

Written for THE JURY.

Tapping the Chestnut-Gong.

BY CASEY TAP.

Flash jewelry—electric scarf-pins.

A "STRIKING" IMAGE.—"There goes young De Smytho." They say he is his mother's idol.

"That's so? He must be a broken idol, for he wanted to borrow ten dollars from me yesterday."

No, Julia, no! The story "Thrown upon the world" is not a bicycle tale.

"I believe in the light wine claws," said the burglar, as he pocketed a bottle of sherry at midnight's holy hour.

How much did Alpha bet?

Where did the electric-light?

A gentleman who was struck in the parquette of the stomach during a game of base ball, refers to the incident as his "diamond" belt.

Words that burn—Amateur poetry.

THE SAME THING OVER AGAIN.—'Tis 11.30 p. m. They have just kissed each other good-night. "You are happy," said he, "are you not, pet, in your love for me?" "Oh, yes, George, you know I am—but" (here her silvery voice assumes a melancholy tone), "but there are times, like to night, love, when I am depressed, and feel a little 'down in the mouth,'" and spitting out a few moustacho hairs, Lucille Yeast-knikke entered the house with a heavy heart

Too TRUE.—A young man who carries a chestnut gong visited his lady love the other evening, and while there casually picked up her autograph album. Before he had got half-way through the book, the bell was in fragments at his feet.

Around polling places, and on canvassing tours, the branch of science most indulged in appears to be elect-tricks.

Can Edison chain-lightning.

She was a slight-built college maid—

Pierian ripples in her ean;

"You'll stick to me," her true love sayed,

"Because you are my Vassar-lean!"

A Good Excuse.

The judge was worried and irritated by the many persons who had been summoned for jury duty coming to him with excuses. When Carl Naglebaum's name was called, the judge said, with much asperity:

"Well, sir. I presume, like the rest of them, you want to be excused?"

"Dot is so, your Honor. I would like not to serve dot jury on."

"What's your excuse, sir?"

"I would like to be oggscused because my vife sho is tead."

"You may go, sir; your excuse is a good one," said the tender hearted judge, trying to swallow a big lump, and turning away his head to conceal his emotion. The escaped juror immediately

left the court room. A friend and neighbor followed him out of the court room and seizing the escaped juror by both hands in a broken voice said:

"Mino Gatt, Heinrich; ish dot so dot your vife vas tead? Dot vas deadfal! I feels for you, mino frendt."

The bereaved husband smiled and said:

"Don't weep, Hans; don't weep. It vas only my first vife vat died in dot old country twenty years ago pefore I come dot America to. My bresont vife vas not much tead. I don't have no more such goot luck any more."



HON. L. H. DAVIES,

DENOUNCING THE MACDONALD GOVERNMENT AT GAGETOWN, N. B.

A Grand Bluff.

The other forenoon a colored man was rushing up Beaubien street in hot haste when he met a colored woman coming down the street at a leisurely pace, with countenance all serene.

"Hi! you!" he called as he halted.

"Go long, sah!" she scornfully answered.

"Oh yes, it am all right to tell me to go 'long arter dat pizon mean bizness las' week! I wouldn't hev belived dat of you."

"What did I do, sah?"

"You? Why, you 'greed to mar'y me, an' you jist dun backed out an' sot all de folks laffin' at me."

"Sah, I nebber incouraige you 'tall."

"You didn't? Didn't I spark you fur three months? Didn't I buy you dat ring, an' dat



WM. S. FIELDING,

LIBERAL LEADER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

bracelet, an' dem gloves' and dat parysoll? Didn't we squeeze hands an' kiss each o'der? Didn't you 'gree to mar'y me?"

"Nubbar, sah! You is entirely mistaken in de woman."

"What! Ain't you Molly?"

"No, sah."

"An you doan' lib wid your sister?"

"No, sah."

"An' you doan' know me?"

"No, sah! Let me pass, sah! Dis conduct on your part am wery annoyin'.

My husband will wait upon you dis arternoon."

She sailed off and left him standing there. He kicked himself first with the right foot, then the left. Then he bumped his head against a tree-box, kicked himself again, and started after her and mused:

"I know it's me, an' I knows I ain't dreamin', but I reckon it's time I started fur de hospital. Dis mus' be what dey call a collapse of de system."

How They Fixed It.

A man with a bundle under his arm called at a Michigan avenue clothing store the other evening and hesitatingly inquired if the proprietor ever bought second hand clothing.

"Vhell. I puy's sooch garments vonce in a while. Vhas you a Sheneral in der last war?"

"No, sir."

"Dot makes it badt. I could pay you \$2 for dot coat if you vhas a Sheneral, and maybe somebody gif me four. Vhas you a Congress-man?"

"No."

"Too badt. Shust now dere vhas a demand for Congressman's old clothes. Vhas you some candidate for Governor last time?"

"Not that I remember of."

"Mebbe you vhas a great inventor?"

"I can't say that I am. The only thing I ever invented was an excuse."

"Vhell, you see how it vhas? If you vhas some celebrated man your old clothes go off like hot cakes. If you vhas nopodyden nopody buys 'em. How mooch you vwant for dot coat?"

"Three dollars."

"Tree dollar! Say, you go right outd of my place! I doan' haf some time to fool away mit lunatics!"

"Give me two!"

"Two dollar! Gif you der same price ash a great Sheneral? Please go outd, my head aches!"

"Well, take it for twelve shillings."

"My frendt, look me in my eye! You vhas a poor man, and I like to do right py you. I haf my rules laid down not to pay clothes except of great men, but I preak 'em for you. I gif you seventy-five cents for dot coat, and I pin on him a card dot you vhas a celebrated poet. I do dot mooch to help you outd."

"Give me a dollar and put on the card that I am a celebrated artist."

"No, my frendt. Der worry best I could do vhas to gif you ninety cents and put on dot you vhas a celebrated musician."

They bargained on that, and the stranger went away saying:

"You can spoll celebrated with a big 'C,' and depend upon me not to give you away."

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