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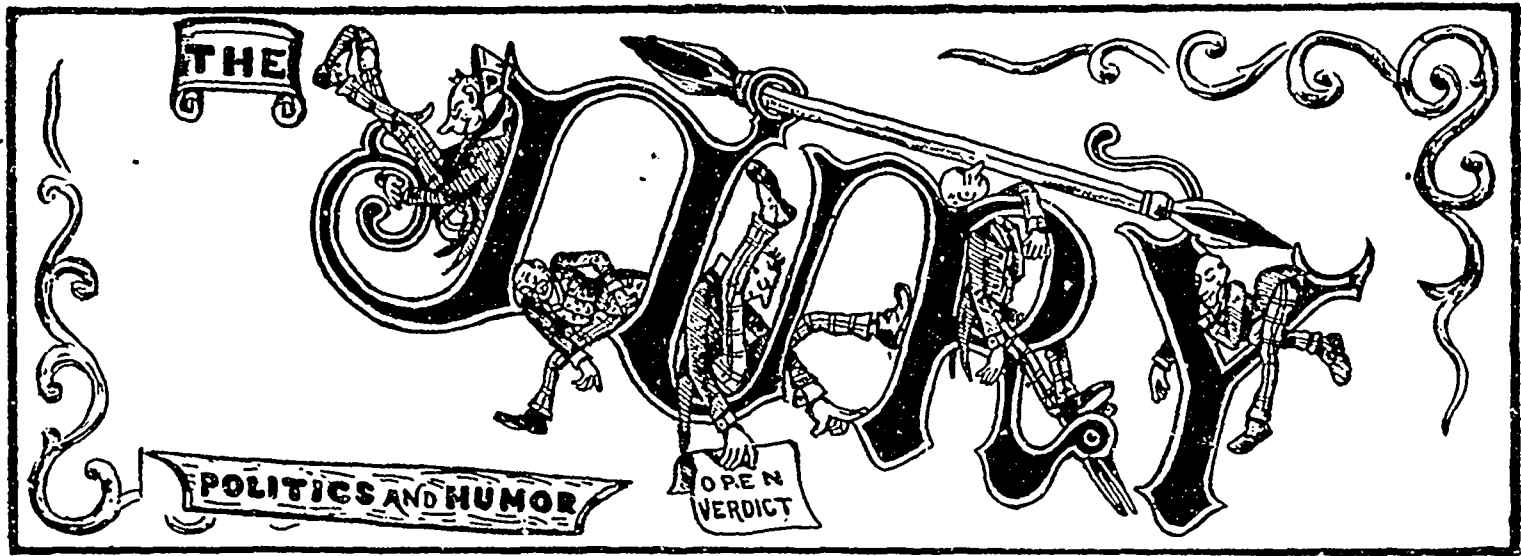
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SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER, 1886.

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No. 4.



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Wm. N. RITCHIE, Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER, 1886.

CARTOON COMMENTS BY THE FOREMAN.

The Winter Port Question.



The winter port question is still a live issue. The problem, not one easily solved, is still undetermined. Railway connection by the Short Line is yet incomplete, and the efforts to close up the gap are scarcely so vigorous as they ought to be. An effort of the "big push"

is needed in some quarters to ensure the early completion of the missing link. The short road is a necessity. Delay in the construction of the few miles necessary to make it a complete line, now that facilities to further the work are ample, is simply a hindrance to trade development generally throughout the Dominion, and a check especially to commercial progress in the east. This must be apparent to all interested in the welfare of the country, and the men concerned in railway enterprises which have a bearing upon the matter should be wide awake to the importance of a vigorous forward movement. The proper settlement of the winter port question hinges upon the completion at the earliest possible moment of the long-talked-of and much discussed missing link. The views already expressed by THE JURY as to the relative merits of Halifax and St. John, the two places only which can fairly be considered as competitors, need neither change nor modification. Halifax and St. John will no doubt jointly share in the passenger travel to and from the west; but in the matter of freight traffic there is no reason to doubt that the great natural advantages to which St. John can lay claim, both as regards the shortening of railway carriage and in other respects, will secure for her pre-eminence as a termini for freight distribution. But even this advantage, aside from the repeal attitude of Nova Scotia, which stands to the prejudice of Halifax, will require to be aided by active exertions in the community of St. John itself. The harbor management should be readjusted with the least possible delay and with the view to ensure necessary improvements in due season, and other measures needful to make our port popular in the eyes of the commercial world should be devised without loss of time. The Councils of St. John and Portland and our leading commercial men have a responsibility in this matter which they cannot ignore.

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A Consistency Jewel.

J. V. Ellis, M. P. P., is nothing if he is not inconsistent, and yet he is constantly boasting of his consistency. When the shafts of a just criticism sting his somewhat seared conscience he loudly protests that his language has been misconstrued and his arguments misapplied. But when, from pity or contempt, his assailants withhold the lash, he drops into his old-time courses and gives new proof of his heartless disregard of every patriotic emotion. He is found asserting at times in his paper that he is a lover of his adopted country; yet with equal frequency and with insidious earnestness, which no gauzy disguise can conceal, he parades, in effect if not in precise words, annexation to the United States as the panacea for present difficulties and the ultimate and not distant destiny of the British possessions in North America. Ordinary people consider the two positions irreconcilable; the oracular M. P. P. can detect no difference.

