



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

Vol. I.

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1878.

No. 11

(For the Torch.)

HAVE I DONE WELL?

You will not see me when the sun goes down,
Nor when the moon beams o'er the Silent
Town:

But you will ask, (was that a tear that fell?)
Have I done well?

The question will arise, and many a time,
Evoked by something else than this poor
rhyme—

Morn, noon and night—the why I need not
tell—

Have I done well?

Have I done well? Alas, we all do ill!
Men are but mortal look where'er we will!
The question strikes all hearts like funeral bell,
Have I done well?

MAURICE O'QUELL.

(For the Torch.)

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No. 8.

A log house, with two rooms and a ladder-
like stairway, leading to a dormitory beneath
the roof.

A white-headed bee whose nights are dream-
less, but whose days are full of dreams.

A school house, two miles away, that stands
by the side of a brook, (it is called a river)
overhung with birch and hemlock.

Schoolmistresses with bright eyes, squint
eyes, mild eyes, and tender eyes! Poor Meri-
bah! she never grows old!

Schoolmasters unshaved and unshorn! school-
masters dapper and trim, who profess to know
somewhat of the world and its ways, and who
are looked upon as prodigies, in the neighbor-
hood.

Reading, Riting and Rithmetie! the three
great R's of Respectability and Renown.

The Village Academy superciliously staring
at the less pretentious Medical College across
the way.

The Medical College whose students battle
with the Academicians, recalling the battles of

Town and Gown, as described by Cathbert
Bede.

Some memories of Frances, and Julia, and
Jane, and Fanny, and Laura, and a host of
angels in dimity, whose names are forgotten!

Business! but still a dreamer of dreams!

Memory is a peculiar faculty! My remem-
brance of occurrences long past is more vivid
than it is of those of recent date. I fancy this
is why we have but one home on earth. I see
with distincter vision the tree on which the
school boy carved his name, than nature in its
grandest aspects, visited a year ago. Our
young days are our best days, and in our young
life the happiness of this world is concentrated.
(Suretoborus grins a ghastly and ghoul like
grin). I have seen life in pretty much all its
phases, and sometimes I am led to think that
the monk is not unwise who shuts himself up
in his cell. For what is life but a series of dis-
appointments, which might have been antici-
pated, but of which inexperience has no knowl-
edge and takes no heed? Smythe Alsmythe
walks into a ditch, and Peter Alpeter says,
served him right—but the difference between
the two is that one had more experience than
the other—nothing else. Yet Alpeter says
Alsmythe is a fool, forgetting that he was once
a fool himself.

So the world wags, and lying back in my
easy chair, I conclude that its delusions are of
most magnificent proportions. (Suretoborus
nods, and his approval of the sentiment is evi-
dent).

It is no wonder that we turn fondly to our
young days. Then, when John spoke us well,
we knew his meaning and appreciated his
kindness, and when Tom spoke us ill, we ap-
preciated his meaning, and, meeting him on
the school-house green settled the matter by
"wager of battle" in chivalric style.

We never heard, then, of sanctimonious
drivellers, with faces a yard long and souls an
inch wide, stealing into one's house and stirring
up domestic discord. We never heard then of a
man's money being expended in the employ-
ment of spies to dog his steps and misrep-
resent his acts. Our young days are our best
days, and we all, alas, wander away from
Heaven as the years go by.

Years, years have rolled away since when
I roamed, a thoughtless child,
Through Belgo's wood and vale and glen
And o'er her mountains wild:
Years, years whose history no tongue
Or pen may ever tell,—
Years, wasted years, unvoiced, unsung,
And if forgotten, well!

I mind me of the brooks that met
The bridge of stone below;—
With fairy forms I people yet
The valleys where they flow;
I mind me of the road that wound
The daisied hills among—
The castled rock—the haunted ground—
The songs my play mates sung.

The mountains blue! What courtly trains
Rode o'er their grassy slopes!
What castles rose, rose with pictured panes
In every vale and copse!
I question as the past I scan
With mingled grief and joy,
Why every boy would be a man,
And every man a boy.

The little god that billiardists worship—
Cue-pid.—*Whitcall Times.*

What do ladies like to sip better than tea?
Gos-sip.

The goose is probably the tailor's emblem
on account of its dress-ing.—St. John TORCH.
More likely on account of its big bill.—*Norris-
town Herald.*

Jules Ferry, the French Republican leader, is
said to be threatened with insanity from the
excessive use of hair dye.—*Ex.*

That's Jerry bad for Jules. He'd better give
up the use of it dye-rectly.

The TORCH is a combustible paper that comes
from St. John, N. B., and the fellow who bears
the lighted taper so gracefully in its columns is
Joseph S. Knowles. It is small, but full of
wage; and we hope the TORCH may long blaze
for the en-light enment of its readers.—*Dan-
ielsonville Sentinel.*

The "Ace of Clubs" is the name of a Boston
Press Club, of which the genial Dexter Smith
is president. The members are all trumps.—
Turner's Falls Reporter.

Yes, and when the members go home and
tell their wives that they've been at the "Club"
all night, their breaths smell strongly of card-
amon seeds.

[For the Torch]

A FRAGMENT.

"I seem to myself like a leaf,
Floating hither and thither,
On the wild and turbulent tide
Of a deep flowing river —
Tossed hither and thither, the sport
Of stormy tempest and rain—
Hurled amid rocks by thunder shocks,
Or drifted out to the main.

"I seem to myself like a leaf,
Torn from the sheltering tree
By winter's cold and ruthless hand,
Despotic upon the sea—
The prey of the elements wild,
Buffeted, thrown to and fro,
Perchance to perish 'neath the weight
Of hyperborean snow."

GLOW-WORM.

[For the Torch]

ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

No. 5.—On Young Men.

The young male of the human species is the most obnoxious specimen of the animal kingdom. Nothing more clearly shows the wondrous power of Nature in evolving order from the most incongruous materia, than the evolution of many of these specimens into comparatively good christians and moderately good men.

With a view to simplify the scientific analysis of the Young Man, I separate the process of his development into three cycles: Firstly, the stand-up collar era; secondly, the shaving period; and, thirdly, the boot and girl epoch.

I should only distress the reader were I to dwell on the characteristics of the bullet-headed boy. There are few households that have not suffered from his presence. At a certain stage of the creature's existence, however, the close observer cannot fail to note a slight change in his habits. The mop-skulled youth takes to splitting his hair exactly in the middle, and objects any longer to have missing buttons substituted by pins. Passers by may observe him staring in at tailors' windows, and eventually his craving culminates in buying a box of paper collars. At length one Saturday night, (with a view to next day being Sunday), he creeps shamefacedly into the parlor and presents himself to his family. Mother and the girls gave a little scream, for lo! he stands confessed in an all-rounder! This completes the first stage of development. It is, generally, during this period that the neophyte encloses to the Jewelry company a one dollar bill, and receives in return a massive watch-cable of Montreal gold, to which it is his fondest desire to append a Waltham watch—which he has some vague idea of obtaining, together with a chrono, for procuring the largest number of subscribers to the *Bungtown Chronicle*.

