IX. exposed in state at St. Peter's.

Feb. 13. Catholic ambassadors notify the Cardinals that they will exclude certain irrecusable candidates if elected—St. Peter's closed.

Feb. 17. Obsequies of Pio Nono concluded.

Feb. 18. Cardinals enter Conclave at 6 p. m.

Feb. 19. Two unsuccessful ballots taken.

Feb. 20. Cardinal Pecci elected Pope, and proclaimed as Leo XIII.

THE NEW BABY.

EUGENE FIELD.

We welcome thee, eventful morn,
Since to the poet there is born
A son and heir;

A fuzzy babe of rosy hue
And staring eyes of misty blue,
Sans teeth, sans hair.

Let those who know not wedded joy
Revile this most illustrious boy—
This genial child!

But let the brother poets raise
Their songs and chant their sweetest lays
To him reviled.

Then strike, O bards, your tuneful lyres,
And awake, O rhyming souls, your fires,
And use no stint!

Bring forth the festive syrup cup—
Fill every loyal beaker up—
With peppermint!

—St. Louis Journal.

A TILT AT TREATING.

A correspondent sends the following to the New York Mail:

I want to urge a movement which I believe will do more good for temperance than all other agencies together. I would like to see the utterly absurd, stupid and injurious practice of treating done away with altogether, and the German practice of every man paying for his own adopted.

Every man who has been addicted to drink—and I am sorry to say I am one—knows very well that his appetite was got through this practice and that, after acquired, it was this custom that fastened it, and made it dangerous.

A young man saunters into his club, his billiard room, or any other place where liquors are sold, without any idea of drink. He doesn't want it, he did not intend to take it when he came in, and he would be better off without it. Three other young men are at the bar, two of them precisely like himself, but who had accepted the invitation of the third, who, further along, had come in for a drink. He is invited to join them, and he does, following the custom which has become law. A. wants a drink, B. C. and D. do not, but take it. While the change is being made, B., slightly excited by the stimulant, suggests a repeat, which is done. C., having partaken of his friends' hospitality, deems it mean not to spend some money in return suggests another, and D. by this time excited to a degree that demands more, follows with a fourth.

By this time they are half fuddled and ready for anything, and if they are not carried home it is because they are seasoned vessels.

If they stop with the fourth man, there are fifteen drinks poured down where, with this system abolished, there would have been but one. And the party is lucky that gets off with forty, instead of fifteen more or less.

Every drinking man in this city will testify to the truth of this experience.

"I have a big head this morning," says Tom.

"What do you want to get full for every night?" replies Harry.

"Well I didn't mean to," is the invariable answer, "but you see last night I struck Bill, Dick and Jack, and we got to—well, one drink follows another, and you know how it is yourself."

Every drinking man knows how it is himself. This senseless custom is the most valuable ally intemperance has. It has filled more drunkards' graves than all other causes combined.

Lone drinkers are very rare—men go to their ruin in crowds.

One party of fifteen young men who are in the habit of meeting for lunch every day in the lower part of the city are trying the experiment of each ordering what he wants and paying for it, and it works beautifully. They are not con-

suring one-tenth the liquor they did under the old system.

Wipe Out the Record.

It is a common practice among saloon-keepers to speak sneeringly of those who have quit drinking and signed the pledge, and of adding to their remarks: "It was time for Bill to quit—he owed me \$7.60 for rum, and owes it yet." One of these unfortunates, who had run up a rum bill before signing the pledge, addressed a letter to an exchange, stating frankly that he owed the saloon keeper a bill, and that as the desired to know whether he was in duty bound to pay it. He felt that if he paid it, it would be so much towards assisting to sustain the rum traffic. The exchange, in reply, said that it was a delicate question to handle, and as novel and interesting as it was delicate. The writer is doubtless correct in saying that the rum did him harm, and that the money, if paid, would help the liquor traffic. Yet, we advise him to pay the bill. The name of a really reformed drunkard does not look well chalked on a slate, over such a long list of drinks as would amount to \$7.60, and suspended to public view in a bar-room. Better wipe out the record. It adds that it is a good thing for every body to drink no more than he can pay for cash down, and better to drink a great deal less.

Hold On, Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games, and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

An exchange speaks of a Vermont editor's wife presenting her husband with a fourteen pound daughter. Oh, yes, we remember the circumstance. The editor received the donation with his accustomed suavity, and penned the following before he discovered that the gift was not sent for the usual puff: "A magnificent baby has been laid upon our table by Mrs. Blank, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best that has come under our notice this season. We return thanks for the generous gift, and can only add that we hope that the printer will be similarly remembered by many other of our readers." When the editor discovered what a blunder he had made, he took a solemn oath never to write another puff, not even if his cellar was filled with water melons and his back yard with cordwood.—Turner's Falls Reporter.

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have fought, may even conquered; but a coward never forgave. It is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"WILKINS MICAWBER," Halifax.—Letter received; much obliged for sub. and good wishes. Will write soon.
GLOW-WORM.—Too late for this week.
"DOT," Boston.—Club of subscribers received; much obliged.
"LUZAK,"—Poetry too high-toned for us. Send it to the Ledger.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

Wiry chaps—Telegraph operators.—Oil City Derrick.