Mr. Ellis was hard on office-holders and contractors and such like in days gone by, and he is equally hard on this class of persons to-day. Nevertheless, at the first favorable opportunity he himself accepted office at the hands of his party's local chiefs, retaining all the while, contrary to well-understood rules, though thinly disguised, his newspaper connection. Of course, he did not take office as a reward for party service or party fealty. No, never! His motives in accepting office were purely disinterested and philanthropic, and he accepted the trust from no consideration of personal benefit, but purely in the interest of the country! One would suppose that a man claiming so exalted a record would not be unwilling to accord to his brother-man, though of opposite politics, the merit of being at least without taint in accepting the rewards of merited political service. This he is either too mean or too selfish to do. Because a man does not squint through the same kind of political spectacles that he does, Mr. Ellis must needs assail his motives and describe his actions as faulty and blameworthy, and always of course in the style of the pompous egotist. But fortunately the determination of this, as well as matters of greater import, does not rest solely with our editor-M. P. P. The man who can prate about democracy and deride the acceptance of honorary title distinctions, and yet at the same time prove himself in his society sphere the veriest slave to title tinsel, is not exactly fitted to pose as the pink of consistency.

Despite the mischievous talk of Mr. Ellis in his *Globe* at times, Canadians generally are lovers of their country, and are daily growing more determined to work out their own destiny, regardless of the preferences or the interests of a good natured neighbor just a little tinged with absorption proclivities. Mr. Ellis would help his country onward better if he would encourage our people to be self-reliant and persevering rather than urge them to view with favor the abject position of slavish dependence upon the people of a foreign state. But it would be as hard for him to do this as it would be for the lion to change his shaggy coat or the leopard to obliterate the spots on his shining hide.

What is Thought about Maritime Union.

Maritime Union sentiment does not appear to make much headway in Nova Scotia, nor indeed in any of the provinces likely to feel interested. The subject is very little discussed, either as a

substitute for the present political connection or as a means within the pale of Confederation whereby greater efficiency can be secured in the management of provincial concerns. This is to be regretted, not so much in the interest of the repeal element of Nova Scotia as because lack of interest in the matter operates to the prejudice of good government, in a provincial or local sense, in the several Maritime Provinces. There is no denying that one united legislature and one executive body in provincial politics instead of three would mean greater economy in administration, reduced expense in the matter of legislation, increased efficiency in the conduct of public affairs, and an enlarged influence for the Maritime Provinces in the domain of Dominion politics.

Premier Fielding, either out of his own mouth or through the channel of his organ, utters not a word in reference to Maritime Union in any form just now. The only evidence of a departure from the "even tenor" anywhere noticeable is an occasional rattle in Attorney General Longley's organette, the *Recorder*, of Halifax, on friend Jones's almost forgotten annexation quickstep. But that is of little account anyway. Premier Fielding is, THE JURY think, missing an opportunity when he thus allows the Maritime Union question to remain unconsidered, especially when it could so easily be made a substitute for the repeal issue, which is, at this time, generally looked upon as impractical.

The Dominion administration in 1883 passed an act which took the right of granting liquor licenses away from the Provincial and gave it over entirely to the Dominion government. On making application a fee of \$10 was deposited with a board of inspection appointed to enquire into the character of applicants. This deposit was given into the Dominion to defray the expenses of inspection and advertising. If the person applying was declared all right a license paper was procured at the cost of five dollars. A great many made application the second time, depositing similar amounts for application fee and license paper. In the meantime this act was repealed by the Privy Council in England, and the local governments of the Provinces in the Dominion once more control the license grant. The fee deposited and the license paper money paid by applicants into the treasury was demanded back, the act having been squashed. Money is now being refunded rapidly, and a drain of perhaps \$500,000 will be made on the Dominion purse. Our artist gives a view of Sir John in his private office surrounded with gentle requests to return the borrowed "boodle."

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PORTLAND, N. B.



ANTICIPATION.

Editing a Funny Column.

In an unguarded moment I applied for a position on a rural paper to open a column of wit, fun and frolic. The editor wrote me a long letter on the subject of wit, and gave me his candid opinion of the aforesaid peculiar bird of the varied hue. He said that his readers were staid, homely, plain people, who always looked into the death and marriage items first. He also said that he had produced several funny items that had gone the rounds of the press until they were baldheaded, toothless, and wrinkled. At the close, he offered me the column, and added the dry fact that I'd have a hard row to hoe if I hoped to get up a seven story reputation for bubbling mirth in his paper. I was eager; I was champing the bit of wit, and longed to open the safety valve and submerge the entire press fraternity with the stupendous quality of my humor. The first week I gave the editor of the paper one entire column of fat, fresh, and frisky fun. I read the mirthoozing items over to my wife and she cried with joy. I gave my mother-in-law a whack at the funny business, and she knocked over the centre-table and kicked the coal-scuttle galley west in her contortions of laughter. I knew I was cut out for a Bob Burdette or a Bill Nye. I got a lovely letter full of taffy from the editor after my initial column had been issued. He said that it took two fanners from the cheese-market to hold the compositor up to the case while he was setting up my matter. He also added that his wife's sister, who read proof, had gone and given her flame the chilly go by, trusting to the fates that the writer of the immense brain-matter was single and pinning for female condolence. I was puffed up to the seventh story of conceit. I know I had struck my forte at last. I was cut out, basted, and dried for a funny man of the great press. I rushed to my den and began another series of button-burating, side-splitting mirth. I nibbled



