

## Talk It Up.

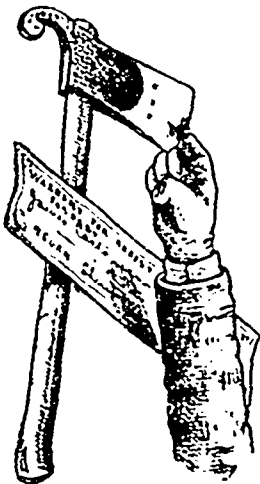
To be or not to be? That is the question which appears to be agitating St. John at present in respect to a new opera house. The question is, whether it is more noble in the minds of our men to suffer the slings and arrows of an outraged fortune or to take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them. The above we extracted from Shakespeare, and gives but a faint idea of the subject; but that which we give below is the unprejudiced verdict of the JURY. So far as theatrical accommodations are concerned St. John is much behind the age. We want a new theatre very badly. One with sufficient magnetism to draw within its four walls the theatre-going people of St. John and others who wish to behold the drama, tragedy, comedy, opera, etc., set and acted by artists of world-wide reputation. By having such a theatre the tourist, the lovely maiden (by inducing the lovely maiden it naturally follows the young men will be present), the scores of people both young and old that wander aimlessly through our streets at night fruitlessly endeavoring to kill time, in fact everybody would have an opportunity of enjoying an evening's entertainment of a first-class order at a scale of prices that would place it within the reach of all.

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The project of building a theatre of such capacity, with stage facilities and scenic attractions as will induce first-class actors and plays to visit St. John has been talked of for some time past. The scheme is booming again, and this year will prove a success. The Academy of Music, as it will be called, with the land, will cost about \$20,000 in shares of \$5 each. Already over \$7,000 in shares has been subscribed, and it is being taken hold of by several of our leading citizens. The building will contain stores on the ground floor, the rental of which will, it is said, defray all running expenses, making the investment a good one. The directors have secured the services of Messrs. Miranda and Kerr, two enterprising young men, with a thorough knowledge of all the requirements of a first-class theatre, to solicit shareholders.

Written for JURY

## Out-witting the Sheriff.



FEW months ago a certain shoemaker, having fallen deeply into debt and being unable to meet the wants of his many creditors, was about to be arrested and his household goods seized and sold by the sheriff. The day appointed for the seizure having arrived the shoemaker after bolting his door on the inside awaited the official visit. In the town wherein the shoemaker resided doors in the houses occupied by the poorer classes were not as a general rule supplied with spring locks or any of the modern appliances used by irate wives whose husbands are honorary members of "clubs," and this door in particular was conspicuous by the absence of either lock or latch on the outside, having only a small hole in which to insert the finger to press down a string on the inside which raised the latch. The shoemaker, grasping an axe in his hand, crouched down in a corner directly inside the bolted door awaiting patiently the coming of the sheriff. A little boy about three years of age, a son of the shoemaker, was playing in the room at the time. The majestic tread of the sheriff was heard approaching the door. Nearing it he rapped loudly with his cane. No response came from within. He rapped again. Still no answer. "Open in the name of the law!" he thundered.

"Who's there?" responded the small squeaky voice of the boy.  
 "It's me. Open the door."  
 "I can't," said the boy, "the latch is too high."  
 "Well, get a chair and stand upon it."  
 "There's no chair here," said the boy. "Stick in your finger and press down the string."

The sheriff, not suspecting any trick, did so, whereupon the shoemaker noiselessly chopped off the protruding finger. The sheriff



hastily withdrew his hand, not knowing what had happened, while the shoemaker resumed his former position.

"Stick in your other finger," squeaked the boy.

'Tis needless to say the sheriff didn't.

Visions of hospitals and undertakers passed rapidly through his brain, and five minutes later he was seen, hatless, tearing through the town caressing the injured stump and muttering words to himself unknown to the immortal Webster.

The shoe-maker left that day with his family for parts unknown unmolested by the sheriff, who till this day cannot tell how he lost his finger, and now raises all string latches with his cane.

LOTTA.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Hike Lancy: Not so sure of the solidity of the Government. Hope your billet is good yet. Thanks.

Casey Tap: You are one of the many that believe distance lends enchantment—to a dentist.

F. M.—How much are you out on the election?

Pat: The next time you write us a humorous contribution send it without an umbrella. Your last was very dry.

W. P. J., Woodstock, N. B.: Try again. We solicit articles either comic or sensible. Yours comes like the ham of a sandwich, between. Take our advice and do not meddle with scriptural parodies again.

WHEN the *Daily Telegraph* reproduces articles from this journal we ask as a matter of courtesy that full credit be placed to JURY. We do not object to the *Telegraph* copying original matter from our columns, but in all cases the source should be acknowledged. We refer to the poem "Papa's Trousers."

Board of Trade—Timber limits.

A resurrected nut—The chest-nut.

Dreams of eggs—The stump speaker.

Dreams of snakes—The "four-finger" fiend.

A doctor is everybody's superior—Physic-ally.