

TORCH

Light Literature!

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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1878.

No. 4

[For the Torch.]

VERNS.

iv.

Years ago, as I am told,

(Ah! the years, they fade, they fade!)

In this room so quaint and old,

Betty, crowned with locks of gold,

Studied, sang and played.

Is she guileless now as then?

(Ah! the years, they fade, they fade,

And I scarce can guide my pen!)

Is her heart as pure as when

She was called my little maid?

See! she stands beside my chair!

(Ah! the years, they fade, they fade!)

Was I dreaming? She stood there!

Look! she vanished down the stairs—

Still my little maid!

Ah, my eyes grow old, grow old,

And the years, they fade, they fade!

Betty with the crown of gold

Is a woman, I am told,

Nevermore my little maid.

H. L. SPENCER.

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No. 3.*

I sometimes think my owl is gifted with the faculty of mind reading. A few evenings since, I was cogitating upon the fortunes of my friend Wilkins and his spouse, when chancing to glance over my shoulder, the feathers, eyes, and even the bill of that sage bird seemed contorted with demoniac laughter; but at once he assumed an attitude of profound and melancholy meditation. I am inclined to the belief that old age creeps upon him, he grows cynical and crabbed, as men sometimes do,—that the pleasant features of life are as distasteful to him as are the rays of my lamp, or the blinding glare of the noonday sun. I was thinking of my friend Wilkins and Mrs. Wilkins, *see* Muffins. When I first became acquainted with Miss Muffins, now Mrs. Wilkins, she was the meekest eyed and mildest manner-

ed Muffin in the family. Her voice was thin and aerial, and her hair was thin and carrot; her chest was thin as her voice, and innocent of "adventitious aids," and her conversation was also thin and unattractive. You have seen her? No doubt!—she is often abroad. Wilkins was a man of tolerable parts, no cabbage head by any means, though he was a vegetable gardener, and owned a place that it would be hard to beat, a few miles from town. Wilkins was eminently practical in his ideas,—every potato he dug from the ground had its cash value—and the destiny of that cash was the bank—with interest in prospect. It need not be said that Wilkins prospered and that consequently peace smiled upon the Wilkins mansion. But Satan snaked his way into paradise, and one of his emissaries invaded the Wilkins domicile in the form of an *ulster* coat! It is not necessary for me to say that the wearer of that ulster was innocent of any participation in the destruction of the Wilkins' peace, for it is well-known that in the days of which I write, those garments were only worn by bank clerks, half-fledged lawyers, and kindred inanities. But Mrs. Wilkins saw an animated ulster on one of her visits to the city, (this was many years ago) and being somewhat *outré* in her tastes, she insisted upon Wilkins providing himself with one of the garments at once. Wilkins, though a gold-worshipper, was very deferential to the wishes of his wife, so without demur, the order was left with Snip & Scissors, and (singularly enough) in due time the garment was sent home. A few days after, Wilkins ensconced himself in his ulster, and with a load of potatoes and turnips proceeded to market. Alas for the vanity of human wishes! Alas for the uncertainties by which we are all environed! Had Wilkins been a fresh arrival from the moon, he could not have been met by his acquaintances with stonier stares. He saw his neighbors' potatoes and turnips rapidly transforming themselves into legal tender, while he was never approached by a customer. At last he was accosted by an ulster in this wise, "Ah demme, were you at old Lager's party last night?" and another ulster, adjusting its eye-glass remarked, "Hi, old boy, Boosy's

champagne was rather too much for you wasn't it? Didn't expect to see you out to-day, By-by, you'll get seasoned after a time." Now this was all Greek to my friend Wilkins, but it rung in his ears, with slight variations, till near sunset, when, perplexed, wrathful and upset generally, he started for home without having made a single sale. On his way, he reflected! he cogitated! and at last he came to the conclusion that that ulster was the parent of all his woe. When the Wilkins mansion was reached, he strapped the ulster on Dobbin in place of his accustomed blanket, strode into the house, kicked over the cradle, and demanded supper in the tones of a Stentor.

The home of the Wilkinises is sadly changed, (My owl, who has been dozing, opens his eyes and gives a confirmatory and exultant "h-o-o-t") Mrs. Wilkins' voice is still as thin as her hair, but its shrillness is agonizing and its acidity is unparalleled except by her temper,—Wilkins is morose and moody—he smokes pipes, and sometimes, when he comes home from town, his intellect seems clouded, and expressions fall from his lips which are not tolerated in polite society. I have suggested that, being a man of considerable influence among his neighbors, he should join the Reform Club, but I hardly think my readers would be edified by his reply.

Now, ye who gather wisdom by Torch light, mark the

MORAL.

Be sparing when you give advice!

Ere you take it, consider twice!

Of a bad job, the test of wit

Is to make the best of it;

Wife! be wisely as you can!

Husband! always be a man!

S.

MR. HUGH DAVIDSON'S new building, on Prince Wm. Street, is, internally and externally, one of the finest in the city. The front is one of the very few in which fancy bricks have been artistically arranged, and the design reflects great credit on the architects, Messrs. McKean & Fairweather. The Dominion Government have rented the building for Custom House, Inland Revenue and Public Works Departments.

*The previous numbers were entitled, "It was Christmas Eve," and "Eve of December 31st."

[For the Torch]
ICHABOD.

"Ichabod, or the glory is departed from Israel."—1st SAMUEL IV. 21.

Thy glory is departed, proud city by the sea;
 Thy stately homes in dust and ashes lie;
 Gaunt ruin rears her head in hideous majesty,
 Where'er the tide of bounding life swept by,
 And Fundy's dashing waves alone blend with
 the sea-gulls cry.

Ichabod—Ichabod—the wand'ring winds re-
 peat

Over thy blackened homesteads, as they go
 Where dumb despair abideth, binding her
 bleeding feet.

And poor scarred forehead, her eyes dim
 with woe,

Fixed on her shattered altar-stones, her
 haughty fanes laid low.

Where are the shrines of fond domestic love,
 The happy homes of holy wedded joy,

Where incense pure her altars rose above,

From deep affliction's censers which ne'er
 cloy,

Sweeter than rose of Araby or spices of Amboy.

Gone, gone forever, yes, forever gone,—

Like Sodom and Gomorrah—swept away;

Or peerless Tyre, all beautiful as the dawn,

Luxur and Karnak, and the long array

Of perished greatness lost beneath grim ruin's
 sway.

Father, Creator, teach us still to kneel,

Owning our guilt before thine august face;

Leave us not in this fiery ordeal—

Though we are guilty—grant us still Thy
 grace;

And from Thy Book of Life our myriad sins
 efface.

GLOW-WORM.

COMIC JOURNALISM.

(Concluded.)

Few things are more acceptable to persons anxious to bring, or to keep, themselves before the public, than to have notice—little matter how unflattering—taken of them by squib or caricature in the pages of a comic journal. A note will come to the editor, for example,—a naughty-looking little *billet doux* with frilled edges,—and with it a *carte-de-visite* of the correspondent, haply some provincial actress of the muscular school, who wants to make a metropolitan sensation, and is anxious to have a caricature of herself in an early number of the paper. Should no notice be taken of this, the next thing, in all probability, is a call from the managing agent of the lady, who hints that money can be realized by the transaction, and, in some cases, even goes so far as to prompt the editor to name his price. I have known instances in which good round sums were offered to secure the desired notice. Sometimes a paragraph bearing reference to an individual who believes in advertising himself or his enterprises tickles the vanity of that person so greatly, that he will write to the editor, saying that a box of cigars, or a complete outfit of new clothes, is at the service of the writer of the gratifying pasquinade, if he will only send to, or call at such and such a place for it; and I once heard a sagacious public character say that a certain satirical article in which he figured prominently was worth at least a thousand dollars to him.

