



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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878.

No. 3

[For the Torch.]
FEBNS.

III.

Only a leaf! but it speaks to me

Of a soul as pure as the souls above:

Only a leaf! but a history

It breathes in my ear of saintly love.

Only a leaf! to my dim eyes

It doth the chamber of death recall,

And a far away churchyard where slumbering
lies

One that was childhood's all in all.

H. L. SPENCER.

[For the Torch]

ESTHETIC EMBERS.

BY HARRY FLETCHER

The church building excitement has had one good effect on the members of our household. It has awakened an interest in matters of art and architecture which could never have been obtained before, and since that time we have been brushing up what little we knew about such matters, and art in its various phases has been often the subject of our conversation. We were sitting one day after dinner, when Miss Agatha spoke of the new furniture which one of our neighbors has recently been purchasing. She explained to Halicarnassus that it was so "elegant," and so "stylish," and "very fashionable" when Vitruvius broke in with, Fashionable fiddlesticks! Why is it that such an absurd guide is allowed to be the excuse for so much of the outrageous design that is foisted upon us? When will people grow out of the idea that fashion is a mere bauble of the imagination, and that an article of furniture is less likely to be good when it is fashionable than the reverse. I am out of all patience with people who decide upon their furniture or their clothing, by the arbitrary rule of fashion, and whose criterion is the argument of the shopman whose only aim is to sell what will bring him the greatest profit, Fashionable—Bah!

MISS AGATHA.—But surely you would not have us make frights of ourselves and cloisters of our houses. I am sure I do not think your much boasted Eastlake is pretty or graceful at all. Some of the most horrid things I ever saw are those Eastlake suites at the furniture dealers.

VITRUVIUS.—You are certainly right in calling them horrid for I have not yet seen a

dozen pieces of furniture at which Mr. Eastlake would not be faint at heart, and which he would not condemn with deepest indignation. Eastlake wrote, not to set up any particular style or detail of style, but to inculcate principles which, if followed would result in good design. He criticized what was bad and made some suggestions as to what would be good in its place. But he did not intend to start any new order of design, but only to direct the judgment in what was already begun. Indeed he has suffered violence at the hands of his would be disciples, and they have truly taken him by force. If he could see the enormities which have been executed in his name, he would certainly utter the heartfelt prayer, "Save me from my friends." For the manufacturers catching the letter, but losing entirely the spirit of his teachings, have perpetrated the most unendurable outrages. Because he argued against ostentations display as a mark of bad taste, they at once rush to the other extreme and adopt the principle that plainness and severity, whether appropriate or not, are necessarily Eastlake in style; and thus seizing a few points, they strove to enlist him and the popularity his name carried with it, in their own personal aggrandizement. Not for love of art worked they, but for filthy lucre, and anything was fish that came to their net. But the good that he did, and the truth that he inculcated will, one day, rise above the evil and false ideas of taste that men have tacked upon it, and will assert itself in a way which will be felt, even by those to whom at present his gospel is a dead letter. He has, at least, made it possible to get some good articles of furniture where they have been unknown before, and there has been an advance made, if not all that we could ask, certainly more than we dared hope, considering the state of the art market. For, as I have said before, it is not what is good or genuine in art that is demanded, but rather what is "new," or "unique," or "striking," and so forth. It is really amusing to listen to the average shopman as he describes to his customers the merits of his stock—and yet no higher criterion than this sort of advice is the guiding principle of selection in the majority of cases. People buy, not what they like or what they would choose if left to their own unbiased judgment, but rather what is recommended to them as "very much used," or "very stylish." And it is noticeable too, that with every new design, the same arguments are advanced, so that what is so "lovely" to-day, by next week "is quite fashionable at a time," and next month is entirely "out of date," that is if the dealer has not a stock on hand of which he wishes to dispose. That kind of counsel, and the confidence in it is altogether too common. As long as we

depend upon our shopmen to supply us with ideas, we shall continue to be under the bondage which has so long kept us in chains. Their object is to sell, and their policy to introduce what is novel rather than to stick to what is good; and this absurd love of change which they endeavor to create and to which they cater is carried to such an extent that if one desires to replace a missing piece of furniture, even a short time after it has been purchased, it is difficult to do so, and the answer invariably is, "out of date, sir, we couldn't supply it now."

MISS AGATHA.—O, excuse me, Vitruvius, but that reminds me that I must go to-morrow and match that silk for my new suit. Mrs. Dorcas, will you drive out with me after lunch and we will call and see Mr. Van Rensseler's new house?

OUR LANDLADY.—Certainly, I should be most happy to do so, and we will take Vitruvius with us, if he will go, and you. Raphael can give us some idea of his pictures, can you not? I am anxious, however, to see the new cooking range which he has put in for, be you ever so artistic in your tastes after dinner, I notice that overdone roasts and badly cooked pastry really affect you more than you would be willing to admit.

VITRUVIUS.—Mrs. Dorcas, you are right. *De gustibus non disputandum est*, and I assure you that I can as soundly berate a bad dinner as a bad design.

THE COLONEL.—Come, let's have a smoke.

If "Extracts" you want,
And have any sense, sir,
You'll purchase at once
From Wortman & Spencer.

A LIVE COUNT.

AUNT.—Did you say Mary that the young man you are going to marry is a real live Count?

MARY.—Of course he's *accountant* in a Bank!

COLLECTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

JOHN.—Can you oblige me, sir, with the amount of that little bill?

MR. B.—Excuse the digression—"but can you tell me why you are like a place in which criminals are occasionally confined?"

JOHN.—No sir, I can't.

MR. B.—Well I'll tell you. "It's because you're a *don*, John."

—Grace Greenwood is about 60, and is vigorously slinging ink on Washington letters for the *N. Y. Times*. That Greenwood must be pretty well seasoned.

For the Torch.
A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

God pity the poor, on land and sea!
God pity the poor wherever they be!
For nobody cares for the poor, said he,
And therefore nobody cares for me!

His hair was white as the falling snow!
His form was bent and his step was slow!
He wandered listlessly to and fro!
And these were the words that he murmured! Oh!

God pity the poor, on land and sea!
God pity the poor wherever they be!
For nobody cares for the poor, said he,
And therefore nobody cares for me!

Through drier-drier wind-was he saw the light!
To his ear came music entrancing quite!
(For this you must know was New Year's night!)
But the old man turned away in fright!

God pity the poor, on land and sea!
God pity the poor wherever they be!
For nobody cares for the poor, said he,
And therefore nobody cares for me!

"We'll build our church on a gorgeous plan!"
"We'll christenize the African!"
"Send bibles and tracts to the Tartar Khan!"
(That is the way the chitter ran!)

God pity the poor, on land and sea!
God pity the poor wherever they be!
For nobody cares for the poor, said he,
And therefore nobody cares for me!

He wandered on by the convent wall!
By rich men's mansions, stately and tall!
And God looked down and saw him fall!
Verdict—"Found Dead"—(and that was all!)

MATRICE O'QUELL.

COMIC JOURNALISM.

(Continued.)

