

TORCH

Light Literature'

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

Vol. I.

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

No. 8

[For the Torch]
STANZAS.

In heaven's broad waste are stars agleam—
O'er graves forgotten are flowers abloom—
And a dream of this, and of that a dream.
Star-like and flower-like haunt my room;
Dreams of friends that never come lack—
Dreams of dreams that were buried of yore—
Dreams of joys whose lightning track
Is mosed by the soles of sorrow o'er.
Come to my chamber, dreams, no more!
Die as the day dies! Heart of mine,
Eve wears not the garb that morning wore,
And the common fate of the world is thine.
MAURICE O'QUILL.

Punch has been with the peace-party, on the Eastern Question. The cartoon in a late number, represent Lord Beaconsfield as an Alpine guide, at the edge of a precipice—over which is war—persuading Britannia to come closer to the dizzy brink.

Lord B. says, "Just a lectle nearer the Edge," but Britannia replies, "Not an inch further; I'm a good deal nearer than is pleasant already." None the less, the war cloud grows darker and more imminent from day to day.

Joseph S. Knowles, who has contributed some racy paragraphs to several humorous papers in this country, is now publishing *The Torch*, a journal of "light literature," at St. John, N. B. May the *Torch* never go out.—*Norristown Herald*.

Much obliged to you, friend *Herald*, for your kind notice, but we'd like to see TEN THOUSAND TORCHES "go out"—to subscribers. Terms One Dollar a year, with a chance of getting a first-class prize.

A "chalk demon" is prowling through the city, embellishing press-brick fronts with chalk marks.—*Phila. paper*.

We have some re-mark-able specimens of these chalk demon-straters in St. John.

The N. Y. *Herald* P. I. thinks "probably the man who gets up church fair stews is an austere man." He is certainly not a clammy individual.—*Norristown Herald*.

Hur-rav!



POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

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

his dominions, which were annexed to the new kingdom of Italy.

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

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

On the afternoon of Thursday last, the aged Pontiff surrounded by the high dignitaries of the Church, passed to his eternal rest.

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

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

In Bath Abbey is to be seen the following epitaph: "Here lies Ann Mann; she lived an old maid and died an Ann Mann."

The Chicago *Post* is charmed with the particularly luxurious way in which Rose Eytinge, as *Utopatira*, falls into the arms of *Marc Anthony*. It also criticises a buffalo robe which was hung as the only ornament of the palace scene. A buffalo robe in tropical Egypt, and 1,700 years before a buffalo was ever seen, except by Indians, is good.

N. Y. *Herald*: A side door to a barroom is like a great many people's prayer book—good only on Sundays.

Whitchell *Times*: A correspondent writes to ask us what kind of birds purr? Why larkspur, of course.

The Kat-y-did also.

(For the Torch.)

A LAMENT.

"Come back! come back! ye vanished hours,
When life was in its early spring;

When father's step, and mother's voice

Made 'Being' a delightful thing.

Come back for one bright, blessed day,
With all the splendours that ye bare away.

"Come back! Oh holy innocence,

That robbed me as with sunlight pure.

And simple Faith, whose heavenly wings

Eawrapt me from each dangerous lure.

Come back! come back! for just one blessed
day.

Crowned with the trophies that ye filohed away.

"Come back! Oh love! with roses crowned,

Of life's sad drama come art!thou;

Let me but clasp thy shining hand,

Tho' wet with tears, and cold thy brow,

And lift to mine those eyes whose tender glow,

Filled with divinest joy—the long ago.

"Alas! nor tear, nor cry, nor prayer,

Restores the dead and buried past,

The rose tints fade from out the sky,

Wildier and colder grows the blast;

Like the birds of passage, the heart's tennants
fly,

To seek their native clime beyond the sky.

"Father, guide, comforter, forgive

This plaint of sorrow, over Death and Loss,

Breathe on us—strengthen us to see

Thy face while darkly, groping for the cross,

And clinging to it still in storm or sun,

Teach us to say—*my God, thy will be done.*"

GLOW-WORM.

(For the Torch.)

THE MONEY DIGGERS.

BY GLOW WORM.

"This way boys, this way," cried a cheery
voice, as a man stepped over the low lying hillocks,
back of the Greenwood Lodge.

By the pale light, of a low hanging moon,
two other men, might be seen, stumbling about
among the old moss grown firs, and bracken
covered rocks.

"This is the locality of old, 'Swearhard's'
money."

"Are you sure, John?" interrogated one of
the men, a lean, lank, poverty struck, looking
individual.

"Yes, I'm sure. It's just under these spruces.
I've heard grandfather tell about it, a hundred
times."

"Here Bob, don't stand there looking as
scared, as if you had seen your grandmother's
ghost, but hand along the mineral rod."

After many trials, with the 'Rod,' the first
speaker, John Jones, a thriftless, speculating,
lazy loafer, decided that the precious metal, lay
just under the roots of an old withered spruce.

"Give us the spade, Tim," he said, address-
ing the poverty-struck individual.

Taking the implements in his hands, he pro-
ceeded by the light thrown from a bull's eye
lantern, held by 'Bob,' an old 'Dandy' in a
faded suit, with brass jewelry, and dangling
eye glass, to mark the exact spot.

"Now Tim, commence," he said, giving him
the spade.

Mr. Jones was willing enough to engineer
the job, and pocket the spoils, if there were any
to pocket, but as to labor, Bah!

After digging for sometime, poor Tim, from
not being sufficiently fortified, in the inner man,
with the food that perisheth, gave out, and
stopped to mop his forehead.

Horror! What sound is that, they ask, as a
low growl, falls on their ears?

"It's old 'Swearhard's' ghost," they cried in
chorus and turned to fly.

At the first step, Jones pitched into the hole,
headforemost, and got his throat full of damp
sand, nearly choking him. Tim fell over him.
The lantern rolled from the hands of dandy
Bob, who darted into a hedge of hawthorn,
tearing his face and eyes to pieces.

The two in the pit extricated themselves, as
soon as possible, shaking with fear.

"I wish I hadn't come hunting after a dead
man's money," whispered engineer Jones, faintly.
"I hope we may get out of this infernal
place alive."

"I'm sure, I, smell brimstone," faltered
lanky Tim, "and where's Bob?" and they called
softly,

"Bob, Bob."

"Here, in the brush," replied the Hero, "with
my eyes torn out like Sampson"

"Did—did—*it* throw, brim-tone in em,
Bob?"

"No, *it* didn't either," "the deuced trees
gouged 'em though," he replied with his
handkerchief to the afflicted orbs.

"Spoil your beauty, Bobby," interposed
Jones, but where 's the lantern, man?"

