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# JURY



SUBSCRIPTION, \$1 A YEAR, POSTAGE PAID; SINGLE COPIES, 5 CTS.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY, FROM THE OFFICE, 54 GERMAN ST.

Vol. 2. ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 5, 1887. No. 6.



SCENE, QUEEN HOTEL.

Simpkins: Waiter, bring me a thimbleful of coffee.

Waiter (sarcastically): Will you have it in a *cup*, sir?



JUSTICE VERSUS WOODWARD.—FREDERICTON, N. B.

the conductor, raise your hat. Every little service of the kind should be accompanied by a distant, respectful salutation.

Don't be in haste to introduce. Be sure that it is mutually desired before presenting one person to another.

Don't, in a walk, introduce your companion to every person you may chance to meet. Off-hand street introductions are rarely called for, and commonly serve no end.

Don't ask questions of strangers indiscriminately. Young women run risks in approaching unknown people with questions, and they should scrupulously avoid doing so. In travelling, inquire of the guard or of some official; in the street, wait until a policeman can be found.

Don't be over-civil. Do not let your civility fall short, but over-civility is a mistake.

Don't rush to pick up a man's hat, don't pick up any article that a stranger or companion may drop, unless there are special reasons for doing so. Be prompt to pick up anything that a lady lets fall, and extend this politeness to elderly or infirm men. But haste to wait on equals is over-civility; it has a touch of servility, and is not sanctioned by the best usage.

Don't talk aloud in a railway carriage, and thus prevent your fellow passengers from reading their book or newspaper.

Don't deceive intending travellers by putting your luggage about the seat to make believe the seats are all taken.

Don't rush for a seat in a carriage, in church, or at a public entertainment, in utter disregard of every one else, pushing rudely by women and children, hustling men who are older or less active, and disregarding every law of politeness. If one should on an occasion of this kind, lose his seat in consequence of a little polite consideration, he would have the consolation of standing much higher in his own esteem—which is something.

Don't occupy more space in an omnibus or carriage than you require. In this particular women are greater sinners than men. One who has travelled a good deal in local vehicles declares that he has ascertained the exact arithmetical ratio of the sexes, which is as six to five—for, in an omnibus, a seat that will hold six men never, if they can help it, accommodates more than five women.

Don't enter a crowded omnibus or tram-car. There doubtless are occasions when one can not well help doing so, but many times the vehicle that follows will afford plenty of room. A person who enters a crowded public vehicle is an intruder and has no rights that anybody is bound to respect.

Don't bustle into a church after the commencement of service, or into a theatre or concert after the performance has begun, to the annoyance of others. Arrive early and be seated in time. The manager who will resolutely refuse permission for any one to enter an auditorium after the curtain has risen, will win for himself a golden meed of praise.

Don't, if you go into a church or any place of worship, show any contempt for the service. You are not obliged to go there, but if you do you are bound to respect the feelings of others, and as nearly as possible follow the customs of the regular worshippers.

Don't, if you go to a strange church, decline to contribute to the offertory on the grounds that you do not like the service.

Don't beat time at a concert with your foot or stick, and don't hum the time with the orchestra.

Don't talk at the theatre or at a concert when the performance is going on. To disturb others who wish to listen is gross ill breeding; but, unfortunately, it is common with the very class who pretend to an exclusive share of good breeding.

Don't at any public performance make a move to leave the auditorium before the performance is over. Men who recklessly and selfishly disturb public assemblies in this way have the instincts of savages, not of gentlemen.

### Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines no doubt has largely benefitted the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

THE JURY

AN INDEPENDENT FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

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

OUR HEADING AND MOTTO: DRAW, FOR THY COUNTRY NEEDS THEM.

Terms of subscription: \$1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, 25 cents for three months, payable strictly in advance. Single copies, 5 cts. each. Liberal discount to persons getting up clubs of five or more yearly subscriptions, when accompanied by the cash.

Live subscription canvassers wanted in all parts of the Maritime Provinces. Liberal commission given to the right men. Send for sample, etc.

Local reading advertisements, 10 cents a line. Rates for larger space and yearly contracts will be sent on application.

Humorous literary contributions solicited.

The JURY is sold in all the St John, Portland and Carleton bookstores and by newsdealers throughout the Provinces and on the trains.

Published at 54 Germain Street, by DAY & REID, Printers.

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Wm. N. RITCHIE, Editor and Artist.

Wm. N. & G. E. RITCHIE, Proprietors.

JURY will be found on sale in any of the following bookstores:

- M. L. HARRISON, King street.
- T. O'BRIEN & CO., "
- D. McARTHUR, "
- T. H. HALL, "
- E. G. NELSON, "
- WATSON & CO., Charlotte street.
- D. J. JENNINGS, Union street.
- JAS. CRAWFORD, Corner Duke and Sydney streets.
- PORTLAND NEWS DEPOT, foot of Main street.
- A. McARTHUR, Portland.
- POST OFFICE, Inlandtown.
- NEWS STAND, Intercolonial Depot
- C. WATERS, King street, Carleton.
- JAMES ARMSTRONG, Fairville.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 5, 1887.

The Foreman of the Jury and his Remarks.



Who is to be our next mayor? is a question that seems to become more and more a conundrum as election day approaches. Six of our well-known citizens have thrown themselves upon the tender mercies of the electorate of St. John, each competitor anticipating the honor of being elected mayor on the Queen's jubilee year. Being men of much personal popularity, the contest will prove an exciting one. With such a number of aspirants in the field the chances of the weakest man may be very much strengthened and we think the result will prove (if all the candidates remain in the field) a genuine surprise to all. The men to elect to such positions of trust are men capable of upholding the moral standing of this city and

also promote its best interests as far as lie in their power. We hope to see the right man elected to this seat, and may the best man win.

\*\*\*

THE acquittal of Hon. Thos. Temple, of York County, who was

charged by John Woodward with personal bribery in the late Dominion campaign, has been received with many sincere expressions of approbation by the people of New Brunswick. The action of Woodward in this matter strongly resembled the hypocrisy displayed by Judas Iscariot in scripture. Woodward is thoroughly unprincipled and a disgrace to the community of York. The House of Assembly would do Fredericton an everlasting favor by legislating for the abolition of Woodward. His attitude on the recent Prescott license matter has been the means of inditing him (Woodward) as a public nuisance. If he is not abolished, and that right soon, Fredericton will suffer, commercially speaking.

