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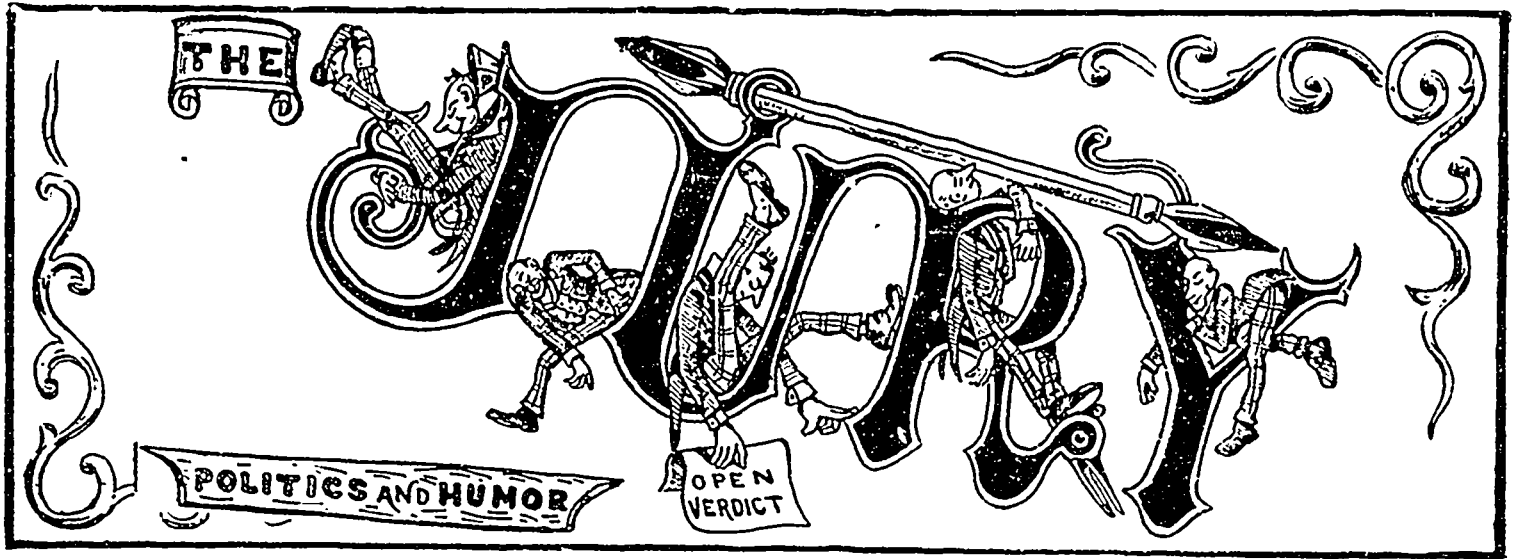
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Vol. 1. No. 7.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER, 1886.

35 Cents a year.  
Single Copies, 5 cents.



MOSES VIEWING THE "PROMISED LAND."

## THE JURY.

AN INDEPENDENT MONTHLY JOURNAL.

Which will devote its cartoons and caricatures on Provincial matters to the best interests of the community in the Maritime Provinces.

OUR MOTTO: CHASTE VERDICTS.

Subscription price, 35 cents a year, strictly in advance. Single copies, 4 cents each.

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Address, THE JURY, St. John, N. B., P. O. Box 237.  
Office of publication, 51 Germain Street.

WM. N. RITCHIE, Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER, 1886.

### CARTOON COMMENTS BY THE FOREMAN.

#### The Winter Port.



For many years no public question has caused such deep-seated excitement in our midst as that of the winter port. Our people had been led to suppose that the Liberal Conservative party, from their watchword of "Canada for the Canadians," under which they rode in to power, would endeavor

to make good their promise of an all-rail route through British territory with its termini on Canadian soil. But when the government of the day offered a subsidy for steamers to carry mails from Liverpool to Canada, during the winter months, through a foreign port, their indignation seemed almost uncontrollable. They had submitted to an enormous burden by taxation to construct the C. P. R. R. And when they saw their just expectations about to be dashed, party lines were at once obliterated and they stood side by side determined to know but one party—New Brunswick for New Brunswickers.

Now that the government have yielded all must see to it, that the promise is no mere delusion—put forward as an electioneering dodge to serve a purpose and when that is attained withdrawn. We claim St. John has the advantage over even Portland in the matter of distance from Liverpool to Montreal. The distance from Liverpool to Portland is 2,850 miles, while to St. John it is 2,700 miles, or 150 miles less. When the Short Line is completed St. John will be 453 miles from Montreal. The distance from Portland to Montreal, by the G. T. R., is 297 miles, giving Portland the advantage over St. John of 156 miles. But as communication by rail is more expeditious than by water, the position is made good that St. John has the advantage over Portland. The next question is, has our port equal advantages with Portland. In the matter of wharves and other terminal facilities, unquestionably it has not. But in one year our port can be put in this respect on a par with Portland. Let our people then rise with the occasion and bestir themselves and we can secure for ourselves this boon. Either put the harbor in commission or secure from the Common Council an expenditure of \$50,000 to assist in building wharves or in dredging, if dredging is required; and St. John as a winter port for Canada is an accomplished fact.

#### SOME OTHER POINTS.

The winter port question, dealt with energetically, has called attention to St. John in a way that cannot fail to impress its importance on the minds of the whole people of Canada. St. John, they now know, has four or five wharves or piers at which there is a depth of water sufficient to float steamers like the Parisian; St. John has an open harbor, the ice king never exercising undisputed sway over its turbid waters; St. John has opportunities for trade development such as few cities afford; St. John can furnish to steamers chances for securing large local or provincial freight, and as good opportunities for obtaining the rapidly increasing grain trade of the North-west and a share of the steadily developing trade with the far east, to which the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway has given a stimulus, as any city on or near the Atlantic seaboard. In a word, St. John has few powerful rivals in the United States, and not one, all things considered, in the Dominion. No city can furnish to the Canadian Pacific Railway much better, nor indeed as good, opportunities as an ocean terminus. The neglect of St. John in a matter of so much importance as the choice of a winter port for us, by the steamers carrying the mails between the old and the new world, which shall be subsidized by the money of the Dominion people, would be a discredit to the Dominion, and a promise long held out to the people of New Brunswick, and would destroy the value of the cry, "Canada for the Canadians."

The winter port business is a matter of importance not only to New Brunswick but to the Dominion at large. It is national rather than sectional in its scope. In it there is room for the patriot to figure and but little chance for the mere partizan to exercise an influence. There are some who would feign give to the matter a party bias; but they see how futile would be the effort to make headway against the overwhelming force of a united public opinion, patriotic in its purpose and honest in its aims.

The representations made to the Dominion Government have had, as they properly should have, due weight. St. John will supplant Portland in the call for tenders for the carriage of the ocean mails, and the efforts of our sturdy people will not be handicapped by aid from the public purse, to which they so liberally contribute. This is as it should be. But it remains for St. John to prove herself worthy of the preference extended to her. Our unrivalled harbor advantages must be improved wherever improvement is possible, and hampering harbor regulations and other arrangements must be denuded of their retarding influences. As a port of shipment, it is desirable that St. John should be made as attractive to shippers as it is possible to make it. This can easily be accomplished, if all interested in the trade of the place and concerned about the advancement of the material interests of the people work harmoniously and generously together. That they may do so should be the prayer of all good citizens of whatever class or condition. Capital and labor should work hand in hand, and in proportion as they do so just in like proportion will advantage inure to both.

#### Why Is It?

We desire to thank the papers of upper New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the generous manner in which they notice our issues, when deserving of mention. Our city dailies are of a rather selfish nature and appear to be very reticent in their notices of our issues, good or bad. Were we running a journal of a similar nature

to the *Globe* or *Telegraph* we should not be surprised at their style of "encouraging home manufacture;" but ours is of an entirely dissimilar nature, not interfering with theirs in any way and an industry and journal that should be promoted. Our circulation is rapidly increasing, despite the draw-backs of which we speak. THE JURY is fast becoming popular in upper New Brunswick on account of its independent standpoint. A jury is supposed to give an unprejudiced verdict on all matters, whether political or social. We have taken that name and policy, and propose carrying on the paper in the same manner for all time to come.

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From a number of flattering notices we select the following:—

The JURY for November is better than any previous number. It is only 35 cts. a year, and deserves a wide circulation. We would like to see it every week.

The November number of JURY, of St. John, is a tip top one, and contains some good cartoons. It makes our genial friend W. J. of the *Sentinel* to be a tough rooster though. Sharpen up your pencil, friend Ritchie.

THE following is self explanatory —

ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS,  
Monmouth Co., New Jersey, }  
Nov. 24, 1886.

DEAR SIR: I see in your paper were you will send THE JURY free for one year to any person who would inform you why ships weigh anchors. It is because they won't weigh themselves!

M. E. WELCH.

THE action of A. G. Blair in discouraging immigration for fear of the loss to the government in stumpage revenues, has prompted our artist to give an illustration of the suppression and expulsion of foreign immigration.

We have received a great many congratulations on the accuracy of our prophecy regarding the Post Office Inspectorship. Our cartoon prematurely portrayed the aspirants who were favored with appointments.

THANKS.—The proprietor of JURY wishes to thank all the writers who contribute to this his December number.

OUR representatives to Ottawa on the Port mission found the government invisible.

“CHRISTMASS”  
Comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings 'Good cheer.'

**GEO. ROBERTSON & Co.,**  
Up-town Retail Grocery,  
**50 KING ST.,**

HAVE PREPARED A BILL OF FARE THE MOST SUMPTUOUS EVER OFFERED BY A GROCERY IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

In addition to the substantial, such as Mixed Teas, Java and Mocha Coffee, Gilt Edge Butter, English Cheese, &c. &c., we have imported specially

“Puffed Figs,” 4-Crown Imperial Delicia Raisins, Crystal Fruits, Fancy Biscuits, Macquered Vins, Cognac, Bon-bons, Confectionery, &c.