"It's on the ground," growled Bob. "What-
ever was it Tim?" "I don't know," rejoined
Tim, his teeth chattering with fear, "unless
'was the old Admiral himself, or his black boy
Cuff, that he buried top ov his money."

"Nonsense."

"True as gospel," asserted Jones; "folks
often hear the darkie groans, here at mid-
night. Old Swearhard, that's the name he
always went by, among the sailors, used to
boast, that if any one got his money, they'd
have to fight the darkie first."

"Hark!" altogether.

"It's nothing," said Tim, presently.

"Maybe, it's a snake, hissing among the
brakes, calling to its lonely mate," suggested
the ancient dandy, getting up a faint laugh.

"I see something," cried Jones, suddenly,
catching hold of shadowy Tim.

"So do I," replied Tim. "Lord, save us
sinners!"

"And I," said Bob, "the devil himself, horns
and all."

At the same moment, 'something' tore past
them with a tremendous roar, and began to
toss and scrape the damp sand and stones.

"It's the devil, sure enough," ejaculated
Jones, in a low whisper. "The Bible says—
what is it boys—? He shall roar like a lion,
or something. He's filling up the hole, by
George. It's a good job we're out of the way.

Keep quiet boys, and we may escape yet, and
if ever I come after dead men's money again,
may Belzebub fetch me, body and bones.

"I don't believe it *is* the Devil," ventured

dandy Bob, now minus his old shiny beaver,
which had caught, like Absalom's hair, on'the
on the knotted boughs. I can make out a hoof,
and something dark, tearing round, but my
eyes are most out. What can *you* make out
in the darkness, Tim?"

"It's the Admiral's ghost, in the old ones
shape. It's said, he always appears with horns
and a tail, and I see a tail now. Yes, there he
goes 'boys, into the bushes. He's off, bang!"

"Let's make sure," said lazy Jones, peering
cautiously into the darkness, for the pale moon,
partly obscured by clouds, had hidden herself,
long since, behind the firs on Greenwood Hill.
"I believe, he, or *it* is off, boys, and good rid-
dance. Now let's find the traps, and vanish."

"We never can find them in the dark," re-
joined Tim. "Strike a light, Bob. You have
the matches."

Bob struck a light, and all three, shivering
like one in an ague, and clinging to each other,
with pale faces, crept softly up to the old spruce.
There they found the lantern, crushed down into
a bed of fragrant Brakes.

They lighted it, and proceeded to search for
the spade, and mineral rod, when—bang—whiz
—bang—. Was it thunder, bomb-shells or
what they knew not.

The lantern was dashed violently from Bob's
hand, and he himself, tossed into the air, like a
balloon, alighting a good distance off, minus
his dandy swallow-tail coat, also his wig, and
side whiskers, which being fastened on with
springs, took airy leave.

Bully, looting Jones, lay doubled up like a
turtle in his shell, among the sand and stones
in the pit. He had some ribs broken, and was
otherwise well pounded.

After demolishing Bob, and Jones, the Bull,
for Bull *it was*, looked round for another as-
sailant, and seeing Tim's vanishing heels, he
made for them suddenly, with a roar, that shook
the hills; but Tim being of a parchment make,
and elastic as a rubber-band, thro' lack of fish,
flesh, etc., etc., vaulted into a sturdy fir, just in
the nick of time, to save his bacon, (which he
generally saved, perforce) and the Bull, brought
up against the tree, instead, much to Tim's
satisfaction.

His Bullship tried his utmost to butt the tree
down, but finding his efforts ineffectual, left the
field of battle, in disgust.

After waiting in the tree a long time and see-
ing no signs of the enemy Tim descended, and
hunting up Bob, they carried Jones between
them off the scene of action, vowing that if
ever they were caught looking after dead men's
money again, might Satan catch them.

A Boston girl fell while dancing on New
Year's night and broke her arm.—*Ex.* Her
brother should have taken her dancing partner
out and schottish head off.—*Harrisburg Tele-
g. aph.* We have red'ows better way than that
but less fatal. Hit him on the head a few
times with a polka.—*Norristown Herald.* This
would doubtless have the effect of putting a
quadrilateral head on the poor fellow.—*Oi
City Derrick.* She must have been dancing
contra to the established rules.—*Rockland
Courier.*

Did they take the gall-up stairs and "set"
the arm? By the way, why was she dancing
on New Year's night? Why didn't she dance
on a nice waxed floor? She might have known
that the 1st of January would be reel slippery.

THE NEW CHURCH DOCTRINE.

BY WILL CARETON.

There's come a singular doctrine, Sue,
 Into our church to-day:
 These cur'us words are what the new
 Young preacher had to say:
 That literal everlasting fire
 Was mostly in our eye:
 That sinners dead, if they desire,
 Can get another try;
 He doubted if a warmer clime
 Than this world could be proved;
 The little snip—I fer some time
 He'll get his doubts removed.

I've watched my duty, straight an' true,
 An' tried to do it well;
 Part of the time kept heaven in view,
 An' part steered clear o' hell;
 An' now half of this work is naught,
 If I must list to him,
 An' this 'ere devil I have fought
 Was only just a whim;
 Vain are the dangers I have braved,
 The sacrifice they cost;
 For what fun is it to be saved,
 If no one else is lost?

Just think!—Suppose, when once I view
 The heaven I've toiled to win,
 A lot of unsaved sinners, too,
 Comes walkin' grandly in!
 An' acts to home, same as if they
 Had read their titles clear,
 An' looks at me, as if to say,
 "We're glad to see you here!"
 As if to say, "While you have b'en
 So fast to toe the mark,
 We waited till it rained, an' then
 Got tickets for the ark!"

Yet there would be some in that crowd
 I'd rather like to see:
 My boy Jack—it must be allowed,
 There was no worse than he;
 I've always felt somewhat to blame,
 In several different ways,
 That he lay down on thorns o' shame
 To end his boyhood's days;
 An' I'd be willin' to endure,
 If that the Lord thought best,
 A minute's quite hot temperature,
 To clasp him to my breast.

Old Captain Barnes was evil's son—
 With heterodoxy crammed;
 I used to think he'd be the one
 If any one was damned;
 Still, when I saw a lot o' poor,
 That he had clothed and fed,
 Cry desolately round his door
 As soon as he was dead,
 There came a thought I couldn't control,
 That in some neutral land,
 I'd like to meet that scorched-up soul,
 An' shake it by the hand.

Poor Jennie Willis, with a cry
 Of hopeless, sad distress,
 Sank sudden down, one night, to die,
 All in her ball-room dress;
 She had a precious little while
 To pack up an' away;
 She even left her sweet good smile—
 'Twas on the face next day;
 Her soul went off unclothed by even
 One stitch of saving grace;
 How could she hope to go to heaven,
 An' start from such a place?

