

TORCH

Light Literature'

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

Vol. I.

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

No. 10

[For the Torch-]
I FILL THIS CUP.

"I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,"—
So sang a poet years ago in mellow monotone—
He filled the cup and filled it oft, to toast her tender eyes—
For she was of his heart a part—his All beneath the skies.
He filled the cup to toast her brow that was as marble fair—
He filled the cup to toast her wealth of bright and sunny hair—
He filled the cup to toast the form a sculptor might adore—
He filled the cup to toast the grace—the queenly grace she wore.
He filled the cup to blind with tears her soft and tender eyes—
To break the heart of his a part—his All beneath the skies—
He filled the cup to cloud with grief the brow that was so fair—
He filled the cup to see her die, a victim of despair.
He filled the cup, "For now," said he, "what other friend have I?"
"Tis time," said he, "that one like me should lay him down and die";
He filled the cup and filled it oft! what more have I to tell?
He fills a grave—a nameless grave! and may he slumber well.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

TO W—.

Fled is the dream so fondly nurs't,
Of angel joys the fragile token;
The bubble of our love is burst,
Its cobweb ties for ever broken.
Then seek not passion to renew,—
Believe me that the dream is ended.
Who, in this wise world, ever knew
Of cobwebs tied, or bubbles mended?

J.



SIGNOR PATRONI, THE CELEBRATED BASSO PROFUNDO, in his wonderful impersonation of *Robert Le Diable*."

"When other lips, and other hearts."

We are sorry we were unable to obtain an autobiography of this gentleman.

Miss Bellew, daughter of Frank Bellew, draws for some illustrated papers of New York, and occasionally for London Punch, her forte being caricature. Her signature is A. Beeds.

[For the Torch]
ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

No. 4.—On Temperance.

Most of the great events of history have been performed when the actors were drunk. The reason is obvious. When a man is intoxicated he is "high." When he is not intoxicated he is not high. Therefore when he is not intoxicated he does not perform lofty deeds. When he is high his actions are on the same level. *Q. c. d.* Some of the actions of history are described as being higher than a kite.

I pass lightly o'er the intoxication of Noah, (for that ancient mariner rather made a beast of himself,) and come down the stream of time. Sardanapalus, king of Nineveh, had a palace far grander than the late Victoria Hotel,—Eastlake furniture, carpets and curtains from Sheraton's, bear-skin mats from Thorne's, mirrors from Boston, Medoc from Furlong's, beer from Jones's, Vesuvian liniment from Wortman and Spencer, everything in the first style,—and yet in a state of exasperated intoxication, he set fire to his premises and burned the palace and its inmates, including himself, to ashes, without one penny of insurance. Later, a habitual drunkard, whom it would be praise to call a scallawag, conceived the lofty idea of firing the temple of Ephesus, one of the wonders of the world. Selecting the night of a festival of Diana, when he naturally supposed the priests would be as drunk as himself, he applied the Torch, and the illustrious fane was burned to the ground, not even the spittoons being saved. Again no insurance. Darius the Persian got half drunk and lost half the world; Alexander got wholly tight and conquered the whole of it. They did all this on wine, you perceive; there is no knowing what they would *not* have done had the stimulant been forty rod rum. All the Roman emperors got as drunk as fiddlers, many kings do. Wellington and his officers came off a bender to fight the battle of Waterloo. Byron, that wayward son of genius, laid in a cask of gin and got high, and the natural consequence was that he wrote Don Juan.

Much of the poetry of modern times is attributable to the mixing of liquors. But why multiply examples? Inebriating fluids are the Keeley motors of all mighty deeds. Abou-Jafar the calif was accustomed to ask when any catastrophe occurred: "Who is the woman?" When I read of some man looming out colossally,—especially in the swindling way,—I feel myself safe to enquire: "What was his tippie?"

Epsom salts are good, but buttermilk is the true stimulant of civilised man and especially of civilised woman. This product of King's County keeps the head cool and the feet warm, beautifies the complexion, corrects the morals, damasks the cheek, and has no rubicund effect on the nose. Distilled liquor, on the contrary, enucleates the man, distorts the brain, blears the eyes, muddles the mind and damns the soul. Flee it!

Another evil to be guarded against is spontaneous combustion.

Young man! take the word of De Brassy that deeds on a moderate plane are the best. The world wants no other. It does not want you to set fire to St. John as what-is-name did to Ephesus, nor roast yourself and family like Sardanapalus, nor write another Don Juan like graceless Byron. Get "high" and you will do all these things. Keep low and you won't. Rather take the advice of the poet and promise Mary

to bring her a bunch of blue ribbons,

and when you bring it keep a quarter of a yard for yourself. Marry Mary if she be a good girl. Weighted with her you will have no inclination to soar high. But whether you marry mary or marry nary, run on the level line, in the recognised groove. Keep on the level and do your level best.

[For the Torch]
REFLECTIONS.

The Greeks of old gave as a maxim the words "Know thyself," and the poet laureate of Queen Anne's time versified the same in his Essay on Man, in the well known couplet—
"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan
The proper study of mankind is Man."

Unfortunately the tendency is to study one's fellow man rather than self. It is a comparatively easy matter for us to detect the mote in our brother's eye, even though our own is blinded by a beam. The man who makes a study of self is indeed a wise man.

It is seldom we weigh ourselves in the balance of justice.

Our estimate of ourselves rarely accords with the estim of the world forms of us.

We rarely really know "what manner of man" we are.

The man, that can turn the mental eye inwardly and study his own organization and temperament, attains to a degree of knowledge that can never be acquired in any other way.

It is a knowledge that can be contained in no book from which it can be gleaned, because the book is himself, and although often unsealed to all the world, it is still oftener closed to the individual's self. Every one has to think out his own system of metaphysics from his own men-

tal organization; although he can acquire all the principles of the science from the studies and experience of others; yet in himself is the only field wherein he can apply them.

To observe one's self, one's actions; to note their occurrence and the source from whence they spring; to check those tending to evil, and to cultivate those productive of good, should be the aim of all, yet how seldom is it done. How much more frequently do we find loose rein given to the passions, the appetites, and the evil propensities of our nature, until like a steed broken loose, and beyond the control of the driver, in a blind race rushes over a precipice unscathed and unheeded; so does the nobler animal at last jump the moral precipice, and lie crushed and bleeding, a shapeless mass in the abyss below.

CLEON.

[For the Torch]

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

One of Worth's fancies is to finish the back of basques with loops made by turning up the end of each form separately. Some basques have two loops, others have four, but whatever the number, this mode of trimming is easy, inexpensive, and said to be very effective.

Fashionable dresses are no longer trimmed upon the sleeves, owing to the fact that the wide cuffs of lace or linen so generally worn, render such trimming unnecessary.

Yoke and full gathered waists are to be more popular than ever in the spring.

