



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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878.

No. 15

[For the Touch]

HE LAY DEAD.

He lay dead, and she said, "O'er his head,  
Roses will blossom at morn and eve,  
And the birds will sing around his bed,  
And I shall grieve, shall grieve, shall grieve—  
I shall grieve through the years that come and  
go,  
For I loved him! oh, I loved him so!"

He lay dead and the roses shed  
Never a leaf above his head,  
And few were the tears that fell, 'tis said,  
By the side of his poor neglected bed,  
For though she loved him, and loved him so,  
Her love was the love of the world, you know!  
MAURICE O'QUILL.

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 2.

Charles O'Malley.

It was on the march to Fuentes d' Onoro that a picket of us came to a halt in a vineyard during the moonday heat, and as our movements were regulated by those of the main body of which we were considerably in advance, the men proceeded to make themselves comfortable. Scarcely had we taken up our position when a shot fired from an adjacent copse passed within a few inches of the sentry's head. The sound had hardly ceased to ring when we were in the saddle and, thrown out in skirmishing order, hastened to make an investigation. Half an hour's search sufficed to show that the shot had not proceeded from an enemy but from some lurking desperado who probably was actuated by jealousy. We therefore returned to our bivouac without adventure, excepting that a fine frisky calf, that had got upon the highway, persisted in trotting before us a considerable part of the way, provoking many remarks from the men as to the excellent ingredient it would make in an Irish stew.

On return to our temporary resting place thoughts of Ireland, of the great but glorious drama in which we were actors, of dear old uncle Geoffrey, of Count Considine and, last not least, of one dearer than life, oppressed my mind and I retired to the extremity of the vine-

yard, where, lying on my back on a patch of grass, I gave myself up to sweet and bitter fancies. After the lapse of an hour I returned moodily towards the shed where we had fixed our quarters.

It all came out afterwards. It appears that no sooner was I observed by my ingenious follower, Mickey Free, to walk away in a meditative mood, than thoughts of the fatted calf recurred to the fancy of him and his comrades.

A hurdle was therefore improvised and four of the fellows set out past the Spanish picket to bring in, as they said, the body of one of their comrades who had been killed by the shot fired from the copse. The object of their search,—the calf,—was soon found and, having cleverly cut its throat, the mourners placed it on the hurdle and covered it with a calvary cloak. The procession then returned, Mickey Free and another bearing the body and two dismounted troopers with drawn sabres acting as escort. A trail of blood marked the mournful cortege. As they passed the Spanish picket the sergeant of the guard put the question in his broken English:

"Who you there have?"

"Mister O'Malley," replied Mickey, with a tear in his eye.

"Pass, Mister O'Malley," responded the sentinel, "and repose to his soul."

Arrived in camp the body was not long in being cut up and put in the kettle, when, in the midst of the culinary operations, a very greasy priest came puffing in, to reclaim, as he said, a young bull—his only ewe lamb he called it,—which some *ladrones* of *Inglees* had carried away. Despite all Mickey's blarney the padre was inexorable, and threatened to apply for redress to Lord Wellington himself.

Now it happened there stood outside the shed a large wine puncheon used as a receptacle for store wines, but at present empty. It was fitted with a hinged cover secured by a falling hasp, and when the padre, becoming more obstreperous, threatened all and sundry with execommunication, as well as Lord Wellington's vengeance, Mickey made no more ado about it, but clasped his arms around the priest's waist and dropped him into the cask, from which the infatuated ecclesiastic continued to hold forth

as from a palpit. Meantime I came moodily along,—thinking of Lucy Dashwood,—but seeing something was amiss cried sharply:

"Free! you scoundrel, what is the matter here?"

At the moment of my approach the rogue had banged down the cover of the puncheon and the hasp closed of itself.

"Sure, your honor," said Mickey with the most innocent air, "it is only a bit ov a praste that we have in the barrel to kape him from running away, as some of the men want to make their souls."

"Liberate him this instant, you infernal —"

At that moment a shot, followed by another, and another, rang out from the Spanish sentries.

Instantly all were mounted and in rank. A trumpet from the main body in the rear sounded the advance and an aide, who came dashing up on the spur, pointed with his sword, and exclaimed in a hurried voice, "Enínegó!" With a dash like a thunderbolt we galloped forward, and soon found it was more than an affair of outpost. Before it had fairly blown over we were ten leagues distant from the place of the morning bivouac, and still in advance.

It was not for some days afterwards that the affair of the priest came to my recollection.

"Mickey," said I, "of course you liberate<sup>d</sup> the padre?"

"Ov course," replied Mickey, with some embarrassment: "I had no time, your honor, to take off the lid of him, but I *took out the bung*."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I in horror, "then he is there yet?"

"Ov course," said Mike slowly, and, here his face brightened, "except he has crept out of the bung hole."

What further conversation might have ensued I cannot tell, for at the moment a mounted orderly rode up, and informed me I was wanted immediately at the quarters of General Picton.

CHARLES LEVER.

The Boothbay Farmers and Mechanics Club recently discussed the following astounding question: "Resolved, that Neal Dow is a greater man than George Washington."—*Ex.*

Let us all Neal Dow-n and give thanks.

## IN MEMORIAM.

D. J. R.

[The following lines were written by Father Abram J. Ryan, in memory of a brother who fell fighting in the war for southern independence. Never has a fond mother's nobility of soul, when struggling with love and duty, shone forth more resplendent than hers of whom our "cypress-crowned poet" speaks in the fifth stanza. And never has fraternal affection been embalmed in language more beautifully sad than in the opening of this sublime poem. As we read the plaintive words we fancied they were addressed not so much to the ears of the living as to the spirit of the fallen one who sleeps in his "lonely battle grave." The man who can read this without emotion ought not to be envied.—M. WALL.]

Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping  
In thy lonely battle grave;  
Shadows o'er the past are creeping—  
Death, the reaper, still is reaping—  
Years have swept and years are sweeping,  
Many a memory from my keeping,  
But I'm waiting still and weeping  
For my beautiful and brave.

When the battle songs were chanted,  
And war's stirring tocsin pealed;  
By whose songs thy soul was haunted,  
Clamored wildly—wildly panted—  
"Mother, let my wish be granted!  
I will ne'er be mocked and taunted  
That I feared to meet our vaunted  
Foesmen on the bloody field.

"They are thronging, mother, thronging,  
To a thousand fields of fame!  
Let me go—'tis wrong—'tis wronging  
God and thee to crush this longing;  
On the muster-roll of glory,  
In my country's future story,  
On the field of battle glory,  
I must consecrate my name.

"Mother, gird my sword around me;  
Kiss thy soldier-boy 'good-by.'  
In her arms she wildly wound thee,  
To thy birth-land's cause she bound thee,  
With fond prayers and blessings crowned thee,  
And she sobbed—"When foes surround thee,  
If you fall, I'll know they found thee  
Where the bravest love to die."

