



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

Vol. I.

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1878

No 30

(For the Torch).
THE BEGINNING.

BY "QUEEN."

Now Adam he stood in his grandeur alone,
Ere out of his body had come a rib bone.
(For woman was made from a rib you're aware
So rib bone's their idol, and ribbon they'll wear).

The first of his race, a monarch sublime,
He gazed all around and said "all is mine—
—But still there's a want, a something I miss,
And feel that I long that something to kiss."
Soon after poor Adam fell down in a sleep,
Not restless and tossing, but solemn and deep.
Then rose he, but knew not that woman was maid,

He walked in the garden and was not afraid
But hold! what is this? a maiden so fair
Walks boldly up to him without thought or care.

You're anxious to know how they first broke
the ice?

Well, below find the words, 'twas done very
nice:

HE—"Madam I'm Adam."
SHE—"Adam I'm madam."

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

How sweet 'tis when the golden sun
Is sinking in the rosy west,
To sit beside the sea and rest.
And watch the wavelets, one by one
Break on the sparkling, shell strand,
To watch the distant sail and lull,
To watch the happy, soaring gull,
To hold your fair enslaver's hand,
To clasp your idol to your heart,
All this to me is simply grand—
Especially the idol part.

—Wild Oats.

You can't make friends with a mule by paring
his horns.—*Hackensack Republican*.

"A report is going the rounds"—as long as
you continue to fire a revolver.—*N. Y. News*.

St. John, N. B., is a plucky little city. Since
the disastrous fire of a year ago eight hundred
and sixty buildings have been erected, at a
cost of over \$4,000,000.—*Danbury News*.

Parents with a large family, all boys, can look

on the sunny side of life.—*Ec*. They had
daughter look on the other side too.—*Norris-
town Herald*.

A clergyman who has buried three wives
needn't hesitate about marrying another. It
is part of his calling to "hold fourth."—*Cin.
Sat. Night*.

The culprit eyed the rope that swung
Above him, with a smile;
And whispered, just before he hung,
"This is the noose spring style."
Wild Oats.

"Mose! dey's one wrinkle in dat ark bizniss
of Noah's dat looks rudder billious for my
speckles!" "Wha' dat, Pomp?" "Well, it
pears de Scripture sets forf dat de ole man
cram de c'nnoo wid all kinds o' birds and all
kinds o' beasts, but it don't mension 'bout
sabin any fishes an' clams. Now, wha' kep
dem from drownin'?" "Dat is 'spicious, Pomp,
but I guess de fus printer what set up the Bible
mus' lef' out siffin' 'case hyers yer clam chow-
der for pruff dat Noah landed dat insecck all
right, anyway."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

As the night air is so unwholesome, do not
sit on the front stoop without putting some-
thing around your girl.—*Hackensack Republi-
can*. That's so, we always go armed for an
emergency of that kind. But let's leave the
painful subject.—*St. John Torch*. It would
take more than a pane-full to see it in that
light.—*N. Y. News*.

Behold the farmer-boy going out to mow.
How sweetly the hours pass as he pores over
"Adam Bede" beneath the handy apple tree,
and returns to his noon fodder without "Adam
Bede" of perspiration on his brow.—*Yonkers
Gazette*.

Powder and gloves are the last thing put on
a girl going to a party.—*Bazaar*. You are not
going to get us to ask what is the first, if we
never find out. Besides, we don't want to
know.—*Oil City Derrick*.

First darkey: "What's dis dey's preachin'
now, dat de airf done sagatiate 'roun' de sun?"
Second darkey: "Jess yo' lissen, honey, Brud-
der Jesper's gwine to rise de church debt ef he
knocks all of de stuffin' out ob de 'stronomy."
—*Andrews Bazaar*.

No matter how hard it is to find a rocking-
chair during the day, a man is sure to fall over
when he is in search of the match box after
dark.—*Fulton Times*.

A man never fully realizes to what extent he
is dependent upon others until, at the bar-
ber shop, he has waited impatiently for an hour
and a half for his turn.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A dog-matic man is always dis-curtious.—
St. John Torch. And should be hounded out
of decent society, eh?—*N. Y. News*.

While the jolly joiner adds to his wealth by
his adze, the cheery cobbler finds his all in awl.
—*Hackensack Republican*.

How fitfully the fly surveys
The editorial phiz,
And busily from hour to hour
He hymns his little bizz,
And when he woos the scribe to smack
His journalistic nose,
He lights upon a summit bald
And claps his little toes.
Yonkers Gazette.

It is rather singular that on a wet day a
topee is usually very dry.—*Hackensack Republi-
can*.

He got up this morning, feeling heavy at
heart, without knowing the cause. He went to
the back door, and there saw his garden, the
pride of his waking hours, and the subject of
his dreams, looking like an editor's office. He
sat down on the door-step and said, "(Of all the
sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are
these: I keep a hen!"—*Turner's Falls Re-
porter*.

A butcher's boy was coming down the ave-
nue with a tray on his shoulder. It accident-
ally struck a young lady's seven story bonnet,
when she exclaimed: "Deuce take the tray."
"Madame," said the boy, gravely, "the deuce
can't take the tray."—*Albany Argus*.

If your minister has a severe cough, or ap-
pears to be suffering from a chronic lassitude
during service, or any other symptoms of break-
ing down, he can be cured by a six months
leave of absence, and the prompt application of
a letter of credit for \$5,000.—*Roch. Express*.

The Princess of Wales bought a dozen flat-
irons in the Paris Exposition.—*Wild Oats*.
Perhaps she is going to comb out Albert Ed-
ward's hair.—*Exchange*. Come now, don't
you think this is flat iron-y.—*Razor*.

It has been discovered that the noise made
by bees is a lament.—*Detroit Free Press*. It is
also true that the noise is made by hens in a
lay-ment.—*Review*.

Chrystal, of the *Hackensack Republican*, is a
single man. A week ago Sunday evening, as
his girl nestled her head lovingly upon his
shoulder, her "sharp, pointed ear-rings" tore
a hole in his best broadcloth coat. Verily,
what dangers encompass the bachelor editor.
The next issue of his paper contained the fol-
lowing solemn and suggestive advice: "Young
ladies are advised not to wear sharp, pointed
ear-rings, because they will wear a fellow's
coat."—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

FAITH.