MORTIFICATION.

the penholder; I looked into the inkbottle; I pulled down the curtain and lighted the lamp; I paced to and fro across the floor and—finally I got a pun. I dallied with that pun as a school-boy toys with a green apple. I rolled that pun under my tongue like the sweet morsel we read of. I tossed it to and fro in the confines of my mind. It was the best pun of my life, I thought. I used up my column with that pun. It was the windiest pun you ever saw and long drawn out. The editor sent my offering back with a printed slip cut from a famous, leading funny publication. It was my pun; but got up far better than my funny brain could hope to essay. It was a grounder, and it floored me. I cremated that pun. I sat down again and curry-combed Pegasus. I put in an occasional slip from a funny sheet, and added the usual witty response. When I got through with my work, my manuscript looked like a map of the Franco-China seat of war. The editor sent it back with regrets. He offered me the agricultural department. I took it. I've learned that I know a sight more about cows, plows, patent-reapers, and farm truck than I do about fun.

Briggs's Baby.

Briggs has a boy-baby, about ten months old, who is admitted to look just like his father and to be the smartest boy baby of his age. The other morning the child was sitting on the floor, playing with five or six buttons on a string and taking an occasional nibble at an apple to bring out his first teeth. Mrs. Briggs and a neighbor were talking away as only women can gossip, when the baby hid the buttons under a mat, and started to finish the apple. A bit of skin got in his throat, and he gave a cough and whoop and rolled over on his head. "Oh, them buttons! He has swallowed them buttons!" cried the mother, as she lifted him up and shook him.



REALIZATION.

"Hit him on the back!" yelled the other woman trying to hold the baby's legs still. "Run for the neighbors!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, he'll die! he'll die!" screamed the other, as she ran out. And the neighbors came in and made him lie on his back, and rubbed his stomach, and joggled him about all sorts of ways, and he howled. Then the boy ran for Briggs, and Briggs ran for the doctor, and the doctor came and choked the baby, and ordered sweet oil and a mustard plaster, and told them to hold him on his back. Everybody knew that those six buttons were lodged in the baby's throat because he was red in the face and because he strangled as he howled and wept. They poured down sweet oil and put a mustard plaster across him, and wept over him, and his mother said she could never forgive herself. The doctor was looking serious, and Briggs was thinking that he hadn't done anything to deserve such a blow, when one of the women pushed the mat and discovered the buttons. Then everybody laughed and danced, and they kicked the sweet oil bottle under the bed, threw the mustard plaster at the doctor, and Mrs. Briggs hugged the howling baby and called him her "woppy hoppy poppy little cherub."

He: Birdie, aren't you growing tired of me?
She: No, Algernon, no! Did you think I was!
He: No, no; I see it was a false hope.

Blaine, of Maine, does not like to be cartooned. Neither does Mahone, the Readjuster, of Virginia; but with the cartoonists objections are not in order. The caricature exerts a powerful influence in American politics, much more so than the labored editorial. Had cartooning been so much in vogue during Washington's administration that noble gentleman would no doubt have gone crazy, for he was actually sensitive to ridicule.

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The Great Silence Match.

The match was arranged on the following basis: Mr. Hunn offered to bet Mr. Banks that Mrs. Banks could keep absolutely silent longer at a single stretch than Mrs. Hunn. Mr. Banks said he did not know much about Mrs. Hunn's capacity as a talker, but he felt certain that Mrs. Banks couldn't hold her tongue for ten minutes excepting when she was asleep, and even then she always talked a little. So it was agreed to make a trial, Hunn to pay for a silk dress if Mrs. Banks spoke first, and Banks to pay for it if Mrs. Hunn spoke first. When the match was proposed Mr. Hunn suggested that the contestants should go into training, but Banks protested, upon the ground that if Mrs. Banks got to trying too hard to keep quite it would kill her. The contest took place in Mr. Hunn's dining room, the two ladies sitting opposite to each other. When the signal was given Mrs. Banks was in the midst of some remarks about the cheapness of calico, but she broke off short, and by holding her hand over her mouth resolutely suppressed a powerful impulse to finish the sentence. There was profound silence for ten minutes; and then Mrs. Hunn started to say something, but remembering herself, she turned it off by pretending that she was clearing her throat. Mr. Hunn claimed the stakes upon the ground that it was a foul, but Banks objected. Then Hunn, with malignant ingenuity, started a discussion with Banks about spring bonnets, and as they talked it was noticed that Mrs. Hunn had to hold on tightly to the chair to restrain herself, while Mrs. Banks was absolutely pale from suppressed emotion.

