

TORONTO

Light Literature

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

Vol. I.

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1878.

No. 14

THE BARBER SHOP.

A three days' growth of stubble on the chin reminds you that a visit to Prof. Clip, the Tonsorial Artist, would be in order; and off you start. As you approach the shop you see another making a "bee-line" in the same direction. Happy thought—"Get in before him."

You put on a little more steam and beat him by a length. You enter and find a dozen or so waiting, and are about to retire, with the intimation that you will look in again, when the polite tonsorialist says, "Your next turn, sah!" This fixes you, and you enter for a two hours' campaign. You then count how many are ahead of you, and settle down

with an air of pious resignation to look over *Our Boys Weekly*, or some other journal of blood-curdling adventures and thrilling escapes. You are about dozing off to sleep when—"N-e-x-t g-e-n-t-l-m-a-n," salutes your ear. Up you spring, take off your coat, and are about to occupy the chair when a big burly chap steps up and disputes your right to it. You know well enough he came in after you, but a slight glance at his superior muscular development, induces you to resign in his favor, and you abjectly crawl back to your seat while the spectators are enjoying a good laugh at your expense.

In a few minutes another "N-e-x-t g-e-n-t-l-m-a-n" is heard, and this time, as there is no dispute, you deposit yourself in the comfortable chair, elevate your feet on the foot-stool, get your head properly adjusted, a towel under the chin, and you are ready for the lather, which the juvenile apprentice supplies with a lavish hand, generally managing to get more in your mouth and up your nostrils than on the outside.

The lathering process occupies about five minutes, after which Prof. Clip stops his razor and commences his slashing operations. Having been sitting up with a sick friend (?) the night previous, you feel sleepily inclined, and are about dozing off when a sharp twist of the head by Clip rouses you for your peaceful slumbers. "Does de razor pull, sah?" The blood he brings at every stroke should be sufficient answer to his query; but somehow you



A WIG-ED JOKE.—Barber—"Have yer h'ar shingled, sah? Give it reg'l'r fightin' cut."

don't seem to have courage to tell the truth, and though you are suffering excruciating torture every time he scrapes, you reply, "Oh! not at all—it cuts beautifully." He will probably volunteer the information that "It is a fine day, sah." You will of course agree with him in this particular, although it is "raining pitchforks," or "blowing big guns." "Have a sea foam?" "No." "Have little ile, sah?" Certainly. In a few minutes your hair will be frizzed like a French dancing master's moustache waxed *a la* Louis Napoleon, the small boy brushes you off—you deposit 10 cents with the polite tonsorialist and—exit.

[FOR THE TORONTO.]
O'QUILL WALKS.

He walked one night by the side of the sea,
And he said, "Oh, heart! alas for thee!"
And he said, "Oh, God, have pity on me!"
As he walked one night by the side of the sea.

For what had he found in the world so wide,
But senseless dogmas and senseless pride?
"They may talk of truth and love," said he,
"But it's nothing but talk, as it seems to me."

And the sea replied,—he its language knew—
"To the false be false—to the true be true;—
Battle with fate! and a conqueror be!"
I will, with the help of God, said he.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

LIGHT LOLLIPOPS.

The Fifth Ward Bill passed the Legislative Council with a large majority. The father of the Bill says they are all good fellows. "Jeems" is a boss lobbyist. *** The rumors about Domville are said to be untrue. He would like to find out who the dom-vill-laus are who started the report. *** The Maritime Bank is said to be still solid. We will exchange our paper for theirs. One dollar in advance. Send along your Maritime. *** Mr. H. C. Stubbs, who kept a hotel in this city for a number of years, died in Sussex on Wednesday last. *** Mr. Croff returned from New York on Tuesday. *** Caroline Keltie, a colored woman, was badly burned, by a lamp explosion in her house, East end of Duke Street, on Tuesday evening. *** The Reform Club

about to be erected on the corner of Germain and Princess streets. They will be fitted up under the Club's supervision. *** George H. Clark has started on the road again with the Fire Panorama. A Wizard accompanies him. George met wizard enough luck the first trip. Hope he will do better this time. *** Vennor's promised snow storm came late on St. Patrick's day. There appears to be a good deal of veneration for his prophecies. *** Common Council aspirants are doing some lively canvassing. *** The Attorney General, when he is thinking most seriously about affairs of State, strange to say, is not *this King*. *** Mr. Quigly made a successful debut as a platform orator on Saint Patrick's night. His subject was, Pius IX. *** Our Demosthenic orator J. C. Ferguson told the "Celestials" on the same evening what he knew about Daniel O'Connell. *** A good book for the street committee to study—The Tal-mud.

Massachusetts tea chests are exported to China. So the New World teaches the Old how to box, it appears.—*N. Y. Daily News*.
Lukens, did it take 'Oo-long to think of that?

And now the vernal bard can crocus much as he likes about the first spring flowers.—*Yonkers Gazette*. And violet the poetic prophecies.—*Albany Argus*. What a pity the Chris-ant-hems are played out.—*N. Y. News*.

The cook's favorite flower is the pan, see? —

[For the Torch.]
NEPTUNUS.

A mariner, dissolute, old and grey,
Lived, when ashore, across the bay.

In his storm-washed cheek he stowed a quid
Of negro-head,—on my soul he did,

And put on his sou'west shiny hat,
His guernsey, dreadnought and all that,—

For why? Because he was bound upon
A cruise in the town of the good St. John.

He knew it was a bilibulous place
And his object was to splice mainbrace.

So he went on a cruise—the thirsty dog—
But none would sell him a glass of grog;

For gimmill, runhole, cellar and cave
Had been swept away by the temperance wave.

Then this dissolute person expressed his views
In the dreadful language sailors use:

"Shiver my timbers, blow me tight,
D—ash my my n iizen and my bow sprite,

"B—less my dead-eyes, sink my erib,
My mamsail, bobstay and flying jib;

"B—urst my binnacle, shift my rudder,
Insectiferous sons of a canine mother,

"If ever I thought I'd be cast upon
A dry lee-bar in this here St. John!"

[For the Torch.]
CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 1.

The Wandering Jew.