The patronage of our friends and the public generally is respectfully solicited.

GEO. ROBERTSON & CO.

**Our Cartoons.**

The announcement made by J. V. Ellis, of the *Globe*, at the winter port meeting in Mechanics' Institute, that he had been like "Moses viewing the Promised Land" since Confederation, has inspired our artist toward producing the leading cartoon on that gentleman aforesaid. The mountain or site on which the editor is posed is Blue Rock in Carleton, his residence. His sandals are doffed as he travels on "holy ground," as it were. One or two of the rocks in the mountain represent the supporters of the *Globe*. The esteemed editor is in a position of thankfulness, hands uplifted, etc., as he gazes out toward the promised land—the winter port of the C. P. R.—his brightest hopes realized. Allan mail steamers adorn the harbor, a grain elevator erected, with a flourishing city in the background, the winding St. John river entering the harbor, the fog, which the Dominion government so strongly objected to in the contest for the winter port location, is "down the bay." The "gull," which flies over the city, is the second edition of the *Globe*.

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A humorous cartoon on the interview by the four representative delegates with the government at Ottawa, in which the "head" has written a notice, "Gone West!" after leaving the bottle of "port" on his table ready for shipment to St. John, will be found in this issue.

**Our New Departure.**

We purpose in a short time making a change in the appearance of THE JURY. On or about the first of the year we intend issuing a twelve page journal about the same size as *Grip*, printed on fine paper, and issued every two weeks. It is an impossibility to bring THE JURY out inside of a fortnight on account of the plates, which are procured from Boston, the nearest possible city in which electrotype plates are manufactured.

THE JURY since first greeting the public has made rapid strides into public favor; its cartoons are looked for with interest. In the change we propose making we hope to have an increased popularity.

It is almost unnecessary to draw the attention of our readers and advertising patrons to the fact that we present a special Christmas double number. Hence the slight delay in issuing. That THE JURY is appreciated as an advertising medium is quite evident.

The article on another page, entitled "In a Marble Yard," is from the pen of Mr. H. L. Spencer, of the *Sun*.

**The Standard.**

The new evening paper, *The Daily Standard*, made its appearance the first part of this month. It presents a neat and clean typographical look. As the people's paper it should, if it adheres to the independent platform chosen, receive the combined support of the masses of St. John and the province of New Brunswick. "Horse Shoe" to you, *Standard*.

**The Reason Why.**

My son, there's nothing on earth so mysteriously funny as an advertisement. The prime, first, last and all the time, object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not, was not,



THERE'S A(B)REST FOR THE WEARY.

and never will be designed for any other human purpose. So the merchant waits till the busy season comes and his store is so full of custom he can't get his hat off and then he advertises. When the dull season gets along and there is no trade and he wants to sell goods so bad he can't pay his rent he cuts down his advertisements. That is, some of them do, but occasionally a level headed merchant puts in a bigger one and scoops all the business, while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay the gas bill. There are times when you couldn't stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time

the advertisement is sent out on its holy mission. It makes light work for the advertisement, for a chalk sign on the sidewalk could do all that was needed and have a half holiday six days in the week, but who wants to favor an advertisement. They are built to do hard work, and should be set out in the dull days when a customer has to be knocked down with hard facts, and kicked insensible with bankrupt reductions and dragged in with irresistible slaughter of prices before he will spend a cent.

NOT ACCEPTABLE.—Contributor: I have here a little story.  
 Editor: Does it say anything about "large, lustrous eyes"?  
 Contributor: Not a word.  
 Editor: Does the lover "throw his whole soul in one long passionate kiss"?  
 Contributor: Oh, no.  
 Editor: Is there anything in it about "ethereal bliss"?  
 Contributor: No.  
 Editor: Does any one speak words "burning with love"?  
 Contributor: No one.  
 Editor: Does the hero "tear his hair" or the heroine's face "fairly glow with pleasure"?  
 Contributor: No.  
 Editor: Then I cannot accept it. It violates all precedent. Take it back and run those in and I will consider it.

BONES PROPOUNDS ONE—"I see that there is a young woman in Pennsylvania who has slept for over a month," remarked Bones, after Mr. Knazel Wabblers had sung "When the Overcoat's in Pawn."  
 "So I have noticed," rejoined the interlocutor in his rich third bass voice.  
 "Now," resumed Bones, "can you tell me what is the difference between this incident and a somnolent policeman?"  
 "We can," yelled the entire troupe. "One is a beat on the sleep, and the other is asleep on the beat!"  
 And the curtain fell.

Amanda—Reginald, I understand you have been circulating the report that we are engaged around town.  
 Reginald—And so we are, my dear.  
 Amanda—Yes, I know; but it seems as though a man who cared for my future happiness ought not to say anything that will prevent my marrying some good man.

Miss Ethel—Mother, I want to go to the hop at the hotel.  
 Mother—What, two months after the death of your lover?  
 Miss E.—Well, I'll take part in the slow dances only.

**CHRISTMAS**

WILL soon be here, and everybody ought to "wake up" to the fact and select suitable presents at once. We wish to remind you that our stock of HOLIDAY GOODS is simply immense and contains many rare and beautiful gifts, which cannot fail to cause a smile on Christmas morning. If you are searching for beautiful and appropriate holiday gifts, remember we have "got 'em on the list," for sure. Our new stock is unequalled, and in it you are sure to find "the very thing" you want.

And now a word in regard to prices. Having bought our holiday stock very cheap, enabling us to come down in prices, we shall avoid all unnecessary comments and simply say that **Low Prices** is what we shall sell for. It makes our competitors sad; and no wonder, for our marvelous bargains are the terror of them all. Just now our stock is complete. We can please one and all, from the delicate dude, in search of "a present faw me girl, dontcherknaw," to the most fastidious miss.

We cordially invite all to come and inspect our stock, and your old friend Santa Claus seconds the invitation. Our beautiful display of holiday goods will delight.

**TOYS, BOOKS, CHRISTMAS CARDS, NOVELTIES, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS,**  
 The nicest, prettiest and cheapest you ever saw. This is your best chance.

**JAMES CRAWFORD,**

Portland News Depot, - - - Main Street, Portland, N. B.  
 BRANCH STORE: Cor. Duke and Sydney Streets, St. John, N. B.

**CALEDONIA COAL.**

LANDING:

PRICES:

\$4.35 per Chald., Cash;  
 \$4.50 " " " booked.

HOURLY EXPECTED:

**STOVE & CHESTNUT, ANTHRACITE, OLD MINES SIDNEY,**

Per Aria and Nellie Parker.

To arrive:

Reserve Mines Sydney and Joggins Nut.

Prices Low.

**W. L. BUSBY,**

81, 83 and 85 Water Street,

Mrs. Branigan's Ball.

We are jist afther gettin' shottled in our new manchin on th' Bully- vard, an' sich a warrumin' as we gev ut lasht noight, yez never saw th' lo ke. Th' way me man is rollin' up money wid thum Oytalians!

ALLAN LINE WINTER TERM 1886. STEAMERS FOR HALIFAX AND PORTLAND HAILS DIRECT LIVERPOOL SUBSIDISED BY Dominion Govt.



Will Ritchie.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES INTERVIEW THE GOVERNMENT AT OTTAWA ON THE WINTER PORT QUESTION.

his mou'. O'Hara, the ghrocer, wuz rigged oop as Alexandher av Bullyvarious, an' hed a sword an him looks a soytho. Av he fill over that shtabber want, he did twinty toimes durin' th' avonin', an' at lasht phin he got at th' soide-board he tuk a touble doon th' chellar shairs an' shlept till mornin' wid his head in the pork brine.

Phin McClaggerty wud bo in th' middle av a reel, an' payin' attin- tion ter his phartner, tin to wan but phwhat hed' get th' cloob over the head av him, an' devil th' wurrud more wud he dare to say till the nixt danche. Loife us too short to tell yez av all th' goins' an we hed. Along about aurris Columbus kim over ter phere Oi wuz sittin' thot torred Oi th'ought it was ashleep. Oi'd go, an' puts th' arrum av him over me shouder. Honorah, he says, how many paple's in th' hoose!

We got a shmall bit av a chrippe—Driscoll—ter write out some invitations, an' lasht noight th' parthy kem off. Oh, ho, but it's torred Oi an th' day. First off, Parthrick wint doon ter Peanut—I t'ink his nem is—him thot's the cartlier fer shupplin' th' grub fer thum big bugs, an' tol' him ter lave nothin' done ter hev th' best av everythin' fer sooper; an' th' Franch messes thot Peanut fetched oop ritherda' wud turrin vuro head. Shure Oi hev fill all day loike Oi'd shwallyed a kag o' nails.

Thum we hed an orchestrian wid sivin pipers an' fiddlers in it, all c-ncealed under th' froont shairs so it soundd loike they wuz aff in th' distance, an' how thum Dootchmin lived v'roo it all, Havin' knows! Th' chloset wuz shmall, an' they wor big. Along about six o'clock th' dhour bell j'ueled an' two fellys kem in wid a thrunk thot y-z could live in, barrin' no dure to it. Phwhat's thot? says Oi. It's our costumes.

These breeches for? Oi axed, as Oi opened th' thrunk an' pulled out th' contints. Bad ces ter that costhumer, says Parthrick, he biz ail our duds in th' sem box, phin Oi told him Oi wanted ter surprize yez. Well, nivr moid, it's done now. Thum are me ghloves, says he; an' wait til yez sees me wid th' whole dress. Yez'll not know me. An' be th' sem token Oi didn't, phin he kem doon shairs all rigged out as Christy Columbus, th' felly thot diskivered New York City. He hed a paper face an him, an' only the shluggers shtickin' out undernathe, gev witness av it's bein' Parthrick. Oi hea some throuble in gettin' inter me costhume, but be th' aid av a pin here, an' a shtring there, Oi got it an be th' parthy. Pholin an' Johnny wuz monkeys, an' so save me, yez couldnt see th' differnce be- chane thum an' Chrowly up be th' parruk.

