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THE
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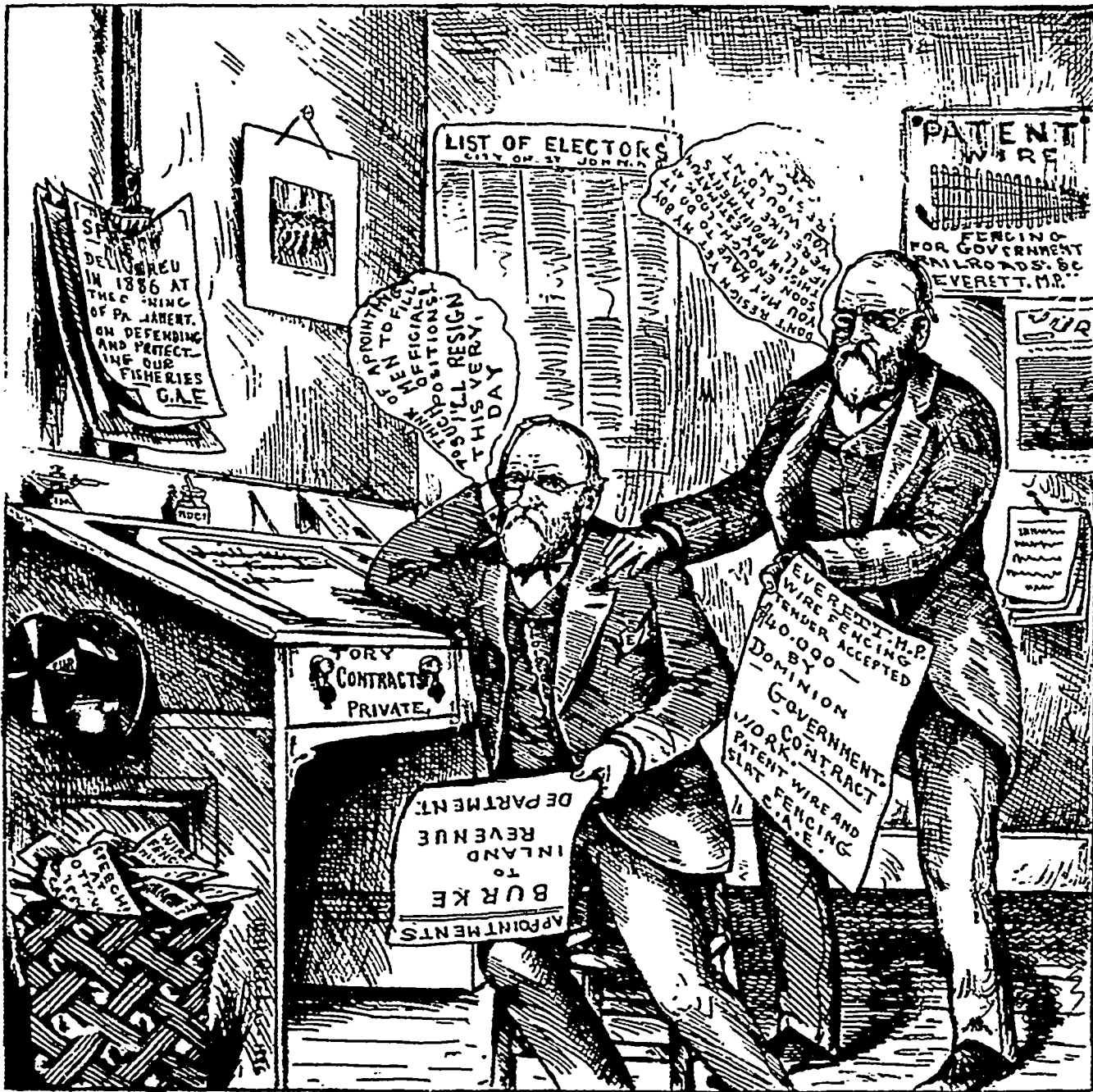
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No. 3.



SECOND THOUGHTS ARE ALWAYS BEST!

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Wm. N. RITCHIE, Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST, 1886.

CARTOON COMMENTS BY THE FOREMAN.

The Winter Port Question.



The Winter Port is a question big with importance to two cities—Halifax and St. John. For the purposes of trade the latter secures the shortest route by rail, an open harbor all the year round, excellent facilities for the shipment and discharge of freight, and the certainty

at all times of return cargoes for steamers or sailing vessels bringing merchandise for the people of New Brunswick and the western country. Halifax has the advantage of nearness to the old world, of a shorter ocean trip for passengers visiting Europe, and of some other considerations, all of which would be helpful to its selection in the choice of a place for the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers; but not otherwise. But whether St. John or Halifax can fairly claim superiority in general trade and other matters will ere long be settled beyond peradventure. The Short Lane Railway, giving speedy communication with the west, will supply the test, and businessmen will not be slow to pronounce in favor of that city which in general trade and travel supplies the most satisfactory results. One city may be preferred to the other, but neither will be entirely ignored. Candor, however, compels THE JURY to record the opinion that St. John has, to say the least, a trifle the lead in the race for business pre-eminence.

