

Re-produced.

READ! MARK! LEARN!

Cast aside each gloomy thought, each petty woe,
With the wailing winds of winter bid them go;
Fling aside all melancholy,
Cries 'Tis JUNE, wise and jolly,
Come, like spring-time, just *pro bono publico*.

Though for dignity we feel profound respect,
Though our style be not concise and circumspect,
And we come to a decision
With a wonderful precision—
For our judgment is infallibly correct;

Yet we're versatile and playful in our way;
We can handle any theme from grave to gay;
And can make the subject "telling"
In a style there's no excelling—
For we're posted in the topics of the day.

To this new leaf that doth in spring unfold
(If on that account you think we're green, you're sold)

Please extend a welcome hearty,
Thinking naught of sect or party;
We are needed by the masses we've been told.

'Tis to work for your amusement we begin;
With a right good cheer we'll strive your smiles to win;

And to gain from you a chuckle,
Ink our fingers to the knuckle,
Feeling thoroughly rewarded when you grin.

We are something every household should possess
(From advertisements that's quoted, we confess);
So forsake all strife and fury,
While you turn to greet 'Tis JUNE,
And to wish it longest life and all success.

St. Jons, N. B., 1886.

Written for THE JURY.

A PARODY.

By CASEY TAY.

Hear the tinkling of the bells—chestnut bells!
What a flow of anecdote their jingling sharply
quells!

How they cling it, cling it, cling it,
Around the festive board!
And each joke, how glad they ring it,
Long ere you yourself can bring it
From memory's vast hoard!
Yes, the very latest wrinkle
Is the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

Of the tintinnabulation that so pert and saucy wells
From the bells, the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—
Yes, the spiteful and the fiendish chestnut bells!

OCTOBER 23, 1886.

NOT THIS TIME.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"For a new bonnet, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"If you pay for the bonnet, sir," she said.

"I've twenty dollars, my pretty maid,"
"I'm afraid you can't go, Mr. Man," she said.

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

[Altered to suit the season and climate.]

CUT THIS OUT,

pin it under the lapel of your coat,
and present the other side suddenly
to the Fiend who asks you

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

His Honor's Levee.

"Joseph Smith, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Yes, sir; that's what I said to myself before I came out."

"You were tight yesterday."

"I was, sir, and I can't deny it."

"While in that condition you entered a millinery store and asked for two pounds of O. G. Java."

"I did, sir; but, upon my honor, I thought it was a grocery. I wondered what they were doing with so many bonnets in a grocery store, but when liquor is in the brains are out."

"When you were ordered out you wouldn't go."

"I presume not, sir; although I am very sorry and if I could see the head milliner I would apologize in the humblest terms."

"Were you ever here before?"

"Never."

"Where do you live?"

"Ten miles out in the country."

"Now, Joseph, you look me in the eye. I'm going to let you return to your country home, where the robins get up at four o'clock in the morning to whistle for a fall overcoat, and the soft notes of the katydid lull you to sleep when the labors of the day are over. I'm going to do this, but if you ever come into town and make a jack rabbit of yourself again, I'll give you a dose which will open your eyes! Joseph, do you follow me?"

"If I don't, then may I be shot! Judge, I'm obleeged—six hundred times obleeged. I was a fool. It's my last drunk. Good-bye."

A CASE OF VERTIGO.

"The doctor warned me about it over a month ago," said Charles Colwell, as he nervously shifted his weight from one leg to the other.

"Yes," he went on, as his honor looked him over, "he said it was liable to come on me at any time if I over-exerted myself. I ought to have been more careful."

"Were you speaking to me?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir. I was saying that the doctor told me to be careful or this vertigo would attack me again."

His Honor smiled. The clerk smiled. There was a giggle among the audience.

"And I was going along the street," continued the prisoner, "when everything suddenly turned dark and I fell to the ground. The next thing I know a policeman was speaking kindly in my ear and a crowd of sympathetic people surrounded me."

"It will be sixty days," quietly observed his honor.

"What! Send me up for having the vertigo?"

"Prisoner, what is vertigo?"

"It's—it's—why, everybody knows what vertigo is. I had it, and I can prove it."

"And it cost you twenty cents to get it. You had bought and drank two big drinks of whiskey not half an hour before you fell down."

"I was in hopes to stave it off."

"Well you are a poor staver and a bad liar. Fall back."

"But I had the vertigo."

"That's all right, and the next time you come here with it you'll get six months. Remove the vertigoist."

"Suppose I had owned up to a plain drunk?" queried Charles of the janitor, as they returned to the corridor.

"You'd only have got thirty days."

"Gosh! what a fool I was to try to be smart!"

A CASE OF STRIKE.

"Carl Beeder, do you speak English?"

"Sometimes, and sometimes I doan't."

"I want to know about the trouble in your house last night."

"Vhell, my wife goes on a strike. I come home, and some supper don't be ready for me."

"Why not?"

"My wife says she goes in mit only eight hours a day."

"And you kicked up a row?"

"Vhell, I try to beat dot strike."

"Prisoner, the wives of this country have rights. If eight hours per day are enough for a man, he should not insist on his wife working eighteen. I shall fine you \$3 for cuffing her ears and calling out the neighborhood."

"I can't pay him."

"Then you will have to go up for twenty days."

The striking wife advanced from the audience with the money in hand and laid it on the clerk's desk.

"Mrs. Beeder, do you demand shorter hours?" asked the court.

"Oh, dot vhas all right, Shudge," said the husband, as he put his arm around her. "She vhas good 'o me. After dis she vorks eight hours a day und I make her wages all right. We doan't haf no more troubles all winter."

"Will you keep sober?"

"Shust as sober ash some deacons mit der shurch."

"Then take your money and go. I will remit the fine for your wife's sake."

"Dot vhas pully! Come, Katie—we doan't strike any more at our house."

A water proof garment—The coat of the toper's stomach.

HENRY J. PITTS.

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