

TORCH

Light Literature

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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878.

No. 16

(For the Torch)
THRENODY.

The sun no more will shine
 On tresses bright as thine;
 And the winds no more will kiss
 A lip so sweet as this;
 And the flowers no more will blow
 For one like thee—for, oh,
 Thy grave is made in a quiet glade
 That overlooks the sea—
 The sea that moans in monotone,
 Eternity! Eternity!

No voice so sweet, the ear
 Again will ever hear.
 And never again such eyes
 Will shine beneath the skies,
 And a heart like thine, my sweet!
 Again will never beat,—
 For thy grave is made in a quiet glade
 That overlooks the sea,—
 The sea that moans in monotone,
 Eternity! Eternity!

MAURICE O'QUILL.

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 3.

The Woman in White.

The next deposition after Mrs. Rubelle's was the narrative of

JOHN DUMPS, CONSTABLE.

In pursuance of information received, my orders was to keep a look out for a young woman in a white gown, and as there is a many such I acted according. My beat extends from Widow Simpkins's cot, two doors on the further side of the "Sheaf of Oats" public, to fourteen doors below the pump, passing the trees scattered promiscuous on the upper side of the street. On the night in question, being the 14th proximo, or thereabouts, I was on duty and see a woman with a white gown answering to the information, and, as in duty bound, followed her unbeknownst to her. She went into James Jim's huckster shop and bought two penn'orth o' pins, and Jim gave her a suck of gin across the counter. I interrogated her if her name was Ann Catherick, which her answer was not according to law, for she replied,

"Mind your own business, Bobby," on which I took her into custody and took her before Justice Briggs, who discharged the prisoner and called me a noodle, which I am informed is actionable. This is all I know in the case.

INSPECTOR BATON'S NARRATIVE.

On the night of the 15th instant I was going my rounds, when a fat old gentleman, whom I have since learned is an Eyetation Count, stopped me and asked if my men had orders to search for an escaped lunatic called Ann Catherick. Not wishful to discuss my orders before a stranger, I evaded the question, when he informed me the woman had been seen down in Leicestershire. He also gave me orders to search for one Walter Hartright, a noted rough, who had assisted the woman to escape. The Count seem an eccentric nobleman, for he went and sat down under a tree and commenced singing in a strange manner that might have been a signal to a confederate. I felt it my duty to take down the words as near as I could for the foreign spelling, and they were: "Figger O' Kwat, figger holt, figger O' Sac, figger O' Joe." I could not ascertain the meaning of these terms. I have seen nothing of the man Walter Hartright, that he set me on the track of.

A letter from Blackstone Briggs, Esq., J. P., to a brother magistrate continues the chain of narrative:—

"I called at Limmeridge House," (says Mr. Briggs,) "and said to Fairlie, 'What the devil is all this row?' Fairlie, whined out in his sickly way: 'O, here is another. I know it is about a Woman in White. Dear Briggs, I am not a Woman in White. Dear Briggs, I would be the first to tell you. Then why harass me? Would you mind not blowing your nose so tempestuously? Thanks. It might kill me. You would not like to be a member dear Briggs? My nerves are shaken this morning by a letter from a thug. Yes, a thug. Threatening my life. Here it is—take it away, please—you are so robust. Louis, show our good Briggs out.' Here is the letter written to Fairlie by some lunatic or other. I can't make head or tail of it:—

(Letter.) "My good dear! restore me my Walter. I demand my Hartwright. Deuce-

what-the-deuce, something must be done, and the only word to say is Right-all-right. You will send him—yes—yes—conrso-of-course. Ha! my soul-bless-my-soul, he will return, sent by you. Hourrah! (Signed) PESCA."

An extract from the locked diary of Count Fosco will close the chapter:—

"How grand the pleasure of Intellect; how soothing the consciousness of Virtue. Obstacles smooth themselves before my master hand. The agents of justice—out!—inbeciles, remove their search to a distant county at a word of mine. Hartright, if he come here, will be so watched as to be powerless. The fool, Fairlie, is terrified into safety, and the idiot magistrate, his friend, has left him in disgust. I, Baldessare, pull the puppets. In the serene breast of Fosco is hid the secret of the Woman in White."

Here the Count locked his diary and turned with a smile to his white mice. "Ah, mice, little mouse-eyes," he chirruped, "come kiss me. Climb up on my fat neck. Figaro qua! Figaro la! Figaro sa! Fig-g-g-garo qui!"

WILKIE COLLINS.

Here is a chance for the ingenious. A correspondent writes: About thirty years ago, a lady gave me the following puzzle, and told me that a newspaper editor had offered a reward of £100 for the solution. Many of my friends have gone half mad over it; and if you notice it, the newspaper man may repeat his offer:

To five and five and twenty-five,

The first of letters add,

You have a thing that pleased a king,

And made a wise man mad.

I know nothing about the conundrum, nor do I feel specially anxious as to its solution; but, if there really is an answer to it, I should like to know the "newspaper man" who offered the £100.—From *Truth's T. T.*

In spite of the Temperance movement money has been as tight as ever it was.—*Sunnyside Journal.*

Too many draughts perhaps. Or is it caused by a run on the McKenzie Banks?—*St. John Torch.*

What a rum-inner the punster of the Torch must be.—*Sunnyside Journal.*

A mother-in-law is cold by nature, and yet she makes everybody warm about her.—*Duicel-soncille Scutinel.*

(For the Torch.)
WAITING.

Day after day I listened,

To hear thy dear kind voice,
For thy presence, like the gentle Spring,
Would make the heart rejoice.

Mornings came and vanished,
Sunssets passed away,
Yet with the same wild longing
I waited day by day.

The pale moon rose up calmly,
The tiny stars shone bright,
And "Twilight" with trembling fingers
Spread the ebony mantle of night.

Once, with a wail of anguish,
I called upon thy name,
And "Fancy" told me thy loving voice
Answered me back again.

Then, fainting *Hope* grew stronger,
And strove to soothe my pain,
Till the solemn voice of *Reason*
Proclaimed her efforts vain.

So, kissing the weeping angel,
A tender, and sad Good-by,
I leaned on the firm arm of Reason,
And awaited the brightening sky
E. B. M. R.

(For the Torch.)
DROP AFTER DROP.