Striped stockings are said to be gaining in favor, but a law still more arbitrary requires that the fun and stockings used for evening wear shall match. Ladies' boots also have the tops of bonnet cloth to match the costume. In fact there seems to be a mania for matching just now.

Whole toilet sets of filigree silver are in vogue this winter. They are the prettiest things out, but they require the purchaser to be "in cash" to a very considerable amount.

One of fashion's absurdest edicts is that the wearer of lockets or other trinkets in which portraits can be inserted, should choose his or her own picture in preference to that of any friend. It would seem that the world had always been selfish and egotistical enough but this frank would seem to imply that these small fables are on the increase.

The newest four o'clock tea tables are shaped three cornered, after the manner of a shamrock or clover leaf and trimmed to correspond.

White lace mittens are considered more stylish for evening wear than kid gloves. One of the reasons for the preference is that they afford a better opportunity for the display of rings.

All the fashion exchanges tell us that red is the color of the season for petticoats, one of them going so far as to suggest that even with morning costumes, it is most appropriate. If "seeing be believing," however, we have no reliance in the statement, for we see very little display of scarlet.

New York bonnets and even many hats, for the present season, are made with strings to be tied under the chin. Narrow ribbon is most used, but for dress hats tulle has a very pleasing and softening effect.

The buyers from our fashionable dry goods stores report that the rage for beads and bead trimmings in London and Paris grows more marked than ever, so much so that it is thought the fancy will not reach its full height and consequently its decline, until after next spring and summer.

The newest fans have feather tops, intermixed with sprays of flowers. It is a novelty certainly but one which, we fancy, Eastlake would call opposed to the true principles of art.

A new variation on the Princess dress has a belt of ribbon an inch and a half wide, passed

around the waist and tied in a bow in front. Between this fashion and those of yokes, blouses and pleated waists, babyish styles seem to vie with the more masculine modes, implied by cut away basques, vests, revers and other feminine modifications upon manly models.

Sleeves of dresses are still made in coat shape as being most comfortable for winter, but with the warm weather it is predicted that they will be shortened, until finally they reach a midway point between the wrist and elbow. Many will have frills turned down, but the richest will have lace set on like a cuff turning upwards and without gathers.

Orange blossoms for bridal dresses, are now perfumed with the essence of the flower and worn in greater profusion than ever, a new arrangement being to place a small bunch on the bust of each satin shoe.

Mr. G. B. Croff, C. E., of New York, appeared on Monday evening before a very large and select audience, at Mechanics' Institute, in the regular course, in his brilliant Dramatic Lecture, entitled, "Imagination," achieving a splendid success. The impersonations were powerful and true to the life, ringing from the audience, peal after peal, of genuine hearty laughter, and perfect storms of applause. The lecture was a scholarly production and showed the speaker to be a thorough student of human nature, a close observer, and well acquainted with the finest literature of the age. The attitudes and elocution were truly classic and of a high order, and the peroration was a production of great merit. Those who had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Croff will not soon forget him, especially those afflicted with the follies and vanities he so vividly portrayed.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

If your dinner bell has lost its clapper, you can still have your napkin-ring.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The boy who loves to linger around a black smith's shop will never pick up a nice clean piece of iron more than once.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Many mothers raise their daughters on the principle of teaching them first to play the piano, second to dress, third to dance, and sew fourth.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

I got me down in thought profound, this maxim wise I drew: It's easier for you to love a gal than maik a gal love you.—*Josh Billings.*

The fashion books are fascinating studies; and as we turn over their leaves, marked Fig. 1, Fig. 2, etc., it seems as if the fashion of fig leaves is coming back again.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

DARK NIGHT WHEN THE BOY GETS LEFT.—The other morning a youthful looking parent, whom we will call Mr. Payne, met a precocious "nine year old" and patting him patronizingly on the head, said, "I've got a boy at home bigger than you are." If Payne expected the boy to be surprised at this announcement, he was successful—as the youngster exclaimed in a startled tone, "What do you say?" Payne replied, "I say I've a bigger boy at home than you." The young gaffer looked at the beardless parent in mute surprise for a moment and blurted out, "Well, if you have one, you must have adopted him."

The laugh was on Payne, who took it good naturedly, and asked Mr. F. to open a "small bottle." Payne swears he will raise a pair of whiskers, if he has to buy them from Conroy.

RETROSPECTION.

My fairest page of life is wet
 With bitter, unavailing tears
 I try, but vainly, to forget
 The sorrow of the bye-gone years.
 The sunshine floods the earth again,
 Casting o'er all its golden rays,
 But memories sad I still retain:—
 It shines not as in other days,
 And so, I see in looking back,
 As in some mirror clear as day,
 The girl who started on a weary track,
 But to fall fainting by the way.
 Alas that pride can separate
 The hearts by fondest love united!
 They part: and strangers call it fate.
 Ah, love's sweet flowers are soonest blighted.
 All hearts hold memories of the past,
 Shrouded deep from the world's cold gaze.
 The hopes and loves, too sweet to last,
 Are buried with the bye-gone days
 —Constance Sterling.

EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY'S ADVICE TO HIS PEOPLE.

One of the most thoroughly enjoyable, as well as instructive talks, thus far delivered by the popular pastor of the New England Church, was given last Friday evening, before a very large congregation. After briefly introducing his subject, he talked to the long faced, never laugh Christians, as follows:

"Friends, don't receive religion into your life and into your households as it was a thing to fast and not a thing to feast with. Levi sets you a good example. You who are beginning to follow Christ, make a feast for Him; do not make a fast. Make your households have a kind of a Christmas-eve look, rather than a Fast Day, funeral look. Religion in our time is very apt to be received into our households as a matter of great solemnity. Not that solemnity has not its proper sphere and realm, but it is not one of those sentiments that may be applied to great joys, comforts and pleasures. Please remember in this connection, that the redemption of a soul is an occasion of great joy—the angels of God look upon it with feelings of joy. Heaven is glad over one sinner that repents, and that gladness is not solemnity, but rather the exuberant, impetuous happiness of sensitive creatures who see that the dove has escaped from the talons of the hawk in mid air, and they scream with delight because it is free. Heaven is not a huge temple of solemn service; but, on the contrary, a place where all the plastic, suave faculties of our natures have legitimate expression. Heaven smiled, or man would never have caught the reflection. God laughs, or He never would know how to create laughter. You cannot get an imitation without first having an original. To my mind, the fact that God made all men and all animals so happy, when they do right, is proof positive, that He must be thoroughly happy Himself. Naturally happy, I mean, not spiritually happy.