The fact is, that at no one time, nor in any country, do there ever exist more than a very few writers and artists capable of stamping a comic paper with wit and humor of the sharpest, and yet most refined quality. Thackeray, Gilbert a Beckett, Douglas Jerrold, and others whom it would be needless to name here, have not been equalled by later members of the "Punch" staff,—neither has John Leech's place been yet acceptably filled. Of artists, more especially, the remark made is true. I have at hand a letter received years ago from a humorous *littérateur*, then of much mark in the London circles, and of yet more promise, but who has since passed away. Speaking of the difficulty of establishing a good comic paper, even in London, he said: "Comic power is the thing wanted. Of artists—considered as artists—we have a terrible surplus; but humor is a much rarer commodity." What was true in this respect a dozen years ago is no less so now. There are not, at the present time, in England, six artists gifted with humor in the highest degree; nor does France appear to be a whit more productive of the genuine material. Social caricatures, or, rather, views of real life and character seen through the medium of an eccentric fancy, are the very spinal column of a humorous paper, which in these days, it may be assumed, would be nothing if not illustrated. But something more than humorous fancy is necessary to absolute success. In the texture of a first-rate comic artist, dramatic power is not to be dispensed with. His faculty of observation must be acute and untiring, and he must be able to seize upon incidents and situations as they pass before him, and out of these to construct, without undue exaggeration, scenes of the sparkling comedy sort, with epigrammatic legends attached to them to give the point of the story. Then, in addition to this, he must have a falcon eye for the subtleties of individual character, and the power of expressing this upon the boxwood block with the same

freedom and dash with which he would throw off a pen-and-ink sketch upon paper. Execution has been a great snare to most artists engaged upon the best comic papers that have run their brief and checkered careers in this country, mere prettiness of drawing being too often looked upon as compensation for poverty of idea in the design. The kind of humor generally characterized as American, and of which "Artemus Ward" must be considered as the most successful exponent at the present time, is not of a quality practicable for the pencil; neither is it, whatever its originality and greatness, fitted, in any sense, to be the staple of a comic journal. A spice of it is a capital thing to have, though, and such, it seems, is the opinion to-day of the heads that inspire the "London Charivari."

Taking it altogether, the pictorial department of a comic paper is the most difficult one with which the editor has to deal. The "cartoon," a large illustration embodying some leading topic of the day, is a feature now considered indispensable to a publication of the kind. Those who have not tried can hardly imagine the difficulty of hitting on, at certain times, a smart idea for this hebdomadal clincher of current events. A "congress of heads," is the only means by which the thing can be managed with certainty and success. It is at the weekly dinner of "Punch" that the important matter of the cartoon is discussed and decided upon; and few will be so uncandid as to deny that good cheer is an efficient prompter to wit. But comic papers have, ere now, been driven over stony roads, without ever a chance of pulling up to seek for inspiration at the festive board. Midsummer is usually a dreary time for the few brains that are left to invent the mirthful cartoon. Nobody who can help it, remains in town during the dog-days. The suggestive contributor—and an invaluable functionary is he—is fishing for trout and blaspheming black-flies by the margin of some highland stream. The brilliant paragraphist is usually too much straightened, financially, to fly to the rural districts, but his town engagements with Bacchus, Silenus, and company are of a pressing and imperative kind, and he cannot be relied upon in the hour of need. Under these circumstances feebler spirits have to be conferred with; but the brunt of the situation has generally to be borne by the editor, at last.

The effects of comic journalism upon the editorial mind offer a nice little subject for analysis and dissection. I was acquainted once with one who had had experiences in the conduct of such vehicles for pleasantries as those under notice, and he used to relate harrowing things about the visions that disturbed his slumbers on the nights preceding the days for "making up." Box-wood had become a deadly opus for him. What the red-cedar is to the moth, what the black-ash is said to be to the rattlesnake, such was the yellowbox to him. His dreams were horrible illustrations of demon life and character, drawn upon box. His phantasms would loom up as a sordid funeral pile, composed of layers of boxwood blocks, of all sizes, from the large one used for cartoons to the smallest, upon which initial fancies are usually cut. These were pencilled all over with grotesque figures of things hideous beyond human conception; and the originals of the portraits were there, too, moaning and mowing about the prece upon which they were preparing to immolate the supine dreamer of the dream.

(Conclusion in our next.)

Tom Thumb never used to hang up his stockings on Christmas eve. He would tie a string around the bottom of each pantaloen leg, and hang them up; and then he would growl the next morning because his little brother's stocking held the most.

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

The Princess dress has been dethroned at last, become as it were a dowager, and now the Empress reigns in its stead. This, latter is another of Worth's numerous creations and, we suppose, the fact of its parentage makes it unnecessary to add that it is the very perfection of grace and elegance.

The vexed question whether a frock coat or a dress coat is most suitable for a bridegroom, has been in a measure settled by the Duke of Norfolk giving himself away in the former. The precedent is high-toned enough, no doubt, and yet can even a noble duke make the combination of lavender pants, blue neck-tie and frock-coat, exactly tasteful?

The newest dictum as to ladies' watches is that the open-faced style are more strictly a *la mode* than hunting cases. Also, that plain figures be used instead of the Roman characters, and that watches of a good, honest sensible size be preferred to the toy affairs which have been popular so long. As to the figures and open faces, we are inclined to think most ladies will please themselves, but the size is arbitrary and will therefore prevail.

Ribbons are not only seeming to grow more popular, but are becoming handsomer as season succeeds season. In New York plush ribbons, or those braided with gold and silver thread are equally the first choice, and the various shades such as puce, color, olive, bordeaux, bottle-green, etc., are all represented. In St. John *blue ribbon* was the most popular a few weeks ago, but the fashion seems either to have subsided, or else travelled on to Fred-ericton, where it is most emphatically 'all the rage.'

Bows are yet, another trimming which seems to grow rather than diminish in favor. The newest are further ornamented with tassels, and for adorning evening dresses are often composed of two colors such as vulcan-red with pale blue or mandarin. Whatever the color or texture however, most fashionable ladies insist upon a plenitude of them, perhaps with the idea that it is impossible to have *too many bows*.

Very few, in fact none of the sacques made this winter are finished with a watch-pocket on the outside, and this is an improvement worthy of notice. A watch-chain worn on the outside of a thick winter wrap, can hardly fail to look splashy and out of place, while, at the same time, it is dangerously tempting and suggestive to fingers larcenously inclined.

It is said very emphatically now, that "pull-backs" have had their day, and that that day is over. Next "on the carpet" are full skirts, but in the meantime, as a sort of preparatory measure, skirts with three widths laid in loose, gracefully secured upright folds are very warmly advocated by fashionable dress-makers who, no doubt, have grown weary of the *strangled* pattern used for the past few years. In New York, dresses made in this style are known as *La Religieuse*, being copied, or we should say, modified from those worn by women who belong to two or three monastic orders. It is a problem worthy of consideration to wonder who fashion will next think fit to set up as a model?

It is no longer fashionable to offer wine to New Year's day callers. We do not know whether expediency or conscientiousness has most to do in determining that it should be so, but apart from the question of being stylish or unstylish, most people will regard it as an amendment in society's bye-laws.

Last winter bonnets composed entirely of feathers were considered the *ne plus ultra* of style for full dress, but this season crownless floral bonnets seem to gain the preference. These are very elegant and *recherche*, but they absolutely need the accompaniment of a pretty face, an ugly or a wintry visage surmounted by a small garden full of flowers, being one of the most incongruous things conceivable.

For the Torch.
FLAT LUX.

See—Oligopus.

Joc.—What is going on there
Down below,
An EARBIL swinging in the air,
To and fro?

