



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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1878.

No 29

[For the Torch.]

JOHNNY'S ELEGY.

A la Philadelphæ Løtger.

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

The death angel stooped,  
And Jimmy he scooped,  
And up with him swooped,  
To the golden gate,  
Now freed from alarms,  
He warbles sweet psalms,  
Waving branches of palms,  
In that happier state.

He plays on a harp,  
To the key-note C sharp.  
With no critic to carp,  
As below here they will;  
He wears a gold crown,  
And he fears no one's frown,  
And he wouldn't come down,  
For a ten-dollar bill.  
Boston, July 1st.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

Never reproach a man for the worthlessness of his friends, and in the same breath protest that you are the best one he has. It may set him to thinking.—*N. Y. News.*

The hearing is more acute when the eyes are closed, philosophers say. Then we want to know why a fellow doesn't hear when he is called in the morn—or, rather, why he doesn't get up the first time he is—why do they call a fellow, anyway?—*Fulton Times.*

In the daytime, we admire the gentlemen's silk hats; but in the dead of night we don't admire the gentlemen's sill cats, do we?—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

"It is easier to believe an ill report than to inquire into the truth thereof," and so much more satisfactory to scandal-mongers.—*N. Y. News.*

Fewer men have gone to destruction over the brink of Niagara, than have been destroyed by the little cask-aids.—*Whitehall Times.*

Drum majors insist upon a nude dress at every parade, at all events they invariably appear in their bear skins.—*Stamford Advocate.*

There is a physician on Murray Hill who

boasts of his patients being all epi-cures.—*N. Y. News.*

Edison is engaged in inventing a boneless fish. Eel do it.—*Detroit Free Press.* Perchance he may.—*Torch.* We should like to have him do it, for to us they have been a terrible bone-us.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

"Only a tress of woman's hair,"  
The boarder pensively did mutter,  
"And yet I think its hardly fair,  
To give it to us in our butter."

—*Stamford Advocate.*

The man who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls woke to find that the clothes had been pulled off from him by his wife.—*Danbury News.*

A young mother writes to complain of her baby. She says: "There is no use of talking; it won't go to sleep." She should be more pareg—*and in her remarks.*—*Keokuk Constitution.*

When little Thomas stoops to toy with berries, jam and jelly cake, no art can soothe the chastened boy—no nostrums ease his stomach-ache. And if the gripping pains defy the medicines prescribed to foil, his parents will do well to try the limpid, liquid castor oil.—*Fulton Times.*

The force of the human jaw exerts a force of five hundred pounds.—*Lockport Union.* Guess the editor of that paper hasn't a mother-in-law or he wouldn't make the figures so low.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

It takes more philosophy to sit down on a tack without swearing, than it does to put up with a cold dinner on washday without grumbling. This item was handed in by a man who has tried both.—*Con. Breakfast Table.*

There's a place in Michigan called Bad Axe. Helve it so.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.* Accent on first syllable.—*Torch.* Don't chop at this any more or we'll cut sticks.—*Halifax Razor.*

The smallest vessel that ever crossed the ocean is now on the voyage from Boston to Havre. She is named the "Nautilus," and is 19½ feet long and 6½ feet wide. Barque "Henrietta," which arrived here yesterday from Newport, reports having spoken the dory on the 20th ult., in lat. 43, 06 N., lon 56, 50 W. The crew—consisting of William and Walter Andrews—wished to be reported all well. The "Nautilus" was then nine days out.

Perhaps it is naught-'til-us what becomes of these men, but does it naut-illus-trate their lunacy?

[For the Torch.]

LIFE.

BY "QUEEN."

I gaze into the placid deep,  
And see the fish flash by,  
The frogs around me croak and leap,  
The breeze scarce bends the rye,  
The setting sun—its lurid light  
With glory clothes each blade,  
And far away the darkening night,  
Creeps up with sombre shade,  
Alas! thought I, how like our life,  
This picture seems to be.  
The shades of night portray the strife,  
From which we cannot flee,  
I raised my eyes unto the sky,  
Advanced—then thought *this o'er,*  
As I crawled out (not over dry),  
That I'd drop in no more.

**DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.**—Last Saturday morning, Mr. H. Clay Lukens, of the *New York News*, and Mr. Thomas B. Chrystal, of the *Hackensack Republican*, visited Meriden and passed the day in soul communitings with their brethren of the quill of the Silver City. Having dined in a sumptuous manner with their generous patron, landlord Ives, of the "Meriden House," attended by their friends of the *Recorder* and *Republican* they called on Mr. Damon of the *Times*, and Mrs. Damon of the *Contract*, and afterwards passed a couple of hours very pleasantly at the works of the Meriden Britannia Company, where they received the utmost attention from the junior Mr. Wilcox. The gentlemen took the evening express for their native heath, well-pleased with what they saw and heard. The day was one which will long be remembered by the fraternity of this city, as fraught with pleasure, flavored with wit and repartee, and fragrant with firm and pure friendships.—*Meriden, Conn. Recorder.*

When we feel very bad,  
And get very sad,  
And life's lamp in its socket flitters;  
We have only to go  
To the druggist, you know,  
And get SPENCER'S superior BITTERS.

Female barbers, because they cut off beautiful curls, style themselves dock-traders.

Did you ever make a bull sigh the first shot?

For the Torch.  
THE COMING STRUGGLE.

BY A VOTER.

I own a Webster's Dictionary,  
A big, stout, bible-seeming book,  
And so I says to my wife, Mary:  
"Old woman, let us take a look  
If we can find this grand word 'Grit,'  
And what they really mean by it."  
"Old man," says she (and here she laughed),  
"That's only half, so let us give  
A squint what means the *Telegraph*,  
By Lib-er-al-con-serv-a-tive."  
And so we turned the pages o'er,  
And studied them an hour or more

And there we found that "grit" means "sand,"  
And that "conservative" means "pickling,"  
And "principle"—"a platform stand,"  
And "politics" means "party tickling;"  
I'm smart, she's smart (therefore I prize her),  
But none of us was none the wiser.