Now, I am to speak to you only upon one point, but this one is of vital interest to all of you. A mother writes to me, "I wish you would tell me in some of your Friday night talks how I can keep my boy at home evenings." She probably feels that I must have had such an extensive experience that I must have mastered the most of the points touching the government of children. While I have no children of my own, I have eyes to see other people's children, and when I see some of them I am almost persuaded to be glad that I have none of my own, for of all the sad sights a man can see, a rude child is one of the saddest. If he is healthy, it is all the worse. A boy that is sick and peevish must be excused, but when the little fellow is boisterous and rude, even to profanity, and one has to eat and live with

him, and even to have him around when there is company, such a boy is a terror to any sensitive man. But the majority of children, I have observed, not only among you people who are refined and cultivated, but among the poor and lowly, and those whose opportunities of culture are very limited, are courteous, or have the capacity of being courteous. I am thoroughly convinced that children, as they are born, generally have these qualities in them, and they only need to be guided and instructed in the right way to grow up an honor and a blessing to the household. I understand just the position of the good woman; I can designate several women who may be called by name. There is the timid mother. She was born timid herself, and her father's and mother's care over her, being a girl, strengthened her timidity. She never was allowed to go down to the stage coach and travel twenty miles for the purpose of visiting a friend, until Cousin Ben went with her. She never was allowed to go skating on the ice unless her father took a cut rope with him for the purpose of pulling her out if she fell overboard. She was always afraid to go into a dark cellar or a dark alleyway, and the idea of a girl running out alone at night, for the purpose of calling upon a neighbor, was always regarded with terror. She grew up, got married, and in turn gave birth to a boy. The boy, having been strongly marked by his father, who was a jolly, rollicking, brave man, begins to show the same disposition, and you see very often a modest, mistrustful woman the mother of a boisterous boy. That may be the woman who has written to ask me how to keep her boy at home. I say, in the first place, my good woman, don't try very much to keep him at home. Boys were not made to stay at home, any more than young robins were made to stay in their nests. Boys were made for the street. They were made to wrestle, jump, shriek, scream, kick and get kicked. That is what makes them independent, shrewd, calculating and manly men. A great many mothers should learn to recognize the fact that it is a boy, not a girl, they have to deal with. He is, as I have said, a boy, and, being a boy, is not expected to stay in the house ten hours a day and twelve hours at night. He is expected to stay in the house about thirty minutes in the day at a time—that is long enough for any boy to eat three meals—and about nine hours at night; that is just what any reasonable boy ought to sleep, and that is all, as I understand it, good woman, that your boy, if he be of a certain spirit, ought to be called upon to do. Amuse your boys if you want to keep them at home. Play whist with them. "What?" I hear some of you say, "why, I am a member of Dr. S-and-so's church." Well let him go to the dogs for once; let your church go to the dogs, and save your boy from going. When I was a young man at college, there was a deacon's son there at the same time, and he told me he learned to play "old sledge" on the hay now when his father was reading commentaries. It is a fact, and not a matter of laughter, and that same young man died a drunkard and a gambler. He lived in the Connecticut valley, and I could give you his father's name if I was so disposed. "Bob" told me more than a dozen times if his father had only played some kind of game with him—"if he had only been human with me, Deacon Murray," said he, "I should have been a church member just as you are." I want you to understand I was a deacon then. I think "Bob" was right. So I say to you play whist with your boys, play dominoes or checkers—in fact, any pleasant, healthy game. Read poetry with them, for boys like poetry; if not, read bear stories. Get him to read to you; and here let me say that this is one of the best possible ways to keep your boys at home, and one of the most beneficial in its effect. Teach them to feel that you are dependent upon them for company. There is in every boy a kind of a longing to be older and to be considered manly,

and the moment you teach the boy to believe he can take his father's place, you have fastened that boy to you, mother. The weaker you are, the less capable you are; just in such sweet-way, assume all of your cares and responsibilities, and be what he was intended to be, a comfort and a blessing. There would be a companionship between you and him, and the sweetest companionship in this world is the companionship of an aged parent with a child in the prime of life. Such a companionship is occasionally seen between a mother and a son. It is exceedingly touching to see the sense of affectionate importance which some boys have in protecting their mothers. This element can be taught to any boy, and, when he has once been educated in this direction, he will stay at home for your sake.

So I say to you, make your home happy in a way that boys like, and not in the way that some churches like. Boys are worth more than church forms, for boys are germs of angels, or else they are the seeds out of which devils spring. It makes little difference, father, what such a deacon may say. If I felt that my boy would eat peanuts in church, that he would go to sleep because he was not interested, I should spend one-half of the day under the hedges or by some running spring. I should preach to that boy in a way that would make him forget his peanuts and sleeping in church. The running spring should remind him of that fountain of living water which flows from the throne of God. If there was a bit of sea, it should remind him of that sea of crystal before the throne of God. If there was an empty acorn, it should remind him of the temple of clay out of which the spirit has departed. All things should be a service to God. The fields and the skies should be the church, and that boy should be a follower of Christ in that way because he is best adapted to that kind of service. That is all I have to say. You are dismissed.

TORCHISMS.

***An epitaph suggested to us yesterday by an undertaker, for a young lady who died from the effects of tight lacing "Waisted away." There is a grave joke concealed here of course will be seen.

***Why is a man who forgets but never forgives an injury like a miser? Because he is always for getting but never for giving.

***It is absolutely necessary that the "Dux" in a medical school should turn out quack doctors? Quene-riostios of literature. The tails of the Chinese.

***Why is a drunken man in convulsions like a coat that is too small? Because it's a tight fit.

***What author was the greatest plagiarist? Steele.

***What author's works are most admired by young ladies? Lover's.

***It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.

***PRETTY EXCUSE FOR A WIFE-BEATER.—treasure we value most we hide.

***Gas-tronomical—A light diet.

***What moral lesson does a weather cock teach? It is one to a spire.

***Singular Oar-ganic Remains—A "skeleton" with double "skulls."

***In what month do ladies talk the least? February.

As our circulation is rapidly increasing, our merchants will find the Torch a good advertising medium.

TERMS:

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

TO CLUBS.

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

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Per half year	15.00	54.00	80.00
Per year	30.00	108.00	160.00

••• Carls \$10 per year.

••• Special notices \$1 first ins., 1 line or 13.

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"Editor TORCH,"
St. John, N. B.

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Single Copies—Two Cents.

TORCH.

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

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

Inducements to Subscribers.

BEAUTIFUL ART PRIZES.

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

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

The oil paintings are being painted by our talented townsman, John C. Miles, Esq., whose well earned reputation as an artist is sufficient guarantee that the pictures will be valuable works of art.

When finished they will be placed in the window of Mr. A. C. Smith's drug store, on exhibition.

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

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

Canvassers wanted, to whom good commissions will be given, to obtain subscriptions in this city and the Provinces. Parties wishing to canvass will please apply personally to the editor, at the office of E. T. C. Knowles, Barrister, &c., in Y. M. C. A. Building, or by letter

addressed to "Editor of TORCH," St. John, N. B. Specimen copies sent free to any address. Agents wanted in every town.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO CANVASSERS.—A cash prize of \$10 (beside the commission) will be given to the person obtaining the largest list of subscribers between now and the first of June.

