



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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1878.

No. 6

[For the Torch.]
FERNS.

VI.

A wreck went drifting up the bay,
One autumn night—'twas near its noon,
When slumber like a mantle lay
O'er Port Matoun.

The waves were still, the breezes slept,
And brightly shone the harvest moon,
While no one watched and no one wept
At Port Matoun.

"Awake my love, my love awake!
Think not, I pray, that over soon
The king hath come his queen to take
From Port Matoun."

"My queen, my love—my love, my queen!
Earth's darling flower, heaven's peerless
boon!

With thee my heart hath ever been!—
Sweet Port Matoun!"

We wonder that at break of morn
One sleeper lay as in a swoon:—
Oh, faithless heart that nursed a thorn!—
Sad Port Matoun!

A wreck went drifting down the bay
Beneath the pale and ghastly moon,
And never more was seen, they say,
At Port Matoun.

H. L. SPENCER.

ESTHETIC EMBERS.

BY HARRY FLETCHER

"You were telling us about your home the other evening, and what you would have in it, supposing you ever got such a place of your own," the Colonel said as we sat down after dinner. "Now Raphael perhaps you would also tell us what sort of a wife you would put in it." The ladies were setting with us and among them was our next door neighbor's daughter, Miss Amelia, with whom, and Raphael by the way, our landlady has been trying to make a match as it is vulgarly termed.

Now if there is anything in society which more than any thing else is deserving of public and private odium, it is the professional match maker,—and though our landlady has many

fine points this is one of her hobbies. But she is a quiet and preserving old soul, and as her own loving is over, and she is gradually drawing near the sere and yellow leaf, she takes an active interest in the young people around her. She considers Kalfarnassus and Miss Agatha as sure, and her mind is easy on that point. But Raphael, a young painter who has some property and withal a very clever fellow, she was determined should be classed among her victims. We shall see how she will succeed.

"Yes, Raphael," said she, "what sort of a woman would you select for a wife?"
Miss AGATHA.—"Oh, I know. She would be tall and thin, with an intellectual cast of countenance, eye glasses and smoothly plaited hair. Probably a graduate of some high toned Female Seminary, who would only use English to address us common folks—a walking cyclopaedia—an animated dictionary, bound in ca—no in ca!ico."

OUR LANDLADY.—"Now, my dear—you are really too rude altogether—I hope Raphael will not be offended at your—but you deserve a rebuke for such an ill-mannered remark."

THE COLONEL.—"Oh, let her alone. Raphael is not a child to be vexed at a trifle. I trust we are not under watch here to be obliged to pick our words to please the company. I think we may at least talk, if nothing more."

MISS AMELIA.—"Now do let us come back to the subject. I am certainly interested in finding out who the favoured party is likely to be; and if you have no objections I for one shall be glad to hear, Mr. Raphael."

RAFAEL.—"Well then to begin. I will tell you what I would not have. I would not have the conventional lady of which you speak, and whom I should fear to love lest I might vex her. Nor would I woo one whose life was devoted to art, poetry or music, to the exclusion of every thing else. Let her be ever so rich, I think a woman should be the mistress of her own house, independent of the cook or housemaid, and able to teach even them how to do. But I am not sure that I should not look among even the humbler walks of life for the wife of an artist."

THE COLONEL.—"Sensible man. I like your taste—some one to love and adore, but not to dictate, and an orphan, too, Raphael. Love in cottage and all that."

MISS AGATHA.—"Yes, and wear Acadian Costumes and carry shepherd crooks, and play the flute; and, let me see, don't shepherds live on potatoes and salt?"

RAFAEL.—"No, you mistake my meaning. I think an educated man should have an educated wife, and one suited to him. But there is a deal of truth in the old proverb. "Ascend a step to seek a wife." And though I don't wish to place an embargo on the rich young

ladies. Yet my taste would be rather in the direction of one who had seen the hard side of life, and to whom a loving home would be a heaven upon earth. Such a one could not scold me because I got paint upon my cuffs and varnish on my coat; or because I was late to dinner on account of an interesting subject. Neither would she be vexed if I left my boots in the parlor, or neglected to see that dinner was sent home."

OUR LANDLADY.—"There Raphael, now you don't know what you are talking about. You think, because a woman has had a little of the bitter side of the cake, that if you give her the sweet side she will be for ever happy and contented; that she will be so glad to get a home of her own that any kind of a husband is good enough for her. I tell you that you don't know anything about it. A woman want's love, but she want's something more; she want's attention and respect, and she won't be happy without them. You men think that because a woman loves you she will bear any kind of indignity; that she may be neglected and left alone to be your servants, while you devote yourselves to your business or profession and let her take care of herself. If only she looks neat and stylish when your fancy inclines you to devote an hour to her—all right—but to be servant to a husband is worse than being servant to a master."

RAFAEL.—"You are severe Mrs. Ducas."

OUR LANDLADY.—"No more than you deserve. I can't help being vexed at men who talk as if a woman was necessarily happy if she has a home, a loving home as you say. A loving husband is what makes a loving home, and a loving husband will try hard to make his home happy by little careful attentions such as unmarried ladies receive by a little unselfish regard for the dinner hour or the parlor carpet. And above all by a loving interest in his wife—that shall cause him to take her into his confidence and make her his equal in all things."

"A woman has feelings as well as a man, the same temptations, the same aspirations, and you leave her in a gilded cage and think it is enough to make her happy. Bother your men. You don't know what you are talking about."

Our Landlady is evidently out of sorts this evening, but she has some good ideas after all.

C.

FAULTS.—Joseph E. Woodworth, ship-builder in Kingsport has failed. Liabilities heavy and affairs in a very unsatisfactory state.—*Windsor Mail.*

The Rev. Alfred Bray is the editor of the *Canadian Spectator*, a new Montreal weekly. An editor of that name must be ass-tute.

(For the Torch.)

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE RAVAGES
OF THAT FEARFUL SCOURGE OF THE
YOUNG—DIPHTHERIA.

Oh, where are the little ones, down by the Bay,
Do they watch the white ships sailing out and
away?

Or mark the glad sweep of the sea gull's wing?
Or list her wild cry o'er the dark billows ring?

Oh no, they are not by the rocky shore,
Where the blue waves dash and the wild break-
ers roar;

They watch not the ships sailing to and fro,
Or the flash of the sea-gull's wings of snow.

Do they stray on the uplands green and bold,
Chasing the butterflies gauzy-gold?
Laden with wild flowers will they come
To gladden our hearts at the set of sun?

No! no! never more will the children come,
Sealed are their bright eyes, their rosy lips
dumb.

Never again at the dawning bright
Will they waken from rosy slumber light;
Never more will their footsteps be heard at
the door,
Or their young voices conning the school les-
sons o'er.

Lowly they sleep, by the Death Angel bound,
Silence and darkness environ them round.
No more will their laughter ring out on the
air—

At morning or eventide they are not there.

