

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

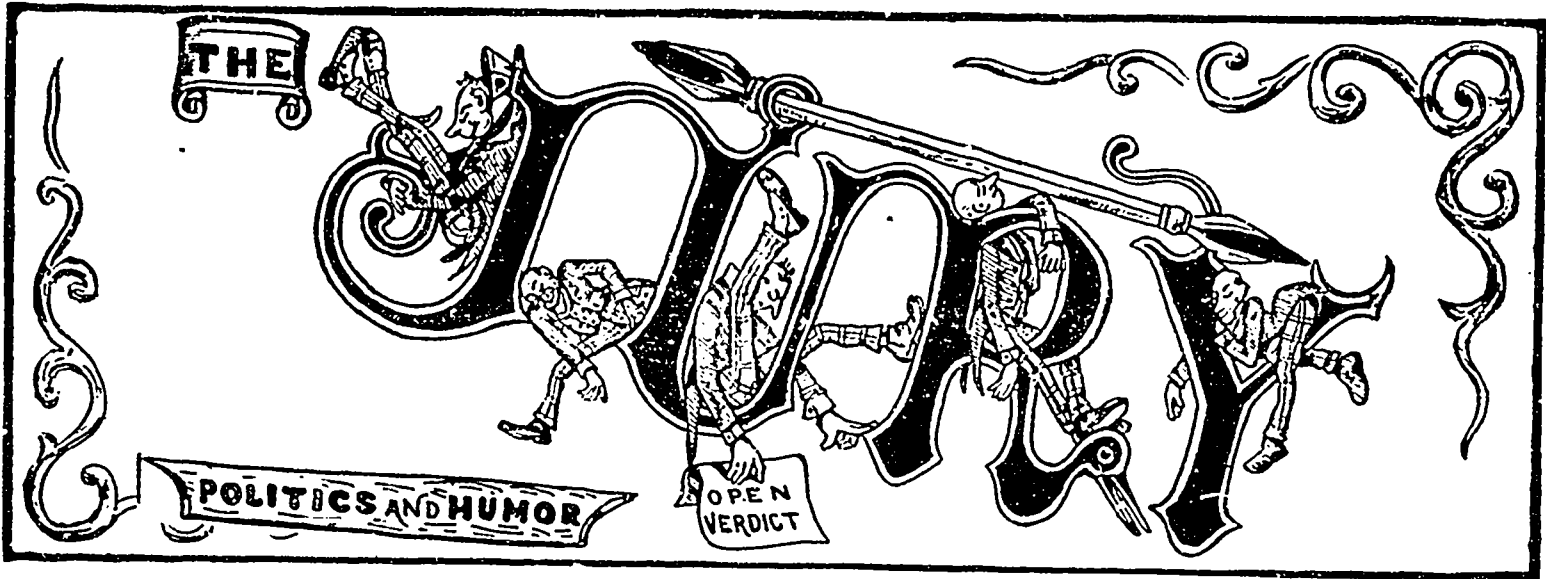
L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>



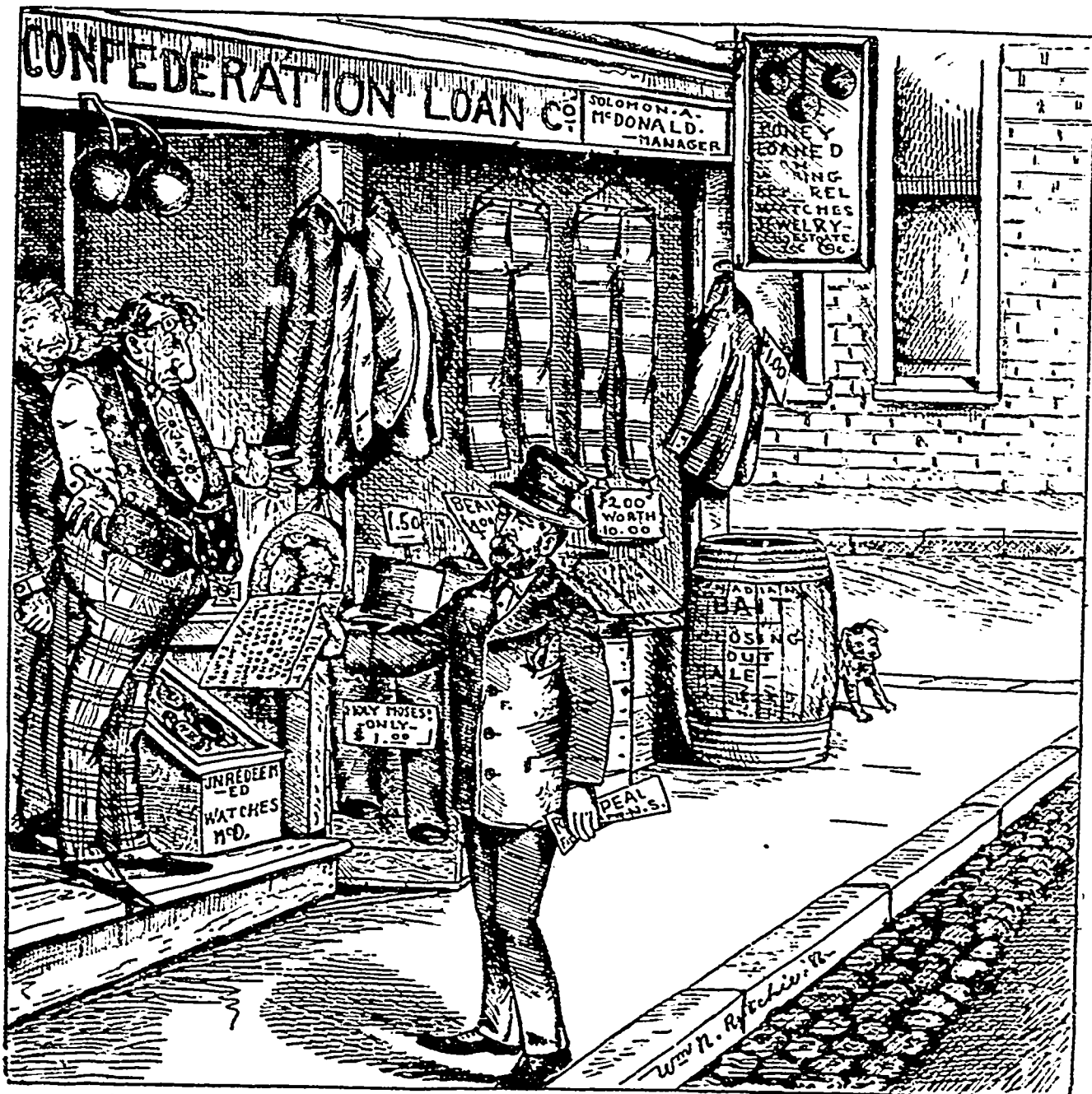
Vol. 1.