Midnight in Paris. For the moment silence reigned. Without premonition a clock struck twelve from the belfry of the twin towers of Notre Dame, and the sound was taken up by all the steeples in the city, even by the little cloches de Saint Jacques le Boiteux, or, as the English call it, St. James with the Game Leg. The combined announcement that it was twelve o'clock rolled and clashed and surged away in a decreasing wave of bell-strokes until the last faint echo died beyond the heights of Montmartre. No sound was heard for some time save the rattling of a fiacre in which were two beings in the glory of youth, who were, in truth, no other than Andrienne de Cardioville and Prince Djahna returning from a tea fight at the Princess de St. Dizier's. Then came two persons in the holiday garb of the Parisian working class, whose loud whistling of the Marseillaise stamped them at once as Couchetous-nu and Cephyse out on a time. Next passed a stout middle aged monsieur with a bulbous nose which it was easy to distinguish, even in that half-light, as the nose of M. Hardy. Soon after followed a group of three persons and a dog,—all four engaged in conversation, of which the only fragment audible was "nom d' une bombe" uttered in a rough soldierly bawl and assented to by the giggling of two girls and the dog's cheerful yowls. Needless to say it was Dagobert with his faithful cur Rabatjoie, escorting Rose and Blanche from Mabil'e. From a neighboring inn-yard came a weird sound of growling,—suggestive of Indian jungle and eightpence admission,—and which the hearer could not fail to identify with the wild beast show of Morok the brute-tamer. The low and thrilling undertone in the

feral row was the voice of the black panther of Java.

Pending these pausing sounds of humanity and brute a single way-farer made his way stealthily along a mean and narrow alley,—an alley so foul, fetid and evil-smelling as to remain a standing protest against the rich, and only possible where there exists no Organisation of Labor.

A gust of wind whistling sharply around the corner of this Souterrain alley, where it debouches into the Rue des Pas Perdus,—that street so full of rue and recollections,—lifted the skirt of the wayfarer's coat. The broadest part of his smalls, being thus brought momentarily within the orbit of the swinging lamp that described fretful circles in every gust, would have shown to any spectator, had there been any such that lonely midnight, that the black kerseymere of which the stranger's main trunks were originally composed had been worn through by much friction on hard chairs, and a patch had been inserted of new cloth of a light yet sombre grey. Strange as it may appear the patch, which a rear view of the stranger presented, was of the same form as the mysterious footmark made by the mystic Jew with the black mark across his brow,—the same as the orifices in the leads of the house like a mausoleum in the Rue St. Francois,—the same, in fine, as this:

o
o o o
o
o
o

and from the vividness of the stitches, which stood out in bold relief like seven shirt buttons, it was evident that the patch had been let in by the owner of the smalls himself, or by some one unskilled in the sartorial art, and had been sewed with twine. It needed but this, and the baggy umbrella under his arm, to show that the way-farer was Monsieur Rodin.

Slowly behind him crept Faringhae the Strangler. With the stealthy undulation of a boa the assassin approached his prey. Drawing a slender dagger or creese, dull in lustre as bronze, but deadly as the fang of a cobra, to which it bore a resemblance, Faringhae, with a cry of "this for Bohwanic!" launched the treacherous steel at the second stitch from the top, counting downwards on the seat of the pantaloons, but the venomous point of the weapon coming in contact with the brass probe of the umbrella, entered the last stitch on the right and, passing obliquely, came out at the last stitch on the left, thus impaling the transverse arm of the cross! Rodin staggered against the wall and, with a groan similar to this: "When-en-en-ugh ng-ug-enn-ugh," expired.

Then he called for the police.

This terrible man who took every precaution to preserve his life that, like another Sextus V., he might aspire to the papacy,—who never sat on anything but a hard-bottomed chair lest there should be a concealed dagger in the seat,—who fed exclusively on radishes with a little grey salt lest a tailor might have sewn some complex engine of destruction in the

seams, had inserted a blown bladder in his smallclothes that he might float in the event of the enemies of his Order throwing him into the Seine.

Faringhae had stabbed him in the bladder. Such are the machinations of the Jesuits.
EUGENE SUE.

[For the Torch.]

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIVE POINTS.

Dainty Fifth Avenue darling,
Dimple and pink and white,
Wakens mid billows of satin
And lace to the morning light.

The gutter child wakes mid the garbage,
Where starving curs snarl for a bone,
To the cries of the street and policeman's
"Come now, young un—move on."

Dainty Fifth Avenue lunches
And dines from a golden plate
On chicken fricasse a la mode,
While mining varlets wait.

At lordly Fifth Avenue doors
The gutter child begs for a crust,
But forth, sans ceremonie,
By the swaggering porter's thrust.

Haughty Fifth Avenue freshman,
In dim academician shades,
Grasps the wisdom of ages
While scanning the classic page.

Where gaily the gin palace flashes
Its myriad lustres abroad,
The gutter child joins in the dances
And drains the goblet abhorred.

Lo! an Ambassador at length,
Or a President may be,
Is Fifth Avenue—the darling
Of the aristocracy.

Lo! a gibbet, black and blast,
Where the night winds sadly blow,
The gutter child—a livid corpse—
Swings slowly to and fro.

And what made these to differ?
Answer, ye who bear the name
Of Christian men, and women too,
In this land of Bible fame!

Ye are your brother's keeper:
Oh, go seek the gutter child,
And bring him in, from shame and sin,
To ways all undefiled.

GLOW-WORM.

There was a noble youth who, when urged to take wine at the table of a famous statesman at Washington, was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner. "Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman, in wonderment and surprise. "Not one single glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she rose, glass in hand, and with a glance that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him. "No," replied the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass. What a picture of moral grandeur was that. A poor friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady. "No," said the noble young man, his voice trembling a little and his cheek flushed, "I never drink wine; but,"—here he straightened himself up, and his words grew firmer—"if you have a little good old rye whiskey, I don't mind trying a snifter!"

(For the Torch)
"A ROSARY OF SONNETS."

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Gentle Spring.

"Hail, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness hail!"
Thus quoth the poet, and his prayer prevailed,
For scarcely had he tuned his lyre to sing
Before the weather altered and it hailed!

Small Beginnings.

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

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

Response to a Request for an Autograph.

To send an autograph aright
You ought to graphically write.
But, wooed too oft, the readiest muse
Compliance will at times refuse;
So these few hasty lines I scrawl,
'Nuf eed—the end—amen—that's all.

Sad Experience.

How oft does genial hope spring up
The downcast heart to cheer,
Like wine that sparkles in the cup
Or foaming lager beer.