Drop after drop the descending rain
Falls on the land and disappears;
But it will arise and descend again,
Arise and descend for millions of years.
And so with the giant oak of the wood,
Which hath tempest and storm withstood,
Falls to the ground in a state of decay
And soon from our vision hath passed away,
But not destroyed—for law divine
Rears it again in another as fine,
Which in its turn will fall and decay,
While we sagely declare it hath passed away
When lo! in another form it appears
And rises and falls for millions of years!
EAK.

(For the Torch.)
HARDUPISHNESS.

Hardupishness is a source to which we owe much of that conical element which pervades our everyday life. A life of ease and affluence would be little worth living for were it not for the comfortable feeling of superiority over the more unfortunate portion of the community. The supreme magnificence of "Poor beggar, awfully hard up," with which remark some people are apt to imply that unless a man has money he is none of their kind, has a moral in itself, and it cannot be denied that nowadays, more than ever before, "money makes the man." Hardupishness is essentially gentlemanly poverty—is that grave yet amusing state of existence from which standpoint the man of better days looks back into the past with a tinge of conical remorse, his thoughts wandering half vacantly to merrier scenes, perhaps wild ones, which have found their end in his present unenviable state of chronic hardupishness; or maybe some financial failure over which he had no control. Such a state of existence brings man's best and worst impulses into direct and violent collision, the proof of which we see in the living examples we daily

meet, we daily read about, and see depicted on the dramatic stage. Some of our best novelists have found their theme in the career of a broken down gentleman, and are not two of the most comical creations of Kenny and Bonicault respectively, "Jeremy Diddler" and "Dazzle," and even "Money," owes its plot to the primary hardupishness of Alfred Evelyn and Clara Douglass, if we may with propriety apply such a term to so accomplished a young lady.

Hardupishness to-day is most particularly noticeable among men who *lately* represented some Insurance Company, unappreciated artists, ex-Army officers, and the like. These gentlemen may generally be "spotted" by their somewhat seedy dress—boots not exactly worn out but soon expected to be—have duns in every street, are continually bolting round corners and up alley-ways—have a strong reluctance to meet their landlady—have great expectations, but alas, no effects. "Sam, have you such a thing as tencence about you?" Always borrowing odd change because it looks like urgent necessity.

To delve into the inmost secrets of such a life as the above would be almost heartless, but some of these harmless little episodes such as we all have heard about, are so comical as to be irresistible.

How Jones went home very late to avoid his washer-woman, and found her asleep in his chair; how she left him, reluctantly no doubt, without any clean linen, and how sad and perplexed he looked, as standing before the glass, he wondered how long the shirt on his back would look presentable. How Smith took off the only water-tight pair of boots he owned and speculated as to the number of hours wear was left in them. And how "Thompson with a P" came to the conclusion that the old-fashioned knee breeches of by-gone days were vastly superior to trousers of to-day, because the bottoms couldn't wear out; or how when he was very hungry he daren't ask his landlady twice for meat.

The young lawyer too, with ever so many suits, but alas but half a suit of clothes.

The young man who thinks he was cut out for a literary turn of life, who spends his last fifty cents on pens, ink and paper, and rushes off weighty articles on "The Eastern Question" for "The Herald,"—"The World of the future, and how to get there," for "The Evangelical Churchman,"—"Horace Greeley as he used to be" for "The Tribune." Then he has a dash at "The Monthlies," but, poor fellow, is it that he has no brains? Oh! no, cursed fate. Would they but read them. Could they but imagine how cheap he would do these things for them. Would they but try him. Let us drop the curtain and kindly say—crushed genius.

The man of Patents, too, the inventive genius. "There's millions in it" class, are superb in their hardupishness. Professor Whirlpool, poor old fellow, lives on 6 cents a day, but expects to make a fortune next week. "Must succeed. My dear young friend, I tell you it's the most certain triumph of genius. Sir, my fame will ascend into Ethereal distance, will float from the Himalayas to the Rocky Mountains. Will descend Vesuvius, but that mighty volcano, not able to contain it, will throw it up again to the astonished world." No doubt. This accounts for the eruption.

But this is but one side of the question. Hardupishness is the spring of imagination. Never hard up is to have missed the finest thing in the world. Not to be worth a cent, and to imagine that you are worth a fortune, is almost within the range of a thoroughly well trained hardupish imagination. Hard up fellows frequently assert that they are quite as well satisfied with a piece of cheese and a glass of lager, and a toothpick, as the most sumptuous repast that the best hotel can afford. They have only to stand on the hotel steps, toothpick of course, indispensable.

This philosophical hardupishness is but acquired after years of patient study; but it is worth trying; life goes very easily once thoroughly well trained to it. When a man has arrived at the pitch of perfection of Smith—the same Smith we all know—he has but to touch the imaginative lump and it's all right. When the thermometer's below zero, he has but to imagine it 100° in the shade. No trouble. No coal bills required. He actually lives on nothing. Well, he imagines himself spending \$10,000 a year,—capital notion. Then, although he has but one suit of clothes, he changes them several times a day—and it's all right—just as good as six different ones.

And so the world wags. Millions don't know what they are missing. If they could only be persuaded to devote their thousands as a public fund for those who have had enough of hardupishness for a time, and try it—of course, only as a change for the old stagers—why, they would never regret the step.

But enough of frivolity. Life has a dark side as well as a light one. Comedy has its place, and perhaps no one reaches so near the essence of true comedy as the hard-up man who laughs at his own poverty.

Never does the charming worldly wise Ouida reach such a height of touching pathos, free from dramatic exaggeration, as when describing the hermit gentleman, an exile on a Norwegian shore—shunning old friends—too proud to ask aid, too proud to exhibit his fall from greatness.

It is in the dire straits of desolation and poverty that we discover greatness of character—it is poverty that has thrust genius on the world; it is poverty, that is hardupishness, that has led ambitious men on to affluence, has lent a fire and strength to combat all obstacles, has maintained a pride and resolution indomitable. Born riches and social position demand respect. Made riches and social position secure respect and admiration.
FIRE FLY.

Small Beginnings.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the boundless land."

Little nips of whisky,
Little horns of beer,
Make the high old bender
And the drunk severe.

—Phillips Thompson in TORCH.

Little notes of nonsense,
Little quips and jests,
Make the modern joker
And his brother pests.

—N. Y. News.

"Ambush" Scales.