Mercury.—Men are living, loving, lying,
Cheating, toiling, sighing, dying,
Wasting life to make a mark,
Toiling, moiling in the dark.

Joc.—What ho! The Torch!
(to Mercury) Speed wing-heeled! 'scat!
fling forth this flaming pen,
Let its light lighten all the sons of men,
Whose haziness entangles Wrong and
Right:
Hence on men's dullness shed this guid-
ing light,—
A light to lighten, not a brand to burn,—
Plant it as beacon-light—and then return.

Mercury.—All-father, yes, O certainly indeed,—
To what part of the round world shall
I speed?

Joc.—Te that city by the Fundy,
Where abideth Mrs. Grundy,—
All its sins and sorrows scorch,
To its foes apply the Torch!
[Edt Mercury with a whirr.]

HUNTER DUVAR.

PITHY PERSONALS.

—This was the way in which Mark Twain introduced William D. Howells to a Hartford audience Wednesday night: "The gentleman who is now to address you is the editor of the Atlantic Monthly. He has a reputation in the literary world, which I need not say anything about. I am only here to back up his moral character.—Boston Globe.

—It is rumored that Samuel W. Small, the "Old Si" of the Atlanta Constitution, is going to Paris. There will be many an Old Si after him when he is gone, but perhaps he will write home such funny pieces that they will W up Small when you read them.

—The bronze statue of Prof. Morse of telegraph celebrity, in Central Park, became so coated with verdigris that it had to be taken down and renovated.—Free Press.

Suppose it looks as much like him now as it did before if not Morse so.

—Dr. Mary Walker is going on the stage. We suppose she will appear in pantomime.—Whitehall Times.

A lady friend after reading the above puckered up her mouth to say something about the impropriety of —, but we advised her to suspend opinion.

—Prince G. Moore of Falmouth has a pork barrel in good condition, made of oak staves and cedar hoops, which is supposed to be more than 123 years old.—Boston Herald.

That's a con-cedar-able old barrel. Are there any Moore like it?

—Among the personals in the Boston Courier the arrival of Dr. Preston and family at the United States Hotel, is noticed.

—Wm. Smith, Esq., Deputy Minister of Marine, made a short visit to St. John.

—Wm. Donald, Esq., eldest son of the late Dr. Donald, is on here from New York.

—Cardinal Defalloux has presented to the Pope an arm-chair bed on wheels, an ingenious contrivance, enabling the invalid to recline comfortably and movable at the will of the occupant.

—The Rev. W. H. Cadworth is still boring a silences with his "Up, up, uppy, and down, down, downy" lecture. The last time in Mattapan, Mass. What is Cad worth any how?

—Arbuckle is about to take a vacation. He will get one of his subs-to-toot.—Graphic.
Yes, in a horn.—Detroit Free Press.
Of course, if he had any "corn"—et.

—Is the Master of the Rolls England's head baker?—Boston Post. No. He is head baker.—Philadelphia Bulletin. He's a well-bread man anyhow.—Detroit Free Press.

"Perhaps he's one of the "Wise Men of the Yeast." Whose head was baked, any how?

—It is said that Anna Dickenson was a Tartar even when a child. Probably they gave her too much "Cream of Tartar" and the cream soured.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hayes will have their silver wedding during the holidays. Bland will be master of ceremonies.—Boston Post.

Isn't it about time for Ben. Butler to have a silver steel wedding.

—"It's only a little salt," says Gen. Sheridan about the Mexican troubles. 'Tis almost time for a little pepper.

Well let the soldiers be mustered as soon as possible.

TORCHISMS.

***What's the difference between bay rum and Back Bay rum?—Boston Globe. None whatever. Both are barbarous.—Danbury News.

Bally is that idea your home?

***O, the degeneracy of the times! The people are all crowding over the coming of a poultry show.—Turner's Falls Reporter.

There seems to be a good deal of hen-genuity displayed in the con-cock-shun of the above item, but let no other rude punster get off any more chicken hearted poltry, fowl jokes on it.

***The second number of the Porcupine is even brighter than the first issue. The quills are sharp but not malignant. Bostonians ought to give generous support to this local Punch.—Et.

Do the types set up by the "stick"?

***The physicians say that promiscuous kissing spreads disease. Heart troubles especially, eh?—Turner's Falls Reporter.
Lip-rosy perhaps, Cecil.

***A St. Louis cat shows its gratitude to the family with which it resides by catching pigeons for the mid-day meal.—Boston Courier.

Does she cat-eh them on purr-puss for that particular meal?

***An exchange says, "Victor Hugo has finished "The Twins." Victor Hu-go to grass, we know of a man in Nova Scotia who finished triplets.

***Mr. George Augustus Sala has a characteristic bit of pleasantry in the second number of *Mirth* entitled The Happy Gael or, The Deaf and Dumb Cook. The magazine bids fair to be a success.—Boston Courier.

We have often heard of a "Dumb Waiter" but a Dumb Cook seems dumb curious.

***Hand organs are forbidden in the streets of Bryan, Texas, by the law—the organic law, probably.—New York World.

Wicked paragraphists will please Handal this item tenderly. "And the voice of the grinders shall be low."

***"Watch Night" was a good night for swearing off "going on tick."

***There is talk of starting a new paper called *The Looking Glass*. It will be a good thing to look into.—Boston Courier.

Good for after dinner reflections. How quick silver will leave the pockets of the owners.

***Wilkins, of the Whitehall Times, says the proudest day in a woman's life is her first son day.—Danbury News.

In case of twins, wouldn't her first Two's day be the proudest?

FEEBLE FLICKERINGS.

Under the above heading we intend to devote a column each issue to the first fruits of amateurs in the flowery paths of literature, with the hope that by so doing we may aid in developing the dormant genius of some of those literary aspirants whose virgin offerings are generously consigned to the editorial "waste basket." Contributors will please write briefly, 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.

"Ben Zeen" sends us the following, but wishes M. Ike to distinctly understand that it does not appear in this department of the Torch because his moustache is a "feebble flickering."

McDADE'S CHRISTMAS BOX.—Mr. M. Ike McDeade of the *News*, was presented with a handsome moustache cup on Christmas. McDeade hopes, by the liberal application of most approved hirsute stimulants, to possess a visible pretext for the use of the cup within ten years.

"Spark" sends us some more dry "Kindlings" from Halifax.

KINDINGS.

Charlie Annand wants to know if coal, after it's dug, is worth six dollars a chaldron, what is Wood-worth?

Why are some of the swells who belong to the Halifax Club like a certain kind of rifle? Because they are small "bores."

It is a singular fact that after an over indulgence in "benzine" the steps of the Halifax are torch-nons.

Motto of the Torch—Light profits and quick returns.

The manager of the Halifax Gas Works is the most a-Buist (abused) man in the City. But when any man speaks sar-gas-ticly to him, he always has a "retort" ready.

The editor of the *May-flour* should be a well bred man as he is a *Baker*. It is *knaw-less* to say that this joke was handed to "Spark" by a *lout-er*.

Why is a party going down to a certain Island, like policemen making arrests? Because they are going to *make nabs* (McNabs).

Mrs. Sillibus wishes her views aired on the Corset. If she keeps any one from using them of course-it will be satisfactory to the good old lady.

Saint Johns, Glnuay 1st, 1878.

Dear Mister TORCH,—I see in the *Telegraph* every morning an advertisement as follows:

MRS. MOODY'S

SELF-ADJUSTING ABOMINABLE CORSETS.