How oft does disappointment come
Directly after that,
Like beer that doesn't froth or foam,
As stale and sour and flat.

(For the Torch)

LETTERS FROM JOSH MUFF.

BOSTON, Jan. 2.

My dear hulla,—I once more take me pen
in my feeble hand to rite you. "Oh how aw-
ful sick I have been since I pended me last let-
ter to you & all oin to me grate appetite i had
at the grand banquet, wich i petook off wid
the poates of the kountree. I append a frac-
shun of the bill of fair.

- Wild Turkey from Africa,
- Red head ducks,
- Blu bill widgeen,
- Spring tale ducks from Californie,
- Green wing teal,
- Grouse from Illinoes,
- Quales, larded,
- Spruce partridges, from Manatoha,
- Venisen & peach jellee.

PUDINGS.

Marmelade & apple jack.

PIES.

meat, squash, punkins, potatoes, Lemon, &
plumb pies.

ICE CREAMS.

sherbut, Lemen, bull-foot jelly, black manger
& cranberry frozen.

DESERT.

strawberys, blue berrys, rasberrys, cranberrys,
crab apels, rasons, plums, cherries, & huckel-
beres.

Cofee, tea, ice water, spruce beer, & wooden
tooth picks, &c., a very nice sit down, but it
was wantin in one thing, & that was,

The light that lys
In woomens ies,

is it any wonder dear Hully I was sick, "oh
how I pine for my native are & spruce covered
hills. I thought the novelty of the ting
wood soon ware off, but I find it is only jost
begun. "by jiminy" what a splended, nise dear
nurse i had to take care of me, would kome
me here evere morning & evening & part it
in the middle so pretty, jst the way charley
the garden sass fellow d. e. I was on the
pint of tellen her 15 or 20 times, how much I

loved & worship her, but your angelick face
dear hulla, would rise up before me, & then I
would si for my native land, oatenalog. How-
ever, I assured her on my bendad nees i
would take her for my 2nd wife. I swow, at
that, if she didnt fill up wid gush, & blush all
over like our speckled rooster; kissed the
skirt of me linen duster & thank me lots of
times; I am be goli darned if she didnt look
as perty as a picter. You can't blame me,
can you, for bein ex-fatuated.

I have jst received a note from the citee
farthers to take a sled ride, to morro & see the
surburbs.

In the mornin i was up brite & arlee,
breakfasted on mush & eals, thin put on me
knew suit of homespun & made tracks for the
lobee ware i invested in 3 for 5 cent cigars, &
a mightee good smoken that is too, soon an ex-
stra-woordinaree big sled wid horse all round
& i covered with the flags of all nashuns, hove
in site halled by 20 black hosses, on each hoss,
was a chinee lamp, to be lit at night. I swow
it was an awful pertye site, I was helped into
me coat bi his worship, who kome-nnekate, &
a grate mance historical facks, in konectshun
wid the historee of his forefathers, we went up
Handover to Tremont & stoped at Atwoods, for
a smile. I was introduced to Mr. heaton Bod-
low, Lanerung Frost & all the bon ton, of
beakon hill, smiling agin, we started, eskorted
by 50 policemen mounted on white hosses &
led by deteckive Harding. The streets ware
lined wid people & huraywed all the time the
winders ware filled wid em & they all did it.

mance pints of interest ware shone me, one
thing in pertikular struck me, & that was,
the women washing the steps of the houses,
thalived in, wid water, & it 20 degrees be-
low zero, of course i frozeed on the steps &
sidewalk, & I should think made it verree
healtie for the predestrians to walk on, how verree
redickless, I said. Yes was the answer, it is
one of the kustoms of this grate kountree.
Soon we arrived at brighten, smiled, & hashed
& then visited the grand kittle circus, ware
you can buy a hoss all the way from 2 cents up
to 10 dollers, & by jimetee, jst the kind of foder
for a sassage factoree.

I saw in the drumm distins a big chimnee as
I thought, of a Saw Mill, i was informed that
it was bunker hill monymunt ware thure grand
cires fit, biad, died, & retired before the british-
ers & gained a kolossichal victoree. I re-
marked gentlee that my grand dad tooked
part in that skrape, & tha all said wid one
voice, "I want to no," "dew tell," &c., &c. I
assured them it was so, as we drove up to
Johnstones, I had the good fourtune to meet
Friend V. Hovee, who had jst received a pack-
age of Kough Mixer from Finn; we enjoyed
ourselves dancing & lookin at the chestnut hill
reservoir. I was tickled at the stile of the
way tha doo things here. On our way back
to the citee, nothing of importencee took place.
In the evening I was invited to musick hall
to hear the renound would be Govenor Genl.
Ben Butler, speake on the fisheree ward, about
all I could make out, was, that the Govern-
ment ought to give Kronooes to everee fisher-
man from Eastport, to kape cod engaged, in
that hasardous okupachun, katchen, lake &
shud, & it would be an inducement to farciners
to come over & take a hand in the busines, as
he new tha ware fond of that sort of thing,
howsoever take it all in all, it was a most
erodder orachun. Notwithstanding it wasent
a verree good weak for orachun. I feel better
to night, & to morrow I will rite a lot more
adoo from your eternal Love

JOSH MUFF
P. S
send on me socks, & darn the hecals, &c.

N. B. "Oh yes," I want some hemlock &
flag roots, to make a poultice for a boile on mi
ear.

When is a mole like cheese? When it's
mole dead.

STAGE SPARKS.

Kate Denin is Mrs. S. Ryan.

Harry Bloodgood is Carlo Manreau.

Dominick Murray's right name is Moran.

Oliver Doud Byron is Mr. Oliver B. Doud.

Miss Leona Dare is Miss Bridget McCarthy.

Miss Lucille Western was Mrs. James Harri-
son Meade.

Robert Buchanan, the poet, has written a new
play, which is soon to be brought out in London.

L. M. W. Steere has been engaged by Man-
ager Stetson to pilot an "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
Company through Canada.

McKee Rankin, Kitty Blanchard, Louis Al-
drich, Charles T. Parsloe and the other "Dan-
ites" begin a two weeks' engagement at the
Boston Theatre on Monday, 25th inst.

Mary Anderson has refused to play the part
of Rosalind in her Southern tour, on the ground
that she considers it unmaidenly for a young
girl to appear in a boy's dress, and thereby ex-
hibit her person.

