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# JURY



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

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY, FROM THE OFFICE, 54 GERMAIN ST.

Vol. 2. ST. JOHN, N B., MAY 9, 1887. No 7.



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

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

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- JAMES ARMSTRONG, Fairville.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 9, 1887.

The Foreman of the Jury and his Remarks.



THE result of the civic elections is now too well known to need comment, but we take this opportunity to deliver a few words of timely counsel to the new mayor and aldermen. The financial condition of St. John is at present far from satisfactory and to all appearances will not improve for some time to come; therefore it is essential that the new mayor and council guard well the expenditure for the coming year,—make it as economical as possible. Public money is a public trust, and the members of the council should bear in mind that they are elected by the people to look well after the interests of the city and its people generally and not to play into the hands of a few contractors and manipulators who live only to plunder

the public chest. We sincerely hope that the new council will discharge the duties with which they are invested to the honor of themselves and the city.

\*\*\*

THE Queens County seat in Parliament appears to have created

considerable feeling among the New Brunswick liberals. The hope of unseating Mr. Baird by a committee of the House will of course prove unsuccessful, as matters of that kind are decided in law courts. Mr. Baird will undoubtedly hold the seat for the remainder of the session at least, but whether he will retain possession of it for the remainder of the term time and the law courts will determine. No doubt Mr. King feels dissatisfied at the stand the affair has taken, but we presume that his supporters will fight hard to regain the seat.

\*\*\*

IN our next issue we will exhibit a picture that will create a sensation in one circle at least in this city. This picture will, we hope, decide a question of vital importance to St. John. That our suggestion will be greeted with considerable opposition by the parties concerned we know, but we also know that it is a fair and honest suggestion, one that will prove very popular with the people. We would advise all readers of this issue to be sure and purchase a copy of the next issue of JURY in expectation of a treat.

\*\*\*

'Tis a great pity that our police do not look up those roughs who uproot trees on our public squares. Two trees recently planted in Queens Square, one by Mr. Wm. Duffell in memory of his brother, and another by the members of Wellington No. 1 Hose Company, have been torn up by some roughs a few nights ago. If an example was made by a few of these rascals being sent to jail the thing would, no doubt, be stopped.

\*\*\*

THE action of the *Daily Telegraph* last Saturday in publishing the article on street cleaning had the effect of placing Mr. Connell, the contractor, in a very unenviable position before the public of this city. The *Telegraph's* report was, in our estimation, very wrongfully given and rather premature as well, as the month had not expired at the time the *Telegraph* came out on Saturday. A great many of the streets were cleaned on Saturday, the last day before the expiration of the month, making the *Telegraph's* report poor authority for the truth of the matter. Then, again, the weather the last month was very much against street cleaning, even Saturday bringing a snow storm as heavy as in February, which, with the rain storm, made it impossible for the work to proceed. With the new watering carts and other facilities which are now in course of construction Mr. Connell will in future have the streets cleaned and watered as they never were before. Every sensible person will admit that the weather of April was seriously against street cleaning, and therefore, we think, considering everything, the work was well done.

A New Brunswick Industry.

Those persons who are ever deploring the sickness of business and who are deep seating in their minds the imaginary belief that the commercial depression extends into all branches of trade and manufactures should pay an hour's visit to the New Brunswick Cordage Works, owned and managed by T. Connor & Sons. A representative of JURY spent over an hour there inspecting the works and methods used in producing the ropes, etc., of which we every day see so much and of the construction of which we know so little. Machinery with all the latest modern improvements is used, and ropes and fishing twines of every size and description are spun with marvellous neatness and despatch. Ropes of twenty-two inches in circumference have there been manufactured. The New Brunswick Cordage Works, which is the largest in the Dominion, does an extensive business in Upper Canada and the United States. Business at present is booming, giving constant work to about one hundred and twenty persons. The main ropewalk is twelve hundred and fifty feet long.



ST. JOHN'S FAVORITE, ANDY FLAHERTY

Selected for JURY.

## Happy Thoughts

(Burdette.)

There is a parrot in Marshalltown, Iowa, that is fifty years old, but it can say "Pollywolla kowackwah" just as plainly and just as many hundred thousand times a day, as it could when Iowa was a howling wilderness.

\*\*\*

(Mark Twain.)

To "Young Author."—Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send us is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you want, for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middle-sized whales.

\*\*\*

(Bill Nye.)

Squaw Jim on religion: ". . . Mind you, I don't pretend to be up on the plan of salvation, and so far as vicarious atonement goes, I don't know even who is the author of it, but I've got a kind of hand-made religion that suits me. It ain't the protuberant kind. It don't protrude into other people's way like a sore thumb. All-wool religion don't go 'round with a chip on its shoulder looking for a personal deal. If I had time, I might monkey with speculative science and expose the plan of creation, but I really haven't the leisure. I say this, however, I think sometimes when

my little half-breed girl comes to me in the evening in her night-dress, and kneels by me with her little brown face in between my knees, and with my hard hands in her unbraided hair, that she's got something better than speculative science. When she says:—

'Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

and I know that a million more little angels are saying that same thing, at that same hour, to that same imaginary God, I say to myself, if that is a vain, empty infatuation, b'essed be that holy infatuation. If that's a wild and crazy delusion, let me always be deluded. If forty millions of chubby little angels bow their dimpled knees every evening to a false and foolish tradition, let me do so too. If I die, then I will be in good company even if I go no farther than the clouds of the valley."

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A POEM OF PASSION.

(Burdette.)