"Reckon that air scales of yours is an Ambush scales, ain't it?" said a countryman to his grocer as he took the sugar and handed over the money.

"Ambush scales, what do you mean?" replied the merchant. "Who's Ambush?"

"Ambush—why, y'know—reg'lar Ambush—y'understand what 'Ambush' means, don't ye?"

"Well, I should hope so, Mr. Woodruff. Ambush means bid—means something concealed—means—wait, here's the dictionary; I'll just read to yer exactly what it means, so'st you needn't never use it wrong after this—here 'tis—A—amb—ambush—to lie in wait for—"

"Yis, that's it, squire; don't go no further—to lie in wait for two cents."—N. Y. News.

"Miss Kent Mason, M. A.," is the way the newest star in the brilliant galaxy of Michigan temperance lecturers is billed.—*Detroit Evening News*.

A baby is a necessity, but twins always did seem to me to be of a speculative nature.—*Josh Billings*.

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

BY BRET HART.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please, and says I might stay 'till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease, nor speak 'till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would you know? What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?"

"And then you'd feel strange here alone! And you wouldn't know just where to sit; for that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit. We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be like you to flop yourself right down upon it and knock out the very last screw."

"S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!"

Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean. For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross. There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good looking, of course!

"This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought that once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought— for that was the message to Pa from the photograph man where I sat—that he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that."

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this. There's all her back hair to do up and all of her front curls to friz. But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me. Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee."

"Tom Lee. Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He used to be here day and night. Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright. You won't run away, then, as he did? For you're not a rich man, they say. Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?"

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair isn't red. But what there is left of it's mossy, and not what that naughty Jack said. But there? I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I could wait, just to see if she ran up to you and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee."

—Independent.

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

According to the best Parisian authorities the age of "pull-backs" has really become one of the things that were and decidedly fuller drapery begins to be the order of the day. Some of the leading modistes, even insist upon a small *tourure* being worn under their latest creations, but though this is undoubtedly preferable to having the material twisted into a wisp from its own weight and clinging to the figure, a fear lest it herald the re-introduction of crinolines, prevents many ladies from hailing the introduction with delight.

The newest ornaments for hats and full dress are long needles, or skewers, upon which hang rows of plump green and gold birds. Unnecessary to add, they look simply barbarous and seem to demand adverse criticism from

moralists, though such a spiteful worn in the hair or on the bosom, is a terrible temptation for gastronomists.

The "coming bonnet" has arrived and proves, on acquaintance, to be somewhat more sensible than its predecessors, being larger in the head and more close fitting in the front, though, not otherwise so radically different as novelty lovers might desire.

The *Lavansu*, or washer-woman's tunic, so fashionable in Paris at present, promises to reach us by the time our summer fabrics will need making up. Its distinguishing feature is a short, wrinkled apron, with the lower edge turned up on the right side in careless fashion, and the back hanging in two ends nearly straight or else slightly lunched up.

Fur caps are going out of fashion for gentlemen—one or two of whom have already appeared on our streets with straw hats.

How hedged in the devotees of fashion have to become! The latest law laid down by their goddess is, that it is not *commis il faut* to tie up bonnets, parcels, small presents, etc., with narrow ribbon; everything should be fastened with a silver or golden cord, and the very initiated among young ladies, sever this cord by means of the spear, dagger or rapier worn in their chignons. Many people tie their parcels with twine and cut the twine with the scissors, but this is a progressive age, and having the law to go by, we can avoid such solecisms in future.

Even in writing paper this same goddess is exercising her power with such effect that if the pen were not too bad, we would say that *stationery* is no longer *stationery*. The newest specimens are paper and envelopes either of Nile-green with red and gold initials; Egyptian paper with silver flowers and diagonal lines; gray paper besprinkled with flowers; or lemon paper with the artistic design of insects crawling over it. Each pattern specified is uglier than the one which preceded it, and yet none are worse than the Dolly Varden paper which struggled through an ephemeral existence some few years ago.

The janietts of the new spring wraps are the coats which fasten over the breast with a single button, showing the vest below. They are not very long, as indeed none of the new wraps are, but are very close-fitting and shapely, outlining the figure without compressing it.

The latest style as to names on ornaments is to wear them run through with a spit, all the letters being unseen and falling about as if shuffled, and there are names on everything. Instead of having suffered an eclipse, the monogram mania seems to have only grown more extended, for now young ladies in fashionable American cities go about the streets, as it were, labelled with the names given them in baptism.

Our prophecy regarding the popularity of jet trimmings is now an accomplished fact, the fancy extending even to the brims of bonnets which are often bordered with cut beads. And yet as if to prevent imposition, as for instance bringing forth old jet-trimmed garments with intent to make people believe that they are the off-spring of this season, it is impossible not to distinguish the difference between the old and new fashion, so entirely changed are the methods of trimming, and even the beads themselves.

A mule's hind leg has only one season. It is always beautiful Spring.—*Philo Chron.* The man who collides with a mule's hind leg is willing to swear that a severe Fall follows the beautiful Spring.—*Norristown Herald.*

If he goes up high enough it Autumn make him turn a Summer-sault

Perhaps you don't know it,
But a very great poet
Is in the Parliament pie,
You can put in your thumb
And pull out a PLUMB,
And say "Oh, what a poet have I!"
—Grip.

The following lines from a St. Andrew's boy in California, sent to his mother, we cheerfully give insertion. Many here have loved ones in that distant land:

TAKE THIS LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

Take this letter to my mother,
Far across the deep, blue sea;
It will fill her heart with pleasure,
She'll be glad to hear from me.
How she wept when last we parted,
How her heart was filled with pain!
When she said: "Good-bye, God bless you,
We may never meet again."

Take this letter to my mother,
It will fill her heart with joy;
Tell her that her prayers are answered,
God protects her absent boy.
Tell her to be glad and cheerful,
Pray for me where'er I roam,
And ere long I'll turn my footsteps
Back towards my dear old home.

Take this letter to my mother,
It is filled with words of love,
If, on earth, I'll never meet her,
Tell her that we'll meet above.
Where there is no hour of parting,
All is peace and love and joy,
God will bless my dear old mother,
And protect her only boy.

—St. Andrew's Standard.

