



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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878.

No. 5

(For the Torch.)

FERNS.

v.

Of what avail, he said, of what avail  
This toil that taxes hand and heart and  
brain?

Dangers beleague the vent'rous ships that sail  
From clime to clime; while those that do  
remain

In some snug harbor ne'er are tempest tost,  
Ne'er are dismantled, ne'er are wrecked or lost!

Of what avail, he said, of what avail  
The ships that through the years at anchor ride,  
That never battle with the deathful gale,

That sleep securely on the rocking tide,  
And never push out boldly from the shore  
Near which they sink at last and are beheld  
no more?

Thus questioned he his heart—and this his  
heart's reply—

Toil is man's privilege—toiling man should  
die.

H. L. SPENCER.

### ESTHETIC EMBERS.

BY HARRY FLETCHER

The day had been clear and sunny, and in spite of the sharp air it was most enjoyable to drive out into the country behind the Colonel's bays, who seemed themselves to catch the spirit of the occasion, and dashed over the road with a hearty, impetuous stride, which always fills one with an exhilaration, and a feeling of generosity, so often experienced when one is well-treated by one's friends.

Talk about sleighing! You think the subject is exhausted do you? Then take a drive out in the clear air when the sun is shining bright, or the moon perhaps, or even the stars alone, and have a horse, and if it don't open your mouth, and your heart too, I am no judge. There is something in the association with a good horse that makes one feel nobler and better, and I do not mean that a thorough horseman,—I do not mean a jockey or a sporting gentleman,—but a real lover of horses, can be a bad man. There is something almost human in the clear eye and the distended nostrils, the arched neck and the proud step, that draws out the finer qualities of one's nature and makes him better.

But if you have no horse of your own, why then you can enjoy a ride behind someone else's horse as we did, and though the comfort is as great, the sensation is different. We feel at such times so much at peace with the world, and so willing to see a display of charity on the part of others, that we wrap our mantles of comfort about us, and wonder how the world can be so pitiless, and we sit down before the fire and pity the poor who have none of their own.

The Colonel had driven us out to look over a house which had been remodelled and refurnished by one of his friends, who, having spent years in the service of an Indian Mercantile house, and having amassed a fortune thereby, with the characteristic lavishness of such a man, had expended upon the decoration of the interior a wealth of ornament which was only limited by the want of opportunity to express itself. So as we gathered around the fire after dinner had been removed, Miss Agatha said:

"Isn't the furnishing of Mr. Van Ransceller's house perfectly lovely. O, I do think that it is the most charming furniture I ever saw, so rich and elegant, and such a style to everything, why it seems like a fairy palace instead of a house to be used by mortals, and I do think that those curtains are the loveliest I ever saw. They cost one hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Mrs. Gov. Brooks's were very nice and stylish, but they only cost one hundred dollars. And those chairs worked in silk with gilt frames, so genteel and delicate, and the carpets, and the paintings. Do you know they were all imported directly from Italy at Mr. Van Ransceller's order, and that one in Drawing-Room cost over three thousand dollars. And did you see that lovely picture of a lady holding a little baby, with little cherubs all around her, what was it? "Madonna." I think they said. Raphael who was Madonna?"

THE COLONEL.—Well, Agatha, I think you had better take one more quarter at school; Madonna was one of Shakespeare's heroines, my dear.

MISS AGATHA.—Well, I know it was just lovely whoever it was, and I think she must have been a lovely woman. But what did you think of the pictures, Raphael?

RAFAEL.—They were generally good, Miss Agatha, especially the one to which you alluded. The Madonna, which was a fine copy of my namesake Raphael's, I am obliged to remind you, was that artist's conception of the Mother of our Lord. It is truly a grand picture and worthy of the master mind from which it emanated—and as I said, nearly all the others were of a high order of merit.

It is one of the blessings of wealth, that it is possible by means of it, to surround ones

self with those objects of art, that, from their rarity are of great value. But it does not necessarily follow that one can only have artistic surroundings when one has an abundance of money. We who have only moderate means can, if we choose, enjoy the comforts which art brings to those who can appreciate them. And I have peculiar ideas upon the subject. I do not expect that the great mass of the people will entirely agree with me, but the time will come when a discriminating taste will be shown on the part of the people that will drive all bad and indifferent art out of the market. But in regard to the fitting of a house with pictures, I think that some judgment should be exercised, to have such pictures, as shall in a great measure represent the person to whom they belong; that is, for the man who is fond of home and whose tastes are quiet and home-like, let such pictures as represent those ideas be hung upon his walls. Battle scenes and suggestions of strife may do for the warrior, but I think that many pictures which adorn the walls of Drawing Rooms in private houses are fit only for the public gallery and for general exhibition as works of art. The home is not a museum, or for the purposes of public exhibition, and should be, as far as possible, a place where the finer sentiments of man's nature are fostered. Why should Martyrdoms, Crucifixions, Assassination scenes, or any form of human agony be represented under the roof where the tired spirit at his end of a day's labor, seeks the balm of quiet repose. Let us have only those impressions and ideas suggested that will make the home what we shall look back to with pleasure when we are gone out to do battle with the enemy of us all, the great busy world. But contrary to this feeling, many of our houses are filled up as if only for the inspection of the curious, and are better adapted to be occupied by saints than sinners. Make home beautiful say I, not only for the association with beautiful things, but by the use of beautiful things that suggest only the comfortable, home like sentiments that will make our boys feel truly, "that there's no place like home." I wish I had time to go into the subject more at length, for it is one I love to talk about, and some time, I will give my ideas as to what I would have in my own home. (Good evening ladies.)

OUR LANDLADY.—Good night Raphael.

Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this precept well to heart: "Do the duty which lies nearest to thee, which thou knowest to be a duty;" the second duty will have already become clearer. —Thomas Carlyle.

(For the Torch.)  
ELSIE OF DINGLE BAY.

They are robing the bonny young bride,  
Fair Elsie of Dingle Bay;  
With roses they've crowned, with ribbons  
they've bound  
Fair Elsie of Dingle Bay;  
For this is her bridal, why cometh he not?  
Who hath stolen his innocent heart away?

In the rapturous nights of June,  
When heaven seemed earth to greet,  
They roved by the shore, while he told o'er  
and o'er

A story of love most sweet;  
And the night wind sighed through the way-  
ing boughs  
While he laid his true heart at her feet.

Her mother looked out from the turret high  
With an anxious and troubled gaze:  
"He will soon be here, child you should not  
fear—

Some mishap his steps delays,"  
But puls grew the cheek of the beautiful bride  
As snow-wreaths unknissed by the sun's  
bright rays.

"Oh, mother! last night the lady moon  
Looked fearful from her place  
Of omens most dread, about her pale head  
Were many an awesome trace:  
The watch-dog it howled, and the night bird  
it shrieked,—  
Oh! my grave, make it deep, for I'll ne'er  
see his face."

A riderless steed flies over the hills,  
A masterless dog amain;  
They are bearing the dead, with funeral tread,  
To the waiting bridal train:  
One glance, and the shriek of a breaking heart  
That will wake, no never, to joy or pain.

GLOW-WORM.

(For the Torch.)

Oh, Torch! prudence why so curious? Dost  
know what the fatal gift of curiosity has cost  
our race? Did not curiosity lead fair Eve to  
taste forbidden fruit? hence the sad train of  
all our woes—that of author and editor in-  
cluded. Be warned, oh Torch, lest you get turned  
into a pillar of salt, and be condemned to  
keep watch and ward forever over the cities of  
the plain beside Lot's wife.