Therefore, says I "look here! my lass  
Them members mostly fizz like rockets,  
And none o' them is such an ass,  
But legislate for his own pockets,—  
Seems to me that's why they advise  
Us to pledge them our free fran-chise.

Then here's my views, so sure as winks,  
And this is principles that's sound,  
I'll vote for him gives me most drinks,  
And sends my wife a brand new gwond,—  
For what's the use to have a vote,  
If it ain't worth a five-pun' note?"

Mr. Thomas B. Chrystal, editor of the *Hackensack Republican*, and Mr. H. Clay Erratic Enrique Lukens, of the *New York News*, were in town Saturday, the guests of editor Riggs of the *Recorder*, and no man could have done them better. In the middle of one of Meriden's peculiarly bright and cheerful little showers they called on the *Times'* correspondent, and the feeble wail of joy that went up, will be heard when Gabriel gets his phonograph on the gold-topped tarrets, and grinds out the real thing from spiritual tin-foil, instead of trusting to angel book-keeping.

Three clever editors in their good clothes dressed—  
In their good clothes dressed, as the rain came down:

Each thought of the paper he loved the best,  
And the crowd stood watching them skip around town:  
For editors must write, and pens go it steep,  
And there's little to tell, and much to keep,  
Though the "devil" yell copy till morning.—  
—*Hartford Times.*

TORCHLIGHT.

A light so bright,  
I flashed on our sight,  
It seemed about to scorch;  
But when we then  
Did look again,  
We saw the Saint John Torch.

Friend Knowles, our souls  
Like crystal bowls,  
Too easily are broken:  
And though, you know  
That torture is slow,  
Your Torch is full of Joe-kin'.

—*Hackensack Republican.*

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

[From the *Roue et Ciel*.]

Shell trimming is very popular just now.  
Short street dresses are rapidly coming into favor.

Lace ruffles and bracelets are being worn again.

Black silk stockings have come into vogue again.

Flower fringe is the most popular trimming for party dresses.

Satin combined with silk is used for dinner and afternoon dresses.

New designs in lava goods are very handsome, and are quite popular.

Overskirts are once more made with square, diagonal, and double-pointed fronts.

The richest lace collars of Duchesse or of Honiton are very large, and are pointed back and front.

Swiss topaz, semi-opaque, and of a dark red amber color, appears among the newest styles of jewelry.

Gold is again fashionable as trimming, both on dresses and on bonnets. It is handsome when used with taste and extreme moderation.

White Turkish towelling and pique vests are very popular with black dresses; black and white checked woolen vests are also pretty to lighten black suits.

The caprice for fancy vests increases. Striped silk vests are considered especially elegant in black, cream or beige brown, with satin stripes of the same shade.

Wraps made of Spanish blonde lace and imitation French lace are the present fancy. These are in regular mantilla shape, with round cape back and longer ends in front.

For the display of the costly hosiery fashionable shoemakers are making street shoes low, with high heels, and the uppers composed of fancy cloths corresponding to the dress.

A pretty ornament for the hair is the Greek fillet of silver or gilt—a mere band held on an elastic strap. Ladies are making these of black velvet studded with jet or with gilt nail heads.

The most fashionable lace wraps are capes, fichus or muntles. Nice sacques of thread, llama or guipure laces are in good taste and fashionable. The lace sacques of last season are in good style.

[For the Torch].

JOTTINGS.

BY "QUEEN."

He (idiotically). Do you, ah, know that, ah, song "WATER the wild, ah, waves saying," ah?

She (sarcastically). SEE it goes on "Sis' tear the whole day long," does it not?"

"By George!" said Augustus "didn't the old pair fume when I broke that scent bottle down at Doratha's house."

Grand-pa. "Well boys; been to church."  
Precocious Punster. "Yes, grand-pa, and heard sermon enough to make a chap-ill."

A jocular cuss, looking at some leather in a city tannery the other day, asked the owner why it was like stenography?

It being a tough one he gave it up.  
"Because," said the punny man, "its your tanned (it's short hand.)"

[For Torch]

I LOVE.

I love the rosy lips of morn  
When peeping from the half closed eye;  
She lips "Another day is born,"  
And smiles along the eastern sky.

I love the noon, when up on high,  
The golden chariot of the sun  
In splendor rolls along the sky,  
When half his daily course is run.

I love the breath of Summer eve,  
The fragrance of the leafy glade;  
I love in twilight seas to lave,  
And woo the muse beneath the shade.

I love the night when solemn shade  
Lets fall her curtains soft and deep;  
I love the stars in heaven arrayed,  
The soothing tranquil hours of sleep.

I love the worlds that swing in space,  
The comets that untiring rove;  
And nature with her happy face,  
Her Author, and mankind I love.

EAK.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

*Rose Belford's Canadian Monthly* for July, opens with an instalment of Wilkie Collins' new story, "The Haunted Hotel: A mystery of Modern Venice." Mr. H. I. Spencer, of this city, contributes a poem, entitled "Love's Burial," and a couple of sonnets, one of which we copy in another column. Love, the sea; the grave, beauty of the earth and sky, memories of old joys, are the threads of which Mr. Spencer weaves the warp of his delightful lyrics and sonnets. Grace Green is the author of a pleasant paper descriptive of "The Yellow Tiber." This article is illustrated by a number of well executed engravings. Mr. J. L. Stewart's article on "The Early English Stage," is a gossiping paper, spiced with many well-told stories of the green-room, and of old actors and actresses, but appears to us to fail as a defence of the drama from the attacks of the Puritans, and their latest successor—Rev. T. DeW. Talmage—for it shows, if anything, the correctness of their chief charge against the Theatre. Whether the Church's hostility to the stage helped make it as bad as Mr. Stewart shows it to have been; and whether the Church's patronage of the stage would fully redeem it, are questions worthy of consideration. We notice that Mr. Stewart has also a pretty little Essay in the "Round Table" Department.

