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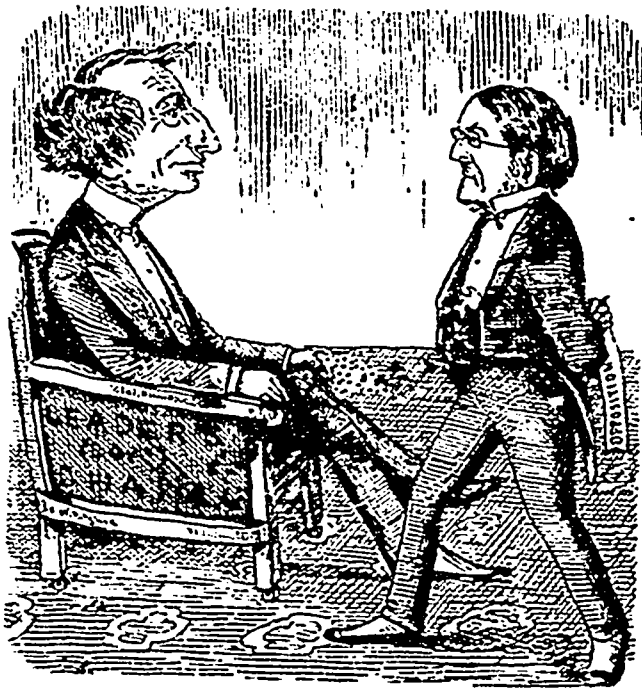
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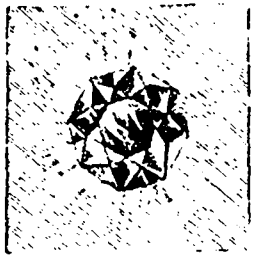
PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY, FROM THE OFFICE, 54 GERMAIN ST.

Vol. 2. ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 10, 1887. No 5.



BLAKE: "What! you here again?"

SIR JOHN: "Yes. Ned, I thought I'd stay a little while longer: it seems so much like home."



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(From the London Advertiser.)

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James Dace, the composer, describes a "New-
combe" grand which he examined there, as "such
an instrument as an artist would fall in love with
on first hearing — the gem of the exhibition."
This grand has since been sent, by Her Majesty's
command, to Windsor Castle, and placed in the
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- POST OFFICE, Indiantown.
- NEWS STAND, Intercolonial Depot
- C. WATERS, King street, Carleton.
- JAMES ARMSTRONG, Fairville.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 10, 1887.

The Foreman of the Jury and his Remarks.



ASIDE from the "foreign" views of Mr. Ellis, none in St. John are superior in ability and knowledge of Dominion affairs, and no individual Liberal or Conservative is more fitted for the position he now occupies of representative for St. John at Ottawa. Were he so inclined, with the powerful press influence he wields, much could be done to elevate and advance New Brunswick. As an opposition journal, the *Globe* is the most powerful in New Brunswick, and being the only evening paper in St. John is extensively read by everybody, so to speak, irrespective of creed or party. With the recent honor conferred on Mr. Ellis, it is to be hoped he will take a deeper interest in Canada than heretofore, and be guarded in his

sayings as his sentiments will hereafter be those of the people of St. John, he being their representative.

* * *

It would have been better for St. John had she returned one

Government candidate at least on February 22nd last, merely to look after the other two, as it were. As it is, of course if the Blake party goes into power (which is next to an impossibility without again coming before the people for re-election) St. John would be in a position to claim her just rights, and the hope of becoming the "winter port" would stand a good chance of being realized. On the other hand, if the present Government is sustained we will have a much harder pull for supremacy, all our representatives being in the opposition. We all know that the three members-elect are able men, and men who will have a strong voice in matters concerning the welfare of St. John; but if in the opposition they will undoubtedly be very much weakened. If all the constituencies of the Dominion had done as well for the Liberal party as St. John city and county, Canada would stand to-day without a single Government member.

* * *

THE Dominion elections passed off very quietly in St. John. Both parties were confident, and well organized, although the palm for superior organization must be awarded to the opposition. The struggle was an up hill one for the Liberal candidates and the result as great a surprise to them as it was to the public. The greatest surprise of the campaign was the over-turn of Carleton, the stronghold of Toryism. This is attributed to the fact of Mr. Ellis being a resident there, and also the hopes of retrieving her fallen energies by electing to the House of Commons one from their midst capable of advancing and upholding their rights. To Carleton Mr. Ellis' thanks are due, and to Carleton's interests he should devote a fair share of his time while sojourning at Ottawa.

* * *

THE pending uncertainty of an overthrow of the Government is an unfortunate thing for Canada. It unhinges business and places the country in a state of excitement that seriously affects trade. If the Macdonald government is sustained at all the majority will be so small that the regular business of the House will be much impeded, if indeed it can be carried on at all. That the Liberals are gaining strength rapidly is plainly evident and augurs well for the future of Canada. We want a healthy opposition to promote the welfare of a Dominion like this, for by having a strong opposition we will have a more honest administration of public affairs.