[The above lines are pretty but ancient. About ten years ago, when they were popular in Minstrel Troupes, and nice young men with silvery tenor voices warbled them, accompanied by darling Argelina on the pianer and small boys whistled them incessantly on the street—they were thought to be very nice; but that is no reason why any bad boy should impose on Brother Smith by passing them off as original. Adam should have been old enough to remember that they were not new.]

GOOD GLIMMERS.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always first to be touched by the thorns.

It is best not to be angry; and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled.

To be utterly ignorant of vice is almost as dangerous as to be vicious.

"Just one little drink" has made all the drunkards in the world.

He is no true friend who has nothing but compliments and praise for you.

Sharp and intelligent rascals are more respected by the world than virtuous fools.

Half of the pleasure of riches consists in seeing others suffer the pangs of poverty.

To be unkind or rude to others, and yet expect to be treated by them with courtesy and affection, is as selfish as it is absurd.

I have found four reasons for being an abstainer: my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

A man's wedding day resolutions of reform are never trustworthy, because for a time the wings of his great happiness carry him high above all vicious influences. The hour of trial comes later.

Come, billious business men, where'er ye languish.

Come to the Printer, and bring on your ads.
Here cure your poverty, here end your anguish.
Ink will bring patronage, try it my lads.

—Rome Sentinel.

The *Yankee Blade* speaks of Hymen's bowyer.
Which knave is it?—*Turners Falls Reporter.*
Knave of Hearts.

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JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 6, 1878.

CANDLE OF BOHEMIA.—The Rev. R. F. Burns, of Halifax, lectured on "John Huss, the Candle of Bohemia," in Calvin Church. It struck Huss, on reading the announcement, that Wick-life would have been a more appropriate Candle for Burns.

THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR is an imitation of its English namesake, and is published weekly at Montreal, by the Rev. A. J. Bray, one of the leading Congregationalist minister of that city. Politics, ethics, religion, and literature are discussed in it.

The St. John TORCH is not a flash paper, but it is very appropriately devoted to light literature, and (as Hans Breitmann would say), its editor "blaze pun words."—N. Y. News.

The situation is such that neither Russia nor Great Britain can retire.—N. Y. Herald. Well, then let them stay up all night. Owl that work?—N. Y. News.

That would be owl right providing it was on the eve of Bat-tle.

The Elmira Cemetery Company has paid a dividend.—Ex. We should rather call it a bone-us.—N. Y. News. The profits were divided, probably.—Torch. We rather think they were souled-out from the body.—Gowanda Enterprise.

Scene in Court.

DR. TECK.—"Did you meet a man on the road?"

MR. WALLACE.—"Your Honor, I object to this question."

DR. TECK.—"You surely don't mean to say that you object to such a question?"

JUDGE WETMORE.—"If you insist on making such a silly objection you'd better stand up when doing so, so as to make it more impressive."

Voice outside the rail.—"That's rough on poor Wallace"

A CANDIDATE INVITED TO RETIRE.—Mr. Joseph Magilton, a candidate for a Portland Town Councillorship, entered the Court Room to listen to the Vaughan trial, and had got about half-way across the room when he was taken hold of by Constable Powers and marched outside of the rail. Joseph looked indignant—and Calvin probably didn't know who he was handling. Joe swears "By the Powers he'll have revenge."

EDITOR OF TORCH:—Can you tell me why our daily papers do not publish the Hotel arrivals? To business men, a list of arrivals at the principal hotels is of high importance, and in all cities of any consequence, except St. John, such lists are printed in the papers every morning. QUERO.

OPERA.—The Rubens Grand English Opera Company commenced a short season at the Grand Opera House, New York, on Monday night last. "The Bohemian Girl" was the opera selected for the first evening and the following notice of the Contralto singer, which we clip from the N. Y. News, will be appreciated by her many friends in St. John, who had the pleasure of hearing her in the Granger Dow party, and will have it renewed by listening to her sweet voice during the Grand Opera season which Mr. Nunnary purposes giving us for two weeks, commencing on the 22nd of this month:—"Miss Adelaide Randall, who has been, if we mistake not, much admired as a member of one of the opera companies which bore Miss Kellogg's name, possesses a stage familiarity that is needful to an effective impersonation, and displayed the vocal tuition and occasional brilliance that are the results of skill and devotion to her art."

LIGHT LOLLIPOPS.

Mr. Geo. C. Peters has been appointed Deputy Sheriff of Moncton. * * * Lamy's Hotel, Amherst, has been leased by Mr. Peers, of Halifax, and it a-peers he intends to run it as a "blue ribbon" house. * * * The Sackville Post says: "The mysterious hoic at Jolicure is to be prospected again this summer. A donkey engine has been purchased for pumping purposes." A donkey engine is very appropriate, as it shows their ass-idity. * * * The demolition of Shantyville, on King Square, has commenced. * * * Madame Restell, a noted abortionist in New York, ended a life of iniquity by committing suicide on Monday last. She cut her throat with a carving knife, in her palatial residence on Fifth Avenue. * * * The estimated population of Montreal is now 180,000. * * * Mr. Donville has returned to Ottawa.

A Chicago firm has purchased a large drove of steers which are to be sent by steamship to the pastures of North Germany for fattening and sale.—Ex.

Would they go as steer-age passengers?

Charles Dudley Warner can fill four pages of a magazine with a description of how he and another man caught a fish weighing twelve ounces.—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you ever see a jack-ass cry?" No, but I've seen a mule-teer.

GRAND OPENING.—The opening of Messrs. Hogan & Walsh's Saloon, No. 3, Magee Block, Water street, (see advertisement passed) took place on Tuesday evening last, and was off with a clat. The attendance was large, and the wines, liquors and cigars of the best brands. The general fitting up elicited so favorable a verdict as to be most flattering to the taste of the proprietors. The saloon has been fitted up with scrupulous care and judgment for the accommodation of a high class trade. On the right as we enter is a massive bar of black walnut, with a rail in front and attached by nickel plated brackets. The front of the counter is boldly cut, chamfered and moulded, and further ornamented with projecting bases and turned ornaments. In rear of the bar are the side shelves and central mirror and pump, the whole surmounted by a battlemented cornice, and the mirror by a canopy of bold design. The whole supported by columns with moulded capitals, mid-bords and bases. On the left are two large cases for wines and liquors, slightly differing in design, but in harmony nevertheless. The general effect is one of architectural freedom and breadth of design, as pleasing as it is true; the intermingling of renaissance with subdued Gothic, with here and there a touch of Eastlake, has been conceived and carried out in the happiest spirit, and resulted in an unqualified success. The whole of the work has been most satisfactorily executed by Mr. G. W. Ross, after the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Henry N. Black, architect.