I have always understood that curiosity was  
a foible that dwelt not in the mighty minds of  
the Lord's of creation, belonging solely to weak  
feminine intellects, hence, oh Torch, thy ser-  
vant "Glow-Worm" is delighted to find one  
of them tripping, and in the position of the  
poor trembling wife of that villain Blue Beard,  
who, after she had penetrated the secret of  
the fatal chamber, kept crying out, "Listen,  
Annie, do you see any one coming?" Beware,  
then, oh Torch, and desist, for thou canst not  
be gratified. Wouldn't unearth a worm and  
drag its sensitive vertebra into the pitiless  
glare of day, where it could only squirm, its  
glow extinguished forever. Aggy—that's the  
widow McKilligan—I call her so, having made  
her acquaintance under that cognomen. She  
has had a legal right to several other names  
since, but the Kill-em-again process going on  
she is now single, and the old name seems  
most familiar and appropriate. At present, as  
I stated in my first, the Rev. Nicodemus Ho-  
neycomb, who has been bidding his time since  
she spliced number two, looms ornamentally  
up now in the florid gothic style on the hori-  
zon. "Coming events," as the widow says,  
"cast their shadows before."

"Well Penny," says Aggy, meaning Pene-  
lope—that's me—"If I wish to goodness Joey  
had ast me, wouldn't hi go to them ere heddi-  
orial rooms hin first class style. First him-  
pression his hevery thing, has my poor dead han

gone Larry—was hit Larry—lemme see, hi'm  
not sure"—(reflectively, her head on one side  
like a great barn door owl blinking at the sun  
—"no, 'twas John; I'm sure 'twas John.  
Well, has poor John used to say, 'Haggy,'  
says 'e, 'the first time you borrr down hon me  
hunder that black flag, hi struck my colours  
hat once, said 'e, before that ere top-gallant  
flag and sendding sails." "Poor John," and  
Aggy got out a handkerchief the size of a hum-  
ming bird's wing and wiped away her grief.  
At length she recovered herself, and continued,  
"When John popped the question the sixth—  
was it the sixth—Penny, dear, hi hoften told  
you, was hit the sixth or seventh,"—slipping  
one neat, plump foot over the other "I for-  
got, Aggy, I'm ashamed to say," I replied.  
"Oh, hi 'ave hit!" she exclaimed, brightly.  
"Twas the seventh time. Well, hi haccepted  
'im," Aggy said,—you mind me of that  
roaring good hold ballad, 'The Wedding hof  
Bally-po-reen?"

"Then the bride she got hup han she made a  
low bow,  
Han she curtsied han felt so, she couldn't tell  
'ow;  
Till'er mother cried, 'What, hare you dead,  
child?"

For shame hof you, 'old hup your 'ead, child,  
Hi'm fifty, but wish hi was wed, child,  
Ho, hi'd rattle at Ballypo-reen."

"Well," Aggy says, "hit's no use, I can't  
go. I should just swoop down all of a heap  
in the ante-room, like Queen Esther, and then  
if he didn't hold out that sceptre, or staff—is it  
a flag staff or distaff, such as that ancient lady  
—was it, Helen, or Penelope—used when her  
husband was at the wars, if he shouldn't hold  
it out, or after the fashion of irate editors  
should tap my pericranium with it, or pericar-  
dium, I should card no more wool—wool,  
as Sawney said for Torchlight."

"You must go, Penny dear," she said, "han  
wear your butiful yaller silk dress," "I can't,"  
says I, "it's in the dye house at Gilbert's lane."

"Hi declare that's too bad, Phenny," she  
said, and glancing out of the window, "hif  
there isn't that 'orrid tease, a 'Oneycomb,  
coming hup the walk, han 'ere hi's got this  
woollen gownd hon, the morning is so hairy—  
meaning airy—han this 'ere dust pan hin my  
and." "Dust—and away she rustled to put on  
her kill-em-again, leaving me to entertain  
number four, which I did but poorly, wanting  
her ten thousand dollars.

GLOW-WORM.

(To the Editor of the Torch.)

DEAR SIR.—The following questions or que-  
ries may have an interest for readers of TORCH.  
I found them in an old English Magazine, and  
the answer to each is to reveal the name of an  
Author, *Poet, &c.*

1. What a rough man said to his son when  
he wished him to eat properly?
2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill  
where there is no water?
3. Pilgrims and flutterers have knelt low to  
hiss him?
4. Makes and mends for first class cus-  
tomers?
5. Represents the dwelling of civilized  
men?
6. Is a kind of linen?
7. Is worn on the head?
8. A name that means such fiery things I  
can't describe their pains and stings?
9. Belongs to a monastery?
10. Not one of the four points of the com-  
pass, but inclining towards one of them?
11. Is what an oyster heap is like to be?
12. Is a chain of hills containing a dark  
treasure?
13. Always youthful as you see, but between  
you and me, he was never much of a chicken?
14. An American manufacturing town?
15. Humpbacked, but not deformed?
16. An internal pain?

17. Value of a word?
18. A ten-footer whose name begins with  
fifty.
19. A brighter and smarter than the other  
one?
20. A worker in precious metals?
21. A very vital part of the body?
22. A lady's garment?
23. A small talk and a heavy weight?
24. A prefix and a disease?
25. Comes from a pig?

MORGAN.

(To be Continued.)

We will be glad hereafter to devote a por-  
tion of the space of the TORCH to a puzzle de-  
partment—and will be pleased to receive con-  
tributions from any of our clever readers—  
Ed.

## GOOD GLIMMERS.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.—  
*Tennyson.*

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.

Though charity may make your purse some  
lighter one day, yet it will make it heavier an-  
other.

God will not let any apparent evil come into  
our lives from which we cannot wring some  
good to ourselves and others.

After you have said a mean thing you think  
about it and regret it; but why didn't you  
think about it before you said it?

Those who are watching for opportunities to  
do good will find them often occurring; if the  
morning does not afford them, the evening  
may.

Nothing makes a man so in love with purity  
as purity. Many a man has been lifted out of  
debasing sins against which he has vainly  
struggled by coming to know and love a pure,  
sweet woman.

Men's lives should be like day—more beau-  
tiful in the evening; or like Summer—aglow  
with promise; and like Autumn—rich with  
golden sheaves, where good deeds have ripened  
in the field.

Singing hearts are and a blessing unto them-  
selves. A song is joy-giving. He who can  
sing sweetly in the undertone of his inner  
nature carries a rare pleasure with him al-  
ways. Hard things appear to him easy; heavy  
burdens seem light; sorrow may knock often  
at his door, but it seldom enters his home or  
his heart. And when it does, and the clouds  
obscure the sunlight—when the soul walks  
down into the night and sees never a star—ah,  
then trebly blessed is the singing heart! If it  
can sing psalms at such a time the stars will  
shine. Dawn will quicker come, the sunlight  
sooner reappear.

Spiritualists in England and Australia very  
generally send memorial cards to friends and  
relatives in commemoration of a death or  
change, and funeral. They usually have one  
or more original verses. One of the latest  
bears the following:

"There is no death, 'tis but a shade;  
Be not of outward loss afraid,  
There is no death—'tis but a birth—  
A rising heavenward from earth!  
Sharing life's unbounded span,  
Eternity is thine, O man!  
Think of the future as a sphere,  
Where roses blossom all the year."

And now they say the Pope's leg is threaten'd  
with gangrene. If he should die from it, the  
pianist of the *Herald* will have something to  
say about the difference between gan-green,  
L. E. G. and Gray's Elegy.

Mary Stanton, aged 21, of New York, took  
Ether, with suicidal intent, on the last day of  
the year. But she ether took too little or too  
much, as she didn't die worth a cent.

[For the Torch]

THE BLUE RIBBON BOYS.

Make way there old King Alcohol,  
You blue-eyed blondest toper;  
We'll put a lasso round your neck,  
You'll find a pretty choker.  
Throw your joint-juleps to the winds,  
Let brandy cock-tails follow,  
And from this day come what come may,  
We'll nought but water swallow.

Chorus—

Three cheers for the blue ribbon boys,  
A firm united band;  
We've nailed our colours to the mast,  
And by them mean to stand.

Down, down, with your gin-palaces,  
And gambling hells—a light  
Luring the feeble from the path  
Of rectitude and right.