Another Saint John contributor is Dr. L. C. Allison, who furnishes a very lively and discriminating criticism of Dr. Grey's Edition of Butler's "Hudibras." Lawyers will be interested in the sketch of "The Bar of Ontario eighty years ago," by D. B. Read, Q. C., and in Mr. Holmes' lead's review of the Hon. Mr. Mills's Land Bill for the North-West Territories, by which the South Australian system of land transfer, was sought to be applied to the newly made Provinces of the Dominion.

Alfred Harvey tells a good story about "Yackerbenderkellie," and an instalment is given of that strange story, by Messrs. Besant and Ri'e, entitled "The Monks of Themela." Mrs. Trail contributes a chapter on "Our Forest Trees."

A good feature is the Round Table, made up of pretty little Essays—*a la* Elia. In "Current Events," Dominion politics are discussed in an even-handed and popular way. In "Current Literature," late Canadian and foreign publications are reviewed.

For sale at the bookstores. Price 25 cents.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

Problem No 14

BY ADOLPH ANDERSEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME No 26.—Muzio Gambit.

By correspondence between Don C. Rogers of Detroit, and Dr. Ryall, Hamilton, Ont.

- |                |               |
|----------------|---------------|
| Pagers.        | Pw1           |
| 1 P-K 4        | 1 P-K 4       |
| 2 H-KB 4       | 2 PXP         |
| 3 Kt-B 3       | 3 P-KKt 4     |
| 4 B-QB 4       | 4 P-Kt 5      |
| 5 Castles      | 5 BxKt        |
| 6 QXP          | 6 Q-KKt 4 (a) |
| 7 P-Q 4        | 7 P-Q 3       |
| 8 QBXP         | 8 Q-Kt 3      |
| 9 BxQP         | 9 B-K 3       |
| 10 BxB         | 10 QxB        |
| 11 BxBP        | 11 Q-Q 2      |
| 12 B-K 5       | 12 P-KB 3     |
| 13 P-QB 3      | 13 B-Kt 2     |
| 14 Q-R 5+      | 14 Q-KB 2     |
| 15 Q-K 2       | 15 Kt-Q 2     |
| 16 Q-KKt 5 (b) | 16 Castles    |
| 17 B-Kt 5      | 17 Q-K 3      |
| 18 Kt-Q 2      | 18 Kt-K 2     |
| 19 Kt-B 4      | 19 Kt-QKt 3   |
| 20 Q-QB 5 +    | 20 Kt-B 3 (c) |
| 21 QxQKt       | 21 R-Q 2      |
| 22 Q-Kt 3      | 22 Kt-K 2     |
| 23 P-K 5       | 23 Kt-QB 3    |
| 24 Kt-Kt 6 +   | 24 PxKt       |
| 25 QxQ         | 25 Resigns.   |

(a) A caprice we presume. It would be rather surprising if anybody should discover anything new and good in the early stages of this Gambit.

(b) White has played well and his game is already superior, as it ought to be when we consider the sixth move of his adversary.

(c) He might easily do better here, though it would only avail to prolong the contest.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 12.

1. R-QR-7      1. Anything.  
2. Mates.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. C. N. J.—Many thanks for advice and contributions. Please send solutions to the problems.

A boy stood on the gallery floor,  
At a naughty female show,  
And cast his eyes of glances o'er  
Bald headed sin below,  
"I'm too far back," he sadly said;  
Yet he dared not further go,  
For he saw his aged father's head  
First in the fore-most row.  
—Dramatic and Musical Mirror.

Jokes in Slaughter-house article are italicised to enable the several Editors to know their own.

PUZZLER'S 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.

146.—CROSS PUZZLE.

Respectfully dedicated to Clara L.



First diamond: A letter; a color; places of safety; a tree; a letter. Second: A letter; a root; reckons; a sea-fowl; a letter. Third: A letter; to undermine; places of safety; a flower; a drink made of pears; a kind of sauce from Japan; a letter. Fourth: A consonant; to be drowsy; a title; a steel head-piece; a letter. Fifth: A letter; a highwayman; the power in the lower hemisphere opposite the zenith; to engage; a letter. Sixth: A letter; to give way; to perplex; to embellish; a letter. Seventh: A letter; an idiot; a washing-vessel; to bribe; a letter.      SH. V.

147.—SHIELD PUZZLE.

Across: An English city; a French city; a German city; an Irish city. Down: To become; part of the human face; to debark; a receiver of stolen goods; a continent; to insult; a preposition.      GLEN LYON.

148.—HOLLOW SQUARE.



Across: A certain game; a girl's name. Down: A girl's name; a girl's name.      EPEVEY.

149.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In door, but not in gate;  
In book, but not in slate;  
In barn, but not in stable;  
In weat, but not in able;  
In cat, but not in drink;  
In yellow, but not in pink;  
My whole is a quadruped.

LEWINDER.

150.—DROP LETTER ACROSTIC

-l-t-i-g-p-o-v-e-o-d.  
-p-h-i-i-h.  
-i-e-n-t-d-w-i-fr-o-a-  
Initials give skill.

CLARA L.

151.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 8 letters.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a mountain.

My 5, 6, 7, 8 is true and sincere.  
My whole is a large city of Canada.

WROSE.

152.—CHARADE.

My first you find is something  
That all of us can say;  
My second is what is never round;  
So shape it how you may;  
My whole is something that is found  
In the knots 'day after day.

Q. CUMBER.

153.—CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

A tale; a cry; glitters; measure; measure.  
Centrals name a noted tragedian.

KEMBLE.

154.—DECAPITATIONS.

Have a pellet, behead unwell.  
Behold poverty, have an insect.

ANNA GRAY.

155.—BURIED RIVERS.

We miss our inside performers.  
Don't be too fast Johnnie.

(Answers in two weeks.)      PEW PILL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE 22.

- 127.—Mar-tin.  
128.—Mediterranean.  
129.—Cartwright.

130.—KNOTS  
N O N O  
O N E  
T O  
S

131.—S-I-umber.

