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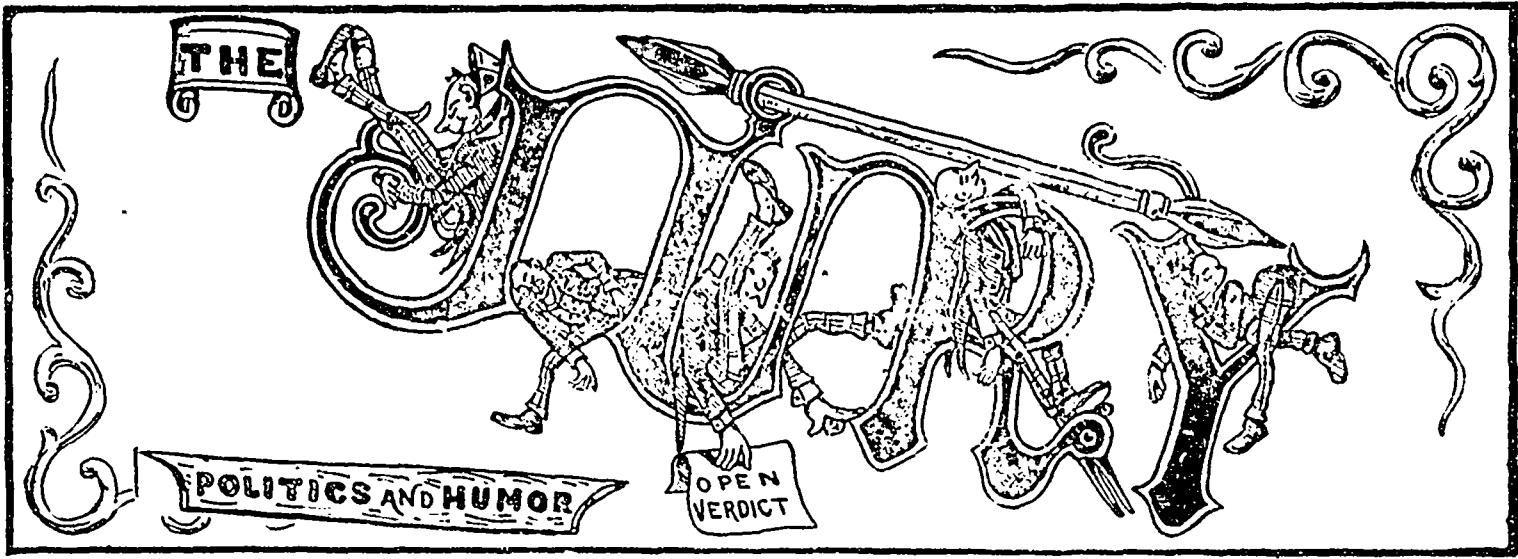
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Vol. 1. No. 5.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1886.

35 Cents a year.
Single Copies, 4 cents.



THE UNION WE HOPE TO WITNESS IN 1887.

DEACON McL.: "I now pronounce you one."

CHORUS OF CITIZENS: "What about the Scott Act?"

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.

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Wm. N. RITCHIE, Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1886.

CARTOON COMMENTS BY THE FOREMAN.



The Harbor of St. John— Shall It be Controlled by a Commission?

The question of placing the harbor of St. John in commission has long been a moot question. It has formed a theme for discussion in the Common Council, the Provincial Legislature, and the Dominion Parliament, by representatives of commerce in the Board of Trade, and by the general public. Plans have been prepared, and conferences held with the Dominion Government, with a view to the transfer of the harbor, its revenues, and its control to the latter. But from one cause or another, sometimes due to the opposition of citizens interested in wharf and other property, and sometimes to the short sightedness of representatives in the Common Council, the efforts of those who see in the change beneficial results to the city and its commerce, have been thwarted. As a result of the combination of untoward circumstances and unwise efforts, the harbor still remains in the hands of the corporation of St. John. The checks which the movement for a change of ownership and control has received, do not lessen faith in its utility or confidence in the beneficial results sure to flow from a change, nor quench the ardor of its earnest advocates. The merits of the project still stand undisputed and indisputable, and it goes without saying that the settlement of the matter must be brought about at no very distant day.

The harbor is in a condition requiring expenditures which the local taxation of the city is unable at present to bear, and the piers and wharf property require attention, and it may be considerable expenditures for needed improvements.

The amount which the Dominion Government was willing to contribute for the transfer has, of course, been based upon the income derivable from the property and its privileges, and upon such other methods of valuation as were deemed by competent judges reasonable and fair. The calculations hitherto made are susceptible of very little change. Then reproduction will be in order, whenever the subject is taken up seriously and in downright earnest. At present there is a good deal of shilly-shallying about the matter.

The main objections to the scheme hitherto were those grounded on the lessening in values

in private wharf property, and the unequal competition with which their owners would have to contend, the mode of constituting the commission, and the probable high port charges which it was imagined would prevail under a commission. The first of these objections was largely met by the power extended to the commission to purchase under arbitration; the second is not irremediable, and the latter may be regarded as a delusion.