In the gloaming, when my darlings,
In their slumby robes or white
By their mother's knee, have murmured,
"Jesus keep us through the night."

To their little crib, white-curtained,
Where the upper shadows fall,
Nestled in my arms, I take them
Through the dim unlighted hall.

Sift in rayless silence round us
Close the deepening shades of night;
"Dark!" my blue-eyed Willie whispers,
Half in awe and half in fright.

"Dark!" the baby-brother echoes,
With a hush upon his glee,
When my Willie, nestling closer,
Whispers softly, "Papa see."

Blessed, blessed faith of childhood!
Father, grant this faith to me;
Dark the shadows round me gather,
But I know that *Thou dost see!*

REGRET.

I did not love him: Long ago
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

I did not love him, but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray

Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret
Over the whispered No? and why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?

No analyst can guess the cause:
A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure, I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed, that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace, and yet
To-day I seem to see him stand

With every glance a mute career,
Still pleading for the longed-for Yes

His early love for me is dead—
Another live in that love's stead.

And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then

He must be glad that long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

(For the Torch.)

JOTTINGS

BY "QUEEN."

A BUMMER.—"Say friend, yer going to stand treat?"

"No sir," was the dry response from Mr. Wide-awake.

"Here's what we'll all come to," said a friend to an undertaker, as he pointed to a newly made grave.

"Not so," replied the sombre man, "but, *Heav'n's* what will come to us," pointing with pride to his plumed carriage.

"Wat's dat you's eat, Stein?"

"Dats goos berry bic."

"So! how it vas go, eh?"

"Oh! it vos goos berry vell."

SCENE—Art gallery.

COSMOPOLITE.—"Grand, sublime. *What a colour!*" its majestic.

ROMANNT SWELL.—"Watah colah do you say? By jove I wouldn't have one in my house, yaw know."

WHAT WILL HIS WIFE SAY?—Mr. H. Clay Lukens, who writes under the noni de plume of "Erratic Enrique," is one of the most versatile humorists in the country. He seems to be equally at his ease in verse, paragraphs and sketches, and the amount of work he does is really appalling. He keeps a capital column running in the *New York News*, is a regular contributor to the *Danbury News*, St. John Torch, and other humorous papers, and courts a flamingo haired girl over in Hoboken, seven nights a week the year round. That's what we know about Lukens.—*St. Louis Journal*.

Can the editor of the *Rome Sentinel* tell us why his house is like one of Ouida's novels?

Can't guess it, eh? Why, because it is a Rome-mause. Copy right.

Little bits of lemon,

Little junk of ice,

Little water and sugar

Make a man feel nice.

—*Boston Post*.

Oysters out of season,

Cannot have a raw;

So we try a "cobbler,"

Suck it through a straw.

HARROWING!

ANNIE.—"Can you tell me, ma, why the perfume on the handkerchief of my dear Augustus is like me, shooting an arrow at a target?"

MA.—"No, my dear, I don't see the similarity; why is it?"

ANNIE.—"Because it's aro, ma scent from my beau."

Ma faints.

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.

Signor Antonio, many a time und oft

In der Rialto you haf abused me

Abound mine monies, und said dot

I took more interest in a year

Den der principal vas come to!

Still haf I borne all dose mit

A patient shrug;

For, vot you call it? sufferance?—

Vas der badge uv all our tribe;

You call me bad names—

Misbeliever, cut-throat, son of a gun,

Cheep Shon, und so on.

Vell, den it vas now appeared

Dot you need mine help!

You come to me and you said,

Mister Shylock, old poy, I vould

Like to borrow dree dousand ducats

Till next Saturday! You said so?

You, dot haf booted me

Two, dree, six, several dimes.

Und spurn'd me from your three-hold

Like a dog! Monies is your suit, den?

By goodness, you haf more cheek

As a book agent! Should I not said:

Haf a dog money?

Do a son uv a gun

Keep a pank account?

Didn't it been impossibility

Dat der cur should lend you

Dree dousand ducats? Or,

Shall I bend low, and in a bonds-man's key,

Mit lated breath und whispered humbleness

Said this:

Fair sir: you spit on me on Wednesday last,

You spurn'd me on Thursday,

On Friday you told me to vipe off

Mine shin off;

A nudder dime you call me

Old Stick-in-der-mud;

I'nd, now, for dose dings

I lend you—a lie cent nickel

Und took a mortgage

On your old paid head!

DON'T IT?

—*Oil City Derrick*.[For the Torch.]
BUZZ SEASON.

'Tis the season of flies,
And they light on our nose,
At dawn's early rise
For a buzz I suppose,
But they sadly disturb our repose.
Then to catch them we try,
But the coquetish fly
So forward, yet shy,
Is away, and we sigh,
And over our heads draw the clothes.

'Tis the season of flies,
Sad season indeed,
They bolt into our eyes
When we're trying to read,
And they fall in our soup when we feed.
When we sleep—in our nose,
When we read—in our eyes,
When we eat—in our soup,
Ah then what surprise,
That we call it the season of flies?

EAK.

Sir George Bock, the distinguished Artic navigator, is dead. He was not the inventor of Bock beer. And although water was his favorite, he has finally come to his —. Infant class in paragraphing, what did the gentleman come to?—*Oil City Derrick*.

The saddest words of tongue or pen:
"Jimminy gracious! I've got 'em again!"
—*Huckensack Republican*.

The saddest words we hear each day,
Is "Charge it ag'in, sometime we'll pay."
—*Credit Meridian Recorder*.

The pleasantest words she heard were when
Her papa told her she "might have Ben."

"CALL ME PET NAMES."

[From Union Advocate.]

In February last a circular was issued broadcast over the Province, and is now to be seen posted up in various places: The following is an extract from that circular, bearing the name of one of our most respectable citizens:—

Chatham, 8th Feb., 1878.