Pump-out sort of fellows—Milkmen.—N. Y. Com.

Never strike a moustache when it is down.—New Orleans Picayune.

Why is a deserted hut like a rooster? Because it's a shanty clear.—Dexter Smith's.

Socrates never drank. On account of his Xantippe-ty to drink.—Pack.

An Ohio bill poster pasted show bills on the tombstones in a cemetery. No doubt he wished to give the "dead heads" a show.—Norristown Herald.

A Sunday-school boy, upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."—Hackensack Republican.

Putnam's female ghost appears when they least ex-spectre.—Bridgeport Standard.

Actual fact! A pious young man was going through the Common one Sunday, and came upon some youngsters "playing marbles." "Boys," he said, "boys, do you know what day it is?" "One of the imps turns to a bystander with, "Here, can you tell this man what day it is, he don't know?"

Did you ever watch the noiseless movements of a pretty girl's lips as her dress is trodden upon, and marvel at the self-command which enables her to do the situation justice in so quiet a manner?

In the third precinct a policeman arrested a man who tried to explain that he was only "weary." The policeman explained that there is arrest for the "weary."

"Ma!" screamed young Matilda Spilkins the other morning, when she got the paper, "Ma, Silver Bill has just passed the house." "Hias he, my dear?" replied Mrs. S. from up stairs. "Why didn't you ask him in?"—N. Y. Commercial.

GOOD GLIMMERS.

I don't like to talk much with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo a little while, but one soon tires of it.—Curlyte.

Do little helpful things, and speak helpful words whenever you can. They are better than pearls and diamonds to strew along the roadside of life. They will yield a far more valuable harvest, as you will find after many days.

The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope of him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world; if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and in his unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills; but what is within, that makes or unmakes.

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, \$1.00, 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.	Footman.
1st insertion	\$1 00	24 00	86 00
Subsequent	50	2 00	3 00
Per month	2 10	9 00	13 00
Per quarter	5 80	24 00	26 00
Per half year	10 00	40 00	40 00
Per year	17 00	60 00	57 00

Cards \$10 per year.

Special notices \$1 first ins., 1 line or 10.

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;
C. BELYEA, Portland.

Single Copies—Two Cents.

TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 9, 1878.

THE NEW ALARM BELL was tested with unsatisfactory results, on Thursday evening.

MR. J. HOWE ALLEN opposes Mr. Gleeson for the Councillorship of Prince Ward.

THE HARBOR COMMISSION delegates do not appear to have accomplished much. They are expected home next week.

THE UNITED STATES Congressmen, who passed the Repudiation Silver Bill, ought to be paid for their services with the 90 cent dollars.

THE Torch-light comes to us from Oxford, N. C. It strives to shine with steady flame, reserving its extra blazes to scorch Republicans.

DEXTER SMITH's for March contains: "Secret Love," a lively gavotte, by Johanna Resch; "Star of my Life," a serenade from "Alhambra"—the words by Dexter Smith, and the music by Woolson Morse; and the anthem, "The Earth is the Lord's." The other departments are all up to the mark.

LAW AND GOSPEL are arranged against each other, at the present Circuit for King's County, represented respectively by Mr. Wm. Pugsley and Rev. Mr. Woodman, Rector of the Episcopal Church at Westfield. The lawyer says the Parson slandered him. A special jury are to decide the matter.

BEGUINARY.—Peter Ogdén, the colored gentleman, who broke into Mr. Alden's house at Nauwigewauk, and stole a large sum of money, has been sentenced to 15 years in the Penitentiary. This is a long sentence, yet we understand the prisoner is quite willing to decline it. He is not good at parsing either.

It must be awful easy for a wooden headed man to get his hair shingled. [Detroit Free Press.

What part of the head should be shingled? The roof of the mouth of course.

A. Salmon has been chosen chief engineer of the Port Henry fire department. Mr. Salmon ought to make a good of-fish-al. [Whitehall Times.

It would probably depend upon whose souse was on fire.

In spite of the Temperance movement money has been as tight as ever it was. [Summerside Journal.

Too many draughts perhaps. Or is it caused by a run on the McKeenzie Banks?

ALBERTON, P. E. I., makes known his views and tells its news to the world through the columns of the *Pioneer*, a first-class weekly, of which Mr. J. L. Mackinnon is editor and proprietor.

Ed. Manning, Esq., the P. E. Island Superintendent of Education, delivered a lecture on "The Spirit of the Age," at Mount Stewart. The *Patriot* says, "The lecture was scholarly, chaste, eloquent and practical." Mr. Manning's numerous friends in St. John will be pleased to hear of his success on the platform.

The concert given by the Reform Club on Friday evening last was well attended. Mr. Teed's singing took immensely. His rendition of "Rock me to sleep" was excellent. R. T. Holman's reading was also rendered in a manner that would do a professional no discredit. The concert on the whole was one of the best ever given by the Reform Club. To-morrow evening the Rev. Theo. Ritchie lectures under the auspices of the Club. [Summerside Jour'l.