Till bound in chains your victims lie,  
All trace of manhood gone,  
And in the gutter sprawling lie,  
Mouthing some ribald song.

Lift up your drooping head, poor wife,  
Nor with despair sit dumb;

We mean to fight your giants now—  
Gin, Brandy, Whiskey, Rum—

That beat you black with cruel blows,  
And starve your prattling brood,

Which takes the fire from off your hearth,  
And from your cupboard food.

Come join our band, poor slave of rum,  
Enlist beneath our banner,

And go to work with might and main,  
With chisel, plane or hammer.

Build up the gaps which rum has made,  
Cover the ruins over,

And with God's help, you surely will  
Be living soon in clover.

—GLOW-WORM.

[For the Torch]

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

HINTS ON CARNIVAL COSTUMES.

The event of next week, so far as our juveniles are concerned, will, in all probability, be the Carnival at the Skating Ring, regarding the preparations for which, THE TORCH has so often been interrogated, that its broad sense of duty makes it necessary to devote the ensuing column entirely to the task of throwing a little more light upon the subject. Originality in this matter is almost impossible, and there is a small likelihood that we, even we, may be arraigned for *plagiarism*, but still, on the other hand, we are inclined to hope that, to some of our readers at least, the following characters will be suggestive.

"Sunrise," may be represented by a glaring and unlimited display of crimson, blue and yellow, profusely intermingled with tinsel. The skirt which may be either cambric or delaine, is of blue, cut rather short than otherwise, extending only to the tops of the boots, which should also glitter with tinsel. Another skirt of alternate red and yellow points, is to be worn over this, the points radiating downward from the belt and being trimmed with a border of gilt braid, which braid also ornaments the blue under-skirt. The corsage is of yellow very much decorated with gilt galloon, and last of the *troupe ensemble* is a gilt crown surmounted with gilt and crimson points. This latter perhaps is the most difficult part of the construction, and therefore in making it, great care should be taken, especially as to size. We have seen some home-made crowns which were conspicuously diminutive and unnecessary to add. "Un-easy was the head that wore such a crown."

A "Mad Ophelia" is to be known principally by her dishevelled hair, her white dress with bunches of grass and poppies, tacked carelessly (perhaps *erazily* would be a better word) over it, and the willow basket filled with flowers

which she carries upon her arm. An occasional quotation from Hamlet might also go towards making her identity known and effective, though with regard to the effectiveness, we are inclined to think, upon the whole, that it would not be very good, and that in the hurly-burly of the evening, poor Ophelia with her ravings would have but a small chance in the competition for the ten dollar prize.

"Folly," represented by a pointed black dress with a multitude of bells, was one of the fashionable New York masquerading dresses of last season, but this also, we imagine, would be negated by our masqueraders, there being very few of them so crazy for originality as to don the "cap and bells of a fool."

A "Glow-worm" wears a black dress sprinkled all in pale blue under skirt, with a tunic of striped pink and white, a short round basque of pink with a stomacher of white tulle, and a jaunty straw hat surmounting a head of floating curls. Her crook may be a slender stick, with ribbons wound around and tied at the top, and, as covering for the feet, striped stockings with low slippers are most suitable.

A "Palmer" of the olden times, with wide hat, sackcloth suit and coarse, heavy staff, makes a very easy model for a boy, and, if he be a serious fellow, the character is very easy of enactment.

A "Watteau Shepherdess" may act her part in a pale blue under skirt, with a tunic of striped pink and white, a short round basque of pink with a stomacher of white tulle, and a jaunty straw hat surmounting a head of floating curls. Her crook may be a slender stick, with ribbons wound around and tied at the top, and, as covering for the feet, striped stockings with low slippers are most suitable.

To make the Arcadian picture complete, there should, of course, be a Shepherd in attendance, but space forbids our detailing his outlines, and the same tyrant restricts us from touching on other characters such as "Wate-Lily," "Queen Cotton," "Fleet of Yachts," etc. Any one wanting to learn their make-up, however, may find the same in Butterick's Delineator for January.

GOLDEN GLEAMS.

We commenced, last week, publishing "press notices" of the Torch, and shall continue them in each issue until finished. For the many kind and complimentary remarks on our literary venture we feel duly grateful, and have much pleasure in wishing that all of our contemporaries may grow rich, live long, and die happy.

We have received from St. John, N. B., the first number of a new weekly entitled the TORCH, very properly devoted to light literature. Among its numerous attractions we observe an excellent chess column, under the able management of Mr. J. E. Narraway one of the leading players of that city, and with whom we remember having some friendly encounters over the board several years—*Ironquois Times*, Ironquois, Dundale, Ont., Dec. 29, 1877.

A NEW LIGHT.—A new paper entitled the TORCH has just flashed out on the horizon at St. John. The first number make quite a pleasing appearance and no doubt the succeeding numbers will increase in brilliancy and power. We hope the TORCH while shedding healthful and safe light on the country, will prove advantageous to its enterprising editor and proprietor, Mr. Joseph S. Know es, of this city. Mr. Geo. W. D. y is the printer of this new weekly paper—*Christian Visitor*, St. John, Dec. 29.

THE TORCH.—This new luminary made its first appearance on Saturday last. And it was altogether a quite brilliant appearance, such as does credit to all concerned in supplying the illuminating material it contained. The first thing on the first page is a fine Sonnet from the pen of Mr. H. L. Spencer, and it is marked by all the delicate finish and the characteristic tone of subdued melancholy which distinguish the similar production of the well known Enylla Allynne. The rest of the contents of TORCH No. 1 are excellent, and of the typographical aspect of the sheet it hardly becomes us to say much, since it is a specimen of the handiwork of our *New Dominion* office.

TORCH No. 2 will speak for itself to all buyers and readers to day. We expect that the demand for it will be quite equal to the lively call for No. 1.—*New Dominion*, Dec. 29.

St. John, N. B., has a humorous paper of its own—small but good. It is called the TORCH, and its editor is J. S. Knowles, who has contributed much pleasant reading to the *Voice*, over the *non de plume* of "Blax." We wish him success.—*Ironquois News*, Jan. 3.

THE TORCH conducted by Mr. Joseph S. Knowles is a sprightly weekly journal published in St. John, and while it amuses at fun and satire it deals with literary and other matters in such a way as to make it a rather readable paper. Some of Joe's puns are a shade too melancoly for ordinary reading, but the grave and gay will be admirably combined to suit all tastes. The TORCH has an unique head of Clever design, engraved by Mr. C. H. Flowering. The paper only costs a dollar a year. Knowles will in doubtlessly make it well worth the money.—*St. John Herald*, Jan. 3.

PURE AND PLACID.—The TORCH has copied *Gipsy's* second cartoon of the editor of this paper, and what is worse, *Gipsy's* frightful poetry.

Well, so the early christian martyrs were assailed, and why should we not bear our cross too?

Keep on, worldlings, the sated *Woodcock* man forgives you, blesses you, and meekly turns the other cheek to the smelter.

Let us trust, *Gipsy* will keep his grip on the public, and *Torch* will blaze as cheerily as it begins, and not flaze, and finally go dead out.

We wish both a happy new year, but dread the shoals and quicksands that lurk about in their course, the waxy brethren; never malicious, spiteful, or wicked. Strike right and left at shams and wrongs; avoid controversies with scurrilous ink-slingers, and when you find such for antagonists, ignore their abuse. Be Brave, witty, but always good natured. Smile even when you thrust the hardest; if we must be run through the body, let it be done in a gentlemanly manner, then give us a decent burial, and our ghosts won't haunt you.—*Monroe's Herald*, Halifax.

THE TORCH comes to us bright and lively as ever. It is the best paper of the kind ever attempted in the Province.—*Fredricton Reporter*.

FEEBLE FLICKERINGS.

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

Angeline sends us the following little pungent domestic scene:

Domestic Dialogue.

HUSBAND.—"Why is there no necessity of me drinking wine as long as you are alive?"

WIFE.—"I can't guess Charlie; why is it?"