We understand that Mr. J. A. S. Mott is to be a candidate for the Councilorship of Queen's Ward.

THE new Alarm bell has been placed in the Police Office tower. The Fire Committee pay for the privilege of having it there, \$2,850.

THE EASTERN KNIGHT—represents the order of the Knights of Pythias in the New England States. It is published monthly at Danielsonville, Con. The contents are Pithy-an' bright.

AFTER all some Bibles were sent to the Fire Sufferers. The British and Foreign Bible Society were the donors—and Mr. Thos. McLellan is distributing them.

MR. JAS. LINGLEY was made a happy papa on Wednesday last. He bears the affliction with pious resignation. A little girl.

COUNCILLOR MANNING has every facility for carrying on the watch-making and jewellery business, at his Store, in the Market Building.

CARDINAL PECCI was elected Pope, and has assumed the Pontificate, under the title of LEO XIII. There is little doubt that he will be a worthy successor to the illustrious Pius the ninth.

A MUSICAL and LITERARY Entertainment was given at the Institute last evening—by the distinguished elocutionist, Miss Cayvan, assisted by the popular Soprano, Miss Dora Wiley—so favorably known to the Saint John public. Prof. Hodgdon presided at the piano.

APPLETON'S POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY for March comes to us too late for extended notice to-day. A cursory examination of its contents leads us to believe that it is a number of unusual excellence. Any one who wishes to know all about the "Telephone" should get this issue and read the well illustrated description of that remarkable space annihilator.

CIVIC.—The Common Council on Wednesday gave a very decided expression of opinion against the continuance of the Shanties on the public Squares. It was pointed out, that even if the Council were willing that the Shanties should remain after the first of May, the Council would not be in a position to grant the privilege without authority therefor from the Legislature, and that it was beyond doubt, in view of public opinion in reference to the matter, that the Legislature would give no such authority.

CRIMINAL.

THE Coroner's Jury found VAUGHAN guilty of the murder of MARY QUINN. He will be tried at the next Circuit Court.

THE examination of McCoy, charged with indecent assault upon NAOMI FLOWERS, is being conducted in the Fairview Parish Court, before Justices OLIVE and FAIR.

Is the Parrot gun a repeater? Its name suggests that it is.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

Pleasure is manifested in different ways, but we believe nobody ever heard a man sing when he has dropped a scuttle of ashes on the back stairs.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

"What's the difference," asked the teacher in arithmetic, "between one yard and two yards?"
"A fence," said Tommy Boales. Then Tommy sat on the ruler fourteen times.—*Ec.*

An item to cut out for next season: A piece of ice applied to a mosquito bite will remove the pain.—*Boston Journal.* A piece of ice applied with sufficient momentum to a window, will also remove the pane.

BUSINESS NOTES.—Messrs. Mullin, Bros., are displaying a complete assortment of ready-made clothing, at their new and elegant store on the corner of the North Wharf and Dock Street, and are prepared to execute satisfactorily all orders.

MESSRS. THORNE, Bros., are still dispensing hats, caps, and furs—in the latest styles and at the lowest rates. Call on them at No. 93, King Street.

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Thomas Youngelaus, in another column.
BUY your Groceries from John Grady, Dock Street.

A veritable ghost has lately taken a nightly bent at Putnam, Ct., and several inebriated folks have been scared out of their wits. It appears like a tall female figure, dressed in black, and has a rather startling way of approaching people and then vanishing into air.—*Exchange.*

Vanishes into where, do you say?

A well known drinking man was seen in Stanford with a blue ribbon pinned on his coat. A friend inquired, "Have you joined the Murphy's, Judge?" "Not exactly," he replied, "I only wear this in hope that some one will ask me to take a drink under the impression that I'll refuse."

Mr. Czardine of Whitehall says of his next door neighbor: "I don't mean to say that the old cuss 'll lie, but I simply remark if the punishment that was visited upon the heads of Amanias and Sapphira was the go now, yer couldn't find a life insurance company in Ameriky that 'ud risk two cents on his confounded old carcass."

The proposal to amend the Act of Assembly governing the Fire Department, so that the Chief Engineer shall be empowered to appoint and displace the officers and men in the Department, is of a less radical character than would at first sight appear—by reason of the saving clause, allowing an appeal to the Common Council. This leaves the responsibility for the fitness of the men upon the Council.

THERE is every prospect that Wallace Ross and the Toronto champion will be *Hawlan* the our against each other on the Kennecassis the coming summer. St. John men, especially those who witnessed the Toronto race, will hope that Ross *Wal-lace* his opponent.

Courtney, the sculler, should not be considered bad tempered because he "got" *Riley* towards the close of each race last year.

Why would a certain New York sculler answer for an aquatic race course? Because he is a *Big-tin*.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTISTS.

No. 1.

One of the most prominent members of the House of Commons is Mr. J. B. Plumb of Niagara. He is to the House what G. Washington Childs, A. M., is to the journalistic world of the United States—the poet *par excellence*. He is great on poetry, and can beat Childs in every walk of this a-muse-ment except the mortuary line. In the writing of obituaries he acknowledges the preeminence of the Philadelphia bard—acknowledges it with regret—and loses no opportunity of showing his superiority in other respects. Poetry is apt to suffer in going through the reportorial crucible, and Mr. Plumb's quotations and improvisations prove no exception to the rule. The Poet member's soul, in consequence, is often tried when he reads reports of his speeches and interviews, and he asserts most vehemently that his lines are often unreadable. He has, in fact, often been rendered liable to the imputation of plagiarism on account of the changes which his productions have undergone. Thus, when a reporter makes him say—

"Mary had a little lamb,
To keep it was a loss,
Her father killed it, and 'twas chewed
Along with caper sauce"—

he is clearly open to the charge of having stolen the first line. Mr. Plumb's indignant denial has not, I regret to say, been accepted by his political opponents, so strong is party feeling just now, but the time will come when justice will be done him. The following effusion, which Mr. Plumb is understood to admit being responsible for, will show that his genius manifests itself most happily in political pasquinades—

"Oh, for a suit of, a suit of workingman's clothes
To present to John A., whose foes
Say that it's humbug, which clearly shows
That the true character of workmen not
one of them knows."

Some may consider the last line's extra length a defect, but it is justified by the highest precedent—by Spenser (Edmund, not H. L.) himself, and rendered absolutely necessary by the necessity of getting all the matter in without looking after another rhyme. Here is another of his published impromptus which shews his power in this line—

"Down in Digby a man named Vail,
A prominent Grit, did receive Hail
Columbia, happy land,
A load of bricks and a load of sand."