Afther seven o'clock th' fun begin, and sich a sooght! Yez wud throvel in oles ter see it. They wuz jukes, an' kings, an' quanes, an' Knights o' Labor, an' sojers, an' generals, till me head shwimmed wid it all. Dimpsey kim wid his wo man that much painted and powdered Oi didn't know him at all, at all, an' phin he called me Honorah Oi shlapped th' face av him fer tekin' me swurat nem. The oadays! me larrupin' Dimpsey, an' hir. laughin' till yez end walk in

Out in Champaign Co., O., the ether night, a pretty girl, 18 years old, killed herself because her father would not allow her to attend a lawn fete. This, dear reader, should admonish us that there are worse fetes than the lawn fete.—Ex. And still we are fated to read such puns and live.

M. & H. GALLAGHER & CO.

Big to inform their friends and the public generally that they have

REMOVED

from Nos. 8 and 12 Charlotte Street to Dr. Christie's NEW BUILDING, 34 AND 36 ON THE SAME STREET, Opposite North Market Street.

In their new quarters they hope to receive a continuance of the patronage so generously extended to them in the past. They have now on hand

A Large Stock of Groceries, &c.,

which they are prepared to sell at LOWEST MARKET RATES.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

- Ladies and Gent's Plush Cases, Pocket Books and Purses; Leather and Wood Writing Desks; Work Boxes; Photograph, Autograph & Scrap Albums; Christmas Annuals and Gift Books; Papeteries and Fancy Box Paper; A Very Nice Selection of Both. TOYS and DOLLS CHEAP. CHRISTMAS CARDS in great variety. ALL THESE GOODS AT VERY LOW PRICES.

WATSON & CO.

Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

**The Petrified Hermit.**

By IONE L JONES

"Prize Story" in Tid-bits, New York.

The old adage "the way the twig is bent the tree's inclined," is something we have all heard from our childhood up. Never was the truth of the saying more forcibly illustrated than in the person of John Solus, a brown, knotty little man, resembling in appearance a stunted apple tree. For his personal ugliness he was not to blame. As for his disposition, he had a peevish one to begin with, and when he was a child his parents' indulgence tended to bend the little twig more than ever from the straight line. John was an only child and no restrictions were ever placed upon his will.

The sorrowful appeal of a mother-bird, as he made off with her nest of beautiful eggs, never touched his heart with pity. Cats and dogs fled in terror when they saw him coming, and little ones younger than himself dreaded his approach. The boy was always in trouble. He not only received ample blame for his own mischief, but like all other reprobates, was obliged to father the sins that did not belong to him. After John's school days were ended he followed the calling of his father and became a stone cutter. At twenty one the young man married a home-loving girl of nineteen, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed and healthy. The young wife seemed to get on very well with the sombre-faced husband, for a time, though conversation generally lagged in the Solus Homestead.

Time passed on. The rosy honeymoon was a thing of the past. It was not a very happy life all in all for Janet, but when a little child's sweet, innocent face appeared, things brightened wonderfully for the little mother. Janet's love for baby Madge seemed to aggravate her husband, and she many times felt obliged to restrain her affection for it when he was present. Yes, John Solus was jealous of his own child. His wife's love was divided, and the innocent babe brought with it the first real seed of discord in the monotonous household. Other children were added to the Solus family, and, with the advent of each, John grew more grumpy and exacting. The passing years found Janet a hard-working woman with five children—five growing twigs to bend in the right direction.

John's heart seemed to be turning to stone. He never played with his children, but found fault with them incessantly, until they learned to dread his approaching footsteps. No young arms were flung about his neck, no fresh, sweet kisses were lavished upon his lips; but a hush fell upon all the merry-makers when he entered the door. After a time John commenced wan-

dering off by himself, leaving no word with his patient wife as to where he was going, or when he would return. These absences were the children's holidays, though poor Janet sorrowed deeply over the father's queer ways. John declared Janet set his children against him, and he grew so suspicious of his two sons that he really seemed to hate them. The boys were now their mother's main dependence, and they and their father could not agree.

One day in a fit of jealous anger John raised his hand to strike his wife, and the boys, in their righteous indignation, caught and held him fast. The frantic man, after cursing Janet and the whole family, rushed from the house, paying no heed to the gray-haired widowed mother who called piteously to him to return. On he rushed, stamping upon the ground in his passionate rage, more like a fierce untamed animal than like a human being. Farther and farther he travelled until he left many weary miles behind him. Tired and exhausted at last, he crawled into a lonely cave in the midst of a deep wood, and fell asleep.

John Solus did not return to his family. He worked here and there in the neighboring quarries at times and necessity prompted, and slept in the lonely cave at night, until he became known throughout the region as "the hermit of Meadowville."

"Pretty Madge Solus was married this morning. How time flies! It seems but yesterday that she was a wee lassie." John Solus started as these words of a fellow-laborer fell upon his ear. His tools fell to the ground—he could work no more that day. Quietly leaving the quarry he walked a long distance lost in deep thought.

Possessed by a feeling of wild unrest, he commenced climbing a narrow, overgrown path that led up the side of a high mountain. Taking to himself and breathing hard, up higher and higher he went, until nearly exhausted he stopped to rest. He bent both elbows back into a crevice in the rocks, and leaned back tired and at war with the world. Far below him lay the quiet meadows dotted here and there with peaceful houses. A beautiful grove of pines looked like mere specks in the distance. Soft fleecy clouds sailed over his head, and the broad smile of the sun lay like a golden benediction on the valley below. What a contrast to the beautiful scene before him was his own swelling, anger-laden heart, that his wife had thought was turning to stone.

Now and then, as an ugly thought came to his mind, he kicked the earth on which he stood, sending the loose stones rattling over the precipice in front of him. Suddenly he heard a queer grating noise behind him, and felt the earth tremble under his feet. Then he gave one fierce, blood-curdling yell of pain, and his whole body writhed and tossed in contortions of agony, while his eyes rolled in his head and seemed starting from their sockets. The opening in the rocks behind him had let down the huge mass above it, and the terrible weight had closed like a vise over his elbows, and now held him firmly pinioned.

After the loose earth and rocks had ceased rattling down, and all was quiet again, with the ex-

ception of the deep groaning of the arid struggling man, and his slowly diminishing calls for help, he felt a drop of the coolest water upon his heated forehead, then another rolled down. One by one they came, thicker and faster, until his head was numb with their coldness. And now, with a rush enveloping his whole body, a beautiful waterfall gushed foaming and sparkling. Over the precipices it dashed, and hid entirely within its vapory folds the body of the man who now hung dead and cold from the clinched rocks, and the crystal spring, borne far away among the flint rocks and baptized with a copious charge of silica, now rejoined in unobscured liberty. Those who viewed its wondrous beauty from below, and felt its cool breath as it dashed to the earth in a cloud of peary spray and went laughing through the green meadows, little dreamed of the dreadful secret it held in its embrace.

The old cave had long been tenantless. Janet and her family still lived in Meadowville. The children were married and settled down, and the beloved mother was well taken care of. John's mother had long lain in her grave, and the villagers had ceased to wonder what had become of her wayward son.

The mountains back of Meadowville were said to be rich in minerals. A party of geologists with their hammers and chisels were enthusiastically searching for specimens. The beautiful spring was running dry, and a queer shaped rock divided its slender stream into several tiny runs. Much curiosity was evinced regarding the queer shape of the stone. After much wandering and hard climbing the spot was reached, the hard black body of a human being discovered suspended from the elbows.

The rock, after much labor, was cut away, and the body removed intact from its long resting-place.

When the geologists drove through the village with their curious burden a crowd of eager people followed the wagon until it halted at the end of the principal street. Janet, with her little granddaughter, came out of a door. "So there!" hisped the little one. Janet took no long look at the contents of the wagon, and then turned away with a great wonder in her heart.

In the Museum at — now rests the body of the petrified hermit.

The people in a Westchester town have refused to give food to a tramp, and now he threatens to have them arrested for boycotting him and interfering with his legitimate business.

Two Welshmen recently fought a duel with swords. Finally goaded to desperation, one of them dropped his weapon, and drew out his name to its full and terrific length and smote the other to the earth.

The Methodist Missionary Committee has appropriated thousands of dollars for missionary work in various parts of the globe where it is needed, but somehow it seems to have overlooked Chicago entirely.

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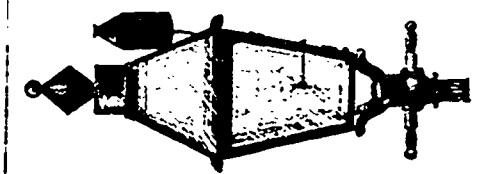
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Written for THE JURY

## A Case for "The Jury."

By L. M. Wood, editor *Maple Leaf*.

From the fact that in the vocabulary of the newspaper man there is no such word as *can't* (without apostrophe), I suppose you think he must not refuse to serve on THE JURY. I have been paralyzed by a request from you to "give a humorous contribution for the December issue." As I have a particular dislike for law,—an opinion probably formed from viewing so often the "injustice of justice" in cases tried before our courts, both great and small.—I naturally prefer to abstain from any remarks that might wake up the custodians of liberty who form the somnambulant jury of this province at least. However, I will, with fear and trembling, present the following case for the consideration of your readers, and if they resolve themselves into a grand inquest and decide that it is not a suitable case for THE JURY then they cannot bring a true bill against the writer, and I will try and not run such a risk as this again. Now for the case.