HUSBAND.—"Because I'll always have you to sup-port!"

WIFE.—Well, Charlie, you needn't *whine* about it. Why are you, when you are cross, like a certain kind of wine?"

HUSBAND.—"Give it up!"

WIFE.—"Because you are *Mud-dear*!"

HUSBAND.—"I *ge-claret* makes me feel proud to think I have such a clever little wife."

WIFE.—"I *ge-claret* makes me feel proud to think I have such a clever little wife. Let us open a small bottle of 'Moet & Shandon.'"

LAGER BEER NOT INTOXICATING.—We saw the man last night who don't believe lager beer will intoxicate. He stopped us to say, "Mos' harm's be've'gee in er'orld. Manc 'an drink fifty glasses 'n never feel it morn'n I an this min't. A man drinks whisky 'n he shows it. Drinks lage' beer 'n don't sh-s'lowt an' al'y's did! Look at t' nobel German pop-pop-lashun. Never (hic) see 'n tos-tos—ated, don't ye, so 'm I. Lage' beer 's no more 'lect on me 'n so much wa'er. Can walk (hic) hole through la'er or see crack in for 'y foot si-walk well 's any other man. Bet ye two do'n half fian. Ye shay beer 'strays mem'ry. 'She member better to day 'n ever did. What an I—who'r you an'how. Please tell me 't street runs down 'n get a hack 'n go my way. If ye don't who has?' We left him satisfied that he was right. Lager Beer is not intoxicating. Oh, no.

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.

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	per inch.	half col.	1 column.
1st insertion	\$1.00	84.00	80.00
Subsequent	20	2.00	2.00
Per month	2.10	2.00	2.00
Per quarter	5.80	24.00	20.00
Per half year	10.00	40.00	30.00
Per year	17.00	60.00	50.00

\*\* Cards \$10 per year.

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

All communications to be addressed,

'EDITOR TORCH,'  
St. John, N. B.

The Torch will be for sale at the following places:

- H. R. SMITH, Charlotte street;
- W. K. CRAWFORD, King street;
- E. HANEY & CO., King street;
- G. E. FROST, Union street;
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Single Copies—Three Cents.

TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 19, 1878.

**JOSH MUFF LETTERS.**—In our next we will commence a series of letters written by a native of Otisburg, named Josh Muff, to his wife Huldy. As this is his first visit away from home, and he sees the different sights in St. John and Boston in a particularly fresh and breezy aspect, we think our readers will find them very interesting. His wife evidently thought so or she would not have sent them to the Torch for publication.

**PRESENTATION.**—On Thursday, Capt. Chisholm was presented with a magnificent gold watch and chain by the Queen Insurance Company, in recognition of his valuable services in assisting in rescuing so many lives on the 20th June. The presentation was made in the Common Council Chamber by Mr. John Boyd in a neat and appropriate speech, to which Capt. Chisholm made a suitable reply. The watch is an elegant work of art; and we congratulate the gallant Captain on receiving such a meritorious recognition of his bravery and kindness. We are sorry that our limited space prevents us giving a full report of the proceedings.

The Pennsylvanians want to reform their system of Civic Government. One of the suggestions of the Commission appointed by the Governor of the State to inquire into the matter is that all tax-payers, without distinction of sex, should vote at municipal elections. The adoption of such a Reform would be plain justice—for they who pay the taxes should have their say as to the levying of them. But think how the canvassing system would be developed by such a course. When, for instance,

would the well favored Councillor for Sydney cease looking up votes, if all the handsome ladies who own property in his ward were added to the Electoral list.

**A SAINT JOHN BOY ABROAD.**—JAMES P. DEMATTOS—who for some time studied law in this city, and subsequently was engaged in one of the public offices in Washington—is at present acting as Stipendiary Magistrate at Georgetown, Colorado. We congratulate "Squire" DEMATTOS.

**STEPPED OUT.**—One of Portland's faithful guardians has levanted, leaving several tender little reminiscences, in the shape of bills, to keep his memory green. Our artist has a sketch of him, for which we shall try and find room in our next.

Bengough, Grip's famous cartoonist, will deliver one of his peculiar lectures in the Institute on Wednesday evening next. As he is an artist of acknowledged ability we expect he will draw a crowded house.

**HARE SOUP.**—Messrs. John Melick and G. J. Chubb purchased a lot of rabbits in the Market yesterday, and sent them by express as a present to Mr. J. W. Lanergan, in Boston. These will be a rare bit for "Jeems," as these birds are very scarce and expensive in the "Hub."

The *Sackville Post* this week has a local item headed "Death of one of Miss Rye's Children." We have never heard of Miss Rye having shuffled of the coil of single blessedness, and if not, isn't it libellous for Milner to insinuate that she has any young responsibilities? That's worse than accusing a man of plagiarism.

TORCHISMS.

\*\*\*What kind of a *canoe* gives the quickest blow? A hurry-cane.

\*\*\*What is the difference between summer and winter? There's snow difference.

\*\*\*When an Irish woman applied for relief, the interviewer asked:

"How many children have you?"

"Six, yer honor."

"How old is the youngest?"

"Me youngest is dead, yer honor; but I've had another since."

\*\*\*Are the *knots* made by a ship when she is sailing tied? If not, what has the *tide* got to do with them? This is a *knotty* point for *nautical* men to untie.

Mrs. J.—"The men of the present day are fast."

Mr. J.—"They have to be, my dear, to catch the women."

\*\*\*Why are not crows considered to be *grace* birds? Because they are inclined to carry on (Carri-on).

\*\*\*A *pane-ful* duty—to collect the duty on glass.

\*\*\*Does it require much *cur-rage* to face a mad dog?

\*\*\*What is the best *guage* by which to measure a man's character? His lan-guage.

\*\*\*The winning-post of the race of life is a slab of white or grey stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying.

\*\*\*A VERY FELINE QUESTION FROM THE CATHEDRAL.—If two cats, tied together by their tails and hung across a clothes line, should fight until they died, what particular form of disease would express the cause of their death? A malignant case of *Tie-puss*.

\*\*\*Why is the letter N like a newly married woman? Because its the end of maiden.

\*\*\*A well bred man is never a loaf-er.

\*\*\*Knight of the Bath—Saturday night.

\*\*\*A presentation which is never very acceptable: *Presenting a loaded pistol*.

\*\*\*SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Whatever you give away always be sure and *keep your temper*.

\*\*\*Overhead and Ears in Debt—wearing an unpaid for hat.

\*\*\*A book, whatever its merits, is bound to be read.

\*\*\*What religion is most fashionable among the Turks? They worship a *la mode* (*Allah mode*).

\*\*\*What word is there, which, if you take away the first letter, will leave the name of a well-known novel? Handy—for by taking away the H it makes Handy Andy.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER

What is the first historical mention of hippoplagists banquet? When Caesar's ghost said to Brutus, "We shall meet again at *filly pie*."

**MOCK TURTLE.**—Calling your husband "my dear" in public, and "you brute" in private.

A pedant remarked to a farmer, "I cannot bear a fool." "Your mother could," was the reply.

**A KNOTTY QUESTION.**—Asking the Captain of a ship how fast she's sailing.

What word is there which if you take away the first letter will represent an urn with the tea drawn off?

Turn, for by removing the T. you will have the urn left.

Does Scotch whiskey have a *smokey* taste when it comes in *pipies*?

BOARDING HOUSE SCENE.

Time: Breakfast.

Mr. Tomkins.—Pardon me Mrs. Podgers, but would you please inform me if that hash is made of bear's meat.

Mrs. P.—"Why lor' sakes no Mr. Tomkins, whatever makes you ask such a Question?"  
Mr. Tomkins.—"Oh! nothing—only from the number of pieces of *gristle* in it I thought it might have been made from a *Gristly Bear*."

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.

VAGRANT.—"Plaze sir, wud ye give a poor lone lorn widdy a few hapens for God sake."  
MR. B.—"Why don't you go to the Poor House?"