Oh weeping mothers, throughout the broad land,
Desolate, like Rachel—a lost household band;
Missing thy darlings in each well known spot;
Loathing all comfort because they are not;
Praying for death by each lone cradle bed,
Where oft lay in slumber each bright curly-
head;

Though never again the sweet cradle song
Will thou croon in the purple twilight long,
Over the little ones lying so low
Under summer sunshine and winter snow;
They are breathing the airs of Paradise
By the mount of God under crystal skies.
List! list! to the words falling sole on and clear
From the heaven of heavens, our souls to cheer:
"Let them come unto me, and fo-bid them not,
They are mine, from p lace or lowly cot.
Bid them come unto me, to them it is given,
For of such as the e is the kingdom of heaven."

So, mourning mothers, dry the flowing tear,
No longer languish o'er thy darling's bier,
Strew flower's, pale flowers, above thy lost
one's sod,
And trust some blessed day to meet within the
home of God.

GLOW WORM.

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No 5.

"Let us sally?"

"Sally who?"

"Sally Forth!"

"Ah, I comprehend. First, let me, adjust
the lamp so it will not dazzle the eyes of Surtor-
borus, (so we have christened the owl), and
then I am with you."

What wonderful ideas of architectural beauty
are entertained by our friends who are rebuild-
ing Saint John! What abominations are those
black, white and chrome colored bricks! I
wonder that they do not give nervous men and
weak-minded women the ———! Look at that
monstrosity in King Street, that nightmar re on
Dock Street, and nail down your window when
you retire, lest, pursued by such phantoms, in
your dreams you take a short but unsafe flight

to the street. Have you noticed those bee-
hives that surmount an otherwise tasteful dwell-
ing in progress of erection near Union Street
—those ship's cabins that are perched on top
of various private residences in different parts
of the city? They are ugly enough to make
the gods raging mad. But, after all, variety is
the spice of life; Lord Timothy Dexter, archi-
tect and author, is immortal; and many among
us will be rewarded with like immortality.
Who has not read of Dexter's extravaganza at
Newburyport and Beckford's paste-board palace
at Strawberry Hill, where Walpole, afterwards,
exhibited a statesman's architectural tastes! I
am inclined to the belief that a pretty good
idea may be formed of a man's character by an
inspection of the house where he chooses to
reside. Irving's residence, at Sunnyside, was
as cheerful and sunny as we know his char-
acter to have been from a glance at his books;
Hawthorne's favorite abode was no less
weird and mysterious in appearance than the
House of the Seven Gables, which he so quaintly
describes, and Emerson's mansion has the
same "solidarity" which characterizes his
thoughts. The timid and self-communing man
builds his house a little back from the street
and does not indulge largely in windows—the
arrogant man pushes up close to the sidewalk
from which he would elbow the passers-by if
he could, and the man "with vacant rooms in
the loft to let," indulges largely in flagree and
gingerbread decorations, comfort and con-
venience being with him secondary consider-
ations.

Here we are at Jones's Book Store, but it
won't do to enter; somehow one always feels a
"goneness" in the region of the purse as he
makes his exit from this repository of knowl-
edge. I suppose Jones would say a man
might carry more value in his head than would
be crammed in a purse a mile long. So he
might, but that kind of value is not recognized
at the banks, and it is not exchangeable for
bread or butchers meat. Walt Whitman,
recognized by the ablest English critics, as the
greatest literary genius that America has pro-
duced, ekes out a subsistence by peddling
"Leaves of Grass" from door to door; while
the nauseating trash that fills the columns of
the flash weeklies enables brainless scribblers
to wallow in clover all their days. But it is
not to be wondered at that it is so. If every-
body's stomach were weak, milk would be
worth a dollar a quart while good roasting
pieces of beef would be without buyers at a
penny a pound. You see my drift? Very
well; I'm dangerous when I dwell on some
subject too long.

This sugar cask at the corner of Water Street
and Market Square seems to have lost its
sweetness, for the air in its vicinity is dense
with "a most ancient and fish-like smell."
By Jove, it is tenanted! Stir up this modern
Diogenes! That will do,—we are rewarded
with a snort, and now our recumbent friend
blossoms forth in

SONG.

I was a tramp, and a tramp I am,
As dry as the shell of a roasted clam,
And for what folks think I don't care a ———,
And thashwathemazzerwithme—e—e—
And thashwathemazzerwithme.

If you've got a ixpence, pass it in,
I love the sight of a bit of tin,
For it brings before me a vision of Gin,
And thashwathemazzerwithme—e—e—
And thashwathemazzerwithme.

If Sergeant Briggs should come this way,
To Sergeant Briggs I'd up and say,
My valiant friend, 'tis a very fine day,
And thashwathemazzerwithme—e—e—
And thashwathemazzerwithme.

Vittals and sich won't do for men,—
They woy for womee now and then—
I sigh for a skiful of ti—e—N—
And thashwathemazzerwithme—e—e—
And thashwathemazzerwithme.

Thanks, and farewell! My musical and odor-
ous friend, the doors of the Reform Club are
wide open, blue ribbon is cheap,—much cheaper
than gin, and it forces no man to lodge in a
sugar cask or the Station House.

Here we are, at the gate of the Old Burial
Ground. As Tuckerman says, "We steal from
the cheerful highway to the field of mounds,
and thereby life is solemnized, consciousness
deepened, and we feel, above the tyrannous
present, and through the casual occupation of
the hour, the electric chain wherewith we're
darkly bound." S.

GOLDEN GLEAMS.

(Continued.)

The Torch, a new candidate for public favor, has shed
its light upon St. John, and the Province generally. It
is a spirited quarto, published weekly by G. W. Day,
for the editor and proprietor, Joseph S. Knowles. We
greet our contemporary with good wishes, "a prosperous
and happy New Year." And trust his light may so shine
as to reflect into his pockets, the appreciation of sub-
scribers, in shape of dollars.—*St. Andrew's Standard*,
Jan. 2nd.

We have received the first number of the Torch, pub-
lished in St. John, N. B., by Jos. S. Knowles. It is a
lively twenty four column paper, full of good things, and
is, as the editor says in his salutatory, "devoted to
wholesome dishes of wisdom, wit, humor and satire judi-
ciously sauced with spicy materials which will not be
injurious to the health of the most delicate." It is issued
weekly, and the subscription price is 18 per year. We
wish the Torch every success, and are only too happy to
place it on our exchange list.—*Journal*, Summerside,
P. E. I.

THE TORCH.—A racy, spicy sheet, called the Torch, is
on our sanctum table for the fourth time since it began
to flare upon the world. Jos. S. Knowles, Esq., is editor
and proprietor; and Joe. Knowles St. John better than
to start a sickly luminary. May his Torch always blaze
as brightly as at present—have a protracted career; and a
brilliant end.—*Monitor*, Bridgetown.

CAT SHOW.—Music Hall, in Boston, is de-
voted to the mews this week. The great cat
show opened on Monday evening. There were
cats of all colors; cats with tails, cat-o'-nine-
tails and without; a three legged cat, and a
cat with twenty-four toes on her fore feet; (a
cat with twenty-four toes on her four feet is
not much), one cat weighed 20 pounds. It will
probably close with a tabby-leau and will pass
off with great eclat. But we must paws or
some unfeline puss-illanymous cuss will accuse
us of being too categorical. There couldn't
have been many cats left St. John to see the
show, as the usual serenade of these midnight
marauders is as lively as ever. The "Thomas"
Orchestra furnished the mew-sic. Cat-alogues
supplied free.