HENRY S. PENNY, who has been for several years in the employ of Mr. Thos. F. Raymond, died suddenly of congestion of the lungs on Wednesday last. He was buried by the Odd Fellows yesterday afternoon from the residence of Mr. Jas. T. Raymond, Meeklenburg street, and the large number who followed him to his last resting place was a good index of his popularity.

Will O'Leary tend to heel our international jealousies?—N. Y. Graphic. If he doesn't "put his foot in it," he may take steps in that direction.—Norristown Herald.

Make him a consul and heel assist to console you for any imaginary wrongs done you by John Bull.

Mayor Ely yesterday set at rest a rumor of his proposed marriage by saying, "I am not acquainted with the lady."—N. Y. News.

But don't Ely?

Ship bred—Sailors. Made of awl work—Shoos. The hanganman's vegetable—Att-o'-choke.—Boston Com. Bulletin.

The prisoner's—Cell-ery.

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

We make our bow to J. S. Knowles of our new exchange from New Brunswick, and we shall not live up to the law that tells us to "Torch not, handle not," even if we do Knowles after we have broken that law.—Gowanda Enterprise.

(For the Torch)
TO A CLAM.

Down in the water! down in the water!
Down in the water
Dwelleth the clam,
That openeth and shutteth, and shutteth and
openeth,
And eateth and drinketh, and drinketh and
eateth,
And don't care a —.

Then down in the water: down in the water!
Down in the water
Diveth the man,
He eateth and drinketh, and drinketh and
eateth,
He openeth and shutteth, and shutteth and
openeth,
And don't care a —.

Then up from the bottom; up from the bottom!
Up from the bottom
He bringeth the clam,
Which he openeth not shutteth, not shutteth
but openeth,
And eateth and drinketh, and he drinketh and
eateth,
And he don't care a —.

In soup or in stews, or raw if he choose;
In his belly he playeth
That succulent clam
Which openeth and shutteth, and shutteth and
openeth,
And eateth and drinketh, and drinketh and
eateth,
And don't care a —.

J. BURR PLUM, M. P.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR
ARTIST.

No. 7.

Who has not heard of Joe Rymal, M. P. for some constituency that dearly loves a clown? Until Honest Farmer Ferris awakened the echoes with his fun-provoking vernacular, Rymal had no rival. And he is practically without a rival now, because Mr. Ferris speaks only once in two years. Rymal, who likes to be called the Broad-backed Farmer, is a massive compound of bone and muscle, fat and fun—a li testimonial in favor of the truth of the lege. "Laugh and grow fat" Joe is the Falstaff of the House, with a panache more protuberant than that of any stage Falstaff you ever saw, and, like the histrionic Jack, Joe is considerable of a fraud, his wit, like Falstaff's courage, being frequently rather assumed than real. Notwithstanding the enormous amount of ballast he carries around, he rolls when he walks like a ship with nothing in her hold to steady her. His legs are carried forward by a circular sidewise sweep, as though they were wooden limbs, being alternately lifted from the ground by the swaying of the huge superstructure from side to side. Joe seldom goes through an ordinary doorway without his head coming in contact with the casing, when he lurches over, like a crank ship with too much deckload, when she tacks. The fat sticks out in rolls on his face, each crow-foot under the eyes being so many hollows of unknown depths. The grin radiators, so to speak, which start from the corners of his mouth and shoot outward, would hide two or three good sized slices of bread-and-butter. His nose is slightly aquiline, showing that he has a tendency to be a highflyer generally. Joe's whole business as a public man is the making of funny speeches. He never speaks on the merits of a bill, never aids in perfecting the details of a measure, never criticises public expenditures, never rises with *Hansard* in his hand to show that some member has changed his views. His whole usefulness in the House is

with the risibilities of members. He is not a spontaneous humorist, fruitful in mirth-provoking outlines, but a laborious concocter of broadly burlesque invective. He does not interrupt members with comical questions, enliven dreary debates on interminable bills with amusing amendments, and seize occasions of extraordinary raising a laugh, but sits dumb as the sad-eyed oxen which he drives tandem over the corduroy roads in the back settlements of his county, day after day, week after week, and runarounds. Joe's wit, unlike the sunshine and the rain, does not fall on the just and the unjust alike, but chiefly on the Opposition. Joe selects a subject on the Opposition benches, either at the suggestion of the Government or somebody else, and settles down to study him leisurely. He carefully goes over his comic scrap-book, selects what is applicable among the matter he has not already used in this Parliament, looks into the comic weeklies, reads the *Wise* and *Otherwise* columns of the *Daily News*, and grasps wildly in the in the greasy recesses of his great brain and retentive memory for grotesque similes and grin-producing metaphors. Joe has no more scruple in using an old joke than Mr. Boyd has in rejuvenating an old story, or the Rev. Mr. — in repeating verbatim a large portion of another man's sermon as part of his own "extempore," divinely inspired, prayer-planted eloquence. He rises slowly, when the man for whom he has been preparing gives him an opening, and rolls majestically from side to side, makes grotesque grimaces, hitches up his trousers, pulls down his vest, tries to make his coat meet (he never enters the House in his shirt-sleeves when he intends to speak), and sweeps the horizon with a beaming eye. By the time he gets "Mr. Speaker" out, members are laughing, and he feels like going ahead. Then he begins directly on the man he has been laying for, without any pretence of discussing the question before the House, and grins out his amusing grist. He has been up but twice this session, and, if those efforts have not exhausted his powers of appropriation and production, he may take the floor once again before he goes home to try and get his constituents to perpetrate the huge joke of re-electing him. Some of the newspapers were rather severe on Joe's last effort. The most striking point in it was the statement that Mr. Carthy was no more like his distinguished predecessor than a singed cat was like a Bengal tiger, and the papers have been mean enough to remind him that the comparison was made by no less a personage than James G. Blaine, the man who wants to dignify his own rascality by making it part of the National Policy of the United States, making, as he does, the scaly proposal that the fishery award be repudiated. If Joe would read *The Torch* diligently he would be able to make at least one speech a week of a much more amusing character than either of his efforts this session. The recitation of one of Joe Collins's *Freeman* sketches, in Rymal's manner, would be a great success. His facial action, and ponderous gestures, in describing how Mr. Butler crawled through an aperture until his feet stuck, would convulse this easily moved assembly. With Collins to write speeches, and Rymal to make them, there would be Joe-Cosens indeed. Can't they be brought together somehow? Yes; I have it—elect Collins to Parliament. Rymal will be of no account another session without his help.