This having failed, Banks turned the conversation on the infamous price of butter, with a diabolical purpose to strike Mrs. Banks in the weakest point. Violent twitchings were observable about the muscles of her mouth, and Banks felt certain for a moment that he was going to win; but Mrs. Banks suddenly arose and pounded the dinner table half a dozen times vigorously with her fist and this seemed to give great relief to her feelings.

Mrs. Hunn meantime had her fingers in her ears. She recognized that as her only hope. A brief discussion of the hired-girl question, of



SIR JOHN: "WILL THEY NEVER LET UP."

the incapacity of servants, and of the awful dimensions of their wages, followed; but both contestants held out, although Mrs. Hunn rushed to the cupboard, and getting a piece of paper, wrote on it: "I must scream! Is screaming allowed!" Banks said it wasn't, and then Mr. Hunn burst into an extravagant eulogy of Mrs. Hunn's present servant-girl, with such effect that Mrs. Hunn became partly hysterical. And then Hunn, with unparalleled brutality, actually expectorated right upon the carpet. Mrs. Hunn bounded from her chair and shook her fist at him and when he laughed she flew round the room at the rate of sixty knots an hour, disheveling her backhair and behaving wildly. Hunn thought she would succumb, but she didn't. Banks's little Harry was playing in the yard, waiting for

of the Canadian North-west rebellion debt."

"Madam, in order to treat your disease successfully, I must know your age," said a physician to a spinster.

"W-h-a-t! Are you going to ask me how old I am?"

"Oh, no; all I wanted to ask you was how young you are."

"I really don't know. The family Bible strayed off somewhere, and I can't tell."

"That's enough! I know all that I want to," replied the doctor, as he wrote out a prescription for a person 65 years of age.

The girls want the papers, of course—for court reports and marry-time news.

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PORTLAND BRIDGE, N. B.

Don't You Think So?

"A literary prostitute" and "political turn-coat" is the name the *Pioneer* gives the editor of the *Summerside Journal*. This is a good recommendation to get from his own town, but it is sufficient to qualify him to practise at the Bar? As we are unable at present to form a just conclusion we hand this "literary prostitute" over to the St. John Jury and if that paper fails to deal fairly with him, we will send him up for examination before the *Maple Leaf* man.—*Locomotive*.

You have a summary way of disposing of your relation, friend, seeing that you own your disability to judge fairly. We should say that such peculiar birds would find the air of Moncton more congenial for trial, but they mustn't fly over the cow-catcher on the *Locomotive*, or they will hear more than a "literary prosti-toot" on the Island.—*Maple Leaf*.

The "motivo" of our o-"steamed" contemporary in "switching" the "train" of thought and "railing" at the *Locomotive* must be for fear the "trunk" from which the *Maple Leaf* "spreads" should also come under the loving and "tender" "car"-o of John. A. M., the baggage smasher.

The *Globe* has very properly called attention to the heavy expense which the municipalities are yearly called upon to bear by the prevalence of the inquest nuisance. The frequency of inquests in these latter years, and the pretexts which give rise to them, are making a solemn mockery of the system, and causing it to be regarded as positively farcical. The *Globe* is quite right in urging that only in special cases should the exercise of a coroner's functions be called into play, and that in manifestly plain cases in which no suspicions of foul play appear the country should be relieved of enquiries which are attended only with profitless expense. In providing a remedy, which can best be done by legislative enactment, the patriotic editor-M.P.P. has a good opportunity to distinguish himself.

This newspaper fraternity and a good many others of Mr. Lugin's set have recently enjoyed a jolly time in the fertile up-river regions. It is to be hoped that the whole company have been keenly observant of everything notable, and that in due time the public will receive something more useful than a mere recital of junketings. The Tobique valley and the rich country of the upper St. John affords a grand opportunity for the exercise of descriptive powers of the highest standard of merit. If space permitted THE JURY's foreman would gladly assist the literary athletes.

Written for THE JURY.

Thawed Out.

Little Charlie, in the garret,
Rummaging things o'er,
Found a poor half-frozen wasp
Lying on the floor.

And he bore it, oh so gently,
To the parlor fire;
Lays it on a chair—nor dreams
Of consequences dire



Sister Mary's bear came in;
Sat upon that chair.
As he did he rose again,
Also did his hair.

The engagement, from that day,
Ceased, without a doubt.
Sister is not married yet,
Because that wasp thawed out.

Portland, N. B.

ROSINA.

LOCAL VERDICTS.

That horrid four-inch collar,
On neck so like a wrist,
The slightest bow will not allow,—
It be missed.

How different our police force,
With baton clasped in fist:
In time of "fight" they're not in sight,—
I'm sure they're always missed.