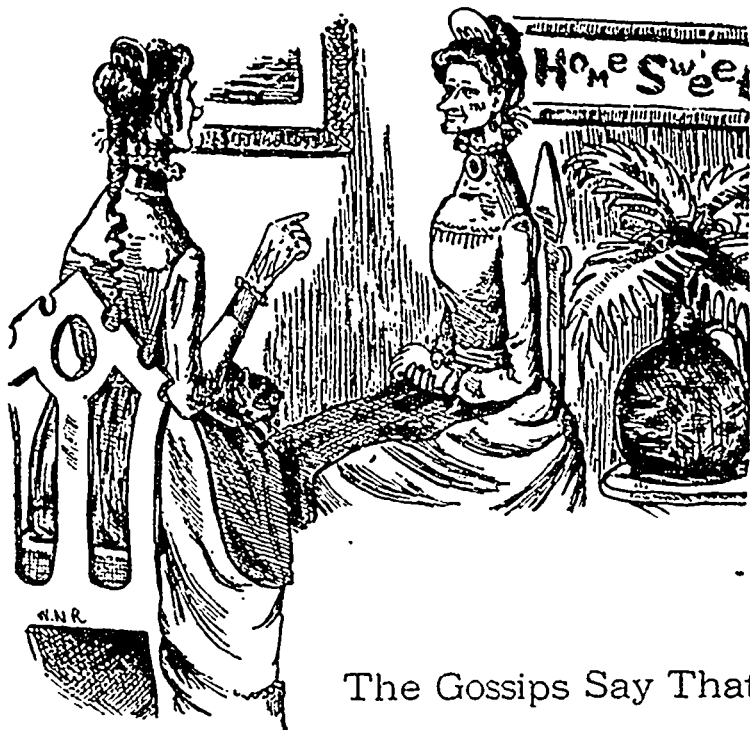
Press me closer, all my own,  
Warms my heart for thee alone.  
Every sense responsive thrills,  
Each care my being fills;  
Rest and peace in vain I crave,  
In ecstasy I live, thy slave;  
Drowned with hope, with promise blest,  
Thou dost reign upon my breast,  
Closer still, for I am thine,  
Burns my heart, for thou art mine,  
Thou the message, I the wire,  
I the furnace, thou the fire;  
I the servant, thou the master—  
Roaring, red-hot mustard plaster!

WOMEN-MEN.—Women jump at conclusions and generally hit. Men reason things out logically and generally miss it. When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan. When a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar. Some women cannot pass a millinery store without looking in; some men cannot pass a saloon without going in. A woman never can pass a baby without wanting to run to it. A man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it. A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women can see it. A man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it. A man of fashion hates the rain because it disarranges the set of his pantaloons. A woman of fashion hates rain because it disarranges her complexion; when a woman wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages, he spends two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

BILLY.

## Enjoy Life.

What a truly beautiful world we live in? Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof that *Green's August Flower* will make them free from disease as when born. Dyspepsia and liver complaint are the direct cause of seventy five per cent. of such maladies as biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, costiveness, nervous prostration, dizziness of the head, palpitation of the heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of *August Flower* will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.



The Gossips Say That

Work will commence this week on the street railway.

JURY's picture of the Attorney-General in last issue was a good un.

John V. Ellis is holding back to deal later on this session with the "Winter Port" question.

The *Globe* should give us a little of the Genesis—they have been giving us so much of the Exodus lately.

The "Short Line" will be completed in November of this year, bringing Montreal within thirteen hours' ride from St. John. The shortest line at present is thirty-six hours.

'Tis an imposition to ask New Brunswickers to send a donation to England to help found an Imperial Institute, unless we except Maritime Bank money.

### ANOTHER OPEN LETTER.

PECCAVI! PECCAVI!

SOBANDGRIN HALL, April, 1887.

To the Editor:

I saw an item going the rounds once, to the effect that an "open winter" is generally one that is open at both ends and the wind blowing through it. Whether the same definition will apply to this "open letter" I will leave to your own judgment.

I can't say that I really owe you a letter, but I concluded I would try to give vent to my surcharged feelings to-night through the medium of pen and ink—violet ink, made from diamond dye. That last remark reminds me that it is her diamond eye that has etched its tracery across the palpitating heart of New Brunswick's humorist. [Reference, a back number of JURY.] Not to say, at all, that her eye is four-cornered, like a geometrical diamond. What I do mean is that from the liquid depths of her orbs there flashes and darts such genial fire as rivals the moon in all her argentiferous refulgence\*, and such as makes even the lights o' Portland feel languid themselves. But all this, however, is digression. What I started out to say was —; but, on second thought, perhaps I had better drive right along and let the subject-matter of this epistle of St. John develop itself. It may not be disclosed till next issue—perhaps never! Who knows? Well, my own nose for that matter. What, the subject matter? Well, — that matter. What,

\* Estimates furnished on application.

the subject-matter? Well, — what, ho, without there! Muriate of cocaine for one!

'Tis the gentle spring-time, Annie, and you cannot get a "hunk" of genuine maple sugar if you were willing to pay ten dollars an ounce for it. The last remaining traces of the beautiful snow are resolving themselves into silvery rivulets and go dashing and laughing down the hillsides and next week we're going to yank thirty-nine yards of past generation carpet from its moorings and pound respectability into it with a broom handle in the back-yard of to-day. The hoary frost-king has relaxed his icy grasp, and once more dame Nature prepares to deck herself in green — and, about this time of year, the chances are that it will be a hurricane deck, with storm fixtures. But, to change the digression.