A great many clergymen are preaching at
the present time on "Eternal Punishment." Subscribers to the Torch will please take warn-
ing and pay up promptly.

"EVER BELIEVE ME AFFECTIONATELY YOURS"

Ever believe you true? Dear friend,
Your words so precious are that I
Can but repeat it o'er and o'er
And kiss the paper where they lie,
How shall I thank you for this pledge,
This sweet romance, which destroys
The doubt that you my love repaid,
And changes all my fears to joy?

Ever believe you true? I will!
I hold you to this written gaze:
This shall console me, now your gone:
Still near my heart I'll bear the page:
By day and night, where'er I go,
It shall my prized companion be:
And if a thought would 'gainst you rise,
This from all blame shall set you free.

Ah, need I say believe me true?
You know how tender, yet how strong,
The heart's emotions are how half
Of all its throbs to you belong;
How fast 'twould burst its prison walls
To nestling beat against your own:
How joyous 'twas when you were near,
How sadly yearning now, alone.

Ay, till the weary life is done,
Though we again my never meet,
Let's not forget the by gone days:
That like a dream passed, swift and sweet:
Still let thy knowledge of my love
Thy faith in humankind renew;
Let that great love still for me stand,
And to the last, believe me true!

[For the Torch]

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

White is the reigning color in Paris just at present, but Worth does not like it, and is entering into a crusade against it by threatening all manner of extremes in the way of bright shades.

The Princess of Wales, inclining also to a fancy for violent contrasts, has a new, pink feather muff as an accompaniment to a costume of sapphire colored velvet. The Princess seems, in a measure, to be taking the place left vacant by poor dethroned Eugenie, but still as regards pink muffs and sapphire dresses it would take something more than royalty to scatter the fashion in the broadest manner which usually attended the vagaries of the French Empress.

Hoop ear-rings are becoming fashionable again, so all those who have had them lying in abeyance for the last few years, can bring out their hoops and yet not look out of date.

The fashion of roller skating has been revived in New York on account of the lack of ice. If the kind of weather we had for the last fortnight should become a permanency, we shall have to go and do likewise, though where are we to roll? Probably some of our funny contemporaries will tell us "in the mud."

The fancy for wearing black kid gloves with full dress does not seem to diminish among stylish ladies, New Yorkers conspicuously. Certainly the fashion has a more economical side than most of such furores.

The latest Parisian novelty is high heels, studded with steel sparks. We give the information in good faith, but we leave the "funny man" of the staff to comment upon it, the subject being too light and luminous for our grave official capacity.

A fashion exchange speaks of perfumed hair as "a new freak," but we fail to see the novelty. Any person, having a large acquaintance with novels, must remember innumerable cases in which the perfumed hair of the heroine was one of the leading charms which placed in thralldom the senses of the hero, and, to say nothing of this, need we go further than the next country town, or the next country meeting house, to see whole rows of perfumed heads on the persons of young gentlemen as well as ladies.

Tea is more fashionable now, as a beverage for receptions, than coffee, but we doubt whether it is quite so nice. The rule is to place it in the library, or reception room, with cake, and allow the guests to serve themselves at will.

A New York paper thinks that ladies who wear Devonshire hats and plumes to the thea-

tre should be charged the triple price of admission, on account of the manner in which they obstruct all view of the stage, for those sitting behind them. Another critic says in commenting upon this, "There are none so mad as those who cannot see." And yet another, a local this time, says that when it is his unlucky fate to get behind such a hat, he quotes:

"Oh would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts which arise in me."

Perhaps it is quite as well for the lady that in this particular instance he is tongue-tied.

A new style of dressing the hair is to separate it in the back in two long braids, which are joined near the nape of the neck by means of a shell ring. Then the two ends of the braids are taken up, joined again in the middle of the head, and fastened by a shell comb matching the ring. This is a very funny way of hair-dressing, and will hardly suit, we fancy, those whose locks are scanty.

The latest Worthian extravagance are opera cloaks made from gold embroidered India shawls, and fastened in the front with heavy golden clasps. Perhaps the great designer borrowed his fancy from Homer:

"And next she threw around her an ambrosial robe, the work

Of Pallas, all its web embroidered o'er
With forms of rare device. She fastened it
Over the breasts with clasps of gold."

As an incentive towards studying the classics, it might be suggested to young ladies that by a patient perusal of the same they would often stumble upon inspirations which would help them to out-Worth Worth or *Hannond*.

[For the Torch.]

NO. THREE OF THE WIDOW McKILLIGAN SERIES.

Presently there was a soft perfumed sort of rustling and Aggy stood before us, Up sprang Nic in amazement.

"I protest," he exclaimed; "I neither saw or heard you, till you stood like a spirit—a beautiful one"—giving her hand an elegant squeeze at my elbow.

"Ha, ha," laughed the widow, gaily, but gently; "hi hantipate hi took you by surprise."

She seemed to use 'anticipate' in the future tense.

"You did, indeed" he continued; "and how fair and sweet you do look; better and better every day, Aggy."

"Flatterer," she murmured softly, blushing.

"How can you, my dear Aggy, hurt my feelings so; 'tis quite true, only I'm like the Queen of Sheba, I don't tell you half."

Aggy laughed, at which he seemed slightly nettled.

"Why do you laugh se," he enquired.

"Laugh," she said; "ow can hi elp hit. The hiden of a great strapping six footer like you resembling the Queen of Sheba. Though to be sure you 'ave got a 'orrid lot of gold about you."

"Why," said he, "I'm like the Queen of Sheba, because she came to see Solomon, and I came to see you. You got something good for dinner. Aggy, my afactories tell me so"

"Your oil factories."

"Oh! oh!" said he, laughing; "hold me some one."

"'Twould take a cable to 'old you," she retorted, spitefully; "har you so rude has that."

He saw it 'twas time to stop.

"I beg pardon Aggy, here on my bended"—trying to get down "knees"—as he floundered on to the floor—three buttens snapping off in the herculean effort; "Aggy forgive or I swe—swe—"

"What," she cried, in horror; "a minster of—"

"Well, well, I'll never rise—"

"Good 'eavens," she exclaimed.

"Oh Aggy," rising, "the smell of that dinner," smacking his lips with a grunt—"I suppose I must substitute 'sigh' for ears polite—"is most too much for me;" and he threw himself indolently along the sofa like a great box constrictor, showing off his brawn and muscle to great advantage; also his elegant vest, gold or gold plate watch chain, with its ponderous seal; his white beringed fingers, his perfumed locks, and round shining red face. I, Peacelove Fowler, whom he had completely ignored from the moment of Aggy's entrance, could not help thinking what an excellent hand he would be in the woods felling trees with an axe.

"If 'twere not for the cloth," said he, bringing down his elephantine hand on our brawny leg; "if 'twere not for the cloth I should say the smell of that dinner might tempt the d—!"

"No dear," said Aggy; "ho dear, 'ow you do shock me, han hi must say hi like to see professors not to speak hof—hof—ministers—hexistent," meaning consistent.

