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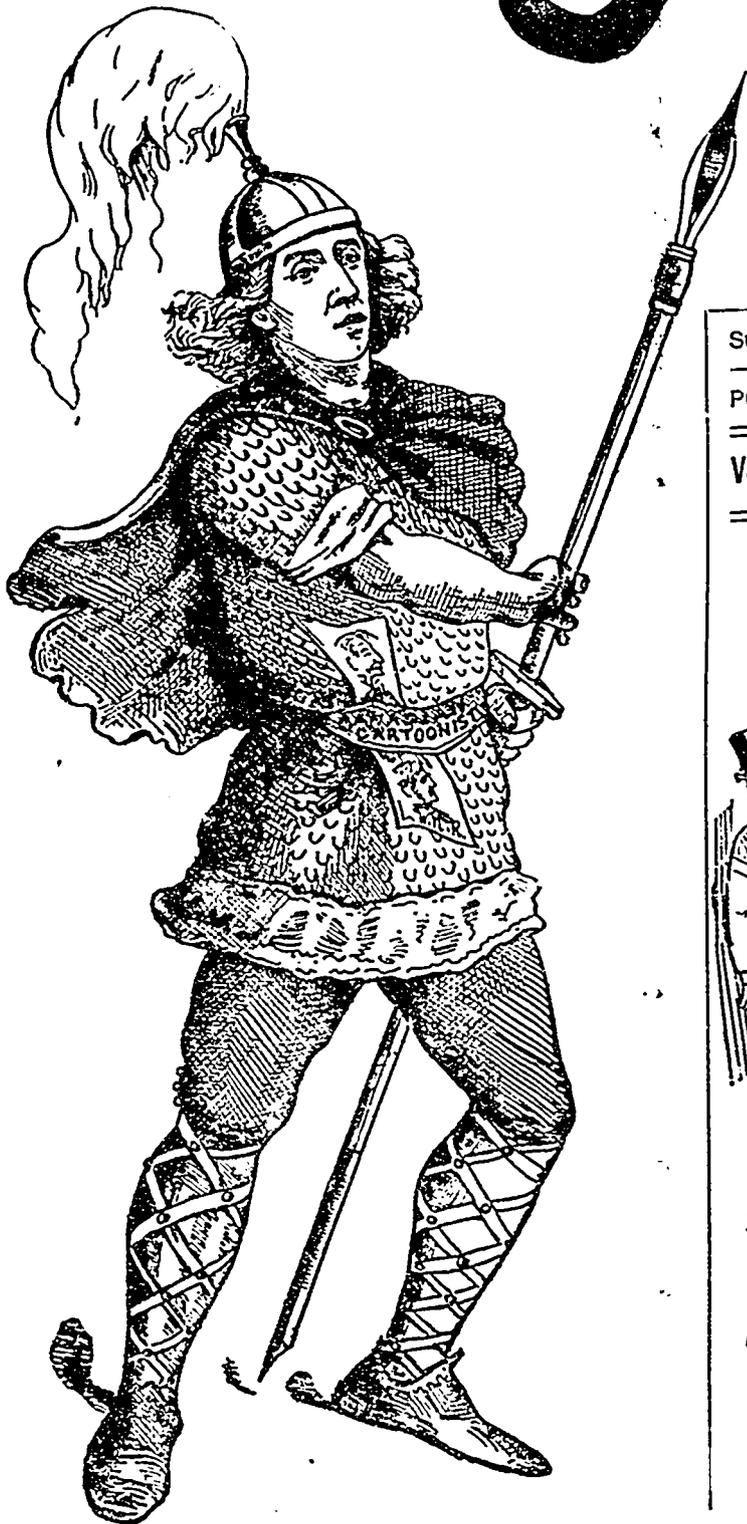
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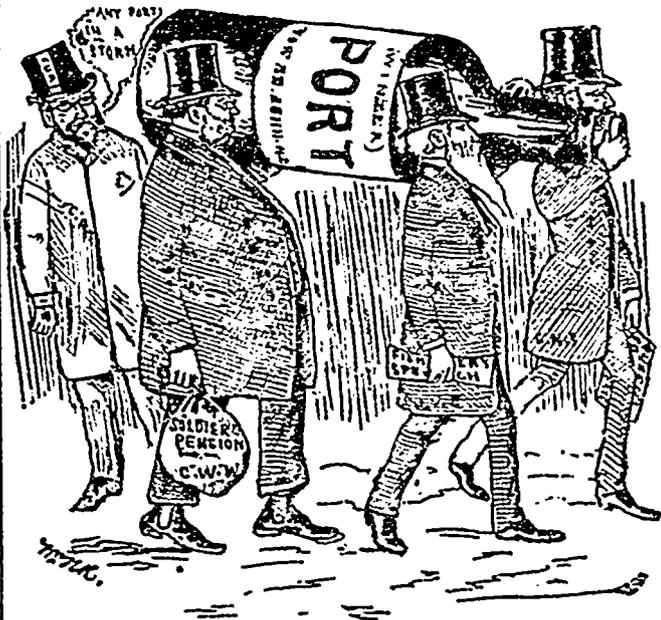
JURY



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PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY, FROM THE OFFICE, 54 GERMAIN ST.

Vol. 2. ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 20, 1887. No 8.



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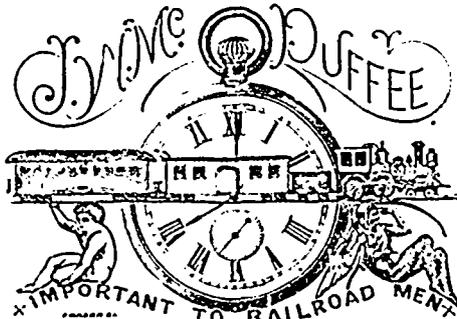
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Repair Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c
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 will receive personal attention. Give him a call.

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A Choice Assortment of Cloths to select from always
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Of The Jury is that

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BOOTS and SHOES

in the Lower Provinces.