132.— C  
S H O  
S T A I N  
C H A R L E S  
O I L E D  
N E D  
S

133.—Sower, sober. Revel, rebel.

134.—Niger, reign, grin, Erin, fire, ire, era

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

X. L. C. R., Halifax, N. S.—We are very pleased to welcome to our ranks one whose name is so well-known in puzzledum, and trust you will be a frequent visitor. We accept your solutions and complimentary remarks. Of the former all are correct with the exception of No. 130.

FANNIE, St. John.—Your favor is received. May we expect some Knots from your pen very soon?

St. J.—All your answers are right. You have succeeded well. Your last instalment has been printed, and its renewal will prove welcome.

Q. CUMBER, St. John.—Your name sounds delightfully cool and refreshing. The words your letter contains left a very pleasant impression upon us. Your awakened interest in the Torch we look upon with approval, and hope its Puzzle Department will often have a share of your favor.

ANDY.—In our last week's paper you will see a "hallow square" over your name. Of course you will excuse either Ellsworth or the compositor, and think it is a new way to spell the word "hollow."

PRIZE.—For the first accurate solution to No. 146 we will give a very handsome penholder. The reader of course will see stars in this puzzle, but on trying to solve it all will come easy.

We quote from St. J.'s letter: "Why is the entrance to a certain building like a persistent dun? One is a barn door, and the other is a darn bore." We appreciate the wit of our facetious correspondent. It is exceeded only by the excellence of his puzzles.

## TERMS:

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

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## TORCH

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 6, 1878.

## DOMINION DAY.

The mode of observing holidays, in this city has changed very much within the last eight or ten years, although the observance of Dominion Day was a little like old times. Before so many railroads were built, and when there was a small supply of stable accommodation, people had to stay at home and amuse themselves there as best they could. There was consequently more of a crowd in the city, and more effort made for its enjoyment. Another thing, that added brightness and excitement to old fashioned holiday keeping, was the presence of the military—who, that has seen him, can forget the gallant little Col. Grierson, and his coal-black steed? Who forgets the Queen's Birthday reviews at the Barracks, when the regular troops, both of infantry and artillery, and our own Volunteers paraded or marched for the pleasure of delighted citizens? Then there were the races on the flats—not these business affairs, where the horses are trained down to a fine point, and sharpness seems to be the law of the game, and everybody is trying to make as much money as possible out of the affair—but jolly races, as much for fun as money. We miss too, the morning Polymorphians and Calithumpians; the athletic sports on the Barrack green; the boat and tub races in the harbor. Now-a-days it is so easy to get out to the quiet lakes and the green fields, that the stay at home people have little amusement to solace their loneliness, unless, as on Monday last, there happens on the holiday a demonstration like the laying of the corner stone of the Masonic hall. Then, of course, as many people are attracted to the city, as the country draws away, and the rich uniform of the higher orders of masons compensates, to some extent, for the absence of the soldiers. Perhaps, however,

Torch readers deem it wasted time, which is spent in lamenting over the decay of old customs. Nobody likes at the concert, or play, to be reminded of the grand singing or acting of somebody whose day is gone by, and so it is a thankless task, to dampen the enjoyment of to-day, with the story of by-gone gladness. Let us seize the present enjoyment—thanking the masons for their imposing procession and ceremonies, for the fine bands of music brought together by them, and their jolly entertainment at the rink, not forgetting the parade by the firemen in the afternoon, and the pyrotechnic display by old "Snow-bird," No. 2, in the evening.

## ABOUT EXCHANGES.

WILD OATS, published in New York, is a well printed and well illustrated journal of wit, humor, satire and good nature. Its leading contributor is that skillful versifier and paragrapher, Mr. R. K. Munkittrick. May the crop never fail!

FELTON TIMES.—This is one of the weighty papers of Oswego County, New York State. Lots of light and entertaining reading in it.

CINCINNATI SATURDAY NIGHT, is the famous "Fat Contributor's" paper. It does not profess to be "devoted" to anything, but A. Miner Griswold manages to keep it well filled with "the best of good reading."

PRINTER'S MISCELLANY FOR JUNE.—With this number the *Miscellany* closes its second volume. *Appropos* to this fact, Editor Finlay asks his subscribers to renew forthwith. How any printer can afford to neglect so reasonable a request is more than we can tell. Typographically the *Miscellany* is the model journal, and its contents, from "Practical Matters," Editorials, Correspondence, &c., down to "Sorts," is admirable.

ACCORDING to announcement, the Rose-Belford Company have issued the initial number of their new Magazine, the full title of which is *Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly and Nation al Review*. The cover is ornamented with an artistically drawn design, printed in "seal" brown. The contents of the number are reviewed in another column.

THE TORCH OF MATRIMONY has been blazing brightly lately. We have to tender congratulations to all our friends, who have been making themselves happy—especially to the popular young King street merchant, who brought his bride home from Brooklyn, on Thursday last. Mr. Thorne is entirely deserving of the congratulations, which have been showered upon him by his host of friends in this city.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.—Arrangements are nearly completed for converting the upper flats of the block of buildings, which is being erected on the corner of King and Charlotte streets, into a first-class Opera House. It is to be hoped the promoters may be successful, as we are sadly in need of one. The situation is the finest in the city. Let us have it by all means.

AT Rheims (reams) Cathedral the music is furnished by the quire—sheet music probably.

Is ca-tarrh a coal'd tar?

O. D. V. owed a V. for *can de vie*.

A Puss & Buck.—Brick Pomroy.

A categorical question: Did you ever see a cat *sep* catsup?

A *stitch* in the side is not necessarily followed by *hem-orage*.

Oarsmen are generally row-bust. When afflicted with disease it is generally of an organic nature.

When you treat a man to a glass of ale, are you brew-tally malt-treating him?

What is the difference between a school-master and a postage stamp? One *licks* with a *stick*, and the other *sticks* with a *lick*.

How do professional singers "raise the wind?" By their *airs*.

What kind of a bridge is the best for a violin? A pon-tune *bridge*.

Ben. Butler was so fond of Africans and Silver, that he should have been called Niggademas.