Soon after the collar era the old man—as he already irreverently styles his father,—misses a razor, and observes the leather back of the family bible a good deal hacked, where some one has been sharpening. Bridget complains

to the missus that somebody has been stealing soap. Janey and Sarah peep thro' brother Sam's keyhole and see him with his face lathered, and from that moment the hobbledeloy takes rank as a young man.

About this time the young man discovers that nature has provided him with feet about two sizes too large. All his efforts are thenceforth directed to compress them into smaller dimensions. Now he sows his crop of corns; the sowing of wild oats comes later. Our young man with his Sunday boots on, is like Nebuchadnezzar's image,—a front of brass and feet of clay. These sufferings of the young male are incurred with a view to finding favor in the eyes of the female of the species. Solomon professed himself unacquainted with "the way of a man with a maid," and it remains among the mysteries how the young man first becomes acquainted with the Girl of the period. Nevertheless the acquaintance progresses, causing great curiosity to young male's kin. The agonizing crisis that separates him for ever from his family, is reached when he walks up the aisle of the Institute, with the Girl on his arm, while his maternal parent sits at home and sadly sings: "Who will care for mother now?"

Such are the progressive steps by which the human cub is developed into the bearded swell. Nature has many such transformations, the most noticeable being that of the loathsome tadpole into the noble frog. Darwin says we have all been progressively evolved, but, looking around and noting many *who have been young men*, I think there must be some mistake about the survival of the fittest.

[For the Torch.]

NO. SEVEN OF THE WIDOW McKILLIGAN SERIES.

"Penny," said Aggy, as we were leisurely discussing our breakfast. "Do you know that this is St. Valentine's Day?"

"Yes," I replied, "look out for a lot of tender billet-doux."

"Nonsense, Penny," she replied, "ow you do talk." The next instant the front door bell rang, and Bridget trotted to open it, soliloquizing thus: "Oh whirra! whirra! masha-free-antha-britchen-ah, who's yan so airly?" In a moment she entered the room with her apron half full of valentines.

"There's to ye," said she throwing them on the table, "an may the devil fly away wid 'em, bad cess to em."

Aggy tossed them over a moment, and throwing three into my lap, commenced her own. I looked at mine a moment, and then thrust them into my pocket to be dissected at leisure, like the senders' hearts, if they had any, which is doubtful. Besides, I wanted to watch Aggy.

Presently she threw down one she had been reading, and burst into a ringing peal of laughter. "What is it?" I asked, snatching at the Valentine. "It's that 'orrid 'omeycomb,'" said she. Here it is:

"Agatha, my queen, my beautiful one!

Fairer than lilies, bright as the sun,

Of female perfections the total and sum!

Hear my prayer:

Beloved, Oh force me no longer to roam,
Nor an idolator make of your own Honeycomb,
But conent, and at once to be bone of my bone—

Or I swear—

When I had got so far, a shriek from Aggy made me drop the missive. She slipped from

her chair and rolled to the floor convulsed with laughter, holding her sides to keep from bursting. I picked up the cause of her merriment. It ran thus, as Artenus Ward would say:

Spoon Ouk, tother side beaver dam.

"Few the feminine gender at Hickory-holler,
How in creation do ye dew?
I'm as lunsome ivar as a big thomas cat
Spitting out a two-forty mew.

Chorus—

Thars a bullfrog croaking all alone
Down in the mudder,
Corn shocks an muss kit-tees,
I'm gwine fir the Widder—
Er blew-bell; don't keer which, two forty ont.

I feel jist like a one-shot gun,
Er the fint without the steel,
Er a gander goose without its mate
A goin round on his heel

I feel, I feel like a staggerin bob
A huntin fur his mammy,
Er like the fox down by the barn
A lookin for a lammie.

Chorus—

Thars a bull-frog croakin all alone
Down in the mudder,
Corn shocks an muss kit-teers,
I'm gwine fir the Widder.

When I had got so far, Aggy interrupted me by crying out: "This yer one must be from the Torch hi hantipate. 'Ow delightful! hi jist dote on heditors, they're so hintellectable han that."

"How do you know it's from the Torch?" I asked.

"That's jist like you, Penny Fowler," she said, "to be so bagravatin has that, because de-a-r Joey's made ha bridge hof your nose. Jist see now wat a sweet poic ee is!"

"Since Eve was brought to Adam,
A lonely and listless man,
There's never been such another
As peerless McKilligan.

"Such grace, such form, such action—
Pray match her, ye who can;
My sweetest, most substantial,
Bewitching McKilligan!

"Were mine the lovely fingers
That clasp that jewelled fan,
Ye gods! I'd not change places
With Tartary's great Khan!"

Your devoted lover, T—H.

"Oh my, ow sweet, ow," ejaculated Aggy. Just there came a rat tat tat at the door. Aggy seized all the Valentines and bundled them under the sofa without any ceremony, and composed herself to receive her guest, who proved to be old Aunt Mahala Crossgrain.

"How do ye do, Niece McKilligan," said she sailing solemnly into the room. "Mornin, Penny. I jist thought I'd drop in a minute. Ye hear tell o' the wonderful sudden death yesterday. Brother Grindhard's got over the river to last, an Sister Hepzibah Hardscrabble that's fit the fight so long, has gone."

"His hit possible," said Aggy, quite shocked, "hi didn't ear of hit."

"Oh no, belikes not: giddy high-flyin folks, sich as live to here ain't like to hear no hallelujahs when the warfare's ended, an the fight all fit—"

"Good massey, whatever's under my feet?" she cried out jumping up. Instantly Bounce emerged from under her skirt, his mouth filled with the precious Valentines. The grim mistress gave one glance at them.

"Agatha McKilligan," said she in frigid tones, "is it possible that a woman of your time of life should go foolin' around with such carnal valentines as Valentines? Why, I'm ashamed of you; but mebbe they belong tew Penny Fowler?"

Aggy's face grew red as fire.

"Hid'd like to know what you mean by my

time of life, Mahala Crossgrain?" she queried with asperity, her eyes snapping like fire-crackers.

"A woman as old as you had ought to know better, a member of the church, too, an' a widdier woman, fine times for do it tow," snapped out Mahala, hauling out her knitting. "Look at me!" cried Agzy sternly.

"Oh, I see ye often enough for that matter," said the other, as imperturbable as a stone: "a flighty, stuck-up piece, as proud as a Luciee since Number 3 died an' left you all his money, more fool he!" Grow-Woan.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Feb. 19.