Humors of the Bench.

MR. WALLACE.—"Witness, will you tell me in what part of the room was the light?"

WITNESS.—"I don't know."

JUDGE WETMORE.—"Probably the learned counsel means the lamp, as the light must have been all over the room."

The spectators grinned perceptibly, and the learned counsel did not press the question.

Inducements to Subscribers.

BEAUTIFUL ART PRIZES.

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

- 1st Prize.—An Oil Painting called "Moonrise on the Coast"—value \$30.
2nd do.—"The Passing-off Shower"—value \$20.
3rd do.—"The Evening Song"—value \$10.
4th do.—A Water Color—value \$5.
5th do.—A handsomely bound edition of "Liddle Yawcoob 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 window of Mr. A. C. Smith's drug store, on exhibition.

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

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

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

Agents wanted in every town.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO 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.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY.—Messrs. Belford Bros of Toronto are doing much for the development of a Canadian literature, not only by their bold ventures in the publication of works by Canadian writers, but especially through their valuable monthly magazine, in the April number of which St. John, Halifax, Staynor, Ont.; Ottawa, and other parts of the Dominion are represented. The article by the representative of this city, Dr. L. C. Allison, is a well written reply to the criticisms of Malone and others, denying Shakespeare's authorship of "Henry VI." Mr. Martin J. Griffin, of Halifax, eulogizes Disraeli's novels. The illustrated articles in this number are Sheila Hale's "Glimpses of Constantinople," and the installment of Edward Eggleston's "Roxy." The short stories, "How Ham was Cured," "My Daughter's Admirers," and "The Spectre Guide of Mount Vesuvius," are each pleasant reading. For sale at the bookstores.

What is the difference between the editor of the *N. Y. News* and a reporter who aspires to the editorial chair? One is B. Wood, editor and the other would be editor.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with rindlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sand,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be,
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning
hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somehow, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved that have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

N. Y. *Com. Adv.*: Miss Skiff was married in San Francisco the other day. We wish her much canoe-bial happiness, provided the bridegroom hasn't already dug-out for parts unknown.

Danielsonville *Sentinel*: What kind of leather should a baby's cradle be lined with? More-rock-o, of course.

N. Y. *Com. Adv.*: "Have you a Chaucer?" asked a young lady, looking in at a bookstore. The polite young clerk replied, no, he never used it; but there was a tobaccoist's just two doors above.

The recent Sioux war cost the government \$2,312,500. And yet, we suppose if you should put the whole Sioux nation up at auction, it wouldn't bring \$115.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Burdette, the above item seems very ingenious but why didn't you make it 115 cents?

When does a man become a "burning" poet? When he's a versifier.—*Com. Advertiser*.

"Ma, are we cannibals?" asked a little Eighth street girl of her mother the other morning. "Why, my child, what do you mean?" "Oh, nothing, only I heard you say to Bridget: 'Boy legs for breakfast.'"—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

Fishes may be great drinkers, yet we never heard of one dying of spontaneous combustion.—*Norristown Herald*.

The following punny and timely lines are from the N. Y. *Graphic's* A 1 paragraph:

The Turkish God is a bloody myth,
Born in Arabian story—
Perhaps not quite a figure of speech,
But a sort of Allah-gory.

"Spring" warblers should take warning from the "Young Poet's Lament," which we find in the N. Y. *Com. Adv.*

'Twas ever thus, from childhood's time,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I ne'er sent in a little rhyme
But what it was returned next day.

I never offered e'en a verse,
A poem, ballad, or a sonnet,
But what, and off with muttered curse,
The editor sat down upon it.

In reply to several threatening messages sent into this office, we desire to explain that the man who takes thrashings for articles in this paper is out of town on a furlough.—*Rome Sentinel*.

It would be a cheap, and at the same time, pleasing reflection for the savings bank depositor to feel that confidence was the only thing he had lost in the officials.—*Puck*.

They have begun to post circus bills on the grave stones out in the wilds of the West. Should the custom become general, and reach out its arms to embrace the civilized world, it will find men, if death has not changed their disposition, mean enough to get up and demand a complimentary ticket for the privilege.—*Fulton Times*.

A Boston paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly at the south end, but when you go to grab a wasp, you want to catch it at the northeasterly end, shifting westerly toward the head.—*Norristown Herald*.

A new Boston paper is named the *Friendly Grasp*. When the Sheriff lays hands on the editor, for debt, maybe he will think there isn't much in a name after all.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

PUZZLERS' KNOTS.

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

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

42.—CHARADE.

My first is known a beverage,
That's often sipped at night;
Yet its effects were never known
To make the drinkers fight.

My second is a well-known vowel,
And found in every school,
'Tis also found in heroine,
And doubled in a fool.

My third you'll find in *Telegraph*,
But not in *Globe* or *News*,
'Tis also found in every brick
That builds the monster flues.

My fourth like love is often crossed
And always found in civil,
'Tis also found in church or school
But never seen in evil.

My fifth and last you'll easy see
By looking at a chair,
'Tis also found in every horse,
(And last year in our Mayor.)

The Ribbon Boys oft use my whole
To promenade the street,
If none can guess my famous name
I'll tell them when we meet.

C. H. DAIG.

43.—UNION JACK PUZZLE.

Across—A boy's name; laborious; noisy festivity.

Down—A legal officer; to reverse; a number. Diagonals—Good will to men; a tricking fellow.

P. M.

44.—WORD SQUARE.

An inhabitant of stagnant pools; the nest of a bird of prey; a cover; a pattern.

PASSEPARTOUT.

45.—HALF WORD SQUARE.

Active; single; finish; a syllable; a beverage.

SHAKES PIER.

47.—RHOMBOLD PUZZLE.

Across—A kind of fruit; to beautify; repeating pain; eminent; the post at the foot of a stair case.