We congratulate friend "Harry" on his success as a "singsit," especially in such a good cause.

BENGOUGH, caricatured and lectured for the Carletonians, at the City Hall, on Tuesday night last. The Algerines seemed much tickled by the jokes and pictures, and rewarded the lecturer with laughter and applause, as the various local celebrities appeared on Mr. Bengough's magic easel. Few people can so easily banish care, for an evening, as *Grip's* genial cartoonist.

THE CONCERT given by our local colored vocalists, at the Institute, was well attended and was, in a musical point of view, a great success. Miss Carrie Young, who has a voice of great sweetness and good compass, was loudly applauded in her solos. Mr. Hawkins, a popular favorite, sang "The Three Fishers" and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," in first-class style. Miss Patterson played a piano solo, showing a delicacy of touch and a brilliancy of execution rarely seen among performers of more pretensions. Mr. Washington, the conductor, deserves credit, for the admirable manner in which he carried out the arrangements; and Mrs. Hartt merits a word of praise for her artistic accompaniments. The Concert would bear repetition.

Mrs. Mangle Wordswell, speaking of her children, says she doesn't know whether she prefers a buoyant gal or a gallant boy.

PITHY PERSONALS.

Olive Logan says: "Mr. James Gordon Bennett is now reported to be engaged to a brilliant French countess, of old family and large possessions."

Daniel Lambert, of West Farmington aged 90 years, committed suicide by hanging Tuesday. Cause unknown.

Jubilee Gilmore sails for Europe with his band next May, for the purpose of giving concerts.

Albert D. Brown of Princeton, N. J., has paid \$10,000 in settlement for the seduction of Alice Noice, the "gardener's pretty daughter."

At John Murray's benefit in Lewiston he was presented with a gold watch and chain and a receipted bill for the use of the hall on the benefit night—all the gift of the proprietors of Music Hall.

William Workman of Montreal leaves property valued at \$600,000. About two-thirds is bequeathed to public charities.

The N. Y. *Herald's* obituary of Pope Pius IX. was written five years ago by Mme. Mundt, better known as Louisa Muhlbach.

A lady in Lowell owns the original MS. of Poe's poem, "The Bells."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is soon to deliver her lecture upon George Eliot before the Rhode Island Woman's Club, in Providence. Gail Hamilton should be presented with a complimentary ticket.

Mr. Edmund Chase, 93 years old, the oldest Mason in the United States, is very sick at his residence in Minot. He was made a Mason of St. John's Lodge, Newburyport, Mass., in December, 1808, thus making him a Mason for seventy years.

Says the Chicago *Herald*: "Annie Louise Cary, ever popular though she is, should remember that there is such a thing as 'guying' on the stage entirely too much. In the abundance of her good nature, she is inclined to frolic on the stage a trifle more than is absolutely necessary."

The *Gazette* says Col. Morrill of Dexter has been offered \$3000 for his trotter 'Canors.'

Kate Claxton, the well known actress, has gone into voluntary bankruptcy under her real name, Kate E. Lyon, before a register in bankruptcy and a warrant for her adjudication has been issued.

At Oakland, Cal., Saturday, Dr. Carver with a rifle broke 885 glass balls out of 1000 tossed from a point thirty feet distant. Time, including all stoppages, 3 hours, 3 minutes.

STAGE SPARKS.

Blind Tom is in Texas.

Modjeska is a Polish Jewess, and is 42.

"Master" Coker has made a fine operatic debut in Italy.

Manager Chas. H. Thayer is preparing to take several strong stars over his New England Circuit.

Cowper's Comedy Company made a failure in the Provinces, and no wonder!

Maggie Morrison is the right name of Clara Morris.

Rachel Noah has joined Booth's company.

Marie Roze says she considers Patti to be the best soprano, and Cary the best contralto, in the world.

Who says a woman cannot keep a secret? Betty Rigi has been married three years and didn't tell anybody of it.—*Dexter Smith*.

Here's a Savory bit of news. Miss Ida Porcupine has returned to the stage again. [Porcupine.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

No. 3.

