

**The Bookkeeper.**

If an honest man is the noblest work of God, an honest bookkeeper is surely the poorest. Very like a wail comes to us from one of this numerous class in the following advertisement: "Wanted, a bookkeeper between 25 and 30. Must have best references, be willing to make himself generally useful, and able to undertake French correspondence; Christian preferred. Salary \$8 weekly, to commence." When nothing about Christianity is mentioned, sometimes as much as nine dollars is offered. This class of employers also usually prefer to engage a non-smoker and teetotaler. His ideal bookkeeper is not yet invented, as the ones at present on hand mostly eat, which is a pity, as the salary offered would enable one to live fairly well if he had not contracted that vicious habit. Side by side with this advertisement is one for bricklayers, three dollars a day. But this pittance and promise are considered good enough to catch bookkeepers. All the brightness a bookkeeper acquires appears to settle on his trousers, and even that becomes invisible when seated at his daily drudgery. Constant feeding with figures and trying to make a dozen dollars do the work of twenty-four, blunt his faculties and reduce him to abject mechanism. He becomes worse than a machine in fact, as a machine can occasionally go on a "bust" and make things lively, whereas should a bookkeeper go on a "bust," he gets "broke," that is all. Employers give this class of workmen thirty minutes for lunch, as they well know it takes nothing like thirty minutes to walk round the block and eat a few apples. In all his troubles the bookkeeper has the one supreme consolation: as a class he is not long-lived.

**Sentiment vs. Cash.**

Whalebone Howker secured the floor to remark that he had been reading of how the French army in Madagascar was shedding the blood of innocent people for no other reason than national aggrandisement, and he would offer a resolution that the Lime Kiln Club extend its heartfelt sympathy to the unfortunate people of that island. "Am dis a matter ob cash or sentiment?" asked the President. "S—sentiment, sah." "I reckoned so. Sentiment an cheaper dan dried apples at a cent a pound, an we am perfectly willin' to throw it away. Brudder Howker, how much cash will you put up for dis strugglin' nashun?" "I—I is dead broke, sah." "Werry well, your resolushun will be laid on de stove. De man who can't offer a sick naybur sunthin' with mo' soup in it dan regrets had better putend dat he hasn't time to drop in."

**A Novel Idea.**

There will be placed on sale in all the leading bookstores of St. John, about the first week in June, a novel by May Leonard, of local fame as a contributor to our daily newspapers of stories exhibitiv of great creative powers. This novel, of which we have an advanced copy, will recommend itself to the public by its sensational and emotional character. The name of this first effort of Miss Leonard's in the novel line is, "Trixie's inheritance, or which shall win." We wish the clever writer all the success due her efforts. The typographical work was executed at the Daily Telegraph office, and looks very neat.

**WANTED!**

One Thousand Dollars!

For which I will give good value in

**SODA WATER,  
OTTAWA BEER,  
GINGER ALE.**

Will have on draught in a short time

**Egg Soda Water**

—WITH—

ACID PHOSPHATE, VANILLA, LEMON,  
STRAWBERRY, MAPLE, PINE APPLE,  
GINGER, NECTAR, COFFEE,  
ORANGE CREAM.

**R. D. McARTHUR,**

MEDICAL HALL,

59 Charlotte Street, opposite King Square.

**A Poor Place to Spend a Vacation In.**

The other day a mysterious looking stranger appeared in P—and remained five whole days without the inhabitants finding out his name, where he came from or his business. Even the bar-room loafers were baffled in their attempts to extract some definite information, and the entire town lay awake at night worrying over the matter. At last general agitation grew to such a pitch that the landlord volunteered to interview the stranger on behalf of the public weal. Approaching the taciturn visitor as he sat in the reading room of the hotel, he remarked—  
"Fine day, sir."  
"Is it?" said the stranger dubiously.  
"Going to stay long in these parts?"  
"Just four days, two hours, and thirty-one minutes longer," replied the other, consulting his watch and a time-table.  
"Then—may I, er-ahem! may I ask what your business is?" persisted the landlord, as the crowd gathered up closer.  
"Well, I don't wish it generally known," replied the stranger, confidentially; "but I'm a Russian Nihilist."  
"You don't mean it?" gasped the landlord.  
"Fact," replied the man, mournfully.  
"But, er-what brings you here?" asked the landlord.  
"Well, you see, I was captured in St. Petersburg last month, and you know how severe that government is on Nihilists, don't you?"  
"Oh!—yes—of course! Go on!"  
"Well, they sentenced me to twenty years in Siberia or a week in P—and I was fool enough to choose P—."  
And with a heavy sigh the condemned man drifted into dinner.

THE "KNIGHTS" OF LABOR are beginning to come back to their senses, and are now returning to work again in large detachments. We are very glad to hear of the return of the men to work, and killing, dynamite, and trouble almost over. Trade will revive, factories will be opened up, and we in Canada that have no labor trouble to murmur about, may and will reap a benefit—by liberally advertising in the JURY. Rates are very low per inch, and being devoted entirely to politics and humor, and having a good circulation through the provinces, will prove a successful medium for advertisers. Why? because people that subscribe for the JURY will keep it on file and will save them from destruction, the inevitable end of an ordinary newspaper. The cartoons and humorous pictures in the JURY will alone preserve it from the fire king.

Rather a fastidious man, that Main street barber, who leaned over a man he was shaving and said: "Excuse me, sir, but, if I was you, I wouldn't drink Central street whisky." "And why, in hades, shouldn't I, if I want to?" said the man, wondering. "Because, sir, the smell of it takes all the edge off the razor, and when liquor does that, I guess it cannot be very good for the gentleman's internals."

Wife of his bosom: Why, James, your tipsy! He: Sho 'uld you'd be if you'd had as much t' drink as I have.

**COOL SODA WATER,  
Choice Havana Cigars,**

**TOILET PREPARATIONS,**

**PATENT MEDICINES,**

Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Prepared from Pure Drugs,

—AT—

**PARKER BROS.,**

Market Square.

**SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS,  
94 Princess St.**

Dyer & Cleaner of Wearing Apparel.

Damask and Repp Curtains, Table and Piano Covers, Shawls, &c.,

**DYED AND BEAUTIFULLY PRESSED.**

FEATHERS DYED IN ALL SHADES.

**C. E. BRACKETT, Proprietor.**

**WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE,  
Cor. King and Germain Sts.**

May Arrivals:

White Cottons, Corsets,  
Grey Cottons, Towels,  
American Prints, Towellings,  
Cretones, Table Linens,  
Canadian Tweeds,

**Blue and Grey and Scarlet Flannels,**

15 Cases Shirts and Drawers,  
3 Cases Top Shirts.

TERMS LIBERAL.

**J. A. MAGILTON & CO.**

**MANKS & Co.,**

57 King Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

**Fine Felt Hats, latest styles.**

Silk and Tweed Hats and Uniform Caps made to order on short notice.