LIKELY, GOLDING & CARNEY.

That's the most properest name for 'em I ever heard. They are abominable. Spile the cemetery of the figger; ruins the institution; brings on digestion of the lungs, and ending in Resumption.

Mr. Moody & Sanky who extort so much to save sinners shouldn't allow his wife to wear the nasty things, but should show a good egg-sampler to the rest of the world.

If you can do anything Mr. TORCH to hasten the abolition of these nasty abominable staves, your name will be carried down to prosperity and will be deferring a great favor

on Yours truly,

HERBY SILLIBUS.

A PLAIN COOK WANTED.—A lady advertised in the *Telegraph* the other day for a "good plain cook." Wouldn't a good looking one answer? Or is she afraid that her husband will fall in love with her if she is pretty?

TERMS:

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

TO CLUBS.

Ten copies one year, in one wrapper to one address, \$10, with extra copy to person getting up club.

Parties requiring should either Prepaid club letters or send Money Order payable to the order of Joseph S. Knowles.

ADVERTISING RATES:

	per inch.	half inch.	1/4 inch.
1st insertion	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$0.50
Subsequent	.50	.25	.15
Per month	2.50	1.25	.75
Per quarter	7.50	3.75	2.25
Per half year	12.00	6.00	3.75
Per year	17.00	8.50	5.25

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

All communications to be addressed,

"The 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;

FROST & CO., Union street;

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Single Copies—Three Cents.

TORCH

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 5, 1878.

THE NEW YEAR.

New Year's day is a natural stopping place on our journey through time. It is to the year what Sunday is to the week. A time when men pause for a little from their incessant toil and money-making, put on their good clothes and, perhaps, for a minute or two, think of somebody else besides themselves. A day on which men come up to the surface to breathe and say, "A Happy New Year to you" then down they plunge, and into the turmoil of business harrier than ever, to come to the surface again the next year, not to find out whether their last year's wish has been verified or, to think whether they have helped to make any one's year happy, but to repeat the same empty wish, and so on till your years are done, and they spare an hour or half-hour to see you out of Vanity Fair altogether, and wish you *bon voyage* on entering the mysterious and unknown existence.

Meanwhile, the little planet Earth moves serenely onward—never swerving from the line of its duty—regardless of the fuss men make when it completes an annual round. Quickly the years slip by us, the year, now new and young, will be old and dead—its record of events filled and passed into history.

Good Words.—For the kind and eulogistic notices we have received from our press *freres*, both in this city and abroad, we tender our most sincere thanks, and it shall always be our highest ambition to prove, by our future course, that they have not been undesired. We did intend this week to commence publishing extracts, but a crowd of other matter prevented. We shall try to give some of them next week.

The new bell for the general Fire Alarm is expected to arrive here on Tuesday evening. It weighs over 1000 pounds, and measures 5 feet 8 in. across the mouth. As it is twice as large as the old Bellower gong, it is expected that it will be readily heard all over the city. A temporary tower should at once be put up to receive it, as the city cannot afford to do without it a day longer than is absolutely necessary.

The Fire Department should at once have hose reels placed at one or two convenient points in Lower Cove. In that part of the city there are at present many fine buildings which are, to a great extent, without protection in case of fire. No alarm can be heard there, and the engines and hose are so far away that much damage would necessarily be done before the arrival of the firemen.

With the new Extension ladders, hooks, axes, &c., the Hook and Ladder Company may be considered in a fairly efficient condition as far as appliances for their work are concerned. What is needed now is an addition to the membership of the Company. This need was painfully felt at the Waterloo Street fire, and should be supplied. In fact the membership of all the Companies should be brought up to the old standard. None of the Companies now can run more than two butts at once.

Forgery—John Baggs Hopper, charged with uttering forged notes at Augusta, Ga., will be tried this morning, when he will have a happy tenity to prove his innocence.

For the Torch:

EVE OF DECEMBER 31st.

The fate of our Christmas Tree is inglorious, but our walls and pictures are still decorated with green. I like these Christmas greens: with the blinds pulled down and a blazing fire in the grate, one almost forgets that the harvest is over and "Wint' rrules the year."

And this is the eve of December 31st. Another year will, in a few hours be stuck and stiff with those that have gone before and its joys will grow dim in our memories, and its sorrows will haunt us, only as we are haunted by unpleasant dreams.

Seventy Seven is dead, said he,

And he lies in iver state:—

I wonder if we shall live to see

The death of Seventy-Eight!

Bury him deep! The dead old Year!

And scatter his grave with rue;

But sigh no sigh and shed no tear—

'Tis ours to welcome the New!

Our friends drop off in the journey of life,

As drop away the Years,

And we're so engrossed in the turmoil and strife

That we have no time for tears;

But we bury them deep—we bury them deep,

Unmindful of all the past;

And we hope and fear, and laugh and weep.

And rest with the dead at last.

I am prone to reflect with much gravity, (a sardonic grin creeps over the features of my

owl) especially in autumn and at Christmas tide, on the instability of human life, and the supreme inconsequence of the creature called man. How many of my friends who a year ago to day were robust in body and intellect, young in years and full of promise, are now beyond the reach of mortal ken, and are never missed and seldom thought of! I throw a pebble in the lake—it causes a ripple for a moment,—and then its surface is as placid as ever. So we come into the world,—we create a ripple of greater or less area, and when we take our departure, the earth closes over us as the water closes over the pebble, and Softgreen and Pebble are brothers in the world's forgetfulness. Well, what does it matter? Regret and grief are not found in the vocabulary of the true philosopher. (My owl winks tremendously). The past is past with all its shortcomings and mistakes—it can never be revived, and its follies and errors can never be rectified. We can only do our "level best" hereafter, for our fellow men and ourselves—by so doing atone in a measure for our advertent and inadvertent wrongs, and strive to have our house in order, so at last we may lie down

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

But Seventy-Seven is passing away. "Death with frosty hand, and cold, plucks the old man by the beard." The clock strikes ten! In two hours, from many a steeple the bells will peal out a welcome to the successor of one who was as joyfully welcomed twelve months ago! That's the way of the world!

"Puny him there!

No matter where!

Anywhere out of the way!

Trouble enough

We have had with such stuff!

Taxes and notes to pay."

Some one writes that the follies of youth are drafts on the energies of age, or words to that effect; unfortunately, youth seldom views the matter in that light. But when those drafts fall due, the eyes of the payee are opened, for no grace is allowed and no compromise can be arranged.

Some twaddlers prate about the strength of early impressions, but I contend that our first are our most skeptical years—for what saints most of us would be, had the lessons of boyhood been received with unquestioning faith! When my aunt Keziah lectured my cousin Jane on the sinfulness of dancing, my cousin Jane questioned my aunt Keziah, desiring to know if, in her younger days she did not, at times, indulge in the "light fantastic;" and with her accustomed candor, my aunt replied that she did but she had learned the folly of it. Then my cousin Jane opened her mouth and answered that that was just what she wanted to learn! Then my aunt Keziah changed the subject, and talked learnedly of cheese-making, how cabbages should be pickled, and kindred matters. Alas, alas! Experience is our only teacher, and his wage is high!

The clock strikes twelve, and Seventy-Eight is here! My friend, over the tier of Seventy-Seven I bid you welcome; may we never have occasion to regret the neglect of duty, and when we are called hence, may we go in peace! SNAKE.