As the matter now stands, so soon as the Common Council decide, by a two-thirds' vote, to accept the commission, then the government may act in the matter. The council's responsibility is by no means inconsiderable. The progress, or otherwise, of St. John as a port of commerce is dependent a good deal upon its decision. Will its members grapple with the subject in an intrepid and vigorous manner, free from petty and objectionable bias? The matter has several times been referred to in Mayoralty inaugurals, but thus far it seems to advance very little beyond their range. It is true that a committee has recently been engaged in a conference with the representatives of the Board of Trade, and private manoeuvres, but the amount of enlightenment which the public has received is precious little, and the progress made nothing at all. The whole matter seems enshrouded in a deeper gloom than formerly. The need of a master mind to grapple with the subject and lift it from the region of haze is very great. Who among the members of our Common Council or of our Board of Trade, is prepared to deal with the subject in the enlightened spirit, with the breadth of view and with the degree of intelligence which its importance fairly merits? Who? The JURY pause for a response. Any well directed efforts in the proper direction, grounded on common sense and on correct business principles, will receive the JURY's warmest approval.

Union of St. John and Portland.

The question of uniting St. John and Portland has at various times within the past ten or twelve years been discussed by those taking a leading part in public affairs in both cities, but, as yet, with no tangible result beyond the appointment of a committee from the councils of the two cities to confer on the matter. Whether the joint committee has even deliberated on the subject—whether, indeed, such committee has even met, is not yet known to the general public. Certainly, the committee has never seriously and in sober earnest reported to the respective bodies which its members represent.

Strangers wonder why there should be two corporate systems within the limits of the territory embraced in the two cities. And their surprise is not unnatural. The dividing line between the two localities is more imaginary than real. There is no special necessity that ordinary men can see requiring two sets of civic machinery for a territory and a population such as is included in St. John and Portland. The expense is considerable and the benefits more than doubtful. The work of practical value which both councils transact could as easily be performed by one body and one set of officials as by two. That the two cities would be better governed under a united system than under two separate systems goes without saying. It needs no elaborate argument to prove that under one system there would be a saving in expense, and an almost certainty of greater efficiency. No additional clerks might be useful in some branches of the civic service, but in the general plan of government the machinery of one city would answer equally well for both cities. Considered from every reasonable standpoint, the reasons are preponderating in favor of union, and the wonder, to those who trouble themselves to consider the

importance of civic government, is that a union of the two cities was not consummated long ago.

In arranging the terms of union a number of matters would, of course, require to be carefully considered and equitably adjusted. The arrangement of the debts of the two cities would require to be dealt with in a spirit of fairness; but even this very nice question is more a matter of accurate calculation than of anything else, and men bent in acting squarely would find no serious impediment to an honest settlement. In the water system there would be found no practical difficulty, as it is at present under one management. But in the sewerage, police, fire, streets, land, scavenger, light and other services, readjustment would be a corollary of union.

The strongest objections, perhaps, to union will be found in official circles; but even among those who figure in these circles the difficulties and the hardships are more imaginary than real. But even if the union should lop off some official excrescences, curtail some needless expenditures in cases where two persons now do the work which, under an improved system, might be readily performed by one, secure a more equitable levying of assessments and a clearer system of audit, the general public will be the gainers, as they properly should be, under all systems of reform. On the whole, the reasons are strong and preponderating in favor of consolidation and reform in the civic government of both cities, while those likely to be urged against it are lacking in power and few in number.

In any union which may be brought about, there should be a readjustment of the wards, or voting districts, so that inequalities at present prevailing may be disposed of. With one mayor, one board of aldermen, one system of taxation, one board of school trustees, one set of officials, one plan for the collection of small debts, and one system in all the other civic services, the districts now known as St. John and Portland would have grand opportunities to advance the public interest on a scale of prudence and economy which other cities might emulate to their lasting benefit. Putting all gilded phrases aside, it can with certainty be said that there is before the people of the two cities a future big with promise of much usefulness. Would that the controlling spirits in both communities could be brought to understand the value of action in this vital matter. At least the joint committees might meet or, if they have already met, renew the conference, and compare notes, and then submit the result of their deliberations to the bodies which appointed them. The JURY would gladly assist the wise men of both corporations in untangling any knotty problems, however difficult to unravel, which may puzzle and perplex them.

Honest Competition

IS THE

Life of Trade.

GEO. ROBERTSON & Co.,

50 KING ST.,

Respectfully intimate that their Stock of

GROCERIES, IN VARIETY, AND QUALITY,

Is not Excelled in the Dominion.

Your patronage is solicited by

GEO. ROBERTSON & CO.,
RETAIL GROCERS,
50 King St.

LOCAL VERDICTS.

A stinging letter—B.
 Christian Visitor—A minister.
 Always on the "move"—Cops.
 Sold again—Second-hand articles.
 Past redemption—Canada.—[Extract *Globe*.
 It costs sixteen cents for the smallest "say."
 One thing that requires proper time—Music.
 We wonder if the whisk-ers on the moon do much "dusting?"