VAGRANT.—I wanted telgit in the Poor House so I went to Doctor Bayard and axed wud he give me a line. So he sint me till Squire—well, well, say his name was Brown. So over I goes til him an' tould path the dochter said, and he ups and says, "Go back and tell the docter till go to h—." "Bad cess to you," says I, "wull ye put that mussage in 'ritin' I'll take it till him, if ye promise till stand porter at the gates an' let him in." Put that in yer pipe and shmoke it, bad scran till ye.

**PERSONAL.**—Lord Roseberry and Hannah, only daughter of Baron Rothschild, are engaged to be married. It was berry jew-dicious on the part of Roseberry to capture Hannah.

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No. 4.

In my boyhood the "Panoramas" which were at times exhibited about the country, were regarded by many of us as masterpieces of Art, and few of us thought that the quarter demanded for admission, could be more pleasantly or profitably spent. Without doubt the miserable dabs that were in one place exhibited as representations of the "Ruins of Jerusalem, painted on the spot by our special Artist," in other sections were accounted faithful delineations of Rome's fallen grandeur, or the relics of Central America's unwritten civilization. Be that as it may, the gorgeous coloring, and the mystery which accompanied these representations, together with the dignity and unfathomable wisdom of the white-vested and red-nosed delineator, were deeply impressed on our young minds and furnished food for reflection and fireside chat for months to come. Ah, how cheap and accessible are the pleasures of boyhood and youth! As the years creep on they grow dear and unrequited, and when we are tempted to purchase, they too often turn to ashes on our lips. (My owl chuckles with delight).

I was speaking of panoramas. One of these is daily and nightly spread before us in the masses of humanity that perambulate our principal streets. The scenes shift as they shift on the canvass, and every observer is his own delineator. I often stroll down town for no other purpose than to watch the living panorama by gaslight, to read the faces of the figures that move up and down, and speculate upon the present fortune and future destiny of those with whom I come in contact.

Let us forth! The hour is nine, the sky is clear and studded with a million stars, and the music of the merry sleigh-bells fills the air. Ah, right by the doorway we encounter a character; a man of middle age, shabbily dressed, with a beaver that might have been worn by one of the loyalists, long hair hanging over his shoulders and a cane that thumps, thumps, thumps on the sidewalk as if he were counting the steps he must take before reaching his destination? And what is his destination? Were I to answer as I feel, I should say, *Damnation!* but in other words I might be more readily comprehended. Look now! you see that dimly lit grogery just round the corner? Well, in he goes and out he will come, to stagger home, more beast than man. That man was once engaged in a prosperous business on Blank street; he had a superior education and a noble heart. He indulged in an occasional glass of wine, then an occasional glass of brandy, then occasionally he stopped out late o' nights, then he became embarrassed, then he failed, and then he became a sot! Yet, strange as it may seem, he is, to this day, a strenuous advocate of unlicensed traffic in liquor, and has written a pamphlet to prove that the free use of ardent spirits is sanctioned by Scripture! Oh, the rum Devil—the devil Rum! I have nothing to say against the liquor dealer; his business is sanctioned and protected by law as well as that of the physician and the undertaker;

I have nothing to say against the victims of intoxicants—as a general thing they are, or have been, among the best educated and finest souled men that live—but of Rum itself, I do say, *Would to God that the oceans of tears with which thou hast drowned the world, had blotted thee out forever!* But this theme is a hackneyed one—there is no room for argument except on one side, so we will pass on.

Ah! here comes our cook, Julia, on the arm of Toddlebin, the baker's apprentice.

"She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Mark that white feather, that cardinal red ribbon, that blue scarf; mark how confidently she leans on the arm of Toddlebin, and how confidently she glances in his eyes! Ah, Julia, we are all dreamers and you may as well indulge in that innocent pastime as I. To-morrow, you must forget all this and give strict attention to steaks and muffins, still Toddlebin's queen,—but attending to affairs of state. And Toddlebin, as he moulds the plastic dough, must banish the fancy that he reigns a king in one young heart, and attend with diligence to his employer's behests. Thus it is that the ideal is crushed by the real in this everyday world.

*And so it is! our dreams do pass  
Away like promises writ on glass;  
They are shivered by fate—they end in smoke,  
And glass is brittle and easily broke.*

S.

Our Book Shelf.

"In both worlds": by William H. Holcombe, M. D., Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.; St. John, E. H. Jones.

This book purports to be an autobiography of Lazarus whom Christ raised from the dead—and details not only his Earthly Experiences which, according to Dr. Holcombe's recital, were of wildly adventurous character, but also answers Tennyson's question, "Where wert thou Lazarus those four days?" and states the experiences of Lazarus in the other world. Our readers may be interested in learning that the parchment manuscript, a translation of which makes up the book, is some eighteen centuries old, and was found not many years ago in a cave in Mount Lebanon, in which Lazarus was buried alive. At least Dr. Holcombe says so, and we are not prepared to dispute his statement.

The book, in idea, is somewhat similar to the "Prince of the House of David"—but is more of a romance. In fact it is sensational enough to have been written by E. A. Poe. The story is written from a Swedenborgian standpoint, and incidentally gives quite a full statement of the views of that remarkable man Emanuel Swedenborg, in reference to the future life.

The discussion started by the recent utterances of Canon Farrar, on this subject, will lend many to read it with increased interest. Dr. Holcombe, whatever may be thought of the opinions he communicates, or as to the possibility of any such events as he describes happening in real life, has written a very interesting novel and in excellent style.

*Chappell's Prince Edward Island Almanac.*

—This Almanac, which appears to be quite complete in all departments found in similar publications—has also a directory for the City of Charlottetown. We believe the first published for that city. The business of Charlottetown is well represented in the advertising columns.

*Deeter Smith's* for January is the initial number of volume XIII., and is replete with musical, dramatic, literary, humorous, art, etc., items. In the musical department, we notice selections from "Evangeline" and "Alhambra."

*The Norristown Herald.*—Hitherto a lively and readable daily, has commenced a weekly literary edition, which promises to be first-class, of its kind. It gives a pleasing variety of humor, history, fiction, fashion and gossip.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

A company is being formed in Charlottetown for the manufacture of starch from potatoes.—*Ex.*

Suppose the company will be a pretty "stiff" one. When they make blue starch will they use "Early Blues?"

Many of the colleges are discussing the question of using caps and gowns, and one reckless rascal ventures to insinuate that both are worn at Vassar—at night.—*Puck.*

Cary says she and Kellogg have had no battle. It was alto-gether a false-set-to.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Judging from the "tenor" of her remarks, there has been a "change of base" in this musical battle.

Most persons who pass a blind beggar in the street cannot see any better than he can. It is catching.—*Rochester Democrat.*

If you "pass" a "blind" you cannot "see" it afterwards.

Can any one of our exchanges inform us why it is that Louisville girls always have a mole between the shoulders?—*St. Louis Jour.*  
If you don't stop mole-sting those Louisville girls you'll get yourself into trouble.

Crooked chirography is no sign of genius.—*Dan. News.*

Crooked walk o-graphy is a sure sign of gin ious.

The *Troy Budget* says: "If you love your girl, sleigh her on the spot." And if you don't, we suppose you can cut-ter.—*Rome Sent.*  
Or let her slide.

Canvas suspenders now seem to be worn by most ladies. There's no "give" to them, and that's the reason you occasionally hear a button fly off when a lady grabs for her skirt.

Dr. Tochamer says that the little black specks on apples and oranges are clusters of fungi, and that they produce whooping cough.—*Ex.*

And still you will find little boys and girls who don't care a "speck" for the fungi, and say "let 'em whoop!"

A lease for 999 years has just run out on some land at Woolwich, in England.

How did it run out? It wasn't released.

"WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER."—An editorial writer in the *Springfield Republican* of Dec. 21st, spoke of Mark Twain's speech at the Atlantic dinner as "vulgar." Another editorial writer on the same page said it was "excellently adapted to the company."

