



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

Vol. I.

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

No. 13

STANZAS.

Whenever I see a red, red rose,
I say, "Mayhap from some heart it sprung,
That moulders beneath, whose cares and woes
Were never voiced by mortal tongue."

And whenever I see a violet pale,
By hedge or woodside, I think, "Ah me,
Of its mother heart, how sweet the tale
Of deathless love and trust might be!"

For it is a fancy of mine, that rise
From buried hearts an emblem true;
That in every flower that buds and dies
The lost and the dead their lives renew.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

[For the Torch.]

NO. EIGHT OF THE WIDOW McKILLIGAN SERIES.

"Look at me, Mehala 'Crossgrain," repeated Aggy sternly, stepping round in front of her, her white muslin wrapper sweeping the carpet like a train. "do I look like a person whose work is done, who is ready to fold her hands and die?"

Mahala thus adjured, mounted her glasses and gave her a searching look.

"Niece McKilligan," said she, "you look remarkably well; you'r well milliner'd, an got up. Why don't ye go like me, accordin' to natar's gardin'!"

"Hif that's natar's gardin'," repeated Aggy scornfully, "its an awful ugly one."

"I don't hold with no sich high flyn ways," retorted Mahala, "I believe in watchin' an prayin'."

"Especially the 'watchin'," snapped out Aggy. "Yes you, and such as you, Mahala, watch sharper nur a weasel fur a chicken, for any little four-paws (faux-pas) in your neighbors' conduct. Oh, yes, you'll watch well, an' if you do see anything you spread it worse than mumps or measles in ten minutes."

"Well," said Mahala, "if ever. No I never—hev yew done, Aggy McKilligan? I didn't come here to quarrel, nur I bein't agoin' to; but its my dooty as yer mother's sister to—to—Gist ring fur Bridget to fetch sum more crumpets, niece, will yew—these be proper

good," and she poured herself another huge cup of broma.

Suddenly came a thundering rap at the door, and Bridget ushered in Doctor F. Alexis Poundpill.

"Morning, ladies," said he bowing, "delighted to see you."

"Be seated, doctor, do," said Aggy, "hits han harge sence I see you."

The doctor was a smallish sort of man, very thin, thin lips and large flashing eyes, big nosed and bald-headed, remarkably stylish in his get up, and very polite and ceremonious in manner.

"I hope the ladies are in excellent health," he said, "but such enquiry is quite useless, absurd in fact,—a look at each charming face is answer sufficient, and such eyes—I am dazzled, bewildered in fact, by their splendour—the blaze of the far-famed Khoo-i-noor is lost beside their beams!"

I. Penny, looked up just in time to catch the glance the fiery eyes levelled at Aggy—that glance!—I heard the silvery peal of wedding bells, and scented orange blossom in its lingering sweetness. Aggy blushed scarlet. Oh, Nicodennus, thinks I to myself, you're nowhere; you didn't lay it on thick enough; you're too slow; you're as gone up as—the last balloon.

"My dear Mrs. McKilligan," continued the doctor, "I am happy to inform you that I've just got out a new thing." "Hindeed," said she, "what his hit? Meantime let me give you a cup hot 'ot broma."

"No, thanks," said the doctor, "I've just breakfasted. About this thing, I have named it 'Dr F. Alexis Poundpill's Rejuvenatus de Imortalatis.'"

"Dew tell!" gasped Mahala, edging close up to the man of the mortar.

The doctor—a very nervous, excitable man—springs up, and begins to stride up and down the room, his great white eyes flashing like the headlight in a locomotive. He kicks things out of his way. He deals sundry vicious kicks at velvet-covered, embroidered foot-stools—the very apples of Aggy's eyes.

"My dear, doctor!" she exclaims, "ow de-

structive you are, to be sure," and she quietly gets everything out of his path.

"Here," she says, laughing, "now go hon han tell hus hall habout hit, han that!"

"Yes, my dear ladies," he continued, "use this wonderful ungentum medicummentum, and grow immortal."

"To goodness, gracious, massy me, yew don't say!" jerked out Mahala, eyes and mouth agape, "I never hearn tell o' the like."

"Yes, ladies, use my 'Rejuvenatus de Imortalatis,' and you will eclipse the sleeping beauty—Cleopatra will be a mere sunflower compared with you; Helen of Troy a mere kitchen wench; Lucretia and fair Rosomand daubs, hottentots,—simply hottentots.—" In his excitement, stampeding about the room like a stray buffalo, he grabbed at different things and tossed them from hand to hand, and performed other gratifying gymnastics, such as catching the kitten on the toe of his patent gaiters and landing her in Aggy's lap, himself quite oblivious of the fact.

"Yes," said he, "make you new from top to bottom, as a shilling fresh from the mint. No more aches, no more pains—assimilation all right, organization all right, the clavicle and humerus movement easy—the phalanges, poration and sputation perfect,—the cripple will throw his crutches to the dogs—old age will—will—be cast off like the serpent's skin—"

"Well in creation!" ejaculated Mahala, "in case it makes ole folks good as new, I'll git dad to sell the two year old steer and buy some. Makes old folks new, git cont there! What jifil news! the jubilee hez come! I feel az tho' I could skip like the daylight on the moun'tains, jist ter hear tell ov it. Ted Styles kin throw his wooding leg to the moles an tew the bats, and Jerushy Jones kin haul out her glass eye, an no mistake."

"Yes ma'am," said the Dr., "the infirmities of poor humanity will disappear before my irresistible medicament like—like—(he paused for want of a figure)—like the mirage of the desert. Sickened and distress will fly—"

"Only one dollar a bottle; buy it, dear ladies, and become like the angels in beauty, as you are in goodness."

Aggy bought a bottle of the immortal elixir,

(which, by the way, was perfumed water) of course, and the doctor departed to do some more spouting, after arranging with Aggy to attend her to a Cardinal at the Link, as she expressed it, next week; and Mahala, having devoured enough breakfast for three, set out on a self-constituted agency on behalf of the *Rejuvenatus de Immortalitas!*"

GLOW-WORM.

LIFE.