But once, when I lay sick an' weak,
 She came, an' begged to stay;
 She kissed my faded, wrinkled cheek—
 She soothed my pain away;
 She brought me sweet bouquets of flowers
 As fresh as her young heart—
 Through many long an' tedious hours
 She played a Christian part;
 An' I ere long will stand aroun'

The singin' saints among:
 I'll try to take some water down,
 To cool poor Jennie's tongue.

But tears can never quench my creed,
 Nor smooth God's righteous frown,
 Though all the preachers learn to read
 Their Bibles upside down.
 I hold mine right side up with care
 To shield my eyes from sin,
 An' coax the Lord, with daily prayer,
 To call poor wanderers in;
 But if the sinners won't draw nigh,
 An' take salvation's plan,
 I'll have to stand an' see 'em try
 To dodge hell if they can.

—N. Y. Times.

(For the Torch.)

NO. FIVE OF THE WIDOW MCKILLIGAN SERIES.

"Penny," said Aggy, "do 'elp me part these yer, han not sit there so hunfeeling has that."

"Not I," says I, "there well matched, let them fight their own battle. I assisted Mr. Honeycomb out of his difficulty a while ago, and he didn't even thank me."

"Jealous, spiteful thing," retorted Aggy—"because you was not hintrodoosed, here that, an' made a 'esp hof, you'r mad. You 'ad better go to your room till you har better natured."

I pretended not to hear, for I wanted to see the sport.

"Ho Joshua, hif you was honly 'ere, er my poor dear John, hi wouldn't be a poor lone woman without 'elp," said Aggy.

"What letters be them yer are calling for now?" asked Billy. "If its Josh Clark as lives tuther side ov Spoon Crik, over the medders, across the mountings, beyant the line fence, down tother side Mahogany bay, he can't come; he's as dead as Agag king ov the Amalekites, four to one on't."

"Aggy, my dear," said Honeycomb, "if you would but relax"—

"Good 'eavens!" shrieked Aggy, "you haw-dacious man."

"Hear me out, sweetest; if you would but relax the grip of that lovely hand on my collar, I would subside, indeed I would."

"Oh dast you to say as I 'oldded you, just has hif I wou'd do such a thing," said Aggy.

"Mr. Spooner," said I, "Mrs. McKilligan was invoking the shades of her departed husbands." I said this out of a bit of spite.

"Oh Lordy," says he, "be she a Morm'nite?"

"Penlope Fowler you shut hup," says Aggy as snappish as a rat-trap, 'hif Mr. Spooner wants to know hanything habout my hntercedents," (antecedents).

"He's not hyar," says Billy, "he never was no where's as I knows on, an I kin tell ov the Spooner's perigee, from Ginesus to xedus, from Dan to Bier-She-ba fur the last four thousand years. Ten to one on't, beginin with the one thousand an first great, great g'and feyther Dom-i-nick-cuss (Dominicus) Spooner, who spliced Parafine Amant'ia Wishbone, and exdud'd this 'ere terra-quarrious globe from too much apple-jack an run-punch. Three to four on't"

"Mr. Oneycomb hi'm hashamed hof you, han

you a minister hof the gospel, han that," said Aggy.

"Je-hoss-o-fat," said Spooner, "I ax yer all fired parding, Parson, I didn't kinder know you was a Gos-pill-er; but I might a known from yer City-spun-clos, white hands, an shinin things ginerally. Gos-pillers is as thick as timothy hay seed, at Spoon Crik, er ingin korn. They er allus in the thick ov the fight at sewin suckles, er quiltin-bees, an they're allus huntin after the stile-ish-ist gals as is fine as a Pee-kok, an has the most money; an as ter rich wilders, they draw 'em as the lud-stun the kneedle. Ten thousand to one on that air, they air death on em, and no mistake; they pounce on 'em quicker ner a King-fisher on a gizzard fish, er a Luce-a-fee on a dormouse; an they've bin known to scent a good dinner furder than ye kin smell 'skunk agin the wind. That's so every time present company expected, (excepted) Parson," and the wretch with a broad grin on his ogreish face dared to wink at me again, though I declare I never gave him the slightest encouragement.

"Hi see you Penny Fowler a winkin hat Mr. Spooner," said Aggy.

"I didn't," says I, "Agatha McKill-em-again."

"Shut right hup," says she, "you heterodox creature," (indecorous) and she touched the bell which brought Bridget, looking as sour as rhubarb.

Shure that is it now, thin, says she, me lags is rin clean aff me wid rinnin here, and rinnin there, agra."

"Bring bin the dinner hat once," said Aggy, "han without hany talk."

"Faith thin, an be daul, I bin waitin fur thim to finish the pow-woo," said she.

"*Hic jacet de profundis*," sighed Honeycomb, "bring on the dinner." Bridget flounced in with it. "There 'tis to ye, by jabers," said she, "barrin the soup which Bounce got."

"Mr. Oneycomb, will you 'elp yourself?" Mr. Spooner—

"Billy tho' I am Mrs er Miss," said he.

"Wid us at home," put in Bridget, "it's plain Bul."

"Leave the room Bridget," said Aggy. "Let me 'elp you Bill—Bill—Billy."

"Not much," says he, "couldn't think of troublin' you," and reaching over he helped himself to nearly the whole of the meat, of which, to be sure there was only about enough for one person. Next he attacked the potatoes and bread, demolishing the most of them.

Honeycomb looked on aghast; Aggy stared. And when the pudding was brought in, she set it down close to her right hand, far out of Spooner's reach. She helped a small piece round to each; Aggy was not very liberal at table, except to her favorites; as for herself, she gorged like an anaconda. But Billy was equal to the situation. Aggy foolishly left the room a moment. Now for Billy's *coup de main*. He made a vicious dart at the pudding dish, but Honeycomb had his eye on him. "Ruse contre ruse," said he, remembering his classics. "Divide the spoils, Billy, my son, and I'll forgive your *lapisus linguæ* of a while ago, otherwise, I shall thrash you within an inch of your lite some day."

GLOW-WORM.

TERMS:

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

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Single Copies—Two Cents.

TORCH.

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

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

The price, of single copies of the Torch, will be Two CENTS each, from this date.

OUR Local Legislators meet, for despatch of business, at Fredericton on the 26th instant.

MR. JENNINGS, of Anodyne Liniment fame, is in town.

THE Dominion Parliament commenced its Session on the seventh—re-electing Mr. Anglin to the Speakership—and thus the Party of Purity "elevates the standard."

THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL, at the Skating Rink, yesterday afternoon, was quite a success. We are sorry that our early hour of going to press prevents us giving an extended notice of it.

GEORGE STEWART, JR., will deliver the next lecture of the Institute course. Subject—"Emerson the Thinker."