* * *

THE extremely large sale of JURY the last two issues has proved beyond a doubt that it is a journal much sought after, and although it was election season still our regular sale and subscription list is very large and rapidly increasing. The JURY is sold and circulated in all parts of this Province and in many parts of Nova Scotia; it is also sold extensively on the trains. As an advertising medium JURY is second to none in New Brunswick, and its bright cartoons and humorous columns are extensively perused each issue by an admiring people. In St. John city especially it is valuable as an advertising medium. As the majority of the cartoon hits are local they are naturally of local value. Try the experiment of advertising in JURY and you will be satisfied.

* * *

THE election by acclamation of Dr. Silas Alward to fill the seat vacated by Mr. Ellis in the Local Legislature has been accepted very favorably by the people of St. John. Dr. Alward is a powerful orator, a talented lawyer, and personally very popular in this city. He will prove a valuable addition to our staff of local legislators.

PUBLICATIONS.—To hand, the "Christmas Annual and Almanac for 1887," published at the *New Star* office, Kentville, N.S. It contains 36 pages, with a paper cover. This useful little book is well filled with days of the year, railway time tables and advertisements. The printing, which was executed at the *Star* office, is a creditable piece of work.

Talk It Up.

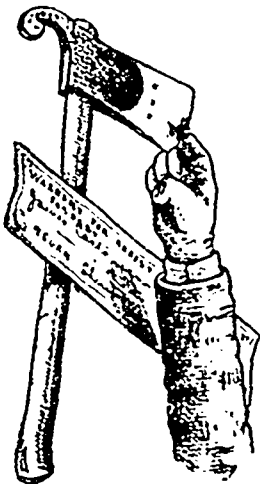
To be or not to be? That is the question which appears to be agitating St. John at present in respect to a new opera house. The question is, whether it is more noble in the minds of our men to suffer the slings and arrows of an outraged fortune or to take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them. The above we extracted from Shakespeare, and gives but a faint idea of the subject; but that which we give below is the unprejudiced verdict of the JURY. So far as theatrical accommodations are concerned St. John is much behind the age. We want a new theatre very badly. One with sufficient magnetism to draw within its four walls the theatre-going people of St. John and others who wish to behold the drama, tragedy, comedy, opera, etc., set and acted by artists of world-wide reputation. By having such a theatre the tourist, the lovely maiden (by inducing the lovely maiden it naturally follows the young men will be present), the scores of people both young and old that wander aimlessly through our streets at night fruitlessly endeavoring to kill time, in fact everybody would have an opportunity of enjoying an evening's entertainment of a first-class order at a scale of prices that would place it within the reach of all.

* * *

The project of building a theatre of such capacity, with stage facilities and scenic attractions as will induce first-class actors and plays to visit St. John has been talked of for some time past. The scheme is booming again, and this year will prove a success. The Academy of Music, as it will be called, with the land, will cost about \$20,000 in shares of \$5 each. Already over \$7,000 in shares has been subscribed, and it is being taken hold of by several of our leading citizens. The building will contain stores on the ground floor, the rental of which will, it is said, defray all running expenses, making the investment a good one. The directors have secured the services of Messrs. Miranda and Kerr, two enterprising young men, with a thorough knowledge of all the requirements of a first-class theatre, to solicit shareholders.

Written for JURY

Out-witting the Sheriff.



FEW months ago a certain shoemaker, having fallen deeply into debt and being unable to meet the wants of his many creditors, was about to be arrested and his household goods seized and sold by the sheriff. The day appointed for the seizure having arrived the shoemaker after bolting his door on the inside awaited the official visit. In the town wherein the shoemaker resided doors in the houses occupied by the poorer classes were not as a general rule supplied with spring locks or any of the modern appliances used by irate wives whose husbands are honorary members of "clubs," and this door in particular was conspicuous by the absence of either lock or latch on the outside, having only a small hole in which to insert the finger to press down a string on the inside which raised the latch. The shoemaker, grasping an axe in his hand, crouched down in a corner directly inside the bolted door awaiting patiently the coming of the sheriff. A little boy about three years of age, a son of the shoemaker, was playing in the room at the time. The majestic tread of the sheriff was heard approaching the door. Nearing it he rapped loudly with his cane. No response came from within. He rapped again. Still no answer. "Open in the name of the law!" he thundered.

"Who's there?" responded the small squeaky voice of the boy.
 "It's me. Open the door."
 "I can't," said the boy, "the latch is too high."
 "Well, get a chair and stand upon it."
 "There's no chair here," said the boy. "Stick in your finger and press down the string."

The sheriff, not suspecting any trick, did so, whereupon the shoemaker noiselessly chopped off the protruding finger. The sheriff



hastily withdrew his hand, not knowing what had happened, while the shoemaker resumed his former position.