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 Jubilee Week, will do well to
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Men's, Youth's and Boy's Ready-
made Suits, at the Lowest Prices
 in the Province.

WM. J. FRASER

JURY

AN INDEPENDENT FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

Which will render its verdicts in cartoons and caricatures on Provincial, Dominion and social matters to the best interests of the community in the Maritime Provinces.

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WM N. RITCHIE, *Editor and Artist.*

WM. N. & G. E. RITCHIE, *Proprietors.*

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- G. HOBEN, Main Street, Portland.
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ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 20, 1887.

The Foreman of the Jury and his Remarks.



In the language of "Boss" Tweed, what are they going to do about it? We refer to the Scott Act, which came in force in Portland recently. The Act had been carried by a good majority and was to be enforced from the 1st of May. The first has come and gone and still no arrangement has been made and no steps taken by the Scott Actors to prohibit the sale of liquor. A majority of the Common Council, it appears, are not in favor of stopping the liquor traffic and, therefore, they will not move in the matter. The temperance party are afraid to prosecute the liquor sellers, knowing that it would be a costly proceeding, as their opponents are prepared to carry the matter through the courts, regardless of expense. So far the liquor sellers are reaping a "bonanza,"

they are selling as much rum as usual without licenses. This thing should be stopped; licenses should be granted or the Act enforced.

* * *

Would it be just to the Portland electors to enforce the Act? 'Tis

true a majority of the voters were in favor of no rum—but, still, there was a large minority who cast their votes against the Scott Act. If the Common Council conclude to close up the rumshops, an inspector will be appointed at a salary of not less than five hundred dollars per annum. To raise this amount a tax will be levied on the people. Now, what we contend is, would it be justice to the minority opposed to the Act that they also should pay their part towards the inspector's salary? This seems to be a fair question for consideration, and one that should be weighed well before a decision is given.

* * *

THEN, again, if the Act is carried out, the Portlanders can go across the street and get drunk; of course they are in another city, but still in going home some of them may create a disturbance and get arrested by the Portland police, and probably go to jail for two or three months. Is it fair to the citizens of Portland that they should pay taxes to support a jail and have it filled with persons who obtained all their drink in St. John? There are many sides to this question and careful consideration is necessary on the part of the Common Council.

* * *

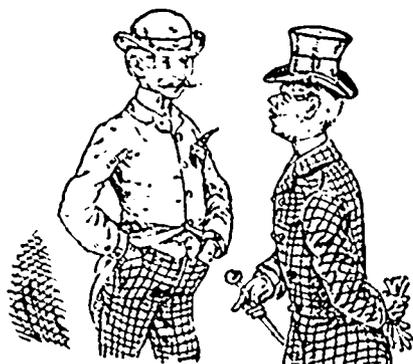
PARLIAMENT has been in session several weeks and still nothing has been said of the Winter Port location. Knowing that St. John would feel very much disappointed if they did not receive a port of some kind, the JURY relieves her anxiety by pictorially placing before its many readers the triumphant return of our representatives laden with the Winter "Port." This Port needs no preparation, not even to placing the harbor in commission.

A Leading Portland Industry.

About eight years ago a small store was opened in the town of Portland by Mrs. T. A. Vincent. This store had then a small stock of boots and shoes. By strict attention to business the store commanded a large trade, as its goods were widely known for durability and stock. The business in 1884 had increased to such an extent that larger accommodations were necessary, and Mrs. Vincent built a new store and dwelling one door above the old stand. About this year Portland was incorporated as a city. The new store now occupied by Mrs. Vincent is well filled with a fine stock of boots, shoes, etc., which are sold at extremely low prices. Her trade has made rapid strides and her sales now stand ahead of all in Portland. The new front has been repainted and presents a very attractive appearance. The latest addition to the window dressing apparatus is a "Paragon Shoe Frame," manufactured in Norwich, Conn. The frame is beautifully nickled and makes a very neat mode for dressing a window to advantage. The store is situated on Main street, nearly opposite Fisher's Pond, and presents the finest front in Portland. You can depend on anything in the boot and shoe line purchased from this establishment.

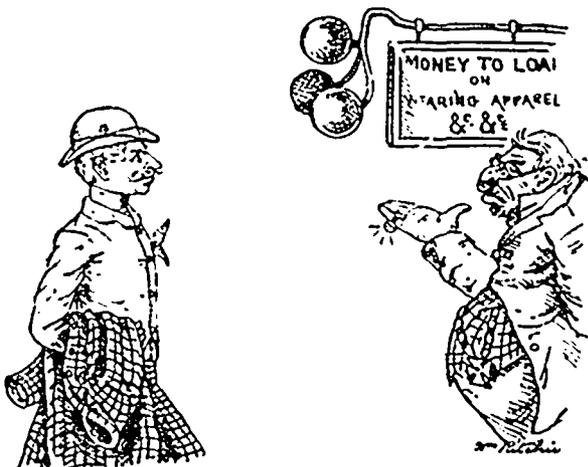
A Successful Business Man.

Wm. Searle, proprietor of the American Boot and Shoe Store, Main Street, Portland, emigrated from England to Portland, N. B., about sixteen years ago, after serving a seven years, apprenticeship at the custom trade in England, with a first-class house. On arriving in Portland, Mr. Searle worked as a journeyman at the trade for a period of two years, in which time he amassed sufficient money to buy out the good will and stock of a custom shoemaker who was about to leave for the United States. Business increased to such an extent that larger accommodations were needed and he purchased a lot on Main Street, a few doors above his old stand, erecting a three story building thereon. Up till this time Mr. Searle had confined himself to the custom trade. A great many of his friends advised him to keep on hand a small stock of



1ST GENT: I have two tickets for a ball to-night. Will you go with me?