## THE WAVERLY WAKE.

BY A KRENER.

They laid him out one afternoon,  
In the room, just back of the bar,  
And as he laid placidly sleeping,  
His hand clasped a glass of "three star."

To give poor "Brush" an elegant wake,  
When finding him stretched out dead,  
They wrapped round his body a winding sheet,  
And candles placed round his head.

All bare and exposed to the bummers' gaze,  
Reclined in the bed-room they found him,  
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,  
While the "Keeners" wept sadly around him.

Lightly they'll talk of poor "Brush," when he's gone.

And Patrick begins to upbraid him;  
But little he cares, if they let him snooze on,  
'Neath the wine-ding sheet where they have laid him.

Each one of the mournful "wakers,"  
Had something to say about "Brush;"  
But the verdict of all was unanimous,  
That his death had been hastened by "lush."

And as the mourners passed in, one by one,  
And tearfully gazed on his face;  
A doctor proposed to inject Morphine,  
Which he said would at once make him "brace."

Another *el-Medica* suggested  
To open a vein with a lance;  
When up jumped the corpse of DeMorphy  
Who had only been lying in *trance*.

## THE TEMPLE OF (his) WORSHIP.

WEEKLY POLICE REPORTS.

This department is under the supervision of one of our staff who "has been there himself."  
—Ed.

The style is taken from a neighbor's style—this is stated here at once, to prevent any subsequent clerical commotion as to plagiarisms.

Court opened this morning in due form. The usual gentlemen—so distinguished for ignoring the sanitary influences of Turkish baths, Tonsorial sufferings, or Lily of the Valley decoration—filled the outer Court of the Temple, and their united incense was not insensible to organs olfactory.

Inside sat the usual result of the midnight scavenger efforts of the Police Pasha's. They were accommodated with a bench, while Bench accommodated himself to a chair.

The well brushed and combed and useful Clerk handed up the list of applicants for fine or imprisonment.

The spectacled veteran of local Solonisms, after removing some superfluous asthma from his tonsils, gazed on the exciting catalogue before him with a "grave and stern decorum on the countenance he wore." A deep inhalation ensued, and the enemies of Jones, the London tailor, with bated breath exulted as they saw a button from the recent vest of the Court press its original claim to "first position" and waft itself expeditiously towards the eye of the intelligent reporter of the *Boston Journal*, temporarily sitting at the desk while awaiting a report of the case of Ellis, the defaulting cashier of Boston, then being tried in the Court above.

The first gentleman who had participated in the Hospitalities of the Great Police Emporium arose at the mention of his name, and in response to his Worship's anxious inquiry as to whether he had not given ocular demonstration of not being a McKenzie man, replied, "Is it me you mean." "Yes," said his Worship; "you are charged here with having grossly counteracted the noble principles of the

great Reform Club. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

The interrogated gentleman with his right hand scratched in a demure way, the shirt sleeve in his left arm, his coat being temporarily in some other person's possession, and remarked to the Court, "How's that if you please."

The Court then reiterated the enquiry. The gentleman removed his right hand from his left arm, and the forefinger went into a searching investigation, just above his right ear, as to the cause of some local disturbance there and there existing, and, after due deliberation, concluded that he was not at present a follower of D. Banks McKenzie; but, as an excuse for his over zealousness in the other direction, said he had been one of the principal parties to getting up a subscription for a watch, or a—a—a chronometer dinner, or—or something, to Capt. Chisholm of the International Insurance Co. "Casion was a great one" he added with a slight disturbance of the throat that seemed like an infant hiccup. This was also the excuse of all others which with streaming eyes the Court acknowledged to be sufficient, and all were dismissed with benediction.

Torch will have a "lightning bug" at the Police Court every week to note items of interest. In our next we propose to commence giving cuts of the heads of the departments, after which the noble army of bummers, or at least the best looking of them, will be carefully attended to by our special artist "Phiz."

## OUR BOSTON LETTER.

BOSTON, Jan. 14.

The light of the TORCH has reached Boston, Boston flashes back a hope that the TORCH may shed abroad its kindly beams for many a day, and indeed, that its light may never be extinguished.

The holiday season in Boston this year seemed much quieter than usual, for though the stores were thronged, one missed the merry jingle of sleigh bells, and the keen and frosty air that usually accompanies our New England Christmas. Though since Christmas there has been a slight fall of snow; the rains of last week washed it away, and the air to-day is more like that of April than January.

Perhaps the social event of the past week in the vicinity of Boston, was the marriage of Miss Edith Longfellow, to Mr. R. H. Dana, the daughter of the most famous, to the grandson of the oldest American poet. The wedding took place in the College Chapel, at Cambridge, in the pouring rain of last Tuesday. Of course, many notable people were present from various parts of the Union. Many toilettes worn were very elegant; but the wedding, as a whole was marked by the absence of all pretension.

The lecture season here is nearing its close; but some very fine concerts are promised for this week. This evening one will be given by Emma Abbott, assisted by Signor Ferand, Mr. Arbuckle, the well-known cornet-player and the celebrated tenor, Mr. Stanley. Miss Abbott on account of her great talent as well as her charms of mind and person is deservedly popular here.

On Tuesday the third subscription concert occurs at Cambridge. The programme for this concert is very fine, consisting of part songs by the Swedish Ladies' Quartette, and a most excellent selection of orchestral music.

The fifth Thomas concert will take place on Thursday evening, when the Brahms symphony and several other fine works will be rendered. So you see we have no reason to complain of either the poor quality or quantity of our musical treat for the coming week.

Bierstadt's great painting of Estes Park, the property of the Earl of Dunraven is now ex-

hibiting here but will soon be removed to that nobleman's estate in Ireland.

The most popular play of the season is the "Exiles" now in its sixth week at the Boston Theatre. It will run two or three weeks longer. Lydia Thompson and troupe begin an engagement here this week.

Boston at present is singularly devoid of news, there is no murder, defalcation, fire or sensation of any kind to chronicle. Such a state of affairs is not to be lamented, indeed rather let us hope it may long continue.

LEAH.

## CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"LEAH"—Boston.—Shall be pleased to hear from you every week. Anything of a gossip or fresh and newsworthy nature will be acceptable. If you can get a Club of Subscribers, will allow you a liberal commission.

"TAPER."—Not exactly suitable. Try again. Make it shorter, and with more point.

The *Turner's Falls Reporter* is full of good things, but the *Rockland Courier* is Fuller.

Three hundred Shoemakers on a strike at Lynn, Mass.—*Ec.* It strikes us—but perhaps we'd better not, as awl the funny men of the press will be pegging away at it.

The Brooklyn *Daily Ledger* gave up the ghost.—*Clippcr.* Would that be a kind of *Ledger de mane?*

—On Dec. 28—A Savings Bank at Nyack, St Louis, went up the spout. It's a Kn(y)ack they have of doing so.

Any knot tied on an extended cord or tape is, of necessity, a slip-knot, however firmly it may appear to be fastened. If a medium presents for the purpose of having his hands tied, a piece of cord or tape just long enough to go once only round each arm, the first knot may be firm enough, but the second is bound to be a slip knot. This is a secret known to but few, but, when understood, rope-tying, with the cords usually furnished by mediums for the purpose of securing them and obtaining test conditions, becomes a farce.

One good turn deserves another. Some time since England bestowed a number of sparrows and her blessing on this country. They grew and multiplied—compound multiplication—that is the sparrows, not the blessing, and like the very opposite to blessings, they came home to roost. Now America has balanced accounts by shipping from Boston the other day a consignment of American robins for acclimatization in Yorkshire. Seeing as 'ow Hingland has already our sweet-voiced crow, why not go her one better, and send her a specimen of our gorgeous crow-mo.—*Detroit Free Press.* She also sends us *swallows* of "bittah beah."