A "Colonial exhibit"—The dressing in Hall's bookstore window.

Taxpayers not allowed to vote under the new franchise act—Dogs.

They tell us a barber thoroughly understands the Whig (wig) party.

A thrashing schoolmaster should take out a liquor (licker) license.

Why are the victims of highwaymen like letter carriers? Because they "stand and deliver."

The new Railway Co. will find considerable "up-hill work" in running a street car in St. John.

A printer's devil makes it decidedly warm for himself sometimes, especially if he is inclined to be pious.

Why is a good curve pitcher like the K. of Labor organization? Because they both put out on "strikes."

There is supposed to be a limit to everything, and many bad debtors find a "limit" to the city in which they reside.

Persons using our goods are very much attached to them, is the advertisement of a prominent porous plaster company.

"Why did my husband leave me?" is the heading of a popular song. We don't know, unless it was the dread of meeting future spring bonnets and sealskin saques.

Have you got a *Globe* about you, Pittakus? Yes, Charley, and so have you, said Pittakus, indicating the universe with a majestic wave of his hand. Charley fainted.

THE INVISIBLE BLUE.—Dog Tax Collector—"Do you live around here?"

Stranger to Locality—"No. Why?"

D. T. C.—"Do you know anything of the dogs about here?"

S. T. L.—"No! nor do I want to; bad season of the year; dog days!"

D. T. C.—"I am looking for dogs."

S. T. L.—"And I guess they are looking for you; skip!"

And the two flew around the corner, followed by a bull terrier, that in the license month was fed on prison diet, ready for emergencies. The stranger shot into a hallway and closed the door, but the tax collector continued on a short distance—faded from view almost immediately. He was a St. John policeman.

The latest foreign acquisition to the Salvation Army proved quite a Hindoo-sment."

Mias O'Brogan, who says she never sang in her life on being coaxed by her "Cholley" to sing, favored him with "The lover who wouldn't propose." He, strange to say, has not called since.

That motto on the memorial drinking fountain, King square, which says "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," we admit the truth of the motto, but also notice we thirst again, and again, before our "cup is filled."



JOHN B.—: "Yes, Bunt, that *Globe* does like to hack at me and my letters whenever it gets a chance."

MR. —: "You have my sympathy, my gigantic sympathy, John!"

A Raw Spot.

He knocked on the front door, but as there was no response he passed around to the rear and found the woman of the house wiping off a bedstead in the wood-shed. The man sniffed the air in a suspicious manner, and the woman flushed scarlet.

"Corrosive sublimate is a capital thing," he blandly observed, "but there is great danger in using it. I have known instances —"

"What do you want, sir!" she demanded as she came forward.

"Madame, I am selling a preparation to —"

"Don't want it!"

"A preparation which I warrant to knock —"

"I told you I didn't want it!"

"Please do not misunderstand me, madam. My preparation is to remove corns."

"Oh! it is! I thought it was to —"

"While corrosive sublimate is good for corns, madame, it doesn't begin with my preparation. Full directions accompany each box—price twenty-five cents."

"Well, I'll take a box. I am sorry if I hurt your feelings, but I thought you meant the—the bedstead."

"Never! although, madam, if you ever discover that the bedstead is troubled with corns or bunions use this salve freely. I warrant it to remove 'em."

BITS OF FUN.

Noah was an ark-itect.

A coach and four—Courtney and the Cornell crew.

A skillful horse-woman is able to hold her roan with the best of them.

One need not be a brilliant writer to express himself in glowing terms.

If you wish to communicate with finny tribes of the sea first drop them a line.

Young man, never say to your sire: "You might go, father, and fare worse."

It may be true that wretched puns never die, but you will occasionally find one on the cyclist.

Hears a pretty how-do-you-do—He who listens to the unaffected greeting of a country maiden.

It is a sure sign that the fools are not all dead when a fat man tries to be a dude and wear tight pantaloons.

Now that the funnyisms of the Lord High Executioner in "The Mikado" are becoming stale don't style them chestnuts. Call 'em Ko-ko-nuts.

If mystic signs are in vogue among the drummers' association, it may safely be assumed that the new member experiences little difficulty in "catching on" to the grip.

Of course Mr. Powderly and his associates would look to Jay Gould for assistance in settling the Southern difficulty, as there were good and sufficient reasons for he'd a system.

BY NO MEANS.—Smoker—"Look here, Isaac, this cigar that I just bought of you won't draw."

Isaac—"Won't draw? Well, do you suppose I'm givin' away suction bumps mit dem five cent Victorias?"

If ever a corpulent man becomes almost weary with living it is when he mistakes the first warning of the gong for the last, and rushes puffing and blowing through the station to board a train which doesn't leave for five minutes.

The lady who owns a dog that is to large too be carried about in her arms should either leave him at home or learn to whistle. She is liable to be mistaken for a car starter if she clings to her present method of signaling to him on the street.

Oysters. Fresh Fish.