THE OPENING OF THE RINK.

Now that Sussex, Moncton, Sackville, Forchester and, in fact, almost every other Provincial village of any pretensions whatever, boast of a temple devoted especially to the art of skating, rinks are becoming such commonplace affairs that we St. John people, who are, as it were, veterans in this respect, can hardly be expected to look upon the opening of one in the light of such a great civic event as it, no doubt is to each of our afore mentioned smaller contemporaries; nevertheless it still remains something of an era to our young people and, as such, it is to be remarked that it was, this season, inaugurated under very favorable circumstances.

The evening, that of New Year's day, was very fine, the ice exceedingly good, the music by the band of the 62nd new and lively, and the crowd so large as to promise a good dividend to shareholders, unless, as, indeed, we are inclined to suspect, the majority were dead heads.

The only thing that called for improvement was the gas, and this was sufficiently feeble, flickering and uncertain, to suggest the desirability of a few TORCHES (no pun intended). Perhaps to many of the Rink habitués who make flirting a twin occupation with skating this "dim" but scarcely "religious" light is rather pleasant than otherwise, but for honest people like us, who attend with the avowed purpose of seeing everybody and all that goes on, it is very disagreeable and aggravating in the extreme. Several of our best items concerning tumbles and upsets, trifles that from some strange psychological reasons are always more or less amusing, were ruined on the evening in question by the fact that the gas burned too low for us to discern who the fallen humanity were; and more than this though a young lady beside us, asserted that "lots of the girls who were burned out last summer must have saved their clothes for they had on the very same things they wore last year," we could not endorse it, simply because we could not see plainly enough.

One thing we did see, however, and this was that the pretty faces which have always been the chiefest ornamentation of the Rink are not diminishing as to number. The Rink, itself, may not be quite so brave and gay a place, as in the old times when everybody went, when a military band inspired the hearts and heels of the skaters, when real officers (not spurious imitations in the way of modern bank clerks or local militia dignitaries, but genuine rodents) lent the fascinations of their presence to the scene, and when the be-frizzed and be-crimined belles of a decade since, made it the rallying ground of all their hopes and fears; but still despite the fact that many of these attractions have passed away and many of the belles in question passed into the unromantic shades of matrimony, the "rose bud garden of girls" is still thick with blossoms, and no where do their bloom and freshness, so forcibly strike the beholder, as in this fourteen year old Skating Rink. This circumstance alone, we suppose, would be sufficient to make it certain that the present season will be as successful as those which have preceded it, but apart from this, seeing that the scarcity of snow prevents the fashion of snow-shoeing from preceding that of skating, to say nothing of the peculiar charm which the latter amusement always will have for St. John, everything combines in predicting that the Winter of 1878 will be a pleasant and profitable one, so far as the Victoria Rink is concerned.

HE WANTED TO DIE. A few days before Christmas, a mother was chastizing her little six year old for being naughty. A few minutes after the whipping, the young hopeful looked at his mamma and said,—"You a bad, nasty muzzer, and I want to die"—but I dosent want to die till after Kismas."



F. H. B. ON HIS HOBBY.

Behold the man of sea-side fame,
The *Mayflower* man of letter'd name!
The scribe who turns his canny hand
From water sat, to fresh-man's land;
Displays his literary taste
In letter from *Grip's* basket (waste);
The toiler over bay and town,
By cove and cliff to gain a crown,
Yet proves no vulgar cove for he
Adorns his crest by letters three!
Praise then the wight, revile who dares,
Who thrives by can-n-ing nature's wares—
By modes crustaceous kneads his bread,
May-flour combined with Lobster red;
The fields of ocean deftly tills,
Till fish-pot game his Bakery fills,—
Thus Egypt's flesh pots laughs to scorn
From dewy eve to rosy morn!
In wonted *Mayflower* style he cracks
Hard nuts and jokes at Halifax,
Though adventitious aids he use,
And haply paste and scissors choose.
N'imporle—if in his sanctum high
He drop a tear to pure old rye.
Till *Mayflower* sheets an colour shed
More pun-gent than an onion-bed;
The jokes and fun he weakly pokes
Fall harmless on the weed he smokes;
And so, the charge of blunder-buss
In paper pellets aimed at us!
Yet go it blind! Oh rider bold,
By saiving claws the Lobster hold;
So, distance Chawles and Co. at rubs,
Or whispering scandals in the clubs!
And every loafing "fraud" trot out,
Who puts his morals "up the spout!"
At many a kvaave sharp censure hur'd
May help *Grip* to reform the world;
Yes, F. H. B., fit whip you'll find
To lash the faults of lapsed mankind,
But have a care lest H. P. A.
May fall your own to wash away!

—Grip.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER

.....The bright New York editor who says that Mount St. Elias (10,600 feet) is the highest peak on the continent, is informed that there are several mountains in Colorado more than 14,000 feet high.—*Dan. News.*

What's the use of getting *piqued* about a little thing like that? A New York editor don't amount to much anyhow for 'E-li-as fast as Goldsmith Maid can trot.

.....The Cincinnati coffee dealers have decided to transfer their trade to New Orleans, rather than stand the petty exactions of New York coffee dealers. Berry good.—*Detroit Free Press* No doubt they have sufficient grounds for complaint against the New Yorkers.—*Boston Globe.* That "settles" it.

.....A paper called the "Plumber" has been started in New York. Its "leaders" will, of course, all be "leaded."

.....Emma Bailey and Emma Colby are billed to run a foot-race in Virginia City on Christmas day. This will be, we suppose, what the printers call a two-em-dash.—*St. Louis Journal.*
A rose Col-by any other name would smell as sweet. Flasher says the St. Louis man may call them a two-em-dash, but he would like to em— them.

.....The average size of English girls' waists is twenty-four inches.—*Dan. News.*
An Irish girl's wastes considerably more than that.

.....Are running accounts kept in sloping banks?—*Es.*

The banks may not be, but some of the officials occasionally are inclined to "slope."

.....Modern rod of correction—Stick of Candy.—*Es.* Very few children would object to that kind of a *licking*.

.....There are 119,000 Israelites in France. For *this-rats-o'-lite* about the Jews we feel thankful to the man who counted them. What could have in Jews-ed him to do it?

That Fredericton Brewer denies that he has been *mall*-reating Parson Mitchell.

A Cat Show will commence at Music Hall, Boston, on the 21st inst. An unfeeling wretch says, "A cat show in the Mew-sic Hall will be very appropriate." Will they have cat-alogues?

In a late Halifax paper an "O'Flaherty safe" was advertised for sale by auction. Who is the O'Flaherty?

A CARNALY MINDED BEAR BRUIN MISCHIEF.—One of the three bears owned by Mr. Carnall, at Mount Pleasant, broke loose during the night a short time ago, and "went through" the bird cages, killing some of the finest birds in this country. But it wasn't the best thing for Mr. Bruin to do, as Mr. Carnall could not bear with such treatment to his birds and thought it avairy mean thing for the bear to do, so he could not forbear shooting him, and now that menagerie is bare of bear.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.—There was very little calling on New Year's Day. One young man was "passing" a house; the young lady "raised the blind"; he "went in" and "called"; she "raked"—the coals; she "saw him"—getting warm, and asked him if he would like to see her "ante." "No, nor your uncle either," said the gay gambolier, as he "passed out."