The attitude of Nova Scotia on the Repeal question rather prejudices her claim to a controlling interest in the determination of the winter port question, or indeed in the exercise of any appreciable influence whatever. Nova Scotia politicians must see that they cannot block the wheels of the Union's progress and at the same time share in the advantages flowing from such union. She cannot sulk in the hope of being petted. She must do her share of the duty and assume her proper measure of responsibility if she hopes to exercise an influence in the settlement of the winter port question with its resulting benefits.

Separation: Should it be Encouraged or Avoided?

Nova Scotia is in the coils of Union, into which, it is but fair to say, she was required to

enter without much consideration by the people, and she cannot very well extricate herself. Her duty then, under the circumstances, is to make the position as tolerable as possible, to insist upon wrongs being righted by proper methods, and to use her influence to bring into play a union of interest and a curtailment of expense in provincial administration, and the strictest economy in the management of Dominion affairs. In matters general she should condemn the large—too large by a considerable figure—expense of the machinery of justice, the maintenance of a favored class of office holders at large salaries with comparatively little to do, the too rapid enlargement of the civil service employe class; and she should denounce in no measured terms certain centralizing tendencies in Ottawa, which in operation prove as barren of genuine economy in most cases as they are in the essential element of justice to other communities. If Nova Scotia's public men were to concentrate their efforts upon the rectification programme which we have very cursorily outlined they would confer a benefit upon the people of sister provinces "down by the sea," and make the position of their own province in the Union more endurable, if not powerfully influential for good everywhere. Think of the matter, Premier Fielding, and THE JURY will give due credit to all of your efforts that may have a worthy trend.

Maritime Union: What shall it be?

Nova Scotia has before her a grand opportunity to further the interests of Maritime Union. In Confederation such a union could be made to consolidate provincial interests, curtail the expense of provincial administration, and enlarge the measure of maritime influence in the general parliament. There would be one legislature instead of three legislatures; one government instead of three governments; one set of governmental machinery, with its savings in various ways, instead of three sets; one franchise for provincial elections instead of three; and a general consolidation or concentration of interests instead of straggling diversity. Separated from the rest of the Dominion, the Maritime Provinces would be saddled with the entire expense of the central general government machinery; while in reference to the control of purely provincial or local interests an arrangement similar to that contemplated in Maritime Union without severance or some method of county administration would have to be provided. On the whole Maritime Union, with the Federal connection continued, seems best. Would it not be well for Mr. Fielding to run his eye over his Province and see whether or no some useful step in the Maritime Union direction, without severance of the Federal compact, could not be brought about?

Publications.

We have received "The Railroad and Steamboat Souvenir and Guide Book," published by Munder Bros, of New York. The cover is handsomely illustrated, the work of the Maritime Litho. Co., St. John. Correct time tables of all cars and steamers leaving and coming to this city will be found enclosed in this valuable little book. They will be given away to passengers on all the railroads and steamboats.

One of our exchanges, the Woodstock Press, recently enlarged, is a nice, clean sheet, with good, sound editorials and local news in great variety.

Correspondence.

Ninephus, St. John.—Many thanks.

A. E. A., Boston, Mass.: Had your sluggish brain concocted that brilliant episode a few months ago we should have awaited its arrival with "baited" breath. Things have gone so far now we cannot buy any "bait" (sketches). We are American. We have detailed our house-keeper to present it at the next meeting of the St. John society of hard drinkers, for it is indeed crazy work—like excessive "boosing."

Why is this thus?

A prophet has no honor in his own country nor any profit either. Take the advertising solicitor for instance. A man who hails from New York or Boston comes to the city, procures a large sheet of paper, drafts out a lot of spaces for advertisers, leaving a small vacant space in the center to be occupied by the time table of some railway or steamboat company. He takes around this sheet, gulls a lot of merchants as to the advantages offered by his scheme, persuades them into taking a large space, gets them to sign a written agreement to pay so much (so much more than it is worth), collects their money, they pay it willingly when called upon. And why? Because it is a "Yankee" scheme and will catch them every time. But let a St. John man originate a sheet of the same species and he will be refused by these very men who patronize the American. Is that what they call encouraging "home manufacture!" Americans come here on a trip, and to defray hotel bills work a time table or some other worthless medium, which they guarantee to hang in all the depots and stations on the line. They ask big rates for spaces, which our merchants give willingly, saying to themselves that it must be a good thing or he would not charge so much. But let a local solicitor ask the same rates per space and he would be refused point blank. 'Twould not be American then. Oh, no.