2ND GENT: No, thank you, Harry,—



I am to get tickets from "three balls" myself to-night.

ready-made boots and shoes also. Taking the advice of his friends he obtained a small assortment of shoes, etc., for sale. The business increased so rapidly that a larger stock was necessary to meet the demands of his many customers. All this time Mr. Searle occupied only a small part of his present store for business purposes, the other portions being used as a dwelling for his family. Finding his trade needed more business space, he moved his family up into the flat above and then removed the partitions on the ground floor, making it into one large square store. The American Boot and Shoe Store stands to-day a model to all who wish to imitate the energy displayed by Mr. Wm. Searle. It commands one of the leading trades in Portland, both in custom and ready-made work. Goods purchased in this store may be depended upon. He holds the first prize and diploma for fine custom work at the New Brunswick Exhibition in 1880.

Publications.

The *Saturday Gazette*, which made its debut a few weeks ago, is receiving very favorable notice. Mr. Bowes will spare no pains to make the *Gazette* an excellent family journal. On sale at the book-stores every Saturday morning; price, three cents.

We receive regularly as an exchange *Peck's Sun*, published in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The *Sun* is one of the leading humorous papers in the United States and has an immense weekly circulation. We can safely say the *Sun* is our most welcome exchange.

The *N. Y. Tid-Bits* is one of the most extensively quoted humorous papers in existence. The best humorous writers on the continent of America contribute to its columns. If you wish to enjoy a good laugh, read *Tid-Bits*.

The *Maple Leaf* man is brightening up his already polished sheet

by the use of "cuts" of prominent people in the United States. This journal is now publishing a serial story profusely illustrated. The *Maple Leaf* means business.

The *Gleaner*, of Fredericton, recently enlarged, is now a roomy and well filled paper.

Our Wealthy Men.

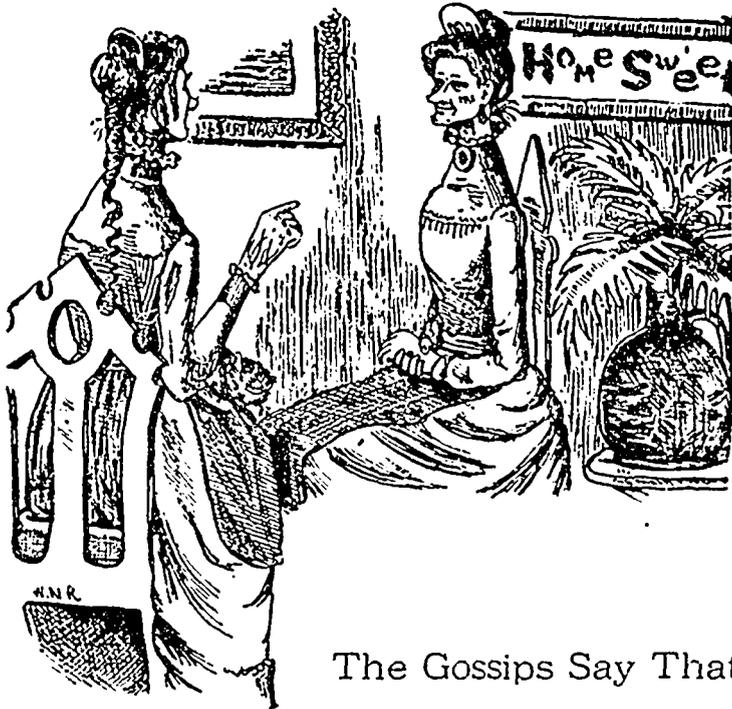
Much has been said in newspapers of men who have made large fortunes in comparatively a few years in various business industries. Many of these articles are written by correspondents of prominent newspapers, and copied into others of lesser note. Correspondents generally are seldom men of business qualifications and wrongfully picture these men and their business as a thing of accident: this is not the case with those we have met. We find that where men have made large fortunes by their own business talent and industry they chose with sagacity and forethought such businesses as would lead to success when handled with business judgment. No man has been brought before the public as an example of success, both in wealth and magnitude of his business (outside of stock and railroad men) more prominently than Dr. G. G. Green of Woodbury, N. J. He is at the head of many large business industries, and yet comparatively a young man. When the fact that August Flower, for dyspepsia and liver complaint and Boschee's German Syrup, for coughs and lung troubles, has grown to a wonderful sale in all parts of the world, it proves that it was not an accident or spontaneous strike at wealth. His medicines are recognized as valuable and established remedies and the business has grown gradually and permanently during the last eighteen years on account not alone of Dr. Green's abilities as a business man or his "good luck," but on the actual merits of the two preparations.—Copied from the *N. Y. Weekly Sun*, of Dec. 22, 1886.

ALL the tableaux for the coming Polymorphian parade on Jubilee day were designed by Mr. P. Greenwood, late from England. Mr. Greenwood is now in the employ of R. J. Wilkins, painter, of St. John. He displays great originality, and as a painter is well up in the business. Some of his recent work in this city reflects great credit on him, and his tableaux will form a leading feature of the parade.

Subscribe for the *JURY*. \$1.00 a year.



AN ORPHAN.



The Gossips Say That

George H. Martin will prove an efficient street inspector.

The new Mayor will provide band concerts on King Square this summer.

The seat occupied by the member for Dunn is thickly coated with mucilage.

The late freset at Indiantown was a judgment on the citizens of Portland for passing the Scott Act. They wanted water and their wants were fully supplied.

The Portland Polymorphian Club will represent, on the day of their jubilee parade, the five decades of Queen Victoria's reign. Each decade will be a trifle more *seculer* than the previous decade.

A Wild Tale.

[Chicago Herald.]

"I want to tell you a little story about my boy out in Newbrasky," said an old farmer in the smoking-car to the party of drummers who had been telling him some pretty tall yarns. "My boy is a good deal of a genius in his way, lemme tell you, and none of 'em gets ahead of him. T'other day he rigged up a kit. It was the biggest kit I'd ever set my eyes on. It was about six feet wide, an' twice as long, an' on the top of it my boy placed a few green branches which he'd cut from a cottonwood tree. 'What's them fer?' I enquired. 'Never you mind, dad,' says he; 'I know what I'm about.' And, by gosh! he did. He flew that kit up in the air, 'an stood watchin' of it for a long time, when I says to him: 'You better pull that thing down, now, an' get to your work.' 'Lemme alone, dad,' he replied, 'I'll git thar yet.' And, by gosh! he did. The next time I took a look at him he was a-haling in on the kite line, with a smile on his face as broad as furrer. When the kit came down near the ground I saw what he was a smilin' at, an it was enough to make a body smile, too. Any you fellers want to guess what was on that kit?"