John C. Cowper returns to England to re-
sume his old position as leading man of the
Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of
Henry Irving. He will take with him Colonel
Richardson, pupil of H. L. Bateman, as man-
ager. They leave about June 1.—Boston Society.

A new dramatic version of "Uncle Tom's
Cabin," said to be superior to anything yet pro-
duced, has been running at the Boston Howard
during the present week with Marion Fiske as
"Topsy," Miss Louisa Morse as "Ophelia,"
Mary Davenport as "Eliza" and John Davies,
another old St. John favorite, as "Deacon
Perry."

Mrs. Flora E. Barry sang during the past
week at the Academy of Music in Baltimore.
She was made the recipient of several floral
tributes, and of a more substantial gift after
the concert.

Walter H. Stuart, the well known "man
without arms or legs," who has been so long
at the Boylston Museum, has accepted an en-
gagement at the American Museum in New
York.—Boston Herald.

No arm in saying that a legless actor cannot
play leg-itimate business.

Laura Joyce of this city is very popular in
Baltimore. The Monumental City knows what
is good when it sees it.—Boston Express.

Hoop! la-re-joice ye modern Athenians.
W. H. Whiteneck has pitched the Eliza
Weatherly Froliques Company to success.
They are closing an excellent business out
West, playing in all the principal cities to
crowded houses. It is expected they will re-
turn East in May for an extended tour of the
New England States.

Domestic Dialogue.

HUSBAND.—"I see dear by the paper, that a
society is being organized in New York for the
prevention of cruelty to Husbands."

WIFE.—"I thought it was animals, but it's
just the same." The husband thinks there
was something of a sarcastic nature in her re-
ply, although he is not quite certain of it.

"A THING OF BOO-Y," &c.—If swinging
signs are not in order, why is that horrible
looking boot allowed to be hanging in front of
Greany's Boot and Shoe Store on King St.?
But as it is only a one foot projection, perhaps
it's not illegal. We wont charge Mr. G. for
this free ad.

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"Editor Torch,"

St. John, N. B.

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TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 23, 1878.

DEATH OF PROF. HARTT.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Prof. Charles Fred. Hartt, in Brazil, of yellow fever. The deceased was a son of the late Principal Hartt, of the High School, and was born in Fredericton, in 1840. At an early age, while residing in this city, he evinced a love for the study of Geology and Botany, but finding the field for his researches too limited here he went to the United States where he became associated with Prof. Agassiz and accompanied him on a Geological survey to Brazil. He subsequently revisited Brazil, at the head of a party from Cornell University, and on his return wrote a valuable work on "The Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil."

In 1874, he left Cornell with an able staff of assistants to make a botanical and geological survey of Brazil, for which, it is said, he was to receive a salary of \$10,000 a year. About four years of the seven he was engaged for have elapsed, and in the midst of his life work, to which he was devotedly attached, he has been suddenly taken away; but his name, like those of Hugh Millar and Agassiz, will long be remembered among scientists as one of the cleverest naturalists and geologists of his times.

We tender our deepest sympathy to his brother and sisters who so dearly loved him, and felt an honest pride in the high position he had won.

GEN. SIR WM. O'GRADY HALEY, Commander in Chief of Her Majesty's forces in British North America, died suddenly in Halifax on Wednesday evening last. He was very popular in Halifax, and his death is greatly regretted.

If there's a vessel on the "lake which burns with fire and brimstone," will Mr. Beecher please inform us if there's a hel-in-man to steer her? We should rudder think so.

We are indebted to J. W. Lanergan, Esq., for late Boston papers.

Why are twin brothers like buffaloes? Because they are bi-sons.

Why must a cross-eyed man be an alien? Because he's not naturaleyed-l.

Speeches in Parliament which should be preserved—Plumb's.

Does it ruin a maple tree to tap it? No, you only spile it.

Bumster says he didn't expect the Tories to support his "Short Hair" resolution, but he was very much disappointed to see the W(h)igs voting against it.

Although loafers are not allowed on the street corners, you can find plenty of low furs in Thorne Bros., on King street.

Up in New York State they seized her fiddle. It was too bad to treat Urso.—*Dunbury News*.
Such violin-treatment seems un-resin-able.

D. B. LINDSAY, Esq., of Moncton, sent us the names of six new subscribers on Wednesday last. David, you are a "brick."

If a christian woman could change her sex, would it change her religion? Certainly, for she'd be a *he-then*.

"Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned"—excepting the love sick youth whose sweetly tender "pome, to Mirandy Jane," is consigned to the "waste basket."

If a patient should die from an overdose of medicine, would the doctor be tried for purgery? If convicted, should he be sent to the Pill-ory for life?

Joseph La Paige was hanged at Concord, N. H., on Friday, 15th inst., for the murder of Josie Langmaid, on October 4th, 1875. It will be remembered as one of the most brutal murders ever committed, and the murderer richly deserved his fate.

Beautiful Shamble.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.

Another race the following spring supplies;

They fall successive, and successive rise;

So generations in their course decay;

So flourish these when those have passed away.

Eternity.

Reason does but one quaint solution lend

To Nature's deepest, yet divinest riddle:

Time is a *beginning* and an *end*,

Eternity is nothing but a *middle*.

New Books.

"The Racing O'it," a sequel to "The Wooing O'it."

"Twenty Hundred," by the author of "A Simpleton."

"Making a Raise," by Lever.

"Robbing the Pantry," or The Border Rifles.

"Pulpit Staves," by Punshon.

"Chasing a Negro," a seek-well to "After Dark."

"The Dear Slayer," by the author of "The Lady Killer."

The Montreal *Jester* says, "No manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by postage stamps."

Returning "manuscripts accompanied by postage stamps" is something new in journalism, but perhaps it's a good idea, as it may tend to alleviate the wounded feelings of disappointed contributors.

The Negro Town Point Battery will, in future, be called Fort Dufferin. We always thought a dufferin-t name would sound better, but with all due deference to our respected Governor General, we should have preferred to have had it named after some of Carleton's distinguished sons—such as Glasgow Fort, or Emerson Fort, or Quinton, or Jarvis Wilson Fort. If not too late perhaps the Government will reconsider the question.

