



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

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No. 2

[For the Torch.]

FERN.

II.

"The birds make music in the trees,
The breezes babble as they pass,
And dreamily drone the vagrant bees
Among the blossom-haunted grass.

The sunbeams shimmer on flower and leaf,
A band of gold girds sea and sky,
But Time steals on, the thief, the thief!
And one must live and one must die!

You'll hear the birds, the flowers you'll see,
But they no more your breast will thrill,
And oh, how long the hours will be
When this poor heart is cold and still!"

'Twas spoken with a prophet's tongue!
Years languish, and the world grows gray!
Ah, never since such songs are sung
As were that day—as were that day.

H. L. SPENCER.

[For the Torch.]

ESTHETIC EMBERS.

BY HARRY FLETCHER.

We have been alloted with what Vitruvius calls an architectural fever. The colonel is Chairman of the Church Building Committee and, of course, we are all interested in the cause and anxious to suggest whatever in our judgment, is of value to him and his co-laborers. Not that we have ever had any special experience in church building, or that we really have any ideas of what principles should guide in the selection of a design for a Church, but that does not signify. What we want is a stylish Church, and one that will exceed anything in the neighborhood. We did think of advising the Colonel to build entirely of stone, but we found that if we carried our spire up higher than the Methodist Church spire the expense would be more than we could very well afford. We could carry it to this height, however, if we made it of wood; so we decided unanimously in favor of wood. I think that was one of the first points settled. Then we began to discuss styles, and Vitruvius was kind enough to loan us his valuable collections; of plates of old Cathedrals and Churches, and we looked through them, and argued over them, and studied this porch, and that window, and had Committee meetings at our house at all hours of the day and night.

Our landlady is an active worker too, and she is on several Committees to raise funds, and to hold fairs, and for other purposes too numerous to mention. And she wanders round the house when she is not actively engaged in the domestic duties, and brings all her energies to bear in collecting materials for bed quilts and tidies, and crocheted toilet sets, which she distributes among the ladies to work upon.

But the Colonel is not left alone by the ladies. They, too, have their advice to give on the important subject and are ready with suggestions as to the style, and size, and arrangement. Miss Agatha, the Colonel's ward, who is spending the winter here with us, is especially urgent on having a wide centre aisle; it is so elegant, and gives such an air to a Church in case of funerals, she says, and weddings,—but as young Halcarnasus, the banker, is very attentive to her of late, we think she must mean especially the latter.

Well, we studied over the different styles from Egyptian down to American, classic and gothic, Norman and Renaissance, and we came out of it with most delightfully confused ideas of what we wanted. We had selected, at least, fifty different Churches that we wished to copy, and all entirely without regard to expense. No two of these were alike, or particularly suited to our wants, but we thought they were the most stylish we could see, and well calculated to inspire all our neighbors with respect, and we had finally pretty well settled down on a combination of an English Gothic Church, with a real narthex and clovestry, and all complete, when one day the school master called on us. He had been to some of the great cities, and had, of course, looked about for information on the subject of our new Church, and he had come back full of an idea that took us all by storm, and upset all our fine theories.

Oh, said he, we have just saved ourselves from a great mistake. The old esthetical idea of Church forms and ecclesiastical architecture is all exploded, and no one thinks now of building the long narrow churches of the old Goths. The great point is to reach the masses and the true idea of a Church is the amphitheatre.

MISS AGATHA.—Oh, my cousin wrote me from New York all about their church; how the pews were circular and you could look round so easily and see everybody as they came in, and how the floor slopes towards the pulpit, and it was as nice as being in a theatre. But then they haven't any middle aisle, and so I shouldn't like it myself.

OUR LANDLADY.—And then what a deal of carpet it must take to cut in around the pews, and how much work it must be to sweep it out.

Our landlady is nothing if not practical.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.—I called on an architect who has built several of these buildings, and he will build us one of these at a very low cost, and make it very showy too. He uses a peculiar method of construction—wood, covered by galvanized iron, which makes a very cheap and yet very ornamental building; then he paints it to imitate stone, and the effect is grand.

But the Colonel put his foot down on the new idea at once. He has no particular reason for it, but he says that we must have a Gothic Church. It will be built of wood, and will have the tall spire and all, and will be as complete a copy of an old mediæval church as if it were to be occupied by real Goths. The minister would have it built of stone, neat and modest; but the minister is not popular, and so his idea is not to be carried out. True, he has studied the subject more, perhaps, than any one else, and has travelled, too, on the Continent, and has good judgment in such matters; but if he has his way in this, where will it end. So, although the Colonel and Judge Fortia never agree on anything else, they unite heartily in opposing the minister, and as he wants stone they want wood.

Vitruvius says nothing, but looks on with an ardent interest. We expect, however, that he will deliver his opinion some time when we least expect it. Meanwhile all our study and planning has been wasted upon the Committee, who seem to have settled upon a church in the extreme Gothic style, done in wood, and with the tall spire, of course.

MEN, WOMEN AND FURNITURE.—We maintain that, in reality, man has no need of furniture, and that everything he does worth doing could be done without these adjuncts. In the highest stages of civilization, men will not need either a bed, a table, a stool, or a candlestick—things which, just now, he considers to be of absolute necessity, but which one people, the most refined, the most intelligent, and the most highly civilized that has lived on this planet in historic times—the Japanese, to wit, have shown can be perfectly well dispensed with. Man proper, man in his highest condition of spiritual and physical development, is absolutely independent of furniture; sits on his heels, sleeps on the floor, eats with his fingers from dishes made of gourds and leaves, (or, if he prefers it, of wood exquisitely lacquered) paced on the ground; avoids the necessity of candlesticks by using lanterns, or by going to bed early and sleeping late; and writes on his wristbands. All the noblest art, the most exquisite decorative design, all the immortal books, have come from people or from individuals to whom "things" have been

unnecessary or unknown. And, therefore, to insist that man is distinguished from the lower animals by having furniture, is not to say a handsome thing about him, but to degrade him from his dignity. When we come to clothes, however, we find the case a different one. Clothes seem to go hand in hand with man's development as a social being, and every high tide in civilization has been marked by great inventiveness, splendor, and even luxury, in dress.—*Clarence Cook, on "Togas and Toggery" in Scribner for October.*

OUR SOUTHERN DEAD.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Gather the sacred dust

Of the warriors tried and true,

Who bore the flag of our nation's trust,

And fell in the cause, though lost, still just,

And died for me and you.

Gather them each and all!

From the private to the chief!

Come they from hovel or princely hall,

They fell for us, and for them should fall

The tears of a nation's grief.

We care not whence they came,

Dear is their lifeless clay!

Whether unknown or known to fame,

Their cause and country still the same—

They died!—and wore the grey.

Wherever the brave have died,

They should not rest apart;

Living they struggled side by side—

Why should the hand of death divide

A single heart from heart.

Gather their scattered clay,

Wherever it may rest;

Just as they marched to the bloody fray,

Just as they fell on the battle day,

Bury them breast to breast.

The foreman need not dread

This gathering of the brave!

Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread,

We muster once more our deathless dead—

Out of each lonely grave.

The foreman need not frown;

They are all powerless now—

We gather them here, and we lay them down,

And tears and prayers are the only crown

We bring to wreath each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,

While the living o'er them weep;

And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,

And the hearts that once together bled,

Together still shall sleep.

COMIC JOURNALISM.