Down—A consonant; equally; to be contentious; to fret; a plant; false hair; not many; a syllable; a consonant.

(ANSWERS IN TWO WEEKS.) DATE FIT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH 23.

30.—Joseph Shaw Knowles.

31.—Wit is the flavor of the mind.

32.—Sonnet.

33.—Elope, elope, poles, pole, ole, Leo.

34.—L A O C O N

E L E V E

A C O

R

A O N

M A P L E

A M A S S E D

PRIZE WINNERS.

First prize.....VIOLA..... Four Solutions.

Second prize...PASSEPARTOUT... Three Solutions.

Third prize.....CAMBO..... Two Solutions.

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

N. V., St. John.—Your solutions to Nos 30, 31 and 32 are right, but received too late to secure a prize. Charade is very good, and will soon appear. Please favor us often.

M. J. McG., St. John.—The three answers you send are right. Please send us some "knots" for our knotters to solve.

P. M., Portland, N. B.—Thanks for puzzles received. They are of the first water, and your frequent contributions to our columns will be heartily welcome.

CHARLES H. DAIG, St. John.—Yes, all kinds of "knots," arithmetical puzzles included, if found worthy will have a place in this department. Please send yours along. Your charades are very good.

PASSEPARTOUT, Coldbrook, N. B.—You notice you have received the second prize, which will be mailed to you regular ly for the time named. Thanks for "knots." They will appear.

DATE FIT, St. John.—Your list of answers was received too late for a prize. Correct, however. "Knots" are excellent. Please continue.

VIOLA.—Your solutions are all correct, and first received. We are pleased to note your interest in our column, and trust it will continue.

CAMBO.—Thanks for early response to our invitation. Glad to know you intend to contribute regularly.

ST. J.—Correctly solves Nos. 30 and 33. Contributions are accepted. Your Prize Charade will soon be published.

"OTTAWA," Ottawa, Ont.—Thanks for first-class Arithmetical Puzzle. It will appear in our next. In the meantime please favor us with more of the same order.

CHESS COLUMN.

#1 All communications and contributions to be addressed to J. E. SARRAWAY, P. O. Box 70.

Problem No. 6.

BY J. B. STUBBS.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 15.

Played at the rooms of the Boston Chess Club, between two of their leading players. (Recorded for the *Tonnet* by M. C. F. Stubbs.)

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Mr. Mitchell, White. Mr. Wright, Black.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| 1 P-K 4 | 1 P-K 1 |
| 2 Kt-K B 3 | 2 Kt-K B 3 |
| 3 KtXP | 3 P-Q 3 |
| 4 Kt-K B 3 | 4 KtXP |
| 5 B-Q B 4 | 5 P-Q 4 |
| 6 Q-K 2 | 6 PXB |
| 7 QxK 1 (ch.) | 7 Q-K 2 |
| 8 K 1-Q B 3 | 8 B-K B 4 |
| 9 QxQ (ch) | 9 BxQ |
| 10 Kt-Q 4 | 10 B-Kt 3 |
| 11 Kt-Q 5 | 11 Kt-Q R 3 |
| 12 KtXB | 12 KxKt 3 |
| 13 P-Q B 3 | 13 B-Q 6 (a) |
| 14 P-Q Kt 3 | 14 K R-K sq |
| 15 P-K B 3 | 15 K-B sq (disch.) |
| 16 K-B 2 | 16 P-Q B 4 (b) |
| 17 Kt-Kt 5 | 17 R-K 7 (ch) |
| 18 K-Kt 3 | 18 PXP |
| 19 Kt-Q 6 | 19 R-Q sq |
| 20 KtXP | 20 R-Kt sq |
| 21 PXP | 21 RxKt |
| 22 P-Q B 4 | 22 Kt-Kt 5 |
| 23 Resigns. | |

- (a) Very well played.
(b) Black prosecutes h- attack vigorously.

SOLUTION TO PROB. No. 5.

- | | | |
|--------------|------------|--------------|
| 1 B-B sq | 10 R-Kt 2 | 19 R(Kt3)-B2 |
| 2 R-Kt 2 | 11 B-Kt sq | 20 B-Kt 3 |
| 3 K-Kt 3 | 12 K- 2 | 21 K-R 2 |
| 4 B-R 2 | 13 R-Kt 3 | 22 R-R sq |
| 5 R(g2)-Kt 1 | 14 B-Kt 2 | 23 K-Kt sq |
| 6 B-Kt 2 | 15 K-R sq | 24 R-R 2 |
| 7 R-B sq | 16 B-R 2 | 25 B-Kt 2 |
| 8 R-Kt sq | 17 R-Kt sq | 26 K-B sq |
| 9 B-R sq | 18 B-B sq | 27 KxKt |

SOLUTION TO PROB. No. 6.

- 1 P-Q 4 or Q 6- 1 anything
2 mates

Solved by J. B. Stubbs and "St. Aloysius," Portland.

NORRIS BEST,

GENERAL IMPORTER OF

Iron and Metals,

No. 120 and 122 Water Street.

April 6-ly

The Irish Friendly Society

OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

GRAND GIFT ENTERPRISE

Will Positively take place on

22nd APRIL, 1878.

DO YOU WANT

\$ 5,000 ?

For \$5 00 You May Receive

\$5,000,	\$100,
1,000,	50,
500,	20,
250,	10,

OR RETURN OF YOUR \$5.00.

-AND-

Two Admissions to the Grand Opera!

The grandest Musical Festival ever held in the Dominion.

Every Ticket Holder has *One Chance in ten* to win \$5.00 in the following list:-

1 GRAND CASH GIFT	\$5,000
1 " " " "	1,000
1 " " " "	500
10 " " " "	50
10 " " \$100	1,000
10 " " 50	500
25 " " 20	500
200 " " 10	2,000
1050 " " 5	5,250

1259 GIFTS, aggregating.....\$10,000

Eleven Tickets

FOR

\$50.00!

#2 The following persons named below were the lucky winners of the large prizes in the Academy of Music scheme, June 30th, 1873, \$5 and \$4 for them. Mr. A. T. Carpenter, Montreal, \$10,000; Miss Annie Guthrie, St. John, \$2,000; Miss Bessie Dalsell, St. John, \$1,000; Mr. C. S. Curran, Halifax, \$1,000; Miss Katie Mahoney, Indianapolis, St. John, \$500; Mr. A. F. Hunt, Quebec, \$500. In addition to 1784 others, who received from \$5 to \$250 each.

