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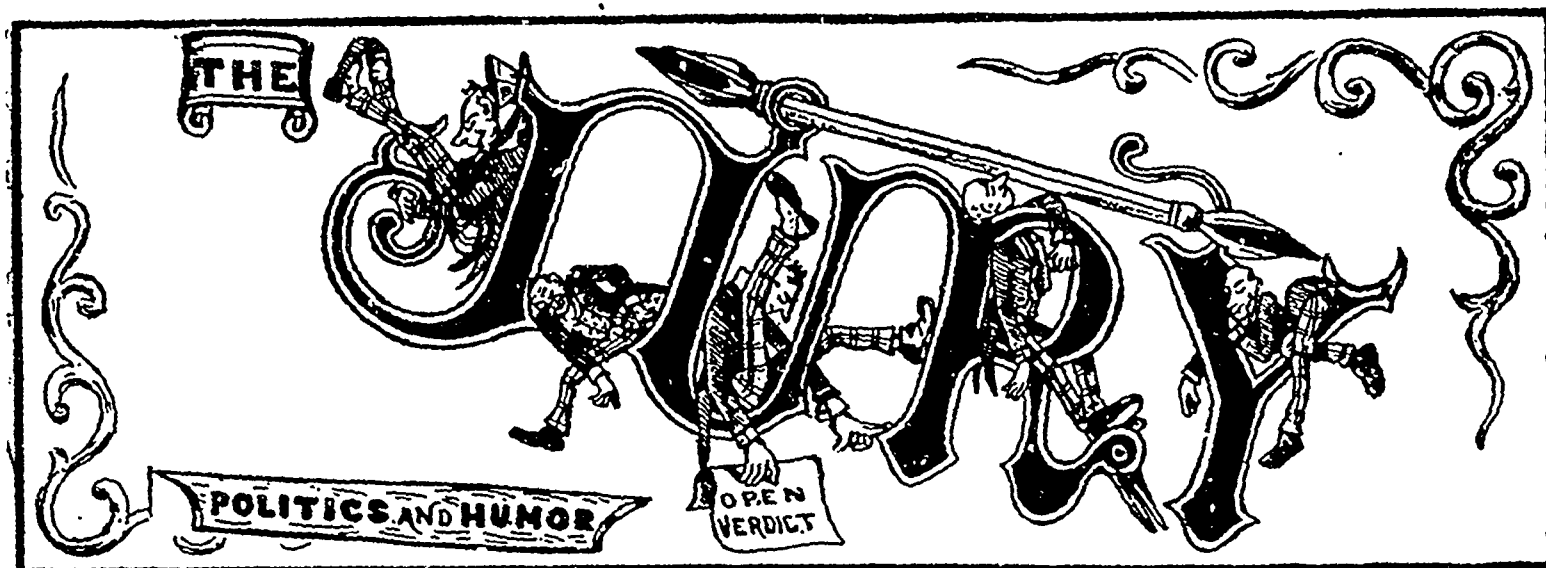
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**A PAYNE (PAY IN) JOB.**

Mr. C.—This is an uncomfortable seat, John V.

J. V. E.—Yes, and everybody looking at us too.

R. A. P.—Great Scott! I thought it would carry.

# THE JURY,

An Independent Weekly Journal  
devoted to

POLITICS AND HUMOR.

HONEST VERDICTS ON ALL MATTERS WHETHER  
POLITICAL OR SOCIAL.

"Jury" Publishing Co.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

PRICE 5 CENTS A COPY.

## The Foreman Speaks.

The jury as an institution is as old as our civilization. But unlike the individual, it has grown in vigor and usefulness with its centuries of age. To-day, trial by jury is the rule throughout the civilized world. It is the chief safeguard of individual liberty. Do we not need the system transferred from the judicial arena to the estate of journalism? Statesmen may propose and parliament may enact laws; lawyers may plead and judges lay down the law, but it is the jury that find the verdict, that determine the guilt or innocence of persons charged. It is the jury that acquits the innocent and sends them forth without stain; it is the jury who, by their verdict, condemn the guilty to the just punishment of their crimes. It is the jury that assess the damages, that declare the measure of individual wrongs, that determine the amount of reparation.