I take it to be a matter generally admitted by all who have tried on the mask of comic-journalism, that it is no velvet one, but rather suggestive than otherwise of that iron visor behind which a certain mysterious character in history was compelled, for so many years, to put the best face he could upon circumstances. Great assiduity is a thing almost incompatible with humorous writing. The strain of always trying to be witty and epigrammatic on the surface, without losing grasp for a moment of the weightier considerations involved, is one against which few minds could contend successfully for long, continuous periods; and hence the desultory mode of working so generally characteristic of writers who make a speciality of this kind of literature. Contributors to comic papers may be divided into two classes,—the brilliant ones, and the reliable ones; and it is very rare to find in one person a combination of the characteristics belonging to these respectively. Of all the writers with whom I have travelled, from time to time, along the highways and by-ways of comic literature, I have known but two or three really sparkling ones whose aid could be relied upon, to a certainty, for any given day or week. The electric sparks thrown out by some of them, when in full glow, seem to fall

back upon them in ashes, and smother their too sudden fires. A thorough Bohemian, for the most part, is the very brilliant contributor, —a bird difficult to catch and not always available when caught, seeing that, in nine cases out of ten, his habits are no more under his control than his moods. And herein lies one of the chief impediments to making a real success of a comic periodical. The reliable contributor, whose principal value lies in his punctuality, is usually what may be termed an even writer, seldom rising to the pitch of brilliancy, nor often sinking below the level of respectable burlesque; so that, however valuable he may be as a "stand-by," he is unequal, at his very best, to establishing an unmistakable prestige for the paper that takes him for better or for worse,—whichever of the two it may be. Were it only possible to treat these two types of contributors as the juggler does a couple of rabbits,—roll them both into one, and then divide them by dozens,—the thing would be complete. Then might the editor of the comic paper not always remind one of the famous "down town" merchant described in the advertising columns of the serious journals as the hero of "many sleepless nights," and the expectant watcher of the times might reasonably hope for the coming of a successful American "Punch,"—a thing so long in *pelleto* that it ought to be very good when it comes at last.

It has been frequently suggested, that the most feasible plan for the permanent establishment of a comic paper would be to engage all the world as leading contributor to it, and, if possible, all the world's wife and interesting family as well. There is a certain fascinating massiveness in this idea, it must be admitted; but,—as the writer of one of a bushel of old letters now before me says, in reference to a prolix conundrum offered by him,—“Will it wash?” To this I reply, without hesitation, that it will not. There is no doubt that useful suggestions are sometimes forwarded to editors of comic papers from the outside world, but experience compels me to state that the hints for squibs, caricatures, and articles generally, whether political or social in their bearing, thus tendered, are, in the great majority of cases, utterly worthless and impracticable. I have somewhere read or heard of a story told by the late John Leech, who used to be occasionally favored with such hints from anonymous sources, and who once had a communication from a person desirous to map out his ideas for a scorching political cartoon. The leading object in the picture was to be a railway train coming along at a smashing pace, freighted with certain political characters, and the artist was to draw another train rushing from the opposite direction, but, (now mark you this well) not yet in sight! I will venture to assert that every person who has essayed the task of editing a comic paper has been pelted, from all quarters of the country, with scores, nay hundreds, of suggestions equally impracticable with the above. Among the curiosities of this branch of literature which I received in other times and retained for future reference, many are of a strictly estoteric and personal character. “A Borderer”—particular selvage of civilization to which he belongs not decipherable on postmark—writes to say that it would be a good thing to extinguish the postmaster of this place, and, to further the abolition of that unhappy provincial, he encloses ten cents, with a copy of verses in which impeachment for having “robbed a trunk” is felicitously set to music by means of rhyme with the disagreeable epithet “skunk.” Another person, apparently writing from a place of detention for adults of weak intellects, forwards a number of anagrams—one upon the name of Florence Nightingale, and another upon that of General Lafayette. The same writer suggests a host of distinguished persons upon whose names the editor would do well to immolate himself anagrammatically. Kossuth figures among these, as likewise does a local

citizen whose name is given as Pericles W. Beazley, and who, according to the suggester, is a personage so filling to the eyes of the world that a favorable twist upon his name would, at least, double the circulation of the paper in which it might appear. A poetical contributor favors the editor with a parody upon Hood's "Song of the Shirt," feelingly wrought out with a view of influencing the market value of a particular sewing machine, the name of the patentee of which is ingeniously stitched into the wonderful stuff. This troubadour modestly states that he does not look for any pecuniary recompense for his contribution, but he requests that it may be printed with his name to it, in full, and that twenty-four copies of the paper containing it may be forwarded to his address. Another bard sends in a little poem not devoid of merit, although by no means adapted for the requirements of a comic paper. It has an old, familiar air about it, and consultation with sage pundits reveals the fact that it originally appeared in a volume of poems published by a lady about seventy years ago. To secure copyright upon it, as well as to display his acquisitions as a linguist, the sender has put the refrain of the song—English in the original—into the French tongue. Wholesale piracy of this kind is very commonly resorted to by persons aspiring to be contributors. Ideas for social caricatures come in, copied, almost literally, from pictures to be found in old volumes of "Punch" and other humorous periodicals, so that it is necessary for the editor to be pretty thoroughly acquainted with what has been done in that branch of literature during past years. I can point out, in volumes that now lie upon my table, sundry scraps,—sometimes of prose, but oftener of verse,—which were frauds upon the editor, being slight variations of productions that had long previously appeared elsewhere as the work of writers more or less known to fame. One of our correspondents is apparently a well-brought up young man, who disdains the idea of saying the thing that is not. He sends a packet containing fifteen "poems" in manuscript, all of which, he virtuously avows, have already appeared in the columns of the "Grande Playmate," or a paper existing in some such name. He has re-written them, he says and thinks they would make a great hit if published with illustrative wood-cuts by the artist who does the grotesque head-pieces "with such charming fancy." Then there is the lady correspondent from the fashionable watering-places, who begins her letter coaxingly with "Dear Sir,—You who are supposed to know everything," &c., &c., and encloses a diagram for an elaborate caricature of a flirtation going on between the married Major A—and the Misses B—and C—, who are scandalizing the chaste bathers on the beach with their "goings-on." To secure attention, her ladyship also sends *carte-de-visite* likenesses of the obnoxious parties, with a request that the artist will be very true to them. A common and very terrible type of the aspiring contributor is the one who forwards by express a great roll of manuscript written upon law paper, which, on being opened, conveys the impression of a five act tragedy, but proves to be nothing worse than a serial tale of village life, couched in the kind of disrupted English usually attributed to Pennsylvanian Dutchmen. Collateral to this person is the lady who sends in a batch of anecdotes about the negroes on her husband's plantation, all the funny bits of which have circulated for a quarter of a century among the artists in "burnt cork." But it would occupy more space than I may appropriate for this article, to dilate upon the variety of distant correspondents who seem to fancy that the fate of the comic paper addressed is absolutely dependant upon the acceptance of their contributions.

More difficult to deal with than these are the aspirants who call in person to see the editor, and bring their "fireworks" with them.

Enter to that arbiter, for instance, an "awful swell," who has written a satire in seven cantos, and wants to read it now, at a sitting. He does not require compensation for his work, which he originally intended to publish in pamphlet form, but would rather see it "set in the coronet of your brilliant and admirable paper." The editor politely shrinks the reading, but begs that the manuscript may be left for his perusal. On dipping into it in the still watches of the ensuing night, and discovering its utter worthlessness, he returns it next morning, by mail, to the writer,—“with thanks.” In a week or so, enter once more the slashing satirist, irate, yet triumphant, for he has called to crush the editor by informing him how the rejected manuscript had since been received with roars of laughter and applause at “the club,” before which august corporation it had been duly read and acted by the author of its being. The crushed editor subsides, of course; but, before he has fully recovered his usual serenity of mind, a sail appears upon the threshold, a splendid three-decker in silk *guipure*, followed in her fluted wake by a bark of lighter tonnage,—a tender, in fact, if, to sustain the nautical metaphor, I may so term her. The stately craft introduces herself with a little speech, thickly studded with handsome compliments to the paper, “a subscriber to which,” she says, “she has been from the first,—would not be without it for the world,” and a good deal more blandishment of the same electrotyped stamp. Now she presents the younger lady, who is her niece, and has developed a specialty for inventing funny things, examples of which she has brought with her in an enamelled portfolio. The fair young humorist is really pretty. Sweet as nitro-glycerine is she, but fraught with danger, like that agent, and ready to make havoc of the stony editorial heart. “Has she designs?” inquires the editor, with a desperate attempt to be witty in the face of danger. She has brought a few with her,—fancies of the comic Valentine sort, consisting of groups of flowers very nicely painted on Bristol-board, with the petals converted by dots and dashes into grotesque human faces. But the point of each joke is dependent upon the color of the particular flower, the lines under one of vivid ultramarine hue, for instance, running thus:—

“Why lookest thou so blue, to-day?”
“O, I slept, last night, i' the dew,
And the wind blew all my hair away,
And therefore I look blue!”