Those who have had the agony of attending court, either in the capacity of juror, witness, defendant, plaintiff, or humble reporter,—in whom is no guile or bad whisky,—will remember having heard the judges at some time or other repeat the now bald-headed words: "Gentlemen of the jury, these are matters for your consideration." Of course they accidentally slip out. Well in a town no bigger than Fredericton, and in the present century of time and Scott act convictions, it became the duty of one of our lawyers to defend a suit in which logs were the subject of dispute. The lawyer was perfectly well aware of the disposition of the judge to go outside of the evidence, and inside of what would prejudice the case, before he wound up his little speech to the jury with the words I recently quoted. Being prepared, the lawyer finished his address to the jury by saying that recent decisions in England had accorded judges in this country the right to make remarks at the close of the case, and as the judges had been in active practice before their elevation to the bench, and being in the habit of arguing only one side of the case—having too much honor to argue both sides—they naturally,



KEEP BACK THE IMMIGRANTS OR WE'LL LOSE THE STUMPAGE REVENUE.

when they heard the closing argument of the lawyer, felt the old blood fire up and considered it a sort of duty to argue the other side before the jury previous to allowing them to take charge of the evidence. The lawyer then said: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, the judge will no doubt, from force of habit, arise as soon as I have closed and proceed to sum up the evidence and place it before you with fitting remarks as to the law in such cases made and provided; and from force of habit, as I said before, will want to start out and argue as if he were an attorney in the case. But when his honor comes to the question of logs I want you, gentlemen of the jury, to either close your ears or go to sleep, as his honor doesn't know the first thing about logs and will simply want to hear himself talk."

The above caustic and very timely remarks actually floored the worthy judge, and when he arose to address the jury he said that it had been too much the practise of the bench to act in the manner so fully and humorously described by the attorney who had just sat down. He would,

therefore, only call the attention of the jury to the facts in the evidence before them, and he had no doubt that they would be able to form a better opinion as to the worth of the testimony than he could, after having listened to the evidence on both sides and the manner in which it was given.

I have dipped my pen in blood (red ink) to write the above, and hope that while many may be disposed to consider it pure fiction, they may at least do me the justice to return a verdict to the effect that it was relevant matter for the consideration of THE JURY,—and may possibly do no injury to the judge may who have occasion to read between the lines of evidence which I have so hastily presented in reply to the request of the foreman of the aforesaid JURY.

Albert, N. B., December, 1886.

## How a Philadelphia Tailor Lost a Blue Suit of Clothes.

He went into the store of one of the most fashionable tailors in Chestnut street, and arrayed himself in an expensive summer suit. Then he said:

"I must pay you by check, but as you do not know me I will not ask

you to take mine. You are acquainted, of course, with the gentleman who keeps the drug store on the corner? Let us go in there. He is a friend of mine and is preparing a check for me."

In the drug store the stranger called out familiarly to the proprietor, who was behind the screen: "Doctor, is that ready?"

"In a moment," was the reply.

Then said the stranger to the tailor: "I must go across the street and see that it is all right."

In a little while the tailor was handed a bottle.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Your cough mixture."

"I don't want a cough mixture. I want a check."

"I know nothing about a check."

Then it came out that the stranger had ordered at the drug store a cough mixture for his dear friend, Mr.—, the tailor, who was suffering from a severe cold. The doctor knew nothing about his enterprising visitor, and he has not returned to inquire if the tailor is better.

"And how is the ozone?" inquired the old Boston lady in search of summer board.

"Excellent, first-class," said the rather puzzled housekeeper; "we got it from the city regularly every day."

**\$20,000!****GRAND OPPORTUNITY!!**

The Like of this has never been seen in St. John before.

**\$20,000 WORTH OF CLOTHING, Men's Boys' and Children's SUITS, OVER-COATS, &c., to be Sold during December.**

In Order to Make the Name of

**ROYAL CLOTHING STORE**Known all over New Brunswick as the Cheapest Place in the Province, I will sell \$20,000 Worth of **FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING** at Prices which will astonish you.**AN IMMENSE STOCK, NEW AND FASHIONABLE, AT EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES.**Come one and all, and buy all you want at about half price. **ONLY ONE PRICE**Sale to Continue during  
December at the**ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, 47 KING ST. (One door above  
the Royal Hotel.)****WM. J. FRASER.**

Written for THE JURY.

In a Marble Yard.

"This is grave business," remarked the sculptor, as for a moment he suspended his mallet in the air, and then, Click, click, click! and the words,

**OUR DARLING!**

were slowly developed on the polished surface of the block of marble that lay before him. Grave business, indeed!

To-day, a wedding carnival!  
To-day, a birthday festival!  
To-day, a solemn funeral!

There are those who have become so familiar, by association, with death, that his presence hardly ruffles the even current of their thoughts. It is not believed that such is the case because they are better prepared than other men for his coming, nor because, than other men, they are more completely reconciled to the inevitable fate of all that live. As with sorrow and hardship, familiarity steals the hearts to the encroachments of death. The old soldier is as indifferent to the whiz of a bullet as to the hum of a bee.

"The business of the undertaker is likewise of a grave character," continued the man of the mallet and chisel; "but ours has many phases with which the undertaker is wholly unacquainted. He is called in when the heart's wounds are fresh and bleeding. His assistance cannot be dispensed with. I think that with him there is seldom any haggling about price or terms of payment. He is a sort of autocrat. Solemn as is his appearance and unctious as are his responses during the burial service at the grave, everyone except the mourners knows that each of these is included in the bill."

The words, "Our Darling," had received their last finishing touch and the stone cutter laid down his mallet. Said he: "Of all wounds, heart-wounds are the most painful; but it is wonderful how quickly they heal! I've known the light of the sun to go out with a life, and yet in a few days he would be shining just as brightly as ever! I have heard husbands and wives in tones of agony express a wish to be buried with their loved ones, and a few weeks later I have seen them searching persistently and diligently for something eligible.

Well, it is well! If men could not forget; With phantoms all the earth would peopled be. The ghosts of buried joys our hearts would fret, A flood of tears, salt tears, would drown the sea."  
Was this knight of the dusty cap and apron a

cynic—a man soured with the world and at war with himself! Such he did not seem to be, for about his mouth played a kindly smile, and his eye had a humorous twinkle, and his voice was as tender as a woman's.

Ah, between those who know and those who guess there is a great gulf. To know is to accept—to guess is to struggle. Does a sensible man reach for that which he knows he cannot reach, or hope for that which he knows it is futile to hope! As the grass withers, we wither; and when the fields grow green again the grass that withered is forgotten, as we are forgotten by those who follow us.

Click, click, click!

**MARY!**

Those were the letters cut under the words. "Our Darling!"

And then the man laid aside his mallet and came and sat down by the side of the reporter.

Said he: "I never ask a man who has married a second wife to erect a monument to the memory of his first; and it is extremely hazardous to broach the subject to a woman who has secured a second husband. And it is just so with the children. Step-fathers and step-mothers don't want any tablets erected to the memory of their step-children. As I said before, the undertaker is a sort of autocrat: if hearts bleed at all, he is called while their wounds are fresh; we follow as soon as propriety will admit."

Click, click, click!

And other letters disclosed themselves under the chisel of the sculptor. But after a time he again paused in his work.

Said he: "Some years ago, in the northern part of the province there was a hermit who lived and died miserably. He was buried by his brothers, with whom I was somewhat acquainted, and after the funeral I accompanied them to the wretched cabin which he had occupied. The patched garments that he had worn in life were tossed into the pig sty near which I chanced to stand, and as they were torn asunder by the brutes I saw crisp bank notes and yellow sovereigns scattered about in the straw. An investigation followed at once, and several hundreds of dollars were secured that had been sowed into the linings of the wretched rags. The brothers then ordered a modest slab to mark the grave of the deceased, but when the bill was presented they deplored their liberality. 'But,' said I, 'had it not been for me all the money left by your deceased brother would have been irretrievably lost!' They answered never a word."

The speaker paused and looked away across Courtenay Bay, and the reporter thought he detected a shade of sadness stealing over his countenance. Said he: "I know two wealthy brothers in Nova Scotia, and one of them died, leaving everything he was possessed of to the survivor. And what did he do? He had a broken marble table top, and asked me if I did not

think I could make it answer for a head-stone for the deceased?"

The man of the mallet laughed a bitter laugh. "In the shop where I was employed when a youth," he continued, "we had a cutter who was rather illiterate. He cut on a stone, 'May her sole rest in peace,' and our explanation of the legend was quite satisfactory to the bereaved husband. The tablet stands in a quiet churchyard not a hundred miles from St. John. On another headstone we had to engrave, 'Let her rest in peace,' but as space was limited the tablet faces the suns of summer and the storms of winter with this inscription:

Let her R. i. p.

But the funniest of all was the case of the widow who wanted a tablet for her husband and was struck with the appearance of one already finished for the grave of another gentleman. We explained that the inscription was inappropriate, but we would make a duplicate, suitably inscribed. 'Hoot, mon,' said she, 'Sandy could na read, and he always liked the name of Dakin!'"

Without bidding the man of the mallet good-bye, the reporter turned away, with his coat covered with marble dust.

**MONEY IN IT.**—A man afflicted with deafness took a prescription to a Topeka druggist, who filled it with care and in the latest style. The deaf man asked the price, when the following talk occurred:

Druggist (leaning on the counter and smiling in a won't-you-pay-up sort of manner): The price is seventy five cents.

Deaf customer: Five cents? Here it is.  
Druggist (in a louder voice): Seventy-five cents, please.

Deaf customer: Well, there's your five cents.  
Druggist (in a very loud and very firm manner): I said seventy five cents.

Deaf customer (getting angry): Well, what more do you want? I just gave you five cents.

Druggist (soft voice): Well, go to thunder with your medicine. I made three cents, any way.

**A MISUNDERSTANDING.**—Manager: And what do you say to eight hours a day, Alexis?

Alexis: Eight hours, boss? Great lan', dat ain't 'nuff. You don't have no consideration fur workin' man, nohow. Eight hours ain't 'nuff.

Manager: Well, I'm glad to hear one man industrious enough to want to do a full day's work. I'm pleased with you, Alexis, and you may work eleven hours a day.

Alexis: Hole on, boss! Hole on! I don't understand ye. I didn't know it was wuckin' hours you was talkin' 'bout. I thought 'twas restin' time after dinner.

Champoireau is sometimes absent minded. The other day he had his hair cut, and when the operation was completed he regarded himself in the mirror. "You have got it too short," he said to the barber, and he seated himself again in the chair.

Making much ado— a crowd saying good-bye.