J. D. TURNER, 19 N. Side King Square.

NEW GOODS BY GOODE'S SALE COTTON VERY GOOD H. J. PITTS ONION COAL CHEMICALS R. D. MCAT STOVE COAL ONLY CARBON PAPER IN LOWER CANADA THE JURY IS DECIDED A YEAR COAL IN STOVE, HL EGG SIZES THE JU 11 CENTS

Oh, yes, we will go to E. & N. RILEY'S for our COAL. Office: Cor. Sydney and Sixth and 182 City Road.

Telephone in connection.

Intercolonial Depot Restaurant, ST. JOHN, N. B.,

JOHN H. BAILEY, Proprietor.

First-class Meals served upon arrival or departure of trains.

Open at all times during the day.

LUNCHES PUT UP FOR PASSENGERS. IN DEPOT OF I. C. R.

The Oil Scandal.

The press of the Maritime Provinces has for some time past been agitated over irregular purchases of oil on the part of the I. C. R. management. Mr. A. A. Stockton, M. P. P., brought the facts out in bold relief in his Moncton speech a few weeks ago. In this issue of the JURY our artist shows the transaction in its true light. It is a burning subject and is readily illustrated. The facts are that for the six months ending the 31st December, 1885, the railway management, without tender or competition, purchased from a Boston firm oils to the extent of \$15,016.39. From an analysis of the oil St. John dealers would have supplied it for \$7,000. The "boodle" was therefore \$8,000. The system of making large purchases on government account without competition is vicious and is liable to untold abuses. Public opinion demands its discontinuance, and the JURY say it must cease.

THE Dominion Government will confer a benefit on the general public by suppressing Wiggins, the weather prophet. He is employed in the Finance Department, at Ottawa, and is very likely as useful there as he has been to the public in his role of storm predictor. It is a rank shame that a crank of his dimensions should be tolerated for a moment in the public service.

He should not be allowed to fatten at the public crib and at the same time to amuse himself by playing upon the public credulity. He is well enough educated to make him an intolerable egotist, and he knows just enough about science to fit him for a straight-jacket or a room in the Asylum "Annex." The Government should either remove him from the service, or put a stop to his periodical displays of folly. His storm predictions have proved as empty as the head from which they were evolved. And the injury to business in a variety of ways, as the result of them, has been too costly to bear frequent repetition. Suppress the crank.



EXPOSING THE OIL SCANDAL AT MONCTON.

Founded on Facts.

By far the wittiest, spiciest and most sarcastic (to contemporaries) exchange we have is the *Maple Leaf*, published in Albert county, N. B. The editor, Lovett Wood, although only 28 years of age, is a very talented writer, both of cutting editorial and humor. The *Maple Leaf* has of late gone into publishing portraits of prominent men of the day, and occasionally a few comic illustrations. Its circulation is large and well merited, both in the United States and Canada. We wish the editor and his paper "long life" and prosperity. The *Maple Leaf* is a weekly journal at \$1.00 a year.

The *Maritime Farmer*, Fred-erickton, has just entered on its eighth volume. We hope it will keep right on and up; there are too many "farmers" leaving the country. We wish the handsome "masher" editor success.

Correspondence.

Casey Tap.—In the language of that polite but necessary chestnut, "thanks, many thanks."

Ninephus.—The pleasure of an acrostic.

Samsor, Moncton.—We can almost feel the growth of hair on the lip of the dude in your poem. 'Twill not be the Philistines, but the new inspector of post-offices that will be on you for sending "down" such head-work.

We show in this issue the "Deacon" in England purchasing "blood horses" for our Provincial stock farm.

The following conversation is reported to have taken place between a minister and a widow—both of Aberdeen. The widow, who called upon the minister, seemed desirous of relieving her mind of something which oppressed her, at which the reverend gentleman, wishing to hurry matters exclaimed:

"My good woman, you see that I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Well, sir, I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married again."

"Oh, that is it! Let me see; that is pretty frequent—surely. How many husbands have you had?"

"Yeol, sir," she replied, in a tone less of sorrow than of bitterness. "this is the fourth; I'm sure there's nane wumman been see tormented w' a set o' deesin' men."

"Mrs. Dusenberry, here's an instance of inventive genius for you! There is a lock on exhibition at the Frouch Crystal Palace which admits of more than three million combinations."

"That doesn't surprise me, my dear. There must be almost as many combinations in the lock of our front door, judging by the time you spend fumbling over it when you come home from lodge."

Read S. J. Jennings' advertisement on eighth page.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, Prepare for Winter!

94 Princess St.
Dyer & Cleaner of Wearing Apparel.

LADIES' DRESSES DYED

without being taken apart.

FEATHERS DYED IN ALL SHADES.

C. E. BRACKETT, Proprietor.

UNGARS' STEAM LAUNDRY

NO. 32 WATERLOO ST., (MYERS' BUILDING)

Goods Called for and Delivered.



I have the finest stock of American and Can'd'n Goods to select from in the City of Portland and at lowest price.

Ladies & Gents' Boots & Shoes to order a specialty.