TO D. G. SMITH, LIAR AND SLANDERER:

Sir,—When a scoundrel sinks so low in the estimation of all honest men, that he can sink no lower, when he has been branded in the public prints of the County as a "deliberate liar and foul-mouthed slanderer," when the proofs of the charge have been given to the world and not denied, he has forfeited all claims to the courtesies that prevail in respectable society.

Now, sir, having again convicted you of malicious falsehood, I leave you to your own reflections,

With pity and contempt, I am,
W. WYSE,
Fishery Overseer.

This charge still remains unanswered, and while it does, the person so charged only deceives himself if he thinks that any statement coming from him will be generally believed in this County, or in any other where he is known.

In a neighboring town they are talking of insti-
tuting a brass band. Blow away!—*Port Chester Journal*. Cornet you do better than that?—*Danielsonville Sentinel*. Tuba sure; cymbal enough, ain't it?—*Edinburgh Herald*.

Fife for shame, making fun of them. Let them drum around, and try a gle-an a few dollars from the natives, then pick a low priced leader and everything will be all right.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

CHESS COLUMN is unavoidably held over this week.

PUZZLERS' KNOTS.

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

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

156.—RHOMBOID PUZZLE.

Across: To mail; to skin; belonging to minerals; a girl's name. Down: Part of Pais; a preposition; a boy's nick-name; a word; assent; a well known abbreviation; part of Africa. ST. J.

157.—DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

Sides name a horseman. Base, never to forget. Summit, a numeral; the initials of a well-known poetess; an exclamation; French money; low, winter vehicles; dominion; a Latin word, and a vowel; to remind. SOBER SIDES.

158.—WORD SQUARE.

Calm; a plant; a blind zealot; to call forth; to undo. SILV.

159.—CHARADE.

In many cities o'er the land
They have their parks and gardens,
Where may be seen the living day,
The prettiest Dolly Varlens,—
Some of these are rich and rare,
And some are common-places,
And some the honored name do bear,
That ne'er can first efface.

The millionaire in palace grand
Possesses much his second,
The poor man in his cottage near
Is by him oft-beckoned
One has my next in plenty,
The other has it, too;
In one it counts for money,
In one for health 'tis true.

A man some hundred years ago
In famous England old,
Has left to generations come and gone
A story often told
Of how by might and valor
My whole he did upraise
The wonder of the people
For ages and for days.

WROSS.

160.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In rum, not in gin;
In out, not in in;
In sea, not in land;
In music, not in band;
In mine, not in your;
In after, not in before;
My whole is a large territory.

LEWINDER.

161.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

In my first you find the verb to settle;
My second shows a bird of mettle;
My third a curse we often call;
The next a niche within the wall;
My next doth come from Asian sloe;
The sixth an envoy of the pope;
The last relates to a Grecian game,
With wreaths and laurels, signs of fame.

Initials a Spanish General downward read;
Fina's an animal wild indeed.

CLARA L.

162.—DISSECTED ANIMALS.

Arrived, and an abbreviation.
A boy's name, and a partner.
Part of the person, a river, an utensil, a verb,
a pronoun.

CLARA BELLE.

163.—ANAGRAMS.

Berne soaks.
Down first.
Howe's son.
Liven sling.
Waep root.
Tako swore.

(Answer in two weeks)

SNOW SHOE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE 19.

155.—Sultan.

136.—P R I M E
E L
T L
E L
R A V E N

137.—E F L
C A E
U L B
C H I A M P O
N I D
O S O
N E R

138.—S near S.—Sneers.

139.—External, Orleans, Enigma, Prominent.

140.—T R I L L E S
R A U W D
A M C E A
C U R E T E S
H T R S M
I E E I U
N U R S E R S

141.—Quebec.

142.—Charles Rende.

143.—May-flower.

144.—N E W H A V E N
E X P R E S S
W I L L O W
B A N D I T I
R C S T I C
U N L O C K

145.—Qu in cy.

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

PRIZE WINNERS.—The first prize, offered in our issue of June 29th is won by Sober Sides. The second by our new knotter, Pow Pill. We trust both our contributors will be pleased with their success.

OUR WORD-HUNT.—We wish every reader of the TORCH to remember this feature, and accept the standing and cordial invitation to enter. The more the merrier.

PRIZES.—For the best list of answers to puzzles in the number, we will send a hand-ome penholder. For the second best list the TORCH two months.

JOHN JAY.—Glad to know you like the Tomen, and to find a regular reader interested in the Knots. Your puzzles will appear.

FOSTER.—You did very well; but didn't send quite enough, however.

CLARA BELLE.—You did likewise. No. 149 seemed to puzzle you.

SNOW SHOE.—We are more than pleased to hear from you.

VIOLA.—We now know the reason of your lengthy absence. Your return, we trust, will be marked by renewed attention.

SOBER SIDES.—Pow Pill and you—thou stoic knottist—sent first rate lists.

JESSIE B.—Our sincere thank are yours for the kind letter we received. Always happy to hear from you.

FANNY.—Our fair correspondent's answers are very well written, and nothing will press us better than to enrol her among our active contributors.

HORT LENS.—Do not be discouraged because non-success has attended your efforts.

TELLIS.—Your attempt was very fair.

ST. J. asks: "Is there any difference between de quodding chial andling for summer, and an Eastern impugner willing for some woyah?" No, we don't think there is.

D. DOWAS.—I ceased to find a D. D. has joined our ranks. All your answers are right. Come again.

BRUNZ WICKER.—Your list of answers was very complete.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, July 9, 1878.

At length the hot weather has come, and each day seems hotter than any preceding one while no person can doubt that we are to have a genuine summer when the thermometer stands at 95 in the shade.

The past few weeks College Commencements and School Exhibitions have been the order of the day, and the usual number of A. B.'s and "sweet girl graduates," have been sent adrift upon a cold and unfeeling world, who, as the various valedictorians and salutatorians have said, go forth with lofty aspirations and fresh hearts to win that fame and renown, which (of course) awaits each one of them.

In a few years, the young man who last week proudly bore away the parchment which Alton Mather bestowed upon him, will have become a care worn professional man, a hen-pecked husband, or worse than either, may have been compelled to descend to that real work such as a merchant's life furnishes, while fame and glory and even the aspirations that he once held have faded gradually away.