Among newspapers there are party journals of a secular character, and denominational journals of a more or less religious character. These are all advocates. They plead the cause of their respective political parties, of their respective denominations, or ride the particular hobbies which each may have adopted. They do not assume a judicial or a juridical character. Is there then not need of a JURY in journalism?

For the public benefit THE JURY is empanelled. We are metaphorically sworn to fairly try and true verdict give according to law and the evidence the issues joined between parties, without fear, favor or affection. We will shield no guilty and condemn no innocent person. The public await our verdict, and from week to week the Foreman will deliver it according to the true inwardness of the matter, in a way that all can see, appealing both to the age and the understanding.

THE JURY knows no political party: it is not the exponent of Grit or Tory ideas; it is neither subsidised by Sir John Macdonald nor by Mr. Blake, by Mr. Blair nor Mr. Wetmore. We know no sect, creed or denomination, but with respect for all we shall acquit or condemn, always remembering that human nature is frail, and that it is our duty as well as our pleasure to lean to the side of mercy. The poor and the oppressed, the wronged and the injured—every good cause, every worthy object will find in it a safeguard and a protector. Our verdict will be always in favor of whatsoever things are true, honest, pure, and of good report. Our verdict will always be against vice and wrong, and meanness. This much we say soberly and in all truth and verity.

But it is better to be pleasant, good-natured, jolly even, than to be sad, and spiteful and contemptuous. So the foreman's pen, mightier than the sword, will never lend itself to scurrility, or personal abuse. We shall try many causes, sometimes we shall have occasion to try persons, but our verdict will be always without malice, and as far as human judgment can guide us, our deliver-

ance will be according to the very right of the matter.

We hope to make our weekly verdict upon all matters social, moral, religious, political, civil and personal, of value to the clergyman, the statesman, the professional and business man, the citizen and the general public of both sexes. We may disagree; we may in our verdict sometimes reverse a previous one; but we shall aim to be always just if not always consistent, and we ask for THE JURY A FAIR TRIAL.

## The Pulpit vs. Ladies' Feathers.

Rev. Mr. Fotheringham has taken the birds under his fatherly protection. THE JURY has no objection to any reverend gentleman, who has the time, or no other and more useful or important duties to perform, assuming the work of an apostle for fowls, or high priest of winged songsters. But are his ways equal? Is it any more wrong for the fair communicants, who, in the pews of St. John's church, turn up their sweet faces toward his pulpit on a Sabbath, to wear on their hats and bonnets the plumage of the bird, than for the clergyman to wear upon his head the fur of the slaughtered seal or beaver, on his feet the hide of the murdered ox, or around his person the woven fleece of the sheep, which, after yielding up its coat in successive years, gives up its life for man's sustenance? Were not all the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea given to man for his use?

If the reverend gentleman would have the ladies strip their hats of feathers, is he not obligated in like manner to divest himself, at home of course, in the privacy of his chamber, of the animal spoils which alike adorn and conceal his person? It would be awkward, no doubt, to find other apparel at a moment's notice, but such appears to be the logical conclusion of his line of argument.

Perhaps, too, there is something to be said on the other side of the question as to the harmlessness of the feathered creatures around whom the preacher and the society with numerous initials have thrown their protection. Did either of these zealots ever own a cherry orchard or a strawberry garden? If he did he would know that the whole feathered tribe, from crows to robins, can become the most insatiable and troublesome of poachers. In such case a well charged gun is a more effective remedy against the feathered thieves than is a sermon against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

But why launch a sermon against a feather when the world is so full of weighty sins and wrongs and errors? And again, why be so ungallant as to prevent the angels of his congregation from putting on in advance the wings which they all hope to wear by and by?