Mr. Plumb, even if he had never written anything else, might be proud of his rhymical talents; but he can do much better when he settles seriously down to chew up rhetoric and rhyme, sentiment and feeling, into measured verse. In his speech on the Address (we mention this to show that he is appreciated by those who know him best) a call for poetry was received with the plaudits of both sides of the House. He was discussing Jones's disloyalty at the time, and he promptly chanted the following:—

"There was a man in Halifax,
Who slung by his side a battle-axe,
With which he threatened to give hard whacks
To the pole that bore the flag;
But bold General Doyle,
Equally up in war and Hoyle,
Made him instantly recoil—
God save the rag?"

This burst was vociferously applauded, and the calls for more were so persistent that the poet was forced to favor the House with another outpour, as follows:—

"There was a young man of Arthabaska,
Whose constituents ruthlessly sent him away;
He got in for Quebec
By the nape of his neck—
This dapper young man of Arthabaska."

Mr. Plumb—J. Burr Plumb—is a stout man of more than medium height. He has a comfortable, well-fed look, as one might expect from the devotee of so profitable an art as poetry. He is not a youth, as many may suppose from the sprightliness of his lines, but decidedly past the bloom of early manhood. His face is as round as the full moon, rather red in hue, and shining with the glow of inspiration. His moustache is short, like his poetic exudations, and his hair rather thin where he is in the habit of scratching his head when he is in the throes of poetic productiveness. If he should, unlike Shakespeare, neglect to write his own epitaph, I submit the following, just received by telegraph from G. W. Childs, A. M.:—

"Here lies the poet Plumb;
While on earth he was some
Pumpkins; but now he's at rest,
Lest us hope with the blest—
With the children of song
Where I'll be before long"

Ottawa, Feb. 13th, 1878.

Why are you, when hankering after pork, like an article written for a certain Boston paper? Because it is for Pork you pine.

CHARLOTTETOWN DAILY PATRIOT.—On Monday, 11th inst., the *Patriot*, previously a weekly, made its debut as a daily. Brother Lawson, is his inaugural, nails the Grit flag to his mast and "swears by it to live, for it to die." We wish the enterprising proprietor every success with his new venture, and hope he may not meet with a Loss on it.

THE PORCUPINE.—Ethereal Boston can now boast on having a satirical and humorous paper e-quill to anything (except the *Torch*) yet produced on this Continent. Mr. Haskell, the artist, has a very clever cartoon on the first page, and we notice among its interesting contents, a poem called 'The Dollar of our Father's' by Phillips Thompson, better known as "Jimmie Briggs." Mr. Lyman Weeks squibs are not weak squibs, and if anybody dares say so, we shall say you Ly-man. The typographical appearance of the *Porcupine* is first-class, printed on toned paper, with a neat emblematical heading. We have much pleasure in placing it on our exchange list, and hope it may long maintain its e-quill-ibrium.

GOOD SMART CANVASSERS WANTED EVERYWHERE for the *Torch*.

Items of interest will be thankfully received from our readers everywhere,

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

LEAH—Letter came too late for last issue. Items would be rather stale now. Please write so as letters will reach here not later than Thursday.
G. O. B., BOSTON—Glad to hear from you; much obliged for sub; will write soon.
LEEDIE YAWNBOR STRAUS.—Much obliged. We shall give the "leedle" stranger a good "send off."

Zinc gravestones are made in Bridgeport. They sink grave-stones here.

A Massachusetts man swallowed his false teeth and died. That story's tooth in.

Why is it impossible for a monarch, who is always thoughtful, to be a fat one? Because he must always be thin-King.

The *Torch*, is the name of a new, bright journal of St. John N. B. It is no *Torch-ure* to peruse its columns.—*Porcupine, Boston*.

We direct attention to the clever "Essays" by "Chevalier DeBrassy." A great many persons are anxious to know the name of the author.

Forty-five gallons of writing fluid used in Congress last session.—*N. Y. World*. We have often heard that Congress men have a penchant for wrong doing, but if the above item is true, they evidently do write.

A man named Dunn was riding along on horse back, the other day, when something on the road frightened his horse, which commenced to rear up. Jack passing asked his friend Tom why that horse was a rare sight? Tom gave it up. "Because" replied Jack, "it's under Dunn."

We commence in this number a series of "Parliamentary Sketches" from Ottawa. As the author of them is a gentleman well qualified to give graphic analytical portraits of the political celebrities at the Capital, they will be found quite interesting.

A Minnesota man makes the winter seem short by giving his nose, payable in the spring.—[Mil. Sent.]

When it falls due he Autumn meet it promptly.

A book agent insisted upon occupying our best chair and valuable time yesterday. His folks said they would be thankful for a few words for the gravestone. We did our best, without ignoring facts:

His mortal coil, for fear 'twould spoil
Was shuffled off with a vim.
Said the devil below, with a shout, "Hello!
We've been waiting and watching for him!"
—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

If the young lady, who sent us this valentine, will call at our sanctum, she will hear of something to her advantage.

Peering through the wintry night
Comes the bright and scorching light
Of Joseph's *Torch*;
It gleams above each roof and dome,
And even into my own home
I feel it scorch.

Alas! those rays have pierced my heart
With Cupid's swift unerring dart
Although I knew
Your brightest thoughts will never be mine
And I, your faithful Valentine,
Am "not for Joe."

CHESS COLUMN.

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

PROBLEM No. 2.

BY W. A. SHINKMAN.



White to mate in 3.

GAME No. 11.

STAUNTON'S OPENING.

Played by correspondence between Rev. D. H. Shields, of Spring City, Pa., and Jos. W. Belcher of Providence, R. I.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Mr. S.</i> | <i>Mr. B.</i> |
| 1 P K 4 | 1 P K 4 |
| 2 Kt-K B 3 | 2 Kt-Q B 3 |
| 3 P-Q B 3 (a) | 3 Kt-K B 3 |
| 4 P Q 4 | 4 K Kt x P |
| 5 Q P x P | 5 P Q 4 |
| 6 P Q Kt 4 | 6 P Q 7 |
| 7 P Q Kt 5 | 7 Q P x P |
| 8 Q-Q B 2 | 8 Q B-B 4 |
| 9 Kt P x Kt | 9 Kt-K Kt 6 |
| 10 Q x B 2nd P | 10 Kt x K R (b) |
| 11 K Kt-Q 4 | 11 Q B-K 5 |
| 12 B P x P | 12 Q R-Kt sq |
| 13 K B-Kt 5+ | 13 P-Q B 3 |
| 14 Kt x B P | 14 Q-Q Kt 3 |
| 15 Kt x P dis. + | 15 K-K 2 |
| 16 B-R 3+ | 16 K K 3 |
| 17 B-Q 7+ (c) | 17 K-Q 4 |
| 18 B Q B 6+ | 18 K K 3 |
| 19 Q B 4+ | 19 K x P |
| 20 Q x B+ | 20 K B 3 |
| 21 Q B 3+ | 21 K K 3 |

White mated in six moves.