WM. SEARLE,

American Boot & Shoe Store
MAIN STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

H. H. KENNEDY,

DEALER IN

First-class American & Canadian

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Agent for Henry F. Miller Pianos, Boston; The Heintzman & Newcombe Pianos, Toronto.

Agent for Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs, Toronto.

Pianos and Organs Moved, Tuned, Repaired, and To Rent.

38 DOCK STREET (Ferguson Block), St. John, N. B.

JOHN E. KELLY,

DEALER IN

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS!

Main street, Portland.

AN ACROSTIC.

Eve's fair daughters seem to find
Man is but a gay deceiver;
Memory's thoughts bring to my mind
A moonlight walk across cantilever.

R.

ANOTHER.

Lazily go the hours so bright,
In gay sunshines happy light
Zephyrs blowing fair;
By one encircled a blithesome maid,
In a hammock idly laid,
Eating a Bartlett pear.

MAN.

What a queer combination of cheek and perversity,
Insolence, pride, gab, impudence, vanity,
Jealousy, hate, scorn, baseness, insanity,
Honor, truth, wisdom, virtue, urbanity,
Is that whimsical biped called man.

Who can fathom the depths of his innate depravity?
To-day he's all gayety, to-morrow all gravity,
For blowing his own horn he has a propensity,
Even under clouds of singular density,
A mystical clay-bank called man.

He can be the source of beastly brutality,
Be modest and meek, or indulge in hilarity,
Don airs and graces of saintly totality,
Or equal the devil in daring rascality,
This curious enigma called man.

THEY COULDN'T SEE HIS FAULTS.

He was a most emphatic, wilful, stiff-necked, systematic, mental, spiritual, erratic, and a most degraded creature;

He was given to frivolity and most unseemly jollity, and had no single quality as a redeeming feature.

He was full of injudiciousness and insolent officiousness, and countless kinds of viciousness deformed his reputation.

A spleen imbecility, a lack of strong virility, a monstrous incivility and moral obfuscation.

Yet his steps were all attended, all his freaks and whims defended by a retinue of splendid, wrapt ext. avagant extollers.

For this vicious, mediocre, cracked, inscrutable old croker was a rich and bonded broker, and was worth a million dollars!

D' "Oily" "Car"-te.

A recent analysis by A. A. Stockton, M. P. P., and Political Chemist, has proved beyond doubt that there is a large percentage of grease in the oil used on the I. C. R. car wheels at Moulton, N. B.

A POINTER FOR WIGGINS.—Wiggins' latest prediction of an earthquake, was a complete failure; she didn't quake worth a cent.—*Ec.*

If Wiggins could only predict an earthquake to boom business up a little—his fortune would be made.

THE CHESTNUT BELL.

Have you seen the latest wrinkle?
Hear it tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
When the conversation lags
Some smart Alex. with his gags
Makes himself a beastly bore
As he's often done before.
The little toy will break the spell,
Ring at him the chestnut bell.

Yes, it's better than a gun
If you want to have some fun
With the dudes and travelling "mokes"
Who will perpetrate stale jokes,
Regardless of the time and place,
On the suffering human race.
If you'd stop such nonsense—well,
Pull on them the chestnut bell.

What a pretty comic song
Sings the so-called chestnut gong!
Or a hymn of loud acclaim,
Praising the inventor's name.
Ah, there! punster, have a care,
How you fret and fume and swear;
Do not say: O, go to h—ll!
When they ring the chestnut bell.

BITS OF FUN.

Stands to reason—A debator who won't sit down.

Wanted—An artist to paint the very picture of health.

Affections which is never reciprocated—Neuralgic affection.

Motto for a young man starting a mustache—Down in front.

Advertising is a great deal like making love to a widow—It can't be overdone.

"Sally what time do your folks dine?" "Soon as you go away—that misus' orders."

A boy being asked what was the plural of "Penny," replied with great promptness, "Two-pence."

A well in Bay City, Mich., is said to be 2,620 feet deep. N. B.—Cut his out and show it to your milkman.

A man told his tailor that he wouldn't pay for "that last epilepsy." It was discovered that he meant "bad fit."

... said an Irish attorney, "if it please the Court, if I am wrong in this I have another point that is equally conclusive."

"Yes," said the farmer, "barbed wire fences are expensive, but the hired man doesn't stop to rest every time he has to climb it."

A New Hampshire woman claims that she has not broken a plate or a cup for thirty years. Her husband must be remarkably well behaved.

"Anything on this counter for five cents," was the sign on a stand in Sixth avenue, and when the girl went up to the tailor's sign who was tending, and said she didn't think he was worth five cents, he felt as if he'd like to fall through a crack in the street.

As there will be no extra session of Congress, we will have to worry along without a good part of that entralling serial story, the *Congressional Record*.

In what respect do time and a mule resemble one another?—In the fact that it is better to be ahead of both time and a mule than behind either of them.

"Suppose," says an exchange, "all the world went to bed every evening at sunset." Oh, well, the world's gas bill would be just as big at the end of the quarter.