Lino-men—All local fishers.
Passing fancies—Delirium tremens.
Barber-ous cruelty—Decapitating a pimple.
Are tenders received for contracted brows?
Down on the pier (peer)—The London papers.
The Irish question—Will we ever git home
rool?

If a goat is a butter, goat's milk must be butter-milk.

Behind the bars—Rumsollers, convicts and lawyers.

After the "mighty dollar"—Our "professional" jurymen.

Do they forward boots and shoes by mail? We hear of people stamping their feet.

"I fill the 'Bill'" said William Tipple, as he downed a schooner the other evening.

Return after an absence of ten years. And old Jones, ten years ago, he was a Methodist; what is he now? An angel, I guess.

Oi, say, MiGinty, were yez iver tu Boston, Mass.? Now, Patay, but um a regular attinder to mass in the Cataderal ivery Sundy.

I see old Surgow was fined forty dollars in the police court the other day. Will they allow him time to pay it? Oh, yes, they will, to be sure—about six months.

"I want two cents worth of three cent stamps," said a little five-year-old in the post office the other day. We presume she will have to wait until the Macdonald administration knocks off that extra cent on letter postage above the Yankee rate.

Get shaved on Saturday, and give the hard-worked barber Sunday all to himself. There is a commandment which says: Six days shalt thou labor and do all thou hast to do, without working on Sunday. Now, my dear boy, don't make a fellow-being break that commandment, when you can avoid doing so by having your headwork done on Saturday.

"Verily, this is a practical illustration of 'business before pleasure,'" said DuTrenzy, sadly, as he walked along Mill street, carrying the three little Trenzys, and a large pic-nic basket dangling from his arms, his better-half bringing up the rear enveloped in easy holiday attire and loaded with naught but a sunshade and face that "left" the Venus a Milo.

"Ay, there's the rub!" as the bootblack said when about to shine a pstron's shoes that had just been oiled.

'Tis not that there isn't good subjects enough,
That doth puzzle the young would-be poet;
'Tis not that he's lacking in syntax at all,
When he'd like through some stanzas to go it;
'Tis not that his spelling's deficient, which keeps
Him from writing his verse any neater;
But this is the reason: he'll never succeed,
For he can't get the hang of the metre!

Man
At the play:
Hat
In his way;
Can't
See the stage,—
Soul
Full of rage;
Swear
Words are said
At
Girl just ahead.

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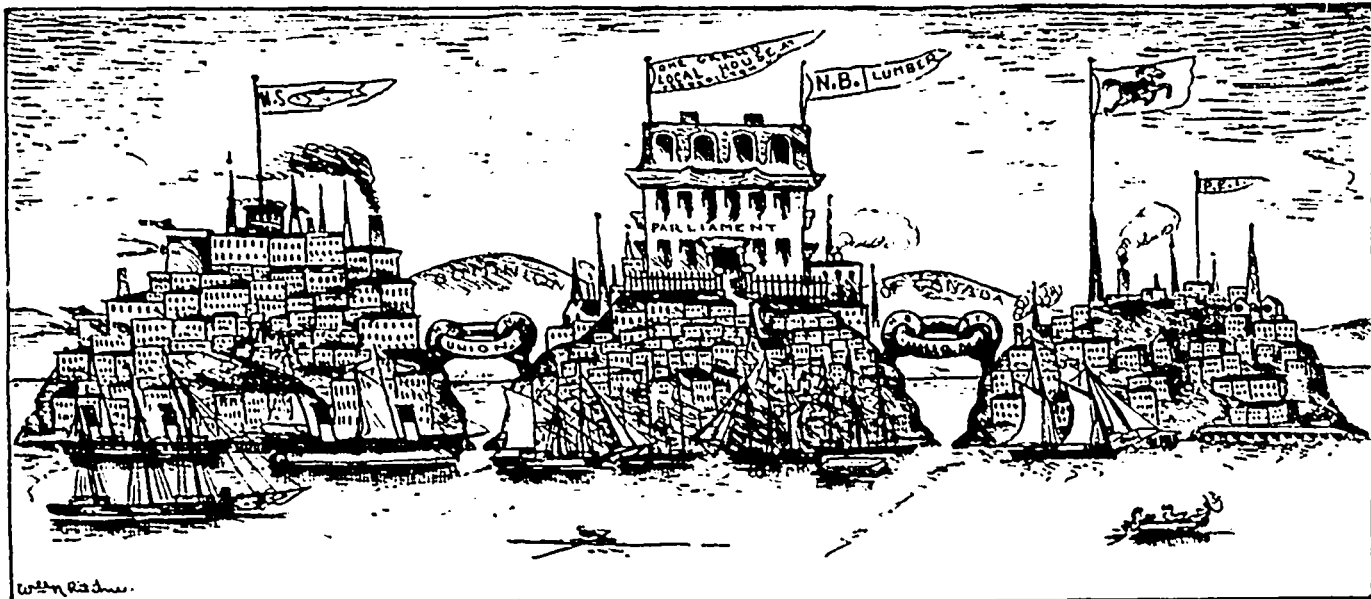
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MARITIME UNION.