OUR LEADING CARTOON.—A rumor was current recently to the effect that one of our Dominion representatives was about to resign, certain appointments in the customs not being to his taste. We give as a leader the second thought of this esteemed gentleman, in which he tells himself and shows himself things in a different light.

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Written for THE JURY.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

By NINEPHUS, Sr. JOHN, N. B.

It was the close of a summer day. The sun was retiring as usual "with all his blushing honors thick upon him;" and the sea, gleaming and rippling placidly beneath the ever-changing glories of purple, gold and crimson, reflected them all with praiseworthy fidelity. Mr. Frederick Hart, pacing beneath a magnificent row of olms, caught a glimpse of this shimmering beauty every now and then and smiled upon it with patronizing approval.

For Mr. Frederick Hart was in exceedingly good spirits that evening. He was, figuratively speaking, in clover. Only a few minutes ago he had parted with one of the sweetest, prettiest darlings ever made, who had promised to elope with him that very night. She was sublimely indifferent to the fact that her lover's wealth consisted of love and love alone. But what did that matter? She was heiress to an enormous fortune: the precious, romantic, wealthy darling!

Taking these facts into consideration you will readily understand the exceeding buoyancy of Mr. Hart's spirits just then, and you will realize what a shock it must have been to him when, just as he reached the end of the avenue nearest the garden, a figure of a man confronted him, whilst a masculine voice remarked quietly.

"So you calculate upon running off with the heiress to-night, do you?"

"Cooke?" ejaculated Hart, in a tone of anything but pleased surprise. "Why, where did you come from?"

"Well, just about one short minute ago I rose from a most romantic rustic seat behind that clump of bushes. I have been sitting there for about an hour and a half."

He pronounced the last sentence with slow emphasis, glancing keenly at his companion as he spoke. Hart flashed a startled, anxious look at him and turned pale.

"And that is how I happened to overhear the neat little plot you and pretty little Miss McLean were concocting between you. I have learned all of your plans down to its smallest detail; and I congratulate you upon it. It is very romantic."

His congratulations were not welcomed with much warmth, but that did not trouble him. After a pause he continued in the same airy, pleasant strain.

"Let me see. You are to meet here to-night during the *bal masque* which the hotel gives. Your password is to be *rouge et noir*. Considered appropriate, for she is to wear a court dress of brilliant scarlet, whilst you will be clad in the sombre garb of the Black Prince. You are to wear your masks lest anyone should recognize you, until you are safely in the carriage, which is to take you to the next town, where you will drive to the hotel, change your clothes, and get ready to be married."

"You have evidently learned everything about my intentions," interposed Mr. Hart, mournfully, "and I suppose you want to be paid for holding your tongue. Well, how much do you want?"

The other winked a diabolical wink.

Then in low, earnest tones he proceeded to inform his friend that he was not so green as he looked; that he was quite aware that it was no part of his dear friend's intention to encumber himself with a wife; that he felt sure that Mr. Hart had only desired to gratify the romantic little fool by eloping with her, and at the same time giving her parents a chance to catch up with them, and allow them to pay him a good round sum to go quietly off and keep silent over the affair. "In such a case Mr. Cooke considered himself entitled to half the booty. He reminded Mr. Hart that they were sworn friends, comrades and partners who had had too many shady dealings with each other to make it safe for either to refuse to divide his gains. "In short, my dear boy," concluded Mr. Cooke, "I only desire to be remembered by you and for that purpose I have accosted you. To borrow the tersely happy phrase of the autograph album, 'I only seek this little spot in which to say forget me not.'"

There was a pause. Then Hart began to argue; but finding the other firm he was forced to give in. "Well, I suppose I must stick to my colors," he concluded at last, in a tone of utter wretchedness.

"Your colors? Oh, yes, red and black; or, to speak more correctly, *rouge et noir*. Eh, my boy?" said the other, with a heartless laugh, as they separated. But they would not have parted with such mutual satisfaction if they had known that this conversation was also overheard, and by no less a person than pretty little Ella McLean herself.

Half an hour later she lay on the bed in her own room in the hotel, sobbing bitterly and refusing to be comforted even by her bosom friend to whom she had told the whole story.

"Well, I am sure if ever a poor girl was tried I am," exclaimed the friend at length after trying in vain to soothe the grief-stricken maiden.

"This is the second girl that I have heard sobbing over a love trouble to-day. Poor Lucinda is fairly crying her eyes out."

"Who is Lucinda?" queried the woe-begone one, checking her sobs just long enough to ask the question.

"A lady of cullab, who generally tidies up my room and makes me her confidante as she arranges my bed."