A Dakota paper charges twenty-five cents for a marriage-notice and fifty cents for a death. Marriage would, therefore, seem to be less desirable than death in Dakota.

"Chinese barbers shave without lather." This reminds us that our old schoolmaster used to lather without shaving. One is said to be as painful an operation as the other.

There may be obstacles in the way of the discovery of the North Pole, but they pale into insignificance compared with an attempt to find a fugitive collar button in the berth of a sleeping car, at the end of a journey.

Coup, the circus man, says the three-tailed Japanese carp cost him \$2,200 in gold. Many gentlemen who have been out all day fishing, without a bite, will readily believe this statement. They are well aware that fish cost something to buy.

An old citizen in a country village being asked for a subscription toward repairing the fence of the grave yard, declined. "I subscribed toward improvin' that buryin'-ground nigh unto forty year ago, and my family hain't had no benefit from it yet!"

A needle was recently found in an egg taken from under a Philadelphia hen that had "stolen" a nest. In this instance her owner made a grave mistake in not allowing nature to take its course, as he was evidently setting on the egg with the intention of hatching out a sewing machine.

PLENTY OF MIRACLES YET.—"Well," said Mc-Swilligon this morning, "the day of miracles is not yet over."

"Heard of any lately?" asked Squildig. "Yes, I read this morning that an Ohio man named Miracle is the father of seventeen children."

HIS TITLE.—"Is that a reporter for the press?" asked a guest at an "opening lunch."

The interrogated party looked at the party indicated, who was just getting outside of his third plate of salad, and replied:

"No, I should judge he was a feeder for the press."

WILLING TO OBLIGE.—Policeman—"Have you a permit to play here?"

Organ-grinder—"No, but it amuses the little ones so much."
Policeman—"Then you will have the goodness to accompany me."
Organ-grinder—"Very well, sir; what do you wish to sing?"

NEW OPENING OF

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BANKRUPT Clothing Sale,

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

Too Active.

A group of five or six firemen was sitting in the spacious hall of engine house No. —, partaking of a lunch of sandwiches just brought from a neighboring restaurant, and chatting triumphantly over their last big achievement of the evening before, when they had started for a fire in less than two seconds, as a rather seedy looking individual entered through the open big door and, with lingering steps, approached the lunch party.

"Are you the noble heroes, the pride of the Metropolis, who made them Chicago fellows swear by getting ready for the start in less than two seconds?" he asked.

One of the firemen answered that they were.

"Now," said the stranger, "I tell you, ladies and gentlemen—beg your pardon, I have been in the show business a couple of years and have become rather accustomed to that way of addressing a crowd—now, gentlemen, accept my sincerest congratulations for this big, wonderful glorious feat—beating the fastest record in the world. Your names will be engraved on the iron tablets of history for all time to come, for all time, I tell yer."

The red hue on the bronzed faces of the blushing firemen grew brighter, and one of them asked the stranger what he wanted.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen—excuse me, boys; well boys; you have accomplished a glorious thing beating them chaps of the Chicago fire department all to pieces, but, on my bright, untarnished honor, I will perform before your astonished eyes a feat a good deal grander than yours. Let me have a horsetimer and—"

"A what?" interrupted one of the firemen of the loquacious ex-showman.

"A horsetimer," resumed the stranger, "yer know, the kind of a horological arrangement by the aid of which you are enabled to measure parts of a second, and—"

"Oh, it's a stop watch you mean," interrupted here again the same fireman. "I guess the Cap'n has kept one in his room since them Chicago mad asses of themselves by not knowing how to use the thing you call an 'ornological arrangement.'"

With these words he went to the Captain's room and soon returned with the desired article.

"Now let's see what you can do beating our



DEACON McL.: "How about his points?"
HIBERNIAN: "Pints, is it, yo want! Shura an' he's cover'd wid 'em. Yez can hang yer hat on any one ov 'em!"

fast time," he said to the triumphantly smiling stranger.

"Now," the ex-showman began again, "ladies and gentlemen, now, boys, I should say, yer will witness something never performed before, and beating your wonderful alacrity in harnessing horses. Hold this 'ere watch, young fellow, and when I put my right hand on this 'ere plate of sandwiches then set the stop watch a going."

The eyes of all present now turned eagerly to the stranger and the sandwiches. There were seven of the latter on the plate. The stranger, opening a mouth resembling a barn door, swallowed one sandwich—the other six with lightning celerity—the plate was empty—the fireman

pound dumb-bells.

To spill salt in the coffee of the man who has the carving knife.

To be one of thirteen at table when there is only food enough for six.

To meet a detective at the depot when you are buying a ticket to Canada.

To call a bigger man than yourself hard names any day in the week.

To attempt to sit on a chair that some one has removed when you were not looking.

To offend your best-loved girl's little brother who saw you kiss another little boy's sister.

To meet a tall rocking chair in your chamber when you are trying to get to bed at 3 a. m.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

who was holding the stop-watch cried:

"One second!" and then the stranger was gone.