35 Cents a year.
Single Copies, 4 cents.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY, 1886.

Advertisements, Transient, \$1.25 per inch.
Yearly, \$12 per inch.

No. 2.



A "PUT UP" JOB.

FIELDING: "I want to redeem that estate which was pawned here about nineteen years ago."

"UNCLE" McDONALD: "Sorry, my dear boy, but you can't have it. I want it myself and intend to keep it. The laws governing loan offices entitle me to that."

FIELDING: "Well, I have the money to pay off interest and principal and must have that land out of your hands. If not, there will be a row—yes, a big row!" (Walks away.)

TILLY: "I suppose we will be hearing from New Brunswick next!"

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 FRIENDS.

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

For sale by newsdealers throughout the Provinces. Address, THE JURY, St. John, N. B. Office of publication, 34 Germain Street.

Wm. N. BITCHIE, *Proprietor.*

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY, 1886.

CARTOON COMMENTS BY THE FOREMAN.

The Repeal Movement in Nova Scotia.



THE Government of Nova Scotia appealed to the country a few days ago making "repeal" their war cry. The fight was short, in some regions it was sharp enough, and in a number of instances it has been more than ordinarily decisive. Halifax County, which accords to

Premier Fielding the position of representative, gave to the repeal party a larger support than was anticipated even by its most sanguine friends. Most of the Atlantic seaboard districts followed in its wake, though with varying strength. The electoral districts in other sections, not so much taken with the issue, refused to regard repeal as an infallible remedy for existing ills, and returned men either unfavorable both to repeal and the Administration, or opposed to repeal but favorable to the Administration on other than repeal grounds.

Premier Fielding has gained strength in the contest just waged. His supporters have been increased to thirty, while the Opposition's fighting strength has been reduced to eight, with one doubtful.

The gauge of battle was put squarely enough. That no one can gainsay. But it is claimed in some quarters that some of those professing to be Mr. Fielding's followers did not in the contest always imitate either their leader's undoubted pluck or his almost reckless daring. They were willing enough to enjoy whatever gain might accrue from association with the protesting leader, but they were not always courageous enough to put the issues squarely, nor ready to reason the whole matter out to the ultimate result. Still the men of this stamp who have been elected now rank in the "great majority," and they will jubilate as loudly and clap their hands as briskly as the most sturdy fighting men of Mr. Fielding's company.

The Opposition have no reason to complain that Fielding was equivocal in his manner of placing the issue, however much they may dispute the correctness of his method of sustaining it. But the Opposition have reason to deplore the absence of a sturdy, able leader, with courage enough to carry the war into Africa, and the requisite energy and persistency to press his case upon public attention. The men who did battle for the Opposition did their best, no doubt, but, fighting in an unequal contest, they

needed one who in every sense could be considered a leader to outline their policy and guide their movements.

The contention of the repeal leaders was that Nova Scotia suffered from her connection with the Union, not only as regards the inequality of the expenditures within her borders compared with her contributions to the Dominion exchequer, but in the matter of trade and general development. In fact, it was declared that Nova Scotia, out of the Union, could have made more liberal provision for her public works and enterprises than has been made for her through Dominion channels. The correctness of this declaration has been disputed on the platform and through the press, and with a good deal of vigor and persistency. As to which contention is correct, it is difficult for those not thoroughly versed in the intricacies of Dominion and Provincial finances to determine. Viewed in one light, Mr. Fielding's contention appears to be right; viewed in another, the Opposition figures seem entitled to the greatest weight. But, be the case strong for Mr. Fielding's view or strong for his opponents' contention, thoughtful people will naturally enquire as to the probable outcome of this repeal victory—for such it is, whoever may assert to the contrary. Will Mr. Fielding rest satisfied with his election triumph, or will he press for the severance of the tie which binds Nova Scotia in the confederation compact? The people of the Maritime Provinces will view with deep interest, if not with serious concern, the further movements of the repeal party's doughty little champion. If Mr. Fielding decides to go a step or two farther—and this he must do if he expects to succeed in planting the banner of repeal on the battlements of Nova Scotia's capital—it will be necessary for him to extend his lines a good deal and assume considerable responsibility. His task is unquestionably a difficult one. His friends believe that he will be quite equal to the emergency, but his opponents think otherwise. THE JURY, forming no rash judgment in the matter, is content to await developments.

Maritime Union.

Premier Fielding claims that the election in Nova Scotia was not merely a Liberal triumph but a declaration in favor of a union of the Maritime Provinces separate and apart from Canada, and hopes that New Brunswick will find it to her interest to join hands with Nova Scotia in the movement. The claim made and the hope expressed are more far-reaching than any in which the Premier indulged prior to the election. So far as New Brunswick is concerned there is little likelihood of any immediate movement. A general election has just been held, and repeal formed no issue in the contest anywhere. One thing is clear, however, Maritime union, though not much considered of late years, is a good thing. But whether it would prove more beneficial in connection with Confederation than as a separate arrangement remains to be demonstrated. Any one who has at all considered the matter will see that Maritime Union within the Dominion would cheapen the cost of legislation to the Maritime Provinces, curtail the expense of Provincial executive machinery, and so consolidate the tied interests of the Provinces forming the Union as to make them powerful in the maintenance of their own rights and an important factor in influencing and shaping the policy of whatever set of men may for the time be entrusted with the administration of affairs. Severance from the Confederacy would mean the establishment of a legislative Maritime Union with all or nearly all the machinery that is now in

operation for managing the business of the whole Dominion, and the transaction of purely local or provincial business by county organizations. Both systems have in them something to commend. But under which system would the people enjoy the largest measure of benefit? Which system would furnish the surest guarantees of pure and economical administration and the best facilities for genuine progress? These are weighty questions, and they merit the best thought of our wisest men. In everything said, in everything done by those competent to give direction to public sentiment, there should be the most thorough avoidance of anything like undue haste or immature action. *Festina lente* should be the guiding principle of all.