Were people at large only half as liberal in subscribing to comic papers as they are in

tendering advice with regard to the best course to be taken by the directors of them, success in that branch of journalism would be secure. Among the comic-editorial experiences, the receipt of letters of advice forms a very prominent item. It is no unusual circumstance for several letters to arrive at the same time from different quarters, all of them giving the views of the writers as to how the paper should be conducted to satisfy the public and insure success, and each one of them taking up a position diametrically opposite to some of the others. Could the writers but hear the roars of "inextinguishable laughter" with which their productions are greeted, while being compared and criticised by the editorial staff, they would doubtless be surprised to find how funny they had become, unknown to themselves. One writer tells you, that you must let a certain well-known political character alone, or else your paper will "expire the vital spark within a month." In the next letter opened you find a recommendation to devote, at least, a page a week, your leading satirical poet, and your most personal comic artist, to the chronic irritation of the individual in question, who is described as having "a skin as thin as his heart is black and his moral character revolting." In time the judicious editor does not trouble himself with reading letters of advice, but consigns them to their proper limbo, on discovering their drift in the first lines.

The threatening correspondent is another scribbler, who sometimes wastes his feeble ire upon the management of a comic paper. Of course he writes anonymously, or under a *nom de bitou*, and in a style and handwriting elaborately tortured into disguise. He tells you, in English adopted by him for the nonce, that you "are getting too personal in your remarks and pictures about A and B, who will be remembered long after you are forgotten." Then he hints at violence, and adds that "you may consider this a idle threat, but may find yourself mistaken by a crowd walking into your office sum day if you continue in the same track." It is needless to say that no harm ever comes from these silly fire-crackers.

No satisfactory conclusion has yet been arrived at as to the reason why a really first-class comic paper has never yet been successfully established in this country. I will not attempt to sift the question here, though I have an idea that the excess to which party spirit is carried may have something to do with the matter. As with other journals, so with that of the humorous character, the political ingredient is one that cannot be left out. Next, it would be impossible for a paper to take a middle bearing; and if it becomes partisan, it has, of course, battalions of foes to contend against. The necessary wit and humor for comic journalism must exist *somewhere* among the large and mixed communities of the country, but they have not yet been developed by encouragement and culture; though, like the recreant meteors that failed to come to time in November last, they may yet make their appearance in the literary firmament.

GOLDEN GLEAMS.

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

"THE TORCH," which has the remarkable property of shining as well by day as by night, commences its functions of "shining for all" this morning. It is a handsome sheet, creditable to Mr. DAY'S press, and has got a very artistic and imaginative frontispiece, the product of the fancy and the workmanship of the artist, "C. H. P." It is needless to say that the Torch presents a great variety of contents, from "grave to gay" from "lively to severe." We congratulate Mr. KNOWLES on getting out his first number so promptly and in such good style, and hope the "shadow" of the Torch will never be less.—*Daily Telegraph*, 22d Dec. 1877.

JOURNALISTIC.—Knowles's Torch made its first appearance on Saturday, and found a ready sale through the city and Carleton. If the following numbers be as well deserving of patronage as the first, "Joe" will have little reason to regret having launched his Torch upon a St. John community. The different departments are well arranged, and the material is such as one can only expect to find in a first-class literary journal. May the Torch grow brighter as it grows in age, and may it fill instead of lighten the pockets of its talented editor and proprietor.—*Daily News*.

The Torch, a witty, clever, readable paper, devoted to light literature, made its appearance last Saturday morning. We have much pleasure in welcoming this new aspirant to the rank of city journalism. The Torch is ably edited by Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, a gentleman who is known to be possessed of much arduo and refined taste in all that pertains to literary work.—*St. John Herald*.

The Torch, edited by that clever writer and humorist, J. S. Knowles, is bright, witty, wise, brilliant, and satirical. You have commenced well, Joe; and have our blessing; go on and prosper, and we hope your subscribers will increase so rapidly that shortly they will form a torch light procession which will illuminate the world.—*St. Croix Courier*.

The Torch—Joseph S. Knowles's, new comic paper of St. John, the Torch, has come to hand, and it is a perfect illumination of phan and puns. Those who import comic literature into New Brunswick after this should be quashed and torch-ered.—*Windsor Mail*.

We have received the first number of the Torch, published in St. John, owned and edited by Joseph Knowles. It is a significant name after the terrible holocaust our sister city has experienced. The paper is only \$1.00 per annum, neatly printed and racy in every department. It is purely a literary paper, and we hope may in time supply the want felt in Saint John, since the demise of *Stewart's Quarterly*. Similar papers have been tried in Halifax and we have only to record failure as the result. We will be glad to receive the weekly visits of the Torch.—*Colchester Star*.

The Torch has started in St. John—this time a newspaper, not a fire. We wish it success.—*Halifax Magazine*.

A new periodical in St. John, is called the Torch. It must be an incendiary sheet.—*Boston Post*.

The Torch, a new paper issued in St. John, has been received.—*Bangor Con.*

We have received the first number of a new paper just issued by Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, St. John. It is called the Torch, to be published weekly, and devoted to Light Literature, Wisdom, Wit, Humor and Satire. The initial number is a good one, both in matter and make up.—*Carleton Sentinel, Woodstock*.

The first number of the Torch, a weekly paper published at St. John, makes a very creditable appearance. It is devoted to light literature, wit, and satire, and is edited by Joseph S. Knowles, Esq. The heading is of unique design engraved by Flewelling.—*Gazette, Anticosti*.

"The Torch" is the name of a new weekly paper, published in St. John, by Mr. Joseph S. Knowles. It is devoted to "Light Literature."—*Star, Berwick, N. S.*

The Torch, a humorous paper that promises to "be somebody," comes from Saint John. J. S. Knowles, who has always been considered the city's best humorist, is the editor. May the Torch never fall into incendiary hands—or the hands of the Sheriff either Joe.—*Turners Falls Reporter, Mass.*

"THE TORCH."—Joseph S. Knowles's new paper, with the above caption, has been received. We knew when we heard of its coming, that there would be a degree of originality in its make up, and we were not disappointed. The copy before us is a first-class initial number. May its successors be as deserving of support. We enter the name of the Torch on our exchange list, with much pleasure.—*Western Chronicle, Kentville, Jan. 2d.*

ADVICE TO PRINTERS.

When foolish printers print on credit,
 And find too late that "quacks" won't pay,
 What balm can soothe their loss of money
 And keep their hair from turning gray?

The only way to cure the evil,
 When quacks appear, just say, "No Trust,"
 And if they wish to puff their poisons,
 Why, let them "come down with the dust."

[For the Torch.]
OUR BOSTON LETTER.