\*\*\*

We give in this issue a combination series of parliament sketches taken from the sayings and doings of the members of the House, now in session at Fredericton. The majority of these caricatures are from the witticisms of Hon. Mr. Tweedie, of Northumberland, the acknowledged wit of the House. The Attorney General made a very able speech in the debate on the abolition of the Legislative Council. Dr. Atkinson, in his maiden speech, likened the members of the Council to a set of political "dead-beats." This may seem right enough in the estimation of the doctor, but he should bear in mind that the occupants of the upper chamber are gentlemen as well as he, and as such should receive all the respect due them as older members, and not be referred to in the ungentlemanly terms used by the member from Carleton County. The opposition is very slight this session. We give, with the others, a sketch of the opposition in active operation. They are good speakers and keep the House in excellent humor while they have the floor. Dr. Alward's speech on the winter port motion was delivered in his well-known style and listened to with deep interest by the other members. The doctor has the most powerful voice and style of delivery of all the representatives, and will, we predict, step to the front rapidly before his terms has expired. The best looking member of the Assembly is Hon. Wm. Pugsley, who ably fills the Speaker's chair. Dr. Stockton is also an able speaker. On the winter port question he spoke with his usual vim and his speech was universally admired by all.

\*\*\*

In our next issue we will publish a large picture of the House of Assembly members taken from pencil sketches executed by our artist on his recent visit to the capital. This picture will be in great demand in all parts of the province and looked for with much interest by both parties. We have made special arrangements to have a large issue printed as the sale will be very extensive. We would again request all those who wish to subscribe for this paper for a year to enclose one dollar and send in their names and post office address to the JURY, box 237, St. John, N. B.

Notice to Subscribers.

With this issue all the subscriptions dated from June last expire. The rate which we started the monthly JURY was 35 cents for one year, or 12 copies, so that the June subscription list is completed with this number of the new series. All subscribers will find the date on which their subscription expires marked on the face of this issue. We would respectfully ask a continuance of your subscription to the JURY at one dollar a year, with 26 copies complete. All renewals of subscriptions should be addressed to JURY, box 237, St. John, N. B. Send by post office order or registered letter at our risk.

LAW IN RELATION TO NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If the subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect to or refuse to take their periodicals from

the office to which they have been directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has subscribed for it or not, he is held in law a subscriber.

7. The postmaster who neglects to give the legal notice of the neglect of a person to take from the office the newspaper addressed to him, is liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

### LOCAL GRINDINGS.

#### "KING BILLIE."

I'm the boss billie goat of all Fort  
Howe,  
My milk is far richer than that of  
the cow,  
My stomach a junk store, my morals  
are sound,  
As over the rocks with my playmates  
I bound.

HIKE LANCY.

\* \* \*

#### BAROMETER LA FOOT.

A little corn, a very tight shoe,  
When these are found together,  
If closely pressed will often tell  
The changes in the weather.

\* \* \*

#### AN ELOPEMENT.—MISS — NAMED.

A gentle maiden	Next day suspicion
In her teens	Her mother felt,
One day skipped out;	But the Mrs. her name
All was serene.	She wouldn't tell 't.

A. R.

## Only A Salesgentleman; or, The Reward of Perspicacity.

"You really love me, dearest!"

"Why, cert."

The scene of my story is the large fancy-goods emporium of Delaine & Co., on the Rue de Sixth Avenue. The first speaker was no other than the daughter of Miguel Delaine, the aristocratic and haughty proprietor of the establishment; the person whom she addressed, and who replied in impassioned accents as above, was Leander Magruder, an humble, yet peerlessly beautiful, salesgentleman in the jewellery department.

Leander Magruder was a scion of one of the oldest families in New York, he being able to trace back his lineage one consecutive generation. An hereditary disinclination to work between meals had prevented his ever acquiring wealth. At Delaine & Co.'s he had an easy position and twelve dollars per week. He knew that he was worthy of something better; he had for years yearned to become the husband of an heiress, or a star actress with four hundred a week income. And now the heiress had come; his employer's daughter loved him madly, passionately. But the utmost discretion must be observed, for old Miguel Delaine was an excitable, impetuous man, and possessed a license to carry concealed weapons.

"How much longer must we hide our love from the gaze of the cold, cynical world?" moaned the girl, leaning heavily upon the

counter and looking up into the soul-lit eyes of the young salesgentleman. "Already I fear papa begins to suspect. Can we not fly together?"

Leander made a gesture of dissent. He was much too fly to embark in any such scheme.

"I have been thinking this matter over," he said, "and have got a big idea. I have been a careful student of your father's peculiarities, and if I mistake not I can ere long, with your assistance, succeed in gaining his favor so that he will refuse me nothing."

"How can I help you?" cried the girl, breathlessly.

The salesgentleman whispered a few words in her ear. She listened intently, then, with an eloquent glance and a pressure of the hand, she hastened in the direction of her father's private office.

Fifteen minutes later Leander Magruder was summoned to the office. The old merchant was seated at his desk. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes sparkled with unwonted brilliancy.

"My daughter informs me," he began, "that the business manager of the Palace Theater is your cousin."

The salesgentleman bowed.

"Could you get me two seats for to-night's performance?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Delaine," was the prompt reply. "I will procure you a box."

"Thanks, thanks, my boy," cried the old man, joyously, and he handed the salesgentleman a forty-five cent cigar.

"I sized him up correctly," muttered Leander as he left his employer's presence. "He is a free pass fiend of the first water. Let me but be wary and politic, and in a few weeks I shall be placed beyond the reach of want."

The young salesgentleman then stepped out and pawned his watch, after which he went to the Palace Theatre and purchased a proscenium box.

That evening Mr. Delaine and his family attended the performance, and the old man was loud in his praises of Leander Magruder.

During the next fortnight the merchant went to the theatre six times at the salesgentleman's expense. By that time Leander had become indispensable to him, and when the youth modestly asked for his daughter's hand in marriage, he folded him in his arms and wept tears of joy and gratitude.

"Ah," mused the salesgentleman on his wedding-day, "it is better, after all, to be born beautiful and gifted than the possessor of large wealth. The tickets which I have bestowed upon papa-in-law he could have purchased for forty-three dollars and a half; but if I am not much mistaken I shall cost him considerably more than that.—*Tid-Bits.*



I AM THY FATHER'S "SPIRIT."—*Hamlet.*



The Gossips Say That

The temperance element is strong in St. John.  
 This will be a hotly contested fight for Mayor.  
 The fight will be between Thorne, Barker and Quigley.  
 The Government is sustained by a good working majority.  
 Tweedie is the acknowledged wit of the House of Assembly.  
 The street railway will give St. John a lively business aspect.  
 Dowd, the skater, is endowed with wonderful staying powers.  
 Hon. Edward Blake will retire from the leadership of the opposition.

You should renew your subscription for the JURY at one dollar a year.

Maritime Bank bills are taken at the face for fines in the police office.

The Legislative Council's postage stamp—if you lick it it is sure to stick.

Advertising in the JURY will be found beneficial to business men on account of its large city circulation.

Had Mr. Temple been unseated Hon. A. G. Blair would have run as the Conservative candidate for York.