KNIFE SHARPENER ON THE SQUARE.—On New Year morning a pedlar was selling patent knife sharpeners on the King Square. The argus-eyed Chief of Police discovered, immediately, that he was selling without a license and "went for him." The knife grinder cut away, and the crowd unanimously resented that the Chief was a *sharp* detective.

SHATTERED HER IDOL.—The other evening a certain young lady, residing on Union St., was speaking in strongly admiring terms of a beautiful little flaxen haired, curly-headed, rosy-cheek boy—who was too much like an ange to be human. Her eulogistic notice of the charming little cherub, enlisted at once the attention of those present. One young lady said, "What a precious pet he must be;" another murmured, "O wouldn't I like to hug and kiss the sweet little rose-bud." These and other endearing epithets were being lavished on this sweetly good boy, when a bomb-shell was rudely thrown into the party by a precocious six year old who blurted out "But he cusses." That good little boy's stock fell suddenly below par and mar.

***English clubs never admit ladies.—*Boston Herald.* English hearts do though.

The new Illuminated Clock for the Sheffield House has arrived.

J. E. Macdougall, Esq., and bride, from Riviere De Loup, was at the Royal on Thursday.

Rev. D. D. Currie, who has been assisting to pay off the Fredericton Methodist debt was in town on Thursday.

WE congratulate the happy barrister whose wife, on the New Year, generously presented him with twins.

HYMENEAL.—There were four newly married couples at the Royal on Thursday. "Four of a kind" is a good hand.

CURLING.—Fredericton will play St. John on the 24th inst. for the Caledonia Medal.

Mr. Henry W. Parker has been admitted into the firm of T. B. Barker & Son. The TORCH congratulates Mr. Barker on his promotion.

THE WASP.—This lively insect is published at Montreal—every Saturday. It is devoted to buzzing and stinging, and attends strictly to business.

THE PENNY-DIP. is the freshman among the St. John Weeklies. It was entered by Messrs. Bowes & Perley last Saturday, and proposes from week to week, to speak for itself. We wish it success, and would express the hope that when it graduates, it may do so with all honors, and receive its proper diploma.

THAT PATENT PEN.—We have ceased being sorry. The gentlemanly agent, Mr. Miller, has set our pen to rights, so that now it works satisfactorily, keeping pace with even our rapidly flowing thoughts. We withdraw our hastily made offer to dispose of ours, and recommend every one who would avoid unseemly blots—who would have ink always on hand and no danger of upsetting the ink-bottle on the parlor carpet—in short who would be a happy writer—to buy a MACKINNON pen.

STAGE SPARKS.

ANN ELIZA YOUNG was Mormozing in Albany last week.

BENGOUGH (*Grip's*) cartoonist will lecture in the Institute some time during the present month. He will probably *draw* a good house, although not an architect.

BERTHA VON HILLERER, the pedestrianiat, is lecturing on the Theory of Health. This is a new "step" for her. We hope she may be able to "foot the hills."

FRANK MAYO Badgered the New Havenites on the 1st inst., "Our Jim" would say, 'how bad yer off to make a joke.'

HARRY BLOODGOOD'S Minstrels played to a medium house in New London, Conn. on 20th Dec.

THEATRICAL BIZ has been very bad in Boston during Christmas week. The Boston Theatre Company is the only exception. They having played "The Exiles" to crowded houses.

THE "Seif" at the Museum was a failure, probably because the Hubbardites at this particular season have been surt ejected with o'her dainties.

SAM DEVEREE is at the Boylston. Sam always en-deavors to please, and is consequently successful.

LOUIS ALDRICH left Boston last Sunday for Philade phi.

The Portland Museum, with Sir Randall

Roberts and Lizzie May Ulmer have come to grief in Maine. The Company walked back on their uppers.

J. R. GRISMER has a pleasant letter from San Francisco in the last *Magazine*.

BLIND TOM gave a concert in Louisville on the 20th Dec.

LOUISE POMEROY has gone on a southern tour under John T. Ford's management.

THE non-appearance of Frank Roche at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco one evening lately, caused quite a delay of the performance. Frank was observed skimming around town later in the evening, in his usual style, so the indisposition was not thought serious—So saith the *Dramatic News*.

THE Anna Granger Dow Opera Co., opened in Montreal on the 31st December, under the Management of Wm. Nannery.

BREAKS OF FORTUNE.—A comedy by Messrs. Clay M. Greene and A. Shoon Thompson, (formerly of Fredericton) of San Francisco, which recently has had a successful run at the Grand Opera House in that city, has been secured by J. C. Williamson, and will be produced during the Boston engagement of the Williamses.

OUR old friend, J. W. Lanergan is supporting Christine Zavisztowski (No. 10, does not let us know *two wheels*) in the "French Spy" at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston.

PROFESSOR EVERETT is astonishing large audiences, at the Boylston, with his mathematical automation "Acut," what Everett means.

BILLY WHITNEY'S "Pink Dominos" Company played in Fall River on Wednesday.

MR. JOE JEFFERSON'S children are called Josie and Joe. Joe seems to have *Justeously* named them all Joe. A Joe-vial family. *Boston Herald*. When young Joe's "wedding knot" is tied, it will be a "Knot for Joe."

MISS FANNY H. CHURCHILL gave readings and Costume Impersonations in the Derry, (N. H. Ls.) room on Wednesday last.

AQUATIC NOTES.

HANLAN'S PROGRAMME.—Thus early in the season Hanlan has laid his plans, and the prospects are, that he will be obliged to meet some of the best professionals in the country. Scharff has accepted, and now the friends of Evan Morris are out with the statement that the Toronto champion can be accommodated with a race should he desire it. Hanlan evidently sees a season of hard work before him, and has already sent his order for two boats to Swaddle and Winship, the well-known boat builders on the Tyne. Hanlan has great faith in the style of English boat, believing them to be superior to those built on this side of the water. Elliott of Greenpoint, N. Y., will also build one, and from the above Hanlan will select his "favorite." Ross has not given up all hopes that he is Hanlan's superior, and has written to a friend in Toronto, in which he states that Hanlan will be challenged by him early in the spring. Plaisted will also row Hanlan, that is if the latter challenges him and puts up the necessary forfeit. At present there seems to be no indication that Hanlan and Courtney will come together until late in the season, although the latter has challenged any oarsman on this side of the water. Should Hanlan be successful in his matches with Scharff and others, Courtney will probably be accommodated.

Plaisted wants to make a match next season with any man in America—Courtney and Ross excepted—Hanlan preferred.

McCann of Toronto wants to meet Aleck Brayley next summer. Mack can have a tussle with Aleck if he wants it.

HISTORICAL.

TEACHER.—"Who is the oldest woman in the world?"

SMALL BOY.—"I know thir—*Ann Tiquity*."

TEACHER.—"No sir, next?"

SECOND BOY.—"Aunty Deluvian"

TEACHER.—"Next?"

STUDIOUS BOY.—"Susan B. Anthony."

TEACHER.—"Correct."