The holiday season has closed, according to the Church, Calendar, and the immediate festivities of Christmas are at an end. Boston, however, has not entirely recovered from its effects. There was a time when, in this staid old city of the Puritans, Christmas was not very generally observed—the great day was the Governor's Thanksgiving, as it was called, and then the boys came home,—and the girls, too,—and brought all the little boys and girls with them, and all were boys and girls together once more: and the fatted calf was killed, or more likely, the fatted pig, and there was rejoicing over the tables, loaded down with the fruits of the season, and all went merry as a marriage bell. But though the Thanksgiving Day is not by any means obsolete, it has lost its prestige among the holidays, and now comes in for only a small share of its former glory. The waning of the old Puritanical theology has allowed a more radical and catholic element to take its place, and the church days of Old England are recognized by all Denominations to a greater or less degree. There is even a movement (and quite a strong one, too,) in favor of making Good Friday the Annual Fast Day of the Church, and we think the time is not far distant when it will be so with Christmas. It is now one of the greatest of our holidays. It is perhaps more generally observed throughout the country at large than any other, and has become the real Thanksgiving Day of the people. The pleasant associations have made it the day most eagerly looked for and the most happily remembered of all our great days. This year Boston has not kept up its usual reputation for Christmas benevolence, though much has been done that is pleasant to record. The various charitable institutions have all been remembered, and we are glad to be able to say that they have received, in most cases, as much as in years of greater commercial prosperity. Economy after all, seldom makes people selfish. Sometimes even, the close acquaintance with necessity will open hearts that have been sealed before to the appeals of charity.

In a commercial point of view the holidays have not been greatly enjoyed. The inevitable New Year's bills have come round, in too many cases only to find the matter of payment harder than ever. Business, in fact, is in a state of uncertainty, and the whole commercial fabric must be remodelled before any real benefit can be felt. The fictitious position in which all business was left at the close of the war has been as yet only partially revealed, and the operations of ignorant legislators have tended to increase rather than decrease the danger. But if only the busy-bodies will let things take a natural and reasonable course, the whole thing would in time adjust itself. We have, however, too much legislation, and as long as men are so constituted as to believe that the chief end of man is to get money, so long will selfish interests influence the minds of those who make laws and set up standards of values. But the holidays are given us for rest and recreation, and so we will drop moralizing for the present.

When one cannot buy one's can, at least, sit on the fence and see others go by—and so, though we are unable to enjoy the pleasure of purchasing the nice things that fill the windows we can look on, and let our eyes feast upon the beautiful articles which the demand for holiday presents has called out. Every trade furnishes something especially for the season, and for a time, all are busy and "business good." We are not sure that anything in the line of undertakers' wares has been offered, but perhaps this is the only exception.

Among the most enjoyable things are the beautiful books that are brought out at this time. Such marvels of the typographical art, and so elegantly bound, that one can hardly realize that they are produced at such a coun-

paratively low price. Among the beauties of this class, are a large number of art studies, works on household taste, and illustrated masters. The art of heliotyping which is comparatively modern, has given us the privilege of enjoying what otherwise would be entirely out of our reach. Last year there were published several volumes of the best engravings and etchings of Rembrandt, Landseer, Hogarth, and others, all reproduced by this method. Books are illustrated by it, and several publications are entirely dependent upon it for their plates.

Among the art works offered us this winter, "The House Beautiful," is one of the best yet published in the list of art educators.

It is the gathering together of a series of articles which appeared first in the *Scribner's Magazine* with such additions as have since suggested themselves to the author, Clarence Cook. Another interesting volume is "New England Interiors," also illustrated by heliotype and which gives exact views of many notable old houses, and is valuable as showing the direction taken by the best of our household artists in the new country.

At the Theatres the usual number of holiday pieces have been presented. The Museum gave "The Cricket on the Hearth," and a musical extravaganza of English extraction, "Beauty and the Beast," the music of which is borrowed largely from old English songs and melodies.

At the Globe, an *Opera Bouffe* called Pippins was given, but though some of its points were ingenious, and some of its music good, it suffers by comparison with the first production of the author, J. Cheever Goodwin and E. E. Rice. Their "Evangeline" was an event in the history of American *Opera Bouffe*, and was everywhere enthusiastically received. "Pippins" was an imitation of it, but only partially successful. In the musical line we have, indeed, been most favorably treated. The Handel and Haydn Society gave a series of excellent oratorical concerts, closing on Christmas day with the "Messiah." Then follows Max Strakosch with his Kellogg-Cary Opera Troupe, offering a repertoire which even Boston has not had the pleasure of opening in many a day.

The Fashions, like everything else, feel the influence of the generous season, and never were seen on the streets of Boston such an elegant and tasteful display of native handiwork.

But here we must stop. We have too much respect for the sex to begin a description of the fashions. We are confident that among the depths of mystery that surround the subject we should be lost. We once tried to write a Fashion article, but the editor mildly suggested that, while it might be suitable for the "Sioux Indian Fashion Gazetteer," it was not of any particular value to him. So, if you want to know about Boston fashions, "go there yourself."

HARRY FLETCHER.

[For the Torch.]

TORCH—A most expressive appellation, but so abrupt, why not put the article before it, (THE TORCH) but tastes differ, as the Widow McKilligan said, when she spliced number two—a long, lean, lathy specimen, smelling of tobacco and bad whiskey from head to foot, in preference to the Rev. Nicodemus Honeycomb, a full fledged ornate gothic pattern expounder of the gospel. But a truce to the Widow McKilligan, of whom more hereafter.

To return to the Torch: a torch gives light whereby we may see and avoid the snares and pitfalls lurking in our path. May this torch ever prove a torch of Truth, whose light shall penetrate the recesses of sin, error and darkness. Let its full blaze shine on the path, into the heart and conscience of the poor pitiful slave of rum, let it show him the wrecks and ruins that so thickly bestrew his way—the

wrecks of what once was noble manhood—faithful, confiding womanhood, and innocent prattling childhood—there they lie in slaughtered heaps, bedewed with tears of blood, wrung from bleeding, broken hearts, and let its light shine further and further, till it rests on the word of God; hold it closely so that the poor blood-shot, inflamed eyes may see the cheering blessed words: "He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out;"—go no more with palsied, staggering steps, wear the ticking of glasses fall upon his dull ear, or where shine the false lights hung out to lure him on the sharp, black rocks of sin and death.

In some countries it's the custom when a great man goes abroad at night, for slaves to run before his equipage with lighted torches, crying: "Clear the way, clear the way, his highness, Prince Sling Slang, jum-taloo is coming." So let the TORCH cry out to all sorts of error, fraud and chicanery, fly, fly, from before my light, I will surely expose you; and oh, TORCH, be not afraid of these great luminaries, the New York Weekly, or the Ledger, etc., etc., which flash athwart the gloom of our horizon weekly, but determine with the immortal McKenzie—to hold the fort—and keep the lower lights a burning, and huzza for home-made literature.

A torch gives heat, heat is life, cold is death. The heat of the sun warms the earth's cold breast, and causes it to bring forth all sweet and beautiful things.

So let the TORCH diffuse a genial warmth an I glow wherever it appears, and may the flowers of Faith, Hope and Charity spring up and blossom in its onward march.

The old Romans placed a torch reversed on their funeral urns, let us hope it will be long before this "Torch, our New Dominion Torch," is thus snuffed out. I'm sometimes like the mill that said to the grist: "Now I've got going I'll never be able to stop," especially when I mount Pegasus as now.

Room, room for the Torch—speed away, speed away,
Darkness and error before its broad ray,
May its beams pierce the gloom of many a soul
Enraptured by fierce passions that brook no control.

Room, room for the Torch—bid the new light God-speed,
May its radiance reveal each dastardly deed,
When villainy hides a clever disguise in
May the Torch pierce each fold, and show us the poison

Room, room for the Torch, and long may it shine
Broader and brighter, and round it entwine
All sentiments tender, all principles pure,
Ever guide us aright, and to virtue allure.

GLOW-WORM.

WAIT.

Wait a moment, young man, before you throw that money down on the counter and demand a glass of brandy and water. Ask yourself if twenty-five cents cannot be better invested in something else. Put it back into your pocket and give it to the cripple on the corner, or take our word for it, you will be sorry.