Miss McLean gave one reproachful look into her friend's face and then sunk down to resume her tears, a forlorn little heap of woe and finery.

"Now, Ella," her friend's voice again interposed, impatiently, "do hush. What good do you expect to gain by blubbering away like that?"

"Dora Barry!" quoth Ella, with indignant emphasis, "I think you're just a real mean thing. How would you like anyone to say that you blubbered. Blubber, indeed?"

"Well, weeping then, if you like that better. But it doesn't matter what you call it. All the same you will make your nose red by it, and that with the black rims which grief has placed about your eyes will make your face another undesirable combination of *rouge et noir*."

This dire prediction had its effect. Miss McLean stopped sobbing and sat up, gazing mournfully at her friend.

"How sad are the effects of love," continued Dora, who was evidently in a teasing mood. "Now, Lucinda's case is different, but she feels quite as badly. She happens to be in love with

an individual whom she describes as a 'good for nuffin' niggah.' There is to be a wedding to-night to which Lucinda cannot go for the lack of a dress. Gracious!" The last exclamation was made with so much vigor that Miss McLean exchanged her expression of sullenness to one of startled interest.

"I have an idea," commenced Miss Barry, with animation. "A splendid idea. I think I can get you neatly out of this scrape you are in if you will only wear some other costume to the ball and let Lucinda wear your crimson dress instead. You see, I would like to let her have some pleasure for she really is the most civil servant that this hotel owns, and she is very anxious to go to this wedding, for she has a rival who she is afraid will cut her out."

"Gracious, Dora, I wish you would be a little less incoherent. I decidedly object to give up a pretty dress to a black servant," wailed the heiress, plaintively, as she attempted to arrange her disordered bangs.

"Well, you've just got to do it," responded Dora, with decisive sharpness. "I am going to dress Lucinda in your costume, give her the password, supply her with a mask, and send her to the elm avenue in your place. Your beloved Mr. Hart will then run off with her, and she will get a drive to the next town, where the wedding is to be held. It seems to me to be a splendid plan, for both your quondam lover and Lucinda's rival will be foiled. You can enjoy yourself to night without a pang of conscience. Neither Hart or his friend will dare breathe a word about it after being fooled in that way. Gracious, what would I not give to see his face if Lucinda should happen to take off her mask." And she went into a fit of laughter at the thought.

Of course it was not to be expected that Ella consented at once to such a plan, but Dora's stronger will carried the day, and it was a tragic story that Miss Lucinda Jackson told her the next morning as she made her bed. "Ya'as, Miss Barry, I wore de dress and went to de weddin'. It's mighty queer ef I didn't knock spots clean out ob dat conceited Melia. Dat good fer nuffin' niggah, Tom, didn't look at her once frou de evenin'. But, tell yo' what, Miss, I couldn't go dat feller dat druv me into de town. It was all very well when he met me under de elums, called me his angel an' led me off to de kerridge. It was all right when he sat dar in de dark wid his arm roun' me; an' t could bear it when he took off my mask an' began kissin' me like 's ef 'e'd neber leabe off; but when a light fell on my face an' he saw it, to hear de names dat man called me an' de way he swore was too much. Guess I looked too scrumptious to be called names by him. So I jes' pitched in 'um, den and da."

"You did? Oh, Lucy, you're a jewel!" cried Dora, gleefully.

"You kin jes' bet I made de wool fly. I've a good strong fist. Guess he'll hab to stay home some time to mend his broken nose."

Miss Barry's triumph was exceedingly joyous.

"It was *rouge et noir* to him with a vengeance, wasn't it?" she said to Ella. "Now, my dear, you will please to behave a little less like a romantic little goose, and marry some good man with your parents' consent. As for Mr. Hart, I would advise him to take a few lessons in boxing before he next attempts a game of *rouge et noir*."

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And probably get the top of his head shot off.

"Another Daring Burglary!" read Mrs. Banford, as she picked up the morning paper. "Lucullus," she said, turning to her husband, "this is the fourth outrage of the kind in this town within a week and if you don't procure a burglar-alarm or adopt some other means of security I shall not remain in this house another night. Some morning we'll get up and find ourselves murdered and the house robbed if we have to depend on the police for protection."

Banford assured his wife that he would have the matter attended to at once. Then he left the house and didn't return until evening. When Mrs. B., with a touch of sarcasm, asked him if he had given a second thought to the subject which she had broached in the morning he drew a newspaper from his pocket and said:

"See here, Mirandy, there's no use o' foolin' away money on one o' them new-fangled and expensive burglar-alarms. Economy is wealth. Here's a capital idea suggested in this paper—cheap, simple and effective."

And then he read the fiend's suggestion about hanging a tin pan on the chamber door.