THE JURY finds that the ladies properly may continue to decorate their bonnets as heretofore, notwithstanding the injunctions of the pulpit, and we believe that they will act upon our verdict.

## A Prolonged Courtship.

The two neighbor cities of St. John and Portland have been "keeping company" together for a long time. Is it not time they were married? They have been a long time exchanging amorous glances and ogling each other across the street. There have been addresses and proposals, and endearments and occasional "tiffs," and now St. John would fain embrace Portland. But there arises the old question which has hindered so many matches: If we two are to be made one which is to be the one? It is obvious that Portland with the opportunity of being married to a Saint could on the consummation take the name of the aforesaid Saint. But Portland thinks St. John a saint only in name, and just now a new cause of difference has arisen. She has discovered that while she favors total abstinence and prohibition the Saint is given to drink. So she will not yield, but will keep her own council and make a Sturdee resistance to all amorous overtures.

## Cartoon Comments.

Our leading cartoon represents the attitude of the three dailies and their editors on the Scott Act question. The *Telegraph* and *Globe* were "on the fence," not a little uncomfortable in their positions, and the *Sun* carried the Scott Act banner very timidly. A pending local election no doubt had its influence in embarrassing the editors. The *Sun* hoped to be on the winning side but was disappointed; the *Telegraph* and *Globe* were ready for either event. On the one side there was a weak support of the act, and on the other a doubtful exhibition of tact. As the foreman's torsorial artist expresses it: "De *Sun* was off-fensive, and de *Tellygruff* and de *Globe* was on-de-fence-ive."

## May the Best Men Win!

THE JURY find that we have too much politics and too little patriotism; too much party and too little public spirit; too much of Tory and Grit, Liberal-Conservative and Liberal, too much of Rouge and Bleu and too little of the true national color, too little of real patriotic Canadian feeling in this country. There are too many office holders, and office seekers, and too few members; too many cool, calculating rascals who would live by their wits instead of by honest labor; too little of honor in public affairs and too much of extravagance.

A host of candidates are now before the people. "Vote for me, I am a Liberal-Conservative," "I am a Liberal," "I am a Catholic," "I am an Orangeman," "I am for the Scott Act," "I am against the Scott Act," such are some of the cries by which it is sought to attract votes. These are all narrow and unworthy political shibboleths. Settle each question by itself. Divide and conquer these petty canvasses. Settle the Scott Act when it is before you to vote on; settle your questions of Dominion politics at Dominion elections; settle the sectarian question by faithful support of your own church as a church, with charity for those whose creed is different, but make not religion a party political question. Settle provincial affairs by themselves at the election now pending. Remember that no government is as good, as wise, as economical as it ought to be. Don't expect perfection in any man, much less in a politician. There are many hindrances to reform and the wisest and best of statesmen cannot always do as they would. If the government has done fairly well they should be helped and encouraged to do better. If they have done worse than they should—worse than other governments that preceded them—then vote your disapproval. Vote honestly; vote for the country; and may the best men win!

## The Salvation Army.

Of old, a tyrant who had set up a golden image, commanded that at what time the assembled multitude should hear the sound of the harp, flute, sackbut and psaltry they should fall down and worship the yellow idol. But a better dispensation has commanded that when you do the offices of religion you shall not sound a trumpet before you. Of late our city has been bombarded with a discord of noise, and invaded by an army so-called, who, in the name of the Christian religion, have revived the old idolatrous practice. They go to prayers to the sound of the drum, and advertise their devotions with a parody of military parade. It may be said they are not wanting in the sinister "charity that begins at home," as they are ever ready to receive money but not to account for it. But as for the truer charity, is it not wanting? There remains then but "the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal."

THE JURY finds that the army ought to be disbanded or drummed out of a service that they dishonor.

Portland's mayoralty election came near resulting in that city being Buryed. But the catastrophe was averted by a Sturdier candidate being counted in.

INTRODUCTORY.