Life is a rose, brier burdened, yet sweet—
Blooming a day,
Flinging its perfume like perfume to meet—
Wind blown away.
Leaf after leaf spreads its blush to the air,
Kissed by the sun,
Deeper-tinted growing as joy makes it fair—
Love's garden won.
Leaf after leaf shrinks up from the heart
Leaving it bare;
Color and fragrance and joy all depart—
None left to care.
Nay, the Divine in it lingers there still;
God's care in all.
Rose-leaves but drop at the beck of His will—
Fetters which thrall.
Up from its trammels the freed spirit wings,
Higher to soar;
Attar immortal, a pure essence flings—
Sweet evermore!

Don't be Ashamed of It.

Judging by the trouble taken by a certain class of people to hide from their friends the fact that they are poor, one might suppose that, to be short of funds, was something far worse than a crime. Now, this trying to keep up appearances and do as others do, whether it can be afforded or not, has become the bane of society, and, like what is called mimicry among insects, produces a nondescript race very difficult to define or assign to its proper place in the order to which it evidently belongs. Of course, we are not advocating the exposure of a man's business affairs to everybody with whom he comes into business or friendly relations; but we do hold that he has no right to pretend to be any better off in worldly goods than he is in fact, for to do so is a deception which is but another name for dishonesty. To be sure, it is hard to deny one's self the luxuries of life, and resolutely turn from all expensive pleasures. But it must be done if wealth is to be gained. There is a pleasure in self-denial that a majority of our people never experienced, and it comes in most gloriously, and is extremely satisfactory to the one practising it when he can say, "I owe no man," and at the same time he has a hundred pounds in his pocket, but wanting some article costing two, he refuses to purchase until, through self-denial, the other hundred is obtained. It requires some courage to adopt such a system of living and dealing, but it has this as a recommendation—it is perfectly safe and honorable.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Over-watering kills more plants than dryness. Pots in the house, especially the handsome glazed ones, should be provided with abundant drainage—broken pots, cinfers, oyster-shells, anything to make open layer at the bottom; then a layer of moss, to keep the earth from washing down, and then a soil made so open by sand that it will always allow the water to pass through. With these precautions there is no danger, but where the surface of the soil is muddy an hour after watering, there is something wrong, and plants will not thrive.

THE TORCH offers some special inducements to subscribers and canvassers. It is a lively and spicy sheet. See our advertising columns. —*Fredricton Reporter.*

Golden Rules.

The person who first sent these rules to be printed says truly if any boy or girl thinks "it would be hard work to keep so many of them in mind all the time, just think what a happy place it would make home if you only could!"

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump, or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons upstairs, or in the next room; if you want to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your faults and misdoings, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never preserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and best friend be your mother.

The To-Go's Corner.

"I wonder are editors aware of how much importance is their poet's corner! I wonder if they knew that the most inveterate pursuer of brooms and gridirons that ever kept a man's house tidy, likes a bit of sentiment in that shape in the family paper. When the day's work is done, she takes the scissors from the long pocket at her side, clips the precious verses from the paper, and hides them in her bosom. They have touched her heart; and many times when she is alone, she will read them over; and as long as they hold together will keep them in her needle-case or work-box, to read when 'things go wrong,' or when the treadmill of everyday duties has been faithfully performed.

"So, gentlemen editors, don't crowd out the poetry, or think it of small consequence. Take the affidavit of one who has seen the clipped verses from your paper hid away in pocket-books, speared on pin-cushions, or tucked away in boxes.

"Always have a bit of poetry in your columns for her who has a potent voice in the choice of a family newspaper."

The Human Register.

Is there not something of rest, of calm, in the thought of gently and gradually fading out of human remembrance? What page of ours that does not betray some weakness we would fain have left unrecorded?

I should like to see any man's biography with corrections and emendations by his ghost. We don't know each other's secrets quite as well as we flatter ourselves we do. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether the best be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any who stand remembered in the account of time?

Fame is, after all, a kind of rude handling. O, sweet, tranquil refuge of oblivion, so far as earth is concerned, for us poor blundering, stammering, misbehaving creatures, who cannot turn over a leaf of life's diary without feeling thankful that its failures can no longer stare us in the face!

A father lately induced a croupy little boy to make a healthy little meal of buckwheat cakes and molasses, but the latter proved to be syrup of squills. The boy said he thought something aided the molasses the very minute his father told him to eat all he wanted.

LOVE IS NEVER LOST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

What was the song we sang together,
You and I in the long lost June?
Something to-day in the dreary weather
Brought back a strain of the tune;
And it carried me back to a moon-lit even,
Roses, music, beautiful eyes;
You seemed an angel out of Heaven,
And I was in Paradise.

I think it was something that night we were
singing
About the sea—but I cannot say,
For only a strain of the song came ringing
Into my life to-day.
Our bark on the sea of life have drifted
Widely asunder since that June night,
And clouds have gathered, and clouds have
lifted,
And days have been dark and bright.
But I think the love that brightened our May
time,
Though lost and forgotten in Time's swift
flow,
Has been with us always in night time or day
time—
I think it is always so;
Love is never outlived completely—
Is never wasted or thrown away;
Some part of it lives and comes back to us
sweetly,
Like the strain of that song to-day.

Words we forget, but a strain of the measure
Floats back to us ever, now and then,
In days of labor, or hours of pleasure,
As we move about with men,
And our steps keep time to it, beating, beating
Into our lives the measured time;
So ever and ever we go on repeating
The song of our youth's glad prime.

AN OLD RELIC

Mrs. F. N. Oxley of Ashland has in her possession an old Bible, which was brought over in the Mayflower, or soon after. It is in a good state of preservation, with the exception of a few chapters of the Old Testament. The New Testament bears on its title page the following: "The New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ. Translated out of Greek into English by Theophilus Beza: with brief summaries and explications upon the hard places by the said Authour, Isaac, Camer and P. Lofeller, Villerius. Engliſhed by L. Thomson. Together with annotations of Fr. Innis upon the Revelations of St. John. Imprinted at London by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, Printed in the Queenes Moſt Excellent Majestie, 1599." There are a large number of names on the family record, but the only one that can be made out is that of Thomas Sanford, Bos., April 27, 1633. The book is substantially bound in calf. Upon the inside of the cover are pasted these lines:

Skeptic! spare this book;
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor on its pages look
With eyes of unbelief;
'Twas my forefathers' stay
In hour of agony;
Skeptic! go thy way,
And let this book be.