BITS OF FUN.

"Do battle of de-nial" is over.
 "The way of the world"—Round and 'round.
 "Did you put it in with tacks or putty?" asked a merc' ant traveller for a Pittsburg glass house, as he gazed in an absent minded way at the hotel clerk's diamond.
 "Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" whispered the young lawyer. "No, boss, de jury am all right, but I wants to challenge the jedge I has been 'victed twice before under him, an' maybe he's 'ginning to hab a prejudice against me."
 A pretty widow, who had buried three husbands in quick succession, chanced to visit the cemetery with a gallant, who seemed rather backward about uttering the fatal question. "Oh, my dear," she said, in the midst of her sobs, "it would probably be for you for whom I shed these tears, if you had only shown a little more courage."
 A Texas judge, who is the perfection of dignity on the bench, swore in as a witness a rather frivolous looking young female. "What is your name?" asked the judge. "Dolly Dimple."
 "Where do you reside?" The witness giggled, and replied: "What's the use of me telling you where I live! You wouldn't call on me anyhow, would you, judge?"
 "When was Rome built?" asked the young lady teacher of her fourteen-year-old terror.
 "In the night," was the prompt reply.
 "Where in the world did you get that information?" gasped the young lady.
 "Oh, it's a well-known fact that Rome was not built in a day; so it must have been built in a night. I'm flip, I am."

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Plymouth Rock is said to be washing away. This is the first time we ever heard of the thing stirring.
 "Boss," said an old negro, "I wants yer ter write a lub letter fur me."
 "Well, what do you want to say?"
 "W'y, jes say eberything whut yer ken think o' at do present. Say suthin' dat 'll make her think dat I'so powerful smart. Write de letter, boss, so she kain't read it. Den she'll think I'so smart. Er, haw, she'll think I'so er lawyer sho 'nuff."
 In paying for his pew at church, Dobeon received in change fourteen buttons and seven tin tobacco tags.
 "Do you know, said he, unabashed, to the treasurer, "I couldn't for the life of me think where I lost these buttons. You count them in as quarters, don't you?"
 "Yes, you'll find the records of this church are very complete. We keep a close watch on the plate."
 Enraged candidate: "Thought you were going to vote for me?"
 "Who said so?"
 "You did."
 "Oh, well, I told you so politically. Some time ago you slandered an epponent and excused yourself on political grounds. In business you might regard my action as dishonest; but in politics, my dear fellow, no man of sense ever exercises his honor. Give me a light, please."
 A well known citizen had been arrested on a charge of forging a check. A number of acquaintances were discussing the sensation when one of them remarked.
 "I never had any confidence in him."
 "I had unbounded confidence in him," responded the bear-eyed man. "I am something of a physiognomist, and the first time I saw the fellow I trusted him."
 "How?"
 "I borrowed a couple of dollars of him, and so steadfast has ever been my faith in his integrity that I have never asked him to allow me to return the amount."

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

Not Afraid of Burglars.

"It's a joke on me, of course, but I'll give it to you fellows," said a Cass farm man to a little group in the City Hall yesterday. "I have a great fear of burglars. When I go to bed I want to know that every door and window is securely fastened. About a month ago we changed hired girls, and the new-comer was very careless about the doors o' nights. On two or three occasions I came down stairs at midnight to find a window up or the back door unlocked. I cautioned her, but it did no good. I therefore determined to put up a job on her. I got some false whiskers and a old rig, and one night about 11 o'clock I crept up the back stairs to her room. She was snoring away like a trooper, but the minute I struck a match she awoke. I expected a great yelling and screaming but nothing of the sort took place. She bounced out of bed with a 'You villain!' on her lips, seized a chair by the back and before I had made a move she knocked me to my knees. Before I could get out of the room she struck me again, and it was only after I had tumbled down the back stairs that she gave the alarm. Then she went through to my room-rapped on the door and coolly announced:
 "Mr. Blank, please get up—I've killed a burglar."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A sign in a Western bar-room reads: "Gentlemen shooting at the bar keeper will please try to avoid hitting the mirrors, which are the largest in the State and a credit to the town."

In the Sandwich Islands a man's mother-in-law does not visit him without his permission—N. B. This is not intended as an advertisement for the line of steamers plying between London and Honolulu.

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Written for THE JURY.

IDEALS.

BY NINEPHUS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

I declare, I'm just as mad as ever I can be! It's all very well for those exceedingly prim and proper people to be so down on me for flirting; but I'm a Fredlington girl, and everybody knows that a Fredlington girl can't just stop flirting to save her life.

"Let girls exert themselves to flirt,
For 'tis their nature to."

There, that's my parody on Dr. Watts, and a very good one it is too, considering; for I'm not in the least bit intellectual, and never mean to be. I leave all that to Charley.

Speaking of Charley reminds me of my trouble, for he is the root of it all. Everybody blames me and talks about my flightiness and willfulness; but I can tell you that if I hadn't been engaged to Charley Spence it never would have happened. He was so quiet, so dry, and so dull that I was absolutely forced to do something sensational to remind myself that I was alive. And that begins it all.

