

Written for Jury

ONLY THIS AND NOTHING MORE.

By A R M

Hark! I hear the merchant whisper,—
At our hearts we feel so sore,—
"Maritime Bank has closed it's shutters!"
(Only this and nothing more.)

Some had "livers," some had twenties,
Some a hundred, others more,
When the bank put up its shutters.
(Only this and nothing more.)

Hark! we hear the directors whisper
Through the key-hole in the door.
"Those who have our notes in plenty,
They may hold them evermore."

Public whispers: "There's no hurry:
They'll be good as e'er before."
When you get them, yours forever.
We will take them no more.

TOBOGGAN SHOTS.

W. R. JONSTON, in *Maple Leaf*.

I met her at the slide:
'Twas on a frosty night.
We were standing side by side
When her bonnet took to flight.

I made a grab to catch it,
Or die right on the spot;
But the tob. took the biscuit
And struck me like a shot.

I simply swept the slide
With my elbows and my head:
My arms and legs were tied
When they picked me up for dead.

Now, boys, take my advice:
Get the bonnet when at hand.
Keep your dignity cool and nice
And.....planned.*

* I can't make the blamed thing come into line, but I wanted to say: "Let the girl and bonnet be hanged." You will excuse the break because of my shattered nerves.
Boston, Mass., February, 1887.

Rev. Wandoodle Baxter Talks about "Gambolling."

Do subject ter which I desire ter call yer attenthun dis ebenin' am gambollin' or do playin' ob keards

I has reason ter dread dat some ob de male members of dis heah Blue Light Tabernackel am in de habit ob playin' poker, and afterwards dey lies to dar wives when dey comes home late.

Dearly berlubbed sistern, when yer husband comes in pertickerly late, and says in his sleep, "Iso done froze out— is aunty up?" dont yer fer a minit' ser-



pose dat he am sufferin' fer moah quilts, or am boderin' his head about his aunty. Hit means he has been playin' de sinful game of draw poker.

Maybe in his sleep de husband will talk about jack pot, and next mornin' when yer asks what a jack pot am, he will say dat hit am de pot what Jack cook his vittles in when he camps out. Don't yer berlieve him, for dat ar ain't de right meanin' ob jack pot—so I has been informed by Deacon Snodgrass.

Dar am seberal kinds of games. Some games am healthful and some am sikly. Hits my idee dat poker am one ob de sickly games, for Deacon Snodgrass, in the amen corner ober yonder, has ter sit up wid poker all night long most ebery night in de week.

Playin' poker am not confined to the lower elements ob serciety, for I has been told dat at Washington City some of de Congressmen plays de game reg'lar. Not long sence I read in one ob de papers dat Secretary Manning made a call for \$10,000,000. And yet dar am lots ob folks who am willin' to play all night long wid a two-dollar limit—so I has been told by Deacon Snodgrass.

De American game ob poker, like de gospel, hab spread ali ober de cibillized world. I was conversin' wid a return misshunary from de Souf Sea Islands, and he tole me I'd be sprised at de spread ob Christianerty among de heathens; dat all de natives ob de Souf Sea Islands hab larned ter cuss in English and play poker, and dat one ob 'em skinned him outer sebenyt-five dollars wid a cold deck.

Eben de boys in dis heah age ob progress know moah about poker den de boys ob prehistorical times. In former days de boy, in the langwidje ob de poick, stood on de burning deck, whence all ut him had fled, but nowerdays de boy has de deck up one ob his sleeves, and he draws out de face keards as he needs 'em ter make a full han'.

Yer can't tell by lookih' at a man ef he plays poker or not, but I has always noticed dat when a man nebber wars an obercoat in winter because hits not healfy, hit am a spicious sarcumstance. He sorter indercates dat he has been bluffin' on a weak hand. Deacon Snodgrass yer didn't bring yer obercoat wid you dis Sabbath morn.

Brudder Sam Johnsing will please pass de hat. I hope yer wil chip in liberally. I takes occasion ter remark dat de hibit ob flat-tenin' out buttons while hit spiles de button, does not increase his availibility as a circulatin' mejum.—*Texas Siftings*.

"Have you tried the toboggan slide?" inquired Smith of Miss Tompkyns.

"I have not. Have you?"

"Oh, yes."

"How did you like it?"

"Splendid! But it fairly took my breath away."

"Indeed! Does it affect every one that way?"

"It does."

"Then every theatre ought to have one for the benefit of those gentlemen who go out between the acts for cloves."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*

"Tra la la, my deah Acid Drop. I must be off, you know. Business is rushing at 55 KING STREET. Don't look so sour. Cheer up. You may get sold some day, and then yca will have a sweet time of it, I assure you; that is, if you come to 55. Oh, it's all right for you, Mr. Orange-Figg, the dear pushing boys from Boston have taken yon in hand and of course you get sold off before you have a chance to lose your fragrance. Dear me, I wish I were you. How is Miss Chocolate Cream and Miss Vanilla Carmel? Still going at 1⁰/₂ and 21¹/₂ a pound, I see by the papers. Well, good bye. Pray for me." And with a sad shake of his head he wended his way.

Moral: How happy he would have been if he had only been at the CUT RATE CANDY STORE, 55 King Street, St. John, N. B. All should come, see and buy delicious fruits and confectionery cheap.