The composer, in setting up the above item, evidently supposed this lecture to be an autobiography of a gentleman who keeps a tin-smith's shop on Union street, as he had it set up, "EMERSON THE THINKER."

DEXTER SMITH'S for February comes to us deeply laden with good things. On the first page is an admirable portrait of Mary Anderson, the celebrated actress. It also contains "The Maguinns Guards," "Thou't Like Unto a Flower," and three other choice pieces of vocal and instrumental music. These, with its various departments of original and selected paragrahic items of every description, make it, as the editor says, a most welcome visitor in every home. Price only \$1.75 a year.

INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

BEAUTIFUL ART PRIZES.

We intend offering a number of first-class Prizes, to be drawn for by subscribers according to the English Art Union rules.

- 1st Prize.—An Oil Painting called "Moonrise on the Coast"—value \$30.
2nd do.—"The Passing of Shower"—value \$20.
3rd do.—"The Evening Song"—value \$10.
4th do.—A Water Color—value \$5.
5th do.—A handsomely bound edition of "Liddle Yawcob Strauss, and other Poems," by Chas. F. Adams.
6th do.—"Evenings in the Library," by Geo. Stewart, jr.
7th do.—Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's last book, "Silent and True."

The oil paintings are being painted by our talented townsman John C. Miles, Esq., whose well earned reputation as an artist is sufficient guarantee that the pictures will be valuable works of art.

When finished they will be placed in the windows of Mr. A. C. Smith's drug store, on exhibition.

The drawing will take place on the 1st of June.

Remember that for One Dollar you will receive a copy of the Torch for one year, and have a chance for one of the prizes.

Canvassers wanted, to whom good commissions will be given, to obtain subscriptions in this city and the Provinces. Parties wishing to canvass will please apply personally to the editor at the office of E. T. C. Knowles, Barrister, A.C., in Y. M. C. A. Building, or by letter addressed to "Editor of Torch," St. John, N. B. Specimen copies sent free to any address. Agents wanted in every town.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO CANVASSERS.—A cash prize of \$10 (beside the commission) will be given to the person obtaining the largest list of subscribers between now and the first of June.

Pending the arrival of the novelties in fancy dress goods which come with the spring-time as naturally as the birds, one of the most seasonably stocked stores in the city is that of Mr. W. W. Jordan, now located on Union street.

At first Mr. Jordan's many customers naturally missed the pleasant and well lighted building in which he formerly welcomed them, as well as the innumerable small niceties constantly on hand, but now despite the disadvantages attendant upon crowding a large quantity of goods in a small and uncomfortable space, his supply of heavy goods, such as blankets, cloths, comforters and children's clothing, diminish in a manner which shows the wisdom of having studied the actual needs of our people for the present winter. The low figure at which all the goods are marked, no doubt adds a great impetus to the sale.

Oysters are sold at twelve and one half cents apiece at Austin, Nev. Shouldn't think many Austinites would bivalves at that price.—*Norristown Herald.*

If a young lady should ask us to "stand oysters" at that price, we should answer her oysterly that though not naturally selfish, we could not think of "shelling out" so much for the succulent shellfish.

Did you ever try a draught of checker-berry wine?

The creditor's favorite color—dun.
Dexter Smith's.

The baby's favorite color—yell-oh!

Shaving a pig is what a fellow might call a hard scrape.—*Town's Falls Reporter.*
Yes, pig-culinary hard.

The first case of eaves-dropping—Eve's fall while listening to what the Serpent was saying to Adam.

For some unaccountable reason canaries in England are mostly bred by shoemakers.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.* Not at all strange. It shows they have the most *sole* for music.

A medical journal says "bald-headed people do not die of consumption." How about those who wear wigs?—*Boston Post.* That's all bald-erlash. Consumption is hair editary.

A little boy will never willingly relinquish any of his cakes except his spank aches.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

Wrong: you can also have his stomach aches.

Is bass drum music sold by the pound?
Dexter Smith: Yes; and tenor drum music by the roll.—*Journal (Kingswood), W. Va.*
Gratifying an ounce ment, *Dexter Smith's:* How would you sell conun-drum music?

A man must be pretty sick when he gets out of bed in the middle of the night and throws up the window.—*Saturday Night.*

He'd be very apt to if he had a pane in the stomach.

Whether Beecher believes or not in a future place of punis't. ent, in which brimstone and sulphur are the principal ingredients, one thing is certain, that his pews didn't sul-for as much as they did last year.

A pet monkey in Atlanta was trained to watch a baby, and rook a cradle when it cried.—*Norristown Herald.*

We've seen a weepin' willow, but to see a real live cradle crying, we'd "go on a keg" for six months, or be willing to part with our mother-in-law.

August is the month for beer.—*Phila. Ledger.* Is that so? Thought it was ice-cream-ery!—*N. Y. Graphic.* No, child. Our Dutch contributor says it is Sup-dem-beer, *Norristown Herald.*

You are beery funny, but to your Dutch we say Jew-lie!

The Cincinnati papers are exercised in trying to decide whether the picture of the "Prodigal Son" is a historical painting. We should think they must know it is purely autobiographical.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A naughty biography is right.

Which is the healthier, Oolong or Hyson? asks a correspondent. That's a question which we don't care to teacup at the present time.—*Ec.*

A little too steep perhaps.

Ada Cavendish is going to travel as a star in America if she can get a manager to bac'er.—*Dexter Smith.*

Don't chew think it would be a good idea to let your artist make a "fine cut" of her for your paper?

ALL ABOUT A FEW.

BY "WILL" CARLETON.

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

TORCHISMS.

***Five hundred tailors are on a strike in Chicago for an increase in wages of from 25 to 40 per cent.—*Ec.*
Is that saw? Look out for the "needle guns."
***The cord-wood in the other man's lot is just about ripe enough to gat-er. The dark of the moon is considered the best time to harvest it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*
A cord wood be a good thing around the neck of such a man's thief.
***For a first-class, royal arch, twenty-two carat liar, however, commend me to Jules Gerard, the French lion killer," says a Nile correspondent of the Capital.
What you mean to say is, "there can be no relics placed on his word."
***Young men should pattern after pianos—be square, upright, grand.—*Worcester Press.*
Yes, and then the young ladies will say they're time nice for anything.—*Bridgport Standard.*
Especially if they have a good fortune.
***"Two years Behind the Plough" has just been published in Philadelphia. It is a harrowing story.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*
Oh, no, not as furrow's we've read it.—*Norristown Herald.* We'll take our plough-share of that.—*Detroit Free Press.*
The *Free Press* deserves a di-plow-ma.