- | | |
|-------------|-----------|
| 22 B Q 5+ | 22 K-Q 2 |
| 23 Q B 5+ | 23 Q-K 3+ |
| 24 B x Q+ | 24 K-Q sq |
| 25 Q-Q R 5+ | 25 K K sq |
| 26 Q R 4+ | 26 K Q sq |
| 27 Q-Q 7 | 27 |
- mate.
- (a) An opening not much practised here, but quite sound.
 (b) Black by this digression allows white to accumulate his forces for a strong attack.
 (c) If K x B white mates in two—the end game is excellently played by white.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. J. P.—Your problem is very good for a first attempt, and we would advise you to persevere.

J. A. B.—Many thanks for the fine games you have enclosed us.

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.—We learn from the *Chicago Times* that Mr. J. H. Graham, a former resident of this city, and Mr. W. A. Whitney, lately concluded by telegraph a couple of games of chess, on the part of the village of Iroquois, Ont., against Dr. J. Eaton and Mr. F. Lewin, representing the town of Prescott, Ont.

The first game Iroquois lost through over-

sight. The second game was discontinued by Prescott at the 29th move, when the position was as follows:

PRESCOTT.—(White.)

K at K B sq; Kt at Q7; Ps at K B 2 and 3 and Q Kt 1.

IROQUOIS.—(Black.)

K at K Kt sq; R at K Kt 3; Ps at K R 1, K Kt 2, K B 5, K 4 and Q Kt 2.
 White to move.

PUZZLES & KNOTS.

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

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

1.—CHARADE.

My first means not far away;
 My second a metal, bright as day;
 Third sometimes has direful sway;
 My whole a songster, blithe and gay.
 HUGO.

2.—WORD SQUARE.

Ebb; instruction; mineral veins; a cardinal point.
 CARLOS.

3.—PRIZE ANAGRAMS.

Dram seer.	See rate.
Sing at Verdi!	Folly, noise, vasp.
A prize for first solution.	ENMA.

4.—STAR DIAMOND.



The top star names a consonant; first row of three stars, an open space; centre row, cases; next row, a number; last star, a consonant.
 TORCH-EYE.

5.—CENTRE DELETION.

The centre delete of the verb to wed,
 And have a girl's name in its stead.
 ST. J.

6.—METAGRAM.

Change head of part of a river, have a point of the compass; again, have young people.
 DR.

7.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1, 2 is a much used abbreviation; my 6, 4 is a negative expression; my 3, 4, 5, 6 is the first name of a popular Canadian; whole is one of Canada's largest cities.
 CLARA CLAY.

8.—PUZZLE.

What word is that which added to the letter S, will make meanness.
 ELMWOOD.

9.—PRIZE DECAPITATED CURTAILMENT

The primal and final of a weight take away,
 And have another, relating to hay.
 A prize for first solution. ILLON.
 (Answers in two weeks)

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

ST. J.—Contributions welcome, and of excellent variety.

HUGO.—Your postal received. We trust you will be a regular contributor.

TORCH-EYE.—We hope yours will prove an eagle-eye in reaching solutions. Please continue.

From the *Paragon*.
THE DOLLAR OF OUR FATHERS.

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Give us the silver dollar
 Hard and clear as a bell,
 Sounding the people's triumph
 And ringing the Shylocks' knell!

A fig for "public opinion!"
 'Tis bought by money kings
 The press is the servile minion
 Of Wall and State street rings.

They tell us of woe and ruin
 Should silver its place resume,
 Of terrible mischief brewing
 Portending the crack of doom.

They lie and they know they are lying
 For gold keeps coming down,*
 In spite of the usurers trying
 To frighten us with their frown.

To our neck there clings no collar,
 We're neither bridled nor sold,
 Hurrah for the silver dollar
 By law on a par with gold!

Hurrah for plenty of silver,
 To spend, to lend or to keep!
 Good times will come to us quickly
 With money plenty and cheap.

Then give us the silver dollar
 The coin that our fathers knew,
 'Twas good enough in the years gone by,
 It's good for the present too.

Yes, give us the silver dollar
 That none may dare refuse,
 If it's good enough for the people,
 It's good for the Wall street Jews.
 Boston, Jan. 21st.

*At least it was coming down when this was written. We would alter the lines to suit the situation, only that at present it keeps wobbling up and down like the odd goose that Pat couldn't count it ran about so.

LITERARY NOTES.

Sir J. T. Sinclair, M. P., is preparing a new work on Russia.

The title of Bret Harte's new story forming one of Osgood & Co's "Little Classic" series, is "Story of a Mine." It is a tale of western mining life, and also introduces the reader to Washington society.

Mr. William Winter is preparing an acting edition of "Hamlet," as played by Mr. Booth.

Mr. Tompnyson has several new poems almost ready to be put into print. One of them is like the "Northern Farmer" in style.

Will Carleton, the Farm Balladist, is lecturing on "The Golden Horse." It is presumed that he is not in favor of a silver horse.

Mr. Tompnyson's youngest son Lionel is to be married at Westminster Abbey, during the first week in March, to a daughter of the poet Frederick Locker.

ADVICE.—Joseph S. Knowles, the well known humorist of St. John, N. B., has started a humorous journal, with a name that is very suggestive to the signed city, the TORCH. It is a bright, sparkling paper, but oh, heavens, Joseph, don't put your jokes in italics. If they won't stand alone, and we all have to mourn over weak-kneed and invalid jokes sometimes, let 'em dr p. And when they drop, stamp on 'em and disown the wretched bantlings.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Paris eats a thou-and horses every mon.h. That is what we should call galloping consumption.—*Com Bulletin.*

Good eating during Lent—Fast you know.

(For the Torch)

NO. SIX OF THE WIDOW McKILLIGAN SERIES.

"What's that ye say, Parson?" drawled Billy. Just then Aggy returned. She glared at the empty dish. Honeycomb watched her. At length, looking very cross, she asked snappishly:

"As that there Bounce been 'ere agen?" "Yes, my dear Mrs. McKilligan, Billy bounced into the dish and—lo, behold!—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

"Well hi must say," commenced Aggy. Billy continued shovelling in the pudding, apparently oblivious of all earthly things. When it had all disappeared down his capacious maw, he stopped to take breath, and laying down his implements of warfare, said—

"I reckon they kinder know how to make puddin' to Hickory Holler an' no mistake, ma'am, Mrs. er Miss, three hundred an' fifty-five thousand on't!"

But 'twouldn't do. Aggy was not to be mollified so easily. She looked mad as a March hare, and never spoke.