At the altar of their nation  
Stood the mother and her son,  
He the victim of oblation,  
Panting for his immolation—  
She, in priestess' holy station,  
Weeping words of consecration,  
While God smiled his approbation,  
Blessed the boy's self-abnegation,  
Cheered the mother's desolation,  
When the sacrifice was done.

Form like many a noble other,  
Went, he whispering 's oft and low;  
"Good-by—pray for me, my mother;  
Sister, kiss me—farewell, brother!"  
And he strove his grief to smother,  
Forth, with spirit proud and peerless—  
Forth, with foot-steps firm and fearless,  
And his parting gaze was tearless,  
Though his heart was lone and cheerless,  
Thus from all he loved to go.

Lo! 'yon flag of freedom flashing  
In the sunny Southern sky!  
On—to death and glory dashing—  
On—where swords are clanging—clashing—  
On—where balls are crushing, crushing!  
On—'mid perils dread appalling!  
On—they're falling, falling, falling!  
On—they're growing fewer, fewer,  
On—their hearts beat all the truer!  
On—on—on—no fear—no falter!  
On—though 'round the battle altar  
There were wounded victims groaning—

There are dying victims moaning—  
On—right on—death—danger—braving—  
Warring where their flag was waving,  
And baptismal blood was laving  
With a tide of crimson water  
All that field of death and slaughter!  
On—still on—that bloody laver  
Made them brave and made them braver;  
On—with never a fault or waver—  
On—they're battling—bleeding—bounding—  
While the glorious shout is sounding  
"We will win the day or die!"

And they won it! Routed—riven—  
Reeled the foe's proud array,  
They had struggled long and striven,  
Blood in torrents they had given,  
But their ranks, dispersed and driven,  
Fled disgracefully away.

Many a heart was lonely lying  
There that would not thro' again:  
Some were dead and some were dying;  
Some were silent, some were sighing;  
Years to die—lone—unattended—  
Unbewept and unbefriended—  
On the bloody battle plain.

When the twilight, sadly, slowly  
Wrapped its mantle o'er them all—  
O'er those thousands lying lowly,  
Hushed in silence deep and holy—  
There was one—his blood was flowing,  
And his last of life was going—  
And his pulse faint—fainter beating,  
Told his hours were few and fleeting;  
And his brow grew white and whiter,  
And his eyes shone bright and brighter  
There he lay—like infant dreaming,  
With his sword beside him gleaming;  
For the hand in life that grasped it—  
True to death—still fondly clasped it,  
There his comrades found him lying,  
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying;  
And the sternest there bent weeping  
O'er that lonely sleeper sleeping,  
'Twas the midnight—stars shone round him—  
In a shroud of glory bound him;  
And they told us how they found him  
Where the bravest love to fall.

Where the woods, like banners bending,  
Drooped in glory and in gloom—  
There, when that sad night was ending,  
And the faint, far dawn was blending  
With the stars now fast descending—  
There they mute and mournful bore him—  
With the stars and shadows o'er him—  
Then they laid him down so tender,  
And the next day's sun and splendor  
Flashed upon my brother's tomb!

## SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

Now for a re-Lent-less onslaught upon hens' eggs.—*Whitehall Times*

A man who is intimate on short acquaintance is very apt to be "short" on more intimate acquaintance.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Kimball can raise a church debt, but can he raise a pile of poker chips? This is the question that staggers.—*Camden Post.*

Most anyone would rather be shot with a rifle than talked to death by a smooth bore. If you can't see the perfume of that "mild witicism," why jest musket.—*N. Y. News.*

A good place for a chiropodist—among the Corn-ish-men.—*Com. Advertiser.*

"The doctors ought to escape calumny. No man living has a right to speak ill of them."

The *Burlington Hawkeye* regrets that the dentists of this country are so much addicted to the little game of draw.

"An opposition editor offers to bet his ears on something to our discredit. He shouldn't carry gambling to such extreme lengths."

A Treasury clerk fell off a ladder and broke his leg the other day. These are dangerous times for officials in high places.—*New York Commercial.*

"What's your occupation, Bub?" asked a visitor at the Capitol of a bright boy whom he met in the corridor. The boy happened to be a page in the House. "I am running for Congress, sir," he replied.

A GOOD SIGNATURE.—Mr. Purdy complains of having to pay the "board and rum bills" of sundry repeaters at the last election, whose letters are produced. They are probably signed "Your rum-bill servant."—*Graphic.*

Bob Ingersoll practices on the violin during his leisure moments. Perhaps that's why he is an in fiddle.—*Worcester Press.*

Kate Sanborn inquires: "Why are men of genius so often bachelors?" We suspect it is because they are born so.—*Worcester Press.*

There is a man in Buffalo of such punctual habits that he carries his watch in his coat-tail pocket so as to always be "ahead of time."—*Ex.*

Never since the days of Jonah, has a man been taken in by a fish as badly as Uncle Sam will be if he pays that \$5,000,000 award.—*Whitehall Times.*

Utica *Observer*: "My dear!" she remarked through the telephone that ran to her husband's office, "you ought to be spanked for not changing your shirt this morning." But as her husband was out at the moment the young book-keeper who received the message didn't feel like keeping up the dialogue.

A young man in New York consulted a fortune teller, and asked what he should do to succeed. "Do right," was the answer. He did write, his employer's name on the back of a check, and is now in Europe, with twenty-five thousand dollars, weighing down his pants' pocket.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

In the cities of the dead, the houses are small and close together; and a thistle is as liable to grow from a rich man's grave as a daisy is from the mound that covers the dust of a beggar.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

A great many newspaper men lie awake night after night, mentally debating whether they will leave their property to some charitable institutions or spend it the next day for something with a little lemon squeezed in.—*St. Louis Journal.*

We read of a poor boy in New Bedford who was washed overboard recently, and killed. We cannot warn mothers too strongly against washing children overboard; if they would only wash them at home with tepid water, and soap, and dry them thoroughly afterwards, all danger would be averted.

A wild rake friend in the fruit business (whicaz head is plum, however) bears his apples and nails with precision. He says some people use the same blade, but he is peculiar. He would rather sleep on a lounge than on the best apartments in the store, and prefers an open fire-place to either stoves oranges.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Rev. E. P. Roe is writing a new story entitled "A Face Only."—*Boston Advertiser.* The title suggests that the hero must be a life insurance agent.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

The he-roc might possibly be a book agent or an agent for the "MacKinnon Pen."

Ben Butler has one eye on the Massachusetts Governorship; but the other, oh, what is it on?—*Detroit Free Press.*

On the silver-dollar perhaps; but can a man, who is not natural eyes-d, be considered eligible for the Governorship?

(For the Torch.)  
HOW IT ENDED.

"Must we too part?" I said, "Yes part,"  
replied the maid,  
And we too parted;  
What was it all about, why did we thus fall out,  
We the true hearted?

Ah! heed me while I tell what our young hearts  
befell  
While twilight tarried;  
I then was gay and free, and how I longed to be,  
Longed to be married.