Our leading cartoon represents Fielding, the Liberal leader in Nova Scotia, standing on the pavement outside of a loan office. In the doorway, demonstrating his argument in the usual Jewish fashion, Sir John A. Macdonald may be seen, backed up by Sir Leonard Tilley. In his extended hand Fielding holds a ticket—a pawn ticket, given 19 years ago on an estate. The amount loaned by the company was at that time \$9,000,000, with interest; amounting to \$28,000,000 in 1886. The laws governing loan companies allow them to sell or keep all articles on which money has been loaned and interest unpaid 12 months after the entry of the article. Fielding comes with the redemption pledge to recover the estate of Nova Scotia, "put up" in the loan office 19 years ago; but is refused, on the ground that the company are now lawful owners of the property, the interest having amounted to far more than the principal. Fielding murmurs against the seeming injustice, and walks away, to return and take by force if not amicably settled in the meantime.

The only method available for robbing the Canadian fisheries with safety is the one pictured in this issue. We hope that the Gloucester fishers, to whom this is dedicated, will send us their sincere thanks.

The recent appointment of Boies DeVeber, Mayor of St. John, to the office of County Treasurer, calls to our mind the poem relating the adventure of "Lochinvar" in stealing the bride, who was about to be married to his rival that same evening. Geo. H. Martin, who is represented as a little boy calling out to DeV. to stop till he hands up his saddle bag, is an addition to the "Lochinvar" elopement, which we hope you will excuse. The irate bridegroom, who brandishes his club, is unheeded by the young gallant, and the "would-be mayors" are much excited. This elopement took place from the City Hall

THE VERDICT

OF THE JURY is that

WATERBURY & RISING

SHOW THE

FINEST ASSORTMENT

OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

In the Lower Provinces.

34 King Street,
212 Union Street.

Written for THE JURY.

Poetic Vengeance.

By NINEPHUS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Martin McFerrick was a genius. As yet his talent had brought him but scanty reward, but year by year he had scribbled patiently on, urged by the same inspiration that caused his eight year old fingers to write beneath an illustration in his primer,—

"Look at that;
It is a cat"

the sublime poetry of which was acknowledged by his doting relatives, who predicted fame and wealth for the embryo poet. But the years have brought him little besides long hair, biliousness and chronic impecuniosity. And that is how it happens that on one of the hottest afternoons in June Martin McFerrick sits writing as if for dear life and inwardly cursing the heat of his room. It was an attic, of course. (Genius in an attic is so romantic.) "Abode—road—load," murmurs the poet, as with his eyes "in fine frenzy rolling" he gloomily watches the eccentric motions of a blue-bottle fly on the window. "What rhyme can I bring in there. Let me see,—

'Look out from thy fair a-hole;
From my sad heart lit the load.'

Hm'm, that last line *does* sound better than the line I thought of first. If only— Come in."

In response to the invitation the door opens and a stout, rubicund, ugly man enters. Martin looks up sharply from his work, and the newcomer grins broadly. His face is stupid, but its abounding good-nature goes far to atone for that. The grin extends to a jovial laugh as he seats himself astride the one chair the room contains and folding his arms upon the back of it beams amiably upon his host, who stands beside the window looking unutterably sullen. If there is one man on earth whom Martin McFerrick intensely hates, it is John Cronlin.

"Well, Marty, my boy, how goes it?" he asks facetiously. "Hard at work as usual, I see."

"Yes," assents Martin, sullenly, eyeing with meek disfavor the cool-looking summer suit his visitor is wearing. It seems like an insult to the poor fellow, who is forced to abide in his stuffy garb of shabby black.

"That's right. You're a good, moral little boy. Wish I was like you. I toil not, neither do I spin. Got in a quotation from Shakespeare that time, didn't I? Speaking of work reminds me that I have a job for you, Marty."

"Indeed?" carelessly.

"Yes. I want you to serenade the widow, Mrs. Dormer, for me. Serenades are all the rage since Miss Flirtwell received one the other night. She and the widow are rival belles, and little Dermot is fairly wild about it. Somebody told

me that it was Oakley who paid you to do the whole business for him. Is that so?"

"I am hardly at liberty to say," responds the sulky Mr. McFerrick.

"Oh, that will do you! We all know you of old, Marty; also your little tricks to make money. What kind of stuff do you write in a case like this?"

"I have something here which I think will suit," says the poet, lifting a manuscript from amongst the mass of papers on his table.

"Listen:

'Darling, sleep. O'er fields of clover
Softer zephyrs never blew.
All the sky with stars is gemmed,
And the hills, slender stemmed,
Let their snow-white cups brim over
With their sparkling weight of dew.'

"No, don't give me any rot like that," protests the disgusted Mr. Cronlin. "The widow would never credit me with that. Give me something that doesn't limp quite so much and describe me in it so that she will know me. Little Flirtwell is sweet as nuts on the fellow who she thinks serenaded her, and I want Mrs. Dormer to get sweet on me. I'd give you fifty dollars if I could come out ahead of that ass Blinker. of the —th. He had the impudence to keep close to the widow all the afternoon in the Gardens.

"Too bad," sneers Martin, with mock sympathy.

"Yes; but I wasn't so very bad off after all, for that superb creature, Madge Dashly, helped me to listen to the band. You know her, don't you?"

The poet blushes. Yes, he knows her, and what is more he is in love with her. His book, "Dawn of the Ideal and other poems," is to be dedicated to her.

"Yes," he replies quickly, "I know her."

"Oh, yes, of course you do," says Mr. Cronlin, with a jovial laugh. "I was telling her about you this afternoon. I thought she would go into fits when I described to her the sensations you created the day that Oakley and I asked you to dinner—blacked your face when you got half seas over and fell asleep at the table, and then started you off to the flower show. Oh, Jupiter, how you looked!" Mr. Cronlin once more gave way to mirth of an artless but violent nature. And Martin McFerrick grew white to the lips.