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.—The present third for fiction has induced us, regardless of expense, to communicate with all the living writers of fiction, all of whom have kindly furnished us with MS chapters omitted from their published works. Not content with this unparalleled effort of enterprise we have hired a spiritualist to procure us similar favors from several writers who, although dead, yet live. Our readers will recognise from the respective styles that these chapters are genuine, whatever may be said to the contrary.

AN EEL STORY.—A well known barrister, on Charlotte Street, told an eel story in Miles' Studio on Thursday afternoon, which requires to be swallowed with a good eel of *cum grano salis*. He said he "had been eel fishing and caught some very large ones, which he took home and had cooked for breakfast. The cook cut off their heads, skinned them, cut them up in slices and fried them, after which they were placed on the table. Just as one of the family was about to eat the head of one of them the mouth opened and made a savage snap at the knife." If we were not certain that our lawyer friend, like "T. 'ful George," could not tell a lie, we should say eel lies—under a mistake.

AN EXTRAORDINARY REMARK FROM THE BENCH.—Well, indicted for larceny, pleaded "guilty." Judge Wetmore told him if he expected to receive mercy for having pleaded guilty, he was laboring under a mistake, and told him if he wished to he could withdraw the plea and enter one of not guilty. This was certainly an extraordinary remark for the Judge to make, as it is generally supposed that a prisoner who pleads guilty and saves the country the expense of a trial, and debars himself from any chance of escape, should, if not guilty of some very heinous crime, have some leniency shown him. Even if this were not so, it is to say the least of it, bad taste for a Judge to express himself in such a manner.

Wanted.

Wanted a partner fitted to fill
With plenty of cash our empty till;
We will supply the requisite brains
And he can share with us the half of the gains—
or losses.

ANOTHER POET UNEARTHED.

"Poets are born, not made." Since the late lamented "Bard of War" passed away, no poet of such wonderful genius has been heard of until now when a new poetic star flashes his brilliancies upon us, and bids fair, if not cut off by the frost, to take high rank among earth's most gifted sons of genius. His name is Gibson. His front name we do not know. What matter? Does any one ever ask whether Burns's, or Byron's, or Tennyson's or Longfellow's names are Jack or Bob or Tom?—Of course not. Talk about Julia A. Moore, the "Sweet Singer of Michigan," being the Poet Laureate of America. We will bet that Gibson can double discount her, and give her fifty points. Bring on your "Sweet Singer," and she will have no Moore chance with Gibson than Susan B. Anthony has to be President of the United States.

Here is one of his most pathetic pieces which any one who knows anything about true poetry, must acknowledge is unparalleled in the English language. This assertion may seem strong, but we are convinced that it is true and we are prepared to prove it:

ON PILLS.

Of most pills I think an ill,
When nature is used to that extent,
To halt, half way up a hill,
Then take them if you will.

For murders they will out
And wonders will never cease;
Not even in the land of Ven-ee,
Until pills are disbanded
By the Chief of Po-lee-se.

No one can fail to be struck with the sublimity of the above beautiful lines, but strange to say one of our leading papers, failing to see the poetic fire in them, absolutely refused to publish them. Some people, however, never can appreciate true genius. The poet, feeling the injustice done him by the *Globe*, (we mention the name in strict confidence) composed the following withering and sarcastic lines condemnatory of the *Globe's* refusal. Not wishing to name the paper, the ingenious way in which he enigmatically puts it, will be heartily appreciated by our readers:

"To do the people good
An item I tried to publish
Of a cold to prevent
The first one I tried
Of me the privilege it denied
Although its name denotes
The shape of the Earth."

He informed us that it is only lately that he accidentally discovered that he could write poetry, but he says it is not the slightest trouble for him to compose; and sometimes after retiring to rest, he has not been able to get to sleep for several hours, thinking of rhymes.

The following touching poem was an impromptu effort delivered by the poet in presence of several literary gentlemen a few evenings ago:

ON FRED-JO-DICE.

Oh! you heretics and micks
"Twould be my earnest wish,
To make you eat sufficient if h
Until brains enough you'd get.

Protestant and Catholic
Lay aside your prejudic
Roman Catholics I suppose as well,
And look to Heaven, where in Paradise,
You both may sometimes dwell.

Think that there you'll meet
Like citizens travelling through a street,
Hailing one another every day,
As to their business they pass along the way.

If God was as you and I
A respector very sly,
While many of us might be,
"Twould be hard to pass by.

Then since he's not,
Let none forget him aught,
But feel to one another
Like kind sisters and brothers

Who may dwell in a lowly cot,
Which they have no, forgot
Where they cook all in a pot
The grain that grows in a plot
Though prejudiced he is not.
We have not room for any more extracts,
but any one who knows anything about poetry can judge by these specimens, and if the "Sweet Singer of Michigan" thinks that she or any other man can compete, let her put up her "stumps." We are backing Gibson.

He is desirous of delivering an Anatomical lecture in the Institute for gentlemen only. An early notice will be given when arrangements are completed.

GIFT ENTERPRISE.—The tickets for the Irish Friendly Gift Enterprise are going off rapidly, and the drawing will assuredly take place on the day named. Judging from the names of the artists published, we are to have a rich operatic treat. We are pleased to see on the list the name of Miss Adelaide Randall, the favorite Contralto, who, it will be remembered, was here with the Granger Dow party. We advise those who have not already done so, to secure their tickets at once.

FOLIO.—We have received from Mr. C. Flood the *Folio* for April. There is an admirable portrait of Emma Abbot, the highly gifted vocalist, and several choice vocal and instrumental pieces of music. The "Pope Pius IX. Funeral March" is said to be very pretty. The reading matter is varied and interesting. For sale at C. Flood's Music Store, King street. Price 15 cents.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY, from Belford Bros., Toronto; and *The Popular Science Monthly*, from D. Appleton & Co., New York, have been received. Will review them in our next.

A **FUNNY FRIEND** rushed into our office yesterday morning, out of breath; said he'd observed in the morning paper that England and Russia were at a "dead-lock" on the war question, and wanted to know why it was like a certain watchmaker in St John? Before we had time to consider the matter carefully, he blurted out, "Because it's a War lock." Where are the police?

GAS!—*On dit* that there was quite an explosion in the Gas Works one day last week. Perhaps the manager can throw some light on the subject as to the cause of it. *The Telegraph* says:—

GAS LAMPS UNLIT.—Were it not for the lights in the Gas Works on Union street, last night, about half-past seven o'clock, one would have thought that the gas works were again burned, there being none of that illuminating power to be seen in the lamps in that street. Night very dark; streets very muddy; result—dangerous.