A. A. Stockton, M. P. P., is to be made Solicitor General of New Brunswick, on account of a little political ruffle among the party.

Dr. A. A. Stockton, on behalf of the St. John hairdressers, hopes to run the Barbers' Bill through the House next session, if he can grease it sufficiently with Moncton oil.

The Commercial Travellers Association are to place before the Dominion Parliament next session a bill to abolish the heavy "tariff rate" levied by Woodward on "drummers" consigned to Fredericton, N. B.

### A Needed Industry.

A representative of JURY paid a visit to the spacious store on King street occupied by Wm. J. Fraser, the leading ready-made clothier of St. John. The genial proprietor and his three salesmen were very busy opening large cases of new goods, just arrived, for spring and summer wear. Mr. Fraser, after showing some of his leading lines of fine suits, invited our representative up-stairs. The second floor of the building is used as a store room for surplus stock and on the tables were spread large stacks of clothing, men's suits, boys' suits, children's suits, single pants, etc. The shelves

were heavily loaded also with all grades of clothing. On enquiry as to the prices of clothing this season we were informed that you can buy a nice men's blue serge suit for \$3.60; Canadian tweed suits from \$4 upwards; men's cottonade suits at \$2.50; heavy Canada tweed pantaloons \$1.25; English tweed pants \$2 and upwards. Mr. Fraser makes a specialty of children's clothing in all grades, fine and cheap. His stock of furnishing goods is second to none in the city for neatness of selection. All persons wishing anything in the clothing line will do well by giving him a call. ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, No. 47 Kingstreet, one door above Royal Hotel.

### "DOING THE ROUNDS."

NOTHING TO SAY.

A maiden never should be seen  
 To smoke a cigarette.  
 For kisses mixed with nicotine  
 Are n. g., you can bet.

—Merchant Traveler.

It's very nice for you to talk  
 About the proper way;  
 But, young man with the cigarette,  
 What has the girl to say.

—Washington Critic.

'Tis true she flouts at cigarettes,  
 But (so we've often heard),  
 She's busy just about that time,  
 And isn't sayin' a word.

—Merchant Traveler.

Our girl, when we do kiss her, thinks  
 Your talk is only fudge;  
 She dearly loves the cigarette,  
 And says she is a Judge.

\* \* \*

MUCH WORSE.

Of all sad words for MSS. unsalable,  
 The saddest are these, "Not available."

—Detroit Free Press.

It must be admitted to be more sad,  
 To be frankly told, "It is very bad"

—New York World.

But saddest of all, a case of expire,  
 When writer and MSS. are given the fire.

\* \* \*

KEEP UP APPEARANCES.

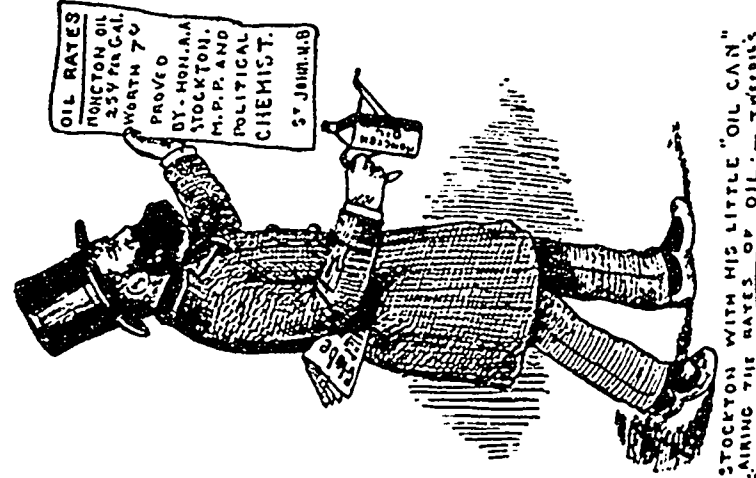
When spring's bright sunlit banner floats  
 Where erst hung winter's pall,  
 We'll gayly don the overcoats  
 We wore with pride last fall.  
 They're new spring overcoats, you know,  
 And purchased just a week ago.

—Boston Courier.

We'll have reblocked the ancient plug  
 That doth our brow adorn.  
 With scissors clip the jagged heel  
 Of pantaloons well worn,  
 Then with coat buttoned up  
 And the repolished tile.  
 We are, you observe,  
 In the latest of style.

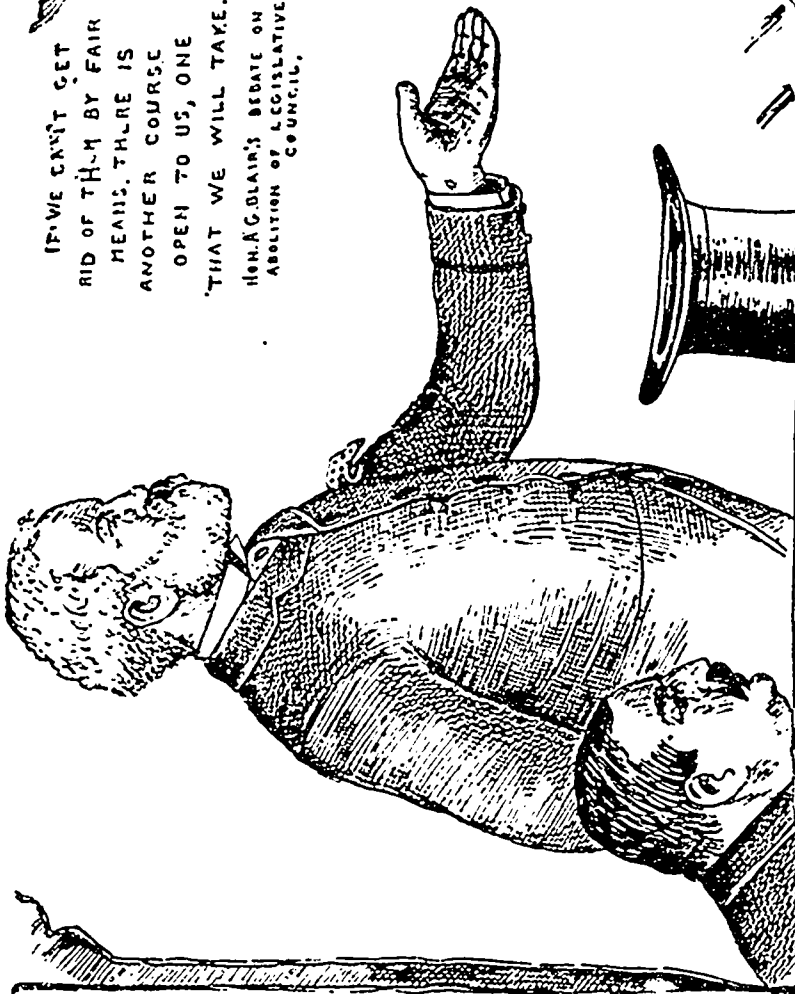
Send \$1 to box 237 and get the JURY for one year.