"Bravo Aggy" he returned, keeping down a laugh; "I second that motion, and that's why I want my dinner"

"Gourmand," she said, touching a bell beside her; a domestic entered, to whom she gave directions about the dinner.

"Aggy," said he, "I tried to get past your house this morning, but the smell of the turtle was too mu' for me—knoo'ed me off my horse like a bullet—kuc'd me into the honso like a rive-pin—floored me here like a flounder. There's no place like home," said the Rev. gentleman, looking round the cosy apartment with a solemn air of appreciation; the red hot coals glowing behind the polished grate, the open piano, the flowers, the books, the easy chair beside the window, containing Aggy's basket of dainty needle work, the snowy damask laid for dinner, the side-board glistening with silver and plate.

"Oh dear, what a treasure a home is to a wandering Arab like me; a Nomade—" and springing up he tried to throw one ponderous arm round Aggy's waist. heaven knows what for—but with a little cry she eluded his grasp, but the impetus his thoughts had given that mighty sin could not be easily shut off, and round it swung like an iron gate, sweeping four Rose-Geraniums, and six Christmas Pinks, and two ink bottles and one of Mustang Liniment off the window, scattering the contents broad cast over Aggy's dainty ruffling, and knocking the kitten into the fire, whence she emerged spitting and howling like a pack of jackals, her fur stuck full of live-coals, her tail as big as Fox's-brush, standing at an exact perpendicular between heaven and earth, and charged I said long into the kitchen, bringing up full tilt against Bridget who was just bringing in a tureen of splendid mock-turtle soup.

"Tare an' ages," shrieked Biddy, "phat is it?"

"Mew," yelled the frantic kitten, taking her off her pins, and down she came, the empty tureen balancing in the smell of her back, looking exactly like a huge mud-turtle floundering in a puddle.

Alas for Nic's dinner; Bounce ran in and licked up the precious condiment in a trice.

MORAL.—There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.

GLOW WORM.

The *Norristown Herald* has an article on the Lord-Hick marriage which has caused so much excitement in New York. The article is headed "Why did she marry him?" The only answer we can think of is—The Lord only knows why. Or perhaps it was so that she could "lord it over him."

Cleopatra's Needle has arrived at its destination at last. It's perhaps needless to say the world breathes more freely.

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St. John, N. B.

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TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 26, 1878.

THE DIGBY DEFEAT.

The election of Mr. WADE, in Digby, is admitted to be the most decisive defeat the Government have met with since they assumed office.

Mr. WADE was not considered a popular man, and the Government organs were sanguine in their expressions of belief that Mr. VAIL, backed as he was with the prestige of a portfolio, would be triumphantly returned.

The Digby election must largely influence the contest being fought out in Halifax. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Jones's prediction, that in Halifax a great victory would atone for the little defeat at Digby, will be verified.

In the City of Halifax Mr. RICHY, who is personally popular, and has been six times Mayor of the City, is expected to have a large majority, and the country districts are looked to return Mr. JONES.

It would, however, appear probable that the influences which gave Mr. WADE a majority in Digby, will be operative in the French and Scotch districts in Halifax County.

The defeat of Mr. JONES on Tuesday next would indicate that the General Election will leave the Government with an extremely small following in Nova Scotia and that the balance of power in the Dominion Parliament will be restored to the Maritime Provinces. Even the election of Mr. JONES, unless by a large majority, will not do away with the effects of the Digby defeat.

It is a somewhat singular fact that, while the Bible Societies want a million or so of bibles to send away to the heathen, no one thought—among the various articles sent for our Relief after the great fire—of sending us any bibles.

BENGOUGH AT THE INSTITUTE.

We went on Thursday evening with a great many other people to the Institute to hear *Grip's* cartooner tell what he knew about "caricature." We had read Parton's book on "caricature and comic art" and looked for an elaborate relish of that weighty folio. But we were agreeably disappointed and saw Mr. BENGOUGH's lecture, for it was more to be seen than heard, with much enjoyment. Mr. BENGOUGH having got introduced, set his crayons to work and called to the surface of his brown paper canvas, a "young lady of fashion and her admirer" keeping up a one-sided conversation with the audience while he sketched. Then he outlined the features of the Attorney General and remarked,— "This is the head of the New Brunswick Government."

While the audience were admiring this sketch Mr. BENGOUGH wittily told how he happened to be a caricaturist—describing his progress as an artist from the time he first drew breath—until he went to school and learned to draw a pipe, an effort which was not appreciated by the "School marm." The scene that ensued was depicted with the crayons—Mr. BENGOUGH sketching the mistress in the act of "correcting" him with the ferule. Then by a few strokes of the chalk, the teacher became Alexander McKenzie and the boy Sir John McDonald.

Ald. KERR, Mr. John Melick, the Editor of the *Telegraph*, and that famous dealer in politics and fish, Andy Gorman, were in turn the subjects of the lecturer's fun and skill.

But his crowning success was the portrait of the new Auditor, Geo. V. Nowlin, Esq. The features of the Judge were very soon recognised, and as the picture progressed it was frequently applauded. One of the pleasures of the entertainment was, to watch the faces of the audience, the "broad grin," when a good point was made—or the look of expectancy as the portraits grew.

Mr. BENGOUGH promised to deliver another lecture on his return to the city on the 31st inst., when he will sketch the rest of our "characters."

PURITY OF COUNCIL.

Ald. DOMVILLE at the last meeting of the Common Council, again brought up the matter of the sale of merchandise to the city by members of the Corporation.

On his motion a resolution was unanimously passed asking the opinion of the Recorder upon the legality of such sales.

The ready reception which the resolution got at the hands of the board would indicate that the members of the Council have little fear, as to what the opinion of the Recorder will be upon the matter.

Indeed it seems reasonable to suppose, that the interpretation, which for the last twenty-five years, has been uniformly given to the Statute, cited by Mr. DOMVILLE, is correct.

If the Alderman for King is right in his opinion that the city should not make purchases from members of the Council, then the law should be changed.

Certainly the open way in which such buy-

ing is done now, would be preferable to the under hand method, which Councillor EMERSON said, the Alderman for King's suggested to him.

The next lecture in the Institute course is to be delivered on Monday next by Henry F. Starbuck, who will, by the aid of the stereopticon and a large number of views—consisting of actual photographs—illustrate the general subject of Architecture—a subject of decided interest to every one—and likely to be placed in a light that all can see and appreciate. You had better go and hear him.

JUDGE NOWLIN should feel proud of his popularity. His portrait sold on Wednesday evening for \$4 25, which was twice as much as either the Attorney General, Alderman KERR Editor Elder, ex-Alderman Melick, or Andy Gorman, sold for. Some wig-ed joker said—looking at the milk jug—that "it would have been better if drawn on *cream* laid paper." This joke might have occurred to any weak minded individual, so we let it pass.

SOME of our friends have told us calmly and confidentially that there are too many puns in the Torch. Now pun honor we think they are mistaken. What they imagine are puns are only con-torch-ions of the English language. We notice as a curious fact that none of these kind friends, who gratuitously advise us how to run the paper, help us financially by subscriptions or advertisements to do otherwise.