Herein the editor discerns a famous opening for escape, of which he is not slow to avail himself. He goes through the whole collection, thoughtfully, passing lavish encomiums upon the wit, the fancy, the eccentricity, the ingenuity, and the many other subtle elements discerned by him in each conceit. “But they can be of no use to us, you know. We don't print our paper in colors, and more's the pity, since it debars us from making use of such charming original ideas as these. Chromolithography, my dear young lady,—if you will allow me to say so much,—is yet in its infancy; but there's a good time coming, and we may be happy yet.” And, having thus disposed of the matter, the editor recommends his fair visitant to try her luck with an eminent manufacturer of toy-books, to whom he gives her a line of introduction written upon the perfumed official note-paper.

(Conclusion in our next.)

A Lesson.—We misplace our tenderness in winter, and look with pity upon leafless trees. Each one is not dead, but sleepeth; and each bears a future summer of buds safe nestled in its bosom. Winter is no such solid bar between season and season, as we fancy, but only a slight interruption. Nature has a finger of air, but a grasp of iron. It is a wonder that the peep shows, which she provides with such endless variety for her children, and to which we are admitted on the bare condition of having eyes, should be so generally neglected.

GONE.

Oh, lay her gently in the mould;
Cover her o'er;
She from her bed so dark and cold
Will come no more!
Hushed now forever is her song,
So touched with fire;
Fain would I still its strains prolong
On Memory's lyre.

Ye gentle gales, that breathe of Spring,
Flit o'er her grave,
And when ye balmy odors bring,
Give as she gave.

Oh, nurse the willow tree that weeps
O'er her sweet breast;
Oh, nourish each fond flower that keeps
Watch o'er her rest,

Thou soft and fragrant sun o'er breeze,
Her grave come nigh,
And linger 'mong the cypress trees
That o'er her sigh.

Ye brightest stars of shining spheres,
Smile from above;
Thou rosy morn, thy dewy tears
Weep o'er my love.

Oh, weep then at thy dawning hour;
When none is near;
Oh, fill the chalice of each flower
With one pure tear.

So should they drop upon the ground
From flowerets' eyes,
They'll fitly consecrate the mound
'Neath which she lies.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY THOUGHT
ABOUT THINGS.

BY JOHN PAUL.

I am a little boy about so many years old; I don't know whether I am a good little boy, but I'm afraid not, for I sometimes do wicked things, and once I cut sister's kitten's tail off with the chopping knife, and told her a big dog came along and bit it off, and swallowed it down before Kitty could say Jack Robinson, and sister said she was sorry, and it must have been a very naughty dog; and mother did not believe me, and said she was afraid I had told a lie, and I'm afraid I had. So then she asked me if I knew where liars went to, and I said yes—that they went to New York and wrote for the newspapers; she said no—but a lake of fire and brimstone; and she asked me if I should like to go there, and I said no, for I shouldn't think there would be much skating or sliding on the lake, and the boys couldn't snowball either on shore and she said it was more than that, just as though that wasn't bad enough, for I don't think they can play base ball nuther. Then she asked me if I wouldn't like to be an angel and have a harp, and I said no, I'd rather be a stage-driver, and have a big drum, for I couldn't play on t'other thing. So I shouldn't like to be an angel, for their wings must be in the way when they go swimming, and play tag and leap frog, and besides it must be hard to fly when one is not accustomed to it. But it would be jolly to be a stage-driver and have a great long whip and touch up the leaders, and say “g-long there, what are ye doin' on?” I should like that much better'n flyin'; and then mother said there was a dreadful stage of sin, and Bob hollered and said that he “guessed I was on it;” and then she whipped us and sent us to bed without any supper, but I didn't care for any supper, for they hadn't nothin' but bread and butter and tea, and Bob and I got up and he lifted me in at the pantry window, and we got a mince pie and a whole handful of doughnuts, and they thought it was the cook that stole 'em, and sent her away the next day, and Bob said he was glad of it, for she didn't make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn't fried enough, and sometimes I do swear, for I said by golly the other day, and sister heard me, and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy and would bring her gray hairs to the grave, and she whipped me, but I don't think it did her gray hairs any good, and

it hurt me, and when I got up stairs I said goff darn it; but I said it so she didn't hear me, and when she asked me if I did not think I was very wicked, I said I was afraid I was, and was very sorry for it, and wouldn't do so any more, and then she said I was a good little boy, and told me about George Washington, who cut down the apple tree, and was caught at it and said he did it with his little hatchet, just as though I hadn't heard all about it before, and didn't always think he was a big stupid for cutting wood when they had a hired man about the house, and dillin' his little hatchet, and beside it would have been a great deal jollier to let the apple tree be, so as he could have stole apples off in the fall. I don't care if he was the father of his country, he wasn't smart, and I bet you the boys in our school would cheat him out of his eye teeth swappin' jack-knives, and I could lick him and hardly try; and I don't think he was very healthy, either, for I never see a good boy that wasn't always sick and had the mumps and measles and the scarlet fever, and wasn't a coughing all the while, and hadn't to take castor oil, and could not eat cherries, and didn't have to have his head patted till his hair was rubbed off by everybody that came to his mother's, and he asked how old he was, and who died to save sinners, and what he'd been studying at school and how far he'd got, and lots of other conundrums, and have to say his catechism; no I wouldn't like to be a good little boy; I just as lief be an angel, and be done with it; I don't think I ever shall be a good little boy, and other people don't think so, too, for I wasn't never called a good little boy but once, and that was when my uncle John asked me where I stood in my class, and I told him that it was next to the head, and he said that was right, and he gave me a quarter, and when he asked me how many boys were in the class, and I said there were only two, myself, and a little girl, and then he wanted me to give him back his quarter, and I wouldn't, and he ran after me and stumbled over a chair, and he broke his cane, and hurt himself, and he's been lame ever since, and I'm glad of it, for he isn't my father, and hasn't any right to lick me, for I got enough of that at home, and the quarter wasn't a good one either. I don't like uncle John, and I guess he knows it, for he says I'm not like any of the family, and he says he expects I'll go to sea and be a pirate instead of a respectable member of society, and I should not wonder, for I'd rather be a pirate than a soap boiler like him. I don't care if he is rich, it's a nasty business; and I shan't have to be a pirate either, for one can make lots of money without that; and they are always talking to me about being rich and respectable, and going to Congress and being President, and all that sort of thing, but I don't want to be President; I care is Lincoln, he was President, and I guess he's sorry for it now; and there's Andy Johnston, I guess he don't like it much either; and a fellow doesn't have to be respectable to be a Congressman, for there's John Morrissey, and he has got nice curly hair and nice clothes, and he don't do any work either. Oh! I know how things are done; but there's Bob calling, and we're goin' bird nestin', for I know where there's a yaller bird's nest chuck full of eggs. Mother says it's cruel, and the birds don't like it; that I wouldn't like to have my eggs stole if I was a bird; and I don't think I should. But I ain't a bird, you know, and that makes a difference, and if you want to print this you can, for next to bein' a stage driver and a pirate, I'd like to be an editor, for your fellers don't have to tell the truth, and you can go to circusses without payin'.