Nor is it far otherwise with the "sweet girl graduate." Her school books are closed perhaps forever. This summer she will be found among the mountains, at the beach, already an adept in those many arts and graces that a woman never has to learn. Next she will read a little, devote herself to the piano or society, or perchance become a clever little house-keeper. For a time she will keep up one or two romantic friendships begun in school, but after awhile the stream of rush and sentiment, that rose so high when she was in her teens, will gradually subside, and empty into the sea of oblivion; and she, herself, will finally become a staid and sensible old maid, or a truly wearied wife.

Commencement Day at Harvard this year was very interesting. The presence of Lord Dufferin, not withstanding our republican opinions, lending *clat* to the occasion when the honor of LL. D. was conferred on him there was great applause, which he received with his accustomed grace.

The Fourth was celebrated in great style this year by regattas and various entertainments throughout the city. The trip of the flying machine (which has proved more successful than that of De lafus of old) was a great attraction, and drew crowds of people. Indeed the vast Common was literally packed with "country cousins," whose chief occupation, besides gazing around, and looting on the grass, consisted in eating the national fruit, peanuts, and drinking that invigorating beverage, iced lemonade.

During this hot spell, amusements are at a discount, and in fact there is nothing worth mentioning going on at present.

LEAH

The St. John (N. B.) TORCH is a new and entertaining addition to *The Times* exchange list. It is devoted to miscellaneous light reading, and is ably and briskly edited. — *Fulton* (N. Y.) Times.

TERMS:

The price of the Torch will be \$1.00 a year, payable in advance—post paid to any address in Canada or the United States.

TO CLUBS.

Ten copies one year, in one wrapper to one address \$10, with extra copy to person getting up Club.
Parties remitting should either Register their letters or send Money Order payable to the order of JOSEPH S. KNOWLES.

ADVERTISING RATES:

	per inch.	half col.	1 column.
1st insertion	\$1 00	\$4 00	\$6 00
Subsequent	50	2 00	3 00
Per month	2 30	9 00	13 00
Per quarter	5 80	24 00	35 00
Per half year	10 00	40 00	60 00
Per year	17 00	66 00	99 00

Cards \$10 per year.

Special notices \$1 first ins., 1 line or 10.

All communications to be addressed,

"Torch Torch,"

St. John, N. B.

THE TORCH will be for sale at the following places:

H. R. MITTS, Charlotte street;
W. E. CRAWFORD, Market Building, Granin st.
E. HANEY & CO., King street;
G. E. FRO-T, Union street;
C. BELYEA, Portland;
J. CRAWFORD, Portland;
GEO. MURDOCK, Union st.
Single Copies—Two Cents.

TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 13, 1878.

WISE AFTER THE EVENT.

The *Telegraph* properly commends the action of the Council in restoring the seats in the old grave yard, but makes a rather late objection to the work going on in Union and Georges streets.

It seems a little absurd in our wise contemporary, to note, with apparent disapproval, the fact that there has been no recent discussion in the Council, upon the necessity and cost of grading these streets, in view of the fact that the work upon both of them, is about half finished. The *Telegraph* says that if the lines of Dock street had been run differently, from what they have been, the grading of Union and Georges streets, would have been unnecessary; and that the grade of Union street then would not have been as bad as that of the lower part of Princess street. This sounds very well, but then the lines of the street have been laid out as they are, and the unavoidable result of that accomplished fact is the grading of Union and Georges streets. It is to be remembered that for heavy business purposes the lower part of Princess street is useless, and the business required to be done on Union street is all of a heavy character. At this late day, to discuss of the necessity and cost of this work now, would be very like "shooting dead ducks" (our contemporary should have waked up some months ago.

The *Telegraph's* statements about the stone placed on Dorchester street certainly demand the attention of the Chairman of the Street Committee.

The excuse for the watering-cart grievance is the want of men, horses and carts—to do more than has been done, without neglecting more important work. As tenders have been asked

for a new watering-cart—one of these wants will be, to some extent, supplied. The best remedy, however, would be for the King and Prince William street merchants to club together and have a watering-cart of their own

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.

We are glad to learn that the *Detroit Free Press* has risen from its ashes, without the smell of fire on its robes. Mr. J. L. STEWART, who recently visited its office, could hardly believe, at first, that he was in a newspaper establishment. The editors and reporters have separate rooms, to the number of a dozen or so, which are supplied with Brussels carpets and elegant furniture. The walls are handsomely painted, and adorned with pictures and other works of art. The Commercial Editor's room is decorated with pictures representing runs on Savings Banks, the collapse of Joint Stock Companies, and the combats of bulls and bears on Change; the Marine Editor's room has pictures of shipwrecks and steamboat explosions; the Dramatic Editor's room is hung with pictures of theatrical and musical stars, including W. F. OWEN; and the other rooms are appropriately adorned. Lewis, the famous humorist of the *Free Press*, was found amid a motley array of relics, pictures, busts, and weapons, a careful study of which would fail to indicate what department he belonged to. His face had the prematurely grave look to be expected on a funny man's countenance, and he smiled the sad smile of the humorist. He had just written the last of his widely known Police Court papers, and felt sorrowful at parting with Bijah and the Judge.

The *Free Press* has a new Bullock printing machine which turns out from 15,000 to 20,000 papers an hour, printed on both sides, folded and pasted. Any of our newspaper men can get one just like it for \$25,000. Mr. STEWART was shown over the establishment by Mr. BARR, one of the editorial corps and was much pleased with his visit.

THE WORK of the Peace Congress, at Berlin, is almost finished. The result of the Conference being—a victory for English diplomacy, and a new Treaty. By the Treaty, the great Powers of Europe agree—among other things—that the Balkans shall be the boundary line between Turkey and Bulgaria, and that Turkey shall hold and defend them; that Roumania and Servia shall be free states; that Bosnia and Herzegovina may be occupied by Austria; and that Russia shall hold Batoum, but as a free port. Russia has spent seven hundred and sixty millions of dollars, and spilt the blood of two hundred and fifty thousand men to make a reality of the dream of PETER THE GREAT, and his failed.