This good old book of life
For centuries off has stood
Unharm'd amid the strife,
When earth was drunk with blood;
And wouldst thou harm it now,
And have its truth forgot?
Skeptic! forbear thy blow;
Thy hand shall harm it not.

"After the Shower" is the name of a new brocade silk. It probably bears the colors of the rainbow seen after a shower; but we don't believe it will have a long reign.—*Norristown Herald.*

Isn't it a watered silk?

(For the Torch)
BOTTLES.

A woman, wretched, and withered, and old.
Flood in the blast all so lilly cold—
Shivering and moaning—lilly cold.

She stood in the bitter and wintery night,
Haggard and ragged—a pitiful sight,
With her gray hair floating on the blast,
Which drearily howling hurried past,
She stood in the tavern's bright wind, a glare,
Whose crimson glow lit the frosty air,
And muttered and mumbled, sad and low,
"Bottles on bottles, in bold windrow—

"Bottles, glass stoppered, shapely and white,
All wicker-covered, and fair to the sight;
Bottles long, and slender, and round, and square;
Bottles there and here—bottles everywhere,
Old Guinness Stout, and wicked Tom Gin,
That let reason out, and the devil in.

"Bottles whence gleams the bright crimson
wine
To mar the pure image of God, divine—
That nerve the hand and fire the brain—
To win and to wear the brand of Cain.
Bottles on bottles, an accursed show"—
She muttered and mumbled, sad and low—
"A snare for the weak, and an overthrow,
Bottles on bottles in bold windrow.

"My curse be upon your bright ruddy glow!
On the bold hand, a curse, that has placed you
so.

"Twas you destroyed my blessing—my boy—
Of this old heart, the hope and joy;
You lured him from virtue's peaceful ways
Into sin's dark bewitching maze,
Until, crazy and wild, he seized the knife,
Oh in death perished then a faithful wife,
And sweet little Willie's fair forehead fell
Beneath the dread hand of a fiend from hell;
And from the sea-fold, grim and dread,
Swung my noble boy—swung cold and dead,
Cold and dead—dead and cold, in the autumn
night."

She muttered and murmured, an awesome
sight.

"Bottles on bottles, my curse on your shew!
Bottles on bottles in bold windrow."

GLOW-WORM.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

The sole proprietorship of *The Danbury News* has been assumed by J-osose M-omas Bailey, its popular editor. *Tant mieux*.—*N. Y. News*.

Some men are good because goodness pays best; some men are good for nothing.

"Comin' through the Rye" is what the young ladies of Rye (N. Y.) Seminary call graduating.

The most difficult advertisers to please, are the ones who manage to sponge free notices.—*Whitchall Times*.

The weathercock is perhaps the most vane of all birds.—*Worcester Press*.

Mrs. Misallot has advised Mattie to have her new pearl satin dress "degraded and tarnished with black lace," and to wear her "Voltaire diamonds as a belief."—*N. Y. News*.

When you see a lame cat you should always address it as "Old-limp puss."—*Whitchall Times*.

There are American newspapers that actually steal the paragraph that accuses them of stealing. It is enough to make a penitentiary blush.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

"I never enjoy poetry when I'm cookin'," said an old lady. "But when I step out to feed the hogs, and h'ist myself on the fence and

throw my soul into a few lines of 'Cap'n Jinks,' it does seem as if this airth was made to live on, after all."

The following correspondence passed between a gentleman who had loaned one hundred dollars and his friend: "Dear sir: In closing my books I find that you are indebted to me one hundred dollars. Please remit—Yours, etc." "Dear sir: In opening mine I find that I haven't a cent, so I can't—Yours, etc."—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

The Paragraphers Association talk of making an excursion somewhere the coming season. We suggest the Bay of Fundy.—*Cin. Saturday Night*. We amend by substituting for Bay of Fundy, the Isle of Write.—*Whitchall Times*.

Are you write about the name of that Isle? How would Pen-obscot or All jeers do?

The English language is inadequate to express the forlorn feelings of the boy who thinks he has stolen a dime novel and finds it to be a cook book.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

The Cincinnati Breakfast Table advises Mrs. Swishelm if she wants to see a man "pick up something without hitching up his trowsers to relieve the bagging in the knee," let her keep an eye on the man chasing his hat on a windy day.

Meanness sometimes makes a saint. Some men are good only because it costs money to be wicked.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

This is the kind of weather in which to take cold. Do not be deceived by the flight of birds northward, by the sudden raising of windows, or by the sounding of accordions at midnight. Summer is not here. Keep on your thick shoes, and if you wear a red flannel pen-wiper on your chest, do not take it off until turkey's eggs are in bloom.—*Herald P. I.*

"Madame, do you know that you possess one of the best voices in the world?" said a sneaky fellow to a woman. "Indeed, do you think so?" she replied, with a flush of pride at the compliment. "I do most certainly," continued the rascal; "for if you hadn't it would have been worn out long ago." For the first time in her life the woman had not a word to say.

A Minneapolis boy was sent by his teacher, a woman, to the superintendent to be whipped. The lad suspected the contents of the note and hired a boy he met on the street to deliver it, giving him ten cents. The superintendent didn't discover till after castigation was over that the boy he had flogged had not seen the inside of a school house for a month.

The chimpanzee Nip in the New York aquarium has died. It was nip and tuck with him for several days, and then died tuck him.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

A lazy boy, near Stanwin, has conquered the kindling-wood question. He just backs his father's best mule against the wood-pile, and throws the milking stool at it.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A pauper died in a New Hampshire town and the town authorities were so extravagant as to put silver nails in his coffin. The deceased was Henry Silvernails.—*Boston Poreupine*.

A drunken coot stepped on a lady's trail in front of this office Saturday and this was his apology: "Sense m' mad'm 'sense me! F'yer dress hadn' been n'long'r at bottom 'n 'tis at top would'n' step onit." He accepted wise counsel and ambled homeward without delay.—*Lowell Journal*.