Hanging up in the room in which I am at present writing, I have a collection of photographs of some six or eight personages whose names are inscribed high upon the tablets of humoristic literature, and while examining them the thought will ever protrude itself, why is it that humorists always look so disconsolate and weary of life? Who ever saw a portrait of a smiling humorist? I never did, and this is a subject in which I do most decidedly love to revel. It is my hobby. Every one, I believe, has a hobby of some sort. One person makes a collection of postage stamps. Another's tastes take an equine trend, and he fills his stables with noble specimens of man's four-footed friend. The poor benighted heathen on the sun-parched islands of the Pacific, he has his hobby. Give him a missionary, done to suit his taste, and he is supremely beatific. And so on, and so on. And thus it is with your humble correspondent. My hobby is humor, and humorists, and all that thereunto appertains. But, to return.

There are certain people who think that, because a man's profession is that of "doing his fellows good with the medicine of a laugh," he is necessarily a natural born idiot, and that his face wears a continual grin like Main street, Portland, in summer, when they're laying a sewer, or fixing gas-pipes, or water-pipes, or—or—or—OR! This idea is erroneous in the extreme. Often a man's choicest morsels of mirthful fancy are written at a time when his heart is bowed down with a sorrow not to be expressed by tongue or pen.

Did we but know thoroughly the inner lives of our humorous writers, we would find that they are all, with very few exceptions, subject to melancholia, caused possibly by the fact that their labor in the literary field is such a continual strain in one direction that in their private lives their minds involuntarily run in the opposite direction. The gloomy, apparently care-worn expression in Mark Twain's face suggests not the features of a funnyman, but rather those of the young man whose best girl's heart has had a change of venue. And while Bill Nye's physiognomy is not exactly sorrow-laden, there is a sober earnestness that is rather a startler to one who has read much of his writings.

Another case, I think, of the thoughtful expression of the humorists features is that they are, in fact, thoughtful persons. No class of people, perhaps, are greater students of human character, in its varied phases.

Again — however, as this note of hand is pretty well strung out already, I had better stop at once. I want to allow the JURY's advertisers some space in this issue, and so I will conclude with lines from Ella Wheeler-Wilcox:—

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you:

Weep, and you weep alone.

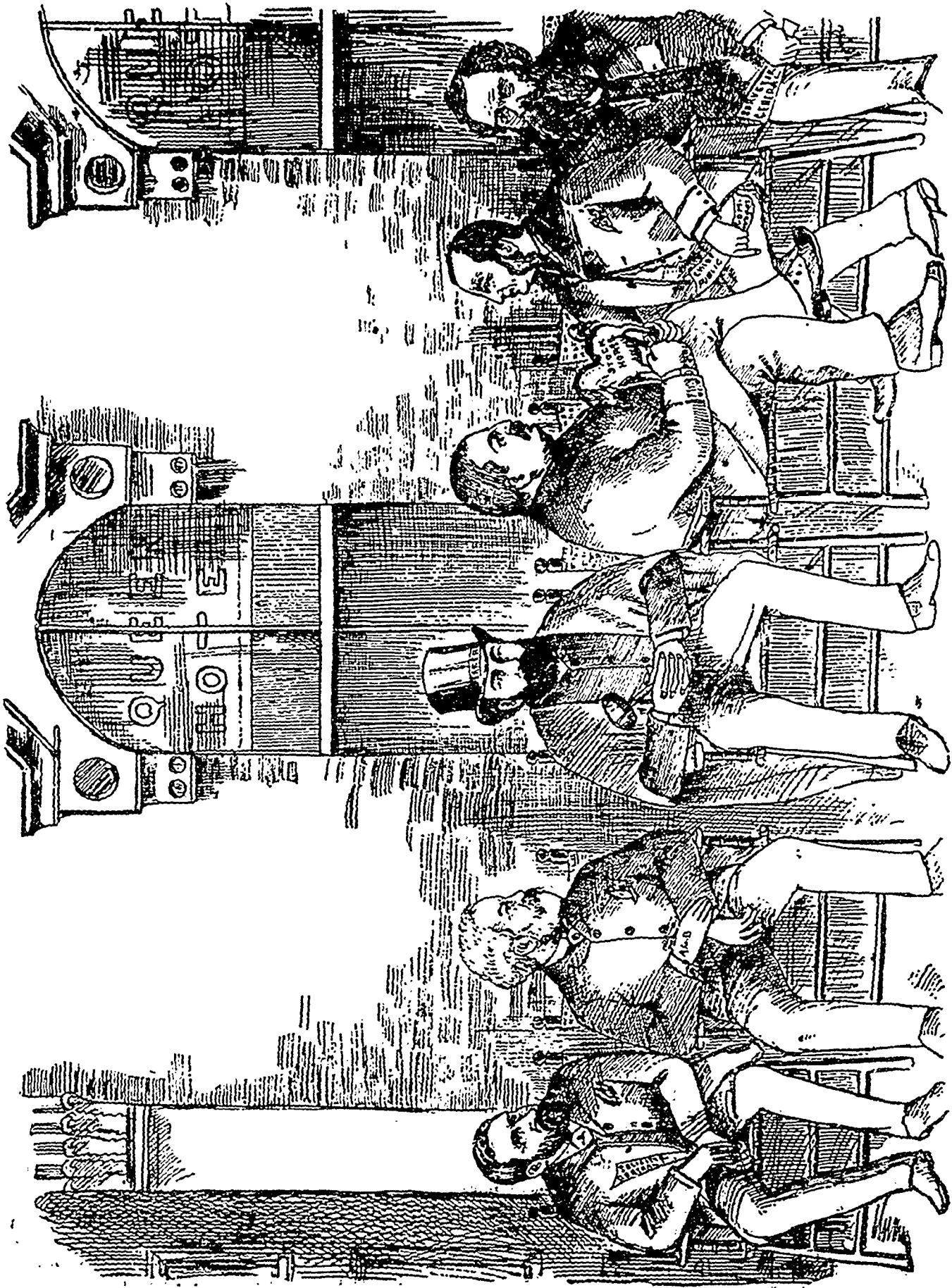
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,

It has troubles enough of its own."