"Stick in your other finger," squeaked the boy.

'Tis needless to say the sheriff didn't.

Visions of hospitals and undertakers passed rapidly through his brain, and five minutes later he was seen, hatless, tearing through the town caressing the injured stump and muttering words to himself unknown to the immortal Webster.

The shoe-maker left that day with his family for parts unknown unmolested by the sheriff, who till this day cannot tell how he lost his finger, and now raises all string latches with his cane.

LOTTA.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Hike Lancy: Not so sure of the solidity of the Government. Hope your billet is good yet. Thanks.

Casey Tap: You are one of the many that believe distance lends enchantment—to a dentist.

F. M.—How much are you out on the election?

Pat: The next time you write us a humorous contribution send it without an umbrella. Your last was very dry.

W. P. J., Woodstock, N. B.: Try again. We solicit articles either comic or sensible. Yours comes like the ham of a sandwich, between. Take our advice and do not meddle with scriptural parodies again.

WHEN the *Daily Telegraph* reproduces articles from this journal we ask as a matter of courtesy that full credit be placed to JURY. We do not object to the *Telegraph* copying original matter from our columns, but in all cases the source should be acknowledged. We refer to the poem "Papa's Trousers."

Board of Trade—Timber limits.

A resurrected nut—The chest-nut.

Dreams of eggs—The stump speaker.

Dreams of snakes—The "four-finger" fiend.

A doctor is everybody's superior—Physic-ally.



The Gossips Say That

The new franchise did it.
 Carleton's vote is a mystery.
 You should advertise in the JURY.
 Sir Charles Tupper must be an epicure.
 Blake will be Premier ere 1887 expires.
 Repeal is a "dead issue" in Nova Scotia.
 Everett has another "wire fence" contract.
 'Tis nigh time the fishery matter was settled.
 Sir John cannot "pull through" this session.
 Mr. Temple will be unseated in York County.
 Geo. E. Foster is the "king" of Kings (county).
 There will be another Dominion election in 1887.
 St. John will have a temperance mayor this year.
 R. J. Ritchie, M. P. P., has "put his foot in it."
 St. John will be the "winter port" in A. D. 2160.
 The "rocking horse parl' rollers this time.
 You should subscribe for JURY; only one dollar a year.
 Another general election would be a bad thing for Canada.
 We will have to hire the St. John painters to grain elevators.
 Dr. Alward, Dr. Stockton and John Connor are A1 campaigners.
 We will have a "matrimonial union" of Portland and St. John in May.
 The late election in St. John city and county was a surprise to everybody.
 The "short line" will be from Market Square to Indiantown, by a horse car.
 Sir John can run Parliament with a smaller majority than any other man in Canada.
 J. E. B. McCready showed uncommon common-sense when he resigned Kings county.
 The only way to prevent Yankee fish poachers from taking our fish is to freeze the three mile limit.
 Geo. A. Barker, King street, is to be a candidate for the mayoralty, and also that he'll get a big vote.
 On this the Queen's jubilee year, St. John's celebration committee will surpass all their previous records.

Little Willie had a toboggan,
 That was turned up at the bow;
 Upon the slide two did collide.
 Willie's pants are vacant now.—Peck's Sun.

Written for JURY.

THE OFFICE-HOLDER AT REST

My sleep no longer broken,
 My character defamed;
 Sweet billet, yet your solid,
 The Government's sustained.

HIRE LANSY.

Written for JURY.

NERVY.

Oh Moxie, Moxie, Moxie, Mox,
 I'll keep thy memory green;
 You make our nerves as firm as rox;
 Of Nerve Foods thou art Queen.

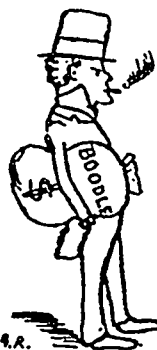
St. John, N. B., March, 1887

LOTTA.

Written for JURY.

A Leaf from Little Jimmy's Sketch-book.

BY CASEY TAP.



This is the pictuor off a wored polytishun on lexun day he karies a bag off budil 4 distribution among the votirs off his wored 2 get there vots he tels them his parte iz the onle hones goverment in Kanada an if u'l vot 4 them hele get u a posmastreship in the kustom hous nex yere he slips a bank off Prints Edward Iland doler bil in2 ur han an ses 4 u not 2 giv him awa or u'l get saltid lik Wudwerd off Fredrictun wil b if he dont prov Tempil glite of bribre u tak the muny an go an vot 4 the other sid this is polytics the wored bos gose 2 hedquortres an tels the secrity he hes jus run in 9 vots 4 the parte the sdcritery ses buley boy an the wored bos slips 50 dolers off the bunil in2 his pistil poket they say thes men R the makin off sukaesful polytishuns it pase 2 b a budler.

AN AWFUL FATE.

Why stands he motionless and lone,
 Like a pale statue carved in stone,
 With neither word of mirth nor moan?