THE LONDON PRESS.—The daily issue of the London papers is as follows: Daily Telegraph (ministerial), 267,000; Standard (Tory), 200,000. The issue of the Daily News (Liberal) during the war of 1870-71 sometimes exceeded 300,000 copies; it now averages 230,000. The London Times spends more than \$500,000 for its paper, and for its printing ink, \$20,000. Each advertising column in this journal, and it averages nine pages of them, brings in a revenue of \$35,000. The outlay in foreign correspondence amounts to at least \$40,000 per annum. The circulation varies with the exciting intelligence of the day, being on the average about 200,000, and occasionally considerably higher. No pains or expense is spared by the great London dailies to procure the latest information from all parts of the world. Their editorial and correspondent staff embraces statesmen, ex diplomats, soldiers, scholars and scientists, etc.

**CHESS COLUMN.**

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

**GAME No. VI**

Played by correspondence between Messrs. Jos. B. Stubbs, of St. John, and J. C. McIntyre, of Boston.

White.  
J. B. S.

Black.  
J. C. McI.

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1 P-K 4       | 1 P-K 4        |
| 2 P-K B 4     | 2 P×P          |
| 3 Kt-K B 3    | 3 P-K Kt 4     |
| 4 P-K R 4 (a) | 4 P-K Kt 5     |
| 5 Kt-K 5 (b)  | 5 P-K R 4 (c)  |
| 6 B-Q B 4     | 6 Kt K R 3 (d) |
| 7 P-Q 4       | 7 P-Q 3        |
| 8 Kt-Q 3      | 8 P-K B 6      |
| 9 P×P         | 9 Q-K B 3 (c)  |
| 10 Kt-K B 4   | 10 P-Q B 3 (f) |
| 11 Kt×P       | 11 Q-K 2       |
| 12 B-K Kt 5   | 12 Resigns.    |

**NOTES BY C. F. S.**

- (a). Not so attacking as B-Q B 4
- (b). White might now play Kt-K Kt 5 forming the Allgain Gambit.
- (c). Q-K 2 is preferable.
- (d). R-R 2 is the correct move here.
- (e). A weak move, giving White a strong attack. B-K 2 is better.
- (f). A wise precaution, avoiding White's attack on Queen by Kt-Q 5.

**THE GAME OF CHESS.**

**WHITE WINS.**

So I have won!  
And you are worse than lost:  
Be not cast down,  
But smile and count the cost.

We cannot tell  
What sentence fate has passed.—  
Many play well,  
But lose the game at last.

Send out your Knights  
And wish me joy at least;  
Open your Castle gates,  
And we will feast!

Hope gives us wondrous strength,  
(Is it so my Lord?)  
Life tries our hearts,  
Death sweeps us from the board.

—From Mrs. Spencer's Chess Chips in Dexter Smith's.

**GAME No. VII.**

A charming little Game played at the New York Club between Mr. Mackenzie and an amateur. (Irregular Opening.)

Black.—Mr. —

White.—Mr. M.

- |                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 1 P to K 4th         | P to K 4th       |
| 2 Kt to K B 3rd      | P to K B 4th     |
| 3 P takes P          | P to K 5th       |
| 4 Kt to Q 4th        | Kt to K B 3rd    |
| 5 B to Q 4th         | P to Q 4th       |
| 6 B to Q Kt 3rd      | B to Q B 4th     |
| 7 P to Q B 3rd       | Kt to Q B 3rd    |
| 8 Kt to K 6th        | B takes Kt       |
| 9 P takes B          | Kt to K 4th      |
| 10 Castles           | K K to Kt 6th    |
| 11 Q to K 2nd        | Q to Kt R 5th    |
| 12 B to Q R 4th (ch) | P to Q B 3rd     |
| 13 P to K R 3rd      | Kt to B 6th (ch) |

The termination is singularly pretty.  
Black.—Mr. —      White.—Mr. M.

14 K to E 8<sup>sq</sup>

If he had taken the Kt Mr. Mackenzie would have given checkmate in two moves.

- 14 Castles on K's side  
15 P to Q B 4th P takes P  
16 Q takes Q B P Q takes K B P  
17 P to K 7th (dis. ch) R to B 2nd  
18 B to Q Kt 3rd Q to Kt 8th (ch)  
19 R takes Q Kt to B 7th
- Checkmate.

**ENIGMA No. 3.—By J. E. N.**

**WHITE.**

K at Q 7, Q—Q B 7, B Q R 8.  
Kt at Q Kt 6, Kt at K R 5, P—Q Kt 3.

**BLACK.**

K at K 4, Pawns at K B 3, 4, 5, and Q 3, 4, 5.  
White to mate in 2.

**SOLUTION TO ENIGMA No. 2.**

- |                         |          |
|-------------------------|----------|
| 1. B to Q R sq          | 1. P-K 4 |
| 2. R to Q Kt 2          | 2. K-Q 5 |
| 3. R-Q Kt 4 (double ch) |          |
- Mate.

**VICTORIA SKATING CLUB.**

The Directors beg to announce that a  
**Promenade and Fancy Dress  
SKATING CARNIVAL**

Will be held in the RINK on TUESDAY EVENING, the 2nd inst., weather permitting.

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

Further announcement will be made in a few days with regard to the Competition for the Medals and other Prizes.  
C. E. SCAMMELL,      G. C. COSTER.  
Jan 19      Presidnt.      Sec-Treasurer.

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

Jan 12-21

175 UNION STREET.

**WINTER IS COMING.**

See Seasonable Goods, at

**W. W. JORDAN'S,**

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

**DARK COLORED and WHITE QUILTS:**  
50 Dozen more MEN'S RIBBED SHIRTS and DRAWERS, all best in the city, at 40c. each.  
50 Dozen ALL WOOL RIBBED SHIRTS and DRAWERS, at \$1.80 the Suit, worth \$3.50;

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

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

**MEN'S ULSTERS AT \$7.50.**

**Men's Heavy Beaver Overcoats,**  
with velvet collars, at \$10.00, London made.

**Boys' Ulsters, Reefers, Overcoats and Suits.**

Jan 5 1 m

175 UNION STREET.

**For Xmas and New Year.**

**THOMAS FURLONG,  
Wine Merchant,**

AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF  
Old Brandies, Dublin Malt Whiskies, &c.  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

We beg to call your attention to our Stock of Fine  
*Wines, Old Brandies, Liqueurs, &c.,*  
which will be found very extensive, Pure and Reliable.

**The Wines of France.      The Wines of Germany.**

- |                |               |
|----------------|---------------|
| Medoc,         | Neiastein,    |
| Saint Julien,  | Bodenthal,    |
| Margau,        | Erûch,        |
| Poniet Canet,  | Oestrich,     |
| Batallay,      | Steinwein,    |
| La Rose,       | Hochheim,     |
| Sauterne,      | Leibframlich, |
| Haut Barsac,   | Marcobrun,    |
| Haut Sauterne, | Johannenberg. |

**CHAMPAGNES FROM**

Louis Roeder,      Perrier & Jouet,  
Piper Heidsieck,  
Geo. H. Mumm.  
**COGNAC BRANDY.**

Hennessy.....10 years old Brandy  
Hennessy.....5 years old "  
Hennessy.....3 years old "

**MALT WHISKEY.**

Furlong's 5 years old;  
Dublin Malt Whiskey;  
Glenlivet Malt Whiskey;  
Campbellton Malt Whiskey;  
Genuine Bourgn Whiskey;  
Old Jamaica Rum;  
Scheidam Schnapps.

**Sherries and Ports.**

Fine Pale Sherries;  
Old Tawny Ports;  
Marzala (Virginia);  
Marzala (London Particular);  
Dutch Curaçao;  
Marlino;  
Dublin Ginger Ale;  
Soda Water;  
Appollonaris Water, &c.