The saddest words our young men say
Are these, "I swore off New Year's day!"
—*St. Louis Journal.*
The pleasantest words she heard were when
Her papa said, "She might have Ben."
***They have been engaged for a long time, and one evening not long since they were reading the paper together. "Look love," he exclaimed; "only \$30 for a suit of clothes." "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he answered, "it's a business suit." "Well, I mean business," she replied.—*Ec.*
It would be mean business on his part, if he refuse her after that.

***The sole purpose of the Lynn Crispins is to lift wags up another peg. That's awl.—*Detroit Free Press.*
The above joke is "M Quad's" last. It's crisp-enough for anybody. When Bagnall sees it, he'll have something to "soy" about it.
***Three handsome young ladies, with blooming cheeks and elegant furs, stopped in front of a show window in Broadway, Troy, Wednesday afternoon, to exchange gossip.—A laborer suddenly stepped up, and clasping the prettiest of the three girls in his arms, gave her a loud resounding kiss. The ladies were hopelessly dazed, and before they could find their voices the son of toil had broken into a run and was sliding along as fast as his legs could carry him over a slippery sidewalk.—*Ec.*
The kiss probably took away her breath. Cases of that kind have been known.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Feb. 5, 1878.

February, for so short a month, was ushered in with far more disturbance than seemed at all necessary. Perhaps, however, its exit will be so quiet as to reconcile us to the discomforts of Friday. Of course you know of the great damage done in New England and farther south during the late storm. In Boston, several fires in different parts of the city, while the storm was at its height, severely tested our Fire Department. On Friday, the heavy fall of snow made travel on the horse car lines almost impossible till nearly evening, whereby many were seriously inconvenienced. Perhaps those, who reaped the greatest benefit from the storm, were the members of the "shovel brigade" a couple of thousand of whom were employed by the horse railroads alone. Sleighing here is rather heavy as yet, but promises to be fine in a day or two. We trust this snow may last till the next full moon, for moon-light sleigh rides are so —, but there, why dwell on so trivial a subject. It is sufficient to say that if good sleighing and moonlight should be coincident, it is to be feared that many will avail themselves of the opportunity to sleigh the bells. N. B.—The last not original.
Several coffee and station houses throughout the city were open last week for the distribution of free soup. Owing to the clemency of the weather this charity was not put in operation as early as usual this season.
The strike at Lynn, in which by the way the manufacturers seem to have the better of the Crispins, has caused considerable discussion of the Labor question, in the city. In a very able sermon, a couple of weeks ago, Rev. M. J. Savage said that he considered the chief cause of the trouble between employer and employee to be the displacement of hand labor by machinery. Be that as it may, the subject is one of growing importance, and it seems that some remedy should be found.
The Art Club Exhibition, now near its close, was especially fine this year and, as usual, well displayed our native talent.
"A Celebrated Case," at the Museum, is very popular now. It is an emotional melodrama,

the same as "The Cause Celebre," which has been so successful in Paris.
Two petitions have lately come before the State Legislature asking that women who pay taxes may be allowed to vote, and signed not by the violent agitators to whom such movements are usually ascribed, but by some of Boston's most cultured and influential ladies. Now, though doubtless never for a moment be entertained in St. John, it seems but right that those women who pay taxes should have some voice as to how their money is to be expended.
An interesting feature of the recent Old South Fair was the Spinning Bee conducted by Aunt Tabitha. This spinning bee is about to be opened again in a Yeoman's Kitchen, in connection with the Loan Collection at the Old South. Aunt Tabitha, who will have the Bee in charge, is a "truly" old lady of seventy-one, who at thirteen spun and wove the best piece of broadcloth in New England. She will spin, card, and weave for the delectation of visitors, while several ladies in attendance will sing old-fashioned songs. The Old South is well worth a visit from any New Brunswicker in the "Hub."
LEAD.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

BOSTON, Feb. 5.

Editor Torch.—Your incendiary publication has been unduly received. Shall be glad to have it shed its coruscations upon us fellers in the Hub, so to speak.
It would appear to be a paper of much succulence, which realizes lofty ideals and, to some appreciable extent, the Dollars of our Fathers. Strange that the patriotic shekel should now be so much below par.
Its jokes are mainly visible without the aid of a microscope, and its typographical appearance is a credit, and let us hope some medium of cash also to the printer.
But I have experienced humor which excels yours in poignancy—which is more execrating—which is, in fact, torture, (Torch-er) and consequently, still more so, very choice non-*caratur*.
I should think your journal ought to be highly appreciated in St. John. (This joke, for it is a joke, may seem somewhat recedite, but will be understood when it is remembered that in England they pronounce it "Sin' John," accent on the *sin*.)
By the way—conundrum—"Why doth the honest agriculturist in the vernal season, when the birds are warbling on the trees and the flowers bloom so gay, purchase clover and timothy seed?
Give it up?
Why, because at no distant period he hopeth to *reap* (reap hay) himself.
This is all, no more, Know-les.
PHILIPS THOMPSON.
AT THE POLICE COURT.
Yesterday morning a cat strayed into the Police Office. One of the populace, who was watching the proceedings, claimed the "feline," but the Judge called for proof of property.
CLAIMANT—"Sure the cat is mine yer honor."
JUDGE—"How can you prove it yours?"
CLAIMANT—"Ov course I can. Sure the crater will jump through me hands."
JUDGE—"All right. Policeman hand him the cat, and see it Tom will jump."
The policeman passed the cat to the claimant, who immediately put his hands in position for the cat to jump, but with all his endeavor and coaxing pleading, Pussy, like Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog," didn't jump worth a cent.
The Judge after viewing the question categorically for a few minutes, ruled that the claimant hadn't made out a *prima facie* case, and ordered the Chief of Police to dismiss the Cat with costs.
LATER!—The Chief worked the case up, and discovered that the cat belonged to No. 2 Engine Company.

[For the Torch]
ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

No. 2.—On Female Education.

If I had a thousand (1000) daughters I would bring them all up to be women of fashion. In some obscure country places, I believe, there are still some women to be found who attach themselves to one man, increase the population and suckle their young, but they are fast dying out before the needs of a higher civilization.

The poets, and especially the oriental poets, have done much to place the female of the human species in a false position. A girl bears no real resemblance to a gazelle, a lamb, a butterfly, a dove, a duck, or a chickabiddy, or any other rural or agricultural stock; nor does she taste like nectar, or rosebuds, or molasses candy, or honey. Her likeness to a gem consists mainly in being kept in cotton wool. When I have watched a female pegging into a singularly good dinner, I have failed to perceive her likeness to an angel. But the poets, poor fellows, indulge in silly similes. "Her teeth," says Solomon, "are like sheep on the distant hills." Which gives rise to the conundrum: "Why did Solomon liken the teeth of his beloved to a flock of sheep?" "Because they were always nibbling." "And why was her nose like the tower of Heshbon?" "I give that up.