Why looks he into distant space
 With that wild terror on his face,
 And neither speaks nor moves a pace?

What thoughts too deep for human speech,
 What fancies weird beyond the reach
 Of human utterance to teach?

Why stands he wrapt, and lone, and sti!l?
 Broods he on some unuttered ill—
 Some old despair time cannot kill?

Ah, no! a harsher, heavier stroke
 Has crushed his dauntless heart of oak—
 His last suspender button's broke!

"We are selling a good many false bangs," said a hair-dresser.
 "For ladies?" inquired the reporter.
 "No, for young men. Bangs are all the rage now, and every young fellow must have one. Many of them are bald, or the hair is too thin on the forehead, so they call on us to help them. We make a bang that cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. It is fastened on with wires, and when neatly combed looks very nice. A bang should come about half an inch short of the eye-brows, and should be evenly cut. It should never be worn with a full beard, as it contracts the face too much. It is most effective with a drooping mustache."—New York Sun.

Select ed for Jury

Happy Thoughts.

(Mark Twain.)

Be virtuous and you will be eccentric.

(Burdette.)

When Hamlet said, "Seams, madam! Nay, I know not seams," he wasn't talking poetry, but had just killed a sewing-machine agent in the front hall.

I don't try to be funny in my writings. I have an idea occasionally, and when I get it loose people laugh. Then I review the remark and shake it out to find the fun. My perception of a joke is not hung on a hair trigger.

"Does that hurt?" kindly asked the dentist, holding the young man's head back and jabbing a steel probe with back-set teeth clear down through his aching tooth and into the gum. "Does that hurt?" he asked, with evident feeling. "Oh, no," replied the young man, in a voice suffused with emotion and sentiment; "oh, no," he said, tenderly, rising from the chair and holding the dentist's head in the stove, while he dragged his lungs out of his ears with a cork screw. "Oh, no," he said, "not at all; does that?" But the dentist had the better of the young man after all, for he charged him fifty cents and didn't pull the tooth then. But by that time the astonished tooth had forgot its aching.

(Arcturus Ward.)

The Mormon's religion is singular, but his wives are plural.

I had a good audience at Big Creek, who seemed to be pleased, the bar-keeper especially, for at the close of any "point" that I sought to make he would deal the counter a vigorous blow with his fist and exclaim, "Good boy from the New England States! Listen to William W. Shakspeare!"

From the "Showman" papers:

"At the time Chris. arrove on these shores (I alloud to C. Columbus), the savajis was virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw-poker, and sinfulness gin'rally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, faro banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits was consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter girls, and other metropolitan refinements, were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage stamps. You couldn't have bo't a coon skin with a barrel of 'em. The female Aboorygine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whalebone things; but in loose and flowin' garments she bounded, with naked feet, over hills and plains, like the wild and frisky antelope.

"It was a onlucky moment for us when Chris. sot his foot outo these 'ere shores. It would have been better for us of the present day if the injins had given him a warm meal and sent him home ore the ragin' billers."

(Bill Nye.)

A woman should marry for protection,—not for revenue only.

Nothing saddens us like death in any form, and 100,000 dead trees scattered through the city, sticking their limbs up into the atmosphere like a variety actress, bears down upon us with the leaden weight of an ever-present gloom

The railroads have driven out the long-handled frying-pan and the flapjack of twenty years ago, and introduced the condensed milk and canned fruit of commerce. Along the highways, where once the hopeful hundreds marched with long-handled shovels and pick and pan, cooking by the way thin salt pork and flapjacks and slumgullion, now the road is lined with empty beer bottles and peach cans that have outlived their usefulness. No landscape can be picturesque with an empty peach can in the foreground any

more than a lion would look grand in a red monogram horse-blanket and false teeth.

I get a valentine almost every year. It is not beautiful, but it shows that I am not forgotten. It represents a bald-headed olonde, with a brow like a haystack. He is in the act of thinking. He seems to have a thinker large enough for nine able-bodied men; but his neck and his salary are apparently small. At least he wears a gingham patch on the bosom of his pants and a Scotch plaid study on one knee. He has a bilious and reflective air, also an absent-minded look about the pockets, which would show that he might be a grasshopper sufferer or a journalist.

His Opinions.

"Oh, Mr. Wise," she said, meeting him in a book-store, "I'm so glad to see you. I'm going to purchase a set of books for my husband's birthday gift, and now you can help me out in my selection. Now don't you think he'd like Thackeray's complete works?"

"Why, Mrs. Blank, I think——"

"Yes, I think so, too. We have several of Thackeray's already, however. He is very found of history, and I though some of getting Macaulay's 'History of England.' Don't you think it's the best?"

"Well, really now, Mrs. Blank, if I were to choose I'd——"

"Would you, indeed? Well, of course, tastes differ. I'm sure I don't know hardly what to do about the history. Charles is fond of philosophy. Do you think Emerson's books the best written in our day?"