Who has not heard of Mary's little lamb and its fondness for its mistress? Indeed, the interest of that touching poem, in which the exploits of the lamb are set forth, centres so completely about the animal that we almost forget that Mary, too, has a claim on our sympathies. The poem, therefore, will gain new interest for many, when it is known that the little lamb's Mary was in town this week, and in an interview confirmed all that has been told of her pet, and showed a portion of that "fleece as white as snow." So, hereafter, let no sceptic hint that the story of Mary and her lamb is a myth, or a fable handed down from the dim regions of antiquity.

The poor dogs have been having it hot and heavy the past week. At a hearing the other day, many arguments for and against them were brought forward. One party claims that they are injurious both to property and life; that many cases of hydrophobia have occurred in the last few years, and proposes that the dog tax be increased, and that dogs be subjected to the same restrictions as cows, sheep, etc. The other side maintains that real cases of hydrophobia are rare, that dogs protect more property than they destroy, and, in short, endeavor to refute the arguments of the former party. In our opinion, however, the former take the right view of the case.

This afternoon a performance of "Kip Van Winkle" will be given at the Globe, by amateurs in aid of the "Society for the Elevation of the Stage." The rehearsals have been very satisfactory, and as the piece is finely mounted, success may be expected. In fact, every ticket has been sold already. The movie is one in the right direction, and doubtless will lead to a partial, if not entire attainment of the desired end.

The military party of the National Lancers, at their armory last week, was a very fine affair. The hall was thronged, and the parti-colored uniforms of the members, mingled with the bright dresses of the ladies, presented a very gorgeous appearance.

For the last few days the sleighing has been poor, but just before, the avenues leading from the city were lined with sleighs. Several serious accidents happened last week. One young lady, while driving with a gentleman in Brookline, had her skull fractured, from the collision of a runaway horse with the sleigh in which she was driving.

A prominent firm of confectioners have been on trial this week for adulterating candy. They stated that they had been in the habit of using chromate of lead as a colouring matter,

not believing it poisonous. They were found guilty on that count, but acquitted on the charge of general adulteration.

"LEAH."

BOSTON, Feb. 26, 1878.

One hundred and forty-six (146) years ago last Friday, there came into the world an infant, who in after years was destined to become famous as the hero of that remarkable story concerning the cherry tree and the hatchet. In his life he performed (we believe) one or two other deeds worthy of honorable mention, but the episode of the little hatchet will ever remain firmly fixed in the minds of American youth. The old woman who nursed George Washington, and the old man who shook hands with him are every year becoming rarer, and some day the newspaper paragraphist will be forced to invent a new item to take the place of the one that has served its turn for so many years.

Washington's Birthday this year was very rainy, and as the storm prevented all outside observances, one would scarce have realized that it was a holiday had it not been for a few half-drenched flags and the ringing of the bells at sunrise, noon and sunset. Indoors, however, receptions by several prominent ladies were given, and at the Music Hall an entertainment consisting chiefly of fancy dances was well attended by the children.

One often hears of running through time, but this week a gentleman literally waltzed through quite a portion of time. On Friday, Prof. Cartier accomplished the somewhat unusual feat of waltzing for thirteen consecutive hours, without resting a moment. Thirteen different ladies were his partners, and change of partners was made without any loss of time. While in motion he also partook of refreshments. It is said that he would not hesitate to wager \$2,500 that he can waltz as long as a man can walk, the rate of speed being not less than four miles per hour.

Madame Modjeska, the great Polish actress, made her first appearance on the Boston stage on the evening of the 21st, as "Adrienne Lecocq," to a highly cultivated audience, among whom were Prof. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Miss Clara Doria, etc. Madame Modjeska's acting has been so highly praised, that some who expected to be "perfectly carried away" were a little disappointed, but only those who tried could find fault. Madame Modjeska is tall and slender, with wonderful dark eyes, and her acting is the very perfection of art. There was such a rush for tickets on Saturday, that some people went as early as 5 a. m., to wait for them. As many speculators took advantage of the demand for tickets the managers of the theatre have held an auction sale, at which tickets were sold at a premium of from twenty-five to eighty cents.

Services are held in the Moody and Sankey Tabernacle by Major Whittle and Mr. McGranahan every evening except Saturday: on Sunday an audience of four thousand were present in the great building. These gentlemen will stay here about a week later, and are doing a very good work.

LEAH.

"With these few remarks, Mr. Chairman, I will resume my seat," he said with a majestic bow, but the small boy had slightly interfered with his calculations, by pulling the chair away, and the orator had the floor again. Moral: It is well enough to appoint a date at which to resume specie payments, but we had better be careful not to allow the silver boys to pull the chair of financial stability away at a time when it is most needed. - *Turner's Falls Reporter.*

How does a chiropodist make a living? By razing ache corns.

TORCHISMS.

***What geometrical sign would you use to name the sun? Why call him a *tan-gent*.

***And now they adulterate honey. This is a bees-ty fraud.—*Terry Haute Mail.*

A man who would do this should be kept in a "cell," receive fifty "whacks" a day, and when he dies be condemned to everlasting punishment in as "swarm" a corner as "Old Nick" can find him."

***Does Scotch whiskey taste *snooky* when it comes in pipes?

***Suggestive — Mr. Bean has opened a hotel in Concord.

Kept, probably, on the Euro-bean plan.

***Why is a sentinel keeping guard like money raised from a pawnbroker on a "ticker?" Because he's "a-loan on the watch."

***The reason why Pagans are so behindhand in the march of civilization, is because they are such idol people.—*Phila. Herald.*

The above is from the *Phila. Herald*, and if they are going to fill a paper with such heathenish puns, nothing could Hindoo us to exchange with it.

EPIGRAPH FOR A CHAMPION SCULLER.

A good "stroke" pulled while he had breath, His last stroke was the "stroke of death."

***Why is a knock-kneed man the best friend to have? Because a friend in-kneed is a friend indeed.

***The man who was found by the policeman in the mud was considerably muddled.

***Umbrellas are different from most other things, as they are most useful when *used up*.

A SOUR HUMORIST.

Mark Twain is sour on stocks. About two years ago he sent some money out here with instructions to put it in Overman. It was put in at \$95 a share—and it's there yet. Yesterday the following despatch came to the *Chronicle* office:

HARTFORD, CONN., Dec. 7.—To D. E. McCarthy: Isn't this a good time to sacrifice that stock? Answer by telegraph at my expense.

S. L. CLEMENS.

As the general prospects for "a market" are generally considered very good just at present, and as the Overman mine is being vigorously prospected, with good indications, on the 1,400 level, the grim humorist was advised (by telegraph at his own expense) that a more favorable opportunity to "sacrifice that stock" would probably be secured by holding on a little longer.—*Virginia Chronicle.*

G.A.S.