Let us clear the ground then. — A girl is a girl to be developed by education into a woman of the period. As the present tendency of population is to gravitate towards the cities the aim of education should be to develop the girl into a woman of the cities. I would commence the physical education of my thousand daughters by importing from China a thousand pairs of wooden clogs in which to enclose their infantile feet, so that in after life they should never wear larger shoes than number four's. Then I would order from the Vulcanized Rubber Company 2,000 strong elastic bands, which they should garter be'ow the knee so as to cause an abnormal development of calf, with a view to its being accidentally shown when the gamesome wind comes sweeping by. Furthermore they should sleep in wash-leather gloves. Also I would compress their bodies with complications of leather and steel in the manner that Sitting Bull does when pemican is scarce in the camp. On their heads as a covering I would place two square inches of gauze and four sunflowers. A large section of their persons I would leave bare. I would give them large quantities of pie and stlapencil to eat. They should alternate between overheated atmospheres and chilling draughts. They should be deprived of sleep. It won't be unnecessary to forbid them to do any work, for they would be incapable of physical exertion.

As regards the intellectual qualities, all manifestations of intellect should be crushed out with unsparring hand. One need not look for genius in woman,—for genius, you know, is a kind of madness given as a curse to men beloved by the gods. But in whatever shape individuality appears it must be suppressed.

Then I would send my thousand daughters

to a fashionable boarding school for five years, three years of which should be devoted to the arts of music, dancing, amatory correspondence, and the language of flowers; one year to reading, writing, arithmetic, algebra, mathematics, history, belles lettres (as represented by the writings of Ouida and Madame Demorest) philology, philosophy (including the maxims of Epictetus), ethics, political economy with marked attention to the Malthusian doctrine, jurisprudence (with especial reference to the law of dower), Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Italian, the Oriental tongues, physics, patent medicines, cosmetology and private theatricals. The fifth year I would devote to the matching of colors in costume, the getting in and out of a carriage, also the art of gracefully upsetting in a sleigh. In this last department female education has hitherto been defective.

Then I would launch my daughters in the great world and provide them with an "engagement card," and a copy of the accredited record of millionaires, entitled, "Who's who in 1878." Marriage would follow as a matter of course. The daughters of DeBrassy would create a sensation in society, and I would be their father, even as the son of Cælus was father of the Oceanides. Their career would be bright, useless, beautiful, and brief. At twenty-three their charms would have waned. At thirty-two they would have died, childless, of old age.

Objectors may ask: "If this sort of thing goes on, how is the human race to be continued?" To which I reply I do not see the necessity.

[For the Torch]

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

Vests of bright colored silks to be worn with dark dresses, are one of the most popular fancies of the present season, but something newer and still more unique are lace vests with Louis XIII. cuffs. An extravagant luxury, as a matter of course, but none the less elegant on that account.

Fashion has decreed that, this winter, babies' clothes are no longer to be made up in the elaborate style once so universal. As the dictum has begun with babies, it is to be hoped it will gradually spread in its application, until finally mothers and grandmothers are included.

The rage for bright colored embroidery has now reached table linen and napkins, and table cloths are known to housekeepers by having a monogram in each corner. This will be a good safeguard against the inroads of light-fingered "helps."

One of the greatest novelties among lately imported hats, has two brims, the lower resting on the hair and the other close to the crown; each has a different edging so as to allow of both being distinctly visible, and thus the effect produced somewhat resembles one hat placed above another. The space between the brims may be filled with flowers, feathers, or ribbons as the wearer may prefer.

A new fabric for spring wear is a shot silk of the oddest combination of colors which can be imagined. The name is "Après la Pluie," and certainly is appropriate after the rainy winter we have had.

Reticles, pouches or more modernly chataleine bags, have once more come into fashion, being suspended from the belt as before. Probably they are an accompaniment of the blonde waists, which, as before stated, are also among fashion's renewals.

"Marble" paper and envelopes and "gold" and "silver" ink, are the newest things in stationery. Fashion is going in for solidity in this matter, and yet the effect produced by the combination of this paper and ink is more unsubstantial than otherwise and not nearly so satisfactory as old-fashioned black ink and plain white paper.

"They say" that the good old fashion of sending one's "love a letter" in commemoration of St. Valentine, is to be very much revived this winter. We hope so; and yet St. John of the present time seems too profoundly practical and pre-occupied to indulge in such pretty sentimentalities.

Cuckoo feathers tipped with jet are one of favorite ornaments for round hats.

The newest necklaces are formed of tiny rose-tinted shells of enameled gold. In each shell lurked a diamond as clear as a dew drop. A very pretty gift to offer at the shrine of beauty.

The most stylish slippers for evening wear are of the same color as the dress which they accompany, and the stockings worn with them are also of the same shade.

One of the coming fashions is ribbon apparently woven of metal—yellow and red, gold, silver, steel and bronze. Judging by ribbons, buttons and trimmings this is a very metallic age.

Fine, white, silk lace mittens are very much worn at dinner parties in Paris, but black mittens are tabooed even when worn with a black dress.

Shirt studs with cuff and collar buttons of white linen, mounted on gold are fashionable for gentlemen when in full dress.

Lastly a Boston paper says it is *en vogue* for gentlemen to carry canes when going to business. Independently of the fashion of the thing why should they not carry their canes if they wish to? It gives them a leisurely gentlemanly look.

TWO STYLES OF JOURNALISM.

A COMPARISON OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH METHODS.

One of the most characteristic differences between the journals of New York and London, says the *Swiss Times*—we speak more especially of the large daily papers—is that, while those of London loftily ignore each other's existence, the more lively and less pompous papers of the Empire City indulge from time to time in furious combat and bespatter one another with their dirtiest ink. A man might go on reading the *Times* for seven years without knowing that any other daily paper was published in the British metropolis; the *Standard* would probably rather perish from off the face of the earth than acknowledge a rival otherwise than as a "morning contemporary," and the mere idea of referring to the proprietors or editors of either by name would cause greater consternation in Printing House square or Shoe lane than the explosion of a Krupp shell in the editorial sanctum. Such scruples as these are no understood in New York. Papers there do not speak of each other in baited breath, or describe each other by euphemistic phrases; they are never afraid to speak out boldly, and nothing seems to please them more than to find occasion for a fierce onslaught on their contemporaries; nor do they ever hesitate to stigmatize by name the proprietors or conductors of a rival—there is nothing sacred for an American journalist.—*Boston Herald*.

An exchange says: "A Pittsburg squaw is heiress to a million dollars." She is evidently not a daughter of "Lo the poor Indian," and although she is the daughter of a red man, the man who marries her cannot say truthfully, "I've got nary red."