"I can hardly say that I——"

"No? Well, I've often thought myself that Emerson was over-estimated. If you were going to buy the complete works of any American poet, wouldn't you select Longfellow's?"

"I am fond of Longfellow's works, but I——"

"Is that so? I am fond of Whittier myself. But Charles don't read much poetry. He enjoys essays very much. Don't you suppose he'd like Carlyle?"

"Really, Mrs. Blank, I hardly know what——"

"No, really? How people do differ. But I know a great many people who think just as you do. I've a mind to get fiction, after all. Don't you think Dickens superior to any writer now living?"

"Well, you know, Mrs. Blank, that the writings of Dickens are——"

"That is true—so they are; Charles might not like them on that account. Have you the fashionable craze for Howells?"

"Oh, I read nearly everything he writes, but I——"

"You don't fancy him particularly, eh? Well, neither do I. I find that we agree on so many points. I wonder if you think as I do about Shakspeare?"

"I hardly know, Mrs. Blank; I am, of course——"

"Yes, so am I. Well, Mr. Wise, I'm so glad to have had your opinions. They will help me greatly in making a final choice. I shall remember all you have said and be guided by it. Charles and I think everything of your judgment on such matters, and I'm so glad to have met you just at this time. Good-by."

"Good-by," says Mr. Wise, in dumb bewilderment.

ZENAS DANE in *Tid-Bits*.

EVEN CHARLIE GETS THERE.

When Charlie met Maud
She gave him the mitten
In much quicker time
Than it could be written:
A friend asked him why
His brow was so knotted;
He said with a sigh:
"I've just been boycotted!"



AN INJUSTICE THAT SHOULD BE STOPPED.

By the action of the "Drummer's Terror" in Fredericton, G. G. Green's agent was compelled to pay a five dollar license fee for inserting advertisements in the Fredericton papers for the benefit of the local druggists.

An Open Letter.

OAKUMOPH VILLA (as it were),
Feb. the 2nd month, 1887. }

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR: I sat down, a few minutes ago, to answer an "at home" invitation I received from my family physician (the tailor—not the epilepsy doctor), and, being sat down, I thought I would send you another instalment of that literary cut-feed of mine which has excited such unbounded interest and amusement among the crowned heads of Europe and Halifax. But, do you know, for the life of me I can't think of anything to concoct an article upon. Let us see—there are the oyster, the mother-in-law, the Chicago foot, the Boston bean and culchaw, the sad eyed humorist, the back-action mule, the poet who goes hungry five days in the week and starves the remaining two days, the stove-pipe, the politician and his little promise, the dudes mental acumen, and so on, and so on, *ad finitum*, also *terpsicore*, *euphrilms*, *chokilat*, *droppum*, *go braugh*. (You see, friend R., the study of the late lamented languages has not been wholly neglected by me).

Now, I know if I flashed the glamour of my scintillating intellect upon any of the above subjects, your readers would set me down as a chestnut vendor. This species of opprobrium I have ever striven eternously to avoid; so that, on the whole, perhaps I had better not send you anything at all, this time,—especially as I am suffering with progressive toothache. By the way, did you ever go to a dentist's to have your teeth filled? I did, last week. When I went in, the exponent of the barbarous horrors of the inquisition asked me what I would have. I said: "Dentist, dent!" and about sixteen seconds afterwards I was ejaculating "Don't!" with all that vociferation for which I am noted. You see, he has a foot power auger that he hollows out your tooth with. It is a great bore. When the toothwright started that patent gimlet into my aching tooth I jumped

about thirty feet in the air. But it was of no avail. The dentist followed me right along with the revolving corkscrew. I gave up, at once, all hopes of ever seeing this old world again, and all my past deeds, and misdeeds, spread themselves out before me like an open cook-book. My victims presently began to spread themselves in panoramic procession before my vision—the readers of the *JURY*, *Maple Leaf*, *Peck's Sun*, *Tid Bits*, etc., etc.,—and with what reproachful glances did they regard me! My blood ran cold, and I shrieked aloud in my strong agony as they held up before my eyes clippings from the above papers. What immediately followed I do not know for certain, but the toothist said I had fainted, with the name of Socrates upon my lips!

According to his story he asked me several times if I wished some cold water, but I spake never a word. "Can't I bring you some brandy?" said he. I suddenly recovered and said, "If you would be so kind!" This, however, may have no foundation in fact.

Then the dentist took three-quarters of a yard of napkin stuff which he placed in my mouth, leaving about an inch hanging out at one end to prevent the cloth from being lost entirely. And what do you suppose that man did then? Why, after thus filling my mouth, or at least trying to fill it with a linen rag, he deliberately asked me my opinion of the political situation! I reached up to haul that mizzen-sail out of my rosebud mouth, but he struck my hand down, and repeated the question. "Othogigorthildonigorlevritslumtygie," said I. He said he hadn't given that part of the question the consideration which was, perhaps, its due, but that I was probably correct he would not for an instant gainsay. I reached for my revolver to bore a jagged hole through his false heart, but found I had left the "weepon" home on my *escritoire* wrapped up in two "Leaves from Little Jimmy's Sketch-book," and thus the tooth-chiroprapist's life was saved.