OIL RATES  
FRONCTION OIL  
2.54 PER GAL.  
WHEAT 70  
PROVED  
BY HON. A.A.  
STOCKTON,  
M.P.P. AND  
POLITICAL  
CHEMIST.  
ST. JOHN'S



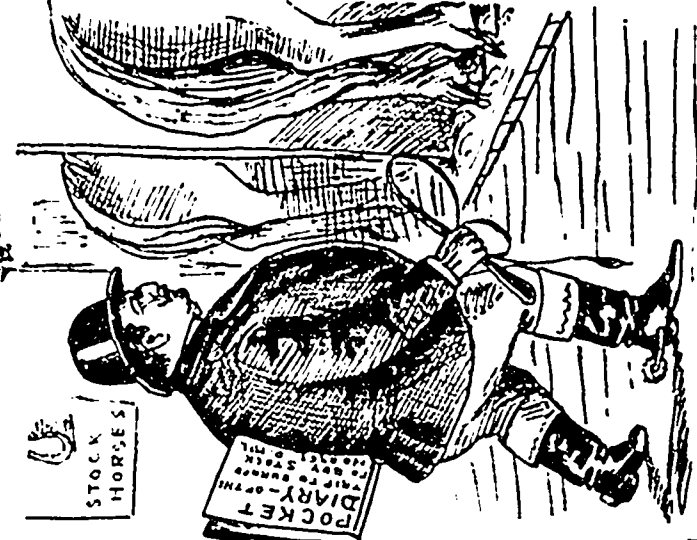
STOCKTON WITH HIS LITTLE "OIL CAN" RAISING THE RATES OF OIL:—TWO MONTHS' SPEECH.

IF WE CAN'T GET  
RID OF THEM BY FAIR  
MEANS, THERE IS  
ANOTHER COURSE  
OPEN TO US, ONE  
THAT WE WILL TAKE.  
HON. A.G. BLAIR'S DEBATE ON  
ABOLITION OF LEGISLATIVE  
COUNCIL.

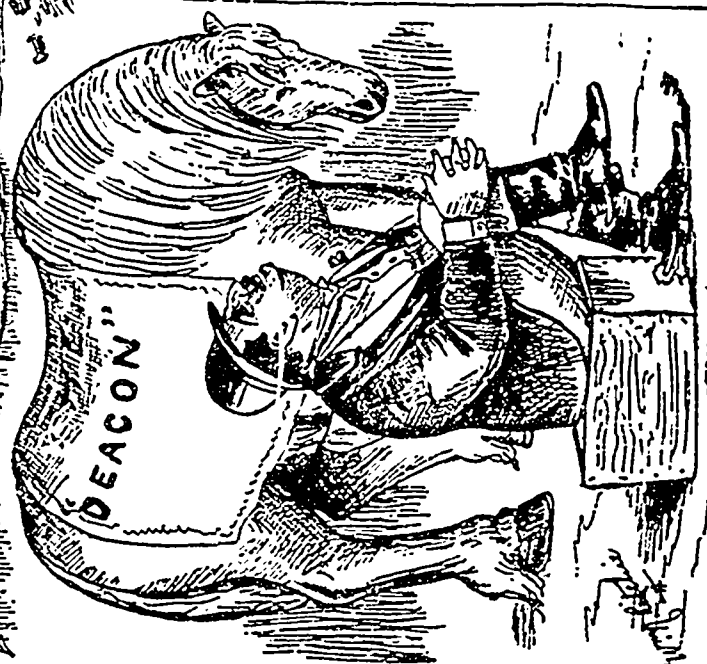


STOCK  
HORSES

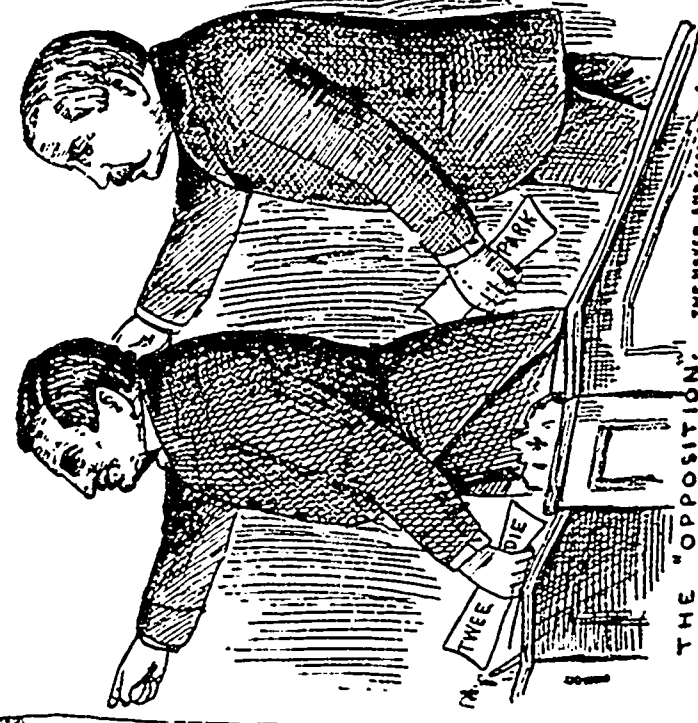
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DIARY—OFTEN  
FAIR TO BRAG  
ABOUT.



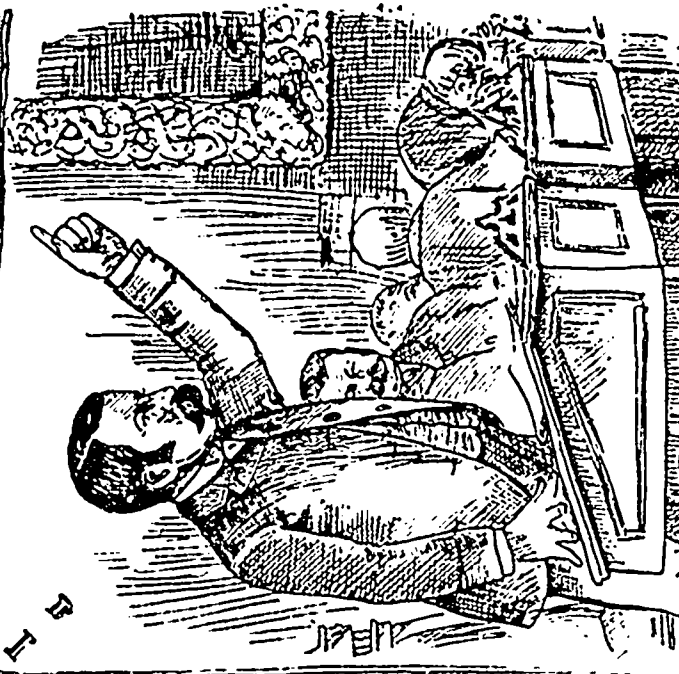
I'LL HAVE THE "DEACON" PRODUCE HIS "POCKET" DIARY.