The life of Ben. Butler will soon be published under the title of "Booty and the Beast."

MAKING LIGHT OF THE LAW.—Barnum Coke.

A fort that no soldier objects to take—Com-fort.

Can fish be considered argumentative because they are fond of de bait?

Can you call a clerk in an oil store a serve-ile fellow?

## PITHY PERSONALS.

—Fratric Enriquo (H. Clay Lukens), besides editing the "Pith and Point" column in the New York *Daily News*, also contributes to the *Danbury News* and the *St. John Torch*. Goodness! how he is raking in the stamps! We don't envy him, for he is a fine fellow, and merits them.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

—At Cresson, last week, a queer fellow met Aleck of *The Philadelphia Times*, and intimated that that paper was coining money. We didn't wait to see Mac lure him to the abode of the spirits.—A. F. Nees.

—Stanley, it is reported, will again set out for Africa; this time under the auspices of the King of Belgium.

—It is announced that Miss Jeanette Bennett, is about to be married to Lord Rossmore (Derrick Warner William Western) the wedding to take place in New York.

—The young Queen Mercedes of Spain died on the 26th ult. She was eighteen years of age, and was married last January.

—Among the passengers for Europe on the 26th ult., were James R. Osgood, the Boston publisher, and Bret Harte. The latter goes abroad to assume the duties of his Consulate.

—Gen. Nicholson, one of the proprietors of the New Orleans *Picayune*, and Mrs. Holbrook, widow of Col. A. M. Holbrook of the same paper, were married on the 27th ult. The bride is a well known writer of prose and verse under the nom de plume of "Pearl Rivers."

—According to the *Graphic*, Vinnie Ream gave Lieut. Hoxie her hand, but not her art.

—The next number of *Puck* will contain a portrait of Gail Hamilton—the only one extant. We predict that it will now undertake a voyage down the Seine.

—Cadet Derby, who stands at the head of the present graduating class at West Point, is a son of the late J. C. Derby of the engineer corps of the United States army, better known as a humorist under the name of "John Phoenix," the famous fisticuffer, who whipped his antagonist and held him to the floor by inserting his nose between the teeth of the vanquished individual.

—The first woman editor in Texas is Mrs. Bella French, who has started the American Sketch Book at Austin.—*Ex.*

—Mr. J. C. Miles returned to his summer studio in St. John, N. B., last Thursday, after a stay of two weeks among his friends in this city. Mr. Miles, according to the press of the Dominion, has gained an enviable place in the estimation of the people of St. John. At a recent sale he sold upward of 50 paintings at prices equal to those of the studio. Mr. Miles will go to Nova Scotia on invitation of a camping party to make sketches for illustrations, and to study nature, of which he is an earnest student.—*Boston Sunday Times.*

—Every day is a Field day with the *St. Louis Journal*—*Hackensack Republican.*

VISIT OF THE PRESS GANG TO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSES.

WHEN we accepted the Slaughter House Commissioner's invitation to visit the licensed Slaughter Houses, on Tuesday, we had no idea that there were to be so many wits in the party, Mr. Elder, who had won fame as a clergyman, who had worked hard as a journalist, and who had long supported "the Government of the day" as a politician, appeared in a new role—that of punster. Reaching Mr. Gallagher's clean and well-kept slaughter house, he looked round for a *cattle logue* of the animals. Learning that swine were no longer kept close to the meat-killing establishment, he said he had noticed a *pig star* change for the better. There was still a smell of *ose(n)-gyn* he thought. Looking at the weapon of death he gave expression to the belief that the number of deaths by *axe-ident* must be very large. He wondered if the cattle ever made a *bolt* for the *cut-throats* (butchers).

Mr. Everett could stand no more of this. He thought that the Journalist Statesman-punster *knife* should attempt to *kill* such an intelligent lot of gentlemen in such a way. *Measure an off-ly lam(b)-ent bore* and should be *soe-seel*: it is not *meat* that I should offend you, but had I known *beef* ore I left the city that you were to act thus, I would not have consented to come." This was Charles's declaration to William, but it was said in such a joking manner, that Mr. Kane, of the *Herald*, ventured the opinion that W. E. was not *chop-fallen*. Christian A. Robertson offered to put up *stakes* that there were other *humorous lights* in the establishment. Treasurer Moore evidently did not see that Chris. intended a joke, for he took up the words, and said the butchers handled such *lights* every day. "No *Moore* of this, please," was the request of Mr. Blakslee, who further remarked that the Inspector might be *Bustin*, but he did not think the jokes likely to cause any one else to be *Bustin*. He concluded with "I *Kane* not see why people inclined in making puns." For this he was *punished* by having his attention called by Mr. Hennigar of the *Globe* to a *puu cheon* containing blood. The *Globe* man's joke was that there would be terrible consternation if such a large *blood vessel* burst. "Johnny" was applauded, but he got off no other joke. Thus were *Puns* re-tail-ed.

A visit to Kane's gave Elder and other witty ones a chance to tell how appropriate a name Kane was for a butcher. "Wasn't Cain the

first butcher?" and other such *Abel* questions were asked. "*Eeen* so" was pronounced. *A lam* had answer to the first question. At Mr. Josselyn's they continued to *Josselyn* jokes of all kinds, and at Calkin's, on seeing a leak in the sluice, half a dozen of them suggested almost at the same time that it needed *Calkin*.

Mr. Magee bore up under the whole of it like a true christian—Christian Robertson. Some one suggested, on seeing some ox tails at Kane's, that they would make good ox-tail soup. This gave brother McDade of the *News* a chance to say "do you soup ose that I would eat ox-stale soup?" "No Mike dade an' you wouldn't," said Mr. Elder. Chris. said the smell was offal before they comm need the purefying process, and carried offalot of the offensive matter.

One of the party, of an inquisitive nature, asked Mr. Calkin, while he was kindly showing us through his establishment, if with such an expensive establishment, it was possible to "make both ends meet." Mr. C. gave him a withering look, and that mild eyed young reporter cowed under the sarcastic glance.