Gas seems to be under a cloud at present. Every now and then electricity gives a jump and scares it, while its old and persistent enemy kerosene is gradually alienating its best friends and slowly but surely supplanting it in the good graces of the best society. Now a new bugbear comes from Philadelphia, and it seems impossible for gas to make light of its troubles, for "one who doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow after." A new kind of process has been invented that threatens to manufacture an illuminating fluid for about thirty cents a thousand feet. Slack or bituminous coal dust, it is said, is injected into the retorts in a continuous current and mingled with steam, being instantly converted into gas, purer and with less waste of time and material than by the present process.

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St. John, N. B.

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TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 2, 1878.

THE HARBOR.—The proposal to put the harbor in the care of a Commission, as are the harbors of Montreal and Quebec, seems likely to be carried into effect. The Government have intimated their willingness to give the matter favorable consideration, and Mayor Earle with Ald. Duffell and Ald. Glasgow, are going to Ottawa, to state the case for the City. The adoption of the scheme, already approved by the Common Council and the Board of Trade, would be advantageous to the city. It would probably ensure harbor improvements—which the city is not, financially, in the position to make. These delegates must be economical, as they are allowed only \$75 a piece for expenses.

"EXTRA LUGGAGE."—Mr. John Boyd delivered the closing lecture of the Institute course on Monday evening last, having for his subject, "Extra Luggage." As usual, Mr. Boyd attracted a large audience. The lecture, which was somewhat varied in the make up, was delivered in Mr. Boyd's well-known style, and seemed to be justly appreciated by the audience. It was of a rather personal character, it is true, but then everybody is interested in the affairs of a public man like Mr. Boyd. No doubt the audience were as much pleased with the gossip as the stories, and were glad to learn of the lecturer's modest liberality.

The Institute course this season has been a success, and has reflected much credit on the Directors for their energy and good taste.

The Greeks never gambled till they made their Alpha bet.—*Detroit Free Press.* Omega was the first gambler who delta pack of cards, and he bet a big pile of money with Alfred, or in other words, made Alf a bet.

A musical key—Sun-key.

Ground rent—An earthquake.

Is Womans in the "milky way?"

Thieving little nicks

Are "gnaw-ty and not nice."

Two authors generally illustrated with *plate*—Lamb and Hog.

A smuggler who attempts to land goods on the sea shore is liable to *seizure*.

A knotty question for Church and State.—The surplus (surplus) question.

Can a chiropodist cut acorn from a mistle toe?

A man of worth is generally a modest man. Worth is a Modeste man.

When a doctor swears falsely is he guilty of perjury?

"When Britannia rules the waves," does she make a *water* rule?

If a man should be found drowned in a sewer, the verdict of the coroner's jury would probably be "Sewer-side."

Maine wants her moose protected.—*Et.* A bright eye deer. Is she afraid that they'll ca-moose?

What is the difference between a sentinel with small-pox marks on his face and a sneak thief? One is a *poached picket* and the other's a *pick pocket*.

Why is an attempt of pugilists to throw the authorities off the scent as to the spot where a prize fight is to take place, like a cock-fight? Because it's a *rise-er* fight.

A highly esteemed pipe-stem is made by sailors from the wing bones of the albatross.—*Don News.* Is *Albert Ross* a brother of Charlie's?

An exchange says: "The onion originated in Egypt." We always thought from its tendency to make people cry, that it came from Tear-eye DelFuego.

Charles Knapp, who had a wife in Bethlehem, N. H., and married another in St. Johnsbury, Vt., is taking a rest in jail.—*Et.*

The Johnsbury wife ought to make an Knapp-lication for a divorce.

A child in Indiana swallowed a key which, after lying locked up in its little chest for some time, was finally coughed up.—*Exchange.* Lucky it didn't die of *Lock-jaw*.

LESSON IN FASHIONS.

SCHOOL MISTRESS.—"Describe a neat figure."

YOUNG LADY.—"The figure 8."

MISTRESS.—"How is that?"

YOUNG LADY.—"Why isn't *Tab* an *coll* figure?"

If it were possible to read the Canada papers it would be repeatedly discovered that they have pretty good things in them.—*Am. Ec.* A Dillingworth spelling book *can-ada* dance like that clap to read if he'll stay in the house at night and study instead of running around bar rooms for free drinks.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

NO. 2.

No man with the name of Wade has a right to enter public life. Having been in public life, and witnessed the consequences, his return to it, after retirement for a season, is altogether unparliamentary. "Why so?" you ask. "I will answer, I will tell you" (this is poetry) the reason why. As the orange breeds curses, whiskey wretchedness, and politics lies, so such a name as this breeds puns. Therefore a man with such a name should remain in such obscurity as his creditors may permit him to enjoy, instead of rushing into public life and causing people to commit the crime of putting still more bad puns in circulation. I feel justly angry at the member for Digby on this account, and shall not retouch the picture of him which my camera obscura supplies. Mr. Wade has good features, rather an aristocratic cast of countenance, and must have been rather interesting to ladies when a melancholy and studious youth. He is *sans* teeth, giving his lips the appearance of threatening to go down his throat in search of a word when he hesitates for one. His thin gray hair is furnished neatly back, and his short white side whiskers are very becoming to his rather narrow face. He stands quite erect, strikes the desk frequently and forcibly as he talks, and only puts up his glasses when he wants to read.

This is what the new member for Digby seems like. What he really is I am not prepared to say. I never have had the courage to speak to him, or to touch him to test the reality of his existence in the flesh. If I should meet him, above, in a corridor or chamber of the Parliament Building, I should turn and fly, because it does not seem possible that he is other than a ghost. He is a political ghost, I know, and he may be a ghost in another sense. He died and was buried when Confederation was effected, and only came out of the tomb when the Vail was withdrawn from his County. (There, see what the ex-Minister of Militia is responsible for. The verbal sins his name has caused people to commit have found him out.) Wade is here in the body, apparently, but he is clearly absent in the spirit. The immortal part of him is busy in other scenes, surrounded by other faces, communing with other spirits. He evidently tries to recall himself to himself, and possibly fancies that he is all here, but the effort is hopeless, the fancy a delusion. Just as Noah, if he should return to earth, would think of nothing but the building of the ark, talk of nothing but that triumph of shipbuilding skill, and the rather uneventful voyage that he and his household took in the slow-going craft, so Mr. Wade lives amid the stirring scenes in Nova Scotia Legislature in the anti-Union days, and hears the voices of the contending champions ringing in his ears, as he sits in the Spenser's chair, and tries to preserve order. It was cruel to take the old man and his memories from the meditative obscurity of pastoral Digby, and place them in the fierce light of the Ottawa sun. Everybody felt this as a

stood up in the House the other day and recounted the struggle which ended in Confederation—not with the calmness with which one speaks of events of the past, but with the air and manner of a man who talks of the living present. These times, those scenes, those questions, are real, living things to the ghost of Digby, and the men and issues of the present are but shadows pulling across his path and lessening the distinctness of his vision. As some of the dwellers in the rural districts of Halifax County thought they were voting on the Confederation question at the last election, so the member for Digby appears to think he is still contending for the Union of the Colonies, and that the structure of Confederation rests upon his shoulders.

OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.

OTTAWA, 25th Feb., 1878.

Your correspondent don't know what the Toronto politics are, and has only to say that if the political lights of this letter don't suit, he can have them so altered by next week, in a weekly way, as to just fit your radiant columns.

Probably, however, owing to the *Torcheuse* course Sir John Macdonald has pursued, it might be thought right for your pages to reflect some *ralliance* upon his career in addition to that of the *Pacific's* candle which has "thrown its beam so far." (Shakespeare.)

Again looking at the matter from a medical point of view the editor might be supposed in duty bound to take his political medicine from such distinguished practitioners as the great Sir John from Kingston or the Cumberland Doctor. The former has a keen scalpel for dissecting his subjects, and the latter is no doubt a pillar of his cause, indeed I may vary the figure enough to say that he is like the great caterpillar scourge of the Reform plantation, which field the member for St. John also threatens with an ominous eye brow, so that, as in the days of the old prophet "what the caterpillar had left the Palmer worm may destroy" or render *unprofitable*.

On the other side there are also bright and shining lights. *La Flamme* for instance, (which being interpreted meaneth "the flame") who might probably enough claim close relationship with The Torch, an affinity which, in justice to the Minister of Justice I subjoined to point out. *Holtton* might also claim a hold on your sympathies, as also the Minister of Marine whose hundred lights along our coasts delight the mariner. Then, too, is not the customary smile of the Minister of Customs a light in itself not to be lightly spoken of? The Premier too has claims upon you, as he always looks to the Torch as the very best light that Mac-ken-see by and lightens his labors, and enlightens Lis mind with its flashes of wit and humor.

Your correspondent in view of these facts sees the necessity of holding the scales with equal poise, so that neither side shall show by the Torch's flame to be too light in the balance, and taking care also that there shall be no scales before his eyes to impede his vision. (That last remark looks fishy, somewhat.)

The Ministry claim that in all their attacks—(the worst tax of all under the present tariff)—the Opposition have not got off scott

free, and that indeed they have only brought grist to the Government Mills, which like those of the Gods have ground them exceeding small. They claim moreover that the Post-master General succeeded metaphorically in *haunting down* and *disem-Bowell'ing* the member for North Hastings, and that the Receiver General has a *Coffin* ready to receive their political dead.

They say that it is quite a mistake to suppose that *Cartwright*, who carries the finances, in view of the deficit, is like the famous carrier of Milton's day, "dying of *heaviness* that his *Cart* goes light, but that, on the contrary, I may write that *Cartwright* was right in the great annual *rité* of presenting his *Budget* (s) speech with a hopeful aspect, and that indeed the statement was so well guarded and strong that even Tupper could n't *budget* it.

They furthermore add that the Opposition have given up *Anglin* for the New Brunswick members, rightly judging that there are no *loose fish* among them, and are now singing in melancholy mood that good old hymn, "Life is a *Shadow* how it flies". I may add in conclusion these two *private* personals, that Wallace wears a handsome Albert chain, and that Gilmour "has a love for *Charlotte* such as words can never utter."

BLAKENEY.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER

Respectfully Dedicated to all Maidens of an Uncertain Age.

BY AN OLD BACH.

When lovely maidens, gay and jolly,
Find that their hair is turning gray,
They never should be melancholy,
But live in hopes, and wait, and pray.

Their surest way to catch a lover,
And hide their age from every eye;
When, in the glass, grey hairs discover,
Then to the barber's go and—DYE.

Why is butter cowardly? Because it runs before fire. Butter should be cowardly and brave.

A policeman, brought before the Magistrate for being found drunk in an alleyway, was asked what he had to say in defence. "I was all right on duty, your Honor." "How is that, sir?" "Why, I was (a) resting in the alleyway." "But, sir, when brought here you staggered from one side of the street to the other," replied the Judge. "Well, your Honor, wasn't I taking up—both sides of the street?" A loud laugh in Court from the unwashed was promptly suppressed, and the "bobby" was let off with a caution.

BRICK—An article sometimes found in hats, caused by a too frequent "moistening of the cap."

CANON—A big gun in the Church.

CREAK—A curiosity in the Romish Church that has the power of creaking after death.

A SCHOOL OF DESIGN—A Jesuit College.

The best way to steer cows—By their udders. Rock maple is the best wood for making cradles.

Turnip tops are good for cows, but for spinning purposes they are not worth a cent.

ON CRADLING.—Babies are cradled when young. Grain when it arrives at maturity.

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 "Leedle Yawbow Strauss, and other Poems," by Chas. F Adams.
- 6th do.—"Evenings in the Library," by Geo. Stewart, Jr.
- 7th do.—Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's last book, "Silent and True."

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

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

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

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

Canvassers wanted, to whom good commissions will be given, to obtain subscriptions in this city and the Provinces. Parties wishing to canvass will please apply personally to the editor, at the office of E. T. C. Know es, Barrister, &c., in Y. M. C. A. Building, or by letter addressed to "Editor of TORCH," St. John, N. B. Specimen copies sent free to any address. Agents wanted in every town.

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

Mrs. Sillibus says she's made all sorts of tarts such as Cramberry, Goose berry, Huckelberry, and Damsel Puns, but there's a new fangled kind she's heard tell a good deal of lately called Bret Tart. She says her son Simon, who makes puns, says they must be made of "pufl paste" jedging from the way Scribblers Magazine puffs them up.

"How much have you got meat-taxed for?" as the butcher said when he called at the Tax collectors office to settle.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. Very clever; he paid his bill because the collector was liable to snet.—Chicago Times. Or because his reputation was at steak.—Boston Com. Bulletin. Perhaps he thought it meet tax him before paying so as to see if the collector's book and his bill tall-(ow)ied.

As yet no one can tell why it is that the most substantial pair of stairs will creak and creak like a night shirt on a clothes line in the wind, whenever a fellow tries to climb them noiselessly late at night, but thank goodness there is an average of ten philosophers born every day, and this darkness will be dispelled some time.—Fallon Times.

OUR BOOK SHELF.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS, and other poems, by Charles Follen Adams, with sixty-five illustrations by "Boz." Boston: Lee & Shepherd, Publishers.

The newspapers have made nearly every body familiar with the poem which gives this book its title, and which has made its author famous.