"I tell you, Mirandy, the man who conceived the brilliant notion is a heaven-born genius—a boon to mankind: and his name should go ringing down the corridors of time with those of such brilliant intellects as Watts, Morse, Edison, and other successful scientific investigators. You see, the least jar of the door will dislodge the pan, and the noise occasioned thereby will not only awaken the occupants o' the room but will also scare the burglar half to death, and perhaps the pan will strike him on the head and fracture his skull. It is a glorious scheme, and the fact that it was not utilized years ago is the most remarkable thing about it."

"Well," assented Mrs. B., in less sanguine tones, "it may be better than nothing and won't cost anything; and as Susan has gone out to spend the night with her sick sister, and we'll be all alone, I'll hunt up the pans now."

Accordingly each inside door was crowned with a tin pan and left slightly ajar. Banford also thoughtfully placed a six-shooter under his pillow and stood a base-ball bat within easy reach.

"Now, Mirandy," he courageously observed, as they were preparing to retire, "if you are awakened



A TRUE "SNAKE" STORY.

by a noise during the night, don't scream like a Comanche Indian, and jump out of bed and act like a she-lunatic with straws in her hair. Just lie still, or some o' the bullets I fire at the burglar may go through you and kill you deader'n a kit o' salt mackerel. Let me wrestle with the intruder and I'll soon make him regret that he had not postponed being born a few centuries!"

Then they turned down the gas, crawled into bed with a feeling of increased security, and were soon asleep. About half-past midnight they were awakened by a noise that sounded like a sharp clap of thunder, followed by a wail that almost chilled the marrow in their bones.

"Good heavens," screamed Mrs. B., in a voice swollen with terror, as she dived her head under the bed clothes, "we'll be murdered in a minute. Shoot him, Lucullus! Quick—shoot him!"

Banford, after considerable nervous fumbling under the pillow, grasped his revolver with an un-

steady hand and discharged his six barrels in rapid succession, but not with very gratifying results. One bullet shattered the mirror in the bureau; another plowed a furrow along the ceiling; another splintered the bed-post; a fourth perforated a portrait of his wife's mother; and the other two left their imprint on the walls.

"D—d—don't be fuf—fuf—frightened, M—Mirandy," said Banford, encouragingly, his articulation sounding as if it had "collided" with an artie wave; "I gug—guess I've kik—kik—killed him. He'll not kik—kick—come here."

At this juncture there was a noise in an adjoining room, as if a two-ton meteorite had crashed through a boiler-foundry, and Mrs. B. uttered a series of ear-piercing shrieks that would have scared the life out of a burglar who had not become insensible to fear by living thirty years with a strong-minded wife.

"M—Mirandy," stammered the frightened and demonized Banford, grasping the base-ball bat and swinging it around with such reckless promiscuousness that he struck his terror-stricken wife on the head, producing a lump as large as a walnut; "Mum—Mirandy, the house is fu—full of midnight mum—marauders, and we'll be bub—bub—battered in cold bub—bub—blood! Save yourself and don't mum—mind about me!" And leaping out of bed he sprang through a window on to the roof of a back building, and accidentally rolled off into the yard, fifteen feet below, just as another burglar-alarm went off with a clamor almost as deafening and harrowing as an amateur orchestra. Mrs. B., thinking she had been hit by the burglar, emitted a fresh outburst of shrieks, while her husband lay groaning in the back yard, with a sprained ankle and a frightful gash in his head.

A policeman had now been awakened by the uproar, and boldly mounting the front stoop he pulled the door-bell out by the roots without evoking a response. Then he hesitated long enough to work up sufficient courage to enter, and dislodged one of the burglar-alarms after getting in.

"Spare my life!" he yelled to an imaginary assailant, "and I'll let you escape."

He thought he had been stabbed with a frying-pan. He rushed out of the house and secured the assistance of four of his fellow-officers and a search of the building was resumed. Mrs. Banford was found in bed unconscious. Her husband was found in the yard in nearly a similar condition; and the burglar was found under the sofa, shivering with fear and with his tail clasped tightly between his legs.

The cause of the panic was soon explained. Mrs. Banford had overlooked the presence of her pet dog in the house, and this innocent animal, in running from one room to another, had dislodged the "cheap and effective" burglar-alarm.

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A MATCH.

She lit my cigar;
We were parting: 'twas
late,
Yet I still lingered on.
How I bless the kind
fate
Which inclined her to
light my cigar.

As she lit my cigar
I saw in her eyes
Something deeper than
friendship;
And this sweet surprise
Made a match, as she lit
my cigar.

—Providence Journal.

BICYCLAR.

Into the saddle climbed the gay youth,—
Over the handles is out,—
The path before him seemed level and smooth,—
Over the handles is out;—
But the "wheel" collided with an innocent stone,
And the youth thro' the air sailed along with a
groan.
And—, well the rest of this tale we had better
postpone,
For over the handles is out!