Cast aside each gloomy thoughts, each petty woe,  
With the wailing winds of Winter bid them go,  
Fling aside all melancholy,  
Cries THE JURY, wise and jolly,  
Come, like Spring-time, just *pro bono publico*.

'Though for dignity we feel profound respect;  
'Though our style be not concise and circumspect;  
And we come to a decision  
With a wonderful precision—  
For our judgment is infallibly correct;

Yet we're versatile and playful in our way;  
We can handle any theme from grave to gay,  
And can make the subject "telling"  
In a style there's no excelling—  
For we're posted in the topics of the day.

To this first new leaf that doth in Spring unfold,  
(If on that account you think we're green you're sold)  
Please extend a welcome hearty,  
Thinking naught of sect or party,  
We are needed by the masses we've been told.

'Tis to work for your amusement we begin,  
With a right good cheer we'll strive your smiles to win;  
And to gain from you a chuckle,  
Tuck our fingers to the knuckle,  
Feeling thoroughly rewarded when you grin.

We are something every household should possess,  
(From advertisements that's quoted we confess)  
So forsake all strife and fury,  
While you turn to greet THE JURY,  
And to wish it longest life and all success.  
St. John, April 13, 1886.

Our Second Cartoon.

Our second cartoon, "Anticipation," represents the expectant attitude of the city and county candidates, whose eyes are just now turned towards Fredericton. "Anticipation Monday" will decide what cats "collar the bird." The pose of the several felines, if carefully studied, will be found interesting.

TELEGRAPHIC.

(Special to the Jury.)

MUSQUASH, April 23. James Hemlock addressed a packed house here last night. He said he was not much of a speaker on the subject of temperance or any other subject, but thought he was in possession of a valuable idea concerning the good cause which he could not conscientiously withhold: Marry your temperance boys to your temperance girls and you will have a temperance community.

WAR NEWS.

(Special to the Jury.)

St. JOHN, N. B., April 19th, 1886.—The Anti-Scott "Troop" made a "double" advance to the front of battle and with the aid of two "Canons" completely routed the enemy. The "Doctor" and "Father" were in the thickest of the fight and were much noted for their "personal" bravery.

The *Sun* newspaper, edited by Messrs. Scott and Payne, naturally favored the adoption of the Scott Act in this city. But when the votes were counted it was found they made a Payneful failure.

W. C. T. U.

When our local reporter dropped in the other night at the headquarters of the lady temperance workers he found a very large audience, listening with pin-drop attention to the speaker of the evening, Mrs. John DeKuyper, who was, at the moment of our reporter's visit, summing up the Scott Act. "Sister workers," said the speaker, "I made my debut as a Scott Actress many years ago. The Act, as it stands to-day with its many valuable amendments, dovetails itself into the approval of a great many more people than the act in its original state could possibly do. These amendments, like all amendments, are the offspring of experience, which is the grand-father of wisdom. Experience has intimated to me since the recent election that it is in an interesting condition, and that another amendment will soon be announced, whose coming will mark the spot where the accursed traffic fell. With this amendment the Scott Act must be considered perfect by even the oldest and most experienced lady temperance worker, and must be adopted throughout the universe. The amendment is to the effect that the sale of all liquors shall be prohibited with one exception in favor of CIGAR.

Hits of Fun.

What Sank the Oregon?

A beautiful damsel in wrapper and slipper  
Sat out on the deck of a fast-sailing clipper,  
And many a question she put to the skipper.

She told him she never had been on the ocean,  
And asked him if he had any sort of a notion  
What kept the old thing in eternal commotion.

She plied him with questions that none could reply to,  
But still the old skipper politely would try to,  
And once in a while the old rascal would lie, too.

"What, think you, ran into and sank the Cuanler?"  
The skipper looked up and appeared to regard her  
As if he were sorry her question weren't harder.

"Why, bless ye," he said, as he glanced at the spanker  
And motioned a sailor to stand by the anchor,  
"Twas water, I reckon, ran into and sank her."