THE NEW Chief Engineer had a friendly conversation with the men of his department about their work, on Tuesday evening last. Mr. Smith told the firemen what he expected of them, and how he meant to do the duties of his office. It is to be hoped that the Common Council and firemen will give the Chief Engineer such a support as will enable him to make the Department, as he desires, "second to none in America."

THE PRINTERS MISCELLANY for December is out replete with valuable and instructive typographical information. Since the last issue it has been enlarged and now contains 32 pages of enjoyable and useful reading matter. The Torch congratulates Mr. Finlay on his progressive journalistic improvement, and hopes the craft, whose interests it advocates so ably will, substantially appreciate his enterprise by sending forward their subscriptions and then Hugh know he'll be happy.

GOOD JOKE ON BENGOUGH.—When Mr. Bengough entered the hall on Wednesday evening he passed the usher in charge of the reserved seats and sat down by Mr. John Boyd, with whom he was engaged in conversation, when the usher tapped Mr. Bengough on the shoulder and said, "Will you be kind enough to show me your check for that reserved seat?"

Mr. B.—(laughing)—"I guess I'm running this show and am a "dead head" to-night."

The few around who saw the joke laughed heartily, and the usher retired looking somewhat confused. Mr. Bengough is of the opinion that the usher attended faithfully to his duty.

The efforts to defeat Wade in Digby were of no avail.

The Halifax election takes place on Tuesday next. It will be a hot one.

The British Columbia Legislature will meet on the 7th Feb.

Vail was Wade in the balance and found wanting.

Did you ever notice that, in a room where there is a smoky chimney, there is always a had e-fine-via?

Do you remember when a child, while listening to the "singing of the tea-kettle," how much you es-steam-d it?

We are deeply indebted to William Smith, Esq., Deputy Minister of Marine, Ottawa, for late Ontario and Quebec papers.

John Higgins offers to row any man in America over the Thames course for £500 and the championship. Who speaks first?

Leo Hamburger, cigar importer, was arrested last Sunday in Montreal on a capias for \$4,400 on affidavit of C. E. Hilyard.

Since Vail lost his seat, from poor Jones continually come Vail's and moans, He knows that rejection, Instead of election, Will be surely the fate of poor Jones.

MURDER WILL OUT.—The Osborne family were arrested in Shediac on Sunday last for the murder of Timothy McCarthy. The Moncton Times deserves credit for the persistency with which it has followed this case up.

The member for Digby called Vail, Said, "I'll beat Mr. Wade without fail, But poor Vail felt quite sore When the voting was o'er, 'Steal of head—to find he was tail.

The haste with which the Government filled the office of Minister of War was very commendable, especially at this peculiar time when the Russian Bear is gobbling up Turkey. There is a feeling of security here now since Jones has been made War Minister. The country is safe.

Mr. Bowers of the Charlottetown, P. E. I. *New Era* is a candidate for the Legislative Council. Bowers' "card" should be a good one. We hope he will have a "strong lead" and, when elected, "snit" the constituency which elects him. The Torch—which is supposed to be a "joker"—votes him a "trump" and wishes him success.

JONES BEFORE THE DIGBY ELECTION.

Says Mr. Jones "I'm very much afraid That Vail will badly beaten be by Wade; If such should be the case, my goose is cooked And Richey then for Ottawa is booked."

AFTER.

We've Digby lost, and Wade has been elected, Our Minister of War has been rejected; Oh! what a-vails my striving for the seat, By that rank Tory Richey,—I'll be beat." *Jumps on the Car and hastens to Ottawa.*

PITHY PERSONALS.

—Another New Brunswicker, Richard Tyner of Pisarino, has become heir to a large fortune left by Wm. Jennings of England, and a St. John lawyer, who has been looking after it, has just returned. The amount is £3,000,000 which falls to about a dozen persons.—*Maine Standard.*

We know a party who could stand a heavy fall like that without injury. But who is the lawyer?

—Mrs Lucy of Houlton, aged 102 years on Sunday, December 30, walked one mile to church and returned. She steps off as lively as a cricket. She lately received a letter from a sister three years her senior.—*Ee.*

We don't wish to dispute the fact that a woman—we may say a centurion—can step off as lively as a cricket ball, but can any one e-lucy-date why it is so? We don't know more than nine or ten (excepting Susan B. Anthony) 102 years old who can do it.

—Mrs. Brooks, the "butter woman," is now modeling in Cincinnati a full length figure of Dickens' "Marchioness."

Suppose she makes her statues out of very old butter. Why? Not so liable to be broken. Stronger you know.

—Mr. Cask is a candidate for the Georgia Legislature. If defeated, he will probably be found in tierce.—*Norristown Herald.*

That name will bare'll lot of good puns. on it. Won't some one please say, "He'll be able to make a good stave.

Mr. A. Joseph, of Quebec, will be elected President of the Dominion Board of Trade for the current year.

Mr. Tolley, formerly editor of the *Star*, is now Special Commissioner of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, entrusted with the task of writing up and illustrating every prominent village, city and town in the Dominion.

—The Odd Fellows have extended to ex-President Colfax an invitation to deliver a lecture in the city in aid of the fund for the erection of a monument to the late Police Superintendent, John A. Keimely. Mr. Colfax accepts the invitation, and will lecture on "The Life and Character of Abraham Lincoln," on the 28th inst.—*Phila. paper.*

—How much does Fanny Davenport pay the *Detroit Free Press* and other papers for making remarks about her nose.—*White Pigeon Argus.*

He probably pays her in scents, but won't Fanny become incensed and get pug-nose-ious with these naughty paragraphers?

IMMENSE TURKEY.—The other day Mr. Wm. Justin, of Streetsville, presented Mr. H. H. Hurd, of this city, with a live turkey weighing thirty-seven pounds.—*Hamilton Times.*

That's a *rashin'* big turkey: the largest ever Hurd of.

THE Rink Carnival has been postponed until next Tuesday evening. An ice time is expected, but there snow telling how it may turn out.

Mr. P. A. Crosby, of the Dominion Type Foundry, has been at the Royal for a few days. The roseate hue of health mantles his noble brow, and he reports business prospects, among the typos, cheering.

THE worst of the *Norristown Herald* is you cannot clip an item from it without spoiling a better one on the other side.

MR. JAMES HANNAY, of the *Telegraph*, occupied the Institute platform on Monday evening, and discussed "Anglo-Saxon Civilization." The lecture was well written, well delivered and well received.

TORCHISMS.

***A self-feeding heater with an automatic ash riddler would be a good invention.

Our maid-of-all-work says she thinks if she had that kind of a riddle it would be a grate improvement, as she would get rid of work, but she thinks it will puzzle the riddle makers.

***We would not abate the doctrine of endless punishment a particle while book agents infest the earth.—*Ee.*

If the author of that paragraph dont object, we should like to add life insurance agents as well.

***An editor was knocked down the other day by a highwayman, who demanded his valuables. The poor man took out his scissors to pass them over to the highwayman, but the latter thought it a revolver and immediately retreated.—*Whitehall Times.*

Highwaymen will find it hardly paste to rob an editor.

***The Prince of Darkness is having the streets in his locality re-paved since the new year opened.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

Because it s-wearin' off probably. Does he use the Old Nick-olson pavement?