A man who owes more than he can pay will become morose.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

This delicate question is upon every one's lips with reference to others, and is the one question which every one thinks of, whether he asks it or not. It is delicate because, in the conventional arrangements of society, there is an allowed privacy at a certain point in life about one's age. A woman at times feels greatly inclined to regard her age as an unknown quantity, and, if she wishes to gain certain ends, her only safety is in keeping her secret from others. It is no matter what age a child is, but when a young woman has grown to be "a sweet girl-graduate with golden hair," the age is of the greatest consequence, or when the same woman has remained single till she is 30 years old, and the charms of her person begin to fade, there is no point in her individual history which she more desires to cover up than her age. She will blush when you venture to guess it, and tell stout little falsehoods if you guess too closely. The age is her greatest anxiety. It has been said that one of the three wittiest things ever said in Boston was that the natural woman thinks infinitely more of being well dressed than of being religious, but a woman so highly values the illusion of youth when her charms, or what are held by some to be charms, are passing away, that there is almost no compliment which she receives with sweeter gratitude than your statement that she looks ten years younger than she is. She don't want to have the question asked at all, but, if you are clever enough to ask it by a compliment, you are always forgiven. With a man, age is another matter. He is not good for anything till he is twenty-one, not hardened and seasoned for the struggle of life, and is hardly worth much before he is thirty for what is beyond manual labor and mere physical dexterity. The woman always wants the man older than herself out of compliment to Adam, who in this respect had the precedence of Eve, and out of a deep sense of respect which women feel to one who is stronger than themselves. But there are cases of *luxa natura* in matrimony which show that the laws of human nature are not invincible like those of science. We know of a man of forty-five, older, in fact, than his own mother. The woman gushed with as much enthusiasm at that age as if she had been a sweet girl-graduate, and in the process of time each has neared to the other, the woman growing younger as the man has grown older, till they are now about equally venerable, and the natural gush of the woman abiding with undiminished force till the present time. This must have been a case of genuine attachment which lasts into matured life, but when middle-aged widows like Mrs. Hicks, are married to well-fattened widowers, like Mr. Lord, or when young maidens enter into matrimony with men who might have been their grandfathers, one always questions whether there can be any genuine affection in relations which are so entirely out of nature. The truth is, as wise old Solomon said in a previous century, that there is a time to marry, and the point of disparity in age is a very serious impediment to a thoroughly happy marriage. It is the question of marriage which chiefly influences women's sensitiveness as to their age. "To be or not to be, that's the question," not less in Hamlet's soliloquy than in theirs, and still the feeling of the Hebrew woman, that marriage is the chief highway to a useful and pleasant earthly life, is the natural instinct of the human heart. Let us put in a caveat here that no slur is intended on the single men or women who choose what some religious people are pleased to call the higher life, and who make the most of its somewhat narrow conditions. It was the truthful saying of an old philosopher that, whether a man liked a married or a single life, he would regret his course either way, and, according to Mr. Farrer's law of compensations, there is much to be said on both sides.—*Boston Herald.*

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S. McGinn, Bantonsville, Ohio. Simple copies sent. We allow 10 per cent. commission on clubs of ten, or more. As an extra inducement the gutter up, of a club, is entitled to a chance, in the prizes, for each club of ten he sends us.
 LEAH, Boston. Much obliged for letter. Always pleased to hear from you.
 J. W. L., Boston. Letter received. Thanks for good wishes, and kind appreciation of TORCH.
 E. E. W., Boston. Letter received. Will answer in a few days.
 JIMMY BARRON.—Much obliged. Do so some more.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

GAME No. X.

Played between a Dr. J. C. R. o' Dayton, Ohio, and H. C. S. of Cincinnati.

BY LOPEZ GAMBIT.

White—H. C. S. Black—J. C. R.
 1 P-K 4 1 P-K 4
 2 Kt-K B 3 2 Kt-Q B 3
 3 B-Q Kt 5 3 P-Q R 3
 4 B-Q R 4 4 Kt-K B 3
 5 P-Q 4 5 P x P
 6 P-K 5 6 Kt-K 5
 7 Castles 7 Kt-Q B 4
 8 B x Kt 8 Q x P B
 9 K x P 9 Kt-K 3
 10 Kt x Kt 10 B x Kt
 11 Kt-Q B 3 11 B-K 2
 12 Q-K 2 12 Castles
 13 B-K 3 13 P-Q Kt 4
 14 P-Q R 3 14 B-Q B 5
 15 Q-Kt 4 15 B x R
 16 B-R 6 16 P-Kt 3
 17 B x R 17 Q x B
 18 R x B 18 P-K B 4
 19 P x P (en pass.) 19 Q x P
 20 R-K 20 R-K B sq
 21 Q-Kt 3 21 B-Q 3
 22 Q-K 3 22 P-Q R 4
 23 Kt-Q sq 23 P-Q Kt 5
 24 P-Q R 4 24 Q-K B 4
 25 Q-K 6 (ch) 25 Q x Q
 26 B x Q 26 K-K B 2
 27 R-K 4 27 R-K sq, (a)
 28 B x R 28 K x R
 29 Kt-K 3 29 B-Q B 4
 30 Kt-B 4 30 B-Q Kt 3
 31 Kt-K 5 31 P-Q B 4
 32 K-B 32 K-K 2
 33 K-K 2 33 K-K 3
 34 Kt-B 4 34 P-K R 4
 35 P-K R 3 35 P-K Kt 4
 36 K-K 3 36 Resigns

(a) Black remarked that this move lost him the game. We think, however, that the game was White's before this, with the best play, as Black's doubled Pawns, and the inequality between the B and Kt must tell heavily against his success.

ENIGMA No. 5.

BY C. H. WHEELER.

White, K at Q R 7, Q-K R 8, B at Q B 7, Kt at K 6, Pawns at Q 2, K 3.
 Black, K at K 5, Kt at Q B 5, B at Q 6, B et K 2, Pawns at Q B 4, Q 4, K B 4, K B 6, K Kt 5.
 White to mate in 2.

Poll tax should be levied per cap-ita.

A popular military command at present, "Re-form company." Who said Hur-ray?

Cats mew-tinate, and then they mew-till late each other.

Sewing circles are generally a-round at this season of the year.

A lun-atic—one who is "gone in the upper story."

A LEADING MEDICAL AUTHORITY says:—"Consumption is essentially a disease of degeneration and decay. No it may be inferred that the treatment for the most part should be of a sustaining and invigorating character—nutritious food, pure, dry air, with such varied and moderate exercise in it as the strength will bear; the enlivening influence of bright sunshine and agreeable scenery, and cheerful society and occupation, aided by a judicious use of a *diacetal 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.