Second to none—One.

Court cries—Jilted beaux.

A book-agent's kit—Check.

Base burners—Roller skates.

Bootless task—Going barefoot.

Moving waxworks—Beehives.

Our foreman asks leave to sit again.

Interesting relic(s)—Young widows.

Original articles—Anning's furniture.

Eclipse of the son—A baby-daughter.

The course of time—A wrinkled face.

Ushers of the black rod—Schoolmasters.

Just the man to fill a vacancy—The dentist.

The downfall of China—Upsetting a cupboard.

A "Grocian" bend—When an "Irishman" bows.

Our American cousins would have us Frye) our fish.

Where can you always find a *War Cry*? In a bustle.

The maple(?) candy fiend comes with the sunny days of April.

The Fishery Question—"How much is your herrin' a duzin'?"

The Temperance Question—Will they contest the "Act" in Portland.

Why are eels like Washington officials? Because they squirm when Fryed.

Second thoughts are always best. Woman was an after-thought of creation.

The quill is mightier than the sword, as the boy said to the fretted porcupine.

How far were the Scott Act party from victory? About a Furlong.—Patton-ted. Who says give us a Breeze.

Why is the effect of a mustard-plaster like a coverlet? Because it is a counterpane.

What is the difference between the north and south pole. All the difference in the world.

What is the similarity between our coast fisheries and the anti-liquor laws? Scott acts.

An English governess, advertising for a situation, says that she is a perfect mistress of her tongue.

"You may depend on me, wife; I give you my word." "I had rather you would sometimes keep it, sir."

Where did the ministers who preached against the Scott Act get their texts? In Luk(re) and John(es) Gospel.

Ducks have lately been taught to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Who says this is not an age for improvement?

What animal has death no effect on? A pig, because directly you have killed him you can cure him, and save his bacon.

A well-known spendthrift, when entertaining some friends at dinner, was asked by one of the guests at his table what description of wine they were drinking. The young reprobate replied that it was Pontick (pon tick) wine.

Mistress to New Serrant—"Bridget, where is the desert?" Bridget (glowing with pride)—"Ther dessert, mum? It's in Afriky or Agypt. The teacher alwus called me a fojue lump of a scholar."—*Judge*.

"My dear hearers, we see before us the frightful consequences of the fall of man," said the preacher as he began his funeral sermon over a person who had tumbled from the roof of an elevator.—*St. Paul Herald*.

At Eustis, Florida, recently, a lettuce head grew to the size of a dinner plate two weeks after being set out.—*Exchange*. Lettuce know how large the dinner plate was after being set out two weeks, and then some idea can be formed of the growth of the lettuce head.

Mrs. Plindane, after looking long and thoughtfully at a plaster cast of Shakespeare, remarked:—"Poor man, how pale he was! He couldn't have been well when he was taken." "No," replied Fogg, "He was dead." "Ah, that accounts for it," said Mrs. P., drawing a sympathetic breath.

When an editor advises a spring poet regarding the disposal of his manuscript, what distinguished American authoress does he name? Well, give it up? Burnett, of course. Then the poet Howells and exits.—*Cleveland Sun*. And it comes pretty Nye the truth to say that the 'Twin are both unhappy.

An Irishman, much addicted to telling strange stories, said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders in the right place. "Ha, ha, ha!" said a bystander; how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him? "And, sure, what a purty idiot ye are?" said Pat; "and couldn't he pick it up with his teeth?"

At Buffalo they complain of having an over-supply of public libraries, and are not able to draw enough people to pay for the gas. This goes to show that the citizens of Buffalo are sadly lacking in literary taste. Probably it would be a good scheme to set up a bar and free lunch in the different libraries. This has been known to work in other institutions, and why shouldn't it pay in a public library? With a few drinks aboard, men have been known to take anything, from a church pulpit to a red-hot cook stove, and surely it ought to have the desired effect in making them take books.