Very few have read the story of "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" without thanking Mr. ADAMS, for so natural, and, in the fullest sense, humorous a delineation of mischievous, happy childhood. What father will fail to appreciate the feelings of the good-natured paternal Strauss, when he says:

I some times drink, I shall go wild
Mit sooch a crazy poy,
I'nd vish yonce more I gould half rest,
I'nd beaueful times enshoy;
But ven he was ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse
I prayes der Lord "Dake any ding,
But leaf dot YAWCOB STRAUSS."

Most of the other poems, making up the volume, as "Der Drümmer," "Hans and Fritz," "The Widow Malone's Pig," and "A highly colored Romance," have had a large newspaper circulation. All are bright and witty, and unmarred by any vulgarity. The admirable illustrations by "Boz" (Mr. M. J. Sweeney) add much to the attractiveness of the volume. The mechanical execution of the book, is all that can be desired. We hope that many of our readers will seek for amusement and entertainment from "Leedle Yawcob" and his companions.

APPLETON'S POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, for March, includes in its contents, Prof. O. C. Marsh's address on the Introduction and Succession of Vertebrate life in America," a somewhat technical but able and interesting contribution to the literature of biology. Professor Marsh gives the result of his researches as to ancient fishes, amphibians, reptiles and birds. In the next number of the *Monthly* he is to discuss the mammals.

Herbert Spencer considers the influence of "Trophics" on the evolution of Ceremonial Government. He makes many curious statements about the passion for trophy-taking. Among other things, we are informed that by Constantine V. "A plate of noses was accepted as a grateful offering," and that the Montenegrin soldiers of to-day carry the noses of their enemies to their leaders.

Mr. George M. Shaw describes the Telephone—and tells, in a practical way, how to make it and work it.

Next month, he is to explain the Phonograph, by which, spoken words may be reproduced in the future, exactly as spoken now—

"Ah! science, gives us one more link,
That we may hear our neighbours think."

Mr. E. R. Leland proves historically, the folly of the attempt of the United States Congress to make 90 cents worth of silver equal to a gold dollar, and shows very clearly that the debasement of coinage has uniformly deranged trade and industry, and produced only evil and loss.

Prof Tyndall tells about his experiments in investigating the "spontaneous generation" theory.

The other articles are, "The growth of the

Steam Engine" abstracted by Prof. Thurston, from his forthcoming book on the same subject; "Opium and its Antidotes"; "Technical Education," by Prof. Huxley; "The Logic of Science"; and "Liquefaction of the Gases."

STILL THEY COME.—Mr Harris Allan wishes to be Councillor for Queen's Ward.

"Squire" Gleason is looking for the like office for Prince; and Mr. Norris Best thinks he is the best man to fill the seat at the Council now occupied by Coun. Cassidy.

Messrs. Demville, Ferguson, Cassidy, and Knowles retire from the Council Board in April.

THE CARNIVAL at the Rink was a great success. We are sorry that we have not room for a more extended notice.

The Haverly Jubilee Singers at the Institute have been drawing good houses, and they sing the quaint old plantation melodies very nicely. Miss Biddle, the soprano, has a very fine voice, and was deservedly encored. They sing in the Carleton City Hall this afternoon and evening.

He slipped down in front of the post-office, Thursday, and she could not help giggling a little, and Sunday evening she wept alone in the parlor, while he sat grimly in his room and smoked cigars until his stomach felt as light as his heart felt here.—*Rome Scimitar*.

Said Sarah to her Noah, dear:

"This world would surely be

A desert with no ends.

Were I bereft of thee,"

"Ah, love!" said he, "here's one who in

That sentiment's a slayer.

A Noah, sis, who will not be

Bereft of his Sahara."

Funkers Gazette.

When two men look around at each other in the street each feels as mean as if he had been caught sheep-stealing. It is different with women. Two of the sex will turn square around after they have passed each other, take an upward survey of each article of attire worn by the other, slowly and critically, until their eyes meet, when a cold stare will be exchanged, and then both will start on their several ways looking as sweet as roses in June.—*Newark Owl*.

JOSEPH BILLINGS' "TRUMP CARDS"

I have never known a second wife but what was boss of the situation.

Whiskey is a hard thing to convince, therefore I never argy with a drunken man.

After a man gits to be 28 years old he kant form any habits much, the best he can do iz to steer hiz old ones.

Enny man who kan swap horses, or ketch fish, and not lie about it, iz just as plus az men ever get to be in this world.

The sassiest man I ever met iz a hen-peckt husband when he is away from home.

The dog that wI follow any body ain't with a cuss.

Those people who are trying to git to heaven on their kered feet find out at last that they didn't have a thru ticket.

Too long courtships are not allwiss judicious; the partys often tire out scoring before the trot begins.

From St. John, N. B., comes a comic paper, with the very appropriate name of "The Torch." It will undoubtedly team with thoughts that burn and illuminate the Dominion with the light of light reading. St John people now know what the folks outside long suspected; that is, that there is a Torch in their midst.—*Detroit Free Press*.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Low, Halifax—Letter received all right Will write soon.
Box 11000—Sketches received. Much obliged.
BRANDY COGNAC—Letters received. Do so some more if you have any.
J. L. S. Ottawa—Last installment arrive last night

CHESS COLUMN.

All communications and contributions to be addressed to J. E. NARRAWAY, P. O. Box 75.

PROBLEM No. 3.

BY J. E. STUBBS.

BLACK.



White to play and give mate in 3 moves.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNAMENT.

The following are the rules and regulations of a Correspondence Tournament proposed to be shortly commenced under the direction of Mr. J. W. Shaw, of the Montreal Chess Club:

I. The Tournament to consist of 21 players, at an entrance fee of five dollars each.

II. The prizes will be:

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1st. A Silver Club, value | \$50 |
| 2nd. A Set of Chess-men and Board, value 20 | 3rd. " " " " " " " " " " " " |
| 4th. A Chess table (inlaid squares)..... | 10 |
| 5th. Works on Chess..... | 5 |

III. The entrance fee (P. O. order or cheque) to be sent to the Conductor of the Tournament, J. W. Shaw, 26 Windsor Street, Montreal, who will be responsible for the management of the Tournament, and who shall settle any dispute that may arise.

IV. Each player to play one game with every other, and conduct four games simultaneously (drawn games counting one-half to each).

V. A time-limit of 72 hours between receipt and posting of moves (Sundays not being counted) to be strictly observed, the penalty for exceeding which shall be settled before play in the Tournament is commenced. One postponement of a week will be allowed to each player during each game, but a further postponement may be permitted under exceptional circumstances, leave for which can only be obtained from the Conductor of the Tourney.

VI. The games whilst in progress must not be set up in any Club-room, or shown to any one under any circumstances (except, when necessary, to the Conductor of the Tourney,) under penalty of forfeiture.