A visit to the Pork Park, connected with Mr. Jesselyn's establishment caused a ray of light to illuminate "M. I. K. E.'s" countenance for a moment as he blurted out "Mr. Elder don't you think a pig-pen would be appropriate to write up this racket?" Mr. E. saw the point of the pen-joke about an hour after and laughed heartily.

But it's dinner time so we must bid Mr. Calkin and Silver Falls adieu and start for home, thanking the Commissioners for their kindness in giving us such a nice drive, and showing us the really extraordinary improvements they have made in the Slaughter Houses. They deserve the thanks of the entire community for their inde-fat-igable efforts in purefying these places and we hope that their services will be suitably recognized.

CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

Why is a bald headed man like a person in a close room? Because he wants more air.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

When your beef is over-done you want it more rare.

Hugh Cooper, an employe in the Post Office at Chicago, has been arrested for robbing the mails.—*Ex.*

He was probably trying to re-cooper-ate his finances.

Elinore writes to ask "if any man ever role upon a star?" Certainly, my dear, don't you remember when Balaam had an asteroid? Hay?—*Whitehall Times.*

Isn't James Robinson the "Great Bear" back rider?

A farmer in Warren County writes to us inquiring what he should get for kicking cows, you should get five years in the Penitentiary, if you kick them every milking time.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night Dairy* say anything in reply?—*N. Y. News.*

Better teat ch them not to kick.

The Rays should get some new songs—*Dramatic Mirror.*

There is no rays-on why they shouldn't raise some new ones.

Girls find it hard to learn to swim. They are not naturally boy ant.—*Stamford Advocate.*

They learn to pad-dle easy enough.

An enthu-istic patriot says he wants to have a gala day next month, but doesn't he think a gala-day would prove rather too much of a good thing?—*Stamford Advocate.*

How could one a day be two much?

A chap over on Long Island has named his little boy, Bret Tarte. No one but an acid

think of picking out a name like that.—*Yonker's Gazette.*

That's your idea.

A nice rig—when a man is a little hoarse and his wife a little sulky.—*Chrysal.* And their bed a little buggy.—*N. Y. News.*

And both their tongues waggin'

A missed-ache—the one that was left with the tooth you had pulled.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

Another missed steak—the one that was stolen from the butcher.

The *Detroit Free Press* man says that women can puff their own hair without calling for the aid of newspapers. Perhaps they can; but when they want to puff the rear of their dresses they frequently call in the aid of the press, and make considerable bustle about it, too.—*Norristown Herald.*

Yes, they often come to the Torch office, and ask for back numbers.

The *Norristown Herald* is willing to pay a premium for a pun on insinglass. Well, speak about some young lady looking at herself in a mirror: she sees eyes in glass. Or speak of a young man looking at a sherry cobbler: he sees ice in glass. But let us forbear.—*N. Y. Herald.* Yes or the man who cries "glass put in" he says "I-sing-glass."—*Whitehall Times.*

Or as an old maid pane-fully says, "I single lass!"

A young man writes back from Idaho:—"Dear mother, I have only time to tell you that I have decided to halter my course and rise in the world.—*St. Louis Journal.* Poor fellow, ten minutes later he took a drop too much, that lowered him in the estimation of the public.—*N. Y. News.*

Which shows that a young man shouldn't hang around bar-rooms until he gets to be a noose-nee.

There is a songstress named Sexton, a tenor named Graves and a baritone named Tomba.—*Boston Traveller.*

Where do they re-hearse?

PROF. C. F. HARTT.—A pleasing tribute is paid to the memory of our late talented townsman, Prof. Chas. F. Hartt, in the last number of the *Norristown Herald*. It was written by the New York correspondent of the *Herald*, a gentleman well-known in literary circles. We shall try and find a place for it in our next.

THE PROMENADE CONCERT, under the auspices of Hibernia Lodge, at the Rink, on Monday evening, was a grand success. There were about 2,000 persons present, and the delightful music of the bands was greatly appreciated. We congratulate the committee, who worked so energetically, on the successful result of their labors.

PROF. HERR MAX STERNE, having left the Sackville Educational Institute, is now located in this city, and intends to give lessons in Instrumental and Vocal Music. He has achieved a fine reputation as a teacher, and we cheerfully recommend him to those desirous of receiving musical instruction.

The *Yonkers Gazette* comes to us in exchange brim full of good things, and it is capable of holding a good supply. (This joke is probably h-old enough to use). We shall take con-sci-ous-able pleasure in cutting your acquaintance every week. "Why?" do you say. Because it paste to do so. Good health!

SONNET.

In years agone did glib about her hair  
 The sun-hine sweet, and in her tender eye  
 The violet blossomed. Does it blossom there,  
 And with her cheek do envious roses vie?  
 I do not know! 'Twas once a thought of mine  
 That when she spoke the birds did gaudier  
 sing—  
 That when she smiled the sun did brighter  
 smile—  
 That when she laughed all seasons were like  
 spring.  
 Ah me! To me no season e'er can bring  
 The purple glories of the days of old—  
 The birds that sang as they no more can sing—  
 The morning's crimson, or the evening's  
 gold!  
 The ear is deaf exempt to discord awe,  
 And beauty charms the eye no more, no  
 more!

—H. L. SPENCER, in *Rose-Belford's*, for June.

TO ENGLAND.

O, England, thou who has oft led  
 The vanguard of the fight;  
 Whose sons their dearest blood have shed  
 In battle for the right;  
 In this, thy history's trying hour,  
 We dread no eclipse of thy power  
 By wily Muscovite;  
 Thy children still are brave to dare  
 As those who fought at Trafalgar.  
 Well hast thou weighed, with cautious hand,  
 The merits of thy claim,  
 And armed with justice, made a stand  
 That glids thy ancient fame;  
 The world, with one accordant voice,  
 Proclaims thee right, applauds thy choice  
 To keep unstained that name  
 That always has to tyrants been  
 A Nemesis of threatening mien.