Let me see. How did it happen that I was engaged to Charley? Oh, yes; I did it to make Carrie Dean jealous, and a dreadful time I had of it too.

You see, Carrie Dean was a frightful little goose, and was altogether different from the rest of us girls. She never made eyes at the men or tried to attract masculine attention; she never talked slang, and I don't believe she would have smoked a cigarette to save her life. Oh, she was a dull, namby-pamby, goody-goody girl if ever there was one. In addition to that she pretended to be very intellectual, and I don't see how she ever expected to become a success with men when she put on airs like that. None of them ever like that kind of thing. They only like women who know nothing and who pretend to look up to them with admiration. I was always very popular with them.

We were all awfully surprised when she and Charley began to go together. I was too mad for anything, so I determined I would foil her if I could. We had all tried to smash Charley, for he was very nice looking and people said that his family was very well off. But not one of us had been able to get him on the string yet. To think of that horrid thing, who had not a bit of st- or dash about her, succeeding where we had all failed, was too much for me.

So all at once I got very much interested in Charley. I got him to read poetry to me and contrived to look interested when he did so, and I kept looking up in his eyes in an admiring kind of way, and kept uttering innocent affectionate little speeches; and one day I had my reward. He brought a diamond ring to me, and in dreadfully high flown language asked me to wear it for his sake. Gracious, I didn't understand one half he said, but you may be sure I wasn't slow in taking the ring. That diamond was just too lovely for anything.

Well, there was a big fuss made over our engagement. Even pa was pleased, and I guess that's the only time he ever approved of anything I did. Somehow pa never seemed to appreciate me.

"Now remember, Ida," he said, in an awful way that sent my poor little heart into my dear little boots, "there is to be no trifling with young Spence, mind that. I don't see what he sees in you to admire. But I respect him, and you are to behave yourself this time. Do you hear?"

Now wasn't that horrid of pa? But that's just like him. He's always making unpleasant remarks. He's a dreadful old man to put up with.

Of course Carrie Dean was wretched. She carried it off well; but I'm cute enough and could easily see through her little arts. So for a time I enjoyed myself immensely until the excitement over our engagement died down and then I began to be bored.

For, you see, Charley was so intellectual that he would read poetry and high-flown novels to me, and that almost killed me. He was kind enough, gave me lots of presents and took me everywhere; but I was wild for a little flirtation and found life too dull for anything. At last I made up my mind that I'd quarrel with Charley, if only for the excitement of it.

For a long time I couldn't find anything to quarrel about, even though I was "spilin' for a fight." There was simply no fault to be found with Charley's devotion to me.

So things went on until one day when I was returning from town feeling desparate. I had two reasons for feeling miserable, and felt just ready to cry. In the first place I had seen a girl I hated, Tilly Herbert, with a new hat on, such as I had dreamed of for myself. Oh, it had a lovely expensive look about it that fairly made my mouth water. To think of that horrid thing having it!

But that wasn't all. When I met Tilly she was walking with one of the grandest looking men I ever saw. It is not in my power to describe him, so I shall leave his dark, splendid, wicked delightfulness to your imagination. That is just the style I admire.

And to think that I didn't dare even to look sideways at him for fear that horrid Tilly would tell on me. Oh, it was just too horrid for anything.

Just as I was crossing one of the quietest and most romantic streets in the place I saw a sight which made my heart leap. Just on the shady side opposite to me I saw Charley and Carrie Dean walking up and down, so busily engaged in conversation that they didn't even see me. Now did you ever?

Well, I was mad as a hornet. The very idea of Charley Spence pretending to be the pink of perfection and then acting in this way. Oh, I determined to make him pay dearly for it all.

So when he came to see me that night the chilling hauteur of my manner, combined with the crushing satire of my remarks, fairly made him squirm. He was so surprised that he actually began to grow affectionate. Most men don't know how to do anything else but spoon, but Charley was different.

"Ida," he said, after he had endured my manner for about an hour, "what is the matter with you to-night?"

"Did I say anything was the matter?" I asked icily.

"No, but you acted it. You are not at all like my ideal now."

"Oh, indeed," I cried scornfully, "that's too bad. You are always making a fuss about me being your ideal, and I should think you'd be ashamed to after the way you've been behaving. Tell you what, Charley Spence, your not a bit like my ideal either."

"Oh," in a tone of grave amusement; "so you have an ideal?"

"Yes, indeed I have. I saw him to-day, and he's tall and dark and grand looking, like Rochester in 'Jane Eyre.' So, there."

Now this description is the exact opposite of Charley, who is quite fair, with clear-cut features and quiet, gray eyes. His style is real gentlemanly and nice, and I used to feel real proud of him sometimes.

"Ida," he said, pleasantly, after a short pause, "won't you please explain why you are so angry with me?"

"Yes," I snapped, "when you tell me what you found so interesting in Miss Dean this morning."

He changed color. Oh, the mean thing. I didn't find him out any too soon.

"So," he said, slowly, at length, "that is your trouble, is it? Well, I can tell you nothing."