None of the drummers wanted to guess, and the old man continued his story:—

"Wall, sir, a-sittin' on the top o' that kit was eleven o' the purtiest wild geese ye ever saw. Yes, sir, eleven on 'em. You see, the geese was flyin' 'north purty thick, an' my boy had got up this scheme to catch 'em. There ain't many trees out our way, an' after a fat goose has been flyin' purty steady all day he gets kind o' tired like an' looks around for a place to sit down an' rest. "That's just what my boy was countin' on when he built that kite. By offerin' the

geese a place to stop an' rest and by smearin' the top o' the kite with tar, so their feet would stick so fast they couldn't get away, he did the business. By gosh! but it was fun to pull them geese in. Just as fast as we could send the kite up and pull her down again we got from ten to a dozen geese, an' in four days we captured six car-loads. I'm takin' 'em to Chicago now to sell. None o' you smart, story-tellin' fellers don't happen to know what wild geese is wuth now in the Chicago market, do ye?"

How He paid for his Dinner.

That genial raconteur William Asphalt McConnell, than whom no one is more economical of the truth, tells us of an amusing adventure which he plausibly alleges happened to himself. While in Brooklyn during his recent trip in the East, he found himself very hungry, and, strange to relate, in possession of about 50 cents. Consoling himself that he had often dined on much less capital, and also that he had plenty more over in New York, he entered a queer little restaurant near the bridge, and proceeded to gratify his hunger to the extent of 50 cents. While eating, he noticed a monkey perched on a swing above the cashier's desk. "The monk," said Mr. McConnell, "seemed to have his mouth full of something, for his chops hung down, and he continually rolled his jaws about. After I had finished my dessert of red-fringed napkins and pine picks, I strolled to the cashier's desk, and with recklessness born of a knowledge that I had dined I slipped up the half-dollar in the air, intending it to alight on the desk in front of the cashier. But the monk with lightning rapidity seized it and stowed it in his maw. I endeavored to make the brute disgorge it, but without avail, and at last explained to the cashier. That individual turned his lackluster eye upon me and said: "That won't do, young fellow. Too many blokes have tried that game on me; pay up.' I remonstrated, but he called the waiter. 'Say, Jimmy,' said he, 'run to de corner an' fetch de copper.' Jimmey ran off, while the cashier went out on the sidewalk to prevent my escaping. I sat down again and the monk jumped off his perch and came over to my chair. Seized with a sudden impulse, I dealt the brute a sudden kick in the neck, whereupon he gagged and spat out \$9.70 in currency. I picked it up, and going outside gave the cashier my 50 cents and 10 cents for his trouble. I'm going back there again soon."—*Chicago News.*

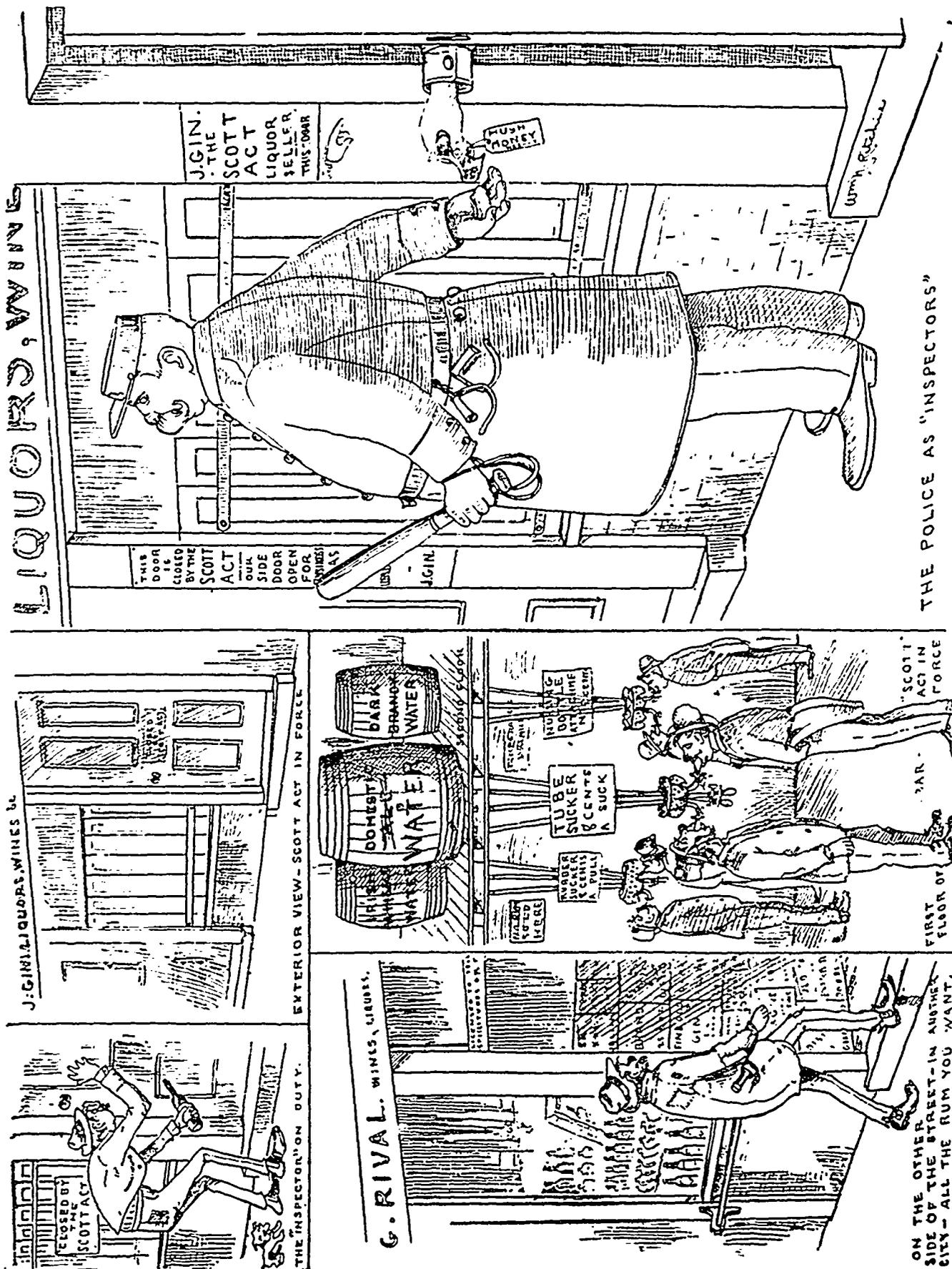
HOME FIRST.—Let home stand first before all other things! No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond its doors, build up a true home before everything else! Be not its slave: be its minister! Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished, that its silver is brilliant, that its food is delicious, but feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and the true man, who shall together rule and bless the land. Is this an overwrought picture? We think not. What honor can be greater than to found such a home, what dignity higher than to reigh its undisputed, honored mistress? What is the ability to speak from a public platform to large, intelligent audiences, or the wisdom that may command a seat on the judge's bench, compared to that which can insure and so preside over a true home, that husband and children may "rise up and call her blessed?" To be the guiding star, the ruling spirit, in such a position is higher honor than to rule an empire.