When that unsparing homicide,  
 Napoleon—the First,  
 A continent in blood had dyed,  
 Nor yet assuaged his thirst—  
 Thine was the hand that plucked him down,  
 That hurled him from his despot's throne.  
 His galling fetters burst;  
 Thy avenging sword is still as true  
 As when it flashed at Waterloo.

Columbia, the offspring land,  
 That would not brook the rod  
 When wielded by a despot hand,  
 But Freedom's pathway trod—  
 She, thy most proud and stalwart child,  
 To thee at last is reconciled,  
 And buries 'neath the sod  
 The broken arrow and the bow,  
 Nor ever loved thee well as now.

But there are stains upon thy cheek  
 As well as on thy breast,  
 That of a guilty glory speak,  
 Of liberties oppressed  
 Now is the time to show the world  
 That, where thy banner is unfurled,  
 Oppression cannot rest;  
 That thy far echoing bugle's cry  
 Sounds the death knell of tyranny.

And if from out the gathered cloud  
 Beams there no hopeful gleam;  
 If Justice hands to thee her sword  
 To crush ambition's dream—  
 May He who rules the fate of wars  
 Uphold thee in thy righteous cause,  
 And thine the victory deem;  
 And be thy watchword in the fight,  
 Thy cherished motto—"God and Right."

W. H. EDWARDS.

New York, May 31, 1878.

—*Stanford* (Conn.) *Advocate*

Louis Aldrich is playing the lead ng part in Barber's Campbell's new play, "The Virgilians," at the Grand Opera House in New York.

TORCH.

STAGE SPARKS.

HE S. ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.—On Tuesday evening this talented Company opened with Paragonette's "Chimes of Normandy." Miss Lee played in the leading role as "Mignonette" was very acceptable, and her voice as a rather loud for the size of the hall. "Gemma," by Mrs. Squin, was artistically taken. She possesses a very fine contralto voice, which she handled quite skillfully, especially in the lower register. Her singing was excellent, and she was frequently applauded. Mr. Gottle, as the Marquis of Villiers, sustained his part admirably. He has a tenor voice of considerable compass, and received an enthusiastic encore for his pleasing rendition of the "Bonho Waite Song," to which he graciously responded. Mr. C. H. Turner, as Robo More, an unusual company's rendition, was excellent in make up, and his deep bass voice was very fine. The audience quickly recognized his most tortious an ally as an actor and singer, which they expressed by frequent bursts of applause. Mr. Squin's voice did not seem equal to the singer, but his acting was *au fait*. The choruses were fine, and the parts well balanced. The Orchestra was good but light.

The "Bohemian Girl" did not draw a very good house on Wednesday evening, which in a measure, may be accounted for by the lack of vim among the singers. Miss Lee's song, either from nervousness or a want of familiarity with the part, was far from perfect in the role of Arline. She possesses a sweet voice, and sang "I dream I dwell in Marble Halls" very effectively, for which she was loudly applauded; but having to be prompted so often marred what would otherwise have been a satisfactory representation. Mrs. Squin gave a finished and artistic rendition of the tipsy Queen. She was "every inch a Queen" in her appearance and action, and her powerful rich contralto voice was dispensed to the best advantage. Mrs. Turner's *Madame* was very fine, although at times he seemed too histrionic. His "Fair Land of Poland" was the gem of the evening, and truly deserves a loud and long-continued round of applause. Mr. Packes, as "Count Arubim," sustained his part admirably, and was frequently applauded. He seemed to be affected with a hoarse nose, which was plainly perceptible in his solo "The Heart Bowed Down." Mr. Gottle, as if he ever had a good one, sang "I dream I dwell in Marble Halls" very well, but his voice was very weak. Mr. Warren's *Forester* was very acceptable. The ladies and gentlemen who took parts in the choruses did nicely.

The "Chimes of Normandy" was repeated on Thursday evening, and last evening they performed "Fra Diavolo." There will be a matinee this afternoon, when "The Chimes will be given again, and they close this evening in "The Hermit's Cell," and open in Halifax on Monday next.

Charlotte Thompson, supported by an excellent corps of actors, has been playing at Buckhill Hall, to a terribly bad house. This is unexpected, as she is an artist of recognized ability and richly deserves the complimentary acknowledgments of her merits. One reason of the small attendance is on account of the bad reports in which this place of amusement has got through Madame Fagan's Brunettes, but it is hardly fair that a respectable and talented company like this should suffer for the sake of others.

She opened on Saturday evening last in "Jane Eyre," and her debut in this city was acknowledged by those present to be a great success. She appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the minutiae of the character, and, although the stage accommodation is very inferior, she received enthusiastic applause for her meritorious rendition of the part. Squin's *Forester* doing justice personally to the others, each of whom gave an admirable support.

We have not had an opportunity to attend since, but understand that they play on Thursday evening to a full house, and that every one was delighted.

Mr. John E. Healey left for New York yesterday morning to engage a company of Variety artists to perform at Buckhill Hall. The season commences on the 25th inst.

Jennie Lee has no idea of coming soon again to this country. All her time is filled up to Christmas in England with "Jo,"—*Beautiful Mirrors*. Hope she'll have a *Jo-Lee* wave as the Jennie-Lee does.

The *Mirror* wants Charlotte Thompson to visit Philadelphia next season.

Miss Lizzie May Upton is playing in "Conrad the Corsair," at the Boston Globe.

George S. Knight should pay another visit to this city with "Oris." *Philadelphia Mirror*.

They Otto be day-lighted to have another visit from Knight.

W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), is dangerously ill in Nebraska.

McDOWELL'S COMPANY will re-open at the Institute on Monday evening with Mr. Nell Warner as the star attraction. Miss Fanny Keeves is a new addition to the staff.

Harry Crisp, Alfred Hudson, and Jennie Crozier will be in the Boston Museum Company, next season.

Adelina Patti netted six thousand dollars at her Bologna benefit. If there is so much benefit in business, we must learn to like *business*. *Y News*.