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Gent's Custom Clothing

Made to Order in all the Latest Styles.

Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

First-class Work. Reasonable Prices.

GIVE ME A CALL.

34 DOCK ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.



Written for THE JURY.

## SONNET.

May be when that which we call life is over  
 We shall awake from dreams to better things!—  
 Unlike the bird that haunts the fern and clover,  
 The eagle pierces heaven with fearless wings.  
 On mountain summits bubble the clear springs,  
 While in the valleys sluggish waters lie;  
 Star unto star, in space unmeasured, singe,  
 And the refreshing rain is from the sky.  
 May it not be that, some day, you and I  
 From valleys dank shall to the mountain hie?  
 Ah, not in vain, these hopes and aspirations,  
 These longings range, they are not wholly vain,  
 But step by step, by manifold gradations,  
 At last the dreamed-of life we may attain.

H. L. SPENCER.

St. John, N. B., 1886.

## OH, TO BE THUS AFFLICTED.

There was a young fellow named Lincoln,  
 Who at his young lady kept wincoln;  
 But says her brother, "Look here,  
 You'll receive a tin ere

If you don't stop your co-founded blincoln!"

CASBY TAP.

Oakumoph Villa, December, 1886.

## Mary of Apples.

The name of more than one Mary has entered into world's history. We have all read of Mary Magdalene, of Mary Queen of Scots, and of Mary who had the little lamb. Yes, we have all read of these Marys, but their time was before our's and we have beheld them not. There is to-day however, in our midst—yes, right here in this winter port of St. John—a Mary who is no less distinguished, and therefore no less worthy of a place in history than any of the other Marys. We refer to Mary of Apples. It is not our mission to present to the readers of our Christmas number a biographical sketch of Mary of Apples. The life's story of this distinguished personage will find a fitting place in the next edition of the history of our province, without which such a history would be incomplete.

This is the business booming season with the press; and, falling into line with our contemporaries, we set out merely to refer to the apple business of St. John, in which at the present time Mary of Apples occupies the highest and most prominent place (head of King street), although like many of the kings of commerce she commenced business on a small scale. Mary attributes her success largely to the fact that she is engaged in a commercial enterprise that lies within woman's sphere of labor, and in support



of the contention that apples and women were meant to go together she cites the fact that even as far back as the Garden of Eden woman was associated with the apple. Our reporter at this point cross questioned Mary a little regarding the Eden episode, which he suggested rather proved the apple to be a dangerous article in the hands of woman. Mary answered as follows: "Me darlint, de historians, accordin' to me own notion av things, air slightly mishtaken on dat pint. It's me ovr way av thinkin' dat de fal in Aiden was caused, not be an apple, but be a slippery piece of arange pale.

Mary of Apples commenced business in the city of St. John about ——— years ago. Up to the time of the great fire her office and warehouse were situated in the immediate vicinity of the ferry floats. When that fire turned down from the Market Square and proceeded to march along Water street, Mary of Apples, taking the advice of our Chief, began to move on. Mary's loss by the terrible conflagration which devastated our noble city was fortunately fully covered

by insurance. Mary's business has developed wonderfully during the past year, and although the bulk of it is done at her establishment on the corner of King and Charlotte streets, a large quantity of her goods are disposed of through commercial travelling—a now recognized system of conducting business, and one which Mary adopted years ago.

Mary gives the commercial travelling branch of her business personal attention. The engraving which accompanies this sketch was copied from a photo taken "on the road." Our artist presents Mary in the act of greeting an old and faithful customer, a very little lawyer who can eat a very big apple. Mary's blue book testifies that this little apple-eating Blackstoman circumvents eighteen Gravensteins a day, and all's well.

Mary, it will be observed, carries her sample cases. The larger one contains green apples, the other one some paragonic and mustard plaster, articles of virtue which, Mary claims, should always be sold with apples that are under age.

## A Frenchman in a Fix.

"Ah," said a recently arrived Frenchman to his friend Suttlin, "my sweetheart has given me de mitten."

"Indeed; how did that happen?"

"Veil, I thought I must go to make her von visit before I leave town. So I step in de side of de room and dere I behold her beautiful parson stretch out on von lazy."

"A lounge, you mean?"

"Ah, yes, von lounge. And den I make von polite bow, and I say I was vere sure she would be rotten if I did not come to see her before I——"

"You said what?"

"I said she would be rotten if——"

"That's enough; you have put your foot in it to be sure."

"No, sare, I put my foot out of it, for she says she would call her sacre big brother and keek me out, bigar. I had proposed to say mortified, but I could not think of de word, and mortify and rot is all de same as von in my dictionaire."

BIOGRAPHICAL.—George H. Wallace, Sussex, Kings County, N. B., was appointed Justice of the Peace in March, 1857; Stipendiary Magistrate in April, 1874; and Collector of Customs and Inland Revenue, May, 1879. He has long been and still is, a local contributor of the St. John and other weekly and daily papers, being considered an off-handed, ready writer. He has done much that has tended to the prosperity of Sussex, in which he is hailed as a jolly good fellow.

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A MAN of fair English education, having a certain amount of push and business ability, able and willing to take hold and work up a trade in the Maritime Provinces.

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FACTORY:

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THE MORMON WIDOWERS LAMENT.

And she is dead and she is dead!  
My multitudinous bride!  
No more my weary head may rest  
In many forms beside,  
No more her sixty gentle hands  
Shall fondly rest in mine;  
No more around her thirty waists  
My loving arm shall twine

For she is dead; and from those eyes  
Of black, and blue, and gray,  
And various intermediate dyes,  
The light has passed away.  
And eighty little orphans' tears  
Are mingled with mine own,  
And eighty hearts of tender years  
Are motherless and lone.

Ten fevers seized her all at once,  
And apoplexy too;  
With corns, hysterics and the mumps,  
And dread the douloureux.  
A dozen doctors made her worse;  
They physicked and they bled;  
And though she lived with thirty lives,  
No wonder she is dead!

But ere she died, in countless throngs  
Her relatives drew nigh,  
And waded through each other's tears  
To bid my love good-bye  
Yet even then she thought of me,  
And sought my grief to quell;  
And summoned me beside her bed  
To say a last farewell.

"Good-by, dear John," she feebly said;  
"I'm going soon," said she;  
"But oh I don't marry widow Smith,  
And oh I don't mourn for me.  
For widow Smith is forty fold—  
Too many, far, for you;  
And she is artful, sly, and bold,  
And quite designing, too."

"And, John, don't leave your flannels off;  
And don't catch cold, my dear,  
Don't die of grief, but calmly live;  
Your children need you here.  
I shall not want you over there,  
I'd rather be alone;  
I've had you here quite long enough;  
You'll stay away, my own?"

And then she closed her eyes in peace,  
And fell asleep and died;  
And left me here to mourn her loss,  
My ten times triple bride.  
I know I ought to be resigned—  
I know my tears are rude;  
But when one's loss is thirty fold  
He can't feel fortitude.

Oh, Mary Anne and so forth Jones,  
Thou wert a model wife!  
Thy virtues like thyself, were too,  
Too many for this life,  
There's no one now to mend my shirts,  
Or hear each infant's cry;  
I sew my buttons on alone,  
And sing the lullaby.

I'll have to marry widow Smith;  
I can't get on alone;

The children need a mother's care—  
You don't know how they've grown!  
You left me for a better world,  
Your souls are free from pain;  
I must relieve my own despair,  
And try my luck again.

Odd Fancies.

A good summer hotel—Home.  
On the contrary—Riding a mule.  
The Comptroller General—Cupid.  
A legal conveyance—A convict ship  
Can a pretty woman be a plain cook!  
A thorough washerwoman—Sal Soda.  
A midsummer night's dream—Mosquitoes.  
The place for picnics—The Sandwich Islands.  
An oyster leads a placid life until it gets into a stew.  
A good place for match-making—Sulphur springs.  
Young ladies' economy—Never throw away a good match.  
A railroad is not going very well when it passes a dividend.  
Sweetening one's coffee is the first stirring event of the day.  
What is the opposite of "love in a cottage?"  
—War in A-shantee.  
Mrs. Partington's "last" may be heard of at Snillaber's shoemaker's.

The Duke of Edinburgh likes to play on the violin, and still he has friends.

The United States Minister to Siam can see the elephant whenever he wants to.

A good suggestion is like a crying baby at a concert—it should be carried out.

A matter-of-fact old gentleman thinks it must be a very small base-ball that can be caught on a fly.

The wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away is the wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

A certain editor in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says, "Ireland's cup of misery has for ages been overflowing, and seems to be not yet full."

Andrew Jackson was accused of bad spelling, but John Randolph defended him by declaring that "a man must be a fool who could not spell words more ways than one."

A Chicago parson, who is also a school teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it awhile, and said, "I pass." Second boy took it and said, "I turn it down." The third boy stared at it awhile and drawled out, "I can't make it." And then the parson said, "Very good, boys, we will proceed to cut for a new deal," and with this remark the leather danced like lightning over the shoulders of those de praved young mathematicians.

"Hamlet."

The following conversation, overheard in a summer hotel parlor, took place between two children of twelve and eleven, who were comparing notes about books. After discussing some novels of the day, one little girl asked the other if she had ever read any of Shakespeare.

"Shakespeare!" exclaimed the other. "I never read one of his books in my life! Have you?"

"Well not exactly his books, but some stories fixed up out of his books. They are splendid!"

"What are they? Tragedies?"

"Some of them are. 'Hamlet' is. I like 'Hamlet' ever so much."

"What is it about?"

"Well, I can't exactly tell you, but it's something like this: A lady wanted to marry some one, but she couldn't, and had to marry some one else; and after a while Romeo went to a grave, and Juliet came too, and they killed each other. It's splendid."

"Splendid!"—*Youth's Companion.*

POLITENESS.—A wealthy New Yorker had engaged a splendid cottage at Newport, and also a new driver for his horses. The driver was advised to be very polite if he intended to keep his place. Accordingly when the master went to the Queen Anne stable the following dialogue ensued; Master: Well, John, how are the horses? Coachman: They are quite well, sir, thank you, and how are you?