Yours truly,

CASEY TAP.

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WHAT THE SPRING POETS SAY.

BUY GUM!

"By Gum?" said a country girl to me,  
Whom I met one day on the train;  
"I am going to town to look around,  
And I fear that it will rain."

"Oh no, my dear, I can't, I tear;  
But you will sell it sure  
If you carry your sack upon your back  
To Smith's variety store.

HIKE LANCEY.

\* \* \*

HIS LOVING WORDS.

Tender and sweet were the words that he spoke  
Last night as we strolled by the sea:  
"Tender I like my beefsteak cooked,  
And sweet I like my tea."

\* \* \*

THEY ALL SAY IT.

Oh, I'm a solid Grit,  
And I always read the *JURY*;  
So does me brother Pat,  
Though he's a howlin' Tory.

\* \* \*

GOOD REASONS

She's of the upper swell, and I love her well,  
And she's asked me to-night to tea;  
But I cannot go, because, don't you know,  
To-night is our club's annual spree.

\* \* \*

ENOUGH TO GIVE ONE THE BLUGHES.

A sweet little damsel named Hughes  
Was a lover of high-heeled shughes.  
If they ask her the size  
She always replize,  
"Why you know that I always take tughes."

T. M. C.



Rev. Wangdoodle Baxter has something to Say about Barbers.

De subject' ob dis ebenen's discourse am barbers. I has selected dis subject' bekase de cullud race am much addicte' ter barberism, not only in dis kentry but likewise in Africa.

I has heered a heap ob references ter allusions in regard ter barbers, dat dey talks too much and so forth, and I am sorry ter say wid humileashun dat dar am good grounds for hit.

Howsomeber, dar's no danger ob de barber shops goin' outer de bizness so long as de wimin folks cuts dar corns

wid dar husband's best razor. Dis, and de fact dat de aberaga woman can't be conwincend dat hit don't spile a razor ter sharpen hit on a butcher's steel.

Some barbers am too high-toned ter call demsefs barbers. I knowed one who called hissef a tonsilorious artis, physignominal

bar dresser, carnum manipilator, capillery abridger, and professor ob crinecultural abscission. He was one ob dis heah ornery five-cent scab barbers, and de customer what got inter his hans got hissef inter a bad scrape and no mistake. I has heered barbers was surgins originally, and dis sort of barbers am surgins yet. Keep way from 'em.

Talkin' about barbers bein' surgins, de barber shop am not de only place whar folks get skinned alive. Some time hit hurts moah to get shaved in a broker's office or in a law office den hit does in a barber's chair.

De beautiful poick who said, "de fittenest place for man ter dye am whar he dyes for man," must have had a barber shop in his head when he writ dem solemn lines. "De Isles of Greece," I has heered so much about, wasn't dey in a barber shop? Some folks don't preshiate de litterray labors ob de barbers. Dis heah head work takes brains, you jes bet hit does.

Men, and 'specially boys, likos ter be shaved. Shaving a boy am like reducin' expenses, for yer has to cut down. Heah! heah? heah! I had a young men freaten ter sue me for damages. He said, cut off his merstache. I tole him I didn't see hit, and den he got so mad he wanted ter kill me. He couldn't be persuaded dat his whiskers wasn't ripe yet.

De talk what barbers gibs dar customers don't do no hurt. Dey nebber really says nuffin'. When a barber talks to a customer and am sociable-like, he don't mean nuffin' 'cept dat he wants ter scrape an acquaintance. Dat's all. I has heered tell dat de reason dat we don't heah nuffin' more about de phonograf am bekase hit went inter a barber shop and was talked ter death, but I don't believe hit. Hits simply a consult ter de barberous perfeshun.

Most men will stand a clip on de head from a barber, and dey don't lose dar temper ef de barber pulls dar nose besides. Dey wouldn't take dat from nobody else 'ceptin' a barber. Before I tuok ter preachin' I was a tonsorial artis mysself. I once tole a man wid mighty little har on his head dat he needed a bottle ob my Magic Har Restorer and Electrical Elixir, but he shuck his head werry solum like and said dat hit wasn't har restorer so much as hit wat a divorce what he needed. I guess arter all he knowed best wha' ne wanted.

I has also heered dat in Chicago you could see wimin at the polls and dat dar was lots ob fomale barbers. Hit strikes me dis move am shear nonsense, and nuffin' else.

When I was a tonsorial artis I had more change in my pocket den I has had sence I has been preachin' de gospil. Uncle Mose, please pass de hat.

"I understand, Clara, that your old beau, Smythe, is going to marry Miss Robinson," said Ella. "Girls often do that when they intend to go to housekeeping." "Do what?" "Why, take a flat." —*New York Sun*.