These rumors must all be untrue, for under such scientific and careful management as the Works are at present, nothing of such a nature could possibly happen.

Hens are often set in their ways.—*Ex. Particulars* in their hatch-ways.—*Norristown Herald*.

They are an eggs-hen-triec set.

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 "Liedle 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 June.

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

Canvassers wanted, to whom good commissions will be given, to obtain subscriptions in this city and the Provinces. Parties wishing to canvass will please apply personally to the editor, at the office of E. T. C. Knowles, Barrister, &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 \$40 (beside the commission) will be given to the person obtaining the largest list of subscribers between now and the first of June.

THE OLD DAYS.

The old days are dead, said she,
And the old days are dead, said he—
Though they die as the stars die out in the sky,
What does it matter? said she,
And what does it matter? said he.
Your love is forgotten, said she,
And your love was a myth, said he;
It comes back at times in my musings and rhymes,
But what does it matter? said he,
And what does it matter? said she.

—*St. John Torch*.

Enough does it matter, we think,
That hearts which felt Cupid's link
Go daffily astray in this miserable way;
Yet such the trite story, you see,
Who's to blame? Why, he! Nay, it's she!

—*N. Y. Daily News*.

Sam. Clark, of Washington, is to be hanged for rethring Mr. Cash from circulation.—*Phila. Chronicle*. As Clark is now in the penny-tentary looking mighty dollars, it is hardly fair to give such puns currency.—*Norristown Herald*.

That seems to be a cents-ible way to look at it.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

No. 5.

You have heard of a bull in a china shop, but I have seen Bunster in Parliament. The old-fashioned smile for incongruity has lost its force. A bear in a flower garden, a raccoon on the hearth rug, a porcupine in the parlor, the average New Brunswick legislator at a fashionable evening party, a St. John Alderman at a Temperance social, the compiler of the "religious column" of a daily newspaper at a prayer meeting, or "the Judge" sitting to Miles as Apollo, would not be so much out of place. He comes from the golden shores of the Pacific. His feet have been washed by the mighty waves which follow each other from China to Vancouver. The setting sun has gilded for him the rocky crowns of Columbia, Sea of Mountains. He has camped with the miner, chopped with the woodman, trapped with the hunter and played poker with the Heathen Chinese of the Pacific Province. The wildest has heard his cry and slunk back into the forest wilds, the grisly has heard his shout and taken to his cave, the coon has seen him level his rifle and cried, "Don't shoot—I'll come down." The "Parliamentary Companion," a new edition of which has just been issued from the *Citizen* office, pretends that Bunster was born in a civilized country, educated somewhere, and married a wife, but it requires more credulity to swallow this than it does to accept the common belief in his having been a forest fowling whom British Columbia bears adopted and reared. Roman history affords us an instance of the fatherly and motherly instincts of an animal equally savage, and also tells us that the wolf's protogee became as great a man as Bunster. Romulus founded a city, and Bunster is founding a Province. Romulus was never ashamed of his wet nurse, but Bunster is evidently desirous of depriving his of the credit that may be due her. If there had been a Remus in his case the truth might come out, but if he was all alone, as was probably the case, he will be able to keep the truth from the world, and a chapter of the marvellous from the historians, poets, and painters of his country. He could not have been one of twins, as one like him at a birth is all nature would ever venture on. His form is erect, like that of the dancing bears which are exhibited in the streets by Quebec *habitués*, and he paws the air when he speaks just as they do when prancing to the showman's music. His coarse black hair, of which he has enough to cover his whole body, if it were equally distributed, is matted and tangled to such a degree that a comb could no more get through it than a horseman through a tropical jungle. It looks as though the kindly old bear that suckled him (for I must stick to this theory of his infant days) had playfully scrambled his hair up before sending him out to the settlements to become a statesman, making a labyrinth of his raven locks, whose mazes no barber has yet been able to thread. It stands upright, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine;" twists into various fanciful shapes; forms ferns, cones, brambles; ripples along like rapid brooks over stony beds, falls over his ears like cataracts over precipices; and half hides his forehead. Alas for the Livingstone who shall be lost in his great African jungle of black beard, as no Stanley will ever be brave enough to venture in, in search of him. The effect is ludicrously unorthodox. Is this one of Barnum's wildmen? one asks when seeing him first. He ought to be in a show if he is not, is the response that one gives to a negative answer. Instead of making himself appear more civilized by a plug hat and a black coat, he but enhances the wildness of his natural aspect by contrast. With Kit Carson's dress (I refer to the voracious showman of that name) Bunster would not look so bizarre, as the furs and

skins would harmonize with his fierce and rough aspect. Bunster means business when he rises to speak. He means also to have the Canada Pacific Railway built, just as Peter Mitchell means to make the Government pay for that Barnaby River man's bull and four cows, or perish in the struggle. His tastes are agricultural, notwithstanding the savage wildness of his air; his appetite for corn, rye and barley, when properly prepared for consumption, being one of his most noticeable characteristics. Bunster is not a fluent speaker, but few men bring down the House more quickly. His oratory is something like that of the noble savage, stripped of its flowers of rhetoric and spiced with the practical. His sentences are short, and his words are jerked out jaggedly from the hair encircled cavern through which the workings of his great brain find utterance. His desire to see the Atlantic and Pacific shores of Canada linked together with iron bands, and the snorting horse of steel, careering across the continent with McLeod's extra fine-cut for the solace of weary miners, who watch old Sol slowly wrap himself up in the watery blanket which covers the ocean bed that reaches from their feet to the Flowery Kingdom whence cometh the pig-tailed Chinaman with obsequious airs, industrious habits, and the capacity of living on five cents a day. His desire to see this dream a reality is not strong enough to blind him to the evil consequences that may attend the building of the great work, and, with forecasting statesmanship, he is seeking to guard against them. An influx of Chinese laborers is what his prophetic eyes behold, and he would take measures to discourage it. With this object in view he moved a resolution forbidding, under penalty, the employment of any man on the Canada Pacific Railway, whose hair is longer than five and a half inches. His speech in support of the resolution, like all his oratorical efforts, was brief. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I rise to advocate a phase of protection which no other honorable member has alluded to. (Hear, hear.) I want to protect native elbow grease. (Laughter.) The Chinese want to make a slaughter market of Canada for their labor. (Hear, hear and applause.) But if there's any slaughtering to be done, so far as they are concerned, the free and independent Columbines, I have the honor to represent, will do it themselves. (Applause and laughter.) 'I says the sparrow with my bow and arrow.' (Laughter.) That's from the Greek, Mr. Speaker. (Laughter.) We want the money kept at home, not sent off to China. We ought to keep out Yankee spies also, who come here to spy out the land and devour our substance. (Charlton—Hear, hear.) We want Canada for the Canadians."