Truth lives in what I tell, I loved the maiden  
well,  
She my ideal;  
And in my heart I knew, fondly she loved me  
too  
Tenderly, real;

Sweetly said I to her, "Maiden would you  
prefer  
Long to live single,  
I have a house, I said, that is, the sails are laid,  
Love can you shingle?"

Oh! what a look she gave, worse than the  
yawning grave  
'Twas to my vision;  
Deeply did I repent, but my fond maiden  
meant—  
Meant quick division.

"You have no house, said she, but for idle  
poverty  
'Twould have been ready,  
Would have been fenced about, finished within,  
without—  
Then would I wed thee."

Ah! woe had stricken me in my prosperity.  
Just in my glory  
I my death sentence spoke, life's sweetest tie I  
broke—  
Friends giggled o'er me.

Then did I persevere, tried to persuade my dear,  
Never to leave me;  
Then did my love revoke every fond word  
she'd spoke,  
Sore did it grieve me.

When I saw words were vain, keenly I felt the  
pain  
Of that dark hour;  
And to my self I said, "'twere a young man  
and maid  
Love hath no power."

"Love is but simply this, in the bright hours of  
bliss  
He is all smiles;  
But in the midnight shade, love, the deceitful  
blade,  
Scornfully reviles."

Long years have passed—since then young boys  
have grown to men,  
Old men have died,  
And through that changeful life I've had a  
loving wife  
Close at my side.

I built my house, and then just like the most  
of men  
Sought me a lover,  
And she, the maiden fair, who drove me to  
despair  
Now shares my cover.

EAK.

(For the Torch.)  
LETTERS FROM JOSH MUFF.

MY DEAR HULDA:—I am feelin muchless  
to-day and now I have just received a  
telephone from the faculty of Harvard Col-  
lege, requesten me to lecture before the stud-  
ents on Mush a brane produce provender. A  
tha will pry me horse kear fair out & in—

warmpoon  
I did  
as I was bid."

& excepted the opportunity. The good lookin  
clerk, Mr. Hancock of the hotel, lent me his  
swallow tale coat & Friend Huxey lent me a  
wite necktie, & give me for a quarter a pertee  
nosegay for me button hole.

Equiped I started for Cambridge meetin  
the lusher at the door. I folloed him up to  
the other end of the church. While I was  
pullin of my linen overcoat, he whispered in  
me year, "Ware wood you like to do it, on  
the floor, or up in the pulpit." I was jest on  
the pint of askin, Do what, when I hapin to  
think I was in a meetin house, & he ment in  
reference to my lecter. I said in a *nawbalture*  
way, on the floor; havin adjusted my spect-  
tackels I took a full survey of the crowd direct-  
ly in front of me, and rite under me nose sit a  
lot of the meek & lowlee students, hair parted  
in the middle & lookin very much like a lot of  
inonent lambs.

I was informed the students never laff, so I  
was determin to make them laff, and it wasent  
very long before I begun to wax warm in  
lucydantin my subjeck. A here & there in dif-  
ferent parts of the eddyface a titter, then a  
supressed laf & finally insesent haffter, all  
over the house. I new i wood fetch em, so I  
jest pegged away for about 3 or 4 hours, when  
I was requested so stop and give my chin a  
rest. It was a grate relief to me I assure you,  
when I got threw. I made me mark as a lec-  
terer, & there is no dont I will rival Broecker or  
wee John Boyd in the lecter field. I cracked  
a lot of jokes for thare eddyfickachun, & pray  
wy not as I am very fond of it. A always was  
sence I was an infant. I believe in the komical  
part of this life, & so does Jack. Sir Thomas  
Moor, jocked on the gallows, and so did Any  
Bolin on her way to hev her head removed  
from her bodce, & i suppose I will untill I jocke  
myself out of the world to becomme a lecter-  
angel.

I find there is a grate thirst for learnin  
in the Hubb. you will see boys & small children  
stretched out on the ground layen on thare  
stunicks readin newspapers, you will see them  
in the horse keers, you will see them in the  
theaters, in the churches, in the parlors, in the  
kitchens and in fact every ware; by the way,  
this reminds me of an incident I heard & it  
occured aboard the last train from St. John.  
Wile coming through Mane, ware they hang  
men for sellin likor, I mean the kears, a  
lades swooned onto the floor, and everybody  
on the kear rushed for to pick her up. Some-  
body that was bossing the job asked for some  
likor to bathe her brow, as quick as litten a  
dozen botels sprang from as many St John  
gentlemen like a flash, & all wanted a hand in  
the job. howsomever sse come too, and  
thanked them all in a neat little speech. Mor-  
ral:—Judges of Mane, repeal that law, & you  
will be happy. Everybody rides here, and if a  
person is only goin to see thare next door  
nybor the must take a horse kear. A I noticed  
crowds of men & weemen waiting for the  
kears, & as soon as one have in site thea wood  
all rush to git a seat, & you may be sure the  
men would git thare 1st, & okupie all the seats  
first, & of course the weemen would have to  
stand. I have made it a pint to give up my  
seat every time to the opposite sex; sometimes  
they would thank me & other times some wood  
knot—mabee thare where plebians & a stranger  
to good breeden. Howsomever it struck me as  
perkulder. & a nother thing i noticed was the  
freedom thas spoke to each other of thare bis-

nis & domesstick afares, partikulerlee one  
man spoke longer than all the rest, he said  
how as he was out all nite playin jack potts,  
(wot ever that is) A wen he went home next  
mornin his wife wanted to no ware he was all  
nite. "Oh, he said, I was down to the lodge &  
I was obliged to stop all nite on account of  
it being ruff crossing the ferry." Then she  
said, & it wouldnt pickel. So she will su for  
a reforme & go home to live with her mother.  
Such is a spesmention of the gay I hear every-  
time I ride, as I feel kind of sleepee I guess I  
will pen no more to nite. Kisses to all the  
children & a heap of them for you.

adeu until death  
from your lovin &  
afelchun husband,

JOSH MUFF.

P. S.—My late nurse has jest sent me a per-  
fume note, wunt read it untill you see it, dear  
Hulda.  
From Josh.

N. B.—I have jest open this letter agen to  
say the bile on me year have gone, & the  
cherpiest tells me i wunt have the gout in  
me feet this summer.  
Josh.

PERSONALS

Kate Field has written a book on "The Tele-  
phone," which will be published in London.

Proctor Knott aspires to the gubernatorial  
chair of Kentucky, but it is not for Proctor.

John Russel Young accompanies Gen. Grant  
on his trip up the Nile, and graphically de-  
scribes the journey in letters to the New York  
*Herald*.

Mr. Charles Fechter will shortly appear in  
his original part of Oberreizer, the Swiss, in  
Charles Dickens's and Wilkie Collins's "No  
Thoroughfare," at the Broadway Theatre, New  
York.

Mark Twain and his family are going to  
Europe in April. The "innocent" intends to  
remain "abroad" two or three years, "his said,  
passing most of his time in Germany.