"Chestnuts!" yelled several persons in the gallery at the minstrel show. "That's right, gentlemen," responded Bones. "If you don't get what you want, ask for it." —*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Wife to husband—"I don't suppose that there is a man in the country whose sayings are repeated more than those of Mr. Talmage."—Husband—"Yes; and that accounts for the fact that he is always bilious." Wife—"Bilious! Why, what has that to do with it?" Husband—"Don't you see? Can't you understand anything? His tongue is 'quoted.'" —*Arkansaw Traveller*.

THEY ARBITRATED.—An old tramp who had agreed to saw wood for half an hour for his breakfast from a Baltimore woman quit at the seventh stick and said: "Madame, I have struck for more breakfast and less wood; are you willing to arbitrate?" "Certainly," she replied, and she left the case in the hands of her bulldog, who ran the tramp half a mile and decided that the lockout was inevitable. —*Exchange*.





KNIGHTING THE TEMPERANCE MAYOR.

Lansdowne: "Rise, Sir Henry!"

## Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

All husbands find fault with their meals. I know this to be true, because Mr. Bowser says so. I think it nothing strange when Mr. Bowser sits down to his dinner and begins:—

"Humph! Same old corn beef!"

"Yes, my dear; it's the same corned beef you ordered as you went down this morning."

"Oh, it is! I didn't know but it was some I ordered a year ago! What do you call these things?"

"Potatoes, of course."

"Potatoes, eh! I'll try and remember that name. And what's this?"

"Cabbage, my love."

"Oh! I didn't know but what it was wood pulp, my love! Was this bread made since the war?"

"Certainly. It is only two days old."

"Humph! Buying some poor coffee again, I see! Look at that! That stuff looks as if it was dipped out of a mud-hole!"

"But you ordered this very coffee yourself only night before last."

He growls and eats, and eats and growls and I've got used to it. It's only now and then that he proceeds to violence. The other day he expressed his fondness for pumpkin pie, and I ordered the cook to make two or three. We had one brought on at supper, and as soon as Mr. Bowser saw it he sternly inquired:—

"What do you call that performance there? When was it born? and where is it going?"

"Mr. Bowser, you said you wanted some pumpkin pie."

"Yes."

"Well, here it is, and as good a one as you ever ate. I made it myself, after mother's favorite recipe."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you call that pumpkin pie?"

"I do, sir."

"Then I want to be a branded fool! What do you take me for, anyway? Don't you suppose I was eating pumpkin pies before you were born?"

"Why isn't it a pumpkin pie?"

"Why isn't it a boot-leg a boot? Where is your other crust?"

"But pumpkin pies never have any upper crust."

"Don't they? Mrs. Bowser, you can deceive the cook, for she is a confiding foreigner, and you can stuff most any yarn down our poor little baby, but don't try to bamboozle me. It won't work. I'm glad for your sake that my mother isn't here to laugh at you."

In two days I had a letter from his mother, affirming that there was no upper crust to a pumpkin pie, and I brought my own mother over in the flesh as a further witness, but what did Mr. Bowser do but loudly exclaim:

"Bosh! You old women have forgotten half you knew. You are thinking about pudding and milk, you are. Of course there is no upper crust to pudding and milk, and I never said there was."

He cost me a good girl last week by one of his whims. I happened to wonder aloud during the evening if she had put her bread to raise, when he promptly enquired:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know why bread raises?"

"Because of the yeast."

"But why does the yeast expand the dough?"

"Because it does."

"Exactly. You also live because you do, and that's all you know about it! You ought to be ashamed of your ignorance of natural philosophy. I'll see if the girl knows

any better."

He went out and inquired:

"Jane, have you put the bread to raise?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you expect it to raise?"

"Of course."

"Why don't you expect it to fall?"

"Are you running this kitchen?" she sharply demanded.

"Virtually, yes. My object is to see how well you are posted on natural philosophy. Why does the bread rise instead of fall?"

"Because it's a fool, and I'm another for staying in a place where a man is allowed to hen-huzzy about the kitchen! I'll leave in the morning!"

And leave she did, and all the consolation I got from Mr. Bowser as he came up to dinner was:

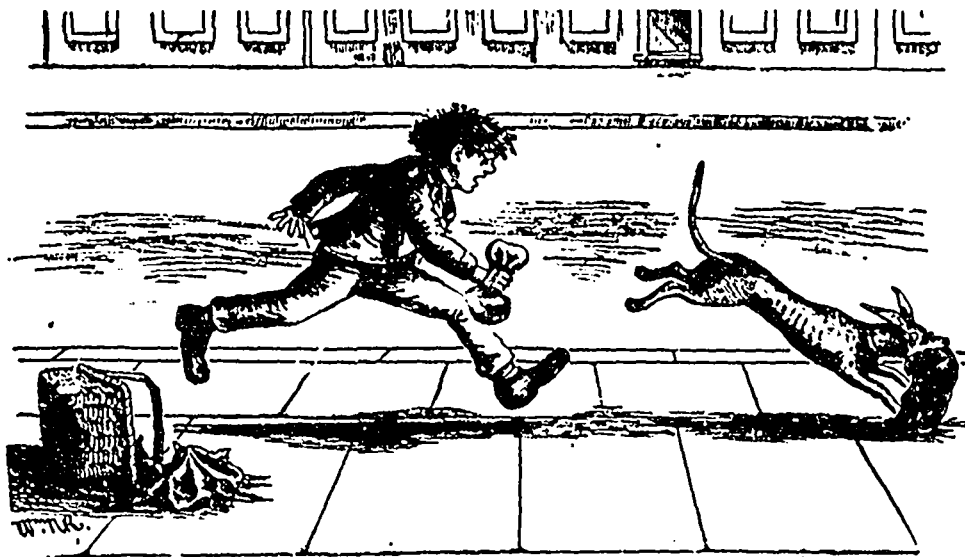
"It's a good thing she left. She might have mixed something together which would have caused our deaths. Come now, hurry up the dinner."