"Well, my business is settled now, I suppose," says Mr. Cronlin, checking his laughter and rising to his feet. "You will have it done by this evening and serenade her to-night, won't you? I'll send around the money some time to-morrow. Remember it is to describe me plainly and to be smooth and spicy."

"I hope you will like it," says Martin, dubiously.

"Don't fret. I'm not hard to suit, but it will be the first time I ever was averse to a poem. Ts, ts," and he lounges buoyantly out of the room, whistling a version of "Tit Willow," in which he vilely attempts to make noise and shrillness atone for several damages sustained by the tune.

"So you have been making me ridiculous in the eyes of she that I love, have you?" mutters the poet. He is alone, and after the manner of genius soliloquizes aloud. "And you ask my aid

that your love may prosper. 'Nemo me impure lacessit.' I will have revenge!"

It is night, warm, fragrant and magical, as only a June night can be. The half-grown moon is nearly at its zenith for time is near the witching hour. Silence has long since settled over the city, and now there is only a rustle of the leaves, the murmur of the sea, the occasional screech of the night hawk and the wailing song of the cat.

The latter sound rises weirdly from the backyard in Spring Garden Road and floats in through the window of the room where Mrs. Dormer stands in snowy raiment putting her hair in curl papers. "Botheration take those cats!" ejaculated Mrs. Dormer, as an unusually loud burst of feline sentiment assails her sensitive ears, and she turns from the reflections of sparkling brunette beauty reflected by her mirrors, and walks briskly to the window.

"Scat!" she hisses, fiercely; "scat!" and an empty boot-polish bottle is poised ominously in her dainty hand.

Hark!

The animal "scats" ere she can carry out the hostile intention, and mindful of her curl papers Mrs. Dormer shrinks behind the curtains, and her face is covered with a flush of delight. Surely that sound which breaks the brooding stillness of the night is the tinkle of a guitar. Somebody is going to serenade her. Now that horrid Flirtwell girl shall learn that she is not the only one in the city who can receive such attentions. How kind this is of Mr. Cronlin. She knows that she owes this to him, for he has talked so rapturously of serenading. Certainly he is not nice-looking or very clever, but— Well, she must listen now that she may know what language he sends on the sweet wings of melody to woo her with. Breathlessly she listens to the words uttered by the fine tenor voice below.

"Of diseases terrific the night is prolific;
I am running the risk of catarrh.
Such ideas I resist 'em, though bad for my system,
Whilst I strum to you on my guitar.
That I brave all these perils, to you may seem funny;
But let me confess, dear, I'm after your money."

Now as you're no chicken, you'd very soon sicken
Should I gush about love—

Martin McFerrick stops abruptly as the back door is flung violently open and a woman's figure comes out into the moonlight. She is wrapped in a long, dark cloak, which gives dignity and apparent height to her appearance. Her very curl papers seem to bristle with indignation.

"Mr. Cronlin," she says, haughtily, "may I ask how you dare to— Ah!"

"It is not Mr. Cronlin," interposes Martin, doffing his hat and bowing low; "only his representative."

"Oh, Mr. McFerrick. Ah, I see," in a tone of relief. "It is some mistake, or joke, or—"

"Not so," responds the poet, cruelly. "Mr. Cronlin sent me here to-night to serenade you. It was by his direction I wrote the words and he was most particular as to the style of the composition."

She stared at him in blank dismay. "But why?" she queries, plaintively, at length. "I don't see the motive; I don't understand; I—" Her words are lost in a tempest of sobbing. There is a pause.

[Conclude on page 4.]

WOOD ENGRAVING
Of Every Description
Executed at short notice and lowest rates. First-class work guaranteed.
J. E. FRASER, Designer and Engraver,
63 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.

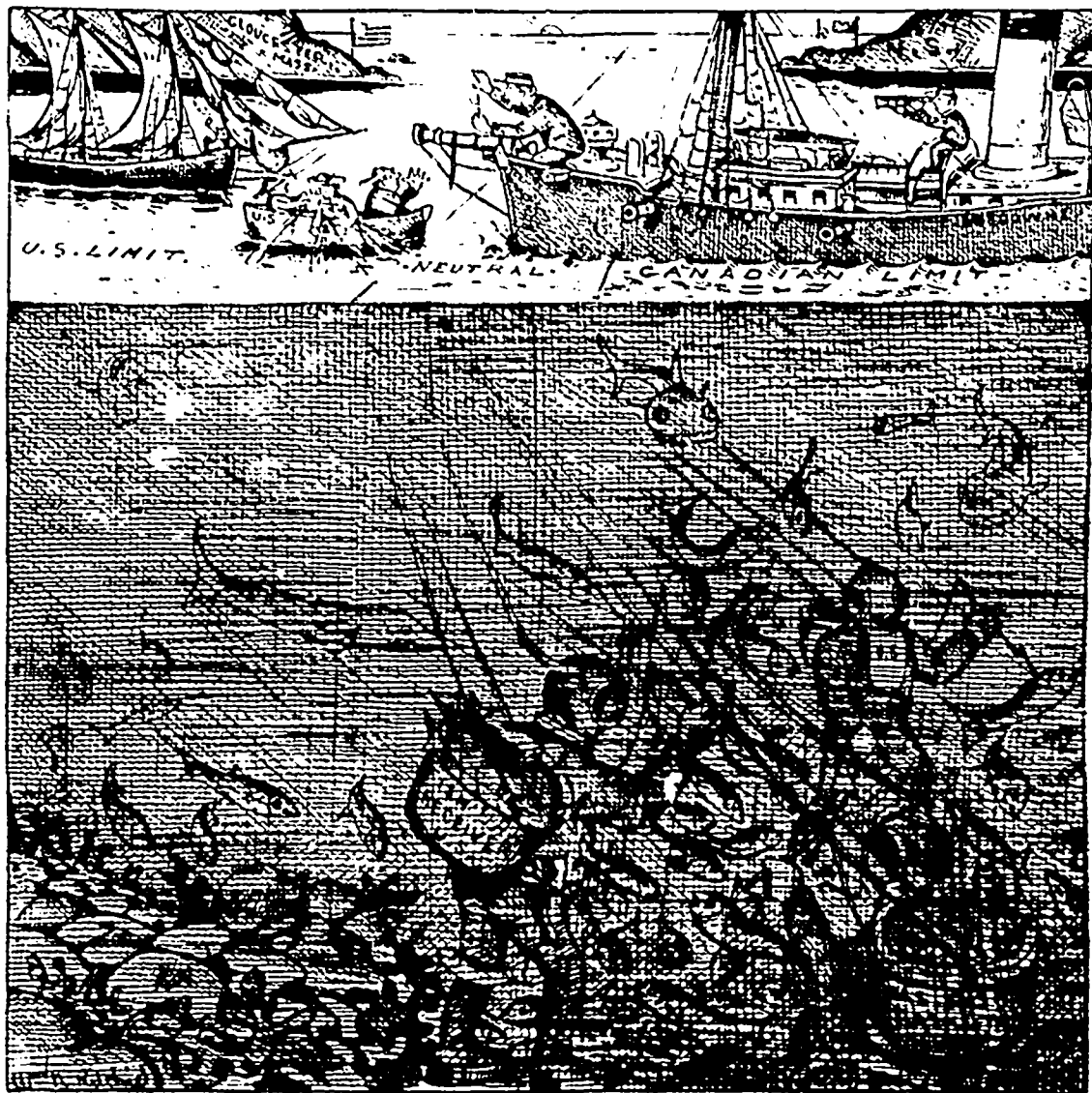
UNGARS'
Steam Laundry,
32 WATERLOO STREET,
(Myers' Building), St. John, N. B.
S & M. UNGAR, Proprietors.
Goods received, called for and delivered.
All ladies' wear attended to by female assistants.