I might go on for hours and give you a succinct (whatever that is) account of the agonies I suffered in that man's office, but you can see from the occasional flashes of a generous humanity in this epistle that I am not lost entirely to all feelings of shame and justice, and inasmuch as I am not prepared to write you a sketch, I will subside.

Yours, very etcetera,

CASEY TAP.



"Two soles with but a single thought!"

C. P. R. OR G. T. R.—LEFT.

The car is crowded—just one seat,
And in that seat a girl complete,
With wicked eye and foot pelete.

I wandered aimlessly down the aisle,
I think—I thought I saw a smile,
I stop and then I say with guile:

This seat engaged? May I sit here?
The train stops short, and then so clear:
"No, but I am; and—he gets on here!"

Subscribe for the *JURY*.

Novel Ball Costumes.

WHAT A HOTEL CLERK SAW AT A RECENT MASQUERADE BALL ON THE WEST SIDE

[New York Herald.]

"Some of the dresses that attracted the most attention at the New York Sporting Club's ball at Wendol's Assembly Rooms last Thursday evening, failed to receive that newspaper notice that they deserved."

So spoke the chief clerk of one of the leading uptown hotels last night. A request to favor the public with a description through the columns of the *Herald* was duly granted, as follows:—

"Well, now, I was there, you know, and I saw all the dresses. As I say, I saw all the dresses, and I'll tell you all I can remember, but I'm not strong on the technicalities of women's wearing apparel, and I can only describe the costumes in my own Manhattan Club way."

"You know, continued the clerk, "a group of nine muses came first on the floor at eleven o'clock—Chicago muses, I mean—all carrying baseball bats. They wore white merino neckties braced across the shoulders, domino masks, canvas belts, deep blue stockings and black shoes."

"You've forgotten their skirts," hinted the reporter.

"Have I? Well, the fact is they forgot 'em, too. You see their stockings came up to their neckties. Then there was, of course, a Topsy. She wore a coffee sack princess costume, with oakum trimmings, sandpaper slippers and hair *a la* manila junk."

"You are sure you have got that right?"

"Of course, I've got it right. It isn't quite in the wording your 'assiaty' reporter would use, but, I tell you, you'll find folks'll remember just who wore the dresses I describe and understand what is meant. Now, don't interrupt me. Another striking costume consisted of blue felt, trimmed with wall paper and cut excessively pompadour below the waist. Then there was a macrame polonaise over a blue castile enamelled corsage, with a vanishing skirt. A page's attire, worn by a voluptuous blonde, was very attractive. Of course, I don't need to tell the cut of a page's costume; they're all cut alike to just cover the figure with nothing to spare. The material of the doublet was a finely diversified rag carpet, with oil silk trunk hose, canvas shoes and a Lincrusta Walton tabard slung over the left shoulder. Her companion was tastefully arrayed in a linoleum suit of mediæval armor, cut bias and gored in the most sanguinary manner. Then there was the Bride of Lammermoor, a warm blooded brunette, just such as one of Shakespeare's Italian heroines ought to be, and—"

"What! the Bride of Lammermoor was Scotch, not Italian!"

"I said, 'Lamm her, Moor,' if you please, and I referred to Desdemona. She was dressed principally in the hankerchief that made all the trouble. If she had any thing else on I've forgotten it. Then there was Ophelia, dressed wholly in white, with a train like a hauled down jib, and eyes like the side lights on a topsail schooner. She was a little hollow in the bows, but she rose and fell to the music like a pilot boat on the wind, and as a connoisseur in grace I can tell you that she would have discounted the Empress Eugenie herself in her palmiest days. The daintiest duck of the ballroom, however, was a fairy, about four feet high, dressed in a tight fitting corsage of pale blue silk, cut V shaped and filled in with lace. The short skirt, which fell just below the knees, was of dark blue velvet, slashed in deep gores from the bottom nearly to the waist with embroidered pale blue silk. Her hair was dressed *a la* Diana, and she wore light blue silk boots and dark blue embroidered stockings topped with a light pink or flesh colored band six inches wide. Now, that'll do for the present."

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A DOUBLE-BARRELED RECRUIT.—A young recruit recently enlisted at camp Hancock, near Atlanta, while the country was threatening war with Mexico, and he intended to make a good soldier. One day he was on guard duty, and was slowly stepping along, when an officer approached. After the usual salute the officer said, "Let me see your gun."

The raw recruit handed over his Springfield rifle, and a pleased expression stole over his face.

As the officer received the gun, he said in a tone of deepest disgust, "You're a fine soldier! You've given up your gun, and now what are you going to do?"