Mr. Bowser has improved some in the direction of taking care of the baby. I can now leave them together as long as fifteen minutes, without fear that one will kill the other by trying some experiment. They had been alone about seven minutes the other day while I was upstairs, and when I came down Mr. Bowser seemed quite agitated, and whispered to me:

"I've suspected it all along!"

"What?"

"That our child is somewhat of a monstrosity! Look at that!"



“WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEE(A)T AGAIN?”

And he pointed to the soft spot on the child's head where a throb could be detected.

“Every child has the same,” I replied, in a reassuring voice.

“Oh! they have, eh! What infant's asylum have you been matron of? Perhaps I married the mother instead of the daughter! I tell you that's a freak of nature, that is, and I shan't be surprised to come home any day and find a horn beginning to sprout!”—*Detroit Free Press.*

### The Old Burial Ground.

We call the special attention of Mayor Thorne and associates at the council to the condition of the enclosure round the old Burial Ground. Before the city directly or indirectly gives anything for the erection of an “Imperial Institute” in London, it should remember there is a duty due to its dead. No better way of honoring the Queen than by honoring the remains of those who were loyal to the crown of her ancestors. We suggest to the civic authorities they should pay an early visit to the old graveyard. JURY will be happy to be with them.

### LOCAL VERDICTS.

Lime juice—Whitewash.

What does it cost to “bye the bye”?

Footprints on the sands of time—Treading on an hour glass.

Special attention is directed to the advertisement of Mr. James Hunter in another column of this paper. Every person occupying a house should read his announcement carefully.

What is the difference between “Deacon” McLellan, M. P. P., and the jubilee year? While one brought out a number of horses the other brought out a number of mayors.

Bill Nye informs us that he has just signed a contract, at a good big figure, to write exclusively for the New York *World* for one year at least. The *World* has an Nye to business.—*Maple Leaf.* The *World's* wisdom is unde-Nye-able.

GENUINE GERMAN MUSTARD.—Mr. F. Mundee, north side King Square, has just received a large stock of the above mustard, put up in pint bottles, ready for immediate use. Persons wishing first-class German Mustard are requested to give him a call. Grocers supplied.

Mr. J. Kemp, of Mill Street, Portland, has just received a large stock of choice cigars labelled “The Portland Beauty.” These

cigars are manufactured expressly for Mr. Kemp and will be found something very choice for the money. All lovers of the weed are invited to call and inspect these cigars. Price five cents each.

Messrs. Coles & Parsons have removed into their new store, 90 Charlotte street, where they have now on hand a good assortment of stoves, ranges, tinware, &c. All orders will be promptly attended to and all their old customers and new ones are cordially invited to call and inspect their stock. Jobbing promptly attended to.

The eight round glove contest between Joe Tole and Jack Powers both of St. John, took place in the Roller Rink on the evening of April 18th. The men were in fine condition, Powers being slightly the heavier of the two. The first round was ended with honors evenly divided. The second round was decidedly in favor of Powers. Third and fourth rounds were about even, neither man appearing to have an advantage. Before the fifth round was called Detective Ring stepped upon the stage and stopped the proceedings. The referee declared the fight a draw.



CASEY TAP.—Thanks, very much.

HANK LANCEY.—Will attend to the other later on.

HIRAM SPOOK.—Did he “wet” his new suit.

“You want to buy a stove? Certainly, ma'am. What kind of a stove?”

“Well, we're just married and think of going to housekeeping, and, as I don't know how to cook, I think I will take a cooking stove.”—*Courier-Journal.*

HE WOULDN'T DO IT.—Tramp: Get tired of walking? Well, yes, somewhat. I've just come forty miles.

Woman: Why don't you ride?

Tramp: What! run the risk of losing my life in a sleeper where they have a coal fire? I may not be worth much, but I've got a horror of travelling in style that way.



THAT QUEENS COUNTY SEAT.

Miss G. G. King, it appears, rose from her chair a few weeks ago to run the election, and on returning to it by voice of a majority of the electors, finds it occupied by the minority candidate, Geo. F. Baird, who still refuses to resign the seat to the young lady. Miss King was very wrathful, and says that no gentleman would keep a seat while ladies were standing.

### The Children and the Tariff?

Jenkins is always arguing that the cares of women are trivial compared to the trials that daily beset men while in pursuit of their ordinary vocations. He says that the women have "nothing to do but to look after the children, and little things like that," and it puts him quite out of patience to have Mrs. Jenkins intimate that the children are a care to her.

"After a child is able to walk it looks after itself, and is no more trouble," argues Jenkins.

He was unexpectedly given a holiday not long ago, and his wife said:—

"Now, John, I think I'll take this opportunity of doing my spring shopping, if you'll stay at home and take care of the children while I am gone."

"Care!" sniffed Jenkins. "There won't be any care about it. I'll just give them their playthings, and they'll take care of themselves, while I read this new article on the tariff I brought home with me."

Mrs. Jenkins departs. There are five of the little Jinkenses, ranging in years from two to nine. Jenkins gives them a bushel of playthings and says, "Now you're fixed for to-day."