THE "DEACON" AND THE "DEACON"



THE "OPPOSITION." THE HONORABLE SECRETARY & VICE-SECRETARY.



THEY ARE A SET OF POLITICAL DEAD-BEATS.

A DAY AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, FREDERICTON, N. B.—BY THE JURY'S SPECIAL ARTIST.

OUR PROVINCIAL PATERS.

Having considered the matter for three long sleepless hours, without anything to eat or anything to drink, the JURY finds that the true mission of the newspaper man is to make people acquainted with other people and other people's affairs; which explains why we are now engaged in the work of introducing our readers to those who, above all others, they ought to be acquainted with—the members or the Provincial Parliament. As an illustrated journal, the JURY should perhaps employ pictorial means only in presenting the M. P. P.'s; but we think the work might be more satisfactorily regarded by the general reader should we supplement the efforts of our artist with a sprinkling of letter-press, superfluous though this may appear to those who happen to be skilled in physiognomy.

The course of true journalism never did run smooth, which accounts for the fact that our good and faithful goose-quill is at this moment slowing up to almost a dead stop. The confronting difficulty is an uncertainty that we feel as to the order in which the proposed introductions should be made.

“Order is Heaven's first law, and, this contest,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.”

While rank may seem to entitle one M. P. P. to precedence, good looks may give that claim to a second, oratorical powers to a third, pounds sterling to a fourth, and pounds avoirdupois to a fifth. In order to determine who's what and what's which, it should be ascertained which should be considered the most desirable: to be eloquent, handsome, wealthy, portly or silver-tongued. As a newspaper man we should feel that it would be quite against the grain of our conscience to declare in favor of anything but the wealth. But we have, since writing that last sentence, conceived an idea which we think will enable us to satisfactorily dispose of the question. This idea suggests that the place of honor be given not to that M. P. P. who in the highest degree possesses any one of the hereinbefore enumerated qualities, but to him who may be found to possess in an appreciable degree each and every one of the same.

Without leaving the “box,” the JURY returns a verdict in favor of an M. P. P. who, in our opinion at least, is as eloquent and determined as William Pitt, as poetic and original as William Shakespeare, as humorous and popular as William Nye, as handsome and shapely as William Pugsley, and so successful in undertakings, political and matrimonial, as to have earned for himself the title of William the Conqueror.



“None but himself can be his parallel.”  
A. E. HOMO.

It was while gazing in admiration upon the majestic countenance which we now behold that the poet inquired of the small boy:

“Whose is that noble, dauntless brow,  
And whose that eye of fire,  
And whose that generous, princely mien,  
Even rooted foes admire?”

The small boy aforesaid, who was something of a poet himself, replied as follows:

He's the handsome young gent  
Who, on politics bent,  
To Fredericton went  
From the County of Kent,  
To save Blair's Government,  
Though he spoke not frequent  
Through the whole parliament.  
In language eloquent,  
In a style quite fluent,

He just said what he meant.  
Four hundred he spent,  
Two hundred he leat,  
Then folded his tent,  
And back home he went,  
This handsome young gent,  
To the county of Kent,  
Without a red cent.

Then the poet, with dewy eye lash and unsteady lip, said that the tale so simply and so beautifully told was truly pathetic, that the M. P. P. was truly noble, and that he would be glad, oh, ever so glad, to know the post office address or “at home” day of one so very, very, very generous.

Then said the poet to the small boy, “Tell me the story over again.” And when the small boy repeated that line which speaks of the M. P. P.'s practice of not too frequently addressing the House, the poet's finer feelings began to liquefy and trickle down to find their level in the recesses of his low-cut vest. Speaking with perceptible effort, the poet said there was but one other such man in this world of clap-trap and buncombe—Von Moltke, who could be silent in eight languages. The small boy said something about changing the M. P. P.'s name, by act of parliament, to “William the Silent,” but no encouragement was offered by the poet, and they parted.

In connection with our statement that the subject of this sketch, in point of eloquence, poetry and humor, is a Bill Pitt and a Bill Shakespeare and a Bill Nye all in one, we could not do better than reproduce here a recently delivered speech which the literary critics acknowledge to be the best of its particular kind on record. The speech was delivered *ex tempore* on an occasion of a very happy character, and was reported stenographically for the associated press. We give it in full, together with the reporter's introductory note:

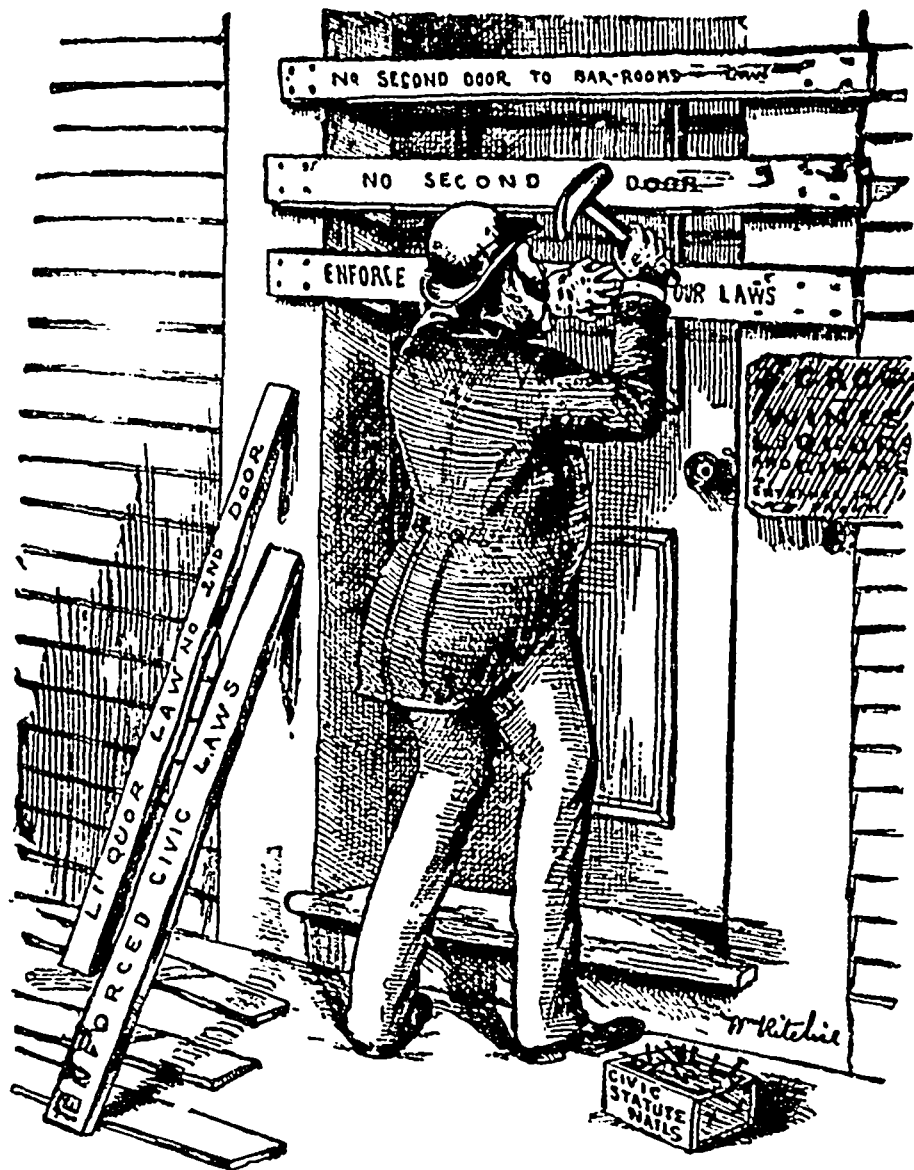
His remarks, through which ran that happy and poetic vein that characterizes Mr. Wheten's best speeches, were very keenly appreciated by those who were present at the wedding feast, being in fact the story of his courtship. Mr. Wheten, according to the hieroglyphics of a shorthand man, said: “When on a beautiful September morning, my gaze for the first time met your beautiful, high and many-hued hills, and your beautiful, clear, blue sky, and your beautiful, silvery Restigouche wending its way down the beautiful valley to the beautiful deep blue sea, and when on the same lovely September evening I first beheld your lovely moon, and your lovely stars, and your lovely daughters, I whispered softly, very softly, to my poor, fluttering and uneasy heart: ‘Men of Restigouche, by virtue of a lease everlasting ye can hold your hills and your sky and your moon, stars and river, but as to your charming daughters it is charmingly otherwise.’ So, speaking to myself in a bolder style of noiseless, non-creaking soliloquy, I said: ‘William, my boy, thou must arise, brace up, and go forth unto those maidens of Restigouche, and pluck from among them the fairest of the fair.’ Like a Kent boy bold, like Caesar of old, I came, I saw, I conquered, which translated is *veni, vidi, vici.*”

It will be observed that when Mr. Wheten does speak he gives utterance to words that are worth listening to and worth remembering. Though not an incessant spouter, or afflicted with what is called “running at the mouth,” Mr. Wheten is never idle. When not engaged in writing a speech for Dr. Alward or Will Park or some one of the other M. P. P.'s who go to Fredericton to dazzle the crowd with scintillant oratory, he is sure to be dashing off an editorial for the *Miramichi Advance* or taking an active part in a game of lawn tennis (weather permitting).

(To be continued.)

It would be advisable that the King's Ward Aldermen look after the condition of Nelson street sidewalk, from the Provincial Oil Co.'s office to R. P. McGivern's. A few of the shop-keepers in that vicinity, we are informed, cannot swim.





AN UNENFORCED LAW.

Written for Jury.

## A LEGEND.

BY CASEY TAP.

I.

The funnyman sat him down to write.  
By the candle's fitful gleam;  
Outside the flakes fell pure and white.  
Like an innocent maiden's dream—  
That is, like one who dreams aright.  
And not of lemon cream.

II.

The room the writer occupied  
Was wondrous bare and small:  
His furniture a desk, beside  
What some a chair might call—  
A soap box twenty inches wide  
Nailed up against the wall.

III.

The hum'rist firmly grasped his pen  
And wildly tore his hair,  
Much as a housewife grasps a hen  
And drags it from its lair,  
To make once more the heart of men  
As light and free as air.

IV.

He thought of all the subjects old  
That jokers always choose,—  
The editor's hazy dream of gold—  
And the Chicago shoes—  
The mothers-in-law that always scold—  
The husband's "lodge-night" ruse—

V.

The deadly M. D., with his pills—  
And eke the brainless dude—  
The plumber's mammoth annual bills—  
The youthful housewife's crude  
Attempt at making cake that kills  
Her liege lord in cold blood—

VI.

The Keely motor eke did flash  
Across his weary brain,  
Mixed up with thoughts of hotel hash—  
The tom-cat's sad refrain—  
The hornet's fund of scarlet rash—  
The demon Rum in Maine—

VII.

The sportsman with his liquid bait,  
And lies about his "haul"—  
The maid whose age is out of date—  
The infant's curv-ed bawl—  
The lovers spooning o'er the gate—  
And the wheelman's downward fall.

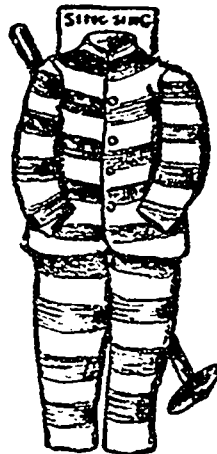
VIII.

The funnyman pondered o'er this list—  
And sixteen thousand more.  
Weary, the sad-eyed satirist  
Sank down upon the floor,  
Before his eyes there rose a mist,  
Like steals o'er Fundy's shore;

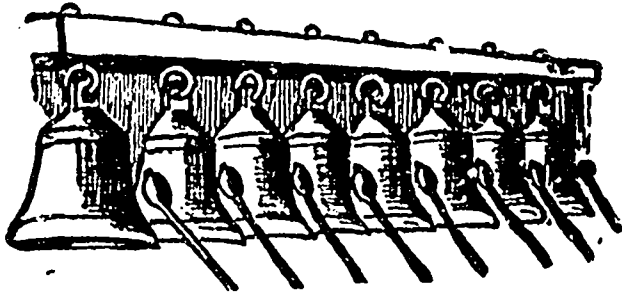
IX.

His pen he flung from out his hand;  
Forward then sank his head;  
He shuddered as though he'd heard a band;  
Then snapt was life's frail thread.—  
His hour-glass had run its sands,  
And the hum'rist lay dead!

St. John, N. B., March 26, 1887.



THESE BUT THE TRAPPINGS AND THE "SUITS" OF WOE.—*Hamlet.*



Written for JURY.

### THOSE TIMELESS BELLS.

By A. R. M.

I.

Ring out, wild bells, from Trinity spire;  
Your moss-covered tunes, Oh, me they tire;  
Ring out wildly those sweet chestnut chimes:  
"The Last Rose of Summer" a million of times.  
Ring out at noon-day, chime out the hour,  
The quarters, the halves, from your tall stately tower;  
Strike nine o'clock when it's quarter past seven,  
Chime twelve o'clock when it's only eleven.