Wait, madam—think twice before you decide on that two hundred dollar dress! Two hundred dollars is a great deal of money! One dollar is a great deal, when people once consider the amount of good it will accomplish—in careful hands. Your husband's business is uncertain; there is a financial crisis close at hand. Who knows what that two hundred dollars may be to you yet?

A GREAT SKATING FEAT.—Messrs. C.W. Beckwith and E. H. Allan, of Frederickton, skated from that city for St. John, (or rather Rotheray) on Friday, the 4th inst., making the distance in 10 hours and 20 minutes. Great skating feet!

TERMS:

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TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 12, 1878.

THE RELIEF WORK.

The public must have been gratified to learn through the press, of the large quantities of food, clothing and household utensils that have been distributed by the Fire Relief Society. The gentlemen who have so successfully carried on the work of the Society, are certainly entitled to great credit.

There are, however, some things of which we have heard complaint made, and which call for explanation. One of these is the treatment which the poor people who have occupied the shanties on the Queen Square have received at the hands of the Shelter Committee. These people some of whom, at least, have been used, before the fire, to the comforts of a decent, though humble home, have been compelled in the shanties to put up with what we cannot help considering unnecessary discomforts and indecencies. Prominent among these has been the herding of different families together in a single room, without even a partition to divide the one family from the other. Another matter of complaint, is the rent charge put upon them. The shanties cost about sixty dollars each, yet the inmates are charged a rental which is equivalent to the interest on three hundred dollars. This rent charge is entirely unjustifiable, and could not be collected in a court of law, but these people being too poor to pay for legal assistance, and often not knowing their rights, have to submit to this exaction—and before the 7th of this month notices were served upon them, that if the rent was not duly paid they would be expelled from the shanties.

It is true, the Shelter Committee have no power to execute such a cruel threat, but how

are the poor and sick, some unable to work, and many who cannot get work, to resist the injustice and maintain their rights. It is to be hoped that the Common Council representatives in the Relief Society, will endeavor to reform the matters complained of.

OBITUARY POETRY.—The *Borders* of the 3d inst. contained a touchingly beautiful obituary poetic gem. In these times of accused plagiarisms, we hope Bro. Reynolds has not been robbing Geo. Washington Childs, A. M., the obituary poet.

MR. HOYT who occupied the Institute platform on Monday evening last, is a Boston law student. He rather agreeably surprised the audience with his pleasant lecture, on "Aristocracy" a well worn theme, but treated in a very bright and thoughtful way by Mr. Hoyt.

The lecture on Monday evening will be by Rev. Mr. Mitchell, on "Practical maxims for Every-Day Life."

MR. GEO. B. HEGAN, on retiring from the official duties in connection with the Relief Association received a highly complimentary address from his brother officers. Mr. Hegan has always been kind and courteous, not only to the officials with whom he has been intimately associated, but also to the poor sufferers who have been compelled through want, to ask a share of the World's great gift. His civil and urbane manner has been in marked contrast to some who were over him in days gone by.

NEW AUDITOR.—George V. Nowlin, Esq., has been appointed (in Committee), auditor of the Water Commissioners accounts for the ensuing year. The "Judge" has been talking lately of running for the Aldmanship of Queen's Ward at the next election. Perhaps they thought the "Judge" would be a "gnarly knot" in the "Council" and deemed it best to put him out of harm's way. The "Judge" is not as bad after all, as some try to make him out. There is more of the *milk* of human kindness in him than many suppose.

THE appointment of A. CHURMAN SMITH to the position so long held by MR. MARTER, of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, was made too late to be noticed by us in our last. The appointment, so far as Mr. SMITH is concerned, has been well received by the public—who have felt that Mr. MARTER's twenty years of faithful service warranted his relief from the duty of attendance at fires. The only objection urged has been the increased expenditure involved; but it is answered to this that the extra cost will be more than compensated by reduction in the rates of premiums for insurance, and probably this is the case.

If Mr. SMITH does what is expected of him, and puts the Fire Department into efficient condition, establishing proper subordination and discipline, we do not think the price paid will be considered excessive.

Mr. SMITH's record is such that we have every expectation of his success.

NEW BILLIARD HALL.—A handsomely fitted up billiard hall, containing a carom and a pool table, in the basement of Messrs. Mullin Bros. new brick building on the corner of North Wharf and Dock Street, was opened on Monday evening last. On the walls are some very pretty pictures, and a neat piece of carving by Mr. W. Carpenter, of Boston, was greatly admired. Passing from the billiard hall you enter the lunch and bar-room, which is fitted up in first-class style. The counters are made of black walnut and ash, artistically arranged, and creditable to the good taste of the designer, Mr. DeLue. The proprietor is Mr. C. Courtenay, who has an efficient corps of aids to assist in running the establishment, among whom we noticed Messrs. John Connors and Phil. McGowan. Since the opening business has been quite brisk, and it bids fair to be one of the most popular places of resort in the city. A brilliant "head light" in front of the entrance seems as a useful beacon to pedestrians, especially at the present time, when gas lamps are conspicuously absent in that locality.

RESPECTING (?) THE ERMINE.—On Thursday morning last, while the Circuit Court was sitting—Mr. P. an eminent Queen's Counsel wishing to ask His Honor a conundrum, thought it *in fra dig* to rise and address Judge Weldon, so, keeping his seat, he called out, "How about that case of McLean against Robertson—is it a remanet?"

We fancy seeing the learned and courteous lawyer addressing His Hon. Judge Ritchie, in this familiar style.

LONDON BEER.—On Monday a beery individual named Beer was brought up for assaulting one London. We sent a reporter to investigate the case. London says, "Beer (didn't know whether his first name was Ginger or Spruce) made a m-al e-ignat and brew-tal attack on him." "M. Ike" said to Beer, "you must be a brew-sir." The funny man of the *Freeman* said they'd better 'cork up.' The Magistrate, who has never been known to get off a joke, said, (as he dismissed beer with a caution) "you had better be beery careful, sir, how you repeat such aggravated assaults." Then he dismissed the case, and Beer popped out the door.

IT IS WELL that the poor, who are not entitled to share in the Funds of the Relief and Aid Society, should be remembered now. During the winter months work is scarce, and many deserving persons are without necessary food and shelter. The Catholic Societies relieve a great deal of this distress, but there is much real suffering unreached by them. The Y. M. C. A. Relief Committee has been, we believe, re-organized, and is prepared to distribute in a careful way whatever may be entrusted to them for that purpose. Last winter this Committee received and spent about Four Hundred Dollars. The benevolent will remember that "he gives twice who gives quickly."

THE NEW DOMINION comes out this morning in a new form. It is supposed to drop its jocular style and attend strictly to politics. We wish our contemporary *bon voyage*.

FEEBLE FLICKERINGS.

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

"Dash" sketches, from life, a few good points, as follows:

Sketches from Life.

BY DASH.

When a man gets up in the morning and finds a cat frozen in the back yard, a grim smile illuminates his features as he recollects that, with the turn of the seasons, his hour of revenge has arrived.

Good advice is a pearl—a diamond. Yet it always makes us feel sad to hear a man advising a couple of urchins to "stop their d—n swearing."

There is nothing that will cause man to reflect more over the wickedness of mankind than to find—after he has hauled off his boots, put on his slippers and fixed up the fire—that the paper he has purchased from the newsboy is about three weeks old.

During the holidays it is a common sight to see a man staggering along the street with a turkey under his arm. New Brunswick turkeys must be very heavy.