Every new fledged father thinks he has the finest baby to be found. We spoke of Gowanda's twins last week with a little pride, but one of our correspondents seem to want to take away the palm. We will not quarrel with you on that question yet. We will wait awhile, and let you have it your own way, gentlemen.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER.

..... Is a Parrot gun a Repeater?
..... Is the gunner, who scores the rent of a gun, a sergent?
..... A question you need not answer without you choose. What time is the most fashionable among the Yankees? The spit-toon.
..... Why is a lost Parrot like a certain figure in Geometry? Because it's a Polly-gonte).
..... AN-EYE-DENTAL.—Getting your eye-teeth knocked out with an axe.
..... Does it require much cur-rage to face a mad dog?
..... Are sheets of steel good to sleep on, if so would they require to be ironed?
..... At what kind of a drill is a Regimental Band required to exercise? Pla-toon.
..... What kind of a gauge is the best to measure a man's character. His lan-guage.
..... Why is insuring vessels in Winter like a certain character in printing? Because its a wasty risk (an asterisk)
..... Does a graduate from a Baptist College receive a Diploma?
..... Which of the poets was an inverate tobacco chewer? Chaw-sir.
..... Do cubes of ice require frosting?
..... "SPLETTING HAIRS."—Preparing rabbits for soup.
..... What part of a rooster resembles a swell? A cock's comb.
..... When a man's gas is turned off for non-payment, why is it like a fine rain? Because it's a light mist.
..... For what kind of stakes do chimney sweeps generally run? For sweep-stakes.

FUNNY.—The Windsor Mail copies stale Yankee jokes, of the Danbury News variety, and locates the scenes in Kentville, Funny Mail!—*Kentville Chronicle*.

RIVALRY.—A difference of opinion between two young gentlemen of Harborville, as to which of them was the proper escort for a lady, on her way home from prayer-meeting, resulted in an "unpleasantness" from which one of them emerged with a broken nose, and the other with a dislocated ankle. The latter has been fined.—*Kentville Chronicle*.

Wilkins, of the *Whitchall Times*, says the proudest day in a woman's life is her first Sunday.—*Danbury News*. In case of twins, wouldn't her first Two's day be the proudest?—St. John Torch. Pro-bub-ly.—*Whitchall Times*. But if she has triplets, it is a Sadde-day.—*Burlington Starkeye*.

Wouldn't her first Weddin's-day be the happiest?

REPUTATION AND CHARACTER.—Reputation and character are two things which must never be confounded. The one is external; the other is internal. The one is determined by what other people say of us; the other is our inmost and real self. The one may vary with the caprices of the people; the other remains unaffected by the breath of applause or the mask of hypocrisy. Sometimes a man from certain circumstances, may have a good reputation, though his character is radically bad, and there have been cases in which the noblest men in point of character have been, just because they were acting out their principle, in very poor repute.

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.

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Ten copies one year, in one wrapper to one address, \$10, with extra copy to person getting up Club.

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

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Single Copies—Two Cents.

TORCH.

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

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

The funeral of the late CHRISTOPHER ARMSTRONG, on Monday last, was attended by the various lodges of Odd Fellows of the City and Portland, and by a large number of other citizens. The procession, headed by the 62nd Band, marched first to the Valley Church, where the services were performed by the Rev. Mr. DeVeber, thence to the Rural Cemetery, where the remains were interred. The pall-bearers were Messrs. J. V. Ellis, Andre Cushing, Alex. Rankine, R. Barnes, F. Barnes and Alex. Duff. At the grave, the ritual of the Odd Fellows, for the burial of the dead, was read by the Rev. Messrs. Macrae and Carey. Mr. Armstrong, through his long connection with the *Globe*, was familiarly known throughout the Province. He was a clear and forcible writer on public topics, and familiar with every department of newspaper work. His genial disposition won him a host of friends, who sincerely lament his early death.

Art.—John C. Miles, the celebrated artist, who is painting our prize pictures, has just finished a three pound trout, of which even Walter Brackett, the well known fish painter, might feel justly proud. It will be on exhibition in Mr. M. McLeod's window to-day, where art lovers will have a good chance to examine it.

At a MEETING of the Common Council on Wednesday, Alderman Ferguson, in the course of a speech in advocacy of laying a water pipe down on the South Wharf, said, "I am firmly convinced that the stores on the South Wharf might have been saved if there had been a sufficient quantity of water." Guess the Alderman is right—if there had been sufficient to save them, they probably wouldn't have conflagrated.

Too many "horns" will make one stag-ger.

PERSONAL.—T. D. BARTON, Esq., of Baltimore, is at the Royal.

Advice to sentimental young ladies who wish to pine away and die—Pine knot.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM.—Who will send us in the largest list of subscribers before next Saturday? Answer in our next.

Will you subscribe for the TORCH, read it and send it away to some absent friend?

"WHAT WENT YE OUT FOR TO SEE?"

"A *Reel* shaken by the *Wind*—yer know.

A CARD!—With newspaper proprietors "clubs" are always trumps. Please send us a trump.

Novel commercial operation—an engineer banking his fires.—*Boston Advertiser*. The *draft* must be better after banking.

The Cooper Institute, in New York, must be a good place to hear *staves*. The music should be supplied by a "*barrel organ*" and the only cheers allowed, "*Hoop, hoop, hurrah!*"

ANOTHER CHURCH ROW.—Mr. Robert Reed threatens to eject the tenants of Zion's Church, at present occupied by the Reform Episcopalians. To-morrow is the day set apart for the battle.

What is the difference between a certain geological specimen and a pugilist knocked down in a boxing match? One is a felled spar, and the other's a felled sparrer.

In Pennsylvania they are talking of selling open oysters by weight.—*Aroostook Pioneer*. An ex-shell-ent idea. In St. John we have been supplied by wait-ers.

REWARD.—A first-class edition of last year's Almanac will be given to the finder of the questions to the following answers.

Because she is going to arrest her aunt (a restaurant.)

One is offshial and the other is fish offial.

A Storm Brewing.

BILL.—Are you going down to see the Reformed Episcopal Church rumpus to-morrow?