II

Ring out your chestnuts at the midnight hour,  
Breaking our slumbers from Morpheus' bower,  
Destroying our sleep, making life full of cares,  
Hastening our days up the bright golden stairs;  
Ring out so languidly at ten minutes to five;  
To make us so miserable you hourly strive;  
Freeze up in cold weather, thaw out in warm,  
Facing the winds and the cold icy storm.

III.

Ring out forever, stop not for me;  
I'll soon be in Moncton, far, far from thee.  
But pity to them who dwell near thy range;  
Their brows are saddened, their faces are aged;  
'Tis the want of sweet slumber, Nature's repose,  
To brighten their faces, to lighten their woes.  
Then ring out, but softly, so none will you fear,  
And people may sleep who dwelleth you near.

### Proprietary Medicines.

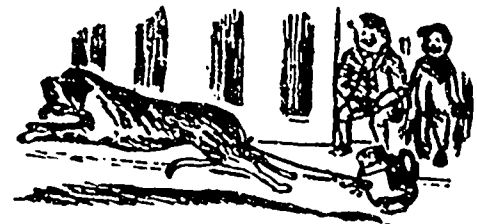
A visit to Dr. Green's Laboratory, at Woodbury, N. J., has considerably changed our views, and especially our prejudices in regard to what are generally known as "Standard Patent Medicines." Of course we are getting to that age in life when we are forced to conclude *Life* itself is a humbug, and naturally distrust anything that has not withstood long and tried experiences. Being a physician I had the curiosity to know how such a sale of two medical preparations could be sustained for so many years. The perfect system upon which the business is conducted, and the pharmaceutical arrangements of the manufacture of the two recipes with which we were made acquainted, are sufficiently convincing, to us that the **AUGUST FLOWER**, for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints, and **BOCSHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP**, for Throat and Lung Troubles, were for the complaints they are recommended, most excellent remedies, and only regret that in much of our practice, medical ethics prevent us from describing them without making the formulas public. When we were shown the great quantity of voluntary letters having been forwarded Dr. Green, from all parts of the country, and from all classes of people, lawyers, ministers and doctors, giving a description of their ailments, testimonials of their cures, etc., I feel

like endorsing Dr. Green's suggestion that the Government accept such valuable formulas, and license them for general use by giving protection to the inventor, same as patents generally.—Copied from *N. Y. Druggists' Circular of Oct. 1886.*

Written for JURY.

### DOG-GEREL.

A sud-eyed dog,  
An old tin can,  
And thereby hangs a tail.  
A little boy,  
With fiendish brain,  
Will make the dog bewail.  
Another boy,  
A piece of rope,—  
The dog and can are one.



They shout and dance about with glee,  
And think they're having fun.

A parent stern,  
A great big club,  
And thereby hangs a whale.  
The boy he sees the parent stern,  
And homeward makes a sail.  
But later on,  
When day is done,  
The boy and club are one.



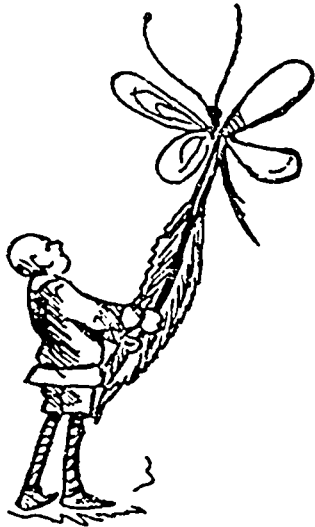
He does not shout nor dance with glee,—  
His mother has the fun.

HIRAM SPOOK.

CHECK MATED.—1st elector: Yes, but I say the Legislative Council is a sort of check!

2nd elector: Of course it is a check—for twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year!

WHO WILL BE MAYOR AND BY WHAT MAJORITY?—I will give a good ready-made suit of clothes to the person, man or boy, guessing correctly who will be our next mayor and his majority or the nearest too it. Guessing free to all. All guesses, with name and address, must be left at the Royal Clothing Store, 47 King street, Wm. J. Fraser, not later than April 10th, 6 p. m.



HIS QUIETUS.

## DON'T.

From an English print of the above title we take the following article on things not to do

## IN PUBLIC :

Don't neglect to keep the right of the foot-path, otherwise there may be collisions and much confusion.

Don't brush against people, nor elbow people, nor in any way show disregard for others.

Don't fail to apologise if you tread upon or stumble against any one, or if you cause inconvenience in any way. Be considerate and polite always.

Don't stare at people, nor laugh at any peculiarity of manner or dress. Don't point at persons or objects. Don't forget to be a gentleman.

Don't carry cane or umbrella in a crowd horizontally. This is a common trick, and a very annoying one to the victims of it.

Don't smoke in the street, unless in unfrequented ones. Don't smoke in public vehicles. Don't smoke in any place where it is likely to be offensive. Wherever you do indulge in a cigar, don't puff smoke into the face of any one, man or woman.

Don't expectorate on the pavement. Go to the curb-stone and discharge the saliva into the gutter. Men who eject great streams of tobacco-juice on the pavement, or on the floors of public vehicles, ought to be driven out of civilized society.

Don't eat fruit or anything else in the public streets. A gentleman on the promenade, engaged in munching an apple or a pear, presents a more amusing than edifying picture.

Don't obstruct the entrance to churches, theatres, or assemblies. Don't stand before hotels or other places and stare at passers-by. This is a most idle and insolent habit.

Don't smoke in a non-smoking compartment. Remember the rights and the comfort of others. Tobacco smoke always leaves an unpleasant smell.

Don't forget to raise your hat to every lady acquaintance you meet, and to every gentleman you salute, when he is accompanied by a lady, whether you know her or not.

Don't stop your lady acquaintances in the street if you wish to speak to them; turn and walk by their side, and leave them with raised hat when you have done.

Don't neglect to raise your hat to a strange lady if you have occasion to address her. If she drops her handkerchief, and you pick it up for her, raise your hat. If in an omnibus you pass her fare to

## 2nd Annual Announcement TO THE PUBLIC

Last Spring I Opened the

# Royal Clothing Store,

**47 KING STREET** (One door above the Royal Hotel),

Aiming to make my Store the **CHEAPEST AND BEST** Place in New Brunswick in which to Buy

Men's, Youths, Boys and Children's

**READY-MADE CLOTHING**

The success which attended my efforts to PROVIDE GOOD CLOTHING CHEAP is most gratifying.

MY NEW STOCK FOR SPRING AND SUMMER IS MOST COMPLETE, AND I AM MORE PREPARED THAN EVER TO OFFER

**BETTER VALUE THAN CAN BE HAD ELSEWHERE!**

My Stock of MEN'S SUITS, from \$3.50 upwards; My Stock of MEN'S PANTS, from \$1 upwards;  
 " " Youths' Suits, from \$2.50 upwards; " " FURNISHING GOODS;  
 " " Children's Suits, from \$1 upwards; " " TRUNKS and VALISES,

Is the Largest and most varied in New Brunswick, and my prices

**40 PER CENT. LOWER THAN ELSEWHERE!**

INSPECTION INVITED.