This story, true as it is, is one of the moral kind, so I have to affix a moral. There it is in the shape of a narration of the fearful consequences brought upon the stranger by his voracious appetite and astonishing celerity. On the next corner the unfortunate man stopped, and holding both hands over the part of his body where his overcrowded stomach made it very warm for him, he muttered: "I have been six years in the employ of Mr. Barnum, and every night I swallowed a dozen swords but so-ven re-staurant sandwich-es—"

They had to carry him to the Roosevelt Hospital.

It is Unlucky

To be struck by lightning on Monday.

To sit on a buzz saw in motion on Friday.

To break the mirror your wife's mother gave her.

To fall down stairs with the parlor stove on Tuesday.

To speculate with other people's money, and get caught.

To get wet when you fall overboard while boating on Thursday.

To dream of snakes after drinking cider in a prohibition town.

To see a bill-collector over your right shoulder on Saturday.

To see a bull-dog over your left shoulder in your neighbor's orchard.

To see your overcoat over either shoulder as you pass by the shop of your uncle.

To bet all your money on a horse whose driver has bot his money on another.

To marry on Wednesday a girl who practices with ten-

—

To spill salt in the coffee of the man who has the carving knife.

To be one of thirteen at table when there is only food enough for six.

To meet a detective at the depot when you are buying a ticket to Canada.

To call a bigger man than yourself hard names any day in the week.

To attempt to sit on a chair that some one has removed when you were not looking.

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Written for THE JURY.

Tapping the Chestnut-Gong.

BY CASEY TAP.

Flash jewelry—electric scarf-pins.

A "STRIKING" IMAGE.—"There goes young De Smytho." They say he is his mother's idol.

"That's so? He must be a broken idol, for he wanted to borrow ten dollars from me yesterday."

No, Julia, no! The story "Thrown upon the world" is not a bicycle tale.

"I believe in the light wine claws," said the burglar, as he pocketed a bottle of sherry at midnight's holy hour.

How much did Alpha bet?

Where did the electric-light?

A gentleman who was struck in the parquette of the stomach during a game of base ball, refers to the incident as his "diamond" belt.

Words that burn—Amateur poetry.

THE SAME THING OVER AGAIN.—'Tis 11.30 p. m. They have just kissed each other good-night. "You are happy," said he, "are you not, pet, in your love for me?" "Oh, yes, George, you know I am—but" (here her silvery voice assumes a melancholy tone), "but there are times, like to night, love, when I am depressed, and feel a little 'down in the mouth,'" and spitting out a few moustacho hairs, Lucille Yeast-knikke entered the house with a heavy heart

Too TRUE.—A young man who carries a chestnut gong visited his lady love the other evening, and while there casually picked up her autograph album. Before he had got half-way through the book, the bell was in fragments at his feet.

Around polling places, and on canvassing tours, the branch of science most indulged in appears to be elect-tricks.

Can Edison chain-lightning.

She was a slight-built college maid—

Pierian ripples in her ean;

"You'll stick to me," her true love sayed,

"Because you are my Vassar-lean!"

A Good Excuse.

The judge was worried and irritated by the many persons who had been summoned for jury duty coming to him with excuses. When Carl Naglebaum's name was called, the judge said, with much asperity:

"Well, sir, I presume, like the rest of them, you want to be excused?"

"Dot is so, your Honor. I would like not to serve dot jury on."

"What's your excuse, sir?"

"I would like to be oggscused because my vife sho is tead."

"You may go, sir; your excuse is a good one," said the tender hearted judge, trying to swallow a big lump, and turning away his head to conceal his emotion. The escaped juror immediately

left the court room. A friend and neighbor followed him out of the court room and seizing the escaped juror by both hands in a broken voice said:

"Mino Gatt, Heinrich; ish dot so dot your vife vas tead? Dot vas deadfal! I feels for you, mino frendt."

The bereaved husband smiled and said:

"Don't weep, Hans; don't weep. It vas only my first vife vat died in dot old country twenty years ago pefore I come dot America to. My bresont vife vas not much tead. I don't have no more such goot luck any more."



HON. L. H. DAVIES,

DENOUNCING THE MACDONALD GOVERNMENT AT GAGETOWN, N. B.

A Grand Bluff.

The other forenoon a colored man was rushing up Beaubien street in hot haste when he met a colored woman coming down the street at a leisurely pace, with countenance all serene.

"Hi! you!" he called as he halted.

"Go long, sah!" she scornfully answered.

"Oh yes, it am all right to tell me to go 'long arter dat pizon mean bizness las' week! I wouldn't hev belived dat of you."

"What did I do, sah?"

"You? Why, you 'greed to mar'y me, an' you jist dun backed out an' sot all de folks laffin' at me."

"Sah, I nebber incouraige you 'tall."

"You didn't? Didn't I spark you fur three months? Didn't I buy you dat ring, an' dat



WM. S. FIELDING,

LIBERAL LEADER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

bracelet, an' dem gloves' and dat parysoll? Didn't we squeeze hands an' kiss each o'der? Didn't you 'gree to mar'y me?"