JACK.—Do you think they'll come to *blows*?

BILL.—Of course from *Wind*—yer we may expect a *blow*.

Is the *humerus* the *fanny bone* of the arm?

If it's the fun knee bone how can it be in the arm?

If ships have iron knees, could a sailor with an iron knee dance a sailor's hornpipe? (No irony intended.)

COULDN'T SEAT.—A man from one of the rural districts recently went to Ottawa to see the sights. A member of the House, whose constituent he was, said: "Come up to-morrow, and I will give you a seat on the floor of the House." "No, you don't," replied Josh. "I ailers manage to hev a cheer to sit on to home, an' I ain't come to Ottawa to sit on the floor, not by a darned site."

Maple sugar makers have entered upon the spring campaign.—*Aroostook Pioneer*.

A kind of sugar camp-aign. There will probably be trees-on in the "camp" among the "sappers."

The Utica *Observer* thinks it is strange that ice is not harvested with an ice-sickle. Any mowler like that.—*N. Y. Daily News*.

Hey the joke, but please don't reap-eat.

The Elmira Cemetery Company has paid a dividend—*££*. We should rather call it a bone-us.—*N. Y. News*.

The profits were divi-dead probably.

"A young sport" in Messrs. Rag Tag & Bobtail's dry goods store, says he'd rather keep his *muscle* in good order by feathering an *aw* in a *skelton* in the harbour, than by keeping the muslin in good order, and fussing o'er feathers and skeltons in the store.

What pleasure is there in this world for a bank clerk, even though he can sport a bob tail coat—half a cane and an eye glass, and can say "Dem foine gal by Jove"—if his hair won't part in the middle.

MONKTON ELECTIONS.—The election of Town Councillors on Monday last resulted in the return of the old members. We notice that D. B. Lindsay, Esq., has been returned at the head of the poll in Ward 2. Mr. Lutz, an aspirant, threatens to unseat Mr. Lindsay. Don't do it, please, Lutz. Be calm. Lutz have peace.

"J. W. L." sends us a contribution from the "Hub," to which was appended the following note:—

"THE TORCH is as spicy as ever, and I am always pleased to receive it. Continue to continue."
YOURS, &c., "JEMS."

TO BEER NOT TO BE-Oh.

Two friends entered Ned Frost's saloon on Devonshire street, Boston, the other day.

1st Friend—"Andy, have you any lager on ice?"

Andy—"No sir. But we have some in the ice chamber."

2nd Friend—"That's an ice distinction."

Mons. Cartier, of New York, Professor of Dancing, on Monday last at the Horticultural Hall, Boston, waltzed against time thirteen hours and a half! Hour's that for a 'cet?

THE AROOSTOOK PIONEER.—It is long established and ever popular journal comes to us this week for the first time in exchange. Notwithstanding it is getting on in years, and its editor's head is silvered o'er, the *Pioneer* appears as bright and lively as ever. Gilman knows how to run a first-class newspaper, and we wish him unending success.

A new exchange comes to our sanctum this week called the *Gowanda Enterprise*, published by Horton & Deming in Gowanda, N. Y. It appears to have the right journalistic ring, and looks like a paper that would suffer from the scissors. Judging from the sample, we think the editor Horton know how to run a good paper. We are pleased to place it on our exchange list, and wish the *Enterprise* many happy days.

HECKER'S SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

The great centre of attraction on Tuesday last was the new grocery store of Messrs. Logan, Lindsay & Co., on King street, where an agent of Messrs. Hecker & Co. was exhibiting the meritorious qualities of their self-raising flour.

A large griddle, heated by gas-jets, and presided over by two experienced cooks, neatly attired in white, turned out the steaming hot "flap-jacks" as fast as a hungry crowd of "bummers" could put them out of sight.

One young man (not "M. Ike.") said he thought "they were a griddle better than the ordinary kind."

Another refused to absorb them unless Mr. Rankine would sop them with fresh butter and golden syrup or maple honey. This young man was fastidious.

Some one suggested that if Mr. Furlong or Mr. Finn should open "Piper" on the same principle, they might have done a rushing business.

This new style of flour bids fair to become very popular among housewives, as it will prevent their husbands from saying "cuss words" in the morning when the "cakes" come on the table as heavy as lead and sour as buttermilk.

The following beautiful "pome," slightly altered from the original, seems appropriate: Grease the griddle, Biddy darling,
Grease it well, oh Biddy dear,
Then with water mix your "Hecker"
Though vile scoffers at you jeer.

And, in order that the flap jacks
Be not burned and scorched and sere,
Grease the griddle, Biddy darling,
Grease the griddle, Biddy dear.

KITCHEN VS. DRAWING ROOM.

Scene in a house on Q—n Street.

MAID.—"Please mum could you spare me an hour for two days in the week?"

MISTRESS.—"What for Bridget?"

MAID.—"I was thinkin' of takin' lessons on the pianer."

MISTRESS.—"From whom pray?"

MAID.—"From Mrs. Smith, mum, and I thought I'd ax you if you'd have any objections to lettin' me practice on yours?"

MISTRESS.—"I should object most decidedly."

MAID.—"Well thin, mum, I give you a month's notice, as I can't stay with a pusson as is so stuck up that they wont allow me the privilage of playin' on the pianer."

Exit Maid in high dudgeon.

Gen. Garfield is to take the stump in New Hampshire.—*Post.* What tree-mendous campaign speeches we shall have.—*N. Y. News.* Yes; he will go to the root of the matter.—*Norristown Herald.*

When does he propose to leave to go on this route?

THE RULING PASSION.—A seedy and delapidated old punster went into a saloon the other day and asked the bar-tender if his face was good for a "smile." The bar-tender replied, "I should smile if it was; get out." The old word killer's eye lit up for a moment with the witty flashes of earlier days and said, "That's smile luck," and—left, a sadder but a more sober man.

TORCHISMS.