BRACONFIELD adds to the many sensations with which he has startled Europe, another brilliant surprise—in the acquisition by Great Britain of the Island of Cyprus.

HALIFAX does not observe Dominion Day.—Rather unpatriotic to be sure. But then what need of a special holiday where every day partakes so much of that character?

The Minister of Customs has arrived home from Ottawa.

T. J. H. COTHER has been appointed Clerk of the Circuits for King's County.

Sergeant Briggs was dispatched to Halifax on Wednesday morning with George Patch, the man-of-war deserter.

HON. E. B. CHANDLER, having been appointed Lieut. Governor of his Province, will proceed to Fredericton, in a few days, to be sworn in. His son, Mr. Joshua Chandler, will be his Private Secretary.

Col. MacShane, who has been on a tour of military inspection in Charlotte County, was in town on Wednesday. He reports very hot weather in St. Andrews.

THE CHESAPEAKE affair is recalled to notice, by the arrest of Lieut. PARR for the murder of ORRIN SHEPPARD, one of the Engineers of the *Chesapeake*.

The villainous red-skin who committed the diabolical outrage on Mrs. Wilson is still at large. It is to be hoped that the infernal rascal will be speedily brought to justice.

IS IT not time the Candidates for the Dominion Parliament were announcing themselves? TORCH will be glad to make room for the cards of gentleman, on either side, at usual low rates—and will carry the tidings to every elector.

MR. C. A. EVERETT's attack on the Requisition system, on Declaration Day, appears to have borne fruit. It appears now that Messrs. KING and PALMER are not to be requisitioned. This seems wise—for a requisition is often an offence to those who have not been invited to sign it, and is open to the objection that it violates the theory of the ballot.

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS."—Though "all flesh is grass," all flesh is not permitted to walk on the grass, in the "Old Burial Ground" To do so is considered a grave offense. An Englishman attempted to do so the other day without getting "French leave," and had to "walk Spanish." John Bull, not liking the tombs tone of the official, who ordered him off, wrote a letter to the *Telegraph* complaining of his rough treatment.

A FREE CONCERT.—The efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association to make their rooms a means of enjoyment and benefit to the young people of the city, are deserving of appreciative support. The Parlor Concert, on Tuesday evening, was largely attended, and was a most pleasing entertainment. A number of ladies and gentlemen gave songs and readings; and the intermission, which is ordinarily a tame affair, was on this occasion agreeably spent in the discussion of strawberries and cream. The tasteful appearance of the Parlor reflected credit on the new General-Secretary, Mr. J. A. GAULD. The Association has never been in better position, than it is now, for carrying out the purposes of the Society.

CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will," but the frightful ceramics pasted on by the women folks will stick to it still.—*Norristown Herald*.

You may shatter the jug, and the potbeem may spill,
But the excoiseman's nose knows the scent of its still.

Women's rights have been so far recognized at Fort Edward, N. Y., as to make Mrs. Sarah T. Cook pound mistress.—*Ex*.

It may be all right to make Mrs. Sarah T. Cook pound-cake, but why make her cook a pound mistress?

The liveliest base burner—mother's slipper.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

And likely to cause a base brawl.

We have seen a bun-dance in our time. Waltz the next observation?—*N. Y. News*.

Did you ever see a cow drill?

Mr. Anderson doubts very much if even Apollo would dare strike him.—*Tanbury News*.
Not if he'd Apollo-gize.

A position in our Sanitarium might be called a Cin-O-Cure.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

If you want to try a cynic cure, practice on Miss Ann Thropy.

He popped the question on an excursion boat in the harbor, and thus were they bay trothed.—*N. Y. News*.

And probably took an otion too go right away and have the knot tide. Sea?

The home bird—the coo-coo.—*New York Commercial*. The pugilistic bird—the sparrer.—*New York Graphic*. The burglarious bird—the robin.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The bibulous bird—the swallow.

"Ann-vil, core us some apples," said the musical rural blacksmith to his visiting friends.—*N. Y. News*.

Now Chrystal we ap peal to you if such an villainous pun is core-ect?

Much cold comfort can be drawn through a straw.—*Yonkers Gazette*. Cold comfort! Out here they call it lemonade with a stick.—*Ottawa Herald*.

Com-for-t o think about it we have found it, ough a straw, berry nice.

anny June says a substitute for the corset is clumsily called the Emancipation waist. A young man's arm is another good substitute—we've been told. But why it is so, we have never learned.—*Norristown Herald*.

Provided it stays there with her permission to so-lace her in misery—of course it is all right then.

Some clergymen are always complaining of meagre salaries, and yet every Sunday they're sure to have a surplice.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Will you sir, please explain that joke?

Girls, cream cake is good, but remember that the road to a man's heart often lies in a well-cooked steak.—*Hackensack Republican*.

If we miss-steak not you'll rarely see one.

The corner stone of the Bank of New Brunswick was laid without any cere money.—*St. John Torch*. Why didn't they wax the stock-holders.—*N. Y. News*.

Have an idea it would be appropriate to do so at a cell-eb-ration of that kind.—*Honey soit qui mal y pense*.

The arm worm is raising havoc in Monroe and Orleans counties.—*Rome Sentinel*.

If that is so the paragrapher will hav-oc-casion to say about the "Diet-of Worms."

Hiram C. Sparks at the Grand Hotel, Paris. We have not learned the name of the lady.—*N. Y. News*.

That's nothing. Hiram sees parks in any large city if he keeps his eyes about him.

A Meriden man has lately lost 100 chickens by some unknown disease.—*Bridgport Standard*.

Perhaps they saw some hen-bane, and didn't know enough not to pullet and eat it. By the way did the owner, as a sign of mourning, wear a chick-weed around his hat?

After the storm, the sunshine. This is a natural sea quell.—*N. Y. News*.

That is good, Lukens; you might seek well before you'd find it's-sequell.