"Charley Spence," I said, solemnly, "if you don't tell me at once all about it I shall flirt with my ideal."

"I shall give you no information whatever," said the obstinate creature, turning pale, "neither shall you flirt. That is something I cannot allow."

Well, we wrangled on for about an hour, and then I began to cry. Whereupon that hateful Charley, instead of trying to soothe me, left the house in a huff.

The very next day I had my revenge. I went to take tea with a friend of mine and she introduced me to a Mr. Gaylord, a gentleman who was boarding with them. He was my ideal. Of course I succeeded in mashing him the very first night, and, goodness, how I flirted for the next few days! Charley never came near me, but when we met he just looked daggers at me. I didn't care a bit. It was real exciting fun for me. All the girls were wild with jealousy, and Tilly looked mad enough to tear my eyes out. I don't care, I did enjoy myself. Of course I only meant to flirt a little with my new friend

and then make up with Charley. But Mr. Gaylord soon became hard to manage. He was wild about me, and was one of the most excitable men I ever saw. Like Charley, he was all the time raving about me and calling me his ideal. He would have given me lovely presents if I had let him, only I didn't care. Matters came to a climax one beautiful moonlight night when I had promised Mr. Gaylord to go out rowing with him. How mad I was that night, for I had just received a note from Charley saying that Tilly had informed him of the promise I had made to Mr. Gaylord. That engagement must be broken or I would have to bid farewell forever to Charley Spence.

"Well, of all the cheeky notes that takes the cake!" I said, and I crushed it in my pocket and set out for the river bank, where I had promised to meet Mr. Gaylord. He was waiting for me, standing quite near the water's edge, gazing up at the moonlight; and oh, the wild, blazing, lurid look in his eyes as he turned them towards me.

I don't think if I was to live for a century I should ever forget the next few minutes. He sprang towards me as I approached, and seizing me by the shoulders began dragging me towards the water, in spite of my screams and struggles. In a flash I realized that I was in the grasp of a lunatic who was trying to drown me.

"My little ideal!" he shrieked, wildly; "my bride, that I have dreamed of! my little affinity!" (Such names to call one.) "You have come at last. Welcome, welcome! Do you remember, darling, our pre-existent state, when we were fishes? We will return to that life and end this one! We will go together to that mystic, radiant, changeful brightness—that effulgence—that weird glory—that—"

All the rest seems like a dream. I can remember faintly seeing two men seize him and hearing one of them say:

"There, you're safe now, Miss. Lucky we was near or you'd been in kingdom come by this time. He escaped from the asylum ten days ago and this has been our first chance to nab him. Oh, his deep, and he's dangerous, he is."

There, if that is not an experience to go through, I don't know what is. The whole place is excited about it yet. But the worst of it is that Charley won't speak to me and our engagement is broken. I heard yesterday that Carrie Dean had been trying to get Charley to help her brother out of some trouble. I suppose that was the dreadful secret of their interviews. Of course they will be engaged next. Oh, dear.

Pa is hoppin' mad at me. He has shut me up in this room for two days, and, true's you live, I've had nothing but buttered bread and tea in all that time. I've cried my eyes nearly out and my nose is not fit to be seen. Isn't that dreadful?

Yes, Charley Spence is to blame for it all. I shall never have an ideal again, and I hope no one will ever make one of me.

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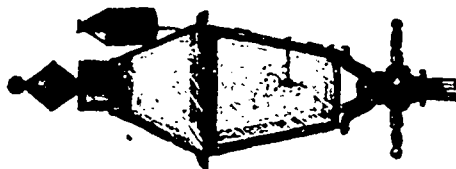
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DANIEL HATFIELD

"The Eagle and the Rhinoceros."

A FABLE FOR POETS AND SUCH AS WISH TO BECOME POETS.

The eagle said to the rhinoceros
Whom foraging one day he chanced to cross:
"Indeed thou art a despicable haast;
Of poesy in thee is not the least!
Whilst I, who fix the sun with fearless sight,
What poet envies not me my bold flight?"

Then the rhinoceros, in placid tone,
Spoke: "Poets envy not thee, bird, alone;
When his bold flights as consequences bring
Full many a pointed, free, unpleasant thing
From critics—in his galled, writhing pride,
What poet envies not me my thick hide?"



"LINNET" ROBERTS.

Business with the Pastor.

Young man: What is your charge, Mr. Payson, for tying the knot?

Minister: Oh, we'll call it ten dollars.

Young man: I can get better figures from Mr. Byron.

Minister: Well, it's against my principles to enter into competition with any brother of the cloth, but on this occasion I'll do it at Brother Byron's figures. But let it be a cash transaction. I'm tired of doing this kind of thing on time.

By and by, perhaps, if we wait, Dr. Mary Walker, Carl Schurz and O'Donovan Rossa will go through the Niagara rapids in a tub. We have it on the best authority that the police will not interfere.

One of the most remarkable things in that remarkable country, Mexico, is that all the new-boys are girls. Still they are trying to do better, and may, if let alone.

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