Luisie Pomeroy, the actress, is a Cleveland girl, and before her marriage to Edith Pomeroy was the wife of Frank Thomas, from whom she was divorced. Her maiden name was B. Der.

Miss Emma Abbott is to take Miss Emily McNeill's place in the Hess English Opera Company next

season, and the *Beautiful Mirrors* won't lose how she is going to manage. It says "her style of dress will play fully with the fun of opera bouffe."

If the style of Miss Emma, don't suit Mr. Hess, and she's in a dilemma, let her buy a *Jo-Lee*.  
 Wool's Era.

J. R. Grismer supports Rignold at the California, in San Francisco.

Wm. Calder and his wife, Alfie Chippendale, have been engaged by Jurett & Palmer to play Uncle Tom at the Empire in London.

Our "Innocent Pastor," with all that the name implies, is a Washington *Washington*, *Beautiful Mirrors*.

We hope it is "In-noise we A-loud" play.  
 John C. Cooper is to have a benefit at the Globe soon. Many prominent citizens of Boston have signed the testimonial, and it is said he will have a bumper house.

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 Yawcock Strauss, and other Poems," by Chas. F. Adams.
  - 6th do.—"Advantages 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 August.

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. Know es, Barrister, &c., in Bayard 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.

MONTGOMERY, N. B., May 7th, 1878.  
 J. J. ROBERTSON, Esq., St. John, N. B.

STEARNS.—In January last I came to Mon ton from Yorkbrook to consult a physician, as I was in the last stage of consumption. When I arrived here I had at one to go to my bed, and was so low I never expected to leave it. A physician was called who pronounced my case to be incurable, that I might live a week or two, but not more. As a last resort he recommended Robinson's Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime, I purchased a bottle and after taking the first dose, commenced to improve. It seemed, after taking a dose, as if I had eaten a good hearty meal. I have continued taking it ever since and am rapidly improving. I am confident that had it not been for your oil I should have been in any way you wish, as I am anxious to let others who are afflicted in the same way, know, in the hope that they too may receive the same benefit.  
 I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,  
 GEORGE (his X mark) SEW 31 L.

Witness—Ed. M. ESTRY,  
 Robinson's Phosphated Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto Phosphate of Lime is prepared solely by J. H. ROBINSON, Fish-merchants, Chestnut St. John, N. B. For sale by Druggists and general Dealers. Price \$ per bottle of six bottles for \$5.  
 may 25

1878. SPRING STYLES. 1878  
 SILK HATS.  
 WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS.  
 Also in stock—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELP HATS, 7 1/2 to 7 7/8.  
 THORNE BROS.,  
 Hat and Fur Store, 35 King Street



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If you want some good "Three Star"  
Call on George at "Temple Bar."  
"Cobblers," "Juleps," "Brandy Smash,"  
"Made first-class, and cheap for cash."  
And for those who wear the "Blue"  
Lemonade and beer for you.  
If you want a prime cigar  
Come at once to "Temple Bar."

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**FISHING THREAD**

WE have received a large stock of  
GILLING THREADS, assorted,  
all numbers, to use.

DAILY EXPECTED:

**3000 lbs. Dressed Salmon  
Twine;**  
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For sale at Commission Prices.

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Feb 22-4f.

**Real Estate Agency.**

THE subscriber wishes to inform the pub-  
lic 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. WATTERS,  
Office Vernon's Building,  
Corner King and Germain st.

Feb 9

**NORRIS BEST,**

GENERAL IMPORTER OF

**Iron & Metals,**

No. 120 & 122 Water St.  
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TWEEDS, WORSTED COATINGS, Blue  
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fit guaranteed.

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nouncing that the

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Situating in Mullin Bros. Block,  
Cor. Dock St. & North Wharf,  
Thankful for past patronage, a continu-  
ance of the same is respectfully solicited.  
Jan 12 C. COURTENAY.

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

Provisional Subscription Committee

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

St. John, January 26th, 1878.

C. R. RAY, President.

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and until further notice, the splendid  
sea-going steamer, New York, E. R.  
Winchelsea, master, and 400 of Portland,  
S. H. Pike, master, will leave Reid's  
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and Friday mornings, at 8 o'clock, for  
Eastport, Portland and Boston.  
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Connecting both ways at Eastport with  
the steamer Belle Bowler for St. Andrews and  
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Prompt attention to Business

They hope to receive a continuance  
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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.  
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Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 6m)

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kept on reasonable terms, and supplied  
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A call respectfully solicited.  
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**DENTAL NOTICE.**

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

**Rouillon Josephine  
KID GLOVES,**

First Choice.

JUST RECEIVED—One Case of the  
above celebrated

**GLOVES**

in street and evening shades.  
McCARTHY & DALY,  
Corner King and Germain streets,  
may 1

**WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS  
Must be True!**

THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every  
size, lined, unlined, Buck & Castors.  
ROUILLON'S SEAMLESS FIRST  
CHOICE KIDS.

**Black Goods and Silks!**

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock  
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Gentlemen's UNDERCLOTHING  
every make.  
MACKENZIE BROTHERS,  
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**Ready-Made Clothing.**

The Cheapest Lot of Goods ever  
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A GOOD SUIT FOR \$8.00;  
A FIRST-CLASS SUIT FOR \$16.00;  
THE BEST IN THE MARKET FOR \$14.00;  
WORKING PANTS from \$2.00 to \$3.00;  
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Custom Work a Speciality.

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**KERR & SCOTT**

Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants,  
17 King Street, St. John, N. B.

**PARK HOTEL****Boarding and Livery Stable  
SYDNEY STREET.**

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**THURGAR & RUSSELL,**

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

ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG,  
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Wines  
and Spirits, Havana Cigars and Tobaccos,  
No. 2 King Square,  
Branch Store, 18 Charlotte Street, N. B.  
dec 22 ly

**M. A. FINN,**

Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana  
Cigars, Hazen Building King Square.  
dec 22 ly 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 BAYARD BUILDING  
Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.  
(dec 22)

**FERRICK BROTHERS,**

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

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