The *Post* says: Rosina Vokos has the most  
bewitching laugh, Lotta the cutest kick, and  
Kate Claxton the finest "shiver" in the busi-  
ness.

The tallest man in the country is John Far-  
well of Texas, and the St. Louis *Journal* thinks  
he's the identical "Farwell, a long Farwell,"  
mentioned by our old friend Shake.

Mr. Marshall, the first discoverer of gold in  
California, still lives at Coloma, in that State.  
In this place he made his great discovery thirty  
years ago, and has remained there ever since.  
He made a fortune in mining, but has spent  
nearly all of it, and is now a comfortable cul-  
tivor of grapes.

Mr. Mackey, the bonanza king, has bought  
the Kensington mansion of the notorious Baron  
Grant, the largest private dwelling in London,  
which cost the builder \$3,500,000.

Says Charles O'Connor, "No guilty person  
should ever plead guilty. He's got as many  
chances before a jury as a perfectly innocent  
man." And generally more chances before the  
governor, after conviction.

On the front of a house in Albert-terrace,  
Knights-bridge, has been recently painted, in  
large letters, the inscription, "Naboth's Vine-  
yard." The house is the residence of Mr.  
Charles Reale, and the legend is supposed to  
refer to a prevalent idea that some one covets  
the site, desiring to pull down the modest ten-  
ements and erect magnificent mansions.

It is thus that the New York *Evening Mail*  
falls to abusing our goodly month of March:

"March, the old buster, comes in with a  
bluster. Its winds and its dust they are hor-  
rid. Better April with showers, or May with  
its flowers, or even July hot and torrid. Bet-  
ter August, September, October, November, or  
even December, so harsh, than the wild, rant-  
ing roar, of this hateful old blower, detestable,  
blustering March."

A Miss Wicker has undertaken to walk two  
hundred and fifty miles in one hundred and  
twenty hours, at New Orleans.—*Ec.*

Can Bertha Von Hillern walk q-Wicker than  
that.

## TERMS:

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

## TO CLUBS.

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

## ADVERTISING RATES:

	per inch.	half inch.	Leadman.
1st insertion	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$6.00
Subsequent	.50	.25	3.00
Per month	2.00	1.00	13.00
Per quarter	5.00	2.00	26.00
Per half year	10.00	4.00	50.00
Per year	17.00	6.00	90.00

Es: Cards \$10 per year.

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

All communications to be addressed.

"Parlor Torch."

St. John, N. B.

The Torch will be for sale at the following places:

H. R. MITCH, Charlotte street;  
W. K. CHAMFORD, King street;  
E. HANLEY & CO., King street;  
C. K. FROE, E. Union street;  
F. BLACKADAR, Carleton;  
C. BELYEA, Portland.

Single Copies—Two Cents.

## TORCH

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 30, 1878.

Isn't a programme the most appropriate name for a "bill of fare?"

Does a jolly bad have merry thoughts? Please don't giggle.

"Genl. Schenck, if a gentleman should insult you would you draw a revolver or a knife?"  
Neither—I'd "draw poker."

Macon, Miss., is willing to make affidavit that an African bride within its limits is nursing her first-born babe at the age of sixty.—*Exchange*.

Isn't a "babe at the age of sixty" rather too old to nurse?

The O'Brines are descendants of Lot's wife who, it will be remembered, was turned into a pillar of salt. Corny O'Brine was one of the first of that name. Mrs. Lot is supposed to have settled in the vicinity of Salt Lake.

Chimney sweeps die of in-flu-en-za.—*Dun. News*.

Suppose they catch it from the coal-d drafts which go up in the chimney.

February, March—*Canadian Post*. So that April May.—*Oil City Derrick*. Don't June know that July?—*Whitehall Times*.

On an Au-gusty day you may be kn Oct-ober.

Rock-maple is the best wood for making cradles.—*Tol. N.* Who informed yew?—*N. Y. News*.

We o-pined so. Now, Bagnall, suppose smach a joke on it and then u-pas it along.

SEASON-ABLE ADVICE TO GYMNASTS—If you want to learn to turn *Sommersaults* use a *Sprung* board, and by Winter you *Autumn* make a good tumbler.

With some men all the week is Thirstday.—*Whitehall Times*.

A Chicago clergyman preached a sermon in a billiard saloon, last Sunday, and made nineteen points.—*Ex.*

It wasn't such a cue-rions place after all to preach, when we consider that he was probably preaching to Dion sinners.

Springfield has a poetess named Hatchett, and she writes whenever she's axed to. We suppose the constructor of that pun thinks it is sharp.—*Exchange*.

Members of the press gang as you pass this "Hatchett" joke around, please to *haquette* it carefully.

Hack drivers may be said to experience a great deal of wheel and wha!—*Albany Argus*. But the fellows ought hah be able to be their own spokes-men.—*Whitehall Times*.

These jokes are getting rather tire-some.

Admiral Wilkins of *The Whitehall Times*, speaking of his old mess-mate, Commodore Vandербит, remarks that railroad ties were the ties that bound him closest to this earth. Yes, he's still—among the sleepers.—*N. Y. News*.

Lukens you are rail funny.

Mr. Wright is the editor of the Akron, Ohio, *Commercial*. He wrigits all the best things that appear in it. All right, Wright, write right along, and prosper Commercially.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The *Commercial* will probably be A-kron-icle of current events in that locality. Will the sub-editors be under-Wrighters?

THE FREE PRESS writes her name "July" A. Moore. Quad, June know, May March into her August presence some day and be sum-merally disposed of for perpetrating his un-sensational jokes on the persecuted poetess.—*Lowell Journal*.

Yes, he might get knoet-ober by her. We always thought—judging from her sentimentality—that her name was Juliet A-mour.

The *Oregon Corsair* has a picture of a grizzly bear on it. We think we tumble.—*Free Press*. Tumble! Shouldn't wonder. But wouldn't a "coat of arms" be more appropriate? "In hug signo vines: lug, hug'o, lug'er." Shoot the grizzly.—*Lowell Journal*.

A lady friend says, "these paragraphers are a course set to joke on such subjects." Certainly, my dear, they deserve a good lacing.

The first rose of summer—Shad rose.—*Graphic*. The rose that all are praising—Heros.—*Norristown Herald*. It is old but let us have in the rose that never fades—The negroes.—*Worcester Press*. The last rose of winter is froze-up.—*Whitehall Times*.

The most shoot-able for a butt-on-hole for a bean. Ar-rows.

"Lix" who bids fair to become a lux-uriant punster, contributes a few

## Squibs.

What is the difference between the wind blowing hard from the south and a certain insurance agent in St. John? One is an in-shore gale, and the other Gale will insure.

Why is a certain tailor in Portland like a peculiar kind of rifle? Because he's a "needle-Gunn" and makes *breaches*.

The Police Office doesn't exactly resemble a Bee Hive, for the policemen are more like drones than busy bees, but why are refractory prisoners, who mis-bee-hive themselves and resist the police, like honey? Because they become acquainted with *shacks* and *cells*.

