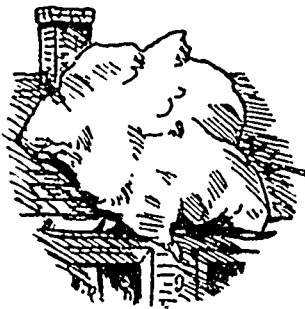


Written for THE JURY.

SONG OF THE SNOW-SLIDE.

Only a snow-slide!
Look at it quiver,
Far up on the house-top,
Held by a sliver.



Only a Chinaman,
Wending his way;
Heeds not the warning,—
No "Savvy," he say.



Hear the crowd yell!
See it come pell-mell!
Down on poor One Lung
It struck when it fell.

Alas for the rarity—
For such hilarity!
Did he know when it struck him?
He'll never tell.



Farewell to One Lung!
He's gone o'er the river.
Where they use "Moxio Nerve Food"
To regulate the liver;

Where THE JURY is read
Early morning and late,
And the winter port question
Is all out of date.

A. R. M.

Written for THE JURY.

Newspapers.

Newspapers and magazines have become, in a large measure, the educators of the world. All the books ever printed in the English language, including college and school text books, exert but little more influence on the minds of men than a single great daily that is scattered broadcast over the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, every morning. With the exception of Uncle Tom's Cabin, no book by an American author ever found so many readers in a year as the leading dailies of New York and Boston secure every day in the week. No book was ever published in Canada of which so many copies were sold in a year as there are of a single St. John daily newspaper in a week. The great newspapers are great histories of current events, in which nothing is overlooked, and in which all subjects are treated in a dispassionate and unpartizan way. The great newspapers and great magazines supply all the mental food that is required by the majority of mankind. And they supply the best. Since the days of Dickens, the world's deepest thinkers in every department of literature, science, and art, have given the results of their investigations to the public through the columns of the newspaper, magazine, or review. The publication of books is a secondary consideration: the world's ear is reached by other means. Words that are worth speaking, though uttered in the palace of the Mikado, the shadow of the Pyramids or the streets of St. Petersburg, are in a few hours repeated on this side of the Atlantic. So it is of words unworthy of being repeated. Sir Colin and Lady Campbell have their partisans among us, though both are better deserving of utter oblivion than even the poor tribute of a world's contempt. And by unscrupulous newspapers sympathy has been aroused for rioters in Ireland, dynamiters in London, anarchists in Chicago and Knights of Labor and strikers all over America. They all belong to the same family and are tarred with the same stick. THE JURY is not aware that one of the newspapers of St. John has ever expressed its approval or disapproval of either of these organizations, in unqualified terms. And speaking of St. John newspapers on what subject of local interest has either of these ever spoken out fearlessly?

There's J. V.,
M. P. P.,
Late P. M. and B. O. B.
(Bad old boy?)

And S. D. S.,
Who, I guess,
Has opinions he don't express.

And Mac the great,
Decried by fate
To always be a candidate.

And C. H. L.,
Well, well, well!
A squash from a turnip he can tell!
(But he won't.)

On what subject of local interest have these journalists ever attempted to mould the public opinion? Among a prosperous people the *Globe* fosters discontent: it believes the country is going to the dogs: that every act of the party in power is suicidal. The *Sun* is of the opinion that with the continuance of its party in power the glory and permanence of Canada is assured. The *Telegraph* and the *Globe* get along very well together, but the *Telegraph* is of the opinion that the man is yet to be dug up who can represent Kings as credibly as its editor. The *Standard*—well, the *Standard* is young and has never yet expressed an opinion. These papers can give their readers column after column of the stale twaddle of their favorite office hunters in which the general public feel no more interest than in the announcements of Dr. Gomboge or Professor Squills, and in which no one can possibly have any sympathy except the place seekers and their satellites, while public abuses of the most glaring kind are passed over in silence. A half column is given up daily to bucket-shop "quotations," and a column to base ball, cricket, fistic encounters and like "sports," while art and general literature are almost quite ignored. What local defaulter has ever been brought to justice by the press of St. John or by the authorities? What reported abuse in any of our local institutions has ever been investigated by the newspaper man? What sink of iniquity has ever been purified by his means? What gambling den has ever been closed up through his agency? What bar room shuts its doors on Sunday for fear of exposure by the newspapers? Not one. It won't do to touch these sores: to cauterize them. Patronage lies at the bottom of all these sins of commission and omission. No newspaper can perform its duty faithfully that discriminates between friends and foes. The newspaper that is a newspaper upholds the right and battles with the wrong, though the heavens fall. Perhaps the time will come when editors will learn that in the squabbles in which they engage to carry out these projects for self aggrandizement or to serve the sordid ambition of their friends, are estimated at their true value by their readers. Perhaps the time will come when mountebanks and charlatans in public life will have to give place to men of character and mind. If such a time ever does come, it may be inaugurated by the people, independent of the newspapers, though the true newspaper is, and always will be, first in the advocacy of every thing that is true, just and noble.

A dentist in St. Louis fills teeth for horses. A New York dentist says patrons are so obstinate, sometimes, that he thinks he is filling teeth for a mule.

R. D. McARTHUR,

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