**THOMAS FURLONG,  
DIRECT IMPORTER.**

dec 20 21

**LINIMENTS.**

SPENCER'S VESUVIAN (Brown and White), Johnson's Anodyne, Kidder's Sturgeon Oil, Gray's Anodyne, Albion, Moyle's White, Niccum's Rheumatic, and Frost's Liniments; Electric Oil, Graham's Radiator, Flegg's Relief, King's Fluid, Fendley's Panacea, Household Panacea, Blood's Compound, Radway's Ready Relief, Perry Davis' Pain Killer, Perkins' Alleviator, British Oil, Turlington's Balsam, and Meiklejohn's Magic Cure All. For sale by  
GEO. E. FROST,  
CITY DRUG STORE,  
247 Union Street.

Jan 5 11

**BACK TO THE OLD STAND.  
CORNER GROCERY.**

MR. ROBERT RITCHIE'S New Grocery Store, on the Corner of Queen and German Streets, is first class in every respect, and is well stocked with every variety of

**Family Groceries.**

Fresh Butter and Eggs every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY Mornings.  
Give Bob a call and he will treat you well.  
Fresh Eggs and Butter, cheap for cash he'll sell;  
And any other goods you wish to buy,  
Go straightway to the corner, and friend Ritchie's try.  
Jan 5-2w

**CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR**

And when it comes always buy one dollar's worth of

**HOPKINS'  
CELEBRATED Mince MEAT  
IN NICE CANS,  
5 lbs. FOR ONE DOLLAR.**

Full Weight Guaranteed. Also, our Superior Mince Meat, 4 lbs. for one dollar. Please order early.  
186 Union Street,      St. John, N. B.  
**JOHN HOPKINS.**

(See 29 21)

Printed by GEO. W. DAY, 57 Charlotte Street.

**SPENCER'S**  
**Elixir of Wild Cherry,**  
 for Coughs, Colds and all Affections of the  
 Throat, is a pure vegetable preparation con-  
 taining no opium or deleterious drug.  
 Its effects are immediate and permanent.  
 It may be given with safety to the tender-  
 est 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 dis-  
 eases for which a Liniment is applied.  
 Circulars may be obtained at the Drug  
 Store, containing certificates from gentle-  
 men of high standing in this Province.  
 Price 30 cents.

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

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

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

**HOLIDAY SALE!!**

**DURING THE PRESENT MONTH**  
 we will offer special inducements to  
 Cash Purchasers of  
**Dry Goods and Millinery.**

**OUR WHOLE STOCK**  
**REDUCED**  
 To Less than Wholesale Prices.

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!**  
 Choice Black Silks!  
 Lyons Silk Velvets!  
 Mantles and Mantle Cloths,  
 Wool and Paisley Shawls,  
 Ladies' and Gent's Silk Umbrellas,  
 Lined Kid Gloves and Mitts,  
 (Ladies', Misses' and Children's Sizes).

**Berlin Wool Goods:**  
**BREAKFAST SHAWLS,**  
**SHELL SACQUES,**  
**PROMENADE SCARFS,**  
**HOODS, JACKETS, in all sizes,**  
**CARDIGAN JACKETS,**  
 (From 50 cts. to \$5.00)  
**TIE AND SCARFS,**  
 In Choice New Styles  
**DENT'S Celebrated GLOVES,**  
 in great variety.

**JAMES McOULLOUGH & CO.,**  
 75 Head of King Street.  
 dec 22

**J. L. McCOSKERY,**  
 Printer, Bookbinder,  
 AND  
**MANUFACTURING STATIONER.**

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL  
**PRINTING**  
 done in first-class style, and at rea-  
 sonable prices.

A full line of  
 LAW AND COMMERCIAL  
**STATIONERY!**  
 kept constantly in Stock.

**Account Books,**  
 Ruled, Bound, and Printed to any  
 pattern.

**J. L. McCOSKERY,**  
 (Late with H. Chubb & Co.)  
 7 North side King Square,  
 ST. JOHN, N. B.  
 Jan 12-1m

**GRAND OPENING!**

THE subscriber takes pleasure in an-  
 nouncing that 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 continu-  
 ance of the same is respectfully solicited.  
 jan 12 C. COURTENAY.

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

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

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

**JAS. ADAMS & CO.**

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

Where, with a New and  
 Thoroughly Assorted Stock  
 -OF-  
**SEASONABLE**  
**DRY GOODS,**

Increased Facilities,  
 -AND-  
 Prompt attention to Business  
 They hope to receive a continuance  
 of the Patronage so liberally be-  
 stowed on them in the past.  
 dec-22 1/2

**Christmas Goods!**

**PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON** have  
 a new & complete and well-selected  
 stock of goods in the following depart-  
 ments:  
 WATCHES—Ladies' and Gents' Gold and  
 Silver Keyes and Key-winding Watch-  
 es, in Open, Face, Hunting, Engraved,  
 and Plain Cases.  
 JEWELRY—One-half Suits, Bracelets,  
 Lockets, Brooches, Pins, Scarf  
 Rings, Seals, Keys, &c.  
 GOLD CHAINS—Guard, Albert, Opera,  
 Necklets, &c.  
 SOLID SILVER—Pis, Fruit, Cake and But-  
 ter Knives; Fruit, Preserve, Jelly,  
 Sugar, Child's Tea and Salt Spoons;  
 Cups, Gird Cases, Napkin Rings, Fish  
 Carvers, &c.  
 SILVER PLATED—Tea Services, Ice Pitch-  
 ers, Case and Fruit Baskets, Castors,  
 Butter Coolers, Pickle Stands, Celery  
 Dishes, Biscuit Boxes, Salvers, Card  
 Receivers, Syrup Jugs, Cups, Napkin  
 Rings, Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.  
 Also a good assortment of Clocks, Bronz-  
 es, Spectacles, Eye-Glasses, Silver Filigree  
 Jewelry, Tortoise shell Sleeve-Buttons,  
 &c. Jewelry made to order.  
**PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON.**  
 dec 22 43 King street.

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

**DUN, WIMAN & CO.,**  
**MERCANTILE AGENCY,**  
 MARKET BUILDING,  
 St. John, N. B.  
**A. P. ROLPH,** - - - - Manager.  
 jan 8 1/2

**VICTORIA**  
**LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,**  
 PRINCESS STREET,  
 (Between Sydney and Charlotte.)  
 THE above New and Commodious 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 1/2

**BEARD & VENNING,**  
 No. 18

**South side King Street,**  
 Are Displaying in their New Pre-  
 mises a full Stock of  
 Gentlemen's Wool Shirts and  
 Drawers;  
 Shetland Wool and Merino  
 Sacques;  
 Lined Kid Mitts and Gloves;  
 Silk and Lawn Pocket Hand-  
 kerchiefs;  
 Scarfs, Neckties, Bows;  
 Cashmere and Silk Mufflers;  
 Cardigan Jackets and Cri-  
 mean Shirts, &c., &c.,  
 At Prices which will ensure a speedy  
 sale.  
 dec 22 **BEARD & VENNING.**

**WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS**

**Must be True!**  
 THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every  
 size, lined, unlined, Back & Castors.  
**BOULLION'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 1 y)

**Boarding and Livery Stable**  
**140 UNION STREET,**  
 dec 22 1 y **W. H. AUSTIN.**

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

**JOHN KERR,**  
**BARRISTER AND NOTARY,**  
 No. 5 NEW MARKET BUILDING,  
 dec 22 1 y **St. John, N. B.**

**ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG,**  
 Wholesale and Retail dealer in Wines  
 and Spirits, Havana Cigars and Tobaccos,  
 No 2 King Square,  
 Branch Store, 18 Charlotte street.  
 dec 2 1/2 **St. John, N. B.**

**M. A. FINN,**  
 Importer of Wines, Liqueurs, and Havana  
 Cigars. Hasen Building King Square.  
 dec 22 1 y **St. John, N. B.**

**E. W. GALE,**  
 GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,  
 The Equitable Life Assurance Company  
 of the United States, The Accident  
 Insurance Company of Canada.  
 Office Room, No. - Magee's Block,  
 Water street, - - - - St. John, N. B.  
 (dec 22)

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