A PECULIAR FLAVOR.—"Is this oleomargarine?" asked a Page street woman of a corner groceryman's clerk.

"Yes, ma'am," was the lazy reply.

"It has a peculiar flavor, has it not?"

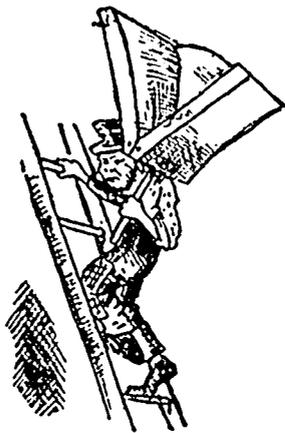
"You taste the butter, ma'am, that's all."—*Chicago Herald.*



THE POLICE AS "INSPECTORS"

THE WAY THE SCOTT ACT WILL BE WORKED IN PORTLAND - IF ENFORCED.

SHIFTING THE BLAME.



Howly Moses! luk at that!
 All the morthar spilt
 Over misther Dolan's hat,
 Murther, I'll be kilt!

At the top they'll want to know
 Where the morthar wint;
 O'Dolan's waitin' round below,
 Foightin'e his intint.

Can't go thravlin' aither way,—
 H—ll's on aither ind,—
 I'll be docked on top av pay,
 Licked if oi descind.

Drop that laddher, oi'll be down.
 Whoop! you'll break me neck;
 There's the hod upon his crown,—
 Murther, what a wreck!

Look, ye careless divils—quick!
 In the morthar bed;
 Wan av you has droppher' a brick
 On O'Dolan's head.

Written for JURY.

FREDERICTON BRIDGE

O Bridge, bonny bridge, thou art dusty and soiled,
 Thou marvel of beauty. O'er thee men have toiled
 To make thee so grand, as the river they spanned,
 And the good \$100,000 stripped out of the land.

The islands above thee just saved thy proud head
 Or the ice would have crushed thee, thy arches have fled,
 And another few thousands from our coffers have bled.

The river was spanned, the shores were united;
 No more would old ferry-boats here be invited;
 We should never more wait, not e'en for a day,
 On this side or that side, but go on our way.

But, alas! came the flood, and no ferry-boat near;
 We've been sitting in mud, with but water to cheer,
 And the shores that were wed were divorced the first year.

O bridge, bonny bridge, poor Fredericton's idol,
 With mud you are smidged.—sad end to the bridal.
 But now we must mend thee as well as we can,
 I'd say that our pride has our wisdom outran.
 And child of prosperity though thou hast been,
 Thou art dwelling in poverty with the children of men.

Life is no idle, fair romance,
 And surging waters o'er us glide.
 Thou bridge, so fair at our first glance,
 Now in the dust thy sorrows hide.

The surging tide, the waters flow,
 An element all-powerful is;
 To save ourselves we hurrying go,—
 We have no choice in time like this.

But evil men more danger is
 Than even raging, surging tide;
 Their hidden sins: a dark abyss,
 And falsehood's rage on every side.

Our hearts are breaking with our banks;
 Our timber 's floating out to sea,

Our merchants ruined by their pranks,
 And all the world seems gone alee.

So, dusty bridge, with arches fine,
 No more like rainbows wilt thou shine;
 And we in poverty may wait,
 Like beggars at some castle gate.

And Time will roll her tides along,
 And men in story and in song
 Shall tell how we in Spring may stay,—
 Thou hast made for us no less delay.
 Now I'll no more thy sorrows tell,
 But say we loved thee, all too well.

May 18th, 1887

RECKLESS.

They were visiting Boston for the first time, although they had lived all their lives within fifty miles of its limits. He had, in an unguarded moment, given full reign to a streak of generosity bordering on reckless extravagance. In his calmer moments it made his blood run cold to recall how he and his "maw" had "made the money fly down to Boston."