A German doctor proposes to cure consumption by hanging his patients up in hammocks over night in the open air.

We got an incipient stage of the disease once by the hanging-up process, and shall not try it again. Our patient was an overcoat.

Mary Anderson advises young women to have nothing to do with private theatricals, as they have a bad effect on the nerves. Mary should now tell us whose nerves she means, the amateur-actors' or those belonging to the audience.

A CITY GIRL'S IDEA.—City Belle (pointing to a wild plant by the wayside)—What's that? Country Cousin—That's milk weed.

City Belle—Oh, yes, what you feed the cows on, I suppose.

A newspaper prints a poem entitled, "Smile Wherever You Can." We have yet to learn of a level headed American who won't when he gets a chance—to hang the bartender up for it.

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, does honor to a man.

It is said that a mule will not bray if a brick is tied to his tail. In tying the brick we recommend letting the job out to the lowest bidder.

EMPIRE DINING SALOON

—AND—

RESTAURANT,

49 GERMAIN ST.,  
Saint John, N. B.

OYSTERS SERVED IN ALL STYLES,

by attentive and obliging waiters, and with marvelous quickness.

P. E. I., Sheldiac and Buctouche 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 a superior manner.

A Choice Assortment of Prime Havana Cigars.

P. A. CRUIKSHANK.

CALL EARLY! and inspect our splendid assortment of

CHRISTMAS CARDS

—AND—

HOLIDAY BOOKS & GIFTS!

Canadian Cards.  
Prang's Art Cards.  
English and German Cards.  
Cards Fringed and Frosted.

TOY PICTURE GIFT BOOKS

Auto and Photo Albums,  
Leather and Plush Goods,  
Games and Blocks,  
and lots of Novelties suitable for Christmas Presents  
Every article good and reasonable in price.

E. G. NELSON & CO.,  
Cor. King and Charlotte streets.

MOXIE

No. 15 North Wharf,  
St. John, N. B.

NERVE

J. A. WALLIS & SON,  
A. E. POTE, Manager.

FOOD!

Written for THE JURY.

Leaves from Little Jimmy's Sketch-book.

By CASSY TAY.

I am considerable of a artist & I deerly lov to draw pictuors of things i hav saw pa says i am a cartoonist from cartunsville man. Hear is som i hav drawn.

This is a nuyorke aldrman he deerly lvs the peple be4 lection day an goes round & kisses all the wopy jawed babbaes an ses am it the pur iest child you ever seen it luks sactly like its pa



then ov corse pa voats f4r the bum an he gets lected an then he gets a logz lot ov budle to let a man bild a street ralerway i wish weo culd get a strete ralerode in Ste jonh butt i dont wont any such aldrmans to get it that way lik they got there bro4wa ralerode in nuyorke do you?

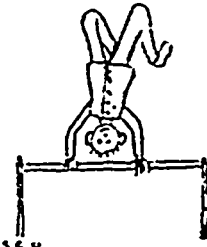
This is a yumrist he wares a saddl xpresion of countinants and his sole he ses is filld with glumc he works only thre ours a weak & gits fortein thowean ate hundard an nintey six dollars a



month [14,896,008]. Sum tims he cums in the offfs feelin eike an mad an like chawin sum l up and he seas a leter frnm the editur sayin hurry up with yure koleom of b'aim nonsents yure bhine this waek & the yumrist ho braices rite up &

whilo ho is awarein with won hand ho is riting grate larg gobbs ov ghterin giggerl with the uthor thats the kin of a tume a yumrist has ho has to right al the tims weathre he feels lik it or nott an peple call him a e ndam ydret an wy dont ho hav sum sense in all that i gess god didnt mak the yumrist for nothin he nkew wot he was doin i woldnt trust a man wot wuldnt lalf alone with a postage stamp that is if it was a new stamp wot hadd nevre bin used ho wold steel the loters of off the front of a cuk stoave if he thogt he culd use them inn his bizness sum yumrista wurk 14 896 00 ours purr week & only get thro dolars [1.83] a weak pay this seams tuff.

This nex pictuor is a dude jumst wo thinks that fourpaw wold goblo hym up at a fabilious salery or els barnim yow can sea hym any nite xcept wensda nite inn a certin bildin on a certin strete in Ste jonh i wont tell yow the nam of the strete but the mishils is chorlutte strete ho is a lie an lofte tumbler frum way back so ho thinks butt he kant ryde a hawsontil barr with out gettin throwd he wares a stryepd shirt lik barnims han painted sebbra frum the wildes ov farther nuyrsey sum da he wil hav a rush of branes



to the hed & that will kil him quickern yow can sa jake robbinsin i wil send you some moar skethes nex munth yures Trolley james g tickle 1886.

Written for THE JURY.

Christmas in the South.

"Read that," says my latest girl friend, Miss Frank Salem, as she pointed out an article in a thickly bound book of travels. "O, bother, I can't," is my polite reply, as I try to stifle a yawn and fail most beautifully. It was just a few days before Christmas, and for the last ten days the rain had developed a strange and lasting affection for our city of St. John, and the gloom without did not tend to cheer up those who had to remain in-doors. "Do, my child; it will improve your mind immensely," Frank per-

nista, with a smile. So, as she is a sound authority for what is good and what is otherwise, I consent, with a not very resigned grace, take the book up-stairs to the cheery sitting room, settle myself comfortably in papa's reading-chair, and give myself up to the charms of "Glances of Foreign Countries." I read on and on; and presently somehow or other things began to get most fearfully and wondrously mixed. I was in church; but such a strange place I had never before set my eyes on. It was not our own handsome, c-stly sacred edifice at home, with its tasteful Xmas decorations, on which so much time and pains have been employed. No; this was a small, very small church, with no floor except the ground to walk on, with tiny holes in the walls for the windows, and a square wooden box raised slightly above the other wooden seats did duty as a pulpit, with a brass lamp on each side. The walls were quite thickly trimmed with ever-green, and the pulpit was almost hidden by the same, while in the centre of the building stood a huge Xmas tree resplendent with everything lovely and pretty and nice. Looking around I saw the congregation assemble, everyone of them negroes, black as any coal I had ever seen. But they one and all looked at me in such a friendly way that the sudden alarm I had at first felt instantly vanished. Then several of them went gravely up to the minister, whispered a few words in his ear, which he afterwards wrote down in a book lying on the pulpit. Then they resumed their seats, and the service began. A hymn was sung, a portion of Gospel read, and then came the prayer; and this was it. The minister, in a deep voice, said, "Please Laud send Brudder Samson a new overcoat." And the congregation replied, "Please Laud do." And "Please Laud send Sister Maggie a new dress." And again came the response, "Please Laud do." And in this way until the end, they asked for what each member was in greatest need of. Then a large negro woman, who sat by my side, tapped me on the arm. I opened my eyes to find myself still in papa's chair, my book fallen on the floor, and sitting beside me, with a solemn, questioning look in his big brown eyes and a paw on my arm, was my dear, old, shaggy coated Newfoundland dog Prince.

MAY LEONARD.

PAGAN PLACE,  
St. John, N. B., Dec., 1886.

There was a philosopher, Mill,  
Said: "Two and two's four; yet, still,  
Perhaps up in Heaven  
They're six or eleven."  
This cranky philosopher, Mill.

Oh, say, let us go to  
**D. J. JENNINGS, 167 Union Street,**  
who is showing a handsome assortment of Christmas and New Year's Cards; also, Prayer Books, Xmas Books, Purses in Plushes and Leather, Games, etc. Get Your Pictures Framed before the rush **167 UNION ST.**

160 PRINCE WM. STREET.

City Dining Rooms & Restaurant.

**C. H. HILL.**

Meals and Lunches served at all hours.

Oysters, by the quart or gallon, served in First-class Style, on most reasonable terms.

PORTLAND, ST. JOHN, N. B.

JAS. A. KILPATRICK, Esq.

Dear Sir—We are very pleased to say we find your "Infallible Liniment" all you claim it to be. Especially is it good for Sprains and Frost bites. It is also very excellent as an occasional dressing for the hair.

Respectfully yours,  
REV. ROBT. S. CRISP.

Mr. J. A. KILPATRICK.

Dear Sir.—It is with great pleasure I bear testimony to the wonderful efficacy of your "Infallible Liniment." Of all the Liniments I know, none is superior to yours for external ailments. For my own part, I could not be induced to use any other when yours can be obtained.

Yours most respectfully,  
E. C. WETHERALL.

**JAMES S. PITT,**



**CHAMPION SHAVER**

of the Dominion of Canada,  
and prepared to defend it and stop all further talk.

I, JAMES S. PITT, of Main St., Portland, can shave more men in a given time than any barber in the Dominion. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

The Jury at the Play.

The minstrel and variety entertainment given by the Portland Glee Club in the Institute, on Monday evening, Nov. 22, attracted a good house. The programme was well carried out, almost every specialty being encored. Stallord, Matthews, Williams and Foss "carried the house" in the Plantation Picnic. Wm. N. Ritchie gave an exhibition of charcoal off-hand sketching, depicting some well-known men of St. John, creating much laughter and applause.

The Portland Glee Club, amateurs, gave a minstrel and variety show in White's Hall, Sussex, Thursday, 25th, to a thoroughly appreciative audience. The programme embraced circle, clog and jig dancing, songs, stump speaking, solos, jokes, etc. Wm. N. Ritchie, of JURY, created much amusement and laughter by sketching some of Sussex's local celebrities, including the stipendiary magistrate, the sheriff, a counsellor, and a few others. These sketches were drawn with charcoal in the presence of the audience.

How He Got Even With Him.

A few days since, writes a Brooklyn attorney, as I was sitting with a brother lawyer in his office in Court street a client came in and said to him:

W—, the stable-keeper, shaved me dreadfully day before yesterday, and I want to get even with him.

State your case, said the lawyer.