**WM. J. FRASER, 47 King St.,**

ONE DOOR ABOVE THE ROYAL HOTEL.

To the Electors of the City  
of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

On the SECOND TUESDAY IN APRIL, at the solicitation of a large number of the electors, I shall be a Candidate for the office of

**MAYOR,**

and respectfully solicit your support on that occasion.

**Dr. D. E. BERRYMAN.**

To the Electors of the City  
of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Having been nominated on the 26th January last, by representatives of the Temperance Organizations, for the office of

**MAYOR,**

I solicit your votes on the Second Tuesday in April for that responsible office. If elected, I will endeavor to advance, by all means that the position may afford, the moral and material interests of our city.

**HENRY J. THORNE.**

To the Electors of the City  
of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In response to the request of many amongst you, I announce myself as a Candidate for the

**MAYORALTY**

of this city for the coming civic year. For two years I have discharged the duties of an Alderman to the satisfaction, I think, of the thoughtful and fair-minded citizens of this community. I have always professed to be absolutely fearless of the consequences, sometimes unpleasant, resulting to me personally from a firm assertion and a conscientious guardianship of the public rights and interests entrusted to my keeping as a member of the Common Council. My acts, I boldly claim, have not belied my professions. I can promise no more for the future.

I therefore respectfully solicit your votes for the Mayoralty at the election on the Second Tuesday of April next.

**RICHARD F. QUIGLEY.**

St. John, N. B., March 11th, 1887.

ST. JOHN, N. B.  
March 8th, 1887.

To the Electors of the City  
of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Yielding to the solicitations of a number of influential voters, I beg to offer myself as a Candidate for the office of

**MAYOR**

of this city for the ensuing civic year, and respectfully solicit your suffrages, pledging myself that, if elected, your interests will suffer no disparagement at my hands.

**GEORGE A. BARKER.**

To the Electors of the City  
of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I would respectfully announce that I shall be a Candidate for the office of

**MAYOR,**

on the second Tuesday in April next, and take this opportunity of soliciting the support of the citizens generally.

**EDWARD SEARS, Jr.**

To the Electors of the City  
of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I will, on the second Tuesday of April next, be a Candidate for the office of

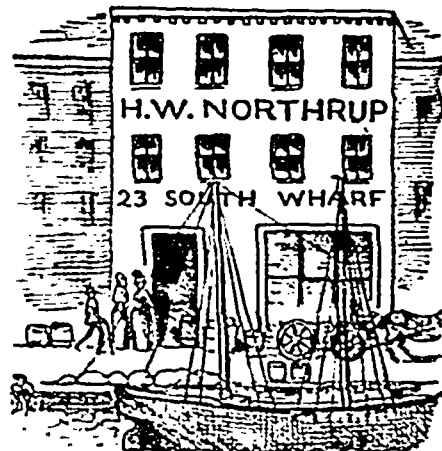
**MAYOR.**

If elected, will carry out all laws relating to the city, and use my best endeavors for the public interest.

Your obedient servant,

**HARRIS ALLAN.**

St. John, N. B., March 17, 1887.



Commission Merchant,  
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN  
Fish, Flour, Meal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses,  
Pork, Lard, Butter.  
**SHIP STORES. CHOICE GROCERIES.**  
*All Goods Shipped Promptly.*

**Barker House,**

QUEEN STREET.

FREDERICTON.

**E. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor.**

When you come to

WINDSOR, N. S.,

STOP AT

**THE VICTORIA HOTEL.**

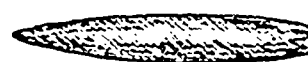
Simpson Hotel,

GAGETOWN, N. B.

Near Steamboat Landing.

Good Table. Stable in connection

GEO. SIMPSON, Proprietor.



**Alfred Isaacs,**

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CIGARETTES, &c.

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Boots and Shoes.

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Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS,

Livery in connection. Proprietor.



**Moxie**  
**Nerve**  
**Food!**

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J. CRAWFORD,

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And Cor. Sydney and Duke Streets.

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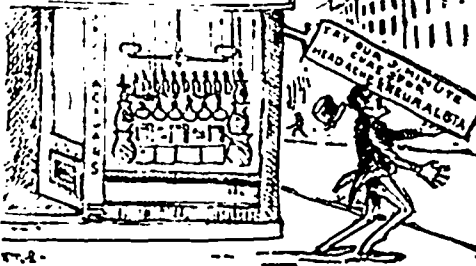
A young man of good address to call at our office.

109 PRINCE WM. STREET.

Good wages given to the right man.

BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO.

S. R. FAIR DRUGGIST



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

Oysters served in all styles by attentive and obliging waiters and with marvellous quickness. P. E. I., Shediac and Buctouche Oysters on the half shell. Orders for large quantities for supper, etc. promptly attended to and at reasonable prices.

Meals served at all hours in first-class style. Fruits in season.

Pastry, Meats, etc., served in superior manner. A choice assortment of Prime Havana Cigars.

P. A. CRUIKSHANK.

W. T. H. FENETY,

Bookseller and Stationer,

Queen Street, - Fredericton, N. B.

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London, New York and

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In Black, Brown and Nutria Shades.

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THORNE BROS., - 93 King St.

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# CONFECTIONERY

Of Every Description

**CHEAP!**

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## CUT THIS OUT

And enclose it in an envelope with \$1, as addressed below, and you will

## BE HAPPY.

JURY, P. O. Box 237, St. John, N. B.

Find enclosed \$1, for which please send me JURY for a year from 1st April, 1887.

Name

Address

# JOHN PIERCE

Eccentric Hair Dressing Rooms,

76 Charlotte St. and 26 Dock St.

Tailors and Barbers' Shears sharpened at moderate rates.

WHOLESALE RETAIL.

T. YOUNCLAUS.

Just Opened: A Splendid Stock of

Scotch Saxony Suiting, English Worsted Suitings, Light Overcoatings, Corkscrews and English Trouserings,

Which I am well prepared to make up in all the leading styles for Gentlemen's Spring and Summer Wear.

MEN'S, BOYS AND YOUTH'S CLOTHING.

Also opened: Five Hundred Suits of the latest patterns. Every garment guaranteed.

Gentlemen's Furnishings from all the leading London and American manufacturers.

Terms Reasonable.

City Market Clothing Hall, St. John, N. B.

# Skinner's Carpet Warehouse.

58 KING STREET.

An Immense Stock--Complete in every department.

Prices Very Low.

A. M. SKINNER.