Then he settles himself in his easy-chair with a cigar and his article on the tariff. A moment later he says:—

"What are you crying for, Jimmie? Johnnie hit you! Well, he won't do it again; Minnie, don't you upset another chair; and take that new magazine away from baby." Then he begins again—

"The protective-tariff question is one that'—Johnnie, get off that sofa with your feet! What is the baby screaming so for? Give him what he wants, Hattie. Ain't you big enough to wipe your own nose, Johnnie? Minnie, what are you doing to the baby? Now keep still, all of you—'The protective-tariff question is one that must interest'—What on earth are you young ones doing? you're enough to drive a man crazy! Johnnie, you go and sit in that corner until you can learn to let Jimmie alone. What is the matter with the baby? Hattie hit him? What did you do that for? No, Jimmie, you can't have my knife. I don't know what possesses you children to-day. Now don't let me speak to you again.

"The protective-tariff'—Do you want to drive me wild? Who upset that table? Who tore that new magazine? What set the baby's nose to bleeding? Get a rag, some of you. Let my cigar alone, Jim! I'll trounce the whole lot of you yet. Stop your noise! You boys stop scuffling. Minnie! give Hattie that doll if it is hers. There, now, you've broken it. Who broke that glass? There goes your mother's work basket. What's that the baby has torn up? My article on the tariff, as I live! If your mother don't come home in ten minutes she'll find me a raving lunatic. I'd rather hoe corn a week than tend babies five minutes. Now, I'll just everlastingly whip the first one of you that speaks for three hours!"

### A Warm Editorial Appeal.

(From the Colorado Miner.)

Do you owe us anything? If you do you will kindly get up and hump yourselves, hustle around and send us, if not all you owe, at least a part. There is a limit to even an editor's endurance. It costs money to print a paper, ink costs money, the wearing away of the gray tissues of the brain is purchased.

Some people may be able to exist on snowballs, and during the siege of Paris hundreds of people lived on broth, the nourishing qualities of which were drawn from boiled skate straps. We can't do it; we have tried it.

As we sit in our frozen office meditatively breaking icicles off the ink bottle we think about these things; we have to.

If you don't want our paper, say so; we don't want to cram it down anybody's throat, but we hate to keep on sending it to a lot of old barnacles, who owe since the year one.

Because you are far away in your fancied security, don't think for a moment that you are to be free from remorse. We have hired a demon at an enormous salary who has contracted to haunt each and every delinquent subscriber until he makes good his deficiency. The demon starts on his tour this week and takes with him a bundle of 1,000-mile tickets, and a sand club and our best wishes.

How HE FIXED IT.—Lawyer: You want your will drawn up so that your relatives can get all your property?

Client: Yes; just fix it up straight and I'll sign it.

Lawyer: How shall I word it?

Client: Well, put yourself in as my heir, and then my relatives will stand some chance of getting my estate.



THE CHAMPION ICE SKATERS OF INDIANTOWN, JAS. S. PITT AND HERBERT EAGLES.

TONSORIAL ITEM.—Poll tax (hair cut), fifteen cents.

Hope is the main spring of happiness; resolution is the secret of success.—*Commercial Reporter.*

The watermelon planters in the South are busy preparing for another season of the fruit, and the average darcy rejoices.

The Warden of the Southern Indians' Penitentiary has stolen eighty thousand dollars of the public money, and has been sent away from the penitentiary.—*Puck.*

"Now, what is the best thing about me—

Wherein is my admirablest charm?"

Then said he, as he placed

His arm 'round her waist:—

"The best thing about you?— My arm."

At Milligan, N. J., a wedding had to be postponed because the bride went sleigh-riding and was nearly frozen to death. A man who can't keep his girl warm while out sleigh-riding don't deserve to have one, and it would serve him right if she refused to marry him.—*Peck's Sun.*

At Dalton, Can., a citizen was troubled with sore throat, and used chlorate of potash tablets, which he carried in a tin box in his trousers pocket. He has lost all faith in them, however, for the other day they exploded, tearing his pants and cutting button-holes all over one side of his leg.—*Peck's Sun.*

HIS QUESTION.—"And now," concluded the revivalist, "if there is anyone here who wants to ask any question, let him be heard."

"I'd like to know," said an old, bald headed sinner, rising in the back seat, "how many marbles have been dropped on my head by those scoundrels in the gallery. I'm no pavement."

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.—We have received from the G. G. Green Patent Medicine Manufactory a colored lithograph card containing in imperative type across its face that well-worn chest-nut "Shut the door!" It also represents a fence, on which is perched what looks to us like the three St. John M.P.'s-elect anxiously peering into the distance in the hope of discerning the "winter port."

HE MUST EXPECT TO GET STUCK.—Boss: Didn't I tell you to pay 20 cents only for that mucilage?

Boy: Yes, but he charged me twenty-five for this.

Boss: Why, I only paid twenty cents for the last bottle I got. This is an outrage; yes, a — outrage.

Boy: What's the use of kicking about it? When you buy mucilage you must expect to get stuck.

A bachelor at Nebraska City, Neb., says that the girls down there are so anxious to get married that a man so homely that the reflection of his face will dent a milk pan, can get a dozen offers a day without asking. Yet, in the face of all this, Mormon preachers

will persist in coming to Wisconsin to make converts. One is now holding forth out at Delevan, trying to poison the minds of the young girls, and inveigle them into joining the Mormon church.—*Peck's Sun.*

AT THE CIRCUS.—De Baggs: Hello! I didn't expect to see you here.