VII. The winner of any game, and the first player in any drawn game, to send a copy of such game, immediately on its completion, to the Conductor of the Tourney, but to have the option of sending such game for publication to any one of the journals designated as follows:

- Canadian Illustrated News*, Montreal, Q.
- Toronto Globe*, Toronto, Ont.
- New Dominion Monthly Magazine*, Montreal.
- L'Opinion Publique*, Montreal, Q.
- Western Advertiser*, London, Ont.
- The Torch*, St. John, N. B.

Such selection to be notified to the Conductor of the Tourney.

In addition to the above prizes, a member of the Montreal Chess Club offers a special prize of a *Gold Medal*, or \$20, to the winner of the best game in proposed Tourney, conditionally on the filling up of the list of 21 players.

The *Holyoke Traverser's* has commenced the publication of a Chess column, under the editorship of Mr. Robt. H. Seymour. Mr. Geo. E. Carpenter conducts the Problem department.

The *Chess Record* for January comes to us with eight beautifully printed Problems.

SOLUTIONS — PROB. No. 1.

White.	Black.
1 Q—K 4+	H 1 K—B 1 (c)
2 B—Kt 7	2 K—Kt 3
3 Q—B 6 mate.	

(c) Other variations result in same way.

PROB. No. 2.

White.	Black.
1 R—R sq—	H 1 K—B 6
2 R—R 2	2 K—B 5
3 R—B 2 mate.	

Solved by Rev. John Wills, and E. L. B. Enigma No. 4.

Puzzles Knots.

Edited by ELMSWORTH, 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.

10.—HALF WORD SQUARE.

Manifest: existing; age; evening; two-thirds of one; a letter found in time. JOHNNIE.

11.—DECAPITATIONS.

Behad a child, have a boy's nickname;
Behad a surly, have to be ill;
Behad to bundle, have a beverage;
Behad to vote, have to apportion.

F. B. C.

12.—CENTRE CHANGES.

Change centre of a drain, have to rend.
Change centre of troubles, have packages.
Change centre of an eatable, have a curse.

PERLEY.

13.—DROP LETTER.

(Quotation from Cowper.)
G-D-A-E-I-C-U-T-Y, N-M-N-A-E-H-T-W.
CLARENCE.

14.—HIDDEN ANIMALS.

Charles, Ed. Samme, J. on the new trapeze.
They sign, unite, and never after meet.
Did he attempt to scar a Caledonian?
BRUNZ WICKE.

15.—PRIZE PI POETICAL PUZZLE.

(Quotation from Pope.)
Eacht em of leaf thevaho's owo,
O' idch het adulf i' ces;
Hatt creym i' thors's how's,
Hatt creym how' of me.

ELMWOOD.

A nice prize for first solution.

16.—METAGRAM.

Successively change head for a particle, and have to suit; to strike; a hole; to recline.

PURDIE.

17.—CHARADE.

My first is never very wet;
My second is as dark as jet;
My whole now names a poet known
From pole to pole—from zone to zone.

CARLOS.

CHAT WITH KNOTTERS.

F. B. C.—Thanks for your kind wishes, and welcome "Knots." Please continue.

PERLEY.—We venture to expect a regular batch of puzzles from your pen, and trust you will continue to have an interest in this feature of the *Torch*.

JOHNNIE.—We readily accept all good puzzles, even if their authors are "little bits of puzzle-s." Yours are first-rate.

BRUNZ WICKE.—Yours is a very good *nam de plain*, and your puzzles are the same. All accepted, and we hope to find in you a regular contributor.

PURDIE.—We recognize in you a favorite contributor to our other departments, and know your efforts for the "Knots" will equal those made for other puzzles to solve.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

The *Bulletin* asks: "Will the coming man be bald?" He generally is, when he first comes.

A Lecture Field that no man has yet taken—Kate Field.

Philadelphia *Bulletin*: Do kittens that have been mauled and teased in their infancy become Mautese cats in their advanced years? We paws for a reply.—*Norristown Herald*.

London, England, is making an effort to suppress the pernicious flash juvenile literature which is doing more than anything else to make young criminals of the boys who read it. The sale of "Wild Boys of London" and several similar publications has been prohibited. If New York would "follow copy" and strangle like papers at their place of origin, it would be a blessing in every sense of the word.—*Free Press*.

Yonkers *Gazette*: The loan exhibition at the Academy of Design wasn't half as much of a low-neck shibition as the average evening party reveals. And there's just as much design about the latter too.

Chicago *Journal*: He was tired and troubled about his business, and coming home at evening he muttered: "I believe Truth is dead." "Oh, no," replied a cheery daughter, "not dead, papa, for if it was it would be tolled more!" This made him feel better.

Gregory, the funny man of the Rochester *Democrat*, will hereafter indite nonsense for the *Bullido Express*.

A man who had a scolding wife being asked who he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot house.

"Do you know where I can get room to store a load of salt?" asked a countryman of a Boston clerk. "Perhaps my father can accommodate you," was the reply, "he has plenty of salt-rheum on his hands."

The experienced editor can always tell at sight the man who comes in with his first attempt at original poetry. He walks on tiptoe, and looks as though he had just passed a counterfeit bill or strangled a baby.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

A teacher was instructing her lowest class in natural history. Her subject was the cat. Afterwards she proceeded to question her scholars. At last she said to the smallest of her boys, "Johnny, what does your mother keep a cat for?" "To lay kittens," was the reply. The questioning came to an end.

The other evening a sprightly little girl about seven years old entered a store on Woodward avenue, and after considerable hesitation she whisperingly inquired of a clerk, "Do you keep nursing Lotties here?" "We do," he answered, and exhibiting two or three different styles, he asked which she preferred. As she was looking them over he remarked, "It's for your little brother, I suppose?" "Yes, sir, it is," she stilly answered. "You didn't think it was for my son, did you?" Her indignant look haunts him still.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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

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

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



1878. Spring Style. 1878.
SILK HATS.

WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS.
Also in stock—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT HATS, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4.
THORNE BROS.,
Hat and Fur Store, 93 King Street.

FISHING THREAD.

WE have received a large Stock of GILLING THREADS, assorted, all numbers in use
DAILY EXPECTED:
3000 lbs. Dressed Salmon Twine;
1000 " Undressed do.

For sale at Commission Prices,
Feb 21-18. T. R. JONES & CO.

Real Estate Agency.

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

THE BANKER'S
GRAND-CHILDREN,
A NOVELETTE,

By NENA C. RICKESON,
OF WOODSTOCK.
PRICE, - - 20 Cents.

Just published by
G. W. DAY.