One of the most decidedly original characters in the House is farmer Farron. He is an agriculturist, he says, born in a turnip drill, swaddled by cabbage leaves, and suckled by the best butter making cow on the farm. He wears homespun of the coarsest kind, so coarse that the yarn used as warp and woof must have been spun by some old tale manufacturer of Clubb's Corner, and uses small pig's feet as sleeve buttons and shirt studs. Pieces of sole leather the size of heeltaps (no allusion to anything condemned by the Reform Club) are fastened on with raw hide thread as buttons, and he wears a horse collar round his neck. His feet are nearly as large as those of the Police Magistrate of Moncton (who is to exhibit his at the Philadelphia Exposition as models of the St. John river woodboat, his boots being sometimes used as lock-ups for small boys arrested for petty offences and occasionally employed as rafts for the transport of cordwood down the Petitcodiac), and yet his boots are so much too big for him that they wrinkle as deeply as the face of Premier Macenzie when under examination by Domville and Mitchell before the Committee of Public Accounts. Nature, as if resolved to mark out this gentleman as a cultivator of the soil, shaped his nose on the model of the improved sub-soil ploughshare, and, as it gets no chance to turn up the soil, it turns up continually itself. Its owner always turns up also when the potatoes, beef and cabbage are cooked at his boarding house. His fingers bear a strong resemblance to barrow teeth, and the nails are examples of a fondness for the native soil which a session at Ottawa can no more cure than a Reform mass meeting, and a blue ribbon can cure the passion for strong drink. He is an honest Granger and despises the fops, frivolities and furbelows of fashion. He brings all his rural tastes, even to a preference for barnyard over perfume, with him, and is not ashamed of them. He visits the nearest stable early in the morning, as an appetizer,—the familiar sights and scents giving him a relish for his breakfast. Farmer Farron has a reddish brown beard, something like buckwheat straw when the grain is ripe, and has a fashion of reaping it with his sickle shaped palm. When addressing the house, in condemnation of anything, his arms are swung over his head as though he were wielding a flail, this action being varied by sudden and violent thrusts with his finger into the air, as though he were using a brood on a lazy ox that was making its mate haul all the load. The man in front keeps a steady watch, ready to dodge at any moment. When the ponderous fists, after being swung around the head several times, descend upon the desk with a crash that causes the responsive air to vibrate to the keystone of the loftiest arch of the gothic interior, members in the vicinity hold up blue books as shields against splinters. His rhetoric is redolent of the farmer, the garden and the stable. "Mr. Speaker," he said on one occasion, "the hon-

orable gentleman opposite is small potatoes and few in a hill. (Cheers.) His bill, like that of the old gander who rules the roost in my barnyard (laughter), looks harmless enough at first sight, but contains something of the serpent within." (Cheers, and cries of What is it?) "The gander's bill contains a hisser, and this bill contains a stinger." (Great laughter.) Honorable gentlemen may laugh, Mr. Speaker, but I know what I am talking about. I have ploughed and harrowed the subject, as it were, hoed it, weeded out the sophistry that hid the core of the apple (laughter and hear, hear), threshed the grain and winnowed it out, and the evil is there, like thistle and pusley roots in a garden patch or grass field. (Great laughter and applause.) Plant it in the Statute book and it will spread itself out and spring up on the other side of the hedge, like a bambergilder tree in a garden. (Applause.) It smells to heaven, Mr. Speaker, like a fat porker on a hot day. (Cheers and laughter.) The elements, which it yokes together, will no more pull in harness than father's thorough bred mare and Bill Akerley's Tennessee mule—(laughter)—the mule that nearly cost him his liberty, when he was skedaddling to this country, because he was too lazy to carry Bill and too contrary to let Bill carry him. (Roars of laughter.) Honorable gentlemen may laugh, but it was no laughing matter to Bill. (Hear, hear.) Yes, he is here, but he wouldn't have been if he hadn't hitched that mule to the hind end of a railroad train. (Laughter.) Let every man set in his own cabbage yard, in under his own apple tree, as the Psalmist says (Oh, oh), and feed his roots raw or biled, whole or hashed, and plough deep or shallow, and sell his hay or feed it on the farm, and don't try to regulate their business by Act of Parliament. (Hear, hear.) The honorable the Finance Minister tells you that nations are not to be made happy and prosperous by Act of Parliament, and, Mr. Speaker, though in matters of fingers he stumbles like Brother Jake's blind ox (laughter), and keeps his foot down in a mud puddle as obstinately as Akerley's mule (renewed laughter), who lifts his hoof only when somebody gets within reach of his heels (laughter and applause), yet I believe he's right in this, and no more can Acts of Parliament keep the Colorado bug from potatoes, the murrain from the cattle, the grubs from the coveumbers, or the small farmer, who has no fear of his wife's broomstick, from the corner groggery in planting time. (Great applause and laughter.) The attempt will prove as idle as Venno's scheme for regulating the weather by an Almanac. (Hear, hear.) Old Boreas is mightier than Old Probabilities, Mr. Speaker, and mounts when he will, the dread steeds stabled in the icy caves of the Rockies, and rides over plain and hill and valley, making cellars freeze and cattle seek shelter, and human beings hurry hilly dressed from bedroom to kitchen in the morning. (Cheers and laughter.) Natur must have her way, whether natural or human (laughter), and you might as well try to dam Niagara with cobble stones as stop the course of trade with such bills as this. If you lessen the channel, Mr. Speaker, you will overflow the banks, like liquor run-

ning out of a man's mouth when the bottle cork gets in his throat. (Shouts of laughter.)

But Farmer Farron, with all the soil flavor of his diction, is a good honest legislator, and a great favorite with the rural electors of his County. He takes ox tail soup at dinner, with a mental reservation in favor of making use of those having appendages in future, sews, with a "whater-yer-guvin-us" look when the waiter asks if he will have "Turkey a la Bechemel, lamb cutlets au petits pois verts, fillet of beef a la puree de pommes, salmis of partridge au vin, or pigs' cheeks," and says he "takes no stock in them French dishes—bring up the pig, cheeks and all"

Ottawa, March 1.

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 "Lectures by Yavob 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 townsmen, 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. Knowl es, Barrister, A.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.