"Lightning Bug" sends us a few flickers from the Celestial City, which he wishes to appear under the heading of

Fire Flies.

The general opinion is that the letter in the *Penny Dip* is (s)erendipitous and wick-ed.

Will. Lemont says he don't think it will amount to much.

Mace thinks it very spicy.

The most appropriate place for Mr. Brewer to find a text—*He brews*.

Dol. says a man who takes another man's sermon is not in earnest—it's only play-garism.

Charlie, when he read that a silver service had been presented to the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, said, wouldn't steel be more appropriate than silver? This wasn't bad for Chawles.

TORCHISMS.

"The editor of the *Turners Falls Reporter* Cecil lot of fun in a paragraph.

"The Confectioner's favorite tune. "The Sweet Buy and Buy."

"Riflemen should always be aim-able.

"Husband.—"Emma dear, can you tell me why you look so much better since I became your master?"

Wife.—"No, love, why is it?"

Husband.—"Because you are now Em-bodied." *Exit Hubby, followed by a slipper.*

"It is reported that Mahmood Damad Pasha's resignation will be refused. He attended a council of Ministers on Sunday.—*Telegraph.*

If he's a Pasha-nate person, he'll be Damad if they refuse it.

"The Bank of Toronto advanced \$220,000 on butter shipped recently by George A. Cochrane, to Anderson & Sons, London. As the bank holds a lien upon the butter it is not likely to lose much by Cochrane's failure.

That butter must be awful strong, if a heavy bank like that can lean upon it without injury.

"It is predicted that teaspoons will be a legal tender before Feb. 1.—*Boston Herald.*

Perhaps it's hardly right to tense—"spoons," but we'd like to ask Brother Butler's opinion about it.

"The cigar-makers in New York are on a strike, but it is thought it will all "end in smoke."

"It is proposed to change the name of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company to the Slippery Elm. Tree-mendous good.—*Ec.* We o-pine that the Weeping Will owe, wood be a more Poplar one.

"The best way to "stuff" a tax assessor when he asks you the value of your real estate—send him to Mr. Carnall. "Why," do you say? Because he's a Tax-idermist, and will stuff him full.

"A love-sick butcher in the Market wrote a "pome" to his adored one, last Tuesday, and offered as an apology that he thought she might like something in the "tenter-line."

"Firing "shells" ought to produce a great conch-cussion.

"Mrs. "Sitting Bull's," dresses are out gored.

"The curfew has been tolled every evening for 700 years at Sandwich, England.—*Ec.* If Susan B. Anthony tolled that story, we'd swallow the curfew whole, as there is no other person alive at the present day who can remember so far back.

"Cleopatra's needle is almost ready to start on its second voyage.—*Ec.* We hope it won't be sew unfortunate this time, but be able to thread its devious way safely to its destination.

"Sneezing is not so congenial an occupation as editing a newspaper, but it's just as ticklish.—*Ec.* If any one thinks it's sneezy thing to edit a paper let them try it.

THE PROFESSOR AS AN INSECTIVORIST.

ERUDITE MERCHANT.—"Prof. Henderson, what do you mean by calling yourself a "dermatologist"? Does it mean insect collector?"

PROF. HENDERSON.—"Not exactly; but we do collect them when they let us."

This conversation took place between one of our King street merchants and the polite tonorialist who presides over one of the chairs in Hamilton & Gray's barber shop. Since then the merchant has been studying Greek roots, and observes a golden silence while his hair is being cut.

A SPILL.

On last Monday morning he called with his fast trotter to take her to her music lesson. On Union street he thought he'd speed his "dyer" to show his fair companion how "tooty" his mare was. So he "let her out," going past Peters's Tannery, and the way she dusted was a caution. George looked smiling. The young lady hung on to his arm tremblingly. Everything was lovely, when lo! presto going at a 49 rate Jehu turned suddenly the corner at Jones's Brewery, and on the principle that "one good turn deserves another"—over went the pug—ditto young lady. George hung to the horse and managed to stop her at the corner of Elliott Row. The fair damsel, who was fortunately uninjured, jumped up and walked up to where the young man was standing with the fiery untamed steed. George invited her to jump in, but an appatent want of confidence in his ability to handle the "ribbons," passed over her rosy countenance, and she replied, "I guess I'll walk the balance of the distance."

MORAL.—Young ladies before going out driving should get insured in the Accident Insurance Company.

PITHY PERSONALS.

Spurgeon is suffering with the gout. He is very much to be pitied.

Col. J. R. Macshane was in town yesterday. The gallant Col. is looking remarkably well.

Moody and Sankey began a series of revival meetings in Hartford, Conn., last Sunday.

Stanley, the African explorer, left Alexandria on Monday last, for France.

Uncle Sam is uniforming his Customs officers. The officials will, of course, feel it their duty to comply with Samivel's request.

A NEW Q. C.—T. W. Chesley, Esq., Barrister of Granville, Annapolis Co., has been appointed Queen's Counsel. We are pleased to hear of Mr. Chesley's appointment and feel confident that he will bring no reproach upon the title or honor conferred upon him.—*Berwick Star.*

Grant and Vesuvius had a friendly smoke together.—*Boston Post.* And they'll have a good time when they meet over their "drop of the crater every morn."—*Worcester Press.* That is carrying the joke tufa, geologically speaking.—*Boston Advertiser.*

These terra-bis puns took away our appetite and we haven't Etna thing since we read them. Please don't, gentlemen, or you'll make the earth quake with lava-ter.

SETTLING IT.—Tax collector—"Now, look here! how many more times do you want me to call?" Defaulter—"Not ever again, sir, if it's the same to you."—*Judy.*

Du Chaillu says that on the equator he saw the thermometer 15 in the shade. That's the *Ne Plus Sultry* of warm weather.—*New York Commercial.*

Jonah was perhaps the worst taken in man that ever lived, remarks the Worst. Press.—*Ec.*

There must have been highwaymen in these days, for we read of Jonah having been white-laid.

Among modern writers of England, Dickens, Tom Taylor and Sala are all who were ever able to make after dinner speeches. Thackeray couldn't do it, nor Douglas Jerrold, nor Mark Lemon, nor Dallas, nor Barnard.

Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the celebrated artist, gave a dinner at the Brevoort House, New York, to the Earl of Dunraven, which brought together quite a number of celebrities, among others we notice the name of Du Chaillu.

Gaylord & St. Marie, glove manufacturers of Montreal, have absconded, leaving debts to the amount of \$3,000. The reason they failed was probably because they didn't receive enough re-mitten-ces. Perhaps they had too many gloves on hand.

Crockford, who kept the celebrated Saint James's hell in London, which bore his name, died about 1840, worth \$3,500,000. Apprehensions as to the result of his fate in the coming Derby were supposed to have hastened his end. He began life as a fishmonger near Temple Bar, about 1802 began to bet at Newmarket, and in 1827 built his gambling-house, which was called a club. Wellington, Tallyrand, Esterhazy, and Count D'Orsay were among its members, and the mode of procedure was for the members to play against the proprietor, who kept a small "bank." Some members merely joined for the company and the cookery, presided over first by Ude, who was succeeded by Francatelli. Crockford's had undergone a great number of changes since its original owner gave it up. Ill luck has attended every subsequent proprietor. It is now tenanted by what is known as the Devonshire Club.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

ENERGY.—St. Andrews—We cannot comply with your modest request to "wipe out St. Andrews from the face of the Dominion." Allow her to lie still quietly if you please, and cultivate turnips. If you wish to canvass for subscribers, we shall be pleased to allow you 10 per cent. for your trouble.