Casey Tap.

IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

"Who, father, 's that gay man sitting there,
With the smile of merry glee?"
The father his eyes cast towards the chair,—
"Oh, an obituary poet, he!"

"But, father, who's he that looks so sad,
As though his dearest friends he'd missed?"
"By the window there, do you mean, my lad?
Well, that's a newspaper humorist!"

Casey Tap.

A SYMPHONY IN PRONOUNCED TINTS.

Green waved the branches o'er them,
Below the turf shone green,
And tender the words he muttered there:
Sooth, 'twas a pretty scene
But greener, alas! was no way far
Than the greenest leaf on the tree,
For he dreamed of a love no time could mar,
Unto all eternity.

Red were the roses wandering free
O'er the old stone wall hard by,
Who heard him whisper so tenderly
And caught her answering sigh;
But redder far than the reddest rose
E'er bloomed on bush or vine,

He saw her blushing cheeks disclose
Fond beauty's toll-tale sign.

Black flew the threatening storm-clouds
Fast o'er the summer sky,
And gath'ring night's all-cov'ring shroud
Lent them a deeper dyo;
But blacker far than the storm or night
Was his glares of jealous rage
When he saw her welcome a favored wight
Who came in the evening stage.

Blue was the vault of heaven
When he rose the following morn
And took the train at seven
For Saham or Cape Horn;
But bluer far was he that day
Than the sky's cerulean hue,
And I fear no the tint won't fade away
For at least a week or two.

S. D. Osborne.

LOCAL VERDICTS.

That Partridge Island fog horn,
Which drives in all the mist,
Omitted in Tilley's tariff book,
We've got it on the list.

Afterthought—Action generally.

Home Rule—Three meals a day.

"Foot-prints"—Sole impressions.

A Macdonald fizz (le)—Ottawa beer.

Quoting rates—Rehearsing scoldings.

Is there a ring on the finger of scorn?

Maritime Union—A wedding by the sea.

Satanical quarters—"Fire" departments.

"ose "quarters"—Those held by a miser.

A good wife for an athlete—A dumb belle.

The tramp's motto—The Lord will provide.

"Lent" over forty days—Our Canadian fish-eries.

The "Flying Yankee"—An American bank cashier.

The Italian balloon-atic descended on St. John the other day.

Which brand of flour is used by royalty?—Crown of Gold.

We'll have that winter "port" yet, even if it costs three a bottle.

The Maine fishing schooners are having a "fine" time of it lately.

"It comes high, but we must have it," said the dude, referring to his tall collar.

Why does a convict in prison resemble a bad play in cricket? Because he is a fallen wicked.

A separation movement—The relations existing (usually) between ready-made pants and a low-cut shoe.

Talk about fog! Why we had it so thick here in St. John the other night you couldn't see a policeman on the street.

There's a (c)rest for the weary, said the "peel-or" as he lighted on a "paralyzed" man lying in an alley off Germain street.

A DIRE CALAMITY.—One of our city druggists tells of a man that came into his store to buy muriatic acid, saying he wanted it for "dyeing" purposes. Two days later he died—poisoned by taking a dose of the acid.

HE "CAUGHT ON."—Fogarty to McInnis, who has a rent in his breeches: "Did yo catch on tu a nail, Patsy?" McInnis, who likes a chance for for a joke: "Faith, an' I did catch on to an ale, Dinny. 'Twas down in Cronin's, and it cost me eight cents, d'yo moind."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—A boy threw a stone at a dog, hitting him on the hind leg. The dog limped away, holding the injured limb up as he ran. A waggish spectator of the scene remarked that the attitude of the receding animal resembled a rule in arithmetic—"three and carry one."

A "ONE-SIDED" IMPRESSION.—We have referred to the Woodstock Press in another column as "a nice, clean sheet." Latest issue received, and on examination we find our statement still further corroborated, for the inside pages were completely bare. How are they dealt out? It must be like a lottery, and we draw a blank. It looked fearfully and wonderfully like the position of a jug handle.

While the ministers are having their best time across the pond, satan will maks bay while the sun shines and there is none to hinder. If satan can work in hot weather why can't the ministers?—Maple Leaf.

Satan will have to "get his hay all in" in three months, as the heated term (on earth) suitable to his constitution rarely lasts longer, and then the ministers will have nine months to overthrow his devilish work.

CALL THEM IN.—There are a lot of ragged and defaced Dominion \$1 and \$2 bills in circulation that the Dominion government should have called in at once. They are indeed filthy lucre and are in a fit condition to carry disease around.—Maple Leaf.

Are they unpaid "paper" dollars due Maple Leaf? One thing about them entirely dissimilar to your delinquent subs. is, those bills are secured by the Dominion of Canada, while your runaway subscribers, it appears, are not.