"Jeems" sends us, from the "Hub," the following

## Squibs:

What is the difference between a scavenger's waggon, and a scolding wife? One is an offal waggon, and the other will wag on awful.

Who is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

If a man is bald-headed when he dies, does it necessarily follow that he dies without an heir?

When cats fight, why should we take alarm? Because its kitten-serious.

"Felix Flasher" wants to know why a certain young doctor in St. John is like the editor of the *Danbury News*?

Ans: Because he's Dan Berryman, (Dan-bury man). See?

The Torch, a spicy little paper published at St. John, N. B., now finds its way to this office. It will always be welcome.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

Kimball is called a debt raiser which signifies that a church should hone what it has.—*Danbury News*.

Have a little aisle on yer head, sah?

Young man never travel in a direction to be ashamed to have a person ask you "if your mother knows your route?"—*Whitehall Times*.

A Philadelphian named Louis Barrel, recently made a staving 'iem for the local reporters by leaving four of his fingers in the machinery of a chair factory.—*N. Y. News*.

That name will bare l'ot of good puns. We hoop to hear some.

George L. Catlin of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, without doubt the best paragrapher in America, has been rewarded with the appointment as consul to La Rochelle, France. Mr. Catlin is a splendid man, an enthusiast in his profession, and is universally well liked. We hope he may "salt" down lots of money at Rochelle, and o-pun the royal road to immediate and immense wealth. But how his paper will miss him! When "Little Cat's" away the mice will play,—but not upon words, alas.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

He'll a mews us no more with his Cat-ling!

The St. Louis *Journal* does not get quite enough credits in its "Facts and Fancies" column yet; the *Gazette* paragraphs frequently appear there uncredited.—*Yonkers Gazette*. Yes, and we also find many "Sanctum onions" paragraphs there without credit. It makes us Field bad.—*Whitehall Times*. And our Trifter makes the same complaint.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

We are Torched in the same way.

"Can a chiropodist cut a corn from a mistle-toe?" queries a botanical genius who resides not far from one of the Knolls of earth which are never green. We cannot say, but to flash some light on the subject we always New Brun's-wick would burn as well as that made by any man.—*N. Y. News*.

THE TORCH is the name of a very bright little weekly lately started in St. John, N. B. It is published, we are told, by one of the former staff of that excellent humorous weekly the *Burlington Hawkeye*. May the light of the Torch never grow less, but continue to make light the leisure hours of many admiring readers.—*Boston Young Folks' World*.

The *World* is mistaken. The editor of this paper was never on the staff of any religious paper.

[For the Torch.]

## PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

## No. 6.

The French members of the House include many able men. Some of them are very imperfect in English and, therefore, do not have the influence which their talents entitle them to exercise. The leading Frenchmen in the Opposition ranks are Masson and Langevin. The latter lost the French leadership when he lost his seat, under the Pacific Scandal shadow, and the former stepped into the vacant place. A quiet struggle has been going on between the two since Langevin regained his seat, and Masson, with the sympathy of at least the English members on both sides, fights vigorously against the wily efforts of his antagonist to displace him. Masson's ancestors were Highlanders. They settled in Lower Canada generations ago, fraternized with the French, forgot their own language, and ceased to look upon scratching posts as indispensable. He is, in looks, every inch a Scotchman. His face is ruddy, his eyes brightly blue, hair brown and thin, and his whiskers of the genuine sandy hue. His most marked mental characteristics are also Scotch. He has the terrible earnestness of the race, the perseverance, the power of application, and the metaphysical faculty. French peculiarities, blending and contrasting with these, give him a strongly marked individuality. His blue eye has all the vivacious twinkle of a Parisian's, his broad Scotch shoulders are shrugged with French suggestiveness, and the inherited harshness of his voice is softened by the feeling that his quickly aroused passions and sympathies endow them with. He is always on the *qui vive* for opportunities. He never lounges, never sleeps, and is never listless, when in the House, in the committee rooms, or in public places. Nothing escapes his quick eye. He is ambitious to be an accomplished parliamentarian, and has read and thought deeply on the subject. He is sometimes overruled, but always displays knowledge of the subject only inferior to that of the oldest tacticians in the House—Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Holton. Mr. Masson's instincts tell him that position in the House is only to be gained as an English speaker, and, much as he prefers the French, he rarely uses that silvery tongue in debate. He is quite fluent, and his pronunciation nearly perfect, but he sometimes uses the wrong word, and occasionally pauses in his rapid utterance, repeats the French word for what he wants to say in English to some English-French speaking gentleman near him, gets the English synonym, and plunges into his argument or protest or appeal with more earnestness and rapidity than ever. He used the word "damnable" the other day, in the headlong energy of a denunciatory speech, and, fearful that that he had overstepped the bounds of parliamentary decorum, turned to the nearest English member and asked in a stage whisper, "Will that do?" "Yes, yes; go on," was the answer. "Yes, Mr. Speaker, this *damnable* doctrine is laid down by the honorable gentleman," etc., resumed Mr. Masson, emphasizing the doubtful adjective as though very glad of

it being a parliamentary word. Although as tenacious of a point as the most pertinacious disputant in the House, the least courteous member of a not over courteous Cabinet never loses patience with him, never tries to snub him in any way, never answers his attacks on their measures with assaults on himself. He speaks on points of order, on which the two parties take opposite sides, dissects, denounces and ridicules the Government policy, reviews the speeches and electoral tactics of Ministers during the recess, and never shows that particular animus which arouses personal antipathy. Belief in the truth of his assertions, faith in the force of his arguments, and devotion to the cause he advocates, are stamped upon his face and blended with his tones. His ostensible object is never seen to be a pretence for satisfying a grudge, making an attack in the rear, or getting satisfaction for a fall. He lacks many of the qualities which are requisite for French leadership—qualities which no man in the House but Sir John Macdonald possesses—but is far ahead of Langevin in every quality except craftiness. He sits near Dr. Tupper and evidently places great confidence in his judgment. He has noted, ever watchful as he is, the magical effect which Sir John produces by turning around to his followers, as if for their approval, when he makes a statement on behalf of the party, and then, taking the applause that greets him for approval, faces to the front again and repeats the statement with greater emphasis. Mr. Masson has marked the effect of this and tries to produce it himself. He does not move his French colleagues as Sir John moves them, but has clearly more of their confidence than any other man in their ranks. He will undoubtedly have a prominent place in the next Cabinet, and will be ready to defend its measures and justify its policy. No First Minister will ever presume to speak for him on the affairs of his department, as Mr. Mackenzie does for several of his colleagues. He is rather inclined to treat trifles seriously, and sometimes becomes more metaphysical than lucid, to the severely practical lay mind, in arguing fine points of parliamentary practice, but is always ready to yield in such matters when his quick perceptions tell him that he is going further and finer than his colleagues on the front seats or the House are prepared to go with him. With robust health, youthful enthusiasm, a fine presence, good gifts of speech in two languages, a subtle power of analysis, an earnestness that always wins respect and carries moral weight with it, and an ambition as boundless and restless as the sea over which his Highland ancestors came to fight Indians and French, Mr. Masson is sure to take rank as one of the foremost men of his time in this Dominion of Canada.