Printed by GEO. W. DAY, 57 Charlotte Street

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Elixir of Wild Cherry,
for Coughs, Colds and all Affections of the
Throat, is a pure vegetable preparation,
containing no opium or deleterious drug.
Its effects are immediate and permanent.
It may be given with safety to the tender-
est 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 on every toilet table.
Price 25 cents.

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

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White Vesuvian Liniment
possesses all the valuable properties of
the Brown Vesuvian Liniment mentioned
above, but is less greasy 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 princi-
pal business men. A trial will prove their
superiority over imported Inks.

**Spencer's Antibilious and Food-
Purifying Bitters.**
An efficient cure for Indigestion, Bilious-
ness, Complaints, Jaundice, Sick Head-
ache, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of
Appetite, and all Diseases having their
origin in a disordered state of the organs
of digestion. Price 25 cents.

WORMAN & SPENCER,
Jan 6 Paradise Row, St. John, N. B.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
Just received—A very fine Stock of Ladies
and Gent's

GOLD WATCHES,
Key and Stem Winders.
Also—A large assortment of SILVER
WATCHES, of English, Swiss and Wal-
tham manufacture, which will be
sold low at

MARTIN'S
Jewelry Store,
3 MARKET BUILDING,
Charlotte Street.
G. H. MARTIN.

A NEW STOCK OF
EBONY DROP DRAWER PULLS

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

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REFORM CLUB!

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**J. B. HAMM, ROBERT BUSTIN,
J. A. S. MOTT, J. KERR,
C. R. RAY.**

St. John, January 25th, 1878.

C. R. RAY, President.

J. L. McCOSKERY,

Printer, Bookbinder,

AND
MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

PRINTING

done in first-class style, and at rea-
sonable prices.

A full line of

LAW AND COMMERCIAL

STATIONERY!

kept constantly in Stock.

Account Books,

Ruled, Bound, and Printed to any
pattern.

J. L. McCOSKERY,

(Late with H. Chubb & Co.)

7 North side King Square,

St. JOHN, N. B.

Jan 12—1m

GRAND OPENING!

THE subscriber takes pleasure in an-
nouncing that he

DOMINION

Wine Vaults!

LEUC and BILLIARD ROOMS,

Situated in Mullin Bros. Block,

Cor. Dock St. & North Wharf,

are now open to the public. The entire
premises fitted up in the most approved
American style.

Thankful for past patronage, a contin-
uance of the same is respectfully solicited.
Jan 12 C. COLTENEY.

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

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

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

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

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

International Steamship Co.
SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE MESSAGER (New Brunswick) will
leave Saint John on MONDAY, 30th
January, and City of Portland on
Thursday, January 31st, after which the
"City of Portland" will be with us
from the month of February to the end
of summer (Jan 31st).

"New Brunswick" will leave Boston
Monday, February 4th, and will continue
to leave Boston, 1st, 7th, 13th, 19th, 25th, and
every Monday, and on 1st, 7th, 13th,
19th, 25th, and every Thursday, at 8 o'clock until further
notice.

In consequence of this change, there will
be no boat leaving Boston Thursday, Jan
31st.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

JAS. ADAMS & CO.

HAVE OPENED

In their New Premises,

(OLD STAND)

NO. 16 KING STREET.

Where, with a New and
Thoroughly Assorted Stock

—OF—

SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS,

Increased Facilities,

—AND—

Prompt attention to Business

They hope to receive a continuance
of the Patronage so liberally be-
stowed on them in the past.
dec 22 1/2

NOTICE.

We have in Stock a splendid line of
Coatings and Tweeds

for our Custom Department, and will
make to order at our usual low prices.

At our old stand, Dock St.
MULLIN BROS.

We are selling our
READY-MADE CLOTHING at COST

to make room for our Spring arrivals
MULLIN BROS.,
Dock Street.
Feb 22—1f

E. P. HAMMOND,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
SINGERS, HOWE'S AND LAWLER'S
SEWING MACHINES.

Needles, Oil and Attachments kept
constantly on hand.
Sewing Machines Repaired and Im-
proved.
Agents Wanted everywhere. (Jan 5 6m)

DUN, WIMAN & CO.,

MERCANTILE AGENCY,
MARKET BUILDING,
St. John, N. B.

A. P. ROLPH, - - - Manager.
Jan 8 1/2

VICTORIA
LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE,

PRINCESS STREET,
(Between Sydney and Charlotte.)

THE above New and Commodious Stables
are now open for business, with
a new and first-class stock.

Boarding Horses
kept on reasonable terms, and supplied
with Loose Boxes or ordinary Stalls, as
required.

As a call respectfully solicited.
ALBERT PETERS,
Jan 8 1y Manager.

BEARD & VENNING,

No. 128

North side King Street,

A very select stock of goods well
assorted and cheap.

Morning Dress Goods,

Comprising Black Lustre, Black Bri-
dianines, Black Satin, The Prince's Merino,
Black Cashmeres, Black Brochures, Black
Persian Goods, Black Empress Goods,
Black & Wool Serges, A set, Court and
Celebrated Black Closets, in all the lat-
est styles.

BEARD & VENNING,

NOTICE.—Just received, at the City
Market Clothing Hall, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210,
212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230,
232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250,
252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270,
272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290,
292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310,
312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330,
332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350,
352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370,
372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390,
392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410,
412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430,
432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450,
452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470,
472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490,
492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510,
512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530,
532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550,
552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570,
572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590,
592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610,
612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630,
632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650,
652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670,
672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690,
692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710,
712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730,
732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750,
752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770,
772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790,
792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810,
812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830,
832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850,
852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870,
872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890,
892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910,
912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930,
932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950,
952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970,
972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990,
992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS

Must be True!

THE BEST STOCK OF GLOVES in every
size, lined, unlined, Back & Castors.

ROULLION'S SEAMLESS-FIN
CHOICE KIDS.

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

Gentlemen's UNDERCLOTHING
every make.
MACKENZIE BROTHERS,
47 King Street.

INSURANCE BLOCK.

Fire and Marine Insurance!
Capital over Twenty Million Dollars

ROBERT MARSHALL,
Gen. Agent, Notary Public and Broker.
(dec 29 1y)

Boarding and Livery Stable

119 UNION STREET,
dec 22 1y W. H. AUSTIN.

THURGAR & RUSSELL,

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

JOHN KERR,

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

ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG

Wholesale and Retail dealer in Wines
and Spirits, Havana Cigars and Tobaccos,
No. 2 King Square,
Branch Store, 18 Charlotte street,
dec 22 1y St. John, N. B.

M. A. FINN,

Importer of Wines, Liquors, and Havana
Cigars. H. Zen Building King Square.
dec 22 1y

E. W. GALE,

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

Office Room, No. 12 Magee's Block,
Water street, - - - St. John, N. B.
(dec 22)

FERRICK BROTHERS,

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