AN EPIITAPH FOR A SCOLLER.

Here lie his “skeleter;” and “scull;”
His soul to Heaven did soar;
In life full many a race he run,
But now his race is oar.

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TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 29, 1877.

1877.

The present year of our Lord is so near its close that it seems proper to glance at its story before it is numbered with the past. It would seem that with a mathematical exactness Providence allots great events to the years as they come.

The memorable things which will give this year its place in history are not many, though some of them are full of great possibilities. This, of course, is the superficial view, and it may be that—unnoticed by the world—great discoveries have been made which will entirely change the picture of the future, or unknown Shakespeare's may have been writing books which will be the Bibles of the future.

The great event of the year, the Russo-Turkish war, is too close at hand as yet to be judged of—as to its permanent effects. The present results seem to be only the aggrandizement of Russia. Nobody seems to have any faith in the pretence that the purpose of the war is, or that it will result in, any great extension of religious liberty—for, so far as outsiders can see, the Turks and Russians are about even in their treatment of those of religious belief other than their own. The probabilities at present seem to point to an interference by England, on the side of Turkey, in defence of the Indian Empire. We have not space to do more than mention the famine in India, and the fierce political struggle which has disturbed the French Republic; nor to refer to the uneasing battle between the scientists and religious leaders—nor to the great discoveries in Africa—nor even the near-home Fishery Commission.

The over-shadowing event in our own City history, the story of which has been told over

to weariness, is too fresh in memory to be overlooked on the one hand, or need comment on the other. The grand expression of charity which it evoked from English speaking peoples the world over, the courage with which our own people set to work to repair their broken fortunes, and the persistent energy with which they have, to so great an extent, rebuilt the city, are a large recompense for the misfortunes of the 29th of June.

The New Year is a new field which the world is to enter and cultivate; let us see that our corner is well cared for.

We wish our readers an HAPPY NEW YEAR!

NO THOROUGHFARE.

The experiences of those who had to force their way through the throng that crowded Charlotte and King Streets on Christmas eve, must have convinced them, that one of the arts, yet to be acquired in Saint John, is that of walking conveniently in a crowded street. We are bad managers of crowds for the most part—as every one knows, who was at the Academy of Music the Sunday evening Mr. Beecher lectured, or has been at any of our public halls, when some unusually attractive entertainment was expected. A slight improvement was made, when the post office was in the Market Building and so many more people awaited the mail distribution than could be accommodated in the office, enough of an improvement to shew that much more might be accomplished in the same line, if only the effort were made. The Torch is greatly interested in the crowd who from Saturday night to Saturday night, are jostled about on the streets. We would recommend that instead of the perplexing dodging which people have now to resort to in order to make their way along—that some rule of the road should be adopted. For instance the rule of "Right hand to the wall"—so that on King Street the crowd going down the northern side of the street would keep near to the stores, and that coming up near to the gutter. In other large towns some such rule, as we suggest, has been found effective. It does not need policemen to enforce it either, for let it once be begun to be observed, and the unfortunate who violates will find himself the victim of such frequent nudges and trappings that he will be glad to fall into line. We suggest but one other requisite—that is, let each wayfare, be provided with "The Torch."

FESTINA LENTE.

Rocky Hill was in dangerous condition, for the rain had fallen on the ice—and then he had on "arctics" The Ferry-boat had just arrived at the floats, and the passengers were coming off. He had the idea, however, that the boat was just about leaving the floats, and accordingly hurried so as not to miss the trip. He hurried too much—and slipping and sliding down the hill he got such a velocity that he could not stop—until he smashed through the toll gate and rather seriously injured himself on the floats—gathering himself up, the boat left. Moral.—"The more haste the less speed."

[For the Torch.]

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE.

I occupy bachelor quarters, an attic, in a house on one of the busiest thoroughfares of St. John. A large dormer window lets in the golden sun-rays by day, and a Franklin which stands in a cosy corner, warms and cheers my evening solitude with its ruddy glow. My attic has many charms—its curious corners and antique furniture have, perhaps, made more curious the curious corners in my nature, and rendered more old fashioned, my naturally old fashioned tastes. Verily, my surroundings seem to have become a part and parcel of myself. I sometimes become very grave through the influence of the terra cotta owl that from his perch by the mirror, slyly winks over my shoulder as I read or write, and again I revel among daisies and apple blossoms at a glance from "my little maid" who, with her milking pail and apron full of flowers, dances along the wall. Lanergan, as Iago, transports me to the Lyceum, (as far as its ashes!) and a faded forget-me-not carries me to a far away grave. And here is a tiny water-color flower piece, that brings little Golden Hair to my side, almost a woman now, and very far away.

But this is Christmas Eve, and I know by the sounds that come up from the streets that my neighbors, their wives and little ones, are all abroad. So I replenish my Franklin with the diamonds of Gowrie, turn down my lamp, and sally forth. Bless me! What a sea of humanity surges up and down Union, Charlotte and King Streets! To quote from two poets, (and my quotation is very brief, old reader)—

"They are all here,"

"The grave, the gay, the lively, the severe."

Here comes little Sunshine, whom I meet so often on my way to business down town. Her eyes sparkle with pleasure and the fulness of her heart sends a rosy glow to her cheeks, for does she not carry a parcel, and does not that parcel contain a whistle for Tom, a rattle for baby, and such a beautiful doll for sister Jane? God bless your innocent heart, little Sunshine, and may it always be as spotless as it is to-night, and may very many Christmas Eves find you as happy as this Christmas Eve finds you. And here comes Smilax with a turkey in one hand and a basket of vegetables in the other. Rather late my friend, rather late! Perhaps you thought you would dine on "hammy fare" to-morrow—perhaps your purse was light—but in any event you are sure of a good dinner now, and I am sure the hearts of the little Smilaxes will be made glad. God bless them, as well as my little Sunshine—may anticipation sharpen their already sharp appetites, and may their dreams be beautiful, and may their future be less cloudy than the past.

Hold on! this man is drunk! I sincerely wish some good samaritan (less rheumatic than myself) would come along and take him home. But perhaps he has no home! Homeless or not, my heart aches for the victim of strong drink. A month ago, perhaps this man (who is now in the gutter) sincerely resolved to reform at Christmas! To-morrow, perhaps he will say, at New Year I will begin a new

life! There is but one time to begin a good work, and that time is NOW.

This is old Skin-a-penny with a steel-blue slank of beef and a link of sausage! Unprecedented extravagance. No doubt he already regrets the expenditure, but the little ones at home will relish the unsavory morsels more keenly than many a wealthy dyspeptic will the choicest viands that money can procure.

How brilliantly the shops are lighted, and how densely they are thronged. Everybody seems intent on making somebody happy, and I thank God for Christmas time.

Lord, what a twinge! That's rheumatism! Give me your arm, oh, friend, and I let us homeward. Here we are, and here's a Christmas tree, and behold, the tenant of the attic has not been forgotten.

The coals smoulder in the grate, my owl blinks at me in a satisfied way—my "Little Maid" looks drowsy in the shadows, while I light my pipe, and dream of Christmas meetings and greetings which may be renewed no more on earth.

S.

[For the Torch.]

CHRISTMAS TREES.

My flaming friend: What do you think of Christmas trees, anyway? How do they compare, when illuminated by you, with the stocking

"Hanging by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there?"