Hardly had they left the train when he said:
 "Now, maw, let's enjoy ourselves. Now, yew jess buy anything yer a mind ter. See anything yew'd like to eat?"
 "Yes, paw; I've allus thought I'd like to taste one o' them bananers."
 "All right, maw; a bananer it is. Here's some. Jest hand over a bananer, will ye, mister? One o' them specked ones will do, I reckon. How much? Two cents? Purty steep, but maw wanted it, an' she hed to hev it. See anything else you'd like, maw?"
 "I do no but I would like a little mite o' peppermint candy, bein's as I ain't had any for 'bout nineteen years—not since we was married, paw."
 "No? All right. Here's a three-cent shiner, an' we'll lay it all out in pepp'mints. Blamed if I ain't a mind to buy an orange, too. Whacher, say, maw?"
 "I would like it, paw. I do no as I'member how oranges do taste."
 "An orange it is; an' we'll take the peelin' home to the children. We said we'd bring 'em something. Anything else you want, maw? Don't be afeared to speak right out. Blamed if I care if I do spend a little money a-plec-surin'!"
 "You s'pose we can afford a ride on the horse keers, paw? I've allus lotted on doin' it if I got a chance."
 "I reckon we ken. They say you can ride five miles for five cents, and we'll jest go 'em a dime's worth. We kin walk back, an' see more. Say, maw, whacher say to an ocean ride?"
 "Oh, paw!"
 "I'm in dead earnest."
 "Oh, paw; kin we afford it?"
 "That's what we kin. I've brung seventy-five cents to spend, and blamed if I keer if it all goes, though I did cal'late a leetle on gettin' a box o' matches an' some terbacker an' a few other little things with what was left of it. But you say the word, and off we go, oyer the salty deep."
 "I'd like it, paw."
 "That settles it. Come right along. Two tickets for Chelsea ferry'll cost only four cents, an' blamed if I don't buy 'em and make the trip. It'll be something to brag on back home. Hooray! who cares fer ispiuses? Off we go fer a ocean tower crost Chelsea ferry. Blamed if I ain't a notion to buy some crackers an' cheese to eat on the trip."
 "Oh, paw!"
 "Blamed if I don't! I don't do things by halves. All you've got to do is to sing out, an' if I don't have three cents' worth o' bolony sassingers, too, my name ain't Zed Simpson."

Send \$1 to box 237 and got the JURY for one year.

PECULIARITIES OF ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.



A "NAIL" KEG.



AN "ALE" KEG

FRICTION.

Only a pimple! yet how fast it grew
 When once it took the start.
 Only a collar,—'twas stiff and new.
 When it tickled the dome of that pimple,—phew!
 Jewillikers, didn't it smart.

LORRA.

ALL persons wishing to have photographs taken should call at the studio of J. McClure, 98 King street, and inspect his peti.e photos. Seventy-five cents a dozen.

THE JURY, being well filled with political and humorous pictures is extensively read, and must prove a valuable medium for merchants to advertise in. Subscription price, \$1 a year.

A SKIN TROUBLE.—Grady. Well, Pat, how are yez to-day?
 Brady: Well, with the exception of that little "skin" trouble.
 Grady: What was that.

Brady. You forget that I was a depositor in the Maritime Bank.

UP WITH THE TIMES.—"That new dentist who came to town last week is going to make business hum," said the post-master. "How so?" asked the parson. "Why, he has a sign out, 'teeth extracted while you wait.' He's a rustler."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

PROVERBIAL P'S.—Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, for pecuniary prospects of the press have a peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly and his pocket book kept plethoric by prompt paying patrons, he puts his pen to his paper in peace; his paragraphs are more pointed, he paints his pictures of passing events in more pleasing colors and the perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it.—*Tobias Tribune*.

THE POWERS THAT BE.—Stranger: I want to see the head of this paper.

Reporter: That is the city editor at the further desk.

Stranger: You are the city editor, I understand. Are you the head of this paper?

City Editor: You will find the managing editor in the other room, sir.

Stranger: I wish to see the head of this paper.

Managing Editor: You will find the proprietor right across the hall.

Stranger: I wish, sir, to see the man whose word is law around this institution.

Proprietor: Certainly, sir. You'll find him in the composing room. Ask for the foreman.

Written for JURY.

FREDDY'S HAIR-CUT.

By A. R. M.



Little Freddy's hair is lengthy;
 'Twill need trimming very soon.
 Mother'll cut it,—she's quite handy,—
 In the back *a la* quarter moon:
 With a sugar-bowl for pattern
 Closely pressed on Freddy's brow,
 She will trim it high and classic,
 Like the forehead of a cow.

On the top she'll trim quite snugly,
 With a scollop here and there,
 And she'll spot it o'er in places
 Where the hair is a little bare;
 It may look a trifle scraggling,
 Perhaps a little off in style;
 But the notches none can notice
 When it's neatly brushed with ile.

We remember in our boyhood
 When dear mother cut our hair.
 Heaven bless her! it was awful!
 How it made the neighbors stare.
 Like a pitted nutmeg grater
 Looked our shorn and shaven head,
 And we feel a fiendish pleasure
 When we look at little Fred.



HAS TO BE ENDURED.

Alice, where art thou?
 List to thy dear Jack's call.
 In thee alone I vow;
 Comes "Robinson" after you all,
 Evermore. R. E. A.

* * *

"Maritime Bank Bills taken here at the face in exchange for goods,"
 Is the sign that strikes the bushman when he comes in from the woods.

* * *

Over in Portland you can't get a drink,
 The Scott Act's in force. Now, what do you think,
 They have to drink water, 'tis a terrible shame;
 But we'll drink Bass's just the same.

* * *

A DUDE'S LAMENT.

Oh, cigarette! sweet cigarette!
 Your equal I have ne'er seen yet;
 That is to say, I haven't met
 A thing that places me in debt
 Like unto thee sweet cigarette.

* * *

AIN'T BUILT THAT WAY.

A farmer may take in the town on a time,
 And drink whiskey punch all day,
 But he comes home a "broker"
 If he plays "draw poker,"
 Cause his "boodle" is "scooped" that way.

A girl may flirt and go on a mash,
 Or walk the streets all day;
 But she must be "on hire"
 If she kindles a fire,
 Because they ain't built that way.

stoah, 'Ah, what soht of a hat do you think would suit me?' and the wetch weplied, as bwazen as you please, 'A soft one, sir.' "

"Did yon wesent the insult?"