Miss Lisa Webber is organizing a company to travel through England with "Evangeline."—*Ec.*

We thought Evangeline was dead—but perhaps its better not to expose our ignorance.

How to make a Maltose cross—tread on he tail. (Philadelphia Ledger.
 Certainly to Maul-tense her.

[For the Torch.]
THE RACHELOR.

No doubt he hath sorrows and joys
Co-mingled with human alloys,
But they're all of himself, he has no one to
blame

For the joys that have fled, or the sorrows that
came:

He pleases himself, or annoys.

Away in the wilderness wild,
By society's ways undefiled,
Alone and content as the years glide along,
Unloving, unloved, lives the theme of my song.
I asked: "Art thou lonely?" he smiled,

And remarked, "'Tis a joyous life,
The voice of a scolding wife
Never falls, like the sentence of death, on ones
ear,

Nor severs the sweet chords of harmony here,
Nor causes contention or strife.

Nor the musical voice of the child,
While the strap on its back is being piled,
Ever ruffles the calm in a man's tranquil breast,
Or robs the weary-worn soul of its rest,
In this forest sublimely wild.

This indeed is life perfect, complete—
The bachelor's favorite retreat—
Here he washes his dishes, sweeps floor, and
bakes bread,
And as twilight approaches lies down in his
bed,
And sleeps, unmolested and sweet.

"Who would not a bachelor be,
In this wild-wood romantic and free:
In this home where you hear the pert chat of
the squirrels,
Much sweeter to me than the laughing of
girls?"
Ah bachelor 't would not do for me.

EAK.

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

The sacque of the season for next, or more properly, this Spring, has an English back and cut away fronts, overlaps in the skirts and is provided with coquettish box pockets and a rolling collar and revers. It is not a little-rakish looking in appearance, though not so much so as another model which is adorned with the extras of a vest, and standing collar, as well as the long rolling collar which extends over the cut away fronts.

Ladies of all ages, certain and uncertain are to go into short dresses this Spring, and the shorter the better, considering the state of our streets.

Masculine critics begin to ask now, whether it be possible, for a fashionable woman to strike and maintain a happy medium as regards the arrangement of her head-gear; for whereas, some months since, the aim seemed to be to make her hat at least touch her nose, her ambition at present is to see how nearly like falling off she can make it look, and then, they say, it becomes positively necessary to strap the dainty trifle on with a veil which is brought forward and tied under the chin. The criticism is not as entirely without foundation, as most of its class, but still, we think the "happy medium" desired is more the rule than the exception.

Silver ornaments seem to be if anything, more fashionable than ever this winter. Italian filigree sets are designed with such exquisite carvings as to closely resemble lace work, while the clasps for cloaks or belts are shown in an-

tique silver with the rarest and most original designs.

The fashion books are prophesying that black silk is to be very popular this year. Would it be inadvertent to ask when it was not so?

Luminous thistles and golden chestnuts are in great favor, as ornaments for the hair.

Silk is preferred to satin for bridal dresses just now, but damask and brocade are still used for combination with the plain material.

Handsome lingerie is very much the order of the day, some of the lace collars worn being almost as extensive as the soutages in vogue some years since. Wide linen collars also meet with approval, but their glare of dead unrelieved white is not so generally becoming as lace of any kind.

Shirred fronts to dresses are coming in again, a favorite combination costume being of bonnette with silk fronts.

The coming hat is not an assured thing as yet, but thousand-tongued rumor whispers of very radical changes in millinery.

Petticoats for evening toilets are made flatter than ever in the front and on the hips, but fuller than ever at the back, the fullness being imparted by a succession of narrow flounces ranging from the hem of the train to within four inches of the belt. For the sake of convenience in washing and ironing, these flounces are frequently mounted on a separate breadth of muslin, which is buttoned on the back breadth on each side.

People are generally pretty well satisfied with diamonds pure and simple when made into sets, but this satisfaction may be somewhat marred by the fact that fashion now decrees that all gems be mingled and so combined, as to make a variety of colors as, for example, diamonds with turquoise and pearls; opals with rubies and diamonds; diamonds with emeralds and rubies, and sapphires with diamonds and gold.

The Spring novelties are beginning to come in thick and fast, but they are not appreciated just now as much as they will be a few weeks hence. And indeed who could be expected to enjoy a new costume while our streets are in their present condition? or who could derive any gratification from a new bonnet upon such a day as last Sunday? Ladies may pick and choose and manufacture, but the fruits of their industry will of necessity have to "keep" until finer weather.

Gentlemen desiring to be really stylish must not indulge in striped or fancy hosiery this season, for fashion has put before them her autocratic veto, making only plain or solid colored stockings, "the proper thing."

A recent fashion article says, that by making the neck very square, the shoulder strap very broad, and the sleeves very short, the result in the shape of a ball dress must be *en regle*. This is very comprehensive, but our contemporary must have forgotten that this is Lent, and that therefore ball dresses themselves are not *en regle*.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, March 5, 1878.