BARBER-OUS.—We appeal to an enlightened, conscientious, right-minded public to pity the poor barbers. Some reformer ought to make it his business to see that some of the unfortunate fraternity can get a rest on the Sabbath day. Really, it is not right, you know. Those loafers who lounge about the streets in an unshaved, unkept condition during the week should be forced to visit their tonsorial artist on other days beside Sunday. It appears to us to be a barberous piece of sheer cruelty, and THE JURY protests.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

International Route!

THE ONLY ALL-RAIL LINE

BETWEEN THE

Maritime Provinces and United States,

Furnishing, with its connections, a Direct Route to and from all parts of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island.

NEW ROLLING STOCK! STEEL RAILS!! QUICK TIME!!

Re-establishment of the Fast Train, St. John to Boston

All trains to and from St. John cross the St. John River by the New Cantilever Bridge, and arrive at and depart from the New Passenger Station of the Intercolonial Railway.

All Transfers Avoided by Taking the All-Rail Line.

Secure Tickets and have Baggage Checked Through via the New Brunswick Railway.

J. F. LEAVITT,
General Passenger Agent.

F. W. ORAM,
General Manager.

MONTREAL, 172 Dalhousie Street.
TORONTO, 253 to 271 King Street.
BALTIMORE, 210 South Howard Street.
WINNIPEG, William Street.

James Robertson,
METAL MERCHANT and MANUFACTURER,
MARITIME
LEAD AND SAW WORKS.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Works: Sheffield Street;
Office and Warehouse: Cor. Union and Mill Streets.

WILLIAM BREIS, Manager.

Household Hints.

By CASEY TAP.

Plated tableware, cruet-stands, candle-sticks, knives and forks, etc., may be restored by arresting the burglar. That is, they may be.

To keep moths from furs and woollen goods: Pack the articles firmly in an old trunk, or new one if you have it; place about five pounds of gum camphor in the trunk, take the trunk out to some vacant lot and gently touch a lighted match to the camphor. You can then go on your summer tour, feeling assured that the moths will not corrupt.

To a native of France belongs the honor of discovering how glass stoppers may be removed from bottles. His method is to make a hole about the size of a pea in the bottom of a bottle. (This may be performed by means of a wet file.) Into this aperture he places a tablespoonful of gunpowder, which he connects with the opening by an inflammable cord. Upon a match—a lighted one is better—being applied to this string the stopper of the bottle is removed.

Fountain-Head of Trade.

The following sensible observations are from the Toledo Blade. "It sometimes occurs that a business man—generally, however, one of the timid sort, doing a half-way business—thinks that advertising is of no value, because its results are not always immediately and directly visible. Such persons are unable to understand why custom cannot be directly traced to the source where they expended their money to obtain it. Business is like a river with many tributaries and in which it is impossible to trace every individual drop of water to the spring from whence it came. But if a journal is selected for advertising purposes that reaches time and again the persons most likely to be interested in the solution that paper is certainly a sure fountain-head of profitable trade in the stream of patronage far below. Temporary advertisements in a small way will not produce an immediate or permanent increase of business any more than a slight shower will affect the depth of water in a well but by persistency in the use of printer's ink in the right direction the results sought will be gained in the end with interest.

Advertise in THE JURY: Transient, \$1.25 per inch; yearly, \$12 per inch.



WHICH WILL WIN.

The Boss California Story.

Upon this story we confidently defy the united genius of the aggregated press of the East: A small boy at Quincy in this State went up the mountain side full of pleasure at the first fall of snow. At the summit he slipped and rolled down the hill becoming the nucleus of a vast snowball, which hopelessly imprisoned him. He was missed after several hours and the searchers got on track of the snowball and trailed it where it had leaped from a cliff to a canon. Looking down they could see it lodged in the boughs of a pine tree. They finally got it, broke it open and found the boy inside alive, but rather chilly. Upon this incident we rest the reputation of California for the season.—Alta, California.

Subscribe for THE JURY: Only 35 cts. a year.

He Asked too Much.

Marvellous as is the telephone its utility has made it as common as grocers' sugar, and in consequence it does not get the credit it deserves. People have ceased to wonder, and find themselves unconsciously demanding more than the little instrument can perform. This was the case of a well-known architect, the other day, when telephoning to the stone yard about a certain piece of work. He had asked the stone yard boss if he knew the exact shape of the stone that had been ordered, and on receiving a negative answer had promptly replied: "It is just this way," drawing the shape of the stone on the wall alongside of his telephone. He looked silly when he discovered his mistake and quickly told the stone man he would call down and tell him about the stone.

Had his Arm Taken Off.

Brother George—"Girls, did you hear what a sad thing happened to Tom F—r the other day?"