And how does the visible Santa Claus, in a cataway coat and side whiskers look in comparison with the one who

"Had a broad face and a little round belly

That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly;"

and what is your opinion of the whole thing generally? Having asked your opinion as an act of courtesy, I feel at liberty to express my own without waiting for your reply. I think the woman of the household could find better employment than in decorating one of these trees for friends to look at.

"I remember, I remember."

when little boys and girls went to bed with dreams of Santa Claus and his gifts, half believing in the mystical character of that personage, and rushed down stairs early next morning to find stockings full of toys and things, and fancy their pleasure was much greater than they derive from having their gifts taken from a spruce bough and handed to them in a roomful of company. The fact seems to be that this newly adopted method of presenting children with toys which they want and grown persons with toys which they do not want, is due to the passion for making a show of everything of which a show can be made. Papa and mamma are not content to delight the hearts of their ipsis wipsy wopsies in the privacy of the family circle, but must parade their own munificence to their own children, before their neighbors. And so they negotiate with the milkman for a tree, adorn it with some new purchases and all the unworn clothes, and purchased-within-the-year, silver in the house. Put on pen wipers, watch pockets and other equally valuable and ornamental articles for some friends, and then, while all sit around in solemn expectancy, the articles,

which have been previously inspected by everyone, including the children, are distributed in accordance with the directions on the labels. There is, in ninety an nine cases in a hundred only the merest pretence of secrecy. This sort of thing is only exceeded, in its departure from the time-honored Christmas customs, by the Sunday School public displays of toy, candy and hymn book benevolence.

Ignite these trees, Mr. Torch, consume them from off the face of our parlor carpets, and let us return to the good old custom of hanging up our stockings (clean ones) for our Christmas toys and sweets.

RICHARD.

A PATENT PEN-HOLDER.

We tried it, and have not yet got over being sorry. When the gentlemanly canvassercame, it seemed so easy to work it—and so convenient to write all day, or perhaps a week with one dip of ink, that we did not hesitate about ordering. "All you have to do," said he, "is to unscrew this—press this affair—put it in the ink, then squirt the ink into the holder, screw on this again, and go on with your writing." Then he set us up with the pen in working order. We lost the point protector at the outset, but that was a small matter and we did not mind it. All day the pen worked like a charm and we did not cease admiring it. Now the reaction has come. When the ink was exhausted we attempted the unscrewing process, for the purpose of re-charging. We have not completed the attempt yet. Several powerful looking friends have worn holes in their fingers trying to get a purchase—and we have worn out several handkerchiefs at the same work, still it sticks like a porous plaster. We are now waiting patiently for the next visit of that gentlemanly canvasser—meanwhile if anybody wishes a MacKinnon pen, we know where he can be accommodated.

MR. EDITOR.—In your issue of Dec. 22nd, you made a very timely observation concerning the "Department of Inspector of Buildings." The department is indeed inefficient, and will so continue until the Inspector has, not only one, but several assistants.

It is shamefully exacting to require one man to perform an amount of work that four could scarcely perform thoroughly. Mr. Maher is a very competent man, every citizen will admit, but unless he is allowed three or four assistants the office may as well be dispensed with at once.

An architect having four moderate size buildings to superintend should devote, at least, one quarter of his time to that purpose. How then, in Heaven's name, can the people expect one man to thoroughly inspect hundreds.

It is downright larceny to think of such a thing, and if every building now in process of erection in Saint John should, through false construction or a violation of the "Building Act" tumble down (a la Walker's Building) no man of sense could justly charge Inspector Maher with the responsibility. No man of reason would.

Let the "City Fathers" give the Inspector a good salary, and three or four competent assistants, and then if the Department "attends to business"—making sixteen hours a day's work, and "no loafing at that" it may possibly accomplish the work undertaken by Mr. Maher.

Saint John, Dec. 24th, 1877.

B.

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

A revival of head trimmings has been one of the standard predictions of the fashion books for the last six months, but the nearest approach to fulfillment which we have yet seen, are the *arc-en-ciel* or rainbow beads with which the new Parisian millinery is liberally besprinkled. They are very brilliant and pretty, and it is just possible that they do herald a "good time coming" when economically disposed young ladies can once more bring to light, the ce-jetted finery which has been lying dormant so long.

Other resurrections from the days of yore are flaring turned over collars and cuffs to be worn over the dress sleeves. These are made in a hundred different fashions varying from the richest of guipure to simple home-made sets of linen or cambric. The fashion has been out of date so long, that it is now welcomed as a novelty, and the plain dead white of the collar thought especially becoming, though many American ladies are ranging on the side of a fancy directly opposed to it, viz: that of wearing no color beyond a frill of black thread lace and no collar excepting a bright throat knot of ribbon fastened slightly to one side.

Ladies wishing to be *en regle* when laying their tables either during or beyond this holiday season will do well to remember that variety is now the fashion with regard to table equipments. Extremists, as to style, try not to have more than two cups and saucers alike, if they even permit two, but many tidy house-keepers to whom method is everything, are satisfied to pay their respects to the fashion by simply introducing an odd piece of china, here and there, amidst an otherwise regular tea-set. A few bits of colored ware do have a very vivifying effect, especially when mixed with white, or gilt and white, and more than this the fancy presents a sensible side, in that while apparently pandering to the vagaries of the fickle goddess, we can, at the same time, utilize all the remnants which have grown dusty in remote cupboards, or, alas! perchance have remained to us as relics of a richer and a happier time before the 20th of June.

Embroideresses need not be idle just now, for never has embroidery been more popular than it is this winter. All sorts of dainty trifles, such as lingerie and handkerchiefs, are embroidered; the handsomest evening dresses are fairly massed with needle-work, while as to household adornments, such as curtains, table covers, lambrequins, etc., the designs are legion, and elegant in proportion.

Moralizers on the follies of fashion will be supplied with new material when informed that hair cropped straight across the forehead is once more *a la mode*. High combs, *a la giraffe*, have also returned to favor; but these, being a fashion borrowed from antiquity, are thereby protected from the ridicule generally attached to the "idiot fringe" aforementioned. Age has its privileges and advantages now-a-days, but "banged" front hair being as young as it is ugly, its many partizans cannot expect sensible critics to treat it with respect.

Buttons, as a trimming, are still loitering in the sunshine of popular favor, and while undiminished in numbers, are, if anything, growing greater as to size. The most stylish dresses which our own and the American *modistes* are showing this winter, are frequently piped with three colors, as for instance, pale blue, dark green, and dull golden pippings upon a bronze green dress, and have large buttons either crocheted or embroidered with the same colors introduced. The *tout ensemble* is very effective, and not very expensive especially if the owner be skilful enough to manufacture her own buttons.

An exchange says: "Mrs. Barry's voice is a beautiful contralto." Is it? We always thought it a Barry-tone.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"MILL WRIGHT" wants to know at what period of the world's history duns were first constructed? Our memory on this point is damn uncertain, but as near as we can remember A-dun in the Garden of Eden is about the earliest of which we can find any records. "Nero" asks if a Leopard can change his spots? Of course he can. If he don't like one spot he can change it and go to another. "CHARLOTTE ANN."—You are indeed a charlatan to try and palm off as original "The Owed to Spring." Your non de paise should be "Robbing Hood." "N."—Your verse is X-arrable. We are averse to a verse with such long "feet." It's the worst verse our waste paper receptacle has ever contained, hence our aversion. You will please "X"-cuse our verse-atio reasons for declining. A BARBER wishes to know whether a cook, who is an expert at dressing a rabbit for dinner, would be considered a good hair dresser?

CHESS COLUMN.

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

EVANS GAMBIT.

Played by correspondence in 1877 by John A. Belcher, of Providence, R. I., and Charles F. Stubbs, of St. John, N. B.

White.—J. A. B.

Black.—C. F. S.