Exactly opposite her place at table a handsome mirror hung from ceiling to floor. As she looked up she saw herself in the glass like Jupiter surrounded by his satellites—on her right rose Honeycomb like the full-orbed harvest moon; Spooner loomed up darkly on the left like a vast Nebulosity, or the ghost of Eugene Aram, while I, Penelope Fowler, the poor relation, barely tolerated, snubbed daily and hourly, gleamed faintly from afar like Urania from her far off home of blue.

Agatha looked once—twice—the scowl began to subside—she grew genial. Her pearl-coloured silk trimmed with black lace, looked well. She adjusted and re-adjusted the barbe of rich white lace on her glossy dark hair, confined by a butterfly of dead gold with diamond eyes.

"This ere bar-bee is not quite straight, Penelope," she said. "Whatever makes you do things so pugnaeously. Mind now, just one height hof a hinch—that's too much, too much," she cried; "ho dear, what a catastrophe (exasperating) creature you do be to be sure—there, there don't break the pin; hi hantipate hi had that there pin wen hi was a girl. My first dear, dear, dead lin gone—Ho—oh—ho—oh!" and up went two pudgy, fat white hands, covered with rings, and pressed a snowy handkerchief to the round rosy face. Honeycomb threw himself at her feet in an agony, murmuring like a cooing dove: "My angel, my dearest Ag-ga-tha, don't—Oh don't." He got hold of one little fat finger. He contrived to reach up and slobber a pastoral kiss on it "oh—bo—bo—bo—oh—Ag-tha—how can you distress me so?" She jerked her hand viciously away. "Oh dearest, cease—cease. Oh my charming, charming"—he stooped seemingly at a loss.

"Stuck, be ye Parson?" asked Spooner. "Thun-der, lightnin'-bugs, an' hoppergrass an' tadpoles, I kin help ye to the spondulies, ten to one on't. Call er a mangled—wurtzel—a cauliflower—a fire weed—a-a—jack-plane, etc., etc., so forth, an' string em out like telegraph wires er clothes-lines, till she gives in an' hollers 'nuff,'—that's so every time."

"Look up, my idol," whispered Honeycomb. "Speak, O speak!" and he essayed a pastoral lug.

"Je-ru-salem!" ejaculated Spooner, "of this ere's the way the cat's goin' tow jump, three spiles company, two to one on't, what dew yer say blue bell?" and he slewed hi bones in my direction till they rattled again.

I wore a white dress trimmed with knots of blue ribbon, which I thought he referred to. "Golly oppilus," he continued, "yer eye ain't jest the color of the leetle blue bells that grow on the banks o' Spoon Creek, durned if they aint. Melby ye'd come to Spoon Creek. I be a lookin' for a—"

"Penelope Fowler, you hunderanded, sly,

mucilaginous (pusillaninous) creature," sang out Aggy, "go right hout han border hin the desert. Mister Oneymoon, andis ol' hi say till hatter you're married, then—jus t has much has you like."

With the entrance of the dessert and home-brewed hale, (as Aggy called it), good humor was restored, and Honeycomb remarked, that as he had named the Honeycomb, they would spend it in the desert if she wished.

"Do 'ush," said she, "hi didn't mean hit." "You're never going back on me in that way, Agatha," he whispered loud enough to be heard.

"Will you 'ush," said she, "an not take a hell because hi give a hinch."

"My dearest," he replied, "yon spoke of the dessert in connexion with our hon-ymoon. I second the motion," and going to the piano he manipulated the following:

"Fly to the desert, fly with me:
Our Arab tents are rude for thee,
But oh! the choice, what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or the ones without."
—Moore.

He looked around, Aggy was crying softly in a corner. (Genuine tears this time.) "Hifi used to sing hit," she sobbed, "wen hi was a apy—go—go—gorl."

"A what, my dear, a go—go—gorl?" he mimicked, "or gorilla?" which set Aggy laughing, and all was fair weather again.

At this Spooner said, "I cat-late I must be goin'," and he went to the door; "Parson," said he, "did you ever see a hoss that could beat that air: Ho boss! stiddy thare, deep chisted, holler back, leetle head, clean lumbed; kin beat the rail kears all to pieces—give 'im fits—go swifter nur a bullet'er chain-lightnin'—rual monstang breed—raised at Spoon-krik—he belonged to the charge of the light brigades—he did, ten to one on't—beats flyin' dutchman all to flinders—try 'im, Parson; never know a Gospill-er but was a fast rate hoss jockey—he kin vault higher nur a baloon—overhaul a comet—step in a kerriage softer nur a pny-cast a stealin' milk—he kin draw more nur fifty thousand elephants—er kerry a lady eal to a Paterquin—he kin fight anything, from an indian to a buffalo—git out an' git, he's the boss hoss of Spoon-krik—thousand to one on't—try 'im parson—No,—good day to ye then; git up." Exit Spooner, also Honeycomb.

As soon as they were gone Aggy threw herself into a chair, and I thought she never would stop laughing. "The 'orrid creature," said she; "ow dast you fur to hencourage 'im, Penny Fowler." "An' you?" I retorted, "with Mr. Honeycomb's aim round you—" "Penny Fowler—" "Penny Fowler—" "round you—" "Penny Fowler you humprent!"—"round your waist," I blurted out; "go hup stairs this minute," say she; "hi 'ate the sight hof you."

GLOW-WORM.

A LEADING MEDICAL AUTHORITY SAYS:—"Consumption is essentially a disease of degeneration and decay. So it may be inferred that the treatment for the most part should be of a sustaining and invigorating character—nutritious food, pure air, and moderate exercise in it as the strength will bear, the enlivening influence of bright sunshine and agreeable scenery, and cheerful society and occupation, aided by a judicious use of medicinal tonics and stimulants, are among the means best suited to restore the defective functions and structures of frames prone to decay."

Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime by its gently stimulating and nutritive tonic properties is adapted in an eminent degree to this office of restoring the "defective functions and structures," as the numbers of cases in which it has been so successfully used, together with its short record of a few months that has placed it in the foremost ranks of proprietary remedies fully testify.

Prepared only by J. H. Robinson, St. John, N. B., and for sale by druggists and general dealers. Price \$1 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.

LEAH!

Is not forsaken yet,
He still performs and you bet,
His great success he will uphold I,
And to your wondrous eyes unfold,
Your houses, painted, grained or glazed,
All as cheap as they are nice,
If'er a house falls to your lot,
Whether near, or far, let him be there,
For 'what he does he does so cheaply,
As I can do no work so neatly?
The post he uses, you've the shipping;
Is like the clouds with sunbeams shining;
If you can purchase when you see his *travelling*,
His ast' your hand has had some training,
The signs of seasons are very hard to tell,
But his signs when painted read so well,
Give him a trial, you can d—no better,
Don't think twice, but drop him a letter,
His cottage is not the one by the sea,
But at 120 King Street east, you see,
At the post 636 will find his box,
O' Leah, then forsake us not,
May such a fate be ne'er our lot,
Hush! some envious people say,
Never mind them Leah, you earn your pay.