The baby's favorite color—yell oh?—*St. John Torch*. Wirt Sikes' favorite color—Olive. Conductor's favorite color—carnine. The wind's favorite color—blew.—*Dexter Smith's*. The shad's favorite color—roes. The dunce's favorite color—green. The fencing-master's favorite color—pink.—*N. Y. News*.

Many urchins are likely tobacco-pinion of the editor of the lively *St. John Torch*, who records the first chews-day as the sickest day of a boy's life. Cud any of you have thought of that?—*N. Y. News*.

## Inducements to Subscribers.

### BEAUTIFUL ART PRIZES.

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

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

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

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

The drawing will take place on the 1st of 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. Knowl es, 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.

### Pass It Along

Harness-makers can collar most anything.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Yes, and can trace most anything.—*Albany Argus*.

Now, who will saddle this paragraph with another pun?—*Hudson Republican*.

They are very essential to the bridal engagement.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

Now, halter-gether, let's tighten these reins.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

We are strapped and can't buckle into this. We'll stirrup some one else, though, if possible.—*Fulton Times*.

Not a bit of it.—*Camden Post*.

Oh, check up on this.—*Petaluma Argus*.

Blanket it and let's re-cuperate.—*San Jose Pioneer*.

That's a hard tug. Give us another line.—*San Jose Mercury*.

We will hold back this time.—*Napa Register*.

We're freed. Snap your lines and let 'em run.—*Red Bluff (Cal.) People's Cause*.

Right here we draw the "diamond cinch" on all this nonsense.—*Helena (M.T.) Herald*.

There appears to be a collar-raid on these puns. We "pass the blind"

Knowles of the *St. John Torch* gives an earthquake as his definition of a groundrent. This is not irredeemable, we hope.—*N. Y. News*.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY for April has for a frontispiece a portrait of the distinguished Italian physicist and astronomer, Father Secchi. The leading article is Herbert Spencer's third paper on "The Evolution of Ceremonial Government." Mr. Spencer seems to have searched all literatures for statements about the motives and methods of "mutilations." Our lady readers maybe interested in learning that one of the purposes of "mutilations" in ceremonial government is to mark domestic subordination. Thus: "A Hottentot widow, who marries a second time, must have the top joint of a finger cut off, and loses another joint for the third, and so on for each time that she enters into wedlock." Prof. Lockwood's article is in praise of the Eucalypts or the big gum trees of Australia. The conclusion of Prof. Marsh's address on "Vertebrate Life in America," traces the history of the mammals, as recorded in American Strata. An interesting section of this address is that in which the Prof. follows the family line of the "horse" back to its remotest ancestor—the "Eohippus." Notwithstanding the dignified name of this "worthy relation," he was only about the size of a fox, and had three more toes than he ought to have had. Mr. Marsh's remarks upon the highest group of mammals, show that there is a very broad gap indeed between the highest type of monkey and the lowest type of man, as revealed in the American strata. Of the other articles that of most general interest is Prof. Mayer's description of Edison's Talking Machine, or the Speaking Phonograph; but the other articles are all of an interesting character. This number completes the twelfth volume of the Monthly. For sale at McMillan's.

[For the Torch]  
THE OPPOSITION CAUCUS.

It was in the Tower Room that the coterie met  
And in chairs round the table were solemnly set,  
JOHN A. at the head in his place to preside  
And the others grouped round at the end and the side.

And 'twas this that the caucus assembled about  
How to get themselves *in* and the Grits to get out.

The Chief thus addressed them: "I've called you together  
"That we might consult and deliberate whether  
"We can't by some means reach the Treasury benches,  
"For you can't but perceive how my spirit it wrenches  
"To sit there within twenty feet of the prize  
"Full in view of political Paradise,  
"And yet be unable the treasure to win—  
"To get the Grits out and the Tories get in."

They answered in order, and JOHN A. took to punning  
In a way that was very particularly stonning:  
TUPPER.

I'll *flay* them out.—  
JOHN A.  
Very fine my dear TUP, but I happen to learn  
That when you *flay* JONES you get *flogged* in return.

McCARTHEY.  
Beef *versus* Brains—I'll brain them.—

JOHN A.  
You *scold* now McCarthy, you surely *reust* know  
That Cardwell's "singed cat" will get Cooked in Simcoe.

MITHELL.  
I *coaxed* them out of the price of Tim's cow and  
I'll *bully* them out.—  
JOHN A.

Yes, and when next election the trick you have  
*tried* on  
They'll SNOW BALL you out to the tune the cow  
died on.

BOWELL.  
I'll *mine* them out.—  
JOHN A.

O, no you won't, that story isn't true—  
They're HUNTING DOWN to disem-BOWELL you.  
PALMER.

I'll *grout*.  
JOHN A.  
Yes—or *root* them, but don't *bristle* up over  
zealons  
Lest your efforts make PLUMB and the other  
*become* zealons.

PLUMB.  
I'll *plum* them—I'll *rhyme* them.—  
JOHN A.  
O *what-cr-fall* is waiting soon for you  
My sweet *Niagara plum*, my *damson* blue.

DOMVILLE.  
I'll *spike* them—I'll *rail* them—  
Rails at eighty-four dollars you charged us, a  
ton,  
But when FERRIS charged you he *spiked* your  
last gun.

WADE.  
I'll THRAULT them—I'll un-VAULT them.—  
JOHN A.  
There *taboo* that and don't have so much silly  
vaunting—  
Next time you'll be WADE in the scales and  
found wanting.

COSTIGAN.  
I'll *amnesty* them out.—  
JOHN A.  
I RIELLY DON'-KNOW-WHO there is will ap-  
prove it,  
And I fear its a *d-amnasty* mess you'll make of  
it.

BUNSTER.  
I'll *shorten* their hair.—  
JOHN A.  
And *comb* your own, and try a little *soap*,  
To clean the face of your Pacific slope.

Thus they met and they parted—lugubrious  
troop,  
With spirits depressed and with feathers adroop.  
And still the great question remaineth in doubt  
How to get themselves *in* and to get the Grits  
*out*.  
Ottawa.

Balaam's was the first \* his master's dis-  
pleasure by an unexpected !—*Whitehall Times*.

By continually pegging away, it is in-shoes-  
rents business where the cobbler makes his  
money.—*Whitehall Times*.

## BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, March 26, 1878.

Lately we have had all kinds of weather, from that of May to December. For as March came in like a lamb to preserve the symmetry of that old saying "When March comes in a like a lamb 'twill go out like a lion," this changeable month is making its adieu in a very lion-like manner. But enough of that well-worn subject the weather, for Spring is surely advancing as some of the milliners are to have openings next week. Is not that a sure sign? What a pity that Easter comes so late this year! That is, a pity for that portion of femininity who would not be seen in Spring bonnets before that date. To others, we fancy, the lateness of that day makes but little difference.