T. J. CRONIN,
Importer of

Fine Wines,
BRANDIES, WHISKEYS, ETC.,
Nos. 48 and 50 Germain St.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

9 WATERLOO ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. HUNTER,
BELL HANGER,
Electric Bells and Speaking Tubes.
Old Style Bells Hung and Repaired. Locks Repaired and Keys Fitted.

HENRY DUNBRACK,
Practical Plumber & Gasfitter
SANITARY ENGINEER,
70 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.
Public and Private Buildings Fitted up with the Latest Sanitary Improvements.
Only First-class Work Solicited. Prices Low.
EXPERIENCED WORKMEN SENT TO ANY PART OF THE DOMINION.



THE ONLY METHOD OF ROBBING THE CANADIAN FISHERIES.—A SCHEME FOR THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN.

[Continued from page 3.]

"Perhaps," suggests Martin, thoughtfully, "he meant to be funny."

Funny! The sobbing ceases abruptly and she faces him with flashing eyes. "Does he dare to make fun of me? Well, you can take this message to him. Tell him that the song is not nearly as vile as he is; and if ever he dares to come near me I will have him kicked, and doubly kicked into the street."

She turns, magnificent in her wrath, and passes into the house, closing the door after her with an urchin bang, whilst Martin McFerrick walks homeward in the moonlight, chuckling aloud in his wild, wicked, weird glee.

"Deuced stiff pull up to this attic of yours, McFerrick," says Lieutenant Blinker as he enters Martin's room the next day. "Did a deed of charity coming up. Pretty maid-servant, dismayed at the stairs she would have to climb to deliver two letters to you. Volunteered to take 'em myself and only took two kisses for my pay." He flings two letters on the table as he speaks, and Martin gazes longingly at them.

"Read away, my boy," says the good-natured visitor, noticing the glance. "I can wait awhile. Hope they're not bills."

Martin obeys, while the gallant officer entertains himself by endeavoring, with the aid of a paper weight, to execute the blue-bottle fly.

The first note is from Cronlin. It contained fifty dollars and represented the writer as being prostrated with a severe headache, which kept him indoors for the day. The trusting confidence of the note should have sent remorse to the poet's soul. But he only smiled grimly as he pocketed the money. The second note, on black-edged paper, was from the widow. It also contained fifty dollars, which was to bribe him to silence about the events of the night before. It would break her heart if Miss Flirtwell got hold of the story. By keeping the secret he would earn the everlasting gratitude of Laura Dormer.

"Now, lieutenant," says the poet, as he finishes the perusal of the two notes, "what can I do for you?"

The lieutenant's errand is a delicate one. He feels that it is time that matters should be settled between the widow and himself. Being of a

bashful nature he shrinks from the ordeal of saying the fatal words to her. He desires that Martin shall write a poem to convey in the best language possible the story of his love.

"Phew, but you charge a stiff price," he said, when the poet had named the lowest rate at which such a scheme could be carried out. "I had some idea of asking you to sing her a serenade. They say Oakley got you to do it for him. But I believe the widow thinks serenading a very vulgar kind of compliment. Said so this morning when I was talking to her. By the way," joyously, "she cut Cronlin dead on Hollis street a little while ago."

"You don't say so?"
 "Yes. The poor devil is quite worked up about it. Says he supposes he made a fool of himself in some way last night. Too much champagne, you know. Make a good thing of serenading, don't you?"

"I make some people pay dearly for it," said Martin, and he grinned a sardonic grin.

Advertise in THE JURY: Transient, \$1.25 per inch; yearly, per inch, \$12.

VISITORS Will Find the Largest Assortment of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

AT
TENNANT'S (the Shirt Maker).

Extra Display
 After Noon
 Every Saturday.

All are cordially invited to inspect our exhibit.

48 King Street, St. John, N. B.

CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF
Ricksecker's Perfumes.

PINEST QUALITY OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH
Tooth Brushes.

DENTAROMA, THE NEW TOOTH PREPARATION.

For sale by

S. McDLARMID

Druggist, &c.,

49 KING ST.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS,

94 Princess St.

Dyer & Cleaner of Wearing Apparel.

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

DYED AND BEAUTIFULLY PRESSED

FEATHERS DYED IN ALL SHADES.

C. E. BRACKETT, Proprietor.

Extracts from the Spring Poets.



A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE"

A PARODY.

Tell us not in idle jingle
Marriage is an empty
dream!
For the girl is dead that's
single,
"And things are not
what they seem."

"Life is real! Life is ear-
nest!"
Single blessedness a
jib,
Man thou art, to man re-
turnest,
Has been spoken of the
rib.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho' light and gay,
Still like pleasant dreams are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a heroine—a wife.

"Trust no future how'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and hope ahead.

Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
"And departing leave behind us,"
Such examples as shall "tell"

Such examples that another,
Wasting life in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall ache heart and court.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing—
And each one a hero—"

THE JURY'S attention having been directed to a communication that appears in the last number of the *Cosmopolitan Shorthand* (which communication is profusely studded with capital I's), finds a coincidence in the fact that two Fry's are simultaneously seeking fame in a fishy way.

Educational.

One of the most useful and easiest things carried in life is learning. In this advanced age of ours there should not be an individual who can say that he has not had an education. Rich and poor alike enjoy the same privileges in that line; free schools have been established all over the continent, and the poorest can become educated without money and without price. Economy has often been agitated in the school question, and recently in our own city a grand mass meeting was called in one of our public halls for the purpose of reducing expenses in regard to our free schools. The meeting proved a failure, as the people did not appear, which was a sufficient guarantee that they were satisfied with the expenses incurred and would let the matter move on in the even tenor of its way. There has been issued on June the 10th, 1886, a journal which will devote its pages to the interests of the teachers of schools in this Province. This paper, of which we possess a copy, is issued every two weeks, and comes under the editorial care of Mr. Geo. U. Hay, Ph. B., of St. John, which is a sufficient guarantee of its educational character. The *New Brunswick Journal of Education*, as it is called, will be delivered to subscribers at the nominal price of 50 cents a year. THE JURY wish it all the success due a journal working in the interest of education.

A "Pectoral" Paper.

"Our esteemed contemporary, the *Woodstock Press*, calls our Provincial cartoon monthly, THE JURY, 'a comic pectoral paper.' This is the first intimation we had that it was anything like a quack medicine."—*Maple Leaf*.

Charge THE JURY with medical attention rendered the *Woodstock Press*. Perhaps their compositor was unwell and needed "pectoral," or were he in Love-tt Wood have been excusable. But to mention "pectoral" on our maiden issue, well—*Punch* me if I like it.—Ed.

Correspondence.

B. V. C., Colchester Co., N. S.: Sorry, my dear fellow, but we have not the space to spare for anything in that line. We have but one space left, and that is for your name on our subscription list.

F. P. Emerson, Springfield, Mass.: Glad to hear from you, old boy. Thanks for that.

Written for THE JURY.

Household Hints.

By CASEY TAP.

By confining one's self to the use of oleomargarine the objection to rancid butter can largely be overcome.

A writer suggests the cleaning of the works of clocks by boiling them in water, but neglects saying what we are to do after taking the works from the stew-kettle. They should be gently, but firmly, corked and placed in a cool spot for the space of—of—well, till the house burns down. In the meantime if you have any interest in how time flies you might purchase a new clock. This has never been known to fail.

When stale bread has become so hard that it cannot be eaten, it may be cracked up into small pieces, say about the size of a tea-cup, and used for ornamenting flower-beds and silent tombs. If you are of an artistic turn of mind, very pretty effects may be had in hand-painted designs. We leave this, however, to the taste of our reader.

German method of removing ink-stains from linen: Lay the article in a vessel of milk, i. e., genuine, country-brewed milk, for a few hours; after which lay the linen on a hard pine table, being careful to note that no nails are under the ink spot. Then, by means of a sharp chisel the stain can be effectually removed. Should you desire to use the linen again, the place where erst the ink was can be patched with linen or other material in any shade to suit your fancy. Another method of removing ink stains is to send your linen to a laundry in a strange city. Instances have been known where linen, stains, buttons and all were very extremely removed.

In preserving eggs the chief point to be obtained is to keep the vegetables dry and free from air or moisture. This can best be done by wrapping each egg separately in leaves taken from the Canadian *Hansard*. This process will also keep berries from all manner of light—except, perhaps, gas.

Eggs may be scrambled by striking the lecturer or the holder-of-the-mirror up-to-nature on the scarf-pin.

To prevent stains from port wine on dresses or other articles of clothing, take a total abstinence pledge and use it well. Worth trying.

There are various ways of removing a tight ring from the finger. One method is to disconnect the finger at its junction with the hand. This plan is very popular with young medical-students and undertakers' assistants. Another way to remove the ring is to arrest one or two of the aldermanic Pooh-Bahs. The rest will then go to Florida and shoot alligators for their health.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

International Route!

THE ONLY ALL-RAIL LINE

BETWEEN THE

Maritime Provinces and United States,

Furnishing, with its connections, a Direct Route to and from all parts of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island.

NEW ROLLING STOCK! STEEL RAILS!! QUICK TIME!!!

Re-establishment of the Fast Train, St. John to Boston.

All trains to and from St. John cross the St. John River by the New Cantilever Bridge, and arrive at and depart from the New Passenger Station of the Intercolonial Railway.

All Transfers Avoided by Taking the All-Rail Line.

Secure Tickets and have Baggage Checked Through via the New Brunswick Railway.

J. F. LEAVITT,
General Passenger Agent.

F. W. CRAM,
General Manager.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE,

Cor. King and Germain Sts.

May Arrivals:

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

Blue and Grey and Scarlet Flannels,

15 Cases Shirts and Drawers,
3 Cases Top Shirts.

TERMS LIBERAL.

J. A. MAGILTON & CO.

Written for THE JURY.
Woman's Work.
 BY PRISCILLA LEA-
 FLEHEAD.

The few remarks which I beg leave to offer concerning this popular subject will radiate from the question. What is woman's legitimate sphere of labor?

Surely woman was not designed to coal steamers at St. Thomas, or dig potatoes and mow buckwheat in Westmorland. No, it was never meant that woman, who was placed in this world as a thing of beauty, should walk in paths that the feet of man alone are fit to tread. Woman's proper sphere of labor encircles only those of life's avocations as she can follow without loss of womanliness. Womanliness includes all those attributes which can be qualified by the adjectives gentle, graceful, charming,

refined, tender, beautiful, loving, and so on. Now, my dear sisters, what a catastrophe befalls woman's beautiful form and graceful carriage when she gets down on all fours to shampoo the kitchen floor! Statistics tell us that in the Dominion of Canada alone there are no less than ninety-five thousand square feet of kitchen floor! This immense area of kitchen floor is laundried, every inch of it, by woman! If a kitchen floor was ever scrubbed by a man, history, so far as my researches go, does not record the fact. Now, I maintain that men should either do the scrubbing, invent an automatic scrubbing machine or buy a carpet for the kitchen.

