

The Oil Scandal.

The press of the Maritime Provinces has for some time past been agitated over irregular purchases of oil on the part of the I. C. R. management. Mr. A. A. Stockton, M. P. P., brought the facts out in bold relief in his Moncton speech a few weeks ago. In this issue of the JURY our artist shows the transaction in its true light. It is a burning subject and is readily illustrated. The facts are that for the six months ending the 31st December, 1885, the railway management, without tender or competition, purchased from a Boston firm oils to the extent of \$15,016.39. From an analysis of the oil St. John dealers would have supplied it for \$7,000. The "bottle" was therefore \$8,000. The system of making large purchases on government account without competition is vicious and is liable to untold abuses. Public opinion demands its discontinuance, and the JURY say it must cease.

THE Dominion Government will confer a benefit on the general public by suppressing Wiggins, the weather prophet. He is employed in the Finance Department, at Ottawa, and is very likely as useful there as he has been to the public in his role of storm predictor. It is a rank shame that a crank of his dimensions should be tolerated for a moment in the public service.

He should not be allowed to fatten at the public crib and at the same time to amuse himself by playing upon the public credulity. He is well enough educated to make him an intolerable egotist, and he knows just enough about science to fit him for a straight-jacket or a room in the Asylum "Annex." The Government should either remove him from the service, or put a stop to his periodical displays of folly. His storm predictions have proved as empty as the head from which they were evolved. And the injury to business in a variety of ways, as the result of them, has been too costly to bear frequent repetition. Suppress the crank.



EXPOSING THE OIL SCANDAL AT MONCTON.

Founded on Facts.

By far the wittiest, spiciest and most sarcastic (to contemporaries) exchange we have is the *Maple Leaf*, published in Albert county, N. B. The editor, Lovett Wood, although only 28 years of age, is a very talented writer, both of cutting editorial and humor. The *Maple Leaf* has of late gone into publishing portraits of prominent men of the day, and occasionally a few comic illustrations. Its circulation is large and well merited, both in the United States and Canada. We wish the editor and his paper "long life" and prosperity. The *Maple Leaf* is a weekly journal at \$1.00 a year.

had!"

"Yeol, sir," she replied, in a tone less of sorrow than of bitterness. "this is the fourth; I'm sure there's nane wumman been see tormented w' a set o' deesin' men."

"Mrs. Dusenberry, here's an instance of inventive genius for you! There is a lock on exhibition at the Frouch Crystal Palace which admits of more than three million combinations."

"That doesn't surprise me, my dear. There must be almost as many combinations in the lock of our front door, judging by the the time you spend fumbling over it when you come home from lodge."

Read S. J. Jennings' advertisement on eighth page.

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Main street, Portland.

The *Maritime Farmer*, Fred-erickton, has just entered on its eighth volume. We hope it will keep right on and up; there are too many "farmers" leaving the country. We wish the handsome "masher" editor success.

Correspondence.

Casey Tap.—In the language of that polite but necessary chestnut, "thanks, many thanks."

Ninephus.—The pleasure of an acrostic.

Samsor, Moncton.—We can almost feel the growth of hair on the lip of the dude in your poem. 'Twill not be the Philistines, but the new inspector of post-offices that will be on you for sending "down" such head-work.

We show in this issue the "Deacon" in England purchasing "blood horses" for our Provincial stock farm.

The following conversation is reported to have taken place between a minister and a widow—both of Aberdeen. The widow, who called upon the minister, seemed desirous of relieving her mind of something which oppressed her, at which the reverend gentleman, wishing to hurry matters exclaimed:

"My good woman, you see that I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Well, sir, I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married again."

"Oh, that is it! Let me see; that is pretty frequent—surely. How many husbands have you