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. L., Boston.—Much obliged for sub, and good wishes. Many happy returns.
M. J., Halifax.—When we N. T. our "waste basket" year's "pam" will probably turn up.
E. L. Peck, Hopewell.—Sixteen copies sent as requested.
J. McW., Halifax.—Letter received. Much obliged for efforts. Copies sent may have gone astray.
G. L. Richmond.—Many thanks for sub, and kind wishes.
"BUFFALO BILL." Montreal.—Letter received with paper enclosed. Good health!
SAM.—A very poor example of wit.
George S., Boston.—Much obliged for the club of sub writers. Do so some more, a dashing appearance in our next.
GLOW WORM.—Much obliged for your bright effusions. Sorry they did not come in time for this number.
VERTAS.—Have no room for those old stories. Any short original article which we consider meritorious, shall be pleased to insert.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"C. F. S."—Problem received, with thanks, will publish in our next.
"J. C. Mel."—Game received; will receive our earliest attention; send some more.
"J. W. B."—We stand in especial need of *local* problems. Can you not send some real hard chess-nuts—jaw-breakers, as it were.

GAME No. III

BISHOP'S OPENING.

White. Black.
C. F. STUBBS, St. John, J. W. BELCHE, Providence, R. I.
N. B.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| 1 P—K 4 | 1 P—K 4 |
| 2 B—B 4 | 2 B—B 4 |
| 3 P—Q B 3 (a) | 3 Q—K 2 |
| 4 Kt—K B 3 | 4 P—Q 3 |
| 5 P—K R 3 | 5 Kt—K B 3 |
| 6 Q—K 2 | 6 B—K 3 |
| 7 P—Q 4 | 7 P tks P |
| 8 P tks P | 8 B tks B |
| 9 Q tks B | 9 Q tks P + |
| 10 B—K 3 | 10 B—Q Kt 3 |
| 11 Kt—Q B 3 | 11 Q—K 3 |
| 12 P—Q 5 | 12 Q—K B 4 |
| 13 B tks B | 13 B P tks B— |
| 14 Q Kt—Kt 5 | 14 Castles |
| 15 Kt tks Q P (b) | 15 Q tks Q P |
| 16 Q tks Q | 16 Kt tks Q |
| 17 Castles Q's side | 17 Kt—Q Kt 5 |
| 18 K—Kt sq | 18 Q Kt—Q B 3 |
| 19 Kt tks Kt P | 19 Kt—Q sq (2) |
| 20 Kt—Q 6 | 20 Kt—K 5 |
| 21 R—Q 2 | 21 Kt—Q B 3 |
| 22 P—Q R 3 | 22 P—K R 3 |
| 23 P—K Kt 3 | 23 Kt—Kt 4 |
| 24 Kt—R 4 | 24 Kt—K 4 |
| 25 P—K B 4 | 25 Q Kt—K B 6 |
| 26 Kt tks Kt | 26 Kt tks Kt |
| 27 R—Q 3 | 27 K B—Q sq |
| 28 R—K B sq | 28 Kt—R 7 |
| 29 R—K 2 | 29 R—Q 2 |
| 30 K R tks Kt | 30 Q B—Q sq |
| 31 K R—Q 2 | 31 K—B sq |
| 32 R—Q 4 | 32 K—K 4 |
| 33 Kt—K B 5 + | 33 Resigns. |

NOTES.

(a). Kt—K B 3 generally played.
(b). Why not Kt—Kt 7 winning Rook.

We clip from B. M. Niell's excellent column in the *Dunbury News* the following explanation of Chess Notation, for the benefit of beginners—

K is King; Q is Queen; Kt is Knight; R is Castle or Rook; B is Bishop; P is Pawn.
The square upon which K stands is called K's sq; the sq. upon which the Q stands is called Q sq; the pieces upon the K's side are

called K's pieces—K B, K Kt and K R. Those upon the Q's side are called the Q's pieces—Q's B, Q's Kt and Q's R. These pieces give these names to their respective squares, thus: K B sq, K Kt sq, K R sq; Q B sq, Q Kt sq, Q R sq.

The squares are numbered from each side from 1 to 8, thus: K sq—K 2, K 3, K 4, and so on to 8. Q B sq—Q B 2, Q B 3, and so on to Q B 8.

This explanation is brief, but we think it can be readily understood. Should any of our readers be at a loss to comprehend, we shall gladly answer through these columns any questions they may put.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, December 27, 1877.

To the Editor of the Torch.

DEAR SIR.—If you propose to indulge any in ornamental Chess literature, the following lines may afford a chance to break the ice in that direction. The author, being modest, would remain in obscurity, and so they may be credited to that versatile genius, "ANONYMOUS." Chess poetry, as a rule, partakes somewhat of the machine flavor, but as these have something of the unique in their conception and of the ambitious in the plan upon which they are built, possibly you may fall them into your Torch-light procession—or waste-basket:

ALLITERATIVE ACROSTIC.

C harming Caissa, coquette coy;
H appy her heroes' homaging hearts,
E mpire, ever enduring, enjoy,
S avants subjected, submissive seem;
S overeign sceptre swaying supreme.

J. C. M'.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

A coal combination is a public coal-amity.—*Boston Post.*

Yes, a grate coal-amity is a coal-tion.

Bay windows are safe harbors at night for little snacks.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

Yes, if some other girl don't come and enter out.

A Canada firm turned pale at the burning of the pall factory.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

All right as long as they didn't "Kick the bucket."

Mr. Pints has four beautiful daughters, just a half gallon of sweet lasses.—*Whitchell Times.*

He has more than half a gall on his hands. Good quarters for four nice young men.

Can a tragedienne who "mouths" her words be termed a victim of "gun tragic?"—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

No, she'd be a "stick."

Eagles in Tennessee carry off young lambs.—*Exchange.*—Now, what's the ewes of telling us such a story as that?—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Kerrett, there is no use in talon such a lamb-entable yarn.

A Kentucky farmer has held his hemp crop for ten years, waiting for \$10 per hundred. Perhaps he doesn't wish his hemp to support him.—*Boston Post.*

In some places,—En-rop for instance—that joke would have to pay duty, but in Kentucky we suppose such bad puns are ex-hempt.

Some how or other we don't hear any more about Niagara Falls wearing away.—*Hartford Times.* But you can hear the hackmen about Niagara Falls swearing away the same as usual.—*Boston Post.*

Probably because they are so used to it they

only take a curs-ory glance. We never heard of a dam below the Falls.

A SUITABLE MOTTO.—He had stayed till the clock hands hung together at eleven, and that valuable recorder of time was menacing a strike. She had yawned till her mouth felt large enough for a horse collar, and yet the young man evinced no symptoms of speedy departure. "I've been working on a motto to-day," she finally said, as she held her eyes open with her fingers: "don't you want to see it?" He said he did. She brought out the article and passed it to him for inspection. He held it up to the light and read the cheerful sentence, "There's no place like home." The young man guessed he'd be going.—*Rockland Courier.*

175 UNION STREET.

WINTER IS COMING.

See Reasonable Goods. at

W. W. JORDAN'S,

150 PAIRS BLANKETS:

110 ESPUN 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 9c. 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 17 1/2 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.

BACK TO THE OLD STAND.

CORNER GROCERY.

MR. ROBERT RITCHIE'S New Grocery Store, in the Corner of Queen and Germain 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 Morning.

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

THE BANKER'S

GRAND-CHILDREN,

A NOVELETTE,

By NENA C. RICKESON,

OF WOODSTOCK.

PRICE, - - - 20 Cents.

Just published by

G. W. DAY.

For Xmas and New Year.

THOMAS FURLONG, Wine Merchant,

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

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, Saint Julien, Margau, Pontet Canet, Batailley, La Rose, Sauterne, Haut Barsac, Haut Sauterne,
- Nelasteln, Bodenthal, Erbach, Oestrich, Steinwein, Hockheim, Leibfräulich, Marcobrunn, Johannesberg.