The last three weeks have been memorable ones for theatre-goers, for the incomparable Booth has been here and his impersonations of Hamlet, King Lear, Richieu and other Shakesperian characters have been deservedly appreciated by large audiences. While Mr. Booth has been here, the younger artist, Lawrence Barrett has had the courage to interpret Shakespear at the Museum, on some evenings appearing in the same character that Booth was representing at the Boston. Mr. Barrett, too, has met with success, as his large houses testified.

Mr. Ross, the father of "little Charley," at the request of several prominent gentlemen here, is to give a lecture this week on his search for his child. He, Mr. R., has been here for a short time following up some clue. But it is to be feared that his quest will be fruitless.

Speaking of lectures, a little while ago we were favored with two by Col. Robt. Ingersoll with the attractive titles of "Skulls" and "Ghosts." Though the subjects might be considered *grave*, the lectures were by no means so, but gained showers of applause. The applause, however, was rather surface applause, for Col. Ingersoll's views are very unorthodox, and his admirers are not the deepest thinkers.

The exhibition of dogs by the Kennel Club begins to day, and is exciting much interest in sporting circles. One thousand (1000) dogs, very fine specimens, are on exhibition.

The Gospel meetings at the Tabernacle have just ceased. They have been held for six weeks, during two of which Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been here. The vast building has been well filled, and the meetings there have been doing much good. At the farewell meeting eight thousand were present. Many regret that the Tabernacle must soon be taken down, and it is possible that an effort may be made to save it.

Bicycling, if one may use such a word, is all the fashion now, and many a meeting by the one or two bicycle clubs is held on some of the broad streets of the South End, and thence over some of the wide avenues leading to the suburbs. We have not heard of any accidents as yet, caused by those dangerous looking vehicles, but it would not be surprising if some one were to occur.

LEAH.

BAZAAR.—The ladies of the Germain Street Baptist Church have been entertaining their friends and raising money for their church building fund, by a Fair in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. The sale commenced on Wednesday last, and has continued with satisfactory results throughout the week.

A little six year old Whitehall boy was watching the sunbeams as they shot through a window and danced diagonally across the room.

"Mamma," said he, "what are those streaks?"  
"Those, my son," she replied, "are sunbeams from Heaven."

"Oh, I know what they are for mamma," said the little fellow who had been sliding down beams in the barn loft, "they are what God slides the babies down on, when he sends 'em to folks."—*Whitehall Times*.

**CHESS COLUMN.**

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

**Problem No. 6.**

BY AN AMATEUR.

**BLACK.**



**WHITE.**

White to mate in two.

**GAME No. 14.**

Between the Globe Chess Club of Boston, and the Newton Chess Association, at room of the G. C. C., March 6th, 1878.

[KNIGHT'S DEFENCE.]

GLOBE. NEWTON.

Snow, McIntyre, Bates, Sargent, Hunt, McMullen.

**White.**

**Black.**

- |                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| 1 P-K 4         | 1 P-K 4       |
| 2 Kt-K B 3      | 2 Kt-Q B 3    |
| 3 B-B 4         | 3 Kt-K B 3    |
| 4 Kt-Rt 5       | 4 P-Q 4       |
| 5 PXP           | 5 KtXP        |
| 6 KtXK B P      | 6 KXKt        |
| 7 Q-K B 3 (ch.) | 7 Q-B 3       |
| 8 BXKt (ch)     | 8 B-K 3       |
| 9 BXKt          | 9 PXP         |
| 10 QXP          | 10 B-Q 3      |
| 11 Kt-B 3       | 11 Q-Kt 3     |
| 12 P-Q 3        | 12 B-K B 4    |
| 13 Q-K B 3      | 13 K R-K B sq |
| 14 Kt-K 4       | 14 K-Kt sq    |
| 15 Castles      | 15 Q R-K sq   |
| 16 B-K 3        | 16 P-Q R 3    |
| 17 Q R-K sq     | 17 P-K R 3    |
| 18 Q-Kt 3       | 18 Q-K 3      |
| 19 Kt-Q B 5 (a) | 19 Q-B 3      |
| 20 Kt-K 4       | 20 Q-K 3      |
| 21 P-K B 4      | 21 QXQR P     |
| 22 KtXB         | 22 PXR        |
| 23 PXP          | 23 K-R 2      |
| 24 B-Q 4        | 24 P-Kt 3     |
| 25 PXP          | 25 Q-Q 4      |
| 26 P-Q B 3      | 26 B-K 3      |
| 27 B-K B 6      | 27 R-Q Kt sq  |
| 28 P-Q 4        | 28 RXP (b)    |
| 29 Q-Q 3 (ch.)  | 29 B-B 4      |
| 30 QXB (ch)     | 30 QXQ        |
| 31 RXQ          | 31 K-K Kt 3   |
| 32 P-K Kt 4     | 32 RXB        |
| 33 RXR (ch.)    | 33 KXR        |
| 34 P-Q 7        | 34 Resigns.   |

(a) This was a lost move, but Black failed to make the most of it.  
(b) Too intent on the attack to provide for the little interview White was preparing for his K.

**To the Electors of Queen's Ward.**

GENTLEMEN.—I will be a Candidate for the COUNCILORSHIP of Queen's Ward, should I be elected will serve you to the best of my ability.  
mar28  
HARRIS ALLEN.

REMOVAL.—HENRY GOBBIE, Merchant Tailor, has removed to Dr. Ring's Building, GERMAIN STREET.  
march 9-1m

**PUZZLERS' KNOTS.**

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

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

**35.—COMPOUND WORD SQUARE.**

Upper Left Square:—A girl's name; to deist; plaited cords; to overthrow; warm close habitations. Upper Right Square:—Abodes; to be eminent; to flee; moderately warm; wheelless vehicles. Lower Left Square:—Abodes; to praise; a gem; having a sound; wheelless vehicles. Lower Right Square:—Wheelless vehicles; a fabric; to supply; two; the handle of a scythe.

DATE PR.

**36.—TRIPLE TRANSPOSITION.**

Transpose the following three times and have in succession, whole, varying and accounting: A g l r n t e i.

N. V.

**37.—WORD SQUARE.**

A goddess; injuriously; nimble; liquors.  
SAUL VERE.

**38.—PRIZE ANAGRAMS.**

Scorn open creed.  
Satin pot Lucia.  
Cents ley filial.  
Cato Lis.

A nice prize for first solution. CIGARETTE.

**39.—PRIZE SHIELD PUZZLE.**

An ornamental stone; aversion; to atone; payment; a Spanish nobleman; an ennobling study; temperature; a Spanish title; a part of Spain. Central name violent emotion.  
A prize for first solution, TORCH-EYE.