The young Atlantian turned pale, reached for his hip pocket, drew a big six-shooter, and preparing for business, said in a voice that could not be misunderstood, "Gimme that gun or I'll blow a hole through you in a pair o' minutes!"

The officer instantly decided not to monkey any further with the raw recruit, and the gun was promptly surrendered.—*Atlanta Constitution.*



HAMLET (BLAKE).

To be, or not to be: that is the question: whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune: or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them? I do not know why yet I live to say, This thing's to do: sith I have cause and will and strength and means to do it. Rightly to be great is not to stir without great argument: but greatly, to find quarrel in a straw when honour's at the stake.

A Tilt with Fame

BY CASEY TAP

Once, not very long since, I published a book.

I believe that the making of a confession eases one's conscience, and gives him a complacency and sense of quietude that are not his when holding a secret. Therefore I record the above fact.

I had written a few sketches for the papers, and as they seemed to be snapped up and eagerly sought after, I concluded that the crying need of the 19th century was for those articles to be reproduced

in book-form, price a quarter of a dollar. Accordingly, I interviewed a publisher. He looked some of the sketches over and said he would publish 1,000 copies of the proposed concordance for "so much." He casually remarked that this terms were cash. I tried to get him to estimate for 10,000 copies. He said, perhaps 1,000 would do for a starter. Time has proven the greatness of his prophetic abilities. There was less of the profit about the book.

I tried to get the publisher to cheapen his rates somewhat, but he said no, he had too much regard for my feelings for that. "How so?" I queried. "Well," replied he, "you see, it is this way. When the returns from the great work begin to come in, you would reflect upon the fact that, out of a great regard for your sterling worth, I had made a sacrifice, and you would, I know, be just literally torn up in spirit. Ah no, it cannot be"

I gazed for a few minutes in silence at a steel engraving of a Chicago newspaper correspondent disappearing into a Florida alligator's zereba, until aroused by a peculiar sound, such as is heard when a sink pipe is partly clogged up. Turning towards the publisher I saw he was weeping. That settled the matter. When a person turns the faucet of his grief, on my account, and lets her pour, I invariably weaken.

Well, in dew time—that is the fall of the year—the library of poetry and song made its appearance to an astonished world. It was bound in pail green paper, and had my picture in the front of it. This latter fact, alone, should have assured its success. The work was dedicated to that eminent musical connoisseur, Prof. Wilhelmj Von Nye, to whom a copy was forwarded, with request for a critique upon the same. Von Nye replied in a rather non-committal epistle, saying that perhaps the best test would be to place the book on sale. If people knocked each other down, trod on each other, and killed each other to get hold of it at any price, it was a great work; but if they smothered their longing for it, and struggled along without it, it did not touch them in the right spot. The delicateness of Wilhelmj's reply I never shall forget. One day I handed a copy to a friend and asked him if he would not like to invest. He read several of the articles in an impassioned tone of voice, and then said, "No, Casey. I never did care for this heavy sort of truck that a great many are writing. Say, why don't you try your hand at something in a lighter vein—humor, for instance?" I have a friend who runs a refreshment-room and news-stand on one of the St. John River passenger steamers. He agreed to take a few copies "on sale." A few months afterwards I met him and interrogated him in regard to "Tappings." "How many books," said he, "did you give me?" "Twelve, I believe," was my answer. "Well," he rejoined, "I have just 20 copies left." "How may that be?" "Well, you see, people all along the river who had bought copies elsewhere heard that I had them for sale and so they brought them back. Two or three wanted their money back, but the majority seemed to consider it a personal favor if I would take them back, anyway."

The publisher had assured me that it would be a taking book, and he was correct. It took all the money I could scrape up to publish the book. It also took me 19 months to sell 97 copies. All these facts had a tendency to sadden me, and since then I have not attempted any writing in the humorous line, but have confined myself to something heavy—diatribes, for instance.

Oakumoph Villa, N. B.

—Mopl. Lear.

Written for JURY.

SUICIDE.

A letter I write to-day, Love,

That echoes my fondest hope,

And if my wish is granted, Love,

Well—it will save me stretching a rope.

St. John, N. B., March, 1857.

A—

Written for Jury

ONLY THIS AND NOTHING MORE.

By A R M

Hark! I hear the merchant whisper,—
At our hearts we feel so sore,—
"Maritime Bank has closed it's shutters!"
(Only this and nothing more.)

Some had "livers," some had twenties,
Some a hundred, others more,
When the bank put up its shutters.
(Only this and nothing more.)

Hark! we hear the directors whisper
Through the key-hole in the door.
"Those who have our notes in plenty,
They may hold them evermore."

Public whispers: "There's no hurry:
They'll be good as e'er before."
When you get them, yours forever.
We will take them no more.

TOBOGGAN SHOTS.

W. R. JONSTON, in *Maple Leaf*.

I met her at the slide:
'Twas on a frosty night.
We were standing side by side
When her bonnet took to flight.