***Joseph F. Tudor, as he was about retiring for the night, found a burglar under his bed. Joseph pounced upon the intruder and sat upon him half an hour, until the arrival of a policeman.—*Phila. Ee.*

It's a wonder that Tudor thought of looking under the bed. If it had been Mrs. Tudor it would not seem so strange, as a woman always looks there and in the closet for burglars every night.

FEBBLE FLICKERINGS.

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

A "Butcher Boy" sends us the following which hardly meats with our approval. As it is his maiden effort we've made'n effort to overlook it this time.

If you should see Andy Gorman "shuffle off this mortal coil," why would it be like gazing upon a man with a voracious appetite?

Because you'd see A. Gorman die, sir, (a gormandizer).

And speaking of Andy and eating, he was not so far out of the way in his weather prognostications when he sent the telegram to Toronto that "Truthful James" would be wearing a *linen duster* instead of an Ulster this winter. As Prof. Henderson would say "Ulsters are superfluous just now.

"Dash" sends us a few more "sketches," which appear to be of the right flavor.

Sketches from Life.

BY DASH.

The wise man remarks the height of the oil in the lamp, while at supper, and when he returns from his club and finds it burnt out he softly seeks the oil-can and replenishes it accordingly; for he is well aware that, to an experienced wife, an empty lamp means "out till after midnight."

"John," remarked a Port and parent to his son, "there's ten dollars coming to me to-day, and I want you to try and collect it." "Yes, Sir," responded John, and he, asked as he gided towards the door, "if the money is coming to you what's the use of me going after it?"

We have often wondered why it is that a man's hand, holding a cent, will advance to meet the contribution plate, while in the case of a fifty cent piece, the coin requires to be elevated on a level with the head, and held in the tip of the fingers, in that position, for a few seconds, and then dropped on the plate with a clatter that never fails to arouse the congregation.

(For the Torch.)

JOSH MUFF ON HIS TRAVELS.

No use talking Huldai I am going to Bosting to spend the Holidays remark Josh Muff to his better half, Mrs. Muff, as he threw an armful of wood down (that he had just brought in) before one of those old-fashioned fire-places you see in different parts of the country. "Well Josh if you must, there is no gaining it, but look a hear, I have got to darn your stockings, patch up your trousers and waistcoat, and make, sew some buttons on your shirts, and then, again, your boots will want a patch or 2, and while you are waiting to have that done, just step into the grocery store and get a few paper collars, and, I guess, that will complete your wardrobe." "All right my dearest Huldai, I shall remember you in my dreams," and at the same time he planted many affectionate kisses, with considerable warath on her wrinkled brow. Everything being ready he started for the river with his Grandmother's hair trunk covered with brass nails (I believe this trunk was brought over in the *Mayflower*, and landed at Tailor's Island, owned by Judge Nowlin), on his shoulder; having adjusted a pair of Welpey's long reach skates, and throwing her a parting kiss with his mit, away he scudded for South Bay; having arrived there in good season, and through the kindness of the freight brakeman, was permitted to ride into the city on the cattle car. Hiring a Professor Diggs' hand cart to convey his kit. It wasnt many moments before he was domiciled in Hotel De Undertheliff, Shantville, where he indulged in all of the luxurions of the season, and then retired to his couch to dream of his future.

BOSTON, Dec 20, 1877.

My Dearest Huldai:—Mabeo you received my letter ere this, giving you a description of my arrival in St. John. Well, next morning friend Melick was on hand *bright* and early, ready to escort me to the kears, having secured a sleeping berth and crossed the duskeed palm of the porter with some Canadian scrip, I retired to the rear end of the kears, and while we were disappearing in the arial perspective, I waived my red and yellow hanana hankerchief (you gave me on my last birthday) to the gaping and admirin crowd, and as they were lost to me by the Narypiece hills shutting off my view, I immedately witted. "Oh, Dear Huldai, you ought to have seen me then, I was so completely emasheated from weeping I could hardly recover my equilibrium as I manderated to my seat, and it was fortunate that it was contiguous to me at the time, or else I should have dropt on the floor. Howsomever I soon had the simpence of the parsengers. Prettee soon a very bashful young man going threw the kears, amazed me by his lavishness, giving to me newspapers, books oranges, prize packages of nuts and candy, and such a nice lot of things that my bossom convaxed and concaved with emochions, at his generosity and his goodness of heart; and then the peoples were so good. Dear Huldai, I found it was obligderatory to drop a tear in silence. Howsomever I soon packed them all away in my portmantoo, for you and then I took a snooze, from wich I was soon awaked, by hearing Frederictown Junkshun in my ears. Wishing to stretch my legs, I thought I would promanadd up and down the platform, and see the Conducters loading the kears with shingles for the Fee Gee Island market. While contemplating that very interesting feeter in

our xport trade, I was introduced to his Royal Nibbs, the Gov., Dr. Dow, and a grate many other lessor lights. We had quite a Coufab about the Potater trade and the prospects of the many starch factories that were springen up all over the land to manefactor the above artele from the above vegetable, his remarks were very lueydill, and he insidentlee staded that his next inaugorrill would contain some faks about the above artele very littel noon in this kumnetee, and also he would say something about the medissenallee parteparies of lactecal fluyed, he talked very learnedlee I assure you, I kaushlee hapend to ask his xeelencee the meanin of those peoplee I seed hereabouts warering bin riben, and at the same time sngessed they mite be h's sweet, "Oh no he said, with a smile, it is nearlee a freeke and a result of the Makensee tidal waye, wich shoek our good city from centar to circumerence. I teped his kolossal brow very gentlee, and said, "old head," but as it wasnt a very good day for that sort of thing, I was obliged to retire to me kear with parched lips, and remunerate on the great dissepontmentes flesh is air to. You would hardlee beleve me, Dear Huldai, how I am xpanden and grown to be elevated, and as our former lokall pote rites.

I am meetin with the grate and the nobell of earth. It strikes me, I shall forget the actunee of my birth.

BYRON DE WOOLF, D.D. A.

As the male cloces in about 2 minites and a half, I must close this to go by the litening xpress. Many kisses to you and all the young Muff's.

Adoo for the present,
Yours till death,

JOSU.

P. S.—My next will bee about Bosting. Be sure and send me my boilled shirts by male.

JOSU.

Dear Mr. Torch.—Can't you persuade the gentleman, who sits in one of the back seats in Exmouth Street Church, not to snore so loudly, while the Service is going on—so that we who sit near him may hear the sermon; especially when it is so elegant and thoughtful as that preached last Sunday morning.

Please wake him up a little, and oblige,

Yours,
LISTENER.

HIS BILLET-DOUX.—He was such a nice young man, and as he has tended to the Post office we saw by his beaming countenance that he expected a *billet-doux* from his dearest. He looked into box — and said—"There it is, I knew dear Fannie would not disappoint me." To the clerk—"Will you please hand me that letter out of box —. He gets it, opens the envelope carefully for fear of destroying any of the precious writing, when suddenly a black frown came over his placid brow, and an exclamation commencing with d— which we are sure was not dearest came from his lips. Instead of a *billet-doux* from Fanny it was a *bill-be-due* from Snip the tailor on King Street, who intimated that "if your little bill is not settled immediately it will be placed in the hands of Mr. Briefless for collection." Adonis, as he walks slowly and sadly along Canterbury Street, concluded that at this season of the year it is a difficult matter to determine when you receive a letter on which is a one cent stamp whether its a love or a dunning letter.