Em Brace is a popular girl.—*Yonkers Gazette*. Em Bargo (1774) was bad on the tens.—*New York Herald P. I.* Em T. Pocket (1878) is bad on the ones.—*Whitehall Times*.

Em Press is a good type of girl for an editor providing she don't turn out an Em Boss.

The demand for icicles has very materially declined and the market has a downward tendency. Water you giving us?—*N. Y. News*.

We heard a man enquiring at a hardware store, the other day, for a nice sickle, and farmers say they will soon be on the ryes. Wheat rust you'll be more particular in your quotations.

Is a barber expected to shave notes.—*Fulton Times*

Certainly, providing he hone-ly charge a razor-able shave and don't take too much off the face of the note. When a fellow gets "strapped" to whom must he look for a shave?

Who ever saw an ear rake?—*Rome Sentinel*. Who ever saw a hoe-nitton lace?

A dog deliberately drowned himself in Groton not long ago.—*Bridgport Standard*.

A sad oc-car-ance—probably he was't feline well.

Funny little items, clothed in manner good, make the morning paper help digest the food.—*Meriden Recorder*. But if the larder's empty, and the paper in arrears, he's a breezy paragrapher whose wit the poor man cheers.—*N. Y. News*

You are right "Erratic;" those are just my views; no man feels ecstatic when he has the "blues."

The man and the performing bears were in town the other day.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Were they Madame Fashion's Bruin ettes?

One cat does not make a summer.—*N. Y. Commercial*. No; but half a dozen May-July awake.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

We have seen one cat make a spring. Didn't June know that before?

Why is a baffled and badly-beaten base ball club like a noted poison? Because it's the stricken-nine. The male friends of the family are invited, the corpse being so terribly disfigured.—*N. Y. News*.

Wont the friends think you are-cynic-al in your remarks.

"Can you give me some information about the anatomy of the fly?"—Jones. At a season when the fly is so busy studying our anatomy we consider it improper to make any diversions. At another time we may gratify you.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The a-knat? oh! my!!

(For Torch)

ENRIQUE-ISMS.

NEW YORK, Tuesday, P. M. July 9th.
Keever Captain Knowles—
Enclosed are seven squibs, popped off between sweats. Whew! but it's warm, 95° a 98°—Fair in height "Ever of thee"

ENRIQUE.

—In a division of agricultural implements how much does the plow-share?

—Envy is a rank weed that chokes the contentment our consciences would foster.

—Doesn't a French gal lick tongue in the Gallic tongue? We Have down fine on this, but neither Cecile Nor-mandy will own up.

—I would not live away, I can't not to stay, it costs too much for washing, wearing three shirts a day.—*Boston Post*. Shed not a tear o'er this genius so queer, when he is gone, he is gone—see how he flirts those three white boiled shirts, he has just taken out of the pawn. Next.

It is not always politic to raise a fallen brother on the toe of your boot. Sometimes you can afford to do it with a full hand.

—Said the acute Anna-to my better-half:—
"The coat of the stomach has no buttons, yet there are several inside pockets."

—Now gentlemen, give us a ten cent cigar for five cents, and a five-cent cigar for nothing.—*Boston Post* And throw in a lunch? Never!—*Detroit Free Press*. Oh bother! If we have a five-cent cigar we'll throw up the lunch.—*Boston Comic Bulletin* Ah! you would throw up anything but your situation.
NEW YORK CITY.

HAVLIAN.—This celebrated single sculler arrived here on the "City of Portland," on Tuesday afternoon, accompanied by his trainer Mr. Scholes, and two other friends. A large crowd of persons were assembled on the wharf to greet him, and as he walked up the floats the loud cheers of welcome which he received, must have convinced the plucky young Toronto sculler that the St. John people were not such a bad set as Mr. Meeker had painted them. Of one thing he may be assured, that whether successful or defeated in the aquatic struggle which is about to take place on the Kennebecasis, he will receive the most kind treatment and New Brunswick fair play. On landing he was met by Messrs. Finn, McConnell, and Mr. McDade of the *News*, who escorted him to the Hotel Dufferin. After supper Mr. Harper took him out for a short drive through the city, after which he went to the Institute to see Neil Warner as "Sir Giles Overreach."

On Wednesday morning, accompanied by his Toronto friends and a few of the Ross backers, he drove out to make arrangements for quarters, which were obtained at Mrs. McGowan's. The boats were taken out on Wednesday evening and he is now actively engaged in preparing for the great event, which will probably decide his present claim to the Championship of America.

THE MONTON GAS AND WATER COMPANY have commenced operations. Mr. Perry of Montreal, has the contract for erecting the gas works. The cost of both establishments will be about \$63,000. The Dominion Government agree to pay \$3,000 a year for water, and \$1.25 per thousand cubic feet for gas, and the steel-holders expect the enterprise will pay a good dividend.

War-fare—soldiers rations.

"Flash" language—a telegram.

Strange! The only man an assessor of taxes under rates is his friend.

A fashionable dressmaker gives the most satisfaction when she makes a miss fit.

The beautiful residence and grounds of the late ex-Governor Wilnot are offered for sale.

C. H. B. Fisher, Esq., has started out on the political war-path in York County.

Hon. P. Mitchell was at Chatham on Saturday last.

As Mr. Tole of the *Freeman* was walking along Canterbury street yesterday, his style of walking reminded us of a Tole gait.

Dr. Dow will protest against the recent York election. He says there is no doubt on his mind but that they will be unseated.

Shooting began at Wimbledon on Tuesday. The New Brunswick representatives show well to the front.

A lead miner's wife, in this Province, presented her husband with a pretty little girl, and when asked by the mother what name to call her, the funny father replied: "My dear let us call the gal Lena."

A young man, entering an armory, observed to his companion, that the weapons were all piled up in tiers. "How else would you expect weeps, if not in tears?" replied his funny companion.

Jimmy Sinclair challenged any City or Portland hair dresser to row a single scull race for \$5. Perhaps he thought a barber didn't know anything about "skulls," but Hugh Campbell saw his \$5, and went \$45 better. Sinclair preferred to "shut up" rather than "put up" and Campbell is now quite a hair-row among the barbers. One of them said "Hugh can lather him quite easy." Of course, if these clippers have a race, each man will have to keep in his lone water or the other might razor row about it. Campbell will require a boat with a good sheer.