*** What is the difference between a cat-fish and a por-puss?

*** A "DEAD BEAT."—A *beat* bled to death.

*** A *prune* ful duty. To collect the duty on window glass.

*** What is the most convenient kind of a cap for a Jockey? A Handy-cap.

*** A MONETARY CRISIS.—A little girl crying for a cent.

*** What kind of liquor do the "Jolly Dogs" drink? *Cur-rant whine.*

*** FOR SALE BY A RETIRED SCHOOLMASTER.—An *Adx*; the log of a Multiplication Table; a Marble Column of Figures; the *Division* on a vote in the Local Legislature; and the *Roll* which was used on the back of a *Road* boy.

*** When is the best time for a sailor to make "plum duff"? When he's *stemming* the *currents*.

*** BRICK.—An article found occasionally in hats, caused by a frequent *moistening* of the *clay*.

*** A barber's epitaph: He dyed and made no sign.—*Boston Post.* Is that joke your home? If not the owner may razor row with you for stealing it.

*** What is the difference between a certain kind of sleeping berth and a wooden ham? One is a *hammock* and the other's a *muck ham*.

*** Why would it be wrong for Christians to eat pork out of Jewish plates? Because it would be injudicious (in Jew dishes).

*** Why is a young man who falls in love at first sight like a discarded lover. Because he gets smitten (gets mitten).

*** A fruit-less apple. Peeling a decayed apple.

*** Is the *Corn-hill Magazine* a *credit*?

*** Do discharged Telegraph operators come under the head of *ex-communicators*?

*** The wives of military gentlemen when going to a "ball" should wear a "shot" silk dress, *powder* on the hair, and go "capped."

*** When a piece of white maple becomes petrified, it turns into *rock maple*.

BEAUTIFUL SLUSH.

BY LITTLE M(A)ID.

Respectfully dedicated to the Street Committee.

Slush, slush, beautiful slush,

Up to your ankles in mire and mush;

As you wade and wallow along the street

Cursin' the filth that clings to your feet.

Covering with mud your bright shiny boots,

And making you swear at the Civic "galoots,"

Whose business it is to keep the streets clean,

Although an old scavenger never is seen

'Til just a few days before the election,

When Councillors, who are afraid of rejection,

Send out all the scavengers with a great rush

To scrape up the mud and the beautiful slush.

We have received the initial number of a new literary paper, published in Carleton, called the *West Side Review*. It is neatly printed and filled with a great variety of interesting reading matter. It is issued semi-monthly. We wish the new venture success.

A. T. Stewart left his wife a \$35,000 diamond pin. Quite a good pin-sion to leave a solitaire-y woman.

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 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 town-man, 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 CANVASSEES.—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.

ROSS-HANLAN RACE.—We have been informed by Wallace Ross that the match between him and Hanlan is definitely fixed for the 15th July, on the Kennebecasis. The distance will be five miles—two and a half and turn—for \$1,000 a side, Hanlan receiving \$200 for expenses. Sheriff Harding to be Referee, Mayor Earle final and Geo. Barker temporary Stakeholder. Wallace takes a spin every suitable day, and looks in excellent condition. He is reticent in his opinion as to his ability to win, but says he will do his level best. If Ross is worsted in this race, he will fully appreciate the saying, "It's better to be a *live ass* than a *dead lion*." His backers will brand him N. G.

MORAL.—"There is nothing succeeds like success."

Since the "blue ribbon" movement was inaugurated in Fredericton, the saloon-keepers have "looked blue," but a recent influx of delegates from St. John makes them "smile" once more.

A Western tornado is said to have tornadog in two. Such tornadoes should be encouraged.—*Norristown Herald.*

En-cur-aged? Of course.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

- "EAK.—"How it Ended" is crowded, out this week.
- "BILLY.—"There was no intentional reference to you.
- "SQUIBBL.—"Portland Me.—Letter with "spoons" received, thanks. The "Little Wanderers" have returned. The artist has just finished a splendid Trout. Jack has an affinity for pictures of that kind.
- "JEEMS.—"Boston.—Thanks for items and good wishes.
- "BELLA.—"No, we cannot divulge the name of the young man intended. You are wrong in supposing, however, that it was your friend in the Bank.
- "A. S.—"Judging from your bray-n capacity you deserve another \$ to your initials. Of course you are as-tute enough to seek the point.
- "REBS.—"Answers must be sent to the Puzzle Editor. See address in "Puzzlers Knots."
- "T. W. C.—"Amherst.—Much obliged for sub. and congratulations. Will write soon.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

No. 4.

Holton is the grandmother of the House, with a vast amount of benevolence for the Government side. He is the Premier's fairy god-mother, and comes to his rescue whenever he is in trouble. He is great on rules of order. He read up for the Speakership, but was forced to stand aside on account of the superior claims of Mr. Anglin. He seems determined, by showing the Government how exactly his ideas of Parliamentary law coincide with theirs, how much they have lost by not making him Speaker. Mr. Holton is stout, tall and hale. His hair is only slightly tinged with gray, but his whiskers are somewhat whiter. His nose is rather long, but straight and uncolored by deep potations. When he smiles, which is very frequently, he looks like the founder of an orphan asylum beaming on his proteges. He sits back, in an easy manner, and toys with his spectacles. When an idea comes to him that requires consideration he clasps his hands behind his head and looks up to the ceiling. After a time down go the hands, the spectacles are whirled around and around, and the lower lip is slightly protruded and tightened. Grandfather Holton never speaks except on points of order, and then his face is a curiosity. He rises slowly and solemnly, as if he had a religious duty to perform, raises his hands with a "pence-to-still" gesture, begins to smile serenely, contemptuously lays down the law, extends his palms in a "bless-you-my-children" manner, and slowly and solidly settles down in his seat with the air of a man who has done his duty and knows it. It would be interesting, as a matter of curiosity, to find Mr. Holton's opinion adverse to Mr. Mackenzie on a point of order. The Premier evidently tries to get into arguments in which his guardian angel can not follow him, but he tries in vain. Should he assert that he had a right to speak seven times on the same motion Mr. Holton would be ready with an argument in support of his claim. An amusing illustration of his readiness and unscrupulousness in this respect was given last night, or rather this morning between two and three. The Prime Minister wanted to resume the debate on Sir John A. Macdonald's amendment to the motion to go into Committee of Supply, on Monday, instead of having it lay over under the rules until the next Government day, Tuesday. He could have attained this object by adjourning the debate until Monday, but allowed the debate to be adjourned as usual without any day being named. Then when he spoke, in his warning way, of his intention to go on with the debate on Monday,