February's exit was peaceful, and March came in like a lamb; may it not go out like a lion. But though the weather overhead is not unpleasant, under foot mud reigns supreme, and only the philosopher, who rejoices that the boot-black may reap quite a harvest from such a state of affairs, represses an exclamation as his foot sinks into the treacherous mud. But Spring is surely approaching, for the feeble wail of "Spring, gentle Spring," is already heard on the land-organ, and, as the season advances, that wail will swell to such a shriek that many a one will wish that music were one of the lost arts.

This, too, is the season when the small boy begins to play marbles on the sidewalk. For it is a curious fact, which it might be well for scientists to note, that the small boy invariably begins to play marbles in the mud of early

spring, and by the time the mud has disappeared, when one would think he might take real pleasure in his game, the season for marble playing has had its day.

The store windows are now artistically arranged, and the gorgeous display of dry goods is already lending the feminine mind to ponder the question how the "fig leaves" may be most daintily fashioned for the spring campaign.

This winter as last, the Rev. Joseph Cook has been an object of much interest to the critics, but who shall decide when doctors disagree. Rev. Downs Clarke says that "Of all qualities that make up an orator, he (Mr. Cook) has an embarrassment of riches," while another writer calls Mr. Cook a "charlatan." But let those disposed to criticize say what they may, the fact remains that Mr. Cook gathers a large and cultured audience at his noonday lectures, and few who have heard his powerful voice and have seen the earnestness with which he throws himself into his subject, will soon lose the impression he made upon them.

Last week, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the "sage of Concord," made his first appearance in public for a long time, in a lecture "The Fortune of the Republic," at the Old South. It is a great treat to hear him as his large audience attested. He spoke many cheering and hopeful words for the Republic, and will not for a moment concede that it has begun to decline.

The work of saving the Old South, still goes on, and when it is saved the people of Boston will almost regret it, for the committee having in charge the preservation of that venerable building has arranged so many pleasing entertainments that numbers are indebted to it for many a pleasant evening. The Ball at Music Hall was a great success. The gaily decorated room, the mingling of quaint costumes, with the military dress of many of the gentlemen, and the air of happiness that pervaded the whole room formed a scene not soon to be forgotten. LEAH.

THE SHOP CLOCK.

The shop clock is not usually classified as a special tool, but it performs special services which no other tool in the shop can perform. It furnishes the data to make up the amount for each man's envelope on Saturday night. It reproves the tardy workman who, as he enters the shop where the other men are busy at work, glances hastily at its face and looks anxiously around to see if his entrance is observed by proprietor, superintendent, or foreman. He feels under the clock's surveillance until his coat is taken off and his tools are in his hands, and if still unobserved he feels that he has cheated the clock.

When a face anxiously seeks the shop clock every hour or so, the thoughts are usually anywhere but upon the work, the hands are unwilling and the employer is not getting justice. When the hands of the clock mark five minutes before the time for ceasing work we may find the unscrupulous workman washing his hands with his employers benzine or machine oil, or leaving his work to heat water to wash in. The lazy workman is waiting because "it is no use to begin a new job five minutes before quitting time." The workman anxious to be anywhere save at work, is manoeuvring to get near the shop door, ready to make a bolt when the clock strikes. When the clock does strike the quitting hour the careful workman puts away his tools or finishes some little detail that will take but a moment if done at once, but would occupy much more time if not at once finished. While some of these careless workmen have laid down their tools just where they happened to stand when the clock struck, others may have departed leaving their machines running, with the prospect of a smash up if they are not on hand in the morning when the machinery starts; and others still may have left their gas jets burning. If clocks could talk it would be a great boon to foremen.—Scientific Am.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

PROBLEM No. 4.

BY JOSEPH N. BARSON.



White to play and give mate in 3 moves.

GAME No. 12.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

Played by correspondence between Rev. D. H. Shields of Spring City, Pa., and Mr. Jos. W. Belcher of Providence, R. I.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| Mr. B. | Mr. S. |
| 1 P K 4 | 1 P K 4 |
| 2 Kt K B 3 | 2 Kt Q B 3 |
| 3 B K B 4 | 3 Kt-K B 3 |
| 4 Kt-Kt 5 | 4 P Q 4 |
| 5 P X P | 5 Kt Q R 4 |
| 6 B Kt 5 + | 6 P-B 3 |
| 7 P X P | 7 P X P |
| 8 B K 2 | 8 P K R 3 |
| 9 Kt K B 3 | 9 P K 5 |
| 10 Kt K 5 | 10 Q Q 5 |
| 11 Kt-Kt 1 | 11 B X Kt |
| 12 B X B | 12 P-K 6 |
| 13 B B 3 | 13 P X P + |
| 14 K-B sq | 14 Castles Q R |
| 15 P-Q 3 | 15 B-B 4 |
| 16 Kt Q B 3 | 16 Kt-R sq |
| 17 Kt-K 2 | 17 Q-Q 2 |
| 18 Q B-K B 4 | 18 Kt-B 5 |
| 19 R-Q Kt sq | 19 B-K 6 |
| 20 P-K Kt 3 | 20 Kt-Q 7 + |
| 21 K-Kt 2 | 21 Kt X B |
| 22 B X B | 22 R X B |
| 23 R-K B sq | 23 Kt-R 5 + |
| 24 K X P | 24 R-B 6 + |
| 25 K-K sq | |

Black mates in Thirteen moves.