A STILL.—An amateur single-sculler, known as "Long Bob," came within an Inch of losing his life the other day in Courtenay Bay. He started out from the shore at the eastern end of Mecklenburg street for a "spin" in his single-scull, but had not gone one hundred yards before she dumped him into the water; but, being a big "Bob," he did not sink and, seizing the "shell," paddled for the shore, where a large crowd of spectators were waiting to congratulate him, on his narrow escape from a watery grave. If "Bob" ventures out again in the frail craft he had better get his life-anchored against accident's.

The Torch published in St. John, N. B., is a blazing, bright little sheet, from beginning to end.—*N. Y. Wild Oats.*

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The Call and Citizen comes from Meriden, Conn., where it is published, tri-weekly. Merry-den! we should think so, judging from its comic contents.

Connecticut is famous for clocks, wooden-utnages and the Bridgeport *Standard*. The latter leads the van of Republican journalism, in Bridgeport, and vicinity.

The last *Canadian Spectator*, has an able editorial, the aim of which is the reconciliation of Catholics and Orangemen.

The *Sentinel*, published at Rome, N. Y., to which we are indebted for the latest and most reliable fashion notes, comes to us this week for the first time, in exchange. It is typographically creditable and with good solid leaders and spicy original paragraphs, intermingled with choice selections, it comes up to our beau ideal of a first-class journal. No ch-rome-cs.

(From the Saint John Globe.)

W. C. B.

From shadowy vales, with odorous flowers besprinkled,
Where sang the birds and broke at twilight and at dawn—
Where all the stars of heaven most kindly twinkled,
Thou art forever and forever gone!

No more to muse by tufts of moss—by river—
By crystal spring—by storm-belt rock and gray—
No more to dream where whispering willows quiver—
No more o'er surging sea to look away!

Well! the world's heart thy tender songs have gladdened!
With highest aspiration teems thy glowing page!
In the low vale of years! Why are we saddened,
When thou shalt sing, and teach, from age to age?

No tears when one like thee from earth departs,
Eternity is thine in human hearts.

H. L. SPENCER.

STAGE SPARKS.

DOCKRILL HALL.—The lovers of emotional drama have enjoyed a rich treat this week, at least those here who attended the performance of Miss Charlotte Thompson and her talented company. The attendance during the week, considering the counter-attraction of the legitimate at the Institute, has been very good, and the opinions generally expressed are, that in such emotional plays as "East Lynne," "Camille," "The Sarah Milton," she has few superiors. On Wednesday evening "Camille" was put on as well as could be done with the limited stage accommodation, and Miss Thompson sustained this agonizing act very ably. Mr. Thompson, as Armand, did well, though perhaps a trifle too tart in the scene where he "gives away" his business Camille and exposes her perfidy. The other parts were fairly rendered.

On Thursday evening they played "East Lynne." Lady Isabel is one of Miss Thompson's most successful representations, especially in the part of the play when she returns to her former home disguised as Madon Vine. Her broken English dialect was very good, and the parting scene between her and Archibald Carlyle was particularly realistic. Mr. Bryton was sufficiently willowous, both in appearance and action. Mrs. Watson sustained the part of Miss Corney, the sharp-tongued old maid, very cleverly, but the policy of introducing clippings during her interview with "Sir Francis" could hardly be commended. The other parts were well taken. The orchestra was excellent. Last evening "Romeo and Juliet" was played.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—McDowell's Company, with Neil Warner as the "star," opened on their return from Halifax in "Hamlet," on a fair house. Tuesday, "Sir Giles Overreach," "Othello" on Wednesday. On Thursday night "The Merchant of Venice" was put on, but the audience was small. Shakespeare is too heavy for July, even with Mr. Warner as "Shylock." The revengeful Jew was incarnated with great force and passion. If the support had been good we should have said that the impression lacked repose—that it was too interruptedly impassioned—but as it was the rest of the cast afforded the necessary relief to the mind of the auditor. Miss Feeves as Nerissa and Miss Weaver as Portia were pleasing. Their actions were natural and dignified, and their execution correct. The best of us say of the others the better they will like us, as they only succeeded in turning the whole performance into a farce.

Mr. John E. Healy has secured the Burlesque Company which has been at the Boston Howard Atheneum, and will open at Dockrill Hall, on Monday evening, 22nd inst.

Mr. Chas. H. Thayer will exhibit the wonderful phenomenon of the Hall of the Y. M. C. Association, on Monday evening.

The steamer *May Queen* has been chartered by two enterprising gentlemen to convey excursionists to the Ross Hanlan race. As every provision will be made for the comfort of those on board a good time may be expected. Price of tickets \$1 each, which will be good for the following day in the *Fleur* should the race be postponed.

Inducements to Subscribers.

BEAUTIFUL ART PRIZES.

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

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

The oil paintings are being painted by our talented 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 August.

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.

Canvasers wanted, to whom good commissions will be given, to obtain subscriptions in this city and the Provinces. Parties wishing to canvass will please apply personally to the editor, at the office of E. T. C. Knowles, Barrister, &c., in Bayard 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.

MONCTON, N. B. May 7th, 1878.

J. F. ROBINSON, Esq., St. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—In January last I came to Moncton from New Brunswick to consult a physician, as I was in the last stages of Consumption. When I arrived here I had at once to go to my bed, and was so low I never expected to leave it. A physician was called who pronounced my case as hopeless; that I might live a week or two, but certainly not more. As a last resort he recommended Robinson's God Liver Oil with Lacto-Fosphaite of Lime. I purchased a bottle and after taking the first dose I commenced to improve. I seemed after taking a dose, as if I had eaten a good, hearty meal. I have continued taking it ever since and am rapidly improving. I am confident that had it not been for your oil I should have been in my grave to-day. You are at liberty to use this in any way you wish, as I am anxious to let others who are afflicted in the same way, know, in the hope that they too may receive the same benefit.

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

GEORGE (his X mark) SEWELL.