JOHN H. LEAH,

Painter and Decorator

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

120 King Street, East, St. John, N. B.
Feb 22-11

FISHING THREAD.

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

DAILY EXPECTED:

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

For sale at Commission Prices. T. R. JONES & CO.
Feb 22-11.

Real Estate Agency.

THE subscriber begs to inform the public that he is prepared to negotiate loans on Mortgage and Real Estate in the City and Portland. Parties desirous of transacting business are requested to call. Office Vernon's Building, Corner King and Germain st.
Feb 9

THE BANKER'S GRAND-CHILDREN,

A NOVELETTE,

By NENA C. RICKESON,

OF WOODSTOCK.

PRICE, - - 20 Cents.

Just published by

G. W. DAY.

Printed by GEO. W. DAY, 57 Charlotte Street

VICTORIA SKATING CLUB

Calico Carnival.

A FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL and Promenade Concert will be held at the Rink on WEDNESDAY, 27th February, 1878.

Commencing at 8 o'clock, p. m.

A PRIZE of \$10 each will be given to a Lady and Gentleman for the BEST CALICO COSTUME.

The Band will be in attendance.

RULES:

No one allowed on the ice unless in Calico Costume or other Fancy Dress.

Impersonation of Characters of Negroes and Firemen prohibited.

No gentleman permitted to personate a female character.

Each skater will be required to hand in a card to the committee in the dressing room with his or her name and character assumed written thereon.

The centre of the Rink will be strictly reserved for the use of the skaters, judges and directors.

Tickets 25 cents each—to be had at the stores of Messrs. A Chipman Smith and Carson Flood, and at the door on the evening of the Carnival.

C. E. SCAMMELL, President.

G. C. COSTER, Sec'y-Treas.

Jan 30

Presso and Paper Hanging.

SPENCER'S
Elixir of Wild Cherry,
 for Coughs, Colds and all Affections of the Throat, is a purifying and expectorant preparation, containing no opium or deleterious drug. Its effects are immediate and permanent. It may be given with safety to the tenderest infant. Price 30 cents.

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

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

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

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

Spencer's Anibitions and Blood Purifying Bitters.
 An efficient cure for Indigestion, Bilious Complaints, Jaundice, Sick Head-ache, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, and all Diseases having their origin in a disordered state of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents.
WORTMAN & SPENCER,
 Jan 5 Paradise Row, St. John, N. B.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
 Just received—A very fine Stock of Ladies' and Gent's
GOLD WATCHES,
 Key and Stem Winders.
 Also—A large assortment of SILVER WATCHES, of English, Swiss and Waltham manufacture, which will be sold low at

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

Catch 'em Alive
MOUSE TRAPS!
 A Mechanical Curiosity, at Clarke, Kerr & Thorne's,
 GERMAIN STREET.

TEMPERANCE
REFORM CLUB!

Provisional Subscription Committee

The following members of the St. John Temperance Reform Club are authorized to solicit subscriptions for the Club House:
J. B. HAMM, ROBERT BUSTIN,
C. R. MOTT, J. KERR,
C. R. RAY.
 St. John, January 26th, 1878.
 C. R. RAY, President.

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 Ruled, Bound, and Printed to any pattern.

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

GRAND OPENING!

The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing that the

DOMINION
Wine Vaults!

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

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

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

E. T. C. KNOWLES,
 Barrister at Law, Notary Public,
 Solicitor of Patents, &c.

OFFICE: Y. M. C. A. BUILDING,
 30 Charlotte street, - - St. John, N. B.

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

International Steamship Co.
SPECIAL NOTICE.

STEAMER "New Brunswick" will leave Saint John on MONDAY, 28th January, and "City of Portland" on THURSDAY, January 31st, after which the "City of Portland" will be withdrawn from the route for a short time, to be put in order for summer business.
 "New Brunswick" will leave Boston Monday, February 1st and will continue to leave Boston, 7 o'clock at Portland and Eastport, every Monday, and Saint John every Thursday, at 8 o'clock, until further notice.
 In consequence of this change there will be no boat leaving Boston Thursday, Jan 31st.
 H. W. CHISHOLM,
 Agent.

JAS. ADAMS & CO.

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

Where, with a New and
Thoroughly Assorted Stock

—OF—
SEASONABLE
DRY GOODS,

Increased Facilities,
 —AND—
Prompt attention to Business

NOTICE.

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

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

E. P. HAMMOND,
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
SINGER'S, HOVES' AND LAWLOR'S
SEWING MACHINES.
 King Square, St. John, N. B.
 Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved.
 Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 6m)

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

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

The above New and Commodious Stables are now open for business, with a new and first-class stock.
Boarding Horses
 kept on reasonable terms, and supplied with Loose Boxes or ordinary Stalls, as required.
 A call respectfully solicited,
ALBERT PETERS,
 Jan 8 1y Manager.

BEARD & VENNING,

No. 18
South side King Street.

Attention should be called to our
 Mourning Dress Goods,
 Comprising Black Lustre, Black Bel Han tones, Black Suits, etc. Also French Merinos, Black Cashmeres, Black Eazothens, Black Persian Cloths, Black Empress Curis, Black Wool Serges, Also, Court Gold, Coloured Black Capes, in all qual tie.
BEARD & VENNING,

NEW
 N. B. Keel Co. has received a stock of
 clothing figures, including suits, 40
 lowing low figures, including suits, 40
 Basket cloth suits, \$18, formerly \$25;
 Canadian Tweed do, 10, - - - 15;
 Scotch Tweed do, 12, - - - 18;
 In order to get into the run for Spring Stock.
THOS. YOUNG CLARK, Prop'r.
 Custom work a specialty. feb 16-1m

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS
Must be True!

THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every size, in all, unlined, Buck & Jastors.
ROULLON'S SEAMLESS FIRST CHOICE KIDS.
Black Goods and Silks!
 The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock in the City to choose from.
Gentlemen's UNDERCLOTHING every make.
MACKENZIE BROTHERS,
 dec 29 47 King Street.

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

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

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

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

ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG,
 Wholesale and Retail dealer in Wines and Spirits, Havana Cigars and Tobaccos, No 7 King square,
 Branch Store, 18 Charlotte street,
 dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.

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

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

Office Room, No 12 Magee's Block,
 Water street, - - - St. John, N. B.
 (dec 22)
FERRICK BROTHERS,
 Wholesale and Retail dealers in First-Class Wines, Old Brandies, Whiskies, etc. No. 15 North side King Square.
THOS. S. FERRICK, JAS. J. FERRICK,
 dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.