"Nubbar, sah! You is entirely mistaken in de woman."

"What! Ain't you Molly?"

"No, sah."

"An you doan' lib wid your sister?"

"No, sah."

"An' you doan' know me?"

"No, sah! Let me pass, sah! Dis conduct on your part am wery annoyin'."

My husband will wait upon you dis arternoon." She sailed off and left him standing there. He kicked himself first with the right foot, then the left. Then he bumped his head against a tree-box, kicked himself again, and started after her and mused:

"I know it's me, an' I knows I ain't dreamin', but I reckon it's time I started fur de hospital. Dis mus' be what dey call a collapse of de system."

How They Fixed It.

A man with a bundle under his arm called at a Michigan avenue clothing store the other evening and hesitatingly inquired if the proprietor ever bought second hand clothing.

"Vhell, I puyss sooch garments vonce in a while. Vhas you a Sheneral in der last war?"

"No, sir."

"Dot makes it badt. I could pay you \$2 for dot coat if you vhas a Sheneral, and maybe somebody gif me four. Vhas you a Congress-man?"

"No."

"Too badt. Shust now dere vhas a demand for Congressman's old clothes. Vhas you some candidate for Governor last time?"

"Not that I remember of."

"Mebbe you vhas a great inventor?"

"I can't say that I am. The only thing I ever invented was an excuse."

"Vhell, you see how it vhas? If you vhas some celebrated man your old clothes go off like hot cakes. If you vhas nopodyden nopody buys 'em. How mooch you vhaunt for dot coat?"

"Three dollars."

"Tree dollar! Say, you go right outd of my place! I doan' haf some time to fool away mit lunatics!"

"Give me two!"

"Two dollar! Gif you der same price ash a great Sheneral? Please go outd, my head aches!"

"Well, take it for twelve shillings."

"My frendt, look me in my eye! You vhas a poor man, and I like to do right py you. I haf my rules laid down not to pay clothes except of great men, but I preak 'em for you. I gif you seventy-five cents for dot coat, and I pin on him a card dot you vhas a celebrated poet. I do dot mooch to help you outd."

"Give me a dollar and put on the card that I am a celebrated artist."

"No, my frendt. Der worry best I could do vhas to gif you ninety cents and put on dot you vhas a celebrated musician."

They bargained on that, and the stranger went away saying:

"You can spoll celebrated with a big 'C,' and depend upon me not to give you away."

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Royal Clothing Stores, 47 and 28 King street,

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Clothing Made to Order in the Best Styles and at Lowest Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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I have just opened a Fine Assortment of

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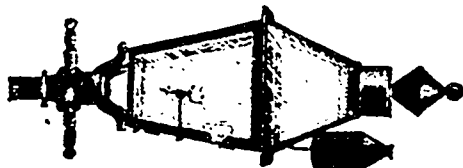
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"The great trouble is, nowadays, to find the man. It is almost impossible to find young men who have qualities that inspire business confidence, and insure business. There are lots of young men but they have not the fidelity and industry to command success by deserving it. They all want promotion, and all want to have their salaries raised, but their main thought seems to be to get through the working hours as easily as possible, and get away, put on their dress suit, and have a jolly good time in the evening. Now that is not the way to develop into smart business men. It cannot be done, either, as long as the height of their ambition seems to be to see how little work they can accomplish during the day, and how much so-called 'fun' they can have at clubs, dances and parties at night."

Overcoats, ulsters, reefers, from \$3. Globe Clothing Store, Dock street.

The motto of the sheriff: Hold fast that which is goods.

Why not send the sea-serpent up into Canadian waters to scare that country into small bait?

Try Duke's Cameo Cigarettes; a cigarette holder with each cigarette and a camp chair free with every chair. Sold everywhere.

Sullivan says he isn't drinking a drop now. But then, there's every difference in the world between a drop and a pailful.



ANDREW G. BLAIR,

LEADER OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Genuine sale of clothing at Globe Clothing Store, Dock street.

The Prohibitionists are made weary every little while by reading about St. John's seizing another schooner.

A smile, a kind word, a token of remembrance to the sick, such as a bottle of "Infallible Liniment," manufactured by J. A. Kilpatrick, druggist, of Portland, and doing so much good to mankind "in a quiet way," enriches the heart of the giver and is of untold value to the recipient.

South Carolina ought to make arrangements to move North.

Man wants but little here below; but what little clothing or furnishing goods you may need don't forget the Globe Clothing Store, corner Dock street.

Two Connecticut men tried to open a keg of powder with a pick. The report said that they succeeded.

Chas. A. Gurney has moved into his new hair dressing room, next door to old stand, Germain street, where he will be pleased to see all his old customers and new.

APPROPRIATE DRESS.—For the roller skater—A fall suit. For the watchmaker—A spring overcoat. For the exhausted—Pants. For the bad boy—Cuffs. For the angry man—Choler. For the milk man—Pumps. For the extravagant—A waist. For the carpenter—A sash. For the busy—Bustle. For the burglar—A sack. For the dude—Dolman.

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