Witness—ED. M. ESTRY.

Robinson's Phosphoric Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto Phosphate of Lime is prepared solely by J. H. F. Robinson, Pharmacia utica Chemist, St. John, N. B. For sale by Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$ per bottle; six bottles for \$5.

THORNE BROS

1878. SPRING STYLES. 1878
SILK HATS.

We have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS.
Also in Stock—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT HATS, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4.
Hat and Fur Store, 33 King Street

TEMPLE BAR. J. L. McCOSKERY,

If you want some good "Three Star"
Call on George at "Temple Bar."
"Cobblers," "Juleps," "Brandy Smash,"
Made first class, and cheap for cash.
Aud for those who wear the "blue"
Lemonade and beer for you.
If you want a prime cigar
Come at once to "Temple Bar."

GEORGE BIDDINGTON,
CHURCH STREET.
m.15

FISHING THREAD

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

DAILY EXPECTED:

3000 lbs. Dressed Salmon
Twine;
1000 lbs. Undressed do.

For sale at Commission Prices.

T. R. JONES & CO.
feb 22-4f.

Real Estate Agency.

THE subscriber begs to inform the pub-
lic 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 on
CHARLES W. WATERS,
Office Vernon's Building,
Corner King and Germain st.
feb 9

NORRIS BEST,

GENERAL IMPORTER OF

Iron & Metals,

No. 120 & 122 Water St.
april 16-1y

WM. DCHERTY & CO.,

Custom Tailors,
MARKET SQUARE

St. John, N. B.

FIRST-CLASS FIT and Workmanship
guaranteed. A full stock of Gen'l
Furnishing Goods.

LADIES' SACQUES a Specialty.

We have in stock a first-class assort-
ment of ENGLISH and SCOTCH
TWEEDS, WORSTED COATINGS, Blue
and Black BROCKINGS and BROADS,
OVERCOATINGS, &c., which will be
made up in the latest styles, and a perfect
fit guaranteed. m.1y

CARPETS.

THE subscriber has Removed to
his NEW WAREROOMS,
FOSTER'S CORNER,
where he has a select stock of
Carpeting of every description,
including Brussels, Tapestry and
Wools.

ENGLISH OILCLOTHS
in all the newest designs, and
FURNITURE in all the latest styles
ly
A. B. SHERATON.

J. L. McCOSKERY,
Printer, Cookbinder,
AND
MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
PRINTING

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

A full line of

LAW AND COMMERCIAL
STATIONERY!

kept constantly in Stock.

Account Books,

Ruled, Bound, and Printed to any
pattern.

J. L. McCOSKERY,

(Late with H. Chubb & Co.)

Ennis & Gardner's Building.

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

St. JOHN, N. B.

Jan 12-1m

GRAND OPENING!

THE subscriber takes pleasure in an-
nouncing that

**DOMINION
Wine Vaults!**

LUNCH and BILLIARD ROOMS,
Situated in Mullin Bros. Block,
Cor. Dock St. & North Wharf,
Thankful for past patronage, a continu-
ance of the same is respectfully solicited
Jan 12 C. COURTNEY.

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,
C. R. RAY.

St. John, January 26th, 1878.

C. R. RAY, President.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,
42 and 44

Prince William Street.

HON. ISAAC BURPEE'S BUILDING.

1878.

International Steamship Co.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Tri-Weekly Line.

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 3rd,
(1878) and until further notice, the tri-
weekly steamers, New York, E. R.
Whitaker, master, and City of Portland,
S. H. Drake, master, will leave New-
York for St. John every Monday, Wednesday
and Friday morning, at 8 o'clock, for
Eastport, Portland and Boston.
Returning will leave Boston every Mon-
day, Wednesday and Friday morning, at
8 o'clock.

Course time both ways at Eastport with
steamer Baltic Brown for St. Andrews and
Galicia, and at Portland and Boston with
steamers and mail to all parts of the
United States.

No claims for allowance after Goods
leave the warehouse.

Freight received Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock, p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
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 22-1f.

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.,
feb 22-4f Dock Street.

F. P. HAMMOND,

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

No. 30 COMMERCIAL BLOCK,
King Street, St. John, N. B.

Needles, Oil and Attachments kept
constantly on hand.

Sewing Machines Repaired and Im-
proved.

Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 fm)

**VICTORIA
LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,**
PRINCESS STREET.

(Between Sydney and Charlotte.)

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

Boarding Horses

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

A call respectfully solicited.
ALBERT PETERS

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

**Rouillon Josephine
KID GLOVES,**
First Choice.

JUST RECEIVED—One Case of the
above celebrated
GLOVES

in stock at evening shades.
McCAFFEY & DALY,
Corner King and Germain streets.
may 4

**WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS
Must be True!**

THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every
size, lined, unlined, Buck & Co's
ROUILLON'S, MESSERS FIRST
CHOICE KIDS.

Black Goods and Silks!
The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock
in the City to choose from.

Men's Gentlemen's UNDERCLOTHING
every make.

MACKENZIE BROTHERS,
dec 29 47 King Street.

Ready-Made Clothing.

The Cheapest Lot of Goods ever
imported to this Market.

A GOOD SUIT FOR \$8.00;
A FIRST-CLASS SUIT FOR \$16.00;
THE BEST IN THE MARKET FOR \$14.00;

WORKING PANTS from \$2.00 to \$2.50;
BOYS' SUITS from \$2.00 to \$5.00

Custom Work a Specialty.
THOS. LUNNEY,
may 25 No. 9 King St.

KERR & SCOTT

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

PARK HOTEL

Boarding and Livery Stable
SYDNEY STREET.

dec 22 ly W. H. AUSTIN.

THURGAR & RUSSELL,

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

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 ly St. John, N. B.

M. A. FINN,

Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana
Cigars. H. zen Building King Square.
dec 22 ly 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 BAYARD BUILDING
Prince Wm st St. John, N. B.
(dec 22)

FERRICK BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in First-
Class Wines, Old Brandies, Whis-
ky, &c. No. 15 North side King Square,
Thos. S. FERRICK, J. S. F.
dec 22 ly St. John.

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