there was a general outcry on the Opposition benches that he could not do so, as the debate could not be resumed before Tuesday. This point was debated for a half hour or more, and the authorities cited were all against the Premier's claim. Our portly subject, of course, was the leader on the Ministerial side in this discussion, and I have all the pain of a biographer in confessing that he got, decidedly the worst of the argument. He sat down. Defeated, silenced? Oh, no. He mused. The clasped hands opened, a smile broke over the shiny face, his fingers grasped a pen, he wrote, and then, with an air of child-like innocence, he read an amendment to the motion to adjourn the debate, providing that it adjourn until Monday. A storm of negatives and jeers broke out in the Opposition ranks, and the old gentleman raised his brown gray eyebrows in apparent astonishment, smiled a little broader, looked slowly around the House, and then turned to the Speaker with a look that said, "What does it all mean. Why do these gentlemen laugh and cry out 'too late', 'too thin', and 'motion carried a half hour ago?' What's the matter?" It was a piece of the best acting I ever saw. The astonishment of the private soldier who, on being caught by Wellington with a stolen pig, wanted to know 'what black-guard of a thief had tied that pig to his belt,' was not equal to Holton's amazement at the information that the motion to adjourn the debate had been carried. He was surprised to learn it, he certainly had not heard the Speaker declare it carried, and suggested that it must have been carried "inadvertently." The old man's reputation for oiliness rose to 160 above par at once. His astounding cheek staggered the Speaker, and when Mr. Mackenzie, in obedience to a nod from Grandpa Holton, rose and supported the inadvertent suggestion, the point was carried. Mr. Holton is the most useful man the Ministers have in the House.

OTTAWA, March 9, 1878.

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

Striped are more fashionable for silk gowns this Spring than they have been for several seasons.

Most of the more stylish new woollen goods show the same rough surface which has characterized the materials worn throughout the winter.

All last year's colors such as ivory, butters, old folk and ruffled are making their re-appearance this season, but official authorities in Paris have prohibited the use of bright orange color on account of the ingredients composing the dye having been proven poisonous in their natures. Thus any lady who disregards the prohibition, and persists in wearing orange, lays herself open to the imputation of attempting a round-about method of suicide.

On dit, that New York is becoming Anglicised, that is to say, affects English styles in preference to those of Paris, which indeed have had quite a lengthy sway.

Fashion authorities say that coral jewelry is "coming in" again, but as we did not know that it had gone out, we cannot look upon the information as being remarkably noteworthy. A remarkable feature about this Spring's carpets is that dark, dull colors seem to be more in vogue than the gorgeous tracery of other years. The explanation of this is that artists and house-decorators have at last become thoroughly imbued with the idea that the carpet is only intended as a background for all other colors in the room, and therefore should itself be modest and unassuming, as becomes its station.

Some of the new hats, having gone through the form and ordinance of being named, rejoice in such euphonious titles as Shady-Side, May Belle, Fleet Wing, May Day, and for very little children, the Serb and the Birdie.

It is the fashion now for every thrifty lady who wishes to be stylish as well, to "clear the track" so far as her skirts are concerned, and

this fashion in turn precludes the necessity for distorting her figure in the effort to raise, by means of the thumb and fore-finger, a heavy load of dress material which would otherwise act as absorbent for all the mud and dust over which it is dragged.

Every one may not know that in making one of the kilted skirts, which are to be the rage this summer, the best method is to attach the kilting to a wide foke which is intended to extend over the hips, and then edge the skirt with a much finer pleating than the ordinary kilt laid pleats.

The passion for diversified tea-sets is growing rather than decreasing, a supper table at a late fashionable party having displayed more than seventeen scraps of old china.

A novelty upon Wraps, Ulsters and Capes, is called the Carrick Cape and consists of three very small circulars, the lowest of which only reaches to the shoulder. A standing collar completes the arrangement.

Lace mitts are to be more a *la mode* than ever throughout the ensuing summer.

Buttons are not being reduced either as to size or number just yet, but it is said that before very long they will cease to be so distinctive a feature.

Black silk trimmed with black satin is one of the rules for old ladies this year, but for young ladies, Modistes are introducing all sorts of bizarre combinations upon black silk costumes, one specimen shown us, being intermingled with pale rose color.

The newest morning wrappers are double breasted and have a belt in front, while the center of the back is laid in narrow lengthwise pleats, very fine at the belt and flaring very much as they extend down the skirt. Gallow is still the favorite trimming and the sleeves and outside pockets are all elaborately ornamented with it.

Oriental rugs are growing so much in favor as to put carpets in the back-ground altogether. For country houses they are very much used.

After all the prophecies to the contrary it appears to be an impossibility to exterminate the Princesse dress or make it otherwise than prime favorite. Other modes may come and go, but the Princesse is fixed in the affections of the multitude.

WHY?

- Why is it, in this lovely world of ours,
That thorns lie hidden 'neath the sweetest flowers;
- When all around seems fairest to our eye,
That dark'ning clouds drift o'er the sunlit sky?
- Why is it that the beauties of the Spring,
With all the tender thoughts and joys they bring,
And Summer's deepening roses, soon must go
To dreamless slumber 'neath the wintry snow?
- Why is it, when our joys the deepest seem,
And life glides on in one bright, blissful dream,
That sadness like a mist or Summer rain,
Wakes in our hearts a nameless pain?
- Why is it that our quivering heart-strings twine
With life's best passion and a love divine
About some other life we hoped would be
Drawn to our own in common sympathy?
- Why is the love for which we yearn denied?
Why do we still live on unsatisfied,
Striving to crush the grief within our breast,
Longing the while for calm, untroubled rest?
- Why does the angel, Death, fly o'er our home,
Whispering softly to the chosen, "Come?"
Why does he take our best-loved ones away,
And leave us weeping by the lifeless clay?
- Nay! question not! O heart, be still!
For is it not thy loving Father's will?
Then, patient wait, and some day thou shalt know
All that is hidden from thee here below.

CHESS COLUMN.