How suddenly woman's bewitching ways take flight when she becomes a salvation amazon of the poke bonnet and tambourine order! How expeditiously her gentleness yields up its ghost when the dear little creature undertakes to put up the stove-pipes! How trying it must be for

woman to remember that she is the very embodiment of refinement while she happens to be deeply absorbed in the work of chopping wood or pulling off her husband's boots! I have my own opinion of the man whose wife is his boot-jack. A man has no more right to convert his wife into a boot-detaching apparatus than she has to install him propellor-in-chief of a perambulator. But the poor perambulator-man is not the only one of his sex who does not manage to keep out of woman's field of labor. There are others who do not keep off the grass of woman's rights. For example, male milliners and male cooks and male dry-goods clerks and male etceteras. But I have cited sufficient to serve my purpose, namely, to point out that women occupy positions which they should not occupy and do not occupy positions which they should occupy. As I have remarked I am simply pointing this fact out. It is nothing new, and I would

bake sufficient brick to meet the diminished demand. And lo and behold, the women thereupon turned their attention from bricks unto pine boards; and verily this is about the time that the art of scrubbing came to light. This fragment of history reveals to us the why and wherefore of woman's association with scrubbing.

Having spoken of the uncongenial pursuit which have fallen to the lot of woman, let me now direct your attention to some positions which are inviting to woman and yet not to a satisfactory extent filled by her. In the United States, mercantile and governmental positions, to which great responsibilities are attached, are held by women, who discharge the duties connected with their offices as efficiently as they could be discharged by any man. And why should this not be so? Is not woman endowed with keener perceptive faculties, and is she not

(Continued on page 7.)



THE MODERN LOCHINVAR CARRYING OFF THE BRIDE.

impress upon you, my dear sisters, that I do not come forward in this article as its discoverer. It is an old fact, as old as Egypt. Yes, it is an old fact that has been knocking round the world since the time that Pharaoh's national policy placed such a high duty on chopped straw that the brick-makers had to get along without it. You know they used to make bricks with mud and straw. Bricks are not stuffed with straw now-a-days. Therefore, when the citizen who contributes three or four hundred dollars to the woman's rights fund is likened unto a brick, the similitude is intended to convey that he is not made of straw. In those days the women as well as the men were engaged in the brick manufacturing business. By and by there came over the brick trade a very dark cloud, for clapboards and shingles came into fashion; and the brick circulation fell off so much that the issue had to be reduced one-half. And it came to pass that the men alone could

M. A. FINN,

IMPORTER OF

Wines, Liquors

AND

CIGARS,

112 Prince Wm. Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR

WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

DEARBORN & CO.

Most people know a good thing when they see it, and the increasing demand for DIAMOND JAVA COFFEE is pretty good evidence that it is appreciated. There is nothing better. If you have not tried it, get a 25-pound sample-tin. There is no charge for the tin.

A few words about our SELECTED PURE SPIOES. They are not only pure, but are selected. The best of their kind. We put them up in bulk and in attractive quarter-pound packages, 15 and 25 pounds in a box. Every quarter-pound package and every box has our guarantee of purity upon it.

CREAM OF TARTAR, we put up in the same way and warrant the best obtainable.

95 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

MARITIME
DINING, OYSTER, BILLIARD,
 —AND—
WINE ROOMS,
Bayard's Building,
 PRINCE WM. STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
 Meals Served at all hours and in First
 Class Style.
William F. Danaher, Proprietor.

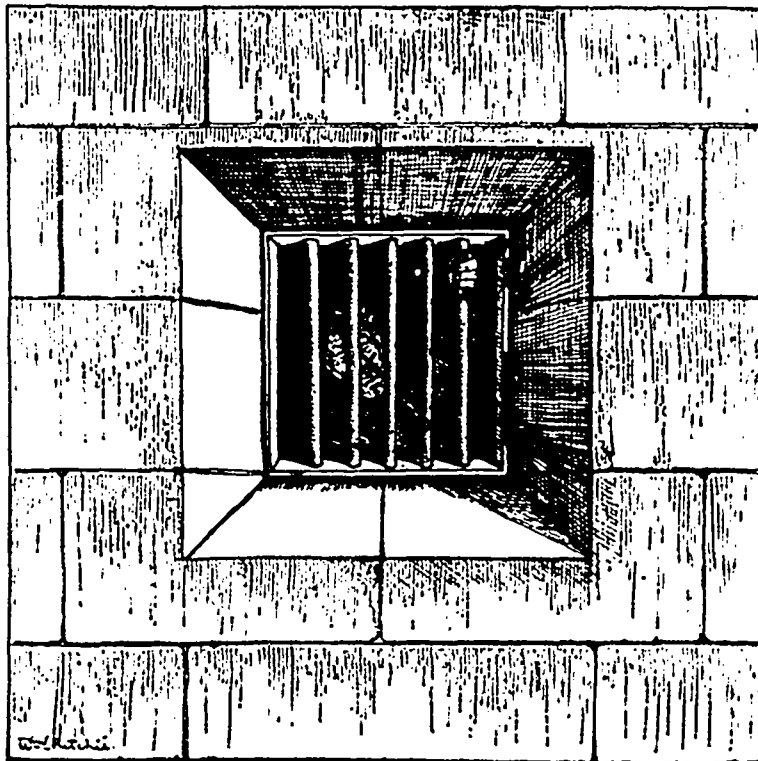
(Concluded from page 6.)

infinitely more cautious, more accurate and less untidy than her brother? And isn't she less liable to drift into ways that are dark and tricks that are vain? I would not be afraid to bet my boots against Sir Leonard Tilley's late and lamented deficit, that if there were a larger number of lady bank cashiers in the United States, there would be a smaller number of American cashiers sojourning in Canada! In this dear Dominion of ours the government has so far done little or nothing in the direction of giving employment to women. The positions under its direct and indirect control, some of which are alarmingly remunerative, are monopolized by our fellow creatures of the selfish sex. This state of affairs can be very briefly accounted for: Each and every position is marked in plain letters, "good for one vote." And woman, not having the right to vote, cannot secure the position. Some people seem to think that to extend to

General Dry Goods Warehouse
HENRY J. PITTS,
 GENERAL
DRY GOODS MERCHANT,
 179 Union Street,
 SAINT JOHN, N. B.