"Glow-Worm."—Will you please send name in confidence, or call at editorial room, E. T. C. Knowles' office, Y. M. C. A. Building.

Tavan & Nor.—We'd rather not publish your "poetry." It's rag.

"Anna."—Fredericton—Your article on the Mitchell-Brewer frame is unfit for publication. There are some things even worse than plagiarism. Your article is a sample.

A correspondent, under the nom de plume of "Tax Payer," sends us an article, entitled "The New Assessor" which refers, we presume, to the appointment of Councilor Flaglor. The article is too personally abusive and therefore cannot find a place in our columns.

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

The latest things out in the way of Jewellery, are sets made of tiger's claws. They are not very pretty, and are very fierce looking; but still, no doubt, young ladies who like violent contrasts will patronize them as being the most thoroughly un-characteristic ornaments upon which their choice could rest.

A novel and exceedingly stylish mode of ornamenting sashes, basques and poldaines, is to trim the fronts with straps of velvet, which extend alternately on the right side and on the left of the closing, with a medium-sized button put on the end farthest from it. The ladder trimming, or successive rows of lace, headed with showy gallow and arranged on the side-breasts of the newest silk, Princess dresses is part of the same principle, only, of course, very much elaborated.

The newest design in American Fringes is named after the Brooklyn Bridge, and (the Fashion Books tell us) "prettily represents the latter in its present stage of appearance, with suspended cables and connecting ties." This super-original novelty has not arrived in our fashion mart as yet, or, if so, we have not yet seen it; but, pending its appearance, could not we devise something as unique, and at the same time far-fetched? Surely in our present growing state we must be supplied with models quite as sensible and suggestive as the Brooklyn Bridge.

Humming bird jewelry is still in fashion, but it is now considered even more stylish to trim whole costumes with the plumage of this poor, tropical mite. Evidently those who adopt the fashion do not remember the good little rhyme of their childhood, beginning—"Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds!"

Some of the prettiest suits shown at the Skating Rink this season are of dark colored cloths, trimmed with bright galleons or Titan braid. Others are made of the new and popular Shetland suitings, and bordered with fur; but whatever the color or material, suits seem to have more prestige than ordinary black mantles with colored dresses.

Belted blouses are growing, (we had almost said in grace), but we will say, in favor, though in reality they are as graceful as they are popular. The Breton blouse, with upright plaits in the front and at the back, which plaits are confined by cross straps, is, perhaps, one of the prettiest models, though in point of fashion it is not superior to another style made with a deep pointed yoke, upright collar and close sleeves.

A late and autocratic fashion exchange states for the benefit of newly bereaved widows, that for the "first month or two of their widowhood, they should sedulously cover their faces with a long crape veil, but after that time, it is admissible, and more than that—fashionable, to throw the latter covering back over the bonnet, and substitute a plain Brussels net mask veil for the face." The advice is well meant, we suppose, but it sounds rather droll, and might it not be suggestive, that is to evil minded persons, of advising the widow to "look around" after that period of mourning had expired?

Black or white net embroidered in colors is exceedingly popular as a trimming this season. The darning in the first place is to be done with either colored or white flossetto or silk; but, as it is intended for trimming evening dresses, it is very probable that before its term of office expires, other darning of a rougher fashion will be necessary.

Will newly made fiancés ever learn that an opal ring is the most unlucky symbol with which to seal an engagement? An English jeweller has had one solitary opal returned to him nine times, the ladies in each case refusing to receive it, and preferring some stone to which pleasanter omens might be attached. Several jewellers in our own city, also, have stocks of the same fatal gem on hand, which they really find it impossible to sell, and yet we often hear that the enlightenments of this nineteenth century are rapidly banishing superstition from our midst.

"LEEDIE YAWCOB STRAUSS."

Mr. Charles Follen Adams, the author of "Leedie Yawcob Strauss," "Der Drummer," and many other beautiful German dialect ballads, is a Boston merchant. Messrs. Lee & Sheppard have published a volume containing several of his poems, all of which are good. The illustrations are by "Boz"—Mr. Sweeney, of Boston. It is printed on the finest paper, and neatly bound in cloth, with a gilt title. Mr. Adams's portrait adorns the title page.

THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL, for February, has already arrived at Mr. T. H. Hall's, and in addition to being more than usually prompt, presents a conspicuously attractive bill of fare in the shape of stories, sketches and poems, saying nothing of a large and tasteful variety of designs for different kinds of fancy work.

ON DIT that William Rainnie, Esq., will be a candidate for the Councilorship of King's Ward when vacated by Mr. Flaglor. Mr. R. would be a worthy man to represent this large and influential Ward.

J. D. LAWLOB, the great sewing machine manufacturer of Montreal, is going to start a branch factory in Buffalo, N. Y., and we congratulate our friend E. P. Hammond, who is a St. John boy, on being one of the Company. We wish them success.

DURING the gale on Thursday night the roof was blown off the tower of the Germain Street Baptist Church, and collided with the chimney of Mr. Robert Ritchie's building, on the opposite corner, knocking the chimney to "topps and smash." Bob is anxious to know who will pay for the damages.

SCULLING SPLASHES.

Courtney has deposited £250 forfeit for a straight-away three mile race for £1,000 a side with Edward Trickett. A sculling match between two such noted "propellers" will create quite a ripple among the aquatic sports. Courtney was born in Union Spring, N. Y., in 1849, stands 6 ft. 11-2 inches high, and weighs 173 lbs. He has yet to be vanquished. Trickett was born at Greenwich, New South Wales, in 1851, is 6 ft. 3 1-2 in. in height and weighs 170 lbs. He has only rowed one race in England, and that was with Joe Sadler, on the Thames championship course, in June 27th, 1876. Trickett won by four lengths.

Scharf in reply to Hanlan's challenge, says he is willing to make a match with him next Spring.

With so many "Richmonds in the field" the tussle for the World's aquatic championship promises to be a lively one.

Wallace Ross is getting two boats built, one by Swaddle & Wisshup, and the other by R. Daltor. It is said a match will be made with in a month, between Hanlan and Ross, for a five mile race on the Kennebecasis for \$1,000 a side. Hanlan to be allowed \$300 for expenses. The race, if made, will take place about the 12th of next July.

STAGE SPARKS.

LAST Monday evening the "Octoroon" was played for the first time at the Boston Globe. Mr. J. W. Lanagan played "Mr. Sunnyside," Mrs. Susan Flood, "Mrs. Payton," and J. H. Burns, "Salem Scudder."

In Buffalo, George S. Knight and the Well-remembered Sisters are playing in "Otto." They Otto draw well every Knight.

JOHN T. RAYMOND commenced a week's engagement on Dec 31st, at the Walnut in Philadelphia. He should be very proud of such a handsome present. Tickets should be at a premium, as Raymond would ensure good houses.

E. A. McDOWELL and Fanny Reeves were playing last week at the Boston Museum in "Dot." The Dramatic News says, Mr. McDowell is the "best," displayed a fine tenor voice, and acted in a praiseworthy manner.

MANAGER STETSON was presented with a fur robe and whip by his employees on Christmas day. He should be very proud of such a handsome present.

KATE REGNOLDS (Mrs. Irving Winslow) has retired from the stage, and resides in Boston.

MAGGIE MITCHELL has bought a new play called the "Grasshopper." Look out for some first-class Grasshoppers now.