#3 Your chance is as good now in proportion as theirs was on the 20th June, 1873.

ASK YOURSELF THIS QUESTION:-Can you afford the small sum of \$5 to do a public good, in addition to your chance of receiving a return of your investment, which, perhaps may make you comfortable for life.

Remit by Post Office Order or Registered Letter to
WILLIAM NANNARY,
P. O. Box 419,
St. John, N. B.

and Tickets will be Registered and sent to your address
April 5

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.

HOGAN & WALSH,

Wine and Liquor Dealers,

Saloon, No. 3, - - - - - Magee Block,

WATER STREET.

WHERE are kept constantly on hand the finest Brands of Foreign and Domestic

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
OYSTERS, & C.

April 6

Custom Clothing.

WE are showing at our establishment one of the best Stocks of

Scotch and English Tweeds and Suitings,

in the market, which we would make to order at very low prices.

ap 6

THOS. LUNNY,
No. 9 King Street.

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



1878. Spring Style. 1878.

SILK HATS.

WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS.
Also in St. ck-Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT HATS, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4.
THORNE BROS.,
march 2 Hat and Fur Store, 35 King Street.

FISHING THREAD.

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

DAILY EXPECTED:
3000 lbs. Dressed Salmon Twine;
1000 " Undressed do.

For sale at Commission Prices.
feb 22-11.

T. R. JONES & CO.

Real Estate Agency.

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

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

feb 9

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 tenderest infant. Price 30 cents.

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

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

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

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

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

WORTMAN & SPENCER,
Paradise Row, St. John, N. B.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
Just received—A very fine Stock of Ladies and Gents.

GOLD WATCHES,
Key and Stem Winders.
Also—A large assortment of SILVER WATCHES, of English, Swiss and Waltham manufacture, which will be sold low at

MARTIN'S
Jewelry Store,
3 MARKET BUILDING,
Charlotte Street.
Feb 16-1m G. H. MARTIN.

A NEW STOCK OF
EBONY DROP DRAWER PULLS
AND
Extra Strong Cash Boxes
AT
Clarke, Kerr & Thorne's,
GERMAIN STREET.

TEMPERANCE
REFORM CLUB!

Provisional Subscription Committee

The following members of the St. John Temperance Reform Club are authorized to solicit subscriptions for the Club House:
J. B. HAMM, ROBERT BUSTIN,
J. A. S. MOIT, J. KERR,
C. R. RAY.
St. John, January 20th, 1878.
C. R. RAY, President.

J. L. McCOSKERY,

Printer, Bookbinder,
AND
MANUFACTURING STATIONER.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
PRINTING
done in first-class style, and at reasonable 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.

GRAND OPENING!

The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing that the

DOMINION
Wine Vaults!

LUNCH AND BILLIARD ROOMS,
Situated in Mullin Bros. Block,
Cor. Deck St. & North Wharf,
are now open to the public. The entire premises fitted up in the most approved American style.
Thankful for past patronage, a continuance of the same is respectfully solicited.
Jan 12—1m C. COURTENAY.

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

DENTAL NOTICE.
GEORGE P. CALDWELL, M. D.,
DENTIST.
No. 7 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.
Jan 5 1y

E. T. C. KNOWLES,
Barrister at Law, Notary Public,
Solicitor of Patents, &c.
OFFICE: Y. M. C. A. BUILDING,
30 Charlotte street, - - St. John, N. B.

KERR & SCOTT
Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants,
17 King street, St. John, N. B.

International Steamship Co.
1878. Spring Arrangement. 1878

TWO TRIPS A WEEK.—On and after Thursday, February 28th, and until further notice, the splendid sea-going steamer, City of Portland, S. H. Pike, master, and New Brunswick, D. S. Hall, master, will leave Reed's Point Wharf every Monday and Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock for Eastport, Portland and Boston, connecting at Eastport with steamer Belle Brown for St. Andrews and Calais. Returning will leave Boston every Monday 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 Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock, p. m.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.
mar 9

AS. 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 bestowed on them in the past.
dec 22 1f.

NOTICE.

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

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

E. P. HAMMOND,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in **SINGER'S HOWE'S AND LAWLER'S SEWING MACHINES.**
Keep Squares, St. John, N. B.
300 needles, Oil and Attachments kept constantly on hand—
Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved.
Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 6m)

DUN, WIMAN & CO.,
MERCANTILE AGENCY,
MARKET BUILDING,
St. John, N. B.
A. P. ROLPH, - - - Manager.
Jan 8 1f

VICTORIA
LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,
PRINCESS STREET,
(Between Sydney and Charlotte).

THE above New and Commodious Stables 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 1y Manager.

BEARD & VENNING,

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

Comprising Black Lustre, Black Briantines, Black Satins, Black French Merinos, Black Cashmeres, Black Bartheles, Black Perrain Cords, Black Empress Cords, Black Wool Serges, A'ss, Court-uld's Celebrated Black Crapes, in all qualities.
Feb 16 **BEARD & VENNING,**

NOTICE.—Just received, at the City Market Clothing Hall—300 Basket Cloth Suits, made to order; 200 Canadian Tweed Business and Working Suits; 100 Scotch Tweed Suits, to be sold at the following low figures:
Basket Cloth Suits, \$18, formerly \$25;
Canadian Tweed do, 10, " 15;
Scotch Tweed do, 12, " 18;
In order to make room for Spring Stock.
THOS. YOUNG & CO., Prop'rs,
Custom work a specialty. Feb 16-1m

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS
Must be True!

THE BEST STOCK OF **LOVES** in every Size, unlined, Black & 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 29 1f 47 King Street.

INSURANCE BLOCK.

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

Boarding and Livery Stable
149 UNION STREET,

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

M. A. FINN,
Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana Cigars. Hazen Building King Square—
dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.

E. W. GALE,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
The Equitable Life Assurance Company of the United States, The Accident Insurance Company of Canada.

Office Room, No 12 Magee's Block, Water street, - - St. John, N. B.
(dec 22)

FERRICK BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in First-Class Wines, Old Brandies, Whiskies, etc.
No. 15 North side King Square,
THOS. S. FERRICK, J. S. J. FERRICK,
dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.