(From the Globe).

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A GOOD HOUSEMAID.
JAS. DOMVILLE.

Mr. Domville is having a very good home made on the corner of Prince William and King streets. Does he want another?

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

The city Council of London, Ont., yesterday gave the press reporters \$25 each for their services during the year.—*Ex*

If our Council would do likewise with the poor unfortunates, the speeches of those who voted in favor of the grant would be models of perfection.

A farmer on the fever and ague marshes of New Jersey has named his daughter "Malaria." She will doubtless be great shakes of a girl.—*N. Y. Mail*. The law should not permit a father to bestow such sickly names on his children.—*Norristown Herald*.

If fever he has another he might call her Ague-sta, or if a boy, how would Shake-ob do?

Why is a man charged with crime like types? Because he should not be *locked up* till the matter is well proceed.—*Printer's Miscellany*.

That is our "impression" likewise, and if the "case" is a clear one, send him to the "galleys" for life.

A party of young fellows found fault with the butter on the boarding house table. "What's the matter with it?" said the mistress. "Just you ask it," said one; "it is old enough to speak for itself."—*Ex*.

Very ill bred to talk that way about the butter to the landlady. Butter feelings have probably been hurt so often in this way that she's used to it now.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

Humbog is the title of a new weekly to be started in London shortly. *Humbog* will be pictorially represented on its title page by a man laughing behind a serious mask.

Saturday Night, a weekly literary and dramatic paper, has appeared in Toronto, W. B. Macdonald, editor.—*Printer's Miscellany*.

A penny newspaper has been started in London by Miss Emily Faithful.—*Ex*.

Emily will be faithfully penny-tent before long for having Em-barked in such a hazardous enterprise.

Of May Agnes Fleming's works, G. W. Carleton & Co. have sold nearly 100,000 vols., and her new novel, "Silent and True," starts off nearly as well as if there were no "hard times" for booksellers to talk about.

Bret Harte's story of "The Hoodlum Band," published in the January number of *Godey's Lady's Book*, also appears in the January *Temple Bar*, an English magazine.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* this week contains a portrait of the late Victor Emmanuel, and of a much handsomer man, Mayor Earle, of St. John, N. B.—*Kingston (Ont.) Whip*.

No bouquets, your Worship.

Alexander H. Stephens will contribute to the next number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an article on the Electoral Commission.

Kellogg, who stole the "Son of the Milkmaid" from Sidney Dobell, and sold it to Scribner for five dollars, is not receiving very kind notices from the press, and is not likely to try his little game on any other magazine.—*Norristown Herald*.

A man who would do that should be executed. But wouldn't the *Galaxy* have been the most appropriate, as it was in the "Milky Way?"

What kind of a vessel does the *Globe Democrat* resemble?

A steal clad and clip-per built.

Appropriate quotation for the present time—"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer."

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

TAPER.—Your effort this week is a great acceleration on the previous one, but wouldn't "Toper" be a more appropriate nom de plume. Crowded out, will appear next week.

S. J. SHANKLIN.—Postal card received. Send your sample copies. You will see club arrangement in paper. Hope you will do what you can to get one up.

J. W. L., Boston.—Letter received. Papers have been mailed regularly to your address. Must have gone astray. Will write soon.

Glow Worm.—Will try and find space for "The Money Diggers" next week. The McKilligan papers are good, but if you prefer to, you can try something more solid.

CHEVALIER DE B. Essays received. Too late for this issue. No. 1 will appear next week.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

GAME No. VIII.

Played between Messrs. J. Clawson and J. E. Narraway.

White. Black.
J. C. J. E. N.

Giucio Piano.

- 1 P-K 4
- 2 Kt-K B 3
- 3 B-B 4
- 4 P-Q B 3
- 5 P-K R 3
- 6 P-Q 3
- 7 Castles
- 8 P-Q Kt 4 (a)
- 9 P-Q R 4
- 10 P-R 5
- 11 Kt-Q 2 (b)
- 12 Q-Kt 3
- 13 Kt-R 2
- 14 P×P
- 15 B×Kt
- 16 P-Q B 4
- 17 B-Kt 2
- 18 Kt-K 4
- 19 Q R-Q sq
- 20 B×Kt
- 21 Kt-K B 3
- 22 Kt×P (c)
- 23 Kt-K B 3
- 24 P×B
- 25 P×R
- 26 Q-Q 3
- 27 R×Q
- 28 R-Q 7
- 29 R×P
- 30 K-R 2
- 31 K-Kt sq
- 32 K×R
- 33 Kt-Q 4
- 34 Kt-Q B 2
- 35 K-B 3
- 36 K-K 4
- 37 K-Q 3
- 38 P-Q Kt 5
- 39 P×P
- 40 Kt-Q 4 (ch)
- 41 P-R 6
- 42 P×P
- 43 Kt-K B 6
- 44 Kt-Q 4 (e)
- 45 K-K 4
- 46 Kt-B 5 (ch)
- 47 Kt×P and in a few moves the game was drawn.

- (a). This appears to be a waste of time.
- (b). The opening is very cautiously played by both.
- (c). The above series of moves were well played by white.

- (d). Black gains a pawn by this combination.
- (e). And loses it by this one.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. F.—Some of the best solvers in the States take an average of five seconds to a problem. Can you tell us the precise duration of a "glance?"

J. P.—Your problem is very good, of the kind. **J. O. Y.**—Decline 1; hand-writing illegible.

J. F. H.—We desire to receive solutions from our readers to the problems here published, and shall make mention of the solvers every week.

ENIGMA No. 4.

BY S. LOYD,

Winning 1st prize in the Centennial Problem Tourney.

White.—K at Q B 4, Q-Q R 7, R-Q 7, R-K Kt 4, Kt-Ksq, Kt-K R 6, B-K R 7.

Black.—K at K 4, Q-K B 4, R-K B, Kt-Q Kt 2, and Q B 7, Pawns-K 2, K 3, and K B 3.

White to mate in 2.

SOLUTION TO No. 3.

1 Q-Q B 4; 7 anything.
2 Kt or Q mates.

Solved correctly by C. F. Stubbs, H. and F. and E. N. D.