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

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

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Furlong's 5 years old; Dublin Malt Whiskey; Glenlivet Malt Whiskey; Campbell's Malt Whiskey; 63-nine Bourbon Whiskey; Old Jamaica Rum; Scheidam Schnaps; s.

Sherris and Ports. Fine Pale Sherris; Old Lacey Ports; Marsala (Virgin); Marsala (London Particular); Dutch Curacao; Marischino; Dublin Ginger Ale; Soda Water; Appollonaris Water, &c.

THOMAS FURLONG, DIRECT IMPORTER.

dec 29 21

LINIMENTS.

SPENCER'S VESUVIAN (Brown and White), Johnson's Anodyne, Kidder's Sturgeon Oil, Gray's Anodyne, Albin, Moyle's White, Sloan's Rheumatic, and Frost's Liniments, Electric Oil, Graham's Radiator, Frost's Relief, King's Fluid, Pendleton's Pain-Relief, Perry Davis' Pain Killer, Perkins' Alligator, Household Panacea, Blood's Compound, Railway's Ready British Oil, Turinatin's Balsam, and Merrick's Magic Cure All. For sale by GEO. E. FRIST, City Drug Store, 27 Union Street, Jan 5 H

To Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tenders for City Building," will be received at the Mayor's Office until 12 o'clock, noon, of TUESDAY, the 15th day of January, 1878, for the erection and completion of a Stone and Brick Building for Municipal Offices on the site of the late City Building. Plans and specifications, and all information, can be obtained on and after Wednesday, the 15th inst., at the office of Messrs. McKean & Fairweather, Architects, No. 61 Charlotte street. The actual signature of two responsible parties willing to become security for the performance of the work, must accompany each tender, without which no tender will be considered. Security to be approved. The Committee is not bound to accept the lowest or any tender. S. Z. EARLE, Chairman City Hall Com. dec 29

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. (dec 29 21)

SPENCER'S
Elixir of Wild Cherry,
for Coughs, Colds and all Affections of the Throat, is a purely 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
GLYCERIA,
for Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, and all Roughness of the Skin. It is prepared from Price's Pure Glycerine, combined with other emollients, freely perfumed, and should be on every toilet table. Price 25 cents.

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

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

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

TAKE NOTICE—If these goods are not kept at the stores where you usually make your purchases, they will be supplied at retail at the manufactory, Paradise Row, Main Street.
WORTMAN & SPENCER.

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 SAQUES,
PROMENADE SCARFS,
HOODS, JACKETS, in all sizes,
CARDIGAN JACKETS,
(From 90 cts. to \$5.00)
TIES AND SCARFS,
In Choice New Styles
DENT'S Celebrated GLOVES,
in great variety.

JAMES McCULLOUGH & CO.,
95 Head of King Street.
dec 22

(Established 1800)
A. CHIPMAN SMITH,
(Successor to W. G. SMITH.)

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
No. 1 City Market Building,
Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.,

Keeps constantly on hand:
FINE DRUGS
AND

CHEMICALS,
MATERIA MEDICA,
Druggist's Sundries

DYE STUFFS,
Perfumery,
SOAPS,

BRUSHES,
COMBS,

Etc. Etc.

Special attention and personal supervision given to the compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions, and fitting of Ships' Medicine Chests.

Wholesale Agent for
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
dec 22-21

INSURANCE BLOCK!

GENERAL AGENCY
FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE.

CAPITAL OVER \$35,000,000.
ROBERT MARSHALL,
General Agent, Notary Public and Broker.

OFFICES: Cor. Market square and Prince Wm. st., St. John, N. B.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
of London. Established 1806.
THE AENA INSURANCE COMPANY,
Incorporated 1839.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Organized 1810.
THE MERCHANTS' MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY,
of Canada
THE F. J. H. AMERICA ASSURANCE CO.,
Incorporated 1833.

Marine Insurance effected on vessels, cargoes and freights to and from any part of the commercial world. Time and voyage policies issued at once, on terms and conditions as customary.

Fire Insurance effected on brick and frame dwellings, stores, warehouses, mercantile, steam saw mills, ships on the stocks, and all descriptions of insurable property at lowest current rates. Application respectfully solicited.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
Gen. Agent, Notary Public and Broker.
(dec. 22)

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 bestowed on them in the past,

dec 22 1f
Christmas Goods!

PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON have now a complete and well-selected stock of Goods in the following departments:

WATCHES—Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Keyless and Key-winding Watches, in Opera, Face, Hunting, Engraved, and Plain Cases.

JEWELRY—One-half Suits, Bracelets, Lockets, Crosses, Brooches, Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Scarf-Pins, Scarf Rings, Seals, Keys, &c.

GOLD CHAINS—Guard, Albert, Opera, Necklets, etc.

SOLID SILVER—Fie, Fruit, Cake and Butter Knives; Fruit, Preserve, Jelly, Sugar, Child's Tea and Salt Spoons; Cups, Card Cases, Napkin Rings, Fish Carvers, etc.

SILVER PLATED—Tea Services, Ice Pitchers, Cakes and Fruit Baskets, Castors, Butter Coolers, Pickle Stands, Celery Dishes, Biscuit Boxes, Salvers, Card Receivers, Syrup Jugs, Cups, Napkin Rings, Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.

Also a good assortment of Clocks, Breeches, Spectacles, Eye-Glasses, Silver Filigree Jewelry, Tortoise shell Sleeve-Buttons, etc. Jewelry made to order.

PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON.
dec 22 43 King street.

E. P. HAMMOND,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

SINGER'S, HOWES' and LAWLOR'S SEWING MACHINES.

King Square, St. John, N. B.
Sew-machines Oil and Attachments kept constantly on hand.

Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved.
Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 6m)

DUN, WIMAN & CO.,
MERCANTILE AGENCY,
MARKET BUILDING,
St. John, N. B.

A. P. ROLPH, Manager.
Jan 8 1f

DENTAL NOTICE.
GEORGE P. CALDWELL, M. D.,
DENTIST.

No. 7 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.
Jan 5 1y

VICTORIA
LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,
PRINCESS STREET.

(Between Sydney and Charlotte.)
The above New and Commodious Stables are now open for business, with a new and first-class stock.

Boarding Horses
kept on reasonable terms, and supplied with Loose Boxes or ordinary Stalls, as required.
*A call respectfully solicited.
ALBERT PETERS,
Jan 8 1y Manager.

BEARD & VENNING.

No. 18
South side King Street

Gentlemen's Wool shirts and Drawers;

Shetland Wool and Merino Saques;

Lined Kid Mitts and Gloves; Silk and Lawn Pocket Handkerchiefs;

Scarfs, Neckties, Bows; Cashmere and Silk Mufflers;

Cardigan Jackets and Criméan 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 city, lined, unlined, Buck & Castors.

***ROULLION'S SEAMLESS FIRST CHOICE KIDS.**

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

***Gentlemen's UNDERCLOTHING** every make.

MACKENZIE BROTHERS.
dec 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

149 UNION STREET,
dec 22 1y **W. H. AUSTIN.**

THURGAR & RUSSELL,

Wine and Commission Merchant,
15 North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.
(31 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 - Magee's Block,
Water street. - St. John, N. B.
(dec 22)

FERRICK BROTHERS,

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

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