I made a grab to catch it,
Or die right on the spot;
But the tob. took the biscuit
And struck me like a shot.

I simply swept the slide
With my elbows and my head:
My arms and legs were tied
When they picked me up for dead.

Now, boys, take my advice:
Get the bonnet when at hand.
Keep your dignity cool and nice
And.....planned.*

* I can't make the blamed thing come into line, but I wanted to say: "Let the girl and bonnet be hanged." You will excuse the break because of my shattered nerves.
Boston, Mass., February, 1887.

Rev. Wandoodle Baxter Talks about "Gambolling."

Do subject ter which I desire ter call yer attenthun dis ebenin' am gambollin' or do playin' ob keards

I has reason ter dread dat some ob de male members of dis heah Blue Light Tabernackel am in de habit ob playin' poker, and afterwards dey lies to dar wives when dey comes home late.

Dearly berlubbed sistern, when yer husband comes in pertickerly late, and says in his sleep, "Iso done froze out— is aunty up?" dont yer fer a minit' ser-



pose dat he am sufferin' fer moah quilts, or am boderin' his head about his aunty. Hit means he has been playin' de sinful game of draw poker.

Maybe in his sleep de husband will talk about jack pot, and next mornin' when yer asks what a jack pot am, he will say dat hit am de pot what Jack cook his vittles in when he camps out. Don't yer berlieve him, for dat ar ain't de right meanin' ob jack pot—so I has been informed by Deacon Snodgrass.

Dar am seberal kinds of games. Some games am healthful and some am sikly. Hits my idee dat poker am one ob de sickly games, for Deacon Snodgrass, in the amen corner ober yonder, has ter sit up wid poker all night long most ebery night in de week.

Playin' poker am not confined to the lower elements ob serciety, for I has been told dat at Washington City some of de Congressmen plays de game reg'lar. Not long sence I read in one ob de papers dat Secretary Manning made a call for \$10,000,000. And yet dar am lots ob folks who am willin' to play all night long wid a two-dolar limit—so I has been told by Deacon Snodgrass.

De American game ob poker, like de gospel, hab spread ali ober de cibillized world. I was conversin' wid a return misshunary from de Souf Sea Islands, and he tole me I'd be sprised at de spread ob Christianerty among de heathens; dat all de natives ob de Souf Sea Islands hab larned ter cuss in English and play poker, and dat one ob 'em skinned him outer sebenyt-five dollars wid a cold deck.

Eben de boys in dis heah age ob progress know moah about poker den de boys ob prehistorical times. In former days de boy, in the langwidje ob de poick, stood on de burning deck, whence all ut him had fled, but nowerdays de boy has de deck up one ob his sleeves, and he draws out de face keards as he needs 'em ter make a full han'.

Yer can't tell by lookih' at a man ef he plays poker or not, but I has always noticed dat when a man nebber wars an obercoat in winter because hits not healfy, hit am a spicious sarcumstance. He sorter indercates dat he has been bluffin' on a weak hand. Deacon Snodgrass yer didn't bring yer obercoat wid you dis Sabbath morn.

Brudder Sam Johnsing will please pass de hat. I hope yer wil chip in liberally. I takes occasion ter remark dat de hibit ob flat-tenin' out buttons while hit spiles de button, does not increase his availibility as a circulatin' mejum.—*Texas Siftings*.

"Have you tried the toboggan slide?" inquired Smith of Miss Tompkyns.

"I have not. Have you?"

"Oh, yes."

"How did you like it?"

"Splendid! But it fairly took my breath away."

"Indeed! Does it affect every one that way?"

"It does."

"Then every theatre ought to have one for the benefit of those gentlemen who go out between the acts for cloves."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*

"Tra la la, my deah Acid Drop. I must be off, you know. Business is rushing at 55 KING STREET. Don't look so sour. Cheer up. You may get sold some day, and then yca will have a sweet time of it, I assure you; that is, if you come to 55. Oh, it's all right for you, Mr. Orange-Figg, the dear pushing boys from Boston have taken yon in hand and of course you get sold off before you have a chance to lose your fragrance. Dear me, I wish I were you. How is Miss Chocolate Cream and Miss Vanilla Carmel? Still going at 1⁹/₂ and 21¹/₂ a pound, I see by the papers. Well, good bye. Pray for me." And with a sad shake of his head he wended his way.

Moral: How happy he would have been if he had only been at the CUT RATE CANDY STORE, 55 King Street, St. John, N. B. All should come, see and buy delicious fruits and confectionery cheap.

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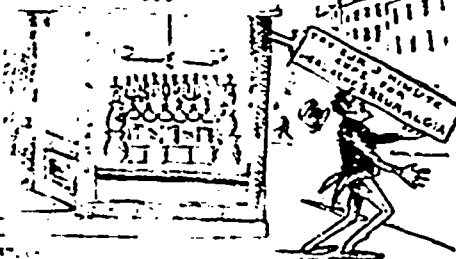
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