"Pompey, has yo' hearn 'bout de new way ob raisin' chickens?" "No, Jube. What's dat?" "Why, I b'lebo day calls it artyfishus mofod, or raisin' chickens widout a mudder." "Raisin' chickens 'dout a mudder? Lor' sakes, dat boy 'Zekal o' mine knows all 'bout dat." "He do?" "Yaas. He's been raisin' chickens off o' roots deze las' ten year, an' 'don' spec' he ebber took his mudder wid 'im once."—*Yonker's Gazette*.

A certain lawyer was compelled to apologise to the court. With stately dignity he rose in his place and said, "Your Honour is right and I am wrong, as your Honour generally is." There was a dazed look in the judge's eye, and he hardly knew whether to feel happy or to fine the lawyer for contempt of court.

(From Funny Folks.)

Riot Acts—Smashing windows.  
Rising Ground—Land that's "going up" in the market.  
Certain tradesmen speak now of their district as the *Forst End*.

"Spring time's come again," sang the poetess, as she journey'd heavenward in consequence of sitting down too suddenly upon her new steel dress improver.

(From Moonshine.)

Organic remains—The Italian grinder nuisance.  
Oscillation.—Nervous old lady (much alarmed at the vic'ent swaying of the carriage on issuing from a dark tunnel): "I call the osculation allowed in this carriage simply disgraceful. [Newly-engaged couple on opposite seat crimson with conscious guilt.]

A marriage is announced as likely to take place between Earl Cairns and Miss Adele Grant, of New York. Apparently the young gentleman didn't go among the American Cairns for nothing. We don't know the precise date fixed for the event, but it's sure to be Early-y.

(From Judy.)

"Dry figures"—Mummies.  
'Twas e'er thus, O Orpheus—She: I say, now really, I don't believe you like music.—He: Don't I just! Why, it's the only chance of a talk.

To Parents and Guardians.—A good deal has been said about the uselessness of a classical education to boys intended for commercial pursuits. Yet the proficient in Latin and Greek should make a good merchant. He at least might be trusted not to deal in "false quantities."

Smoke only

"PIXIE"

Manufactured at the

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*Crockery, China, Glassware*  
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**Extracts.**

A bad habit to get into—A coat that is not paid for.  
 If spring poets were hens, even an editor could afford to eat eggs.  
 The selfish man has most presence of mind—He never forgets himself.  
 Can't something be done to civil-eyes the tribe of young savages who stare at all the pretty young ladies on our streets?

**J. McAvity & Sons,**  
 DEALERS IN  
**HARDWARE,**  
*MILL AND FOUNDRY SUPPLIES,*  
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**ANTICIPATIONS**—4 P. M. Monday, April 26th, 1886.

1886. SEASON. 1886.  
**H. B. TENNANT,**  
 —PRACTICAL—  
**SHIRT MAKER AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHER,**  
 Has leave to return his sincere thanks to the public of Saint John and vicinity for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him for the last 14 years. Being the first to establish the Shirt business in the Maritime Provinces, and the only practical Custom Cutter in the City. Gentlemen requiring Custom Made Shirts should govern themselves accordingly, as a perfect fit is honestly guaranteed. A more substantial or better made garment is not surpassed by any other Shirt House on this Continent. Facts speak louder than words, and which can be verified by over 5000 customers at  
**48 KING STREET.**

The rock on which the beer-drinker strikes is generally quarts (quartz.)  
 "The Chinas must go," as Bridget said when she stumbled and broke a lot of china ware.  
 "Does death end all?" Alas, no; there is the monument subscription fund.—*Boston Post.*  
 A gentleman had his boots blacked by one of two boys, and gave the shiner a two dollar bill to get changed. After waiting some time he said to the other boy: "Where's your partner?" "Oh," said the youth with a grin, "he's bust up, and I'm his assignee."—*Church Union.*

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**Hatters**  
 —AND—  
**Furriers,**  
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