- 1. P-K 4
2. Kt-K B 3
3. B-Q B 4
4. P-Q Kt 4
5. P-Q B 3
6. P-Q 4
7. Castles.
8. P-K 5
9. R-K sq (b)
10. P+P
11. Q+B
12. Kt+Kt
13. R+P
14. B-Q Kt 2, (c)
15. Kt-Q R 3
16. Q-K 3?
17. Q-K B 4?
18. Q+Q
19. R-Q B 5
20. B+B?
21. Kt-Q Kt 5
22. Kt-Q 4
23. P-K B 4
24. Q R-Q sq (c)
25. K R-K R 5 (f)
26. K-B 2
27. H+Kt
28. R+R
29. K-B 3
30. P-K Kt 4
31. P-K R 3
32. Resigns (g)

- 1. P-K 4
2. Kt-Q B 3
3. B-Q B 4
4. B+Kt P
5. B-Q B 4
6. P+P
7. Q-K B 3 (a)
8. Kt+K P?
9. P-Q 3
10. B+P
11. Kt-K 2
12. P+Kt
13. Castles.
14. B-K 3
15. K R-Q sq (d)
16. Kt-K B 4
17. Kt+Q 3!
18. P-Q 3
19. Kt-Kt sq
20. P+3
21. P-Q B 3
22. R-Q 3
23. Q R-Q sq
24. Kt-Q B 2
25. Kt-Q Kt B 2
26. Kt-Kt
27. R+B
28. R+R
29. P-Q Kt 3
30. K-Kt 2
31. P-K R 3
32.

NOTES BY H. O. R. SHEPHERD, OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.:

- (a). Not a good move.
(b). Why not Kt+Kt? Black cannot retake with his Q, for he would lose it by R-K sq.
(c) I should have played B-K Kt 5.
(d) Kt-Q B 3 is stronger.
(e). A very weak move, which virtually loses the game. Kt-K B 3 was much better. After the move in the text, White might as well have given up the game.
(f). P-Q R 4 was the only spare chance, but even this could not have won the game.
(g). Good move.—[Ed.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. A. B."—Much obliged for gam s. Torch does not mean to "hide its light under a bushel." Write again. "GASIA."—Type for printing problems has not yet arrived. Expect to be prepared for next week. "BRASSIER."—You are mistaken. It may be solved quite readily, see solution below. "A. F."—Problem received. Admits of too many variations. Try again.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

White. 1 P-Kt 4. Black. 1 K-Kt 3. 2 Q-Kt 8 mate.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER

Is Samuel Smiles any relation to Laff-eyette?

A good chest protector—Smith & Wesson's. The principal points in "Richieu" are "cardinal points."

How shall a "grass widow" dress? She should be "with verdure clad," and occasionally wear a lawn dress, cut a la mores.

There is very little difference between a snake and a sneak; the same letters are used to spell both, with a slight transposition.

At a cattle fair should they have a catalogue of the animals?

Why is a singer when he sings too loudly like a horse going at a certain rate of speed? Because he's too-for-te (2-40).

FAIR PROFITS—Laura Fair cleared \$75,000 by her Ophir stock. She'd exclaim, "O! phir some more."

QUESTION FOR A DEBATING CLUB.—Whether the man who works in-doors induces as much as one who don't?

What is the difference between a thief stealing a sign and a party signing a certain document? One is around robbing a sign, and the others sign a "round robin."

There is a certain boarding house in this town where the board is so bad that all the boarders have the lumber-go.

WIFE—"You should show a little more courtesy to the young man."

HUSBAND—"A young man don't deserve much courtesy who's as curt as he."

As you sew so shall you also rip.


Tales illustrated with cuts—Cat-o-nine Tails, or the Huge-knots in Eu-ropc. The back numbers can be obtained at any Penitentiary.

Why is the Inspector of Streets like an idler? Because he's a loller (Lawlor).

Cleveland boasts of a railway car named "Fanny Fern." A pull-man car, of course.—Com. Bulletin. Passengers by that car start when the "Fern" leaves.

An exchange says Jim Fisk, according to Boston mediums, spends his time in the spirit world "discovering new planets." Seeing how he can "plan it" to "corner" the "Great Bear" in the Celestial Stock Exchange.

What is the difference between a fashionable young man and a fashionable young woman? A fashionable young man solves himself with whiskey and stays tight; but a fashionable young woman so laces herself tight with slays. There is a difference, and of course it is quite evident.

How would it do to confer the "Order of the Garter" on the Dey of Algiers, and by so doing turn Dey into Knight? 

"If you can't be a light-house," says Mr. Moody, "be a candle." Plenty of the girls would rather be half-a-match.—Ex. A wicked chap says, "certainly, join the Baptists, and be a dip candle."

To many the path of life is nearly a tunnel.—Danbury News. Particularly to editors, they meet so many bores.

The Boston Post, anticipating a heavy mosquito raid, says: "Preserve your finger nails." How would it do to pare the finger nails, and preserve the pares?

"Scots wae hae."—How will Scots weigh hay? With a musical scale.

Several cases of poisoning lately from wearing striped stockings.—Ex. The stripes should be on the bare backs of the manufacturers.

One of your kin that you are sure to meet on Thanksgiving Day.—Pumpkin.—Boston Com. Bulletin. Yes, and a very crusty and pious relation he is.

There is a young man called John A. Whose office was taken away; But he says, "in good time I'll be once again Prime." Says Sandy—"Twill be a lang day."

Indian Doctors—Mo-does.

Why is it impossible for prisoners to escape from the Penitentiary?

The "Black Crook," which has lately been re-organized, has several new ditties.

Because, when they jump over the fence,

The sentry with rifle will fetch 'em.

And though they get over all safe,

The Warden must certainly Ketch 'em.

The Niagara hotel keepers have agreed to reduce their prices next summer, and as they've agreed to do so, we must confess that they're not, after all, such agreed (y) lot. It is a good place for a fall, even in prices. There is a chance now for the generous-hearted hackmen around there to "follow suit."

Why is a person, whose knee-cap is broken, like one who has no covering for his head? Because he hasn't a knee cap (any cap.)

When we tike into consideration the airs put on by some of our shoddy aristocrats, we feel like calling them atrish-toocracy.

The brute creation of New York think Mr. Bergh, although a warm-hearted man, must resemble one of those mountains of ice in the Polar Sea, because he's a nice Bergh!

The Italian locomotives are going to pull-man-y Pullman's.—Ex. Be car-full.

An English miser swallowed \$150,000 on his death-bed. The doctor had to give him an emetic to get his pay. He gave him "tick" after all—emetic. Perhaps the reason the miser swallowed it was because he had the tic-dolla-ow.

Ewing and Wood, two protectionist members from Hamilton, addressed a meeting in Toronto in favor of an increase in tariff. Hewing Wood were probably looking after the Lumber interests. A meeting of this kind would have a very tariff-ying effect on the Government.

A titled gentleman, who when introduced on the floors of the House by the Finance Minister, is always received with applause—Sir Plus.

When is a young lady like a poucher? When she has her hair in a net. Especially if it's fox-y.—Dan. News.

A coal-black African must be honest—He can't be "light fingered."

The young couple who started house-keeping "on a small scale" are now in a fair way to be rich.—Detroit Free Press.

Suppose they keep a good balance in Fair-banks.

An exchange says, "A Philadelphia judge fined a man \$5. for waking in his sleep."—Walking perhaps is better. It makes an l of a difference.

"THE BANKER'S GRANDCHILDREN," by Nena S. Rickeson, of Woodstock, N. B. This bright little story has had quite a large circle of readers, as published in serial shape by the New Dominion. The book will doubtless meet with a ready sale.