How to TELL A LADY'S AGE.—The following table will do it: Just hand the table to the lady, and ask her to tell you in which of its columns her age is contained; then add together the figures at the top of the columns designated, and you have the great secret. Suppose the age to be 17, you will find the number 17 only in two columns, viz, the first and fifth, and the figures at the head of these columns make seventeen:

	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.	Sixth.
1	2	4	8	16	32	
3	3	5	9	17	33	
5	6	6	10	18	34	
7	7	7	11	19	35	
9	10	12	12	20	36	
11	11	13	13	21	37	
13	14	14	14	22	38	
15	15	15	15	23	39	
17	18	20	24	24	40	
19	19	21	25	25	41	
21	22	22	26	26	42	
23	23	23	27	27	43	
25	26	28	28	28	44	
27	27	29	29	29	45	
29	30	30	30	30	46	
31	31	31	31	31	47	
33	34	36	40	48	48	
35	35	37	41	49	49	
37	38	38	42	50	50	
39	39	39	43	51	51	
41	42	44	44	52	52	
43	43	45	45	53	53	
45	46	46	46	54	54	
47	47	47	47	55	55	
49	50	52	56	56	56	
51	51	53	57	57	57	
53	54	54	58	58	58	
55	55	55	59	59	59	
57	58	60	60	60	60	
59	59	61	61	61	61	
61	62	62	62	62	62	
63	63	63	63	63	63	

W. W. McFETERS HAS REMOVED TO SMALL'S BLOCK, 49 Dock Street.

Jan 12-21

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.

VICTORIA SKATING CLUB.

The Directors beg to announce that a

Promenade and Fancy Dress SKATING CARNIVAL

Will be held in the RINK on TUESDAY EVENING, the 21st inst., weather permitting.

No one will be allowed on the Ice unless in Costume. A prize of \$10 each will be given to a Lady and Gentleman for the most Original Representation of any character resumed. Such Prize to be awarded by a Committee appointed for that purpose. A Committee of Ladies will be in attendance at the Rink on the evening of the Carnival.

Further announcement will be made in a few days with regard to the Competing for the Medals and other Prizes.

C. E. SCAMMELL, President.
JAN 19
G. C. COSTER, Sec-Treasurer.

175 UNION STREET.

WINTER IS COMING.

See Seasonable Goods at

W. W. JORDAN'S,

150 PAIRS BLANKETS;
150 BED COMFORTABLES;
HOMESPUN FLANNEL SHEETING, White and Colored;

DARK COLORED and WHITE QUILTS;
50 Dozen more MEN'S RIBBED SHIRTS and DRAWERS, all best in the city, at 40c each.
50 Dozen ALL WOOL RIBBED SHIRTS and DRAWERS at \$1.83 the Suit; worth \$3.50;

SWANDOWN FLANNELS, at 9 cents per yard and upwards;
GREY UNION FLANNELS, at 17½ cents per yard and upwards;

ALL WOOL FLANNELS, Grey, Scarlet, White, Twilled and Plain, all Widths and Prices, the best value possible.

MENS' ULSTERS AT \$7.50.

Men's Heavy Beaver Overcoats,

with velvet collars, at \$10.00, London made.

Boys' Ulsters, Reefers, Overcoats and Suits.

Jan 5 1 m 175 UNION STREET.

Printed by GEO. W. DAY, 57 Charlotte Street

SPENCER'S
Elixir of Wild Cherry,
 for Coughs, Colds and all Affections of the
 Throat, is a purely vegetable preparation,
 containing no opium or deleterious drug.
 Its effects are immediate and permanent.
 It may be given with safety to the tender-
 est infant. Price 7 cents.

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

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

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

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

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

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 90 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

J. L. McCOSKERY.

Printer, Bookbinder,
 AND
MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
PRINTING

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

A full line of
LAW AND COMMERCIAL

STATIONERY!

kept constantly in Stock.

Account Books,

Ruled, Bound, and Printed to any pattern.

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

Jan 12-1m

GRAND OPENING!

THE subscriber takes pleasure in an-
nouncing that he

**DOMINION
Wine Vaults!**

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

are now open to the public. The entire
 premises fitted up in the most approved
 American style.
 Thankful for past patronage, a contin-
 uance of the same is respectfully solicited.
 Jan 12 C. COURTENAY.

DENTAL NOTICE.

**GEORGE P. CALDWELL, M. D.,
 DENTIST.**
 No. 7 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.
 Jan 5 17

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.

**INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP
COMPANY FULL SCHEDULE
DEPART-TWO TRIPS A WEEK**

On and after MONDAY, Sep. 17th, and
 until further notice, the Steamer "Sea
 Brunswick," E. B. Winchester, master,
 and "City of Portland," James H. Cook,
 master, will leave Regent's Point wharf,
 every MONDAY and THURSDAY Morn-
 ing, at 8 o'clock for Eastport, Bangor,
 and Boston, connecting both ways at East
 Andrews and Calais.
 Returning will leave Boston every Mon-
 day and Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock,
 and Portland at 6 p. m. after arrival of
 noon train from Boston, for Eastport and
 St. John.
 No claims for allowance after goods
 leave the Warehouse.
 Freight received Wednesday and Sat-
 urday, only, up to 4 o'clock, p. m.
 H. W. CHISHOLM,
 Jan 20 Agent.

JAS. ADAMS & CO.

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

Where, with a New and
 Thoroughly Assorted Stock

**SEASONABLE
DRY GOODS,**

Increased Facilities,
 -AND-
 Prompt attention to Business

They hope to receive a continuance
 of the Patronage so liberally be-
 stowed on them in the past,
 dec 22 17.

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

DUN, WIMAN & CO.,
MERCANTILE AGENCY,
 MARKET BUILDING,
 St. John, N. B.
 A. P. ROLPH, - - - - - Manager.
 Jan 8 17

**VICTORIA
LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,**

PRINCESS STREET,
 (Between Sydney and Charlotte.)

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

Boarding Horses
 kept on reasonable terms, and supplied
 with Loose Boxes or ordinary Stalls, as
 required.
 * * * * *
 A call respectfully solicited.
 ALBERT PETERS,
 Jan 8 17 Manager.

**BEARD & VENNING
No. 128**

South side king street.

Are Displaying in their New Pre-
 mises a full Stock of
**Gentlemen's Wool Shirts and
 Drawers;**
**Shetland Wool and Merino
 Sacques;**
Lined Kid Mitts and Gloves;
**Silk and Lawn Pocket Hand-
 kerchiefs;**
Scarfs, Neckties, Bows;
Cashmere and Silk Mufflers;
**Cardigan Jackets and Ori-
 mean 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 & Castors,
 ROUILLON'S SEAMLESS FIRST
 CHOICE KIDS.**
Black Goods and Silks!
 The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock;
 in the City to choose from.
 * * * * *
 Gentlemen's UNDERCLOTHING
 every make.
MACKENZIE BROTHERS,
 dec 23 47 King Street.

INSURANCE BLOCK.

Fire and Marine Insurance!
 Capital over Twenty Million Dollars
ROBERT MARSHALL,
 Gen. Agent, Notary Public and Broker.
 (dec 29 17)

Boarding and Livery Stable

140 UNION STREET,
 dec 22 17 W. H. AUSTIN.

THURGAR & RUSSELL,

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

**JOHN KERR,
 BARRISTER AND NOTARY,**
 No. 5 NEW MARKET BUILDING,
 dec 22 17 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 17 St. John, N. B.

M. A. FINN,
 Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana
 Cigars. Hezen Building King Square.
 dec 22 17 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 - Magee's Block,
 Water street, - - - - - St. John, N. B.
 (dec 22)

FERRICK BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in First-
 Class Wines, Old Brandies, Whiskies, etc.
 No. 15 North side King Square.
 THOS. S. FRICK, JAS. J. FRICK,
 dec 22 17 St. John, N. B.