**40.—CHARADE.**

My first, spelt backward, means a grief  
That tears and sighs oft give relief;  
My second, spelt backward, next will give  
A most decided negative;  
Spelt rightly these syllables do state  
The name of a city, proud and great.  
HUGO.

**41.—CONFUSED PROVERB.**

Human divine to is to give on for.  
(Answer in two weeks.) CELESTIAL.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH 16.**

24.—IVANHOE.

25.—P  
TOP  
TAPER  
POPULAR  
PELEG  
RAG  
R

26.—CALER  
ALIVE  
LIVER  
EVERY  
BERYL

27.—DOMINION DAY.

28.—HOTEL  
ORES  
TKA  
ES  
L

29.—TORCH.

**PRIZE WINNERS.**

First prize.....HUGO.....Boston, Mass.  
Second prize.....SAUL VERE.....Salisbury, N. B.  
Third prize.....EPHEM.....St. John, N. B.

**CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.**

SAUL VERE, Salisbury.—You notice your Word Square is inserted. Please favor us often. Answers to Nos. 24, 25, 26, 28 and 29, correct.

EPHEM, St. John.—In looking over our file we find the mistake you mention isn't there. We welcome you as a contributor, and are sorry your letters have gone astray. Please send us some "knots." Nos. 24, 25, 26 and 29 are right.

SPHINX, Boston, Mass.—All your solutions are correct with the exception of No. 27. We venture to expect an excellent batch of "knots" from your pen in the early future.

DATE PR, St. John.—Your puzzles are first-class, and two of your solutions are right. Come often.

GEO. E. A., St. John.—Solutions to Nos. 24 and 28 are correct. We will be happy to hear from you often.

HUGO.—Thanks for puzzles. Your answers are all correct, and you secure the first prize. N. V. St. John.—Thanks for excellent Transposition. We hope to receive further contributions from your pen. You have solved Nos. 24, 28 and 29 correctly.

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

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

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

**Spring Suitings.**

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

**1878. Spring Style. 1878. SILK HATS.**

WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS.  
Also in St. ck—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT HATS, 7% to 7%.  
THORNE BROS.,  
Hat and Fur Store, 95 King Street.

**FISHING THREAD.**

WE have received a large Stock of GILLING THREADS, assorted, all numbers in use  
DAILY EXPECTED:  
3000 lbs. Dressed Salmon Twine;  
1000 " Undressed do.  
For sale at Commission Prices.  
Feb 22-4t. T. R. JONES & CO.

**Real Estate Agency.**

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

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

**SPENCER'S**  
**Elixir of Wild Cherry,**  
for Coughs, Colds and all Affections of the Throat, is a pure 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 25 cents.

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

**SPENCER'S**  
**Vesuvian Liniment**  
is a specific for Rheumatism, and all diseases for which a Liniment is applied. Circulars may be obtained at the Drug Stores, containing certificates from gentlemen of high standing in this Province. Price 35 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.

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

**ANNOUNCEMENT,**  
Just received—A very fine Stock of Ladies' and 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.

**A NEW STOCK OF**  
**EBONY DROP DRAWER PULLS**

**Extra Strong Cash Boxes**  
AT  
Clarke, Kerr & Thorne's,  
GERMAIN STREET.

**TEMPERANCE**  
**REFORM CLUB!**

**Provisional Subscription Committee**

The following members of the St. John Temperance Reform Club are authorized to solicit subscriptions for the Club House:  
**J. B. HAMM, ROBERT BUSTIN,**  
**J. A. S. MOY, J. KERR,**  
**C. R. RAY.**  
St. John, January 24th, 1878.  
C. R. RAY, President.

**J. L. McCOSKERY,**  
Printer, Bookbinder,

AND  
**MANUFACTURING STATIONER,**

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

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

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

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

**GRAND OPENING!**

The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing that the

**DOMINION**  
**Wine Vaults!**  
LUNCH AND BILLIARD ROOMS,  
Situated in Mullin Bros. Block,  
Cor. Dock St. & North Wharf,

are now open to the public. The entire premises fitted up in the most approved American style.  
Thankful for past patronage, a continuance of the same is respectfully solicited  
Jan 12 C. COURTENAY.

**JOHN CRADY,**  
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 13

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

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

**International Steamship Co.**  
1878 Spring Arrangement. 1878

**TWO TRIPS A WEEK.**—On and after Thursday, February 28th, and with further notice, the splendid passenger steamers, City of Portland, S. H. Pike, master, and New Brunswick, D. S. Hall, master, will leave Reid's Point Wharf every Monday and Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock, for Eastport, Portland and Boston, commencing at Eastport with steamer Belle Brown for St. Andrews and Calcutta. Returning will leave Boston every Monday and Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m., after arrival of noon train from Boston, for Eastport and St. John.  
No claims for allowance after Goods leave the warehouse.  
Freight received Wednesday and Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock, p. m.  
mar 9 H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent

**JAS. ADAMS & CO.**  
HAVE OPENED

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

Where, with a New and Thoroughly Assorted Stock —OF—  
**SEASONABLE**

**DRY GOODS,**  
Increased Facilities,  
—AND—  
Prompt attention to Business

They hope to receive a continuance of the Patronage so liberally bestowed on them in the past,  
dec 22 1/2

**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, HOWE'S AND LAWLOR'S SEWING MACHINES.**  
King Square, St. John, N. B.  
Oil, and Attachments kept constantly on hand.  
Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved.  
Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 om)

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

**VICTORIA**  
**LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,**  
PRINCESS STREET,  
(Between Sydney and Charlotte.)  
The above New and Commodious Stables are now open for business, with a new and first-class stock.

**Boarding Horses**  
kept on reasonable terms, and supplied with Loose Boxes or ordinary Stalls, as required.  
A call respectfully solicited.  
Jan 8 1/2 **ALBERT PETERS,**  
Manager.

**BEARD & VENNING,**  
No. 18  
**South side King Street.**

Are now showing a large and well-assorted stock of  
**Mourning Dress Goods.**

Comprising Black Lustre, Black Beltonines, Black Sicilians, Black French Merinos, Black Cashmeres, Black Bartheles, Black Persian Corals, Black Empress Corals, Black Wool Seracs, Also, Court and Celebrated Black Crapes, in all qualities.

**BEARD & VENNING.**  
**NOTICE.**—Just received, at the City Market Clothing Hall—20 Basket Cloth Suits, made to order; 200 Canadian Tweed, Business and Working Suits, 100 Scotch Tweed suits, to be sold at the following low figure:  
Basket Cloth Suits, 8's, formerly \$25; Canadian Tweed do, 10, " 15; Scotch Tweed do, 12, " 12.  
In order to make room for Spring Stock.

**WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS**  
**Must be True!**

**THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every size, lined, unlined, Duck & 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**  
**140 UNION STREET,**  
dec 22 1/2 W. H. AUSTIN.

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

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

**ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG,**  
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Wines and Spirits, Havana Cigars and Tobaccos, No 2 King Square,  
Branch Store, 18 Charlotte street.  
dec 22 1y St. Joan, 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.