Real Estate Agency.

The subscriber begs to inform the public that he is prepared to negotiate loans on Mortgage and Real Estate in the City and Portland.
 Parties desirous of transacting business are requested to call.
 CHARLES W. WATERS,
 Office Vernon's Building,
 Corner King and German st.
 Feb 9

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO.

Special Notice.

STEAMER "New Brunswick" will leave Saint John on MONDAY, 28th January, and "City of Portland" on THURSDAY, January 31st, after which the "City of Portland" will be withdrawn from the route for "New Brunswick" will be put in order for summer business, and will continue to leave Boston, MONDAY, Feb. 4th, and Eastport every MONDAY, and Saint John every THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock until further notice. In consequence of this change there will be no boat leaving Boston Thursday, Jan. 31st.
 J. W. CHISHOLM,
 Agent.

VICTORIA SKATING RINK.

NOTICE.

IT having come to the notice of the Directors that persons without tickets have obtained access to, and many holding Promenade Tickets have been skating in the Rink, the public are hereby informed that for the future it will be necessary for those desiring admission to the Rink to SHOW THEIR TICKETS AT THE DOOR, and Promenade Tickets will be forfeited if the holders are found skating in the building.

Saint John, January 31st, 1878.
 C. E. SCAMMELL, President.
 G. C. COSTER, Secretary.

W. W. McFETERS HAS REMOVED TO SMALL'S BLOCK, -40 Dock Street.

THE BANKER'S GRAND-CHILDREN, A NOVELETTE,

By NENA C. RICKESON, OF WOODSTOCK.

PRICE, . . . 20 Cents.

Just published by

G. W. DAY.

Printed by GEO. W. DAY, 57 Charlotte Street

SPENCER'S
Elixir of Wild Cherry,
for Coughs, Colds and all Affections of the
Throat, is a pure vegetable preparation
containing no opium or deleterious drug.
Its effects are immediate and permanent.
It may be given with safety to the tender-
est infant. Price 35 cents.

SPENCER'S
GLYCERA,

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

SPENCER'S
Vesuvian Liniment

is a specific for Rheumatism, and all dis-
eases for which a Liniment is applied.
Circulars may be obtained at the Drug
Store, containing certificates from gentle-
men of high standing in this Province.
Price 35 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 Colleges, 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 Flood
Purgative Bitters.

An efficient cure for Indigestion, Bilious
Complaints, Jaundice, Sick Head-
ache, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of
Appetite, and all Diseases having their
origin in a disordered state of the organs of
digestion. Price 25 cents.

WORTMAN & 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 30 cts. to \$5.00)

TIES AND SCARFS,

In Choice New Styles

DETT'S Celebrated GLOVES,

in great variety.

JAMES McCULLOUGH & CO.,

95 Broad of King Street.

dec 22

J. L. McCOSKERY,

Printer, Bookbinder;

AND

MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

PRINTING

done in first-class style, and at reason-
able prices.

A full line of

LAW AND COMMERCIAL

STATIONERY!

kept constantly in Stock.

Account Books,

Ruled, Bound, and Printed to any
pattern.

J. L. McCOSKERY,

(Late with H. Chubb & Co.)

7 North side King Square,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Jan 12-1m

GRAND OPENING!

THE subscriber takes pleasure in an-
nouncing that the

DOMINION

Wine Vaults!

LEUCH AND BILLIARD ROOMS,

Situated in Mullin Bros. Block,

Cor. Deck St. & North Wharf,

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

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

DENTAL NOTICE.

GEORGE P. CALDWELL, M. D.,

DENTIST

No. 7 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.

Jan 5 ly

E. T. C. KNOWLES,

Barrister at Law, Notary Public,
Solicitor of Patents, &c.

OFFICE: Y. M. C. A. BUILDING,

30 Charlotte street. - - St. John, N. B.

KERR & SCOTT

Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants,

17 King-street, St. John, N. B.

1877.

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP
COMPANY FALLS ARRANGEMENT—
TWO TRIPS A WEEK.

On and after MONDAY, Sep. 17th, and
until further notice, the Steamer "New
Hampshire," E. B. Worcester, master,
and "City of Portland," Simon H. Rice,
master, will leave Boston's Pier, wharf,
every MONDAY and THURSDAY morn-
ing at 8 o'clock for Eastport, Portland,
and Boston, connecting both ways at East-
port with steamer Belle Brown for Saint
Andrews and Colfax.

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 6 o'clock p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
Jan 6 Agent

JAS. ADAMS & CO.

HAVE OPENED

In their New Premises,

(OLD STAND)

NO. 16 KING STREET.

Where, with a New and

Thoroughly Assorted Stock

—OF—

SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS,

Increased Facilities,

—AND—

Prompt attention to Business

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

dec 22 1/2

E. P. HAMMOND,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
SINGER'S, HOWE'S AND LAWLER'S
SEWING MACHINES.

King Square, St. John, N. B.
Needles, Oil and Attachments kept
constantly on hand.

Sewing Machines Repaired and Im-
proved.

Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 6m)

DUN, WIMAN & CO.,

MERCANTILE AGENCY,

MARKET BUILDING,

St. John, N. B.

A. P. ROLPH. - - - Manager.

Jan 8 1/2

VICTORIA

LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,

PRINCESS STREET,

(Between Sydney and Charlotte.)

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

Boarding Horses

kept on reasonable terms, and supplied
with Loose Boxes or ordinary Stalls, as
required.

* * * A call respectfully solicited.

Jan 8 ly ALBERT PETERS,
Manager.

BEARD & VENNING,

No. 18

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 Cri-

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
* * * ROULLION'S SEAMLESS FIRST
CHOICE KIDS.

Black Goods and Silks!

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

* * * Gentlemen's UNDERCLOTHING
every make.

MACKENZIE BROTHERS,

dec 21 47 King Street.

INSURANCE BLOCK.

Fire and Marine Insurance!

Capital over Twenty Million Dollars

ROBERT MARSHALL,

Gen. Agent, Notary Public and Broker.

(dec 29 1 y)

Boarding and Livery Stable

119 UNION STREET,

dec 22 1/2 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 1 y 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,
St. John, N. B.

dec 22 1/2

M. A. FINN,

Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana
Cigars. Hezen Building King Square.

dec 22 1 y St. John, N. B.

E. W. GALE,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,

The Equitable Life Assurance Company
of the United States, The Accident
Insurance Company of Canada.

Office Room, No 12 Magee's Block,

Water street, - - - St. John, N. B.

(dec 22)

FERRICK BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in First-
Class Wines, Old Brandies, Whiskies, etc.
No. 15 North side King Square,

THOS. S. FERRICK, JAS. J. FERRICK,
dec 22 1 y St. John, N. B.