ALL
 the numbers of the
Franklin Square Library
 ON HAND.
 Late popular of "Icitor of the Ages," by Payne.
At MORTON L. HARRISON'S,
 99 King Street.

"The Parnell Movement,"
 By T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.
 Price \$3.50.
 For sale by
T. O'BRIEN & CO.,
 BOOKSELLERS, ETC.,
 83 KING ST.



REMOVAL NOTICE.—Mr. Jas. Mooney has just moved to the freestone front on King Street East, where for the summer season he will "cell" as cheap as usual—bread and water.

MAGEE BROTHERS,
 63 Water Street, St. John, N. B.,
HARD AND SOFT COAL DEALERS,
 Keep always on hand the best qualities of Coal, and their customers manfully endorse the HONEYBROOK LEHIGH COAL, which we sell as **The Best Anthracite Sold in this Market.**
 Those about purchasing their winter's supply will do well to give us a call.



woman the right to vote would be a very improper and hazardous step. To those I would say, so long as a vote continues to be the price of a bread-winning position so long should woman's cry for release from political bondage be heard throughout the land! May that cry soon be answered, and may woman, so far as the facilities for securing woman's work is concerned, soon be placed on a footing of equality with him of the so called nobler sex.

MAGEE, the Hatter,
 MANUFACTURES ALL KINDS OF
HATS AND CAPS.
 Society Hats and Caps Made to Order.
 71 KING STREET.

BARKER HOUSE,
F. B. Coleman, Proprietor,
 Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.

THE JURY.

Published Monthly.

35 cents a year; single copies, 4 cts.

Address all communications and subscriptions to THE JURY, post office box 237, St. John, N. B.

Wm. N. RITCHIE, Proprietor.

Office of publication, 54 Germain Street.

Photo Electrotypes Procured
 DIRECT FROM PEN DRAWINGS.

Why go to the expense of procuring wood-cuts, which are useless when once put through the press.

Comic and Original Designs

For Business Cards and Advertising Spaces

AT LOWEST RATES.

Estimates furnished.

MANKS & CO.,

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

Fine Felt Hats, latest styles.

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

Queen Hotel,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS,

Livery in connection. Proprietor.

W. T. H. FENETY,

Bookseller and Stationer,

Queen Street, - - Fredericton, N. B.

Agents for the Anchor Line at St. John, N. B.

SCAMMELL BROTHERS,

Commission Merchants.

SHIP AND STEAMSHIP BROKERS,

Magee Block, Water St., St. John, N. B.
29 Beaver St., New York City.

J. Walter Scammell. J. H. Scammell. Fred. E. Scammell.

D. BREEZE,

Wholesale & Retail Grocer,

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,

No. 1 King Square,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

I. CHIP. OLIVE,

(Successor to W. H. Olive),

Customs Broker and Forwarding Agent,

167 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.



LOCAL VERDICTS.

Removal Notice—when our Chief of Police comes along.

Why ought barbers to be called engravers? Because they *would-cut* you and then razor relief with alum.

Rapid transit line to Indiantown.—Scene, foot of King street.—1st gent., hesitatingly: Going to drive over, Jim? Jim: No; I'm in a hurry!

THE JURY think that colds can be efficiently treated and cured by consulting horse (hoarse) doctors, as they make a specialty of that particular branch.

"A sight draft."—Henessy: Hello, Charlie, what's wrong with your eye; it's very red looking? Charlie: Oh, I caught a cold in it last night, and it's sore. Henessy: A "draft on sight," you mean.

Scene, King Square, band night.—They were deeply in love. She was rather embarrassed and coquettishly played with a lead pencil to hide her confusion while he whispered "sweet nothings" in her ear. He, reproachfully: Can it be that you find that lead pencil more interesting than I am. Remember it is only an old stick! (laughs gleefully). She: Ah, yes; but the old stick will certainly make its mark in the world! Collapse of Dude.

YE BOLD SMUGGLERS.—They had just arrived from over the border and were seized with a wild desire to go a-fishing. "Got any bait?" queried American No. 1. "Thunder! I forgot all about it." returned American No. 2. "Dig for it, my boy; dig for it. Won't do to buy bait here, you know." And they went on their way with their imaginations fired with wild dreams of piscatorial adventure. After an exhausting day's sport they returned and smuggled in their finny spoil in their hats. It consisted of two minnows.

FOR PURE JAVA COFFEE

—AND—

Choice Mixed and Black Teas

Go to W. ALEX. PORTER'S,

217 Union and Waterloo sts.

Come and See Me

IN MY HANDSOME LITTLE STORE,

97 KING ST.,

Where I will be able to sell you Waltham, Swiss and American

WATCHES of every description,

Pure Gold and Plated Jewelry, Clocks, &c.,

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

Watches and jewelry repaired at short notice.

GEO. H. MARTIN.

J. CRAWFORD,
Stationer and Bookseller.

Picture Framing, Chromos,
ROOM PAPER.

PORTLAND NEWS DEPOT.
Main Street, Portland, N. B.

Pronounced by THE JURY

—THAT—

You Can Buy Your

**CROCKERY,
CHINA and
GLASSWARE**

The Cheapest at

FRED. BLACKADAR'S,

166 Union Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

EMPIRE SALOON,

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

P. A. CRUIKSHANK

(Successor to R. J. Patterson),

Dealer in Oysters, Fruits, Ice Cream, Pastry, etc.
Meals at all hours. First-class in every particular.

R. B. GILMOUR & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Oils, Lamps, Lamp Fixtures, Kitchen
Furnishing Goods and Majolica
Ware.

Dockrill Block, 201 Union St., - - St. John, N. B.

WAVERLY HOUSE

85 King Street, St. John, N. B.

BEST LOCATION IN THE CITY.

J. W. Leavitt, Proprietor.

STICKY

Fly Paper!

This paper is particularly adapted for Dining, Drawing or Sick Rooms, Shop or Show Windows, as the flies are successfully captured and cease to be troublesome.

Prepared and sold by

A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO.,

Market Building, Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

THORNE BROS.

Are showing a full line of

SOFT AND STIFF HATS

in all the fashionable shades for the summer trade. In

STRAW HATS

our Stock is Extensive and Popular because of their Style, Durability and Price.

THORNE BROS., 93 King Street.