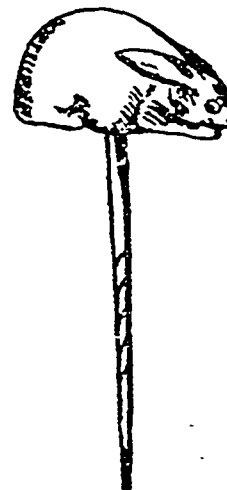
De Kaggs: I really care nothing for this sort of thing, but my children enjoy it so much.

De Baggs: Where are the children? I don't see them?

De Kaggs: They are at home, the little dears. Wouldn't be safe to bring them in such a crowd. When I go home I will tell them about the performance.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE JOBBER'S SOLILOQUY.

To sell or not to sell;  
That is the question—  
Whether it is better to ship the goods  
And take the risk of doubtful payment,  
Or to make sure of what is in possession,  
And, by declining, hold them.  
To sell; to ship; perchance to lose!  
Aye, there's the rub,  
For, when the goods are gone,  
What charm can win them back  
From slippery debtors?  
Will bills be paid when due,  
Or will the time stretch out till crack of doom?  
What of assignments, what of relatives,  
What of the uncles, aunts and mothers-in-law,  
With claims for borrowed money?  
What of exemptions, homesteads and the compromise  
That coolly offers ten cents on the dollar;  
And of the lawyer's fees,  
That eat up even this poor pittance?



A HAREPIN.

**Empire Dining Saloon and Restaurant**

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

Oysters served in all styles by attentive and obliging waiters and with marvellous quickness.

P. E. I., Shediac and Buctouche Oysters on the half shell. Orders for large quantities for suppers, etc, promptly attended to and at reasonable prices.

Meals served at all hours in first-class style.

Fruits in season.

Pastry, Meats, etc., served in superior manner.

A choice assortment of Prime Havana Cigars.

**P. A. CRUIKSHANK.****Alfred Isaacs,**

DIRECT IMPORTER OF

**CHOICE HAVANA CIGARS**

MEERSCHAUM and BRIAR PIPES, TOBACCOES, CIGARETTES, &amp;c.

69 and 71 King Street.

**PARK HOTEL,**

King Square, St. John, N. B.

THE PARK HOTEL is one of the leading hotels in the city. The central location and liberal management make it a most desirable stopping place. Prices very moderate.

WILLIAM CONWAY, Proprietor.

**NEW Dining Saloon.**

DAVID MITCHELL, for ten years manager of the Empire Dining Saloon, has associated with him in business WILLIAM FINDLAY, of Montreal. They have bought the business of Mrs. WHETSEL, Germain Street, and refurbished the premises. Good meals will be served every day from 12 to 3 o'clock, from 25 cents upwards, and the saloon will be run on the American plan.

The ICE CREAM made by Mrs. Whetsel will be supplied to parties as usual, the subscribers having purchased the recipe from Mrs. Whetsel.

By strict attention to business and the employment of a polite and obliging staff of waiters, the subscribers feel justified in guaranteeing the public the best attention and every satisfaction.

DAVID MITCHELL.  
Wm. FINDLAY.

Always on hand at

**223 UNION ST.:**Fresh and Salt Meat,  
Ham and Bacon,  
FRESH EGGS,

AND A LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF

**Canned Goods,**Viz. LOBSTERS, CORN, TOMATOES, OYSTERS,  
PEACHES and CORN BEEF.

Jellies and Jams a Specialty.

**McGRATH BROS.****MANKS & CO.,**

—DEALERS IN—

**HATS, CAPS, FURS, &c.**

A Fine Assortment of

**New Goods for the Summer Trade**

JUST RECEIVED.

57 King Street.

When you come to—

**WINDSOR, N. S.,**

—STOP AT

**THE VICTORIA HOTEL.****Simpson Hotel,**

GAGETOWN, N. B.

Near Steamboat Landing.

Good Table. Stable in connection

GEO. SIMPSON, Proprietor.

**Thos. Hunter & Co.**

CARLETON.

**Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats  
and Caps, Boots and  
Shoes.****N**OW that the season of spring house cleaning has arrived and people are thinking of cleaning their houses, &c., we would suggest that you send your Lace Curtains to Ungar's Steam Laundry, where they will be cleaned in first-class style for from 50 to 60 cents a pair.

All kinds of Linen cleaned at reasonable prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Goods called for and delivered free of charge.

**A**FTER listening to the evidence of several well-known and reliable persons, the JURY, without leaving their seats, rendered a verdict in favor of**HAROLD GILBERT'S****CARPETS & LOW PRICES.**

They said, as this is a year of business depression and scarcity of money, all heads of families want to know where they can buy goods of the best quality at the lowest price, and we have found from the evidence given of all the witnesses that

**Carpets, Cornice Poles,  
Oilcloths, Mats,  
Linoleums, Matting,  
Curtains, Rugs, &c.,**

Can be bought cheaper, considering the quality, at

**HAROLD GILBERT'S****New Carpet Warehouse,****54 KING STREET,**Than at any other store in the business.  
Call early and inspect his handsome stock of Choice New Goods.**DAVID CONNELL,****Livery and Boarding Stables,**

Sydney Street, - St. John, N. B.

Horses Boarded on Reasonable Terms.  
Horses and Carriages on Hire.  
Fine Fit-outs at short notice.**MURPHY & CO.****Pictures Framed**

IN ALL STYLES AT A LOW PRICE.

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Harold Gilbert  
Semi-monthly  
Saint John N.B.