Mr. Dymond—"The honorable gentleman should move that Emigration Agents be required to measure the hair of every applicant for a passage ticket."

Mr. Bunster—"If our Agents in England had been required to measure ears they would have sent us over so many jackasses for the Reformers to choose as members of this House. (Roars of laughter and cries of order from Dymond.) I don't want to take up the time of this House. (Go on, go on.) I am going on. The long-haired race will overrun our country, like the locusts we read about in the Scripture, and devour every green thing. (Mr. Jones—Hear, hear.) The honorable Minister of Militia says hear, hear, Mr. Speaker, but he wouldn't be here long if these locusts visited us. (Cheers and long-continued laughter.) You see I am disinterested in this matter, as my hair is longer than the resolution allows. (Cheers.) I want Lord Dufferin continued as Governor General another term. (Hear, hear and Question.) This is the question, for he will be more likely to stay if the Chinese are kept out. British Columbia is a great country, Mr. Speaker, and the honorable gentleman, who spoke of her inhospitable mountains, slandered her. He would find hospitality wherever there was a bottle of old rye or a

shoe of pork. (Cheers.)" Bunster is allowed to say things, without offence, which would be tolerated in but few others. He is rather popular with members and reporters, is an excellent whist player, and understands draw-poker.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"BUCELL."—Your "Ode to Spring" is delicious.

"CHERUBINO," Halifax.—You must comply with our rules and send your real name.

HUMA.—Under consideration. You may see it print, and *huma* not. Do you see the humorous point of the joke?

"ERRATIC ENRIQUE."—Letter and papers received all right. Thanks.

TORCHISMS.

The young "rake," who, in the "*My* day of life," occasionally got *correct* on "Old Rye," has sown his wild oats.

PAY-RENT-AL AFFECTION.—A father turning his son out of doors for non-payment of rent.

A KISS.—A legal tender always taken at the face.

Why is killing bees like a confession? Because you un-buzz'em.

Why is the Devil never rude? Because the "imp of darkness" could never be imp-o'-light.

The best material for a binnacle-light in a vessel—Stear-line candles.

Why should a person feel sad when sitting down to a dinner of roast lamb? Because it is a lamb-on-table affair.

Why is musk the strongest perfume? Because it's the most musk-ular.

During Bunster's speech on Monday several of the members called out "Hair, hair!"

SPORTING SPLASHES.

Articles of agreement have been signed for a single scull race for \$4,000 and the championship of America between Evan Morris of Pittsburgh and Edward Hanlon of Toronto. The race is to take place over a five mile course—two miles and a half and turn—at Hulton, Penn., on June 20.

Oxford and Cambridge Universities went into regular training for their annual race on the 6th inst. The contest will take place on April 15.

The date fixed for the single scull boat race between F. A. Plaisted of this city and Edward Hanlon of Toronto is May 15. The race is to take place on Toronto Bay.—*N. Y. Times*.

Land and Water claims that the track on which Howse walked 129 miles in 24 hours 5 minutes and 25 seconds was not properly measured, and that a new one had been laid down for Stanton's bicycling.—*N. Y. News*.

Howse a bet to be decided, then?

A NEW MOUSE TRAP.—A few days ago, one of the pupils in a school department at the Institute, on going to her desk and removing the ink-bottle, discovered that a mouse had committed suicide by thrusting its head into the nose of the bottle, where it had become wedged.—*Telegraph*.

Why didn't the Coroner hold an ink-quest?

Gold and silver balls will be much used for buttons and for trimming this season; they are beautifully carved.—*Norristown Herald*.

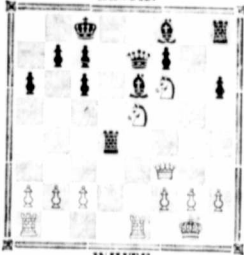
Cashmere dresses trimmed with bullion fringe, would also be *au fait*.

CHESS COLUMN.

All communications and contributions to be addressed to J. E. NARRAWAY, P. O. Box 75.

In place of a problem this week we give the position in the match game No. (1) now in progress between the Boston Globe Club and the St. John Club, as it stands after White's 16th move. White, Messrs. Knowles, Henderson and Narraway. Black, Messrs. G. A. Hall and others

BLACK.



Black to make his 16th move.

BOSTON, March, 1878.

DEAR EDITOR,—The Newton Chess Association having accepted the invitation alluded to in my last, sent in a delegation on the evening of the 6th inst., to play a friendly match at the Globe Club rooms, and an interesting game, which I herewith enclose, resulted. The greater experience of the elder club was much in their favor, but the Newton players made quite a determined defence, and the meeting was a successful and enjoyable affair.

Messrs. Bates, Hunt and Sargent were counsel for defendants, and Messrs. Snow, McMullen and McIntyre conducted the prosecution on the part of the Globe.

Some of hand play was indulged in after the match was over and one of the games, an amusing (for 1st player) skirmish between Mr. Sargent and a Globite whose modesty blushes to be recognized, was speedily decided:

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Mr S. | 1 P-K4 | 1 P-K4 |
| 1 P-K4 | 2 B-B4 | 2 Q-K4-B3 |
| 2 B-B4 | 3 K-Kt-B3 | 3 P-K-R3 |
| 3 K-Kt-B3 | 4 P-Q4 | 4 PxP |
| 4 P-Q4 | 5 KtXP | 5 KtXP |
| 5 KtXP | 6 QxKt | 6 P-Q-Kt3 |
| 6 QxKt | 7 Q-Q5 | 7 Q-K2 |
| 7 Q-Q5 | 8 QxR | 8 K-Q sq |
| 8 QxR | 9 B-R7 | |

At this point Black concluded that the subsequent proceedings could not interest him much more and resigned in a badly demoralized condition.

Next on our programme is the return game with the Newtons, and a Chess literary entertainment at the Globe rooms, whose original verse and prose chess matter will be in order.