- | | |
|-----------|------------------|
| 26 K-Q 2 | 25 I X R + |
| 27 K-B sq | 26 Kt K 5 + |
| 28 K X R | 27 I X Q + |
| 29 P-B 3 | 28 Q-R 6 |
| 30 K-B 2 | 29 Q-B 8 + |
| 31 K-Kt 3 | 30 Q X Kt + |
| 32 P-R 4 | 31 Q X P |
| 33 K-R 3 | 32 Kt Q 7 + |
| 34 K-Kt 3 | 33 Kt X R + |
| 35 K-R 2 | 34 Kt-Q 7 + |
| 36 P-Kt 3 | 35 Q-B 5 + |
| 37 K-R sq | 36 Q X F + |
| | 37 Q-Kt 8, mate. |

We ask the opinions of our readers on the concluding mate, to see whether it can be done inside thirteen moves or not.

According to our latest news from Montreal, twelve contestants entered in the Tournev, proposed by Mr. Shaw—representing the following places—Quebec, Montreal, Belleville, Nainville, Coburg, London, (Ont.) Hamilton, and St. John, (N. B.) Let us hope St. John will hold her own, and carry off at least one of the prizes.

Halifax has yet to be heard from.

The chess match by telegraph between Pre-

scott and Iroquois was brought to a conclusion on Monday evening, the Iroquois players winning by two games to their opponents' one. A second match of three games is to be commenced this evening. Mr. F. Lewin, one of the leading chess amateurs of Prescott, has just taken up his residence in this village, and will prove a most valuable acquisition to our chess circle. Thus reinforced Iroquois would be happy to hear from any of her sister villages desirous of trying conclusions with her on the chequered field. [Iroquois Times, March 2.]

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------|
| 1 Kt-K 8 (ch) | 1 R X P |
| 2 P X R, becoming Kt (ch) | 2 K-B 3 |
| 3 Q X Q, mate | |

PUZZLERS' KNOTS.

Edited by ELLSWORTH, P. O. Box 3421, Boston, Mass.

Contributions and answers are cordially invited from all interested in whatever pleases the young, and also from every reader of the Torch, and the Puzzle fraternity in general. All communications for this Department should be sent to its Editor at the above address.

18.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

(Names of Cities.)

- | | |
|----------------|-----------|
| -E-R-I- | -A-A-N-H. |
| D-B-I- | M-S-O- |
| Detroit, Mich. | GINN. |

19.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A river in Portugal; a Russian proper name; tribe of Indians common to New Brunswick; an island near Scotland; a grammatical term; a particle; egg-shaped; a river in Russia. Primals and finals name a part of the Western Hemisphere.

St. John, N. B.

CLARA.

20.—HOLLOW SQUARE.

Down:—The government; to escape.

Across:—A medical compound; an ode.

Boston, Mass.

TWILL

21.—HALF WORD SQUARE.

A precious stone; to originate; to evade; little; a famous trade-mark; part of a knot; a numeral.

X. C. LENT.

22.—METAGRAM.

Change head of to peruse and have to introduce; again, have a deceased American general.

ALADIN.

23.—CHARADE.

My first is part of the name of a flower;

A part of speech my second;

My third is found beneath Fame's bower;

My whole is a great man reckoned.

PERLEY.

(Answers in two weeks.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEB. 23.

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1.—Nigh-tin-gale. | 6.—Mouth, south, youth. |
| 2.—F L O W | 7.—St. John. |
| L O R E | 8.—S-tint. |
| Q R E S | |
| W E S T | |
| 3.—Dreamers. Senator. Advertising. Professionally. | |
| 4.— | |
| B | |
| L O T | |
| B O X E S | |
| T E N | |
| S | |
| 5.—Marry, Mary. | 9.—S-ton-e. |

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

GEO. E. A., St. John—Your solutions to Nos. 7 and 9 are correct, and you will receive the

prize for the former. Please continue, and send us some "knots."

H. M., St. John.—We are glad to say your answers to Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, are correct; also, No. 2 and No. 3, partially. We trust you will send us some puzzles, and also continue your interest in our department.

CIGARETTE, St. John.—Your *nom de plume* has a very snaky appearance, but since it doesn't cloud your eyes, and your solutions to all our puzzles are correct, you will receive prize for No. 3. We are sure you will send us some first-class "knots."

PRIZE.

For first best list of solutions received we will send an excellent prize.

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 medicinal 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.

REMOVAL.—HENRY GORRIE, Merchant Tailor, has removed to Dr. RING'S BUILDING, GERMAIN STREET, march 9-1m

Spring Suitings.

JUST OPENED—One of the nicest lots of SCOTCH and ENGLISH TWEEDS ever seen in the Market. VERY CHEAP.

1 case WORSTED COATINGS in all the new patterns, splendid goods.

1 case of SPRING OVERCOATS at very low prices. THOS. LEMNY, No. 9 King Street.