Client—I asked him how much he would charge me for a horse and wagon to go to Jamaica. He said two dollars and a half. I took the team and when I came back I paid him two dollars and a half and he said he wanted another two dollars and a half for coming back, and made me pay it.

The lawyer gave him some legal advice, which the client immediately acted upon as follows:

He went to the stable and said:

How much will you charge me for a horse and wagon to go to Coney Island?

Stable-keeper replied, Five dollars.

Harness him up.

Client went to Coney Island, came back by railroad, went to stable, saying:

Here is your money, paying him five dollars.

Where is my horse and wagon? said the stable-keeper.

He is at Coney Island, says client; I only hired him to go to Coney Island.

WHY SHE WAS SAD.—What are you so put out about, Mrs. Hoffman? asked her female neighbor.

Oh, because I was so disappointed. I had just got my new bonnet and was all ready to go to the funeral, when my name wasn't called. I do so love the ride out to the Rural Cemetery and back.

WINTER PORT QUESTION SETTLED AT LAST.

JOHN PIERCE, 26 Dock Street, takes this opportunity of thanking his many friends for their patronage in the season of 1896, and begs to announce that he has made the necessary alterations to accommodate all those who wish to avail themselves of FRESH or SALT WATER, HOT and COLD BATHS, every day and evening. These baths are fitted up with Shower attachment, and in the latest American style. Being the only shop having Bath Rooms in connection, and in the centre of traffic, between the two cities, one minute's walk from the Depot, it affords ample facilities for arrivals by trains and all others who believe "Cleanliness is akin to Godliness."

P. S.—Premises heated by steam.

We make a specialty of cutting ladies' and children's hair.

N. B.—Singeing, which is the only method for preventing falling hair, done at the shops and at private residences.

JOHN PIERCE,  
Eccentric Hair Dressing Rooms,  
79 Charlotte street and 26 Dock street.  
Pierce's Dandruff and Eradicator on sale. Tailors and Barbers' Shears sharpened at moderate prices

KEEP YOUR SECRETS.

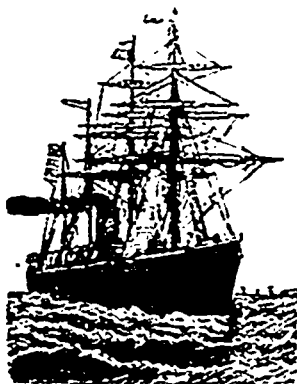
If you have a cherished secret,  
It don't tell  
To your friend for his tympanum  
Is a bell,  
With its echoes wide rebounding,  
Multiplied, and far resounding—  
Don't you tell.

If yourself you cannot keep it,  
Then who can?  
Could you more expect of any  
Other man?  
Yet you put him, if he tells it—  
If he gives away or sells it—  
Under ban.

Sell your gems to any buyer  
In the mart;  
Of your wealth to feed the hungry  
Spare a part—  
Blessings on the open pocket!  
But your secret, keep it, lock it  
In your heart!

New Brunswick Aroused.

POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION—OUR RIGHTS.



ALLAN LINE.

WINTER SERVICE.

Royal Mail Steamers.

THE splendid Clyde built Steamships belonging to this Company,—

- Sanlinian, - - - - - 4,650 tons,
- Polynesian, - - - - - 4,100 tons,
- Parisian, - - - - - 4,650 tons,

being subsidized by the Dominion Government to sail to and from British ports, making St. John the port of last call in the winter months.

Freight for Montreal and other Western cities will be discharged into cars at Robertson's deep water wharf, head of harbor. Branch railway connecting wharf with the Short Line Railway, via Cantilever Bridge and Falls, mouth of River St. John.

Particulars as to days of departure, rates of passage, charge for freight, &c., will be given in a future number of JURY.

BITS OF FUN.

A mowling youngster—A kitten.  
The best kind of ability—Sociability.  
Movement on foot—A walking match.  
Surface indications—An insipient moustache.  
Notice of motion—The word to "go" in a race.

If these professional glass eaters are not more careful they will soon have panes in their stomachs.

"What a perbation, Jummie," said one ragged street urchin to another. "Doncherknaw!" was the response. "Naw." "Well, perbation's when a feller's gitten' square wid himself."

Old gentleman (to small boy smoking a cigarette): Little boy, don't you know that a great many people die from smoking cigarettes?

Small boy: Yes (puff), but many people (puff) die who (puff) don't smoke 'em.



A QUARTER TO ONE.—STANDARD.

IMPROVEMENT IN BUSINESS.—City editor to new reporter: Well, sir, have you found out anything as to the improved business outlook? We shall want that article to-morrow. Reporter: Yes, sir, I have learned something very encouraging about two very important industries. Editor: Very good; what is it? Reporter: They tell me that the horse car drivers are working full time, and that the electric lighting station is running nights.

NOT A HAIRPIN.—A foolish exchange says: "A hairpin is a woman's best friend." This is really absurd. Does a hairpin ever come home very late, sit around the bedroom and look foolish while she blows it up to her heart's content? Does a hairpin ever buy new bonnets, promise her in July a new sealskin next January, and next January stare it off with a promise of a season at the seashore next July? The man who wrote the item either is employed by some hairpin manufacturer or else he is a cynical old bachelor.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!!

LOOK HERE,



I want 1,000 people to come and see the finest line of Boots, Shoes & Slippers. I have received for the Holidays, the finest and best in the City of Portland, and don't you forget it, at

SEARLE'S

American Boot & Shoe Store  
MAIN STREET,  
City of Portland.

Queen Hotel,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS,

Livery in connection. Proprietor.

Simpson Hotel,

GA'GETOWN, N. B.,

Near Steamboat Landing.

Good Table. Stable in connection.

GEO. SIMPSON, Proprietor.



LOWELL M. WOOD

We herewith present a portrait of Lowell M. Wood, editor of the *Maple Leaf*, Albert Co., N. B. Mr. Wood is quite young, being only 28 years of age. He contributes to several journals in the United States and is a clever writer. In editorial he is very bitter and sarcastic. He was married in 1878 and has two children, the eldest being seven years of age. A strong temperance man and a prominent F. A. M. He pays strict attention to business and has a very readable paper, with wit in abundance. The *Maple Leaf* was established January 1, 1880, and has a large circulation for a country paper.

#### Grover Prepares His Message.

It came to pass in the eleventh month, on the eighth day of the month, that Grover, Chief Magistrate of the land of Columbia, spoke with a loud voice unto Daniel, his scribe, saying:

Daniel.

And Daniel heard and answered,

Speak, sire.

Then said Grover:

It is high time we began our message, for the meeting of the Great Sanhedrim, which is also called Congress, draweth nigh.

And Daniel answered and said:

Thou hast spoken well, sire.

It is my desire, speak, Grover, to make this message the greatest effort of my life. I want to fire the popular heart, so to speak.

'Tis well, O sire, to fire the popular heart, but 'twere better to fire Garland.

Alas, thou touchest a tender spot. Speak not of him. But concerning what matters shall my message be writ that all will read it?

I would then, sire, briefly review the base ball record of the year, and thy message shalt have a

circulation that will need no New York affidavit to prove it to be immense.

Daniel, thy suggestion pleaseth me. Write that which thou thinkest would be well received by the Great North American public.

And Daniel wrote:

The base-ball industry during the season just closed has met with remarkable success, wonder fully stimulating the sale of arnica, splints, etc. The large variety of artistic curves introduced into the national game during the season of 1886 will be remembered even unto the third and fourth generation.

In calling the attention of Congress to this important subject, I would suggest that hereafter three Umpires be detailed to each game, for reasons which will be apparent to all. I would also recommend that the best pitcher of each club be made a member of the lower House of the Great Sanhedrim; while he that invented a new curve shall be given a seat in the upper House.

Further, all persons injured in the great game should be pensioned by the Government during life, and after death their families should enjoy the nation's bounty.

I would furthermore suggest that instead of one there be two championships of the world, for it is grievous to see such coldness between St. Louis and Chicago merely because the former club won the pennant.

To properly foster the game of base ball, I would recommend the appropriation by Congress of \$100,000,000, to be expended in base ball tickets and distributed among the young men of

the nation who will become voters during the next two years.

Daniel, cried Grover, thou art a man after mine own heart. I would appoint thee Minister to Turkey, could I dispense with thy services as chief scribe. But thou shalt not go unrewarded. Behold, a great j'y is in store for thee. Thou shalt hear Frankie sing "Sweet Violts." But, shall we proceed to the tariff?

Nay, not so, said Daniel; opinions on that subject differ so greatly, that 'twere better far to let it alone.

The silver question then, and our foreign relations? Shall I write concerning them?

O sire, replied Daniel, say naught thereof, for some think one way and some another, and divers opinions prevail in the land, but on the base ball subject the nation is as one. If now my master will hear my voice, he will confine his edict to this one matter and suffer no other consideration to mar the popularity that shall follow. Let my master issue an edict even as his servant hath spoken, and his reign shall be the mightiest in the land of Columbia, and a second term shall be added unto him. If it be not so, then sell thy servant into captivity, and make my father's house a laughing stock in the land.

And Grover made answer:

It shall be even as thou hast spoken, and thou shalt wear a chain of gold about thy neck, and ride thrice a week behind my seal brown bays.

#### French Fun.

In a restaurant a customer orders a bottle of Burgundy—Clos Vougeot.

The waiter opens it very carefully, and the customer samples it. The liquid has no particular color and possesses neither taste nor bouquet. Indeed, it strongly resembles water. The purchaser calls the attendant.

Here, waiter.

Yes, monsieur.

Is that what you call Clos Vougeot?

Certainly sir.

Oh, I see; that's its pseudonym. What might its real name be?

Caline, Jr., was writing to some one at Sevres. As he was directing the envelope a thought struck him.

I just remembered that there was another Sevres besides the one in Seine et Oise.

Well, suggest Caline, Sr., to make sure, direct it to "Both Sevres." Then it will be sure to reach the one in which your correspondent resides.

Be umpire for two friends, but one  
Will true to you remain;  
Be umpire for two enemies,  
Perhaps a friend you gain.