Truly yours,

MAX.

We withhold the solution of Prob. No. 5, until next week, as none of our solvers have yet succeeded in it. The answers we have received vary from seven to thirty-five moves. Some of them have overlooked the fact the Kt covers Kt 2 sq., and therefore the king cannot occupy that square.

PERSONAL.—Mr. C. F. Stubbs, who is spending a few weeks in the States, has been trying the skill of chessers in Providence, Boston, &c., and we believe is holding his own.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. M. L.—Many thanks. Very sorry for the Preceptor.

REV. J. W.—Your remark about impossible positions is quite correct. Can you favour us with some problems?

PUZZLES' 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.

30.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters:—
My 2, 5, 9, 15 is a precious stone.
My 1, 13, 11, 4, 7 is what my whole is continually making.
My 6, 2, 12, 16 is what barbers use.
My 5, 17, 8, 9, 14 is an expression of contempt.
My 10, 9, 3, 5 is a vexatious insect.
My whole is a name well known in the literary world.

St. John, N. B. CIGARETTE.

31.—DROP LETTER QUOTATION.

W-t -s -h -f-a-o-o -t-e -i -d,
Boston, Mass. HUGO.

32.—CHARADE.

My first is a relative; my second is a snare; my whole is a poem.
Detroit, Mich. GINX

33.—LOGORIPHI.

Whole I am to flee; change my head, and I become a deceiver; transpose me, and I am parts of the globe; curtail me and I am a sailing; again curtail, and have a Norwegian proper name; transpose me and have a name often chosen by pontiffs.
St. John, N. B. VIOLA.

34.—HOUR GLASS PUZZLE.

A high-priest of Apollo; a pupil; part of acornite; a consonant; a vowel, and a preposition; a beautiful tree; accumulated.
Centrals name the founder of Athens. Diagonals name erudite, and an optical machine.
St. John, N. B. TRELLIS.
(Answers in two weeks.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH 9.

18.—Detroit. Savannah. Dublin. Moscow.

19.—D ner O 20.— S A L V E

O ro F T V

M icma C A A

I on A T D

N ov N R P O D E

I ot A

O voi D

N ev A

21. D I A M O N D 22. Read, lead, mead.
I N V E N T 23. William the Conqueror.

A V E R T
M E R E
O N T
N T

PRIZES.

For first best list of answers a standard Boston Weekly, one month. Second list, Torch two months. Third list, a suitable prize.

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

GEO. E. A.—You have correctly solved Nos. 18 and 22. Please do not forget our request for "Knots." We expect a good batch from you.

CIGARETTE.—Thanks for your excellent contributions. They are cordially welcomed, and very acceptable. Please write us often.

TRELLIS.—Your solutions to Nos. 18, 20, 22, and 23 are correct. Thanks for puzzles. We are glad to know you like the TORCH.

VIOLA.—We will be pleased to hear from

you often, and invite your further contributions. Those on hand are very good.

SOLVER.—We are glad to say all your solutions are correct, and you will receive prize offered for best list of solutions.

CAMLO.—Your puzzles are very good, and will have an early insertion. Please come often.

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.

To the Electors of Queen's Ward.

GENTLEMEN—I will be a Candidate for the COUNCILLORSHIP of Queen's Ward. Should I be elected will serve you to the best of my ability.
march 23 HARRIS ALLEN.

REMOVAL.—HENRY GORRIE, Merchant Tailor, has removed to DR. KING'S BUILDING, GERMAIN STREET.
march 9-10

Spring Suitings.

JUST OPENED—One of the nicest lots of SCOTCH and ENGLISH TWEEDS ever seen in the Market. VERY CHEAP
1 case WORSTED COATINGS in all the new patterns, splendid goods.
1 case of SPRING OVERCOATS at very low prices.
THOS. LUNNY,
march 9 No. 9 King Street.



1878. Spring Style. 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.
THORNE BROS.,
march 9 Hat and Fur Store, 33 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. T. R. JONES & CO.
Feb 22-24.

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

WORTHMAN & SPENCER,
 Jan 5 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.
 febl6-1m 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 subscribers for the Club House:
J. B. HAMM, ROBERT BUSTIN,
J. A. S. MOTT, 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.
 Jan 12-1m

GRAND OPENING!

The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing that the

DOMINION
Wine Vaults!

LUNCH AND BILLIARD ROOMS,
 Situated in Mullin Bros. Block,
 Cor. Dock St. & North Wharf,
 are now open to the public. The entire premises fitted up in the most approved American style.

Thankful for past patronage, a continuance of the same is respectfully solicited
 Jan 12 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 steamers, City of Portland, S. J. Pike, master, and New Brunswick, D. S. Hall, master, will leave Peel's Point Wharf every Monday and Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock for Essequip, Portland and Boston, connecting at Essequip with steamer Belle Brown for St. Andrews and Halifax. Returning will leave Boston every Monday and Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p.m., after arrival from Essequip, for Essequip 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.

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 bestowed on them in the past.

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
 feb 22-1f **MULLIN BROS.,** Dock Street.

E. P. HAMMOND,
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in **SINGER'S, HOWE'S and LAWLOR'S SEWING MACHINES** &c.
 King Square, St. John, N. B.
 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 5-1f

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,
 Manager.
 Jan 8-1y

BEARD & VENNING,

No. 134
South side King Street,
 Are now showing a large and well assorted stock of

Mourning Dress Goods,
 Comprising Black Lustre, Black Buffalo, Black Silks, Black French Merino, Black Cashmeres, Black Barthele, Black Persian Corbs, Black Empress Corbs, Black Wool Serges, A's, Court's and Celebrated Black Crapes, in all qualities.
 feb 6

BEARD & VENNING,
NOTICE—Just received, at the City Market Clothing Hall—9 Basket Cloth Suits, made to order; 200 Canadian Tweed business and working suits; 100 Scotch Tweed suits, to be sold at the following low figure:
 Basket Cloth Suits, \$18, formerly \$25;
 Canadian Tweed do, 19, " 25;
 Scotch Tweed do, 12, " 18;
 In order to make room for Spring Stock, THOS. YOUNG & CO., Prop'rs, Custom work a specialty. febl-1m

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS
Must be True!
THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every size, lined, unlined, Buck & Castors, ROULLON'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 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
119 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, JAS. J. FERRICK,
 dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.