1878. Spring Style. 1878. SILK HATS.

WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS. Also, Stock—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT HATS, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4. Hat and Fur Store, 10 King Street.

FISHING THREAD.

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

DAILY EXPECTED:

3000 lbs. Dressed Salmon Twine;

1000 " Undressed do.

For sale at Commission Prices.

T. R. JONES & CO.

Real Estate Agency.

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

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

SPENCER'S

Elixir of Wild Cherry,
for Coughs, Colds and all Affections of the
Throat, is a pur & 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.
Circumstances 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 principal
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-
ache, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of
Appetite, and all Diseases having their
origin in a disordered state of the organs
of digestion. Price 35 cents.

WORTHMAN & SPENCER,
Parasitic Love, St. John, N. B.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Just received—A very fine Stock of Ladies
and Gent's

GOLD WATCHES,
Key and Stem Winders.
Also—A large assortment of SILVER
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.

**A NEW STOCK OF
EBONY DROP DRAWER PULLS**
AND
Extra Strong Cash Boxes

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. MOIT, J. KERR,
C. R. RAY.

St. John, January 26th, 1878.

C. B. RAY, President.

J. L. McCOSKERY,

Printer, Bookbinder,
AND
MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

PRINTING

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

A full line of
LAW AND COMMERCIAL
STATIONERY!

kept constantly in Stock.

Account Books,
Ruled, Bound, and Printed to any
pattern.

J. L. McCOSKERY,
(Late with H. Chubb & Co.)
7 North side King Square,

ST. JOHN, N. B.
Jan 12—1m

GRAND OPENING!

THE subscriber takes pleasure in an-
nouncing that the

**DOMINION
Wine Vaults!**

LUNCH AND BILLIARD ROOMS,
Situated in Mullin Bros. Block,
Cor. Deck 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 continu-
ance of the same is respectfully solicited
Jan 12 C. COURTENAY.

JOHN GRADY,
Importer and Dealer in
Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
Wholesale and Retail,
Cor. MILL and NORTH STREETS.
feb 22—1y

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

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.

International Steamship Co.

1878 Spring Arrangement. 1878
TWO TRIPS A WEEK.—On and
after Thursday, February 28th, and
until further notice, the special sea-going
steamers, City of Portland, S. H. Pike,
master, will leave Royal Point Wharf
every Monday and Thursday morning at
8 o'clock, for Eastport, Portland and Dis-
ton, coming in at Eastport with steamer
Belle Brown for St. Andrews and Calais.
Returning will leave Boston every Mon-
day and Thursday morning at 8 o'clock,
and Portland at 8 p.m., after arrival of
noon train from Boston, for Eastport and
St. John.
No claims for allowance after Goods
leave the warehouse.
Freight received Wednesday and Satur-
day only, up to 6 o'clock, p.m.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent
mar 9

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 1/2

NOTICE.

We have in Stock a splendid line of
Coatings and Tweeds
for our Custom Department, and will
make to order at our usual low prices.
At our old stand, Dock St.
MULLIN BROS.

We are selling our
READY-MADE CLOTHING at COST
to make room for our Spring arrivals
MULLIN BROS.,
Dock Street.
feb 22—1f

E. P. HAMMOND,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
SINGER'S, HOWE'S AND LAWLOR'S
SEWING MACHINES.
King Square, St. John, N. B.
Agents, 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 1/2

**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.
A call respectfully solicited.
ALBERT PETERS,
Jan 8 1/2, Manager.

BEARD & VENNING,

No. 18
South side King Street,
Are now showing a large and well
assorted stock of
Mourning Dress Goods,

Comprising Black Lustre, Black Blon-
dines, Black Sicilians, Black French Merino,
Black Cashmeres, Black Barachens, Black
Persian Cord, Black Empress Cord,
Black Wool Serges, & so, Court and
Celebrated Black Crapes, in all qualities.
7-536

BEARD & VENNING,
NOTICE—Just received, at the City
Market Clothing Hall—30 Basket
Cloth Suits, made to order; 200 Canadian
Tweed Business and Working suits; 100
Scott Tweed Suits, to be sold at the fol-
lowing low figure:
Basket Cloth Suits, \$18, formerly \$25;
Canadian Tweed do. 10, " 15;
Scott Tweed do. 12, " 18;
In order to make room for Spring Stock.
THOS. YOLNOC LAUS, Prop'r,
Custom work a specialty. feb 6—1m
**WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS
Must be True!**

THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every
size, lined, unlined, Buck & Castors.
ROULLON'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 29 47 King Street.

INSURANCE BLOC
Fire and Marine Insurance!
Capital over Twenty Million Dollars
ROBERT MARSHALL,
Gen. Agent, Notary Public and Broker.
(dec 29 1 y)

Boarding and Livery Stable
149 UNION STREET,
dec 22 1 y 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,
St. John, N. B.

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

M. A. FINN,
Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana
Cigars, Hazen Building King Square.
dec 22 1 y 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 Brandies, Whiskies, etc.
No. 15 North side King Square,
THOS. S. FERRICK, J. S. J. FERRICK,
dec 22 1 y St. John, N. B.