"Yaas, pwomptly."

"How did you wesent it?"

"I said 'Wats!' wealey loud and slammed the door as I went out."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

I happened to be walking behind a couple of school children the other day, when one, a lad of about nine years, turned to his companion and said: "Say, Skinny, we don't say 'chestnuts' no more down to our school, we say church bell."

"Aw, g'long. Yer tryin' to get off some gag on me."

"No, I hain't. Hope to die, and cross my heart, if I am!"

"Honestly and truly?"

"Ah, ha!"

"Well, then, if there ain't no gag, why do you say church bell?"

"Cause it's been tolled before."

"Huh! I don't see anything so very funny about that."



Hiram Spook.—Use it later.

Casey Tap.—How is it with thee?

A. E. R.—The rhyme is bad. Try again.

A. R. M.—Your "cutting" remarks are good.

Hank Lancey.—Will use it later with suitable sketch.

Lotta.—We can sympathize with you, dear. We've had 'em ourselves.

Anon.—Must have writer's name, in confidence. Not appropriate, anyhow.

Proverbs.

The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities.

A wise man adapts himself to circumstances, as water shapes itself to the vessel that contains it.

The error of one moment becomes the sorrow of a whole lifetime.

The gems cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without trials.

When the pond is dry the fishes will be seen. When the accounts are settled the profits will appear.

A bird can roost but on one branch.

He who wishes to rise in the world, should veil his ambition with the forms of humility.

Who swallows quick can chew but little.

He who toils with pain will eat with pleasure.

HE DIDN'T COMPLAIN.—Jinks: Don't you object to your wife wearing such an enormously high hat, Binks?

Binks: No, not at all. I complained of it once, and she said she would take off an inch for every drink I refused.

Jinks: No wonder you don't complain any more.

UNGALLANT.—A newly married man, who evidently needs discipline, thus discusses: A woman is a handy thing to have about the house, she does not cost any more to keep than you will give her, and she'll take a great interest in you. If you go out at night she'll be awake when you get home, and then she'll tell you all about yourself, and more, too; of course she will know where you've been and what kept you out so late and will tell you; yet right after she gets through telling you that, she will ask you where you have been and what kept you out so late. And after you tell her and she won't believe you, you mustn't mind that; and if after going to bed she says she hasn't closed her eyes the whole night, and then keeps up the matinee two hours longer and won't go to sleep when she has a chance, you mustn't mind that either; it's her nature.

NO CHANCES LOST.—Small Boy: Pop, what's that queer building for?

Wise Father: That's the publication office of a newspaper.

Small boy: A boy's paper?

Wise Father: No; it's a political organ.

Small Boy: What's all the black smoke coming out of the chimney for?

Wise Father: I suppose that is a bid for the colored vote.

A FEW months ago a beautiful ship sailed from a certain English port. Friends and relatives of those on board assembled on the wharf to witness her departure and to wish them adieu. The vessel sailed favoured by wind and weather for the first few days and all looked forward to a pleasant voyage, when alas one evening when only seven days at sea the vessel encountered a terrible hurricane. She drifted far out of her course, and on the eighth day struck on a sunken coral reef and began to sink. Men ran about with death staring them in the face and hoping and craving to be saved. The crew, included the captain, divided into three parts, six in each boat. Two of the boats were drawn down in the whirlpool. With much difficulty a cask of brandy which was on deck was stowed away in the boat. The remaining boat drifted at the mercy of the waves for a period of five days in which time the crew subsisted on the sea biscuit and brandy. In a short time the biscuit were consumed and nothing was left but the brandy to keep six men alive until picked up. A passing vessel bore in sight and took them on board. Their brandy had been almost exhausted, but I have still a good stock of hand of the finest brands.—JAMES H. SLATER, 235 Union St.

WILLIAM J. PITMAN has a first-class shaving and hair-cutting Emporium at 24 Charlotte Street, near the Y. M. C. A. building.

The parade given by the Saint John Polymorphians on Tuesday, Jubilee day, will be one of the leading features of the celebration in honour of Queen Victoria's fiftieth year on the throne of England. This procession will include several well known historical hits and also a great many comic representations. The energy displayed by some of the leading spirits in the Polymorphian Club is deserving of much praise and the success of the procession will be due to the efforts put forward by a few of its members, one of whom is Mr. Samuel W. Wilkins, importer of and dealer in British and Foreign dry goods, smallwares, &c., Haymarket Square. Mr. Wilkins keeps always on hand a choice assortment of dry goods, &c., and heads of families wishing anything in his line are cordially invited to call and inspect his stock before purchasing elsewhere. The store is pleasantly situated at the Junction of Waterloo and Brussels Sts. and Haymarket Square. New goods constantly arriving.

MR. M. J. DOOLEY has just removed his hairdressing establishment to Walsh's Block, corner of Brussels Street and Haymarket Square. The shop has been newly fitted up in ash and walnut and presents a very clean and tasty appearance inside and out. All persons residing in that vicinity or elsewhere are cordially invited to give him a call. Work guaranteed perfectly satisfactory. Hair-cutting and

shaving at popular prices. Ladies and childrens' hair-cutting a specialty. Barbers and tailors shears sharpened. Razors honed and concaved. Remember the address, corner of Brussels Street and Haymarket Square.

PLEASE READ.—Mr. McCarthy, fashionable hair dressing and shaving saloon, 308 Brussels St., near Haymarket Square. The shop is very neat and clean. Ladies or children wishing their hair cut would do well to call on Mr. McCarthy, who personally supervises all the work. The best of satisfaction given to all. Razors honed and scissors sharpened. Our motto—*semper paratus*.

"MOTHER," said old Judge Averill, glancing up from the perusal of a letter, "George has given up the base-ball foolishness at college and gone to studying in earnest at last."

"Are you sure?" inquired the old lady.

"Oh, yes. In this letter he asks us to send him money to purchase a book on "The Science of Sphere," and another on "Modern Celebrities of the Diamond."