THE Dramatic News, speaking of the Boston Minstrels which have recently been performing at the Mechanics' Institute, says: "Boston Minstrels, Dec 26th, with exceptions of Jim Fox and Dick Funkeft, they had better have stayed at home. Prof. Parks, rope-walker, could not walk a plank, let alone a rope."

JOHN BROUGHAM will receive a handsome benefit at Booth's Theatre, in New York on Tuesday next. The leading Dramatic Stars have the thing in hand, and it will doubtless be a great success.

GUS WILLIAMS was walking up Broadway the other day. He met Len Grover, they shook hands. "Have you heard my last song?" "I hope so," said Grover.—Dramatic News. Gus must have been disgusted.

THE Dramatic News asks the following question: "Is Mr. MacKaye a Plagiarist?" and then, "by the way," compares the plot of a German play entitled "Hink Ad," with one called "Von at Last," an American Comedy Drama, by Steele MacKaye, which bears a striking resemblance to each other. If Mr. MacKaye has purchased the German author's property, his front name (Steele) is wonderfully appropriate.

MR. SHOOK will inaugurate his new lease of Gilmore's Garden with a dog show.—News. A curious suggestion. Will canine bark improve a dog's blood?

MISS EUGENIA PAUL is at Booth's in New York.

PAT ROONEY is doing "song and dance," at the Theatre Comique, N. Y.

THE CARROLLS have also been doing some Christmas Caroling at the same place of amusement.

JOHN MURRAY'S Dramatic Company, commenced a dramatic season on Dec. 26th, at the New Music Hall, Lewiston Maine.

LOUIS ALDRICH is at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia. He took the part of the Parson, in the "Danites," excellently well.

WALTER LENOX is playing Gumption Cute in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

FANNY REEVES receives high encomiums from the Boston Press for her clever impersonation of "Bertha," the blind girl, at the Museum.

NILES AND EVANS, in their Ethiopian specialties, are playing successfully at the New National—Philadelphia.

AIMÉE opened in Academy of Music in Milwaukee, on Jan. 4th, and we are glad to see the Aimée-aimée Aimée was able to draw a good house.

THE FLORENCE played the "Mighty Dollar" in Springfield on Dec 26th, to a poor house. "Bitty must have felt mighty dolorous."

B. E. WOOLF, of the Boston Gazette has sold his interest in "Mighty Dollar" to Florence's agent for \$2,000.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "C. F. S."—Will you kindly show us how Black can avoid the loss of the Rook?
- "J. C. Mel"—Many thanks for good advice, which will not be thrown away on us.
- "J. C. B." Elliott Row.—Much obliged for Problem; sorry our type has not yet arrived.
- "R. O. I."—*Le roi est mort—Vive le roi!* "Not much."

GAME No. IV.

Between Mr. A. Mills and J. E. Narraway, the latter giving the odds of the first three moves.

White.	Black.
A. M.	J. E. N.
1 P—K 4	1
2 B—Q B 4	2
3 Kt—K R 3	3 P—K 3
4 P—Q 3 (a)	4 P—K R 3
5 Castles	5 B—Q B 4
6 P—Q 4	6 B—Kt 3
7 P—K B 4 (b)	7 Kt—K 2
8 P—K B 5	8 P—Q 4
9 P×Q P	9 P×Q P
10 B—Kt 3	10 B×K B P
11 K—R	11 B×Kt
12 Q—K B 3 (c)	12 B×P (ch)
13 Q×B	13 B×P
14 P—Q B 3	14 B—K B 3 (d)
15 B—K 3	15 Kt—Q B 3
16 Kt—Q 2	16 Kt—K 4
17 B—Q 4	17 Q—Q 3
18 Q—R—K sq	18 Castle—Q side
19 B×R P (e)	19 P—Q Kt 3
20 P—Q B 4	20 K—Kt 2
21 B×P	21 Q×B
22 R×Kt	22 B×R
23 R×P	23 B—B 3
24 R×Kt	24 B×R
25 P×P	25 B—Q 3
26 Kt—B 4	26 Q—Q 5
27 Kt—R 5 (ch)	27 K—B
28 Kt—B 6	28 Q—K B 5
29 Q—K 2	29 Q—Q B 8 (ch)
30 K—Kt 2	30 Q—Kt 4 (ch)
31 K—R sq	31 Q—R 4
32 Q—R 6 (ch)	32 K—Q 2
33 Resigns.	

NOTES.

- (a). We would prefer P—Q 4.
- (b). Risky, and loses a Pawn.
- (c). Better to have taken B at once.
- (d). Black has now fully recovered the disadvantage in position entailed by the opening.
- (e). Falls into the trap.

GAME No. V.

A skirmish played between Messrs. McMillan and McIntyre, of Boston, the latter giving the odds of K B P.

White.	Black.
J. C. Mel.	M. McM.
1 P—Q 3	1 P—K 4
2 K Kt—B 3	2 Q Kt—B 3
3 P—K 3 (a)	3 B—Q B 4
4 P—Q B 3	4 P—Q 2
5 P—Q 4	5 P—K 5
6 K Kt—Q 2	6 K B—Q 3
7 K B—K 2	7 (Q—R 5 (ch)
8 P—K Kt 3 (b)	8 B×P (ch)
9 K—B	9 B—K B 6
10 K—Kt sq.	10 B—B 7, mate.

- (a). A decidedly *bizarre* opening.
- (b). A fatal mistake.

ENIGMA No. 2.—By J. C. BARCOCK.
 White.—K at Q B 6, R at Q Kt 8, B at K R, Pawns at Q R 4, K 2, K Kt 3, and K Kt 4.
 Black.—K at K 3, Pawns at K 3, K G and Q R 4.
 White to mate in three moves.

Corporation Contract.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's office, until 12 o'clock, noon, on TUESDAY, 15th day of January inst., from persons willing to undertake the
GRADING OF UNION STREET,
 between Dock and Prince William streets, according to Plans and Specifications to be seen at the City Engineer's office.
 St. John 8th January, 1878.

By order of the Committee,
 HURD PETERS,
 City Engineer.

Corporation Contract.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's office, until 12 o'clock, on FRIDAY, 18th January next, from parties willing to undertake the
Grading of Wentworth Street
 between King and Leinster streets, according to plan and specification to be seen at the City Engineer's office.
 Dated 11th January, 1878.

By order of the Common Council,
 HURD PETERS,
 City Engineer.

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

jan 12-21
175 UNION STREET.

WINTER IS COMING.

See Seasonable Goods, at

W. W. JORDAN'S,

150 PAIRS BLANKETS;
 150 BED COMFORTABLES;
 HOMESPUN FLANNEL SHEETING, White and Colored;
DARK COLORED and WHITE QUILTS;
 50 Dozen more MEN'S RIBBED SHIRTS and DRAWERS, all best in the city, at 40c. each.
 50 Dozen ALL WOOL RIBBED SHIRTS and DRAWERS, at \$1.80 the suit; worth \$3.50;

SWANDOWN FLANNELS, at 9 cents per yard.
 GREY UNION FLANNELS, at 17½ cents per yard and upwards;
 ALL WOOL FLANNELS, Grey, Scarlet, White, Tinted and Plain, all Widths and Prices, the best value possible.

MEN'S ULSTERS AT \$7.50.

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

Boys' Ulsters, Reefers, Overcoats and Suits;
 jan 5 1 m 175 UNION STREET.