All communications and contributions to be addressed to J. E. NARRAWAY, P. O. Box 79.

PROBLEM No. 5.

BY W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

In how many moves can KxKt without moving a Pawn?

GAME No. 13.

MASTER FRANK NORTON.

In *The Journal* for October, 1876, we gave a brief sketch of Master Frank Norton, of Des Moines, Iowa, who, for a ten-year-old boy, exhibited remarkable powers as a chess player. Recently Frank visited Keokuk, Iowa, where he was handsomely entertained by the members of the Philidorian Club, and for several days was the lion at the club rooms, as well as at the residences of several of the prominent members. All had an opportunity of testing Frank's ability, and we believe are satisfied that *The Journal's* boy possesses all the merit we had claimed for him. Of five games with Mr. James Barker, on even terms, the score stood Barker 3, Frank 2, drawn 0. With ex-Mayor Jaeger he won the first game at odds of Queen's Rook and two subsequent games at odds of Kt. An esteemed correspondent writes as follows:

It is curious to watch the little fellow of ten years, slight and slender—small of his age—sitting opposite some gray-haired antagonist, cool, calm and deliberate, playing with wonderful correctness. I have taken down all the games played. I enclose one which I will thank you to publish. It would not be remarkable at all if from an older player, but the ending is neat, and for a boy of ten, wonderful:

- | | | | |
|----------------|-------------|------------|------------|
| Master Norton. | 1 P-K 4 | 1 P-K 4 | 1 P-K 4 |
| | 2 Kt-B 3 | 2 B-Q 3 | 2 B-Q 3 |
| | 3 B-QB 4 | 3 P-KR 3 | 3 P-KR 3 |
| | 4 P-Q 4 | 4 P-K 4 | 4 P-K 4 |
| | 5 QxP | 5 P-KB 3 | 5 P-KB 3 |
| | 6 Castles | 6 Kt-K 2 | 6 Kt-K 2 |
| | 7 R-K sq | 7 QKt-B 3 | 7 QKt-B 3 |
| | 8 Q-Q 3 | 8 Kt-K 4 | 8 Kt-K 4 |
| | 9 Kt-QKt | 9 BxKt | 9 BxKt |
| | 10 B-QKt 3 | 10 P-QB 4 | 10 P-QB 4 |
| | 11 Q-B 4 | 11 R-B sq | 11 R-B sq |
| | 12 Kt-B 3 | 12 P-QKt 3 | 12 P-QKt 3 |
| | 13 Kt-Q 5 | 13 R-B 2 | 13 R-B 2 |
| | 14 Kt-B 7 + | 14 QxKt | 14 QxKt |
| | 15 QxR + | 15 K-Q sq | 15 K-Q sq |
| | 16 Q mates | | |

—Am. Chess Journal.

SOLUTION TO PROB. No. 4.

- | | |
|-----------|-----------------|
| 1 Q-Kt sq | 1 Kt-K 6 (best) |
| 2 Q-K sq | 2 anything. |

Solved by Rev. John Wills, H. J. F. and J. O. V.

Mr. Shaw expects to commence operations in his Tourney about the 1st of April.

PUZZLES & 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.

24.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 2, 1, 4, 7 is a creeping plant; my 5, 7, 4 is a domestic fowl; my 4, 6, 3, 5 is a Scripture name; my whole contains 7 letters, and is a hero in the time of Prince John of Anjou.

St. John.

LABEL.

25.—STAR DIAMOND.



The top star names a garden vegetable; next row, a boy's toy; next row, fragile; centre row, well-liked; next row, a boy's name; last row, a fragment; last star, a neuter verb.

BRUNZ WICKE.

26.—WORD SQUARE.

A boy's name; sprightly; part of the body; all; a valuable stone.

CHATHAM.

27.—CHARADE.

All around my first is seen,

In north, in south, in west,

In torrid, temperate clime I ween,

And none know whose is best.

My second measures a span of years,

In long, diurnal round.

It cometh unto every one—

No life without it found.

My whole a date to hearts most dear,

A time of joy the greatest;

It cometh only once a year,

And is dearest at its latest.

Fton, N. B.

CELESTIAL.

28.—HALF WORD SQUARE.

A public-house; a found in mines; a vegetable; a plural ending; a consonant.

TWILL.

29.—LETTER ENIGMA.

My first a consonant not in sea;

My second a vowel not in lee;

My third makes oysters favorite food;

My fourth you cannot find in good;

My fifth the cockney does abuse;

My letters together carry the news,

With wit and fancy all combined,—

Now guess the puzzle here you find.

HU GO

(Answers in two weeks.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH 2.

10.—PATENT

A L I V E

T I M E

E V E

N E

T

11.—B-aby; b-ail; b-ale; b-allot.

12.—Sewer, sever; banes, hales; bun, ban.

13.—God made the country, man made the town

14.—Newl. Gun. Caracal.

15.—Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see;

That mercy I to others show,

That mercy show to me.

16.—Bit, fit, hit, pit, sit. 17.—Dry-den.

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM, St. John.—Your solution to No. 15 is correct, and first received. You will receive the prize immediately. Please send us some puzzles.

B. V., St. John.—Answers every puzzle in our last correctly. It will please us to receive puzzles from your pen, and we hope you will become a regular contributor to "Knots."

G. E. A., St. John.—Thanks for your letter. We were disappointed in its non-enclosure of some "Knots." Answers to Nos. 11, 15, 17, O. K. Please continue.

LABEL, St. John.—Your contributions are very welcome, and we expect to hear from you often.

CHATHAM, Chatham, N. B.—Thanks for kind remarks, and excellent puzzles. We trust you will often write us.

CELESTIAL, Fton, N. B.—Your "Knots" are very good; and your solutions are correct.

PRIZES.

For the first best list of answers we will send a *Boston Monthly* for six months; for second best, the *Torch* for three months; for third best a suitable prize will be given.

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. King's Building, GERMAIN STREET, march 9-1st

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. LUNNY, No. 9 King Street.

1878, Spring Style, 1878.

SILK HATS.

WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS.

Also in stock—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT HATS, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4.

THORNE BROS., Hat and Fur Store, 30 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.

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