MR. JOHN ROSS, 290 Brussels Street, keeps on hand a first-class stock of family groceries,—flour, meal, tea, coffee, sugar, molasses; also, oats, feed, &c.

CHILD—"Who is this man, Father, and why is he so smiling and cheerful?"

Father—"He is a candidate for Mayor at the coming election, my child."

"He must be a great and good man like those we read about, Father, for see—is he not giving alms to the poor around him?"

"No. He is simply passing around cigars to make himself solid."

"Then he will surely be elected, will he not?"

"No, my son. It is always the other man who is elected."

"Always?"

"Always!"—*Peck's Sun*.

A. H. MARTIN, son of G. A. Martin, the Street Inspector, has opened a store in Portland for repairing watches, clocks and jewelry. See advertisement.

READ the advertisement of Murphy & Co. concerning picture frames, etc.

THE NEW CARPET STORE opened in this, the "Jubilee Year," is now without a doubt **THE** Carpet Store of the Maritime Provinces. How was it accomplished? you would naturally enquire. Well, just listen to me a minute and I will tell you all about it. When Mr. GILBERT opened this store he did so with the intention of selling his Carpets, &c., at the Lowest Prices consistent with First-class Goods. The people rapidly became aware of the squareness of his dealing and of the exceedingly low prices asked for goods at his Store. **CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, LINOLEUMS and GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS** in great variety were on hand for inspection, guaranteed to please the most fastidious buyer. All persons wishing to purchase goods in the carpet line are requested to call at Mr. HAROLD GILBERT'S, **54 KING STREET**, before going elsewhere.

Empire Dining Saloon & Restaurant

49 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

Oysters served in all styles by attentive and obliging waiters and with marvellous quickness.

P. E. T., Shediac and Bucouche Oysters on the half shell. Orders for large quantities for suppers, etc., promptly attended to and at reasonable prices.

Meals served at all hours in first-class style.

Fruits in season.

Pastry, Meats, etc., served in superior manner.

A choice assortment of Prime Havana Cigars.

P. A. CRUIKSHANK.**ALFRED ISAACS,**

DIRECT IMPORTER OF

Choice Havana Cigars,

Meerschaum Pipes,

Briar Pipes,

Tobaccos, Cigarettes

69 and 71 King St.

PARK HOTEL,

King Square, St. John, N. B.

THE PARK HOTEL is one of the leading hotels in the city. The central location and liberal management make it a most desirable stopping place. Prices very moderate.

WILLIAM CONWAY, Proprietor.

NEW Dining Saloon.

DAVID MITCHELL, for ten years manager of the Empire Dining Saloon, has associated with him in business WILLIAM FINDLAY, of Montreal. They have bought the business of Mrs. Whetsel, Germain Street, and refurbished the premises. Good meals will be served every day from 12 to 3 o'clock, from 25 cents upwards, and the saloon will be run on the American plan.

The ICE CREAM made by Mrs. Whetsel will be supplied to parties as usual, the subscribers having purchased the recipe from Mrs. Whetsel.

By strict attention to business and the employment of a polite and obliging staff of waiters, the subscribers feel justified in guaranteeing the public the best attention and every satisfaction.

DAVID MITCHELL,
WM. FINDLAY.

Always on hand at
223 UNION ST.:
Fresh and Salt Meat,
Ham and Bacon,
FRESH EGGS,
AND A LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF

Canned Goods,Viz. LOBSTERS, CORN, TOMATOES, OYSTERS,
PEACHES and CORN BEEF.

Jellies and Jams a Specialty.

McGRATH BROS.**MANKS & CO.,****Manufacturing Hatters & Furriers****Children's Jubilee Caps,**

ASSORTED BANDS.

K. T. CHAPEAUX,

L. O. A. do.

Foresters do.

K. P. Helmets, &c.

FATIGUE CAPS, ALL KINDS:

RAILWAY & STEAMBOAT CAPS ALL KINDS.

McRoberts & Crawford,

169 UNION STREET,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Ranges of all kinds,STOVES, TINWARE,
LAMPS and OIL, OIL TANKS,
STOVE PIPE, COAL HODS,
COPPER and SHEET-IRON WORK.Stoves and other goods sold on the installment plan.
Prompt attention given to Stove repairs and Jobbing Work of all kinds.**NEW****Hair Cutting & Shaving Emporium.****S. B. McNEIL,**

Has opened the Hairdressing Saloon, lately occupied by Geo. H. McGowan

37 North Side King Square,

in connection with the Central House, where he is prepared to execute Hair Cutting and Shaving in first-class style. Ladies Hair Cutting a Specialty.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

THOMAS DAMERY. JAS. F. WALSH.

DAMERY & WALSH,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Safes, Vault Doors and Wire Window Shutters,

17 WATERLOO ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Ornamental Wire Work for Banks and Counters.

Drs. C. M. & F. A. Godsoe,**DENTISTS,****SYDNEY ST., COR. PRINCESS,****ST. JOHN, N. B.**

NOW that the season of spring house cleaning has arrived and people are thinking of cleaning their houses, &c., we would suggest that you send your Lace Curtains to Ungar's Steam Laundry, where they will be cleaned in first-class style for from 50 to 60 cents a pair.

All kinds of Linen cleaned at reasonable prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Goods called for and delivered free of charge.

HENRY J. PITTS

179—Union St.,—179

IS NOW OPENING A

SPLENDID STOCK

—OF—

Gent's Neck Ties,COLLARS, CUFFS,
WHITE SHIRTS,

SILK HOSE,

UNDERWARE, &c.,

—ALSO FOR THE—

JUBILEE HOLIDAYS,

FLAGS,

Jubilee Medals and Jubilee Bells.

179—UNION ST.—179

THORNE BROS.,**THE****King St. Hatters.****A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
SOFT AND STIFF HATS**

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

93 KING STREET.**TO-NIGHT!** 1,000 MEN WANTED to
unload Schooners at**Jas. H. Slater's,**

235 UNION STREET.