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

MR. ROBERT RITCHIE'S New Grocery Store, on the Corner of Queen and German Streets, is first class in every respect, and is well Stocked with every variety of
Family Groceries.
 Fresh Butter and Eggs every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY Mornings.
 Give Bob a call and he will treat you well.
 Fresh Eggs and Butter, cheap for cash he'll sell;
 And any other goods you wish to buy,
 Go straightway to the corner, and friend Ritchie's try.
 Jan 5-2w

For Xmas and New Year.

**THOMAS FURLONG,
 Wine Merchant,**

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

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

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| Medoc, | Neiastein, |
| Saint Julien, | Bodenthal, |
| Margau, | Erbach, |
| Pontet Canet, | Oestrich, |
| Batailley, | Steinweil, |
| La Rose, | Hockheim, |
| Sauterne, | Leibfraumlisch, |
| Haut Barsac, | Marcobrun, |
| Haut Sauterne, | Johannesberg. |

CHAMPAGNES FROM

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

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

MALT WHISKEY.

Furlong's 5 years old:
 Dublin Malt Whiskey;
 Glenlivet Malt Whiskey;
 Campbellton Malt Whiskey;
 Genuine Bourbon Whiskey;
 Old Jamaica Rum;
 Scheidein Schnapps.

Sherries and Ports.

Fine Pale Sherries;
 Old Tawney Ports;
 Marsala (Virgin);
 Marsala (London Particular);
 Dutch Cut;
 Marisquina;
 Dublin Ginger Ale;
 Soda Water;
 Apollonaris Water, &c.

**THOMAS FURLONG,
 DIRECT IMPORTER.**

dec 20 21

LINIMENTS.

SPENCER'S VERVIAN (Brown and White), Johnson's Anodyne, Kidder's Sturgeon Oil, Gray's Anodyne, Athion, Moyle's White, Stearns's Rheumatic, and Fung's Liniments; Eclectic Oil, Graham's Eucalyptor, Fung's Relief, King's Fluid, Pendleton's Panacea, Household Panacea, Blood's Compound, Radway's Ready Relief, Perry Davis' Pain Killer, Perkins' Alligator, British Oil, Furlington's Balsam, and Meiklejohn's Magic Cure All. For sale by
 GEO. E. FROST,
 jan 5 11 City Drug Store,
 247 Union Street.

To Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tenders for City Building," will be received at the Mayor's Office until 12 o'clock, noon, on TUESDAY, the 15th day of January, 1878, for the erection and completion of a Stone and Brick Building for Municipal Offices on the site of the late City Building.
 Plans and specifications, and all information, can be obtained on and after Wednesday, the 13th inst., at the office of Messrs. McKean & Fairweather, Architects, No. 61 Charlotte street.
 The actual signature of two responsible parties willing to become security for the performance of the work, must accompany each tender, without which no tender will be considered. Security to accept the tender will be required. The Committee is not bound to accept the lowest or any tender.
 S. Z. BARLZ,
 Chairman City Hall Com.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

And when it comes always buy one dollar's worth of
HOPKINS'
CELEBRATED MINCE MEAT
 IN NICE CANS,
5 lbs. FOR ONE DOLLAR.
 Full Weight Guaranteed. Also, our Superior Mince Meat, 4 lbs. for one dollar. Please order early.
 190 Union Street, - - - St. John, N. B.
JOHN HOPKINS,
 (dec 29 21)

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

SPENCER'S
GLYCERA,
 for Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, and all Roughness of the Skin. It is prepared from Price's Pure Glycerine, combined with other emollients, finely perfumed, and should be 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 speedy in effect. It has the advantage that it does not stain the apparel when used on human flesh. Price 25 cents.

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

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

HOLIDAY SALE !!

DURING THE PRESENT MONTH we will offer special inducements to Cash Purchasers of

Dry Goods and Millinery.

OUR WHOLE STOCK
REDUCED
To Less than Wholesale Prices.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

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

Berlin Wool Goods:
BREAKFAST SHAWLS,
SHELL SACQUES,
PROMENADE SCARFS,
HOODS, JACKETS, in all sizes,
CARDIGAN JACKETS,
 (From 30 cts. to \$5.00)
TIES AND SCARFS,
 In Choice New Styles
DENT'S Celebrated GLOVES,
 in great variety.

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

J. L. McCOSKERY, JAS. ADAMS & CO.

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!

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

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing that the
entire premises fitted up in the most approved American style.
 Thankful for past patronage, a continuation of the same is respectfully solicited.
 jan 12 C. COURTENAY.

DENTAL NOTICE.
GEORGE P. CALDWELL, M. D.,
DENTIST.
 No. 7 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.
 Jan 5 1y

E. T. C. KNOWLES,
 Barrister at Law, Notary Public,
 Solicitor of Patents, &c.
 OFFICE: Y. M. C. A. BUILDING,
 30 Charlotte street, - - St. John, N. B.
KERR & SCOTT
 Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants,
 17 King street, - - St. John, N. B.

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

Where, with a New and
Thoroughly Assorted Stock
 -OF-
SEASONABLE
DRY GOODS,
 Increased Facilities,
 -AND-
Prompt attention to Business
 They hope to receive a continuance of the Patronage so liberally bestowed on them in the past.
 dec 22 1f.

Christmas Goods!

PAGE, SMALLLEY & FERGUSON have now a complete and well-selected stock of Goods in the following department:
 W. ARE—Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Key-chains and Key-winding Watches, in Open, Face, Hunting, Engraved, and Plain Cases.
 JEWELRY—One-half Suits, Bracelets, Lockets, Crosses, Branches, Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Scarf-Pins, Scarf Rings, Seals, Keys, &c.
 GOLD CHAINS—Guard, Albert, Opera, Necklets, etc.
 SOLID SILVER—Pie, Fruit, Cake and Butter Knives; Fruit, Preserve, Jelly, Sugar, Child's Tea and Salt Spoons; Cups, Card Cases, Napkin Rings, Fish Carvers, etc.
 SILVER PLATED—Tea Services, Ice Pitchers, Cake and Fruit Baskets, Castors, Butter Coolers, Pickle Stands, Celery Dishes, Biscuit Boxes, Salvers, Card Receivers, Syrup Jugs, Cups, Napkin Rings, Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.
 Also a good assortment of Clocks, Bongs, Spectacles, Eye-Glasses, Silver Jewelry, Tortoise shell Sleeve Buttons, etc. Jewelry made to order.
PAGE, SMALLLEY & FERGUSON,
 dec 22 43 King street.

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

DUN, WIMAN & CO.,
MERCANTILE AGENCY,
 MARKET BUILDING,
 St. John, N. B. - - Manager.
 A. P. ROSEPH, 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.
 Agents called respectfully solicited.
ALBERT PETERS,
 Jan 8 1y Manager.

BEARD & VENNING,

No. 18
South side King Street,
 Are Displaying in their New Premises a full Stock of
Gentlemen's Wool Shirts and Drawers;
Shetland Wool and Merino Sacques;
Lined Kid Mitts and Gloves;
Silk and Lawn Pocket Handkerchiefs;
Scarfs, Neckties, Bows;
Cashmere and Silk Mufflers;
Cardigan Jackets and Crim- mean Shirts, &c., &c.,
 At Prices which will ensure a speedy sale.
 dec 22

BEARD & VENNING,
WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS
Must be True!
THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every size, lined, unlined, Buck & Castors.
ROULLON'S SEAMLESS FIRST CHOICE KIDS.
Black Goods and Silks!
 The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock in the City to choose from.
MACKENZIE BROTHERS,
 dec 29 47 King Street.

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

Boarding and Livery Stable
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 2 King Square,
 Branch Store, is Charlotte street,
 dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.

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

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

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