

Written for THE JURY. SONNET.

They come again—again they stand beside me,  
The dear companions of departed hours!—  
Who through the deserts volunteered to guide ye,  
From the Lost Land of sunshine and of flowers?  
Daisy and Margurite, Violet and Lily,  
With blue and black eyes—tresses brown and  
gold:  
Pale will those cheeks grow in this climate chilly,  
Your steps grow weary and your hearts grow  
cold.

'Tis but the story men have often told—  
Shadows ye are, and phantoms of the mind!  
They are transformed that haunt me—gray and  
old,

Perhaps earth's joys and griefs have left behind,  
Into the dreaming ear the angels sing  
Only one song—of sunshine and of spring.

H. L. SPENCER.

January 15, 1887.

Written for THE JURY. PRETTY RED ROSE.

I plucked her a pretty red rose,  
In trembling hope and fear.  
In her dear little hand it reposed,  
The emblem my heart held most dear.  
Oh, would she cast it forth?  
Ah, must it wither and die?  
Or would it live and live?  
Your heart to mine must reply.

That dear little flower, so slyly  
Awaiting in anguish its fate!  
Could she cruelly slight love's sweet emblem,  
And leave it to wither and blight.  
Oh, no, that smile, sweet and tender,  
Bringing the rose to her cheek,  
Beams of the true love I sent her  
In that emblem so modest and sweet.

Written for THE JURY. Leaves from Little Jimmy's Sketch-Book.

By CASEY TAP.

This is a cologe stewardint he thinks he knows  
it all an sumtimes when he gits a larg ideo yow  
kinherohismindskwek  
like a ole rusty dor-  
Lingo hes a rassler and  
has climbed the hites of  
parnassas and has a di-  
gree of b a wich meens  
baseball artist i sposo  
wen he loves hom for  
cologe his muther an  
sisturs fall on his neck  
an weap the s'ifnin out his dude colar an he goes



way an by indistree becoums nown as a effishint  
short stop an stroak ore an kin kike a fut bal  
further than onny I els butt yew ask him to spol  
seperit an yow got him titorn the avridge christ-  
ian won the mite ciety cals for ten cens an wen  
he wonts a new pare of booksing gluv he ritos  
hoam for mony to get sum moar them jografys  
an uther buks he goes to cologe thre yores or foro  
an cums hom with a dyplomia and calls his pore  
ole fathur wot wastd al his mby on him the ole  
man an govnor and if his fethir has eny luke he  
gets a gob skimmin of the suddes at the sope wurks  
or wett nurs on the fery boate so much for the  
cologe stewardint.

Cast yer i heren yowll see the oroido prack-  
tishiner or as sum wuld cal him the bogguis phisi-  
shian or a quako he  
cums an tels you toastike  
out yer tung an soa you  
wont exersize an chang  
off diot an you betor go  
an get a chang off airo  
thre dolars please he is  
a disgrais to manking  
ar. the genywin docs  
ot to maik them taksum  
of there own the quakes  
medcin orcls read teny-



suns later pomes an kil them of that wa if you  
hav a pett corn wot is conteinuly kep in  
you from hevins gait they wil giv yew som  
kind off likwid dinymit to putt on an it  
make the corn wurs an wurs an then he  
sez it wosont a corn but it was infurma-  
shin on the livver wot alea you an he givs  
yow a poris plastir to put on yer buzum  
an soke yer fets in a crupe mixer and  
bath yer forl with worners kidnes curr  
he stans in with the coriner an undirtakre  
an gets a comishin on every corps what  
loves this vail off teres for the brior roll-  
lins abuv so tak jimys advyso an doant  
hav anythink to do with a man wot trotes  
a iritavin coff as if it was saim as mentil  
gangreen with loddable puss cos if yow  
dex heel soke you into a untimely hoal in  
the groun an yer gras widderl hav to plant  
sum rekwe ascatt in pacy on yer grav.

All but One.

The most generous men have received  
injuries which they can never forgive.  
Peter Bluelock, of the Gum Springs Cir-  
cuit, having resolved to lead a better life,  
joined the church. As he stood near the  
alter, receiving the congratulations of  
friends who had long prayed for his re-  
formation, he was so completely subdued  
by the touching tenderness of the occasion  
that he exclaimed: "I love everybody and  
forgive everybody!"

A lank man stepped forward and asked:

"Can you forgive me, Peter?"  
"Yes. You shot my father, but I can for-  
give you. Give me your hand."  
They warmly shook hands. Then another man  
came forward, hesitated a moment, and said:  
"I don't reckon you can forgive me, Pete!"  
"Yes, I can."  
"What! airtor I waylaid you an' broke your  
leg with a load o' buckshot?"  
"That makes no difference, Andy, give me  
your hand."  
They embraced each other and the friends who  
formed a circle about them wept for joy.  
"Don't reckon you can forgive me!" exclaimed  
a fellow who slowly made his way through the  
throng. "Yes, I can, Dan."  
"What! airtor I stole the girl that you was  
about to marry?" "Yes."  
"Let me get up to him," said a man shoving  
his way forward. Peter's eyes blazed when he  
beheld the new comer. "Stand back!" he ex-  
claimed. "Keep him away, brethren, or I'll jolt  
the life out of him."  
"Peter, can't you forgive me?"  
"No, I can't. You are the only man in the  
world that shall not take my hand. No use talk-  
ing to me," he continued, when some of the  
brethren began to expostulate with him, "no use  
in saying a word, for I cannot forgive him. Ah,  
you'd better go away."  
"What did he do, Peter, to incur your ever-  
lasting hatred?" some one asked when the man  
had gone. "What did he do, Peter?"  
Now the question is, what had the man done?  
Our readers will readily recognize this life like  
story as the work of Mr. Frank R. Stockton, who  
has been engaged by the great magazines to leave  
their readers in the "lurch."—Arkansaw Traveler.



See S. R. White

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David Connell,

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