THE NOVEMBER number of the Printers' Miscellany, although a little late in publication, is up to date so far as its news is concerned, and is crowded with practical, witty, gossipy, and whatever other matter is interesting to printers. Every one interested in the printer's art should take it.

JOSEPH PARSONS' WILL.

"This is the last Will and Testament of me, Joseph Parsons of Hides Oven, in the County of Rutop, Gentlemen, written in January, 1822, and in the sixty-second year of my age."

"FIRST, That this wise unknown Being I address

With adoration praise, and thankfulness, For health, and wealth, and knowledge, I possess, With these,—with blessings now does He sustain

A mind unruined, and my thoughts serene." By His permission, and my own consent,

Declare this my WILL AND TESTAMENT! In goods and chattels, and in personalities,

Whatsoever and wheresoever it be, In real property and wealth complete.

I give unto my wife,—a life estate; Paying to my daughter, out of the income,

clear, For private purposes,—twelve pounds a year, Also, for food and raiment, in every way

The same as she enjoys this present day. After my wife's decease, I here intend

My property shall entirely descend To my daughter, my only child and friend,

As her sole right and property; indeed To place and replace, as at times there's need,

In every single part she shall have sole O'er which a husband shall have no control,

If she to wedlock should by chance incline And to a favorite spouse her life confine,

The income then without alloy The Husband shall with her alone enjoy.

In perfect health, or under sore diseases, She shall have power to will it, where she

pleases. And further, by this WILL I firmly fix My wife and daughter joint Executrix.

And what here seems, or singular,—or odd,— This is my LAST PURE WILL—SO HELP ME GOD!

Signed, sealed, published and declared, With my pen in hand, I was prepared,

Before these witnesses made my appeal, And as Testator,—set my hand and seal.

They in each other's presence did the same; And in rotation here, each signed his name."

JOSEPH PARSON.

"JOHN HALL,
"JOHN HILTON,
"JOHN LEVETT."

PITHY PERSONALS.

—Among the members in the Dominion Parliament there is a *Little, Baby*, and one *Biggar*.

—Capt. Lott of the *Scotia* has crossed the Atlantic 450 times, which is quite a lot for one man.

—Wendell Phillips is said to have cleared \$100,000 by his lectures. He evidently doesn't lecture without notes.

—Gottschalk wrote waltzes at twelve. *Et*. That's nothing, we know a man who wrote waltzes at two in the morning.

—Wool & Cole is the name of a firm in Detroit. They must do a grate business. How fuel see the point of that joke.

—What five persons in St. John would make a good Undertaking firm? Paul, Hearse-y, Diggs, Graves and Berry-men.

—Bonner is said to be worth five millions of dollars. If you don't believe it ax the man, whose duty tis t' ax him, and he'll ledger know.

—Theodore Hook said he lived near Putny, but he was such an incorrigible hoaxer that you could ne'er putny reliance in what he said.

—Mr. File is the name of a New York journalist; he is not one of those flat Files.—*Et*. When he crabs items from other papers he's a *steal File*.

—Mrs. Morrissy wears \$40,000 on one of her fingers. John was always noted for holds ing a rich hand.—*Com. Bulletin*. Diamond-are trumps.

—Ann Eliza's eyes have been discovered by a San Francisco reporter to be of a "soft, changeable blue."—*Et*.

That reporter must have been ana-eliza-nyg them.

—An artist of the pencil at Fort Edward, by the name of Chimney, is said to draw well.—*Whitball Times*.

—A very soot-able name for a draughts-man. Does he smoke?

—Swears & Dams is the name of a legal firm in St. Louis.—*Tribune*. Such a firm as that ought to have a heavy cusset-em.—*Com. Advertiser*. If their clients don't like them, they can go elswear.

—It is proposed to elect Mr. Miser to the Tennessee Legislature. A-greed.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* A miser-able joke.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

He will be apt to put all his political opponents hoard du combat.

—The Crown Perfumery Company, of London, has offered a prize of a hundred guineas for the best poem on the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. Here is an in-scentive for G. W. Childs, and other poets, to tax their poetic ingy-nity.

—"Mrs. Hen edits a paper in Iowa, and cackles that she knows how." *Eggs-trawny*.

She'll probably edit it in a lay-dylike and hen-ergetic manner. It's to be hoped that it will not be such a fowl sheet as Mrs. Wood-hull's *Wreckly*. Does she "set" type?

—Rev. Mr. Jelly, of Baltimore, is very popular. There's always a jam in the church when he preaches.—*Terre Haute Mail*.

Isn't his popularity apt to cause a jelly-sy among other preachers? He'd be a very appropriate parson to attend to the funeral obsequies at a Black Berry-ial.

—Yr Button, of Oshkosh, has a complaint against a railroad company for being put off the cars at the wrong station. Mutton, suet, why don't you?—*Com. Adv.*

Think over it Mutton beef-ore you do so, or you may have cause to lamb-ent your rash action. Perhaps the jury would only give you a quarter damages and they you'd feel sheep.

—Miss Carrie Clark is express agent at Northampton, Mass. She performs her duties well, and nature seems to have expressly de-signed her for that avocation.

Carrie may be a very nice girl, but we wouldn't like to send any parcels by her ex-press for fear they might miss-Carrie.

—The students of DeVeaux College have written a paper called the Whirlpool. It must be well eddy-ted.—*Com. Adv.* And De Veauxted editors, too, eh?—*Boston Post*. It ought to have a good circulation.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Fort ce-traordinary puns.

[For the Torch.]
SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

- A good old sign.—Auld Land Syne.
- A very bad sign.—To sign another man's name.
- A firm sign.—Co-sine.
- Sign of a failure.—As-sign.
- An artist's sign.—De-sign.
- A Doctor's sign.—Sine-cure.
- Sign of a Soldier.—En-sign.
- A merchant's sign.—Con-sign.
- Sign of a want of confidence.—Re-sign.
- Sign of a Hog.—Por-cine.
- An Undertaker's sign.—Sine-die.

For Xmas and New Year.

THOMAS FURLONG, Wine Merchant,

AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF Old Brandies, Dublin Malt Whiskies, &c. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

We beg to call your attention to our Stock of Fine Wines, Old Brandies, Liqueurs, &c., which will be found very extensive, Pure and Reliable.

- | | |
|--|---|
| The Wines of France. | The Wines of Germany. |
| Medoc,
Saint Julien,
Margau,
Pontet Canet,
Batailley,
La Rose,
Sauterne,
Haut Barsac,
Haut Sauterne, | Neiastein,
Bodenthal,
Erbach,
Oestrich,
Steinwein,
Hockheim,
Leibfräulich,
Marcobrun,
Johannesberg. |

CHAMPAGNES FROM Louis Roederer, Perrier & Jouet, Piper Heidseick, Geo. H. Mumm. COGNAC BRANDY.

Hennessy 10 years old Brandy
Hennessy 5 years old
Hennessy 3 years old

MALT WHISKEY.
Furlong's 5 years old;
Dublin Malt Whiskey;
Glenlivet Malt Whiskey;
Campbellton Malt Whiskey;
Genuine Bourbon Whiskey;
Old Jamaica Rum;
Scheidts Schnap: s.

Sherries and Ports.
Fine Pale Sherries;
Old Tawney Ports;
Marsala (Virgin);
Marsala (London Particular);
Dutch Curacao;
Marzchino;
Dublin ginger Ale;
Soda Water;
Appollonian Water, &c.

THOMAS FURLONG, DIRECT IMPORTER.

Corporation Contract.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's office, until 12 o'clock, noon, on WEDNESDAY 2nd day of Jan., 1878, from persons willing to undertake the Cutting Down and Grading of ANTERBURY STREET EXTENSION according to plans and specifications to be seen at the City Engineer's office. By order of Street Committee. HURD PETERS, City Engineer.

To Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tenders for City Building," will be received at the Mayor's Office until 12 o'clock, noon, of TUESDAY, the 10th day of January, 1878, for the erection and completion of a Stone and Brick Building for Municipal offices on the site of the late City Building. Plans and specifications, and all information, can be obtained on and after Wednesday, the 18th inst., at the office of Messrs. McKean & Fairweather, Architects, No. 61 Charlotte street. The actual signature of two responsible parties willing to become security for the performance of the work, must accompany each tender, without which no tender will be considered. Security to be approved. The Committee is not bound to accept the lowest or any tender. S. Z. EARLE, Chairman City Hall Com.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

And when it comes always buy one dollar's worth of **HOPKINS' CELEBRATED MINCE MEAT** IN NICE CANS, **5 lbs. FOR ONE DOLLAR.** Full Weight Guaranteed. Also, our Superior Mince Meat, 4 lbs. for one dollar. Please order early. 180 Union Street, - - - St. John, N. B. JOHN HOPKINS. (dec 29 21)

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Merscham Pipes.

Briar Pipes,

Fancy Pipes.

Meerscham Cigar Holders,

Meerscham Cigarette Holders,

(Plain and Fancy.)

Cigar and Cigarette Cases,

TOBACCO POUCHES,

Tobacco Boxes,

Trays,

and Sets,

in great variety.

The Stock in this department

embraces all the newest and

most serviceable designs.

PRICES REASONABLE,

AND

GOODS GUARANTEED

as represented.

M. McLEOD,

No. 65 Charlotte Street.

(dec 27-11)

HOLIDAY SALE!!

DURING THE PRESENT MONTH
we will offer special inducements to
Cash Purchasers of

Dry Goods and Millinery,

OUR WHOLE STOCK

REDUCED

To Less than Wholesale Prices.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

Choice Black Silks!

Lyons Silk Velvets!

Mantles and Mantle Cloths,

Wool and Paisley Shawls,

Ladies' and Gent's Silk Umbrellas,

Lined Kid Gloves and Mitts,

(Ladies', Misses' and Children's sizes.)

Berlin Wool Goods:

BREAKFAST SHAWLS,

SHELL SACQUES,

PROMENADE SCARFS,

HOODS, JACKETS, in all sizes,

CARDIGAN JACKETS,

(From 50 cts. to \$5.00)

TIES AND SCARFS,

In Choice New Styles

DENTS' Celebrated GLOVES,

in great variety.

JAMES McOULLOUGH & CO.,

95 Head of King Street.

dec 22

(Established 1800)

A. CHIPMAN SMITH,

(Successor to Wm. G. Smith.)

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

No. 1 City Market Building,

Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.,

Keeps constantly on hand:

FINE DRUGS

AND

CHEMICALS,

MATERIA MEDICA,

Druggist's Sundries

DYE STUFFS,

Perfumery,

SOAPS,

BRUSHES,

COMBS,

Etc. Etc.

Special attention and personal supervision given to the compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions, and filling of Ships' Medicine Chests.

Wholesale Agent for Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
dec 22-21

INSURANCE BLOCK!

GENERAL AGENCY

FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE.

CAPITAL OVER \$25,000,000.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
General Agent, Notary Public and Broker.

OFFICES: Cor. Market square and Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of London. Established 1837.

THE FENIA INSURANCE COMPANY, Incorporated 1819.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Organized 1816.

THE MERCHANTS' MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Canada

THE BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO., Incorporated 1833.

Marine Insurance effected on vessels, cargoes and freights to and from any part of the commercial world. Time and voyage policies issued at once, on terms and conditions as customary.

Fire Insurance effected on brick and frame dwellings, stores, warehouses, merchandize, steam saw mills, ships on the stocks, and all descriptions of Insurable property at lowest current rates. Application respectfully solicited.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
Gen. Agent, Notary Public and Broker.
(dec. 22)

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.

JAS. ADAMS & CO.

HAVE OPENED

In their New Premises,

(OLD STAND)

NO. 16 KING STREET.

Where, with a New and

Thoroughly Assorted Stock

- F -

SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS,

Increased Facilities,

- AND -

Prompt attention to Business

They hope to receive a continuance of the Patronage so liberally bestowed on them in the past.
dec 22 11.

Christmas Goods!

PAGE, SMALLLY & FERGUSON have now a complete and well-selected stock of Goods in the following departments:

WATCHES—Ladies' and Gent's Gold and Silver Keyless and Key-winding Watches in Opera, Fancy, Hunting, Engraved, and Plain Cases.

JEWELRY—One-half Suits, Bracelets, Lockets, Crosses, Brooches, Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Scarf Pins, Scarf Rings, Seals, Keys, &c.

GOLD CHAINS—Guard, Albert, Opera, Necklets, &c.

SOLID SILVER—Pie, Fruit, Cake and Butter Knives; Fruit, Preserver, Jelly, Sugar, Child's Tea and Salt Spoons; Cups, Card Cases, Napkin Rings, Fish Carvers, &c.

SILVER PLATED—Tea Services, Ice Pitchers, Cases and Fruit Baskets, Castors, Butter Coolers, Pickle Strands, Cakes, Dishes, Biscuit Boxes, Salvers, Card Receivers, Syrup Jugs, Cups, Napkin Rings, Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

Also a good assortment of Clocks, Bronzes, Spectacles, Eye-Glasses, Silver Filigree Jewelry, Tortoise shell Sleeve Buttons, &c. Jewellery made to order.

PAGE, SMALLLY & FERGUSON,
dec 22 43 King street.

CHRISTMAS GAMES!

Parcheesi,

Royal Comedy,

Avilude,

Portrait Authors,

Society Court,

Snapp,

Pamesna,

Parlor Croquet,

Chess,

Draughts,

Dominos,

All Splendid Games for the Winter Evenings.

H. B. SMITH,

26 Charlotte St.,

dec 22 11.

(Y. M. C. A. Building.)

BEARD & VENNING,

No. 186

South side King Street.

Are displaying in their New Premises a full stock of

Gentlemen's Wool Shirts and Drawers;

Shetland Wool and Merino Sacques;

Lined Kid Mitts and Gloves;

Silk and Lawn Pocket Handkerchiefs;

Scarfs, Neckties, Bows;

Cashmere and Silk Mufflers;

Cardigan Jackets and Crimmoan Shirts, &c., &c.,

At Prices which will ensure a speedy sale.

dec 22 **BEARD & VENNING,**

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS

Must be True!

THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every size, lined, unlined, Buck & Castore.

ROUILLON'S SEAMLESS FIRST CHOICE KIDS.

Black Goods and Silks!

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock in the City to choose from.

22 **Gentlemen's UNDERCLOTHING**

MACKENZIE BROTHERS,

dec 29 47 King Street.

INSURANCE BLOCK.

Fire and Marine Insurance!

Capital over Twenty Million Dollars

ROBERT MARSHALL,

Gen. Agent, Notary Public and Broker.
(dec 20 11)

Boarding and Livery Stable

149 UNION STREET.

dec 21 11 **W. H. AUSTIN.**

THURGAR & RUSSELL,

Wine and Commission Merchant,

15 North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.
71 mo.

JOHN KERR,

BARRISTER AND NOTARY,

No. 5 NEW MARKET BUILDING,
dec 22 11 **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 Charlotte street,
dec 22 11 **St. John, N. B.**

M. A. FINN,

Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana Cigars. Hazen Building King Square.
dec 22 11 **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. - - Moore's Block,
Water street. - - St. John, N. B.
(dec 22)

FERRICK BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in First-Class Wines, Old Brandy, Whiskies, &c. No. 13 North side King Square.
(Lios. S. FERRICK, J. S. J. FERRICK,
dec 22 11 **St. John, N. B.**