"Moxie Nerve Food" is advertised in different papers. We suppose it forms the chief diet of book agents.



HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

## CHRISTMAS

WE INVITE INSPECTION OF OUR LARGE STOCK OF  
FANCY GOODS SUITABLE FOR XMAS PRESENTS!

Superior Flavoring Extracts.

Pure Ground Spices.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO., - - Charlotte Street.

A Setter.

"Sergoant," said Mr. Dunder, as he slipped in on Sergeant Bendal yesterday, "vhas dere some confidence game in which you see a dog?"

"There's all sorts of confidence games, Mr. Dunder, and it's a poor one which wouldn't catch you. What is it now?"

"Vhell, if I vhas shwindled again I dunno. Fife days ago a man come to my place mit a dog. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. He like to leave dot dog mit me for two hours. Dot dog vhas a setter. He vhas valuable. He vhas going to sell him for ten dollar."

"Same old game."

"Vhas he some old game? I ueaser see him before. Ho goes avhay, und auoder man comes. Whose dog vhas dot? I dunno. Dot was a valuable dog. He gife me twenty dollar for him right off queek. Ho goes to der depot, und vhill sltup on his vhay back. Vhell, Es doan' be gone long vhen der dog man comes in. Shake und me tak it oaser, und we seo a shance to make ten dollar."

"Of course. And you give him \$10 for the dog?"

"Yes."

"And you are still waiting for the man to come and pay you twenty?"

"Yes."

"Well, you will wait a good while."

"Vhas I shwindled?"

"Yes, sir."

"Und he won't come?"

"Never."

"Hum! Dot's der vhay t belief, too, Sergeant!"

"Yes."

"I vhas going home und kill dot dog! In a leodle while, maybe, some odder man comes along mit a setter. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. I like to leaf dis dog mit you. He vhas a valuable dog. He vhas—pish! thud! bang!—und I like der Coroner to come in by der side door und keep der boys oudt! Good-bye, Sergeant! I paya taxes in two wards, und I vhas all right to gif bail!"—*[Detroit Free Press.*

On the Road.

"I'll tell you a sleeping car story that is a real fact," said a Board of Trade man. "Two commission merchants that I know were traveling from Chicago to some Iowa point, and they occupied the same berth. They were both feeling pretty happy, and during the night one of them was seized with a desire for another drink. He got his pocket pistol, and went to the wash room to get some water to wash down the strong er stuff. Coming back he did what many another has done—mistook his berth. He crawled into one occupied by a Chicago drummer. The drummer was lying in the middle of the berth, so the commission man, thinking it was his friend, tried to push him over. He didn't succeed, and becoming angry, hauled off and gave the drummer a terrible pound in the ribs. That had the desired effect—it woke the drummer. He thought he was being robbed, and grabbed the intruder. They both rolled out into the aisle, and for about

five minutes made the car resound with discordant sounds. When they were finally separated they were both in a sorry plight."

Gems of Thought.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures. —*[Cicero.*

A man that cannot mind his own business, is not to be trusted with the king's. —*[Saville.*

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing. —*[Tillotson.*

I hold it cowardice

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love.

—*[Shakespeare.*

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?  
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,  
And be alone on earth, as I am now.

—*[Byron.*

And 'tis remarkable that they  
Talk most that have the least to say.  
Your dainty speakers have the curse  
To plead their causes down to worse;  
As dames, who native beauty want,  
Still uglier look the more they paint.

—*[Prior.*

It was a very proper answer to him who asked, why any man should be delighted with beauty? That it was a question that none but a blind man could ask, since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it. —*[Clarendon.*

Do not purchase a SEWING MACHINE until you examine

**THE NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE!**

It is the Latest and Best.

**W. H. BELL, . . . Sole Agent, . . . 18 Dock Street.**

Great Reduction in Price during the Holidays.

**CHRISTMAS!**

**Rich Furs!**

We invite the Attention of the Public to our Large and Assorted Stock of

**HATS, CAPS AND FURS IN ALL THE LEADING STYLES!**

**BARDSLEY BROS., - 38 KING STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.**

**Horse Blankets,**



**Horse Collars,**

**HARNESS, WHIPS, BRUSHES, Etc.**

A FULL STOCK. WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.

**T. FINLAY, - - 227 UNION STREET.**

**NEARER HOME**

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I'm nearer to my home to-day  
Than I have been before

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night  
Is the silent, unknown stream  
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dread abyss,  
Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chasm.

O, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink  
If it be I am near to home,  
Even to-day, than I think.

Father, perfect my trust,  
Let my spirit feel in death  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith.

**The First of the Season.**

It was the first snow-fall of the season, and as the editor sat in his elegantly-cushioned *fauteuil* wearily trying to figure out the winter-stock-of coal problem, there came a gentle tap at the office door and in response to his melancholy "come in," the door opened and a pretty little figure came tripping into the sanctum.

Wild visions of a fairy godmother, come purposely to clear away all his difficulties, floated through the weary brain of the chief, and for a moment he was speechless.

Then, as one of his underlings rose to greet the fair damsel, his senses quickly rebounded, and, with a connoisseur's eye, he scanned the trim

figure of his visitor, as he handed her to a seat on the divan near the silent fountain, and inquired how he could best serve her.

With a melting glance from the heavenly-blue eyes, and with a practiced twitch of her bewitching dimples, in an exquisitely modulated voice, she timidly requested to be shown the literary editor.

The chief groaned inwardly, and barely concealing his emotion, identified himself as the personage she sought, utterly ignoring the presence of the pale young man with the poetic forehead, who had partially risen from his seat as she proffered her request.

The north wind played a requiem in the chimney behind her, and the snowflakes dashed violently against the window pane, as if in sympathy with the crushed spirit of the editor, as the maiden slowly and tenderly drew a small roll of papyrus from her bosom, and, transfixing the chief with her liquid eyes, said:

"I have a little poem here, commemorating the escape of the sleigh bells. They are supposed to cry out with joy at their release from the dark recesses of the barn, where they have been stored all summer and fall, and now hail with gladness the approach of the frolicsome snow."

Before her victim could enter his feeble protest, and utterly oblivious of his raised hand, she began in low, tremulous notes to read her

**SONG OF THE BELLS.**

All hail to snow! where'er we go  
Its coming sets us free;  
And bids our throats swell out the notes  
We sing so merrily.

When you draw near, we reappear  
To view once more the light;  
And sing with glee our praise to thee  
So glorious is our sight.

On rusty hooks, in dusty nooks  
We've hung, for many a day;  
And heaped your tracks thro' yawning cracks  
With loud and joyous lay.

A gay life lead on dashing steed  
For jockeys hold us we  
Our joys prolonging with merry song  
Of jangling melody.

She ceased. The poetic youth in the corner

was nervously endeavoring to find a rhyme to "silver," in order to round up a beautiful verse, and was gazing fixedly ahead at an ink-splash on the frescoed wall for inspiration, while the chief's head had fallen forward on his breast—fast asleep.

As she looked up for approval a low melodious snore greeted her. A cold thrill pervaded her frame at this insult, and gulping down her indignation she cast a withering look at the inspired idiot in the corner, hastily replaced her precious manuscript, gathered up her skirts and vanished.

Then the editor awoke!—*Chicago Rambler.*

**An Echo from Greece.**

"Prythee, good Dionysius," said Cleon of Sparta, as he met the former in the streets of Athens, "tell me, by Zeus, I charge thee, tell me wherefore is thy Thanksgiving turkey like to young Aristotle?"

"Tush, go thy ways! I know not," replied Dionysius. "But stay; Aristotle is a pupil of wise Socrates, is he not?"

"He is, in good sooth," answered Dionysius, with an expectant smile.

"Then," rejoined Cleon, "he can only be like my Thanksgiving turkey because he is stuffed with sage."

"Great is Diana of Ephesus!" exclaimed Dionysius. "Let us go and get two Vermouth cocktails."

First Gent: Let's return. Miss Oltherage has begun to sing.

Second Gent: Thanks; rawther be excused.

First Gent: What! refuse homage to the belle of the ball.

Second Gent: Not at all; it's the bawl of the belle I have no homage for.

Jones (a gambler): Well, I see that Smith (another gambler) is dead.

Brown: Yes; and he was a strikingly remarkable character. His was a checkered life.

Jones: Chequered life! I should say it was a curd life.

They've thrown me overboard—that's rough!

The politician cried;

Perhaps I still have strength enough

To swim to the other side!

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All bars are horizontal. Who ever heard of a man drinking at a perpendicular bar?

The owners of fighting dogs use the expression "chew a listener," instead of biting ears.

Wonderful though it may seem, a goldsmith can conceal eighteen karats in a small gold finger ring.

"Excuse my back," said the boy, as he turned round to receive a chastisement from his school teacher.

Sign of a general election—Our Dominion representative comes out boldly (ate of course) to look after our "Fish."

Don't forget to call at D. J. Jennings' book store, 167 Union street, and examine his stock of Christmas and New Year novelties.

Our experience with book keepers has proved conclusively that the only and original patent is found in a book agent when times are dull.

Elevate your galgotta to the summit of your pericranium and allow me to present to your ocular demonstration that most wonderful piece of mechanism which constitutes the egress portion of this apartment. In other words, there's the door; git!

A soldier who deserted on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, in referring to the incident afterward said Wellington made an address to the troops before the battle, telling them to strike for their country, and while the men were striking for their country, said he, "I was striking for home."

**A GIRLISH DOG.**—There is a small greyhound at Greenfield, Missouri, who is very fond of dolls. The little girls in the family of his master sometimes allowed him to carry their dolls around the parlor in his mouth, and he went through the operation wagging his tail with great vigor. One day an older sister made a doll expressly for the greyhound, and made him understand that it was his own property. At once he ran off and hid it where it could not be found. Several days after, seeing the children playing with their dolls, he begged to be let out of the house. He went directly to the corner of the yard where he had buried his doll like a bone, dug it up, shook it free from dirt, and rejoined the group in the house with his pet in his mouth, and his tail more active than ever.

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