Girls (in alarm)—"No. What is it?"

Brother G.—"The poor fellow had to have his arm taken off."

Girls—"Oh, how terrible! How did it happen?"

Brother G.—"Well, it happened on the tennis ground. He was sitting by Mrs. Smith; they were then alone, when suddenly he put his arm around her."

Girls—"Well, go on. What then? What happened?"

Brother G.—"Well, it was then it had to be taken off."—Life.

The girl who never screams when she sees a snake isn't a safe girl to marry. With her calm, cool, collected, unexcitable disposition she would hit where she aims with the rolling pin every time.

"WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST."—"Yes," said he, sadly, "I've been an active man in my day, but I broke down, and the doctor has ordered entire relaxation from all cares."

"And where have you settled?" asked his friend, anxiously.

"Oh, I'm in business in Halifax."

THEY WERE FATIGUED.—"Is your rector going away this summer, Mrs. Pew?"

"Yes, indeed. The vestry has voted him three months' leave."

"They realize then that he needs a rest?"

"No; on the contrary, they realize that the congregation needs a rest."

JOSEPH A. TOLE,
Plumber & Gas-fitter
No. 185 Union Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Jobbing Promptly Attended to.

Gas and Water Fixtures of all kinds
always on hand.

Wm. F. Hunter,
—DEALER IN—
WINE, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
17 Brussels Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Ales and Porter a Specialty.

UNRESERVED SALE
—OF—
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
—AT THE—
Royal Clothing Store,
47 KING STREET,
one Door above the Royal Hotel.
IMMENSE BARGAINS!
You can save money by buying from me.
Clothing Made to Order. Fit and Satisfaction guaranteed.
WM. J. FRASER.



A "COMMON" OCCURRENCE.

How he Escaped.

First Citizen—I hear that Beat, the policeman, has been arrested, indicted and held in \$5,000 bail for clubbing a crippled saloon-keeper named Brown.

Second Citizen (in blank surprise)—Don't understand it at all. If that is the case they will probably draw and quarter Brown.

First Citizen—They probably would have punished him severely, but, unfortunately, they couldn't.

Second Citizen—Skipped the town?

First Citizen—Yes—after a fashion. You see, he died from the clubbing.

Street urchin to a companion—"I tell yer, Patey, who's der best peliceman on der force. He's der boss."

Patey—"An' who's dat?"

Street urchin—"I fureget what's his name. He isn't on now; he's been discharged."

Our Indians are up to the 'times. A leading chief of the Ogallala Sioux is named "Two Strikes." He is not a Knight of Labor, however.—Exchange. Perhaps he belongs to a base ball nine.

Men may talk about their love for the old homestead and women may prattle about its memories being wound around their hearts, but we have noticed that there is nothing clings to it so closely as a good, healthy mortgage. It never loses its interest in the old place.

SOUND PRINCIPLE BUT POOR POETRY.—Jacob Halstead, who died recently at Elbridge, N. Y., is said to have lived according to the following motto:

I'll get my living by the sweat of my face,
And bear good will to the human race;
I'll pay my debts as soon as due,
And wear my old clothes till I can make new.

"BALLS."—The match game of base ball, played recently between the insurance clerks and the North wharf employes, was "endowed" with many "striking" features. Good playing was at a "premium," and the errors made were the "life" of the occasion. Had the wharf clerks made "provision" for the game their "risk" would have been, comparatively speaking, smaller, but their "fire" department had not a straight eye in its head, which showed bad "policy" on the part of the captain, who by "accident" chose some "travellers" as players, which ruined the company.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONING.—"Hello, Phila! Give me Atlantic City." "O. K." "That you, Ckara?" "Yes. Where are you?" "New York. How's baby; got that tooth yet?" "Yes." "Ta ta. All right, Central."

An Irishman's pat description of what he calls the Incandison light: All you have to do is to turn a button and the light comes on a hair-pin in a bottle; but you can't light your pipe by it.

THOS. DEAN,
Meats & Vegetables,
13, 14, and 15, CITY MARKET.

B. MCGOWAN,
16 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.
The choicest Wines, Liquors, and Cigars always kept in stock.
First-class Pool and Sippio Tables in connection.

JOHN GRADY,
Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
MAIN STREET, PORTLAND, N. B.

HENRY DUNBRACK,
Practical Plumber & Gasfitter
SANITARY ENGINEER,
70 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

Public and Private Buildings Fitted up with the Latest Sanitary Improvements.
Only First-class Work Solicited. Prices Low.
EXPERIENCED WORKMEN SENT TO ANY PART OF THE DOMINION.

SEND TO
54 Germain Street
FOR
Estimates on Job Work.

"CREMATION!"
We have returned to our OLD STAND,
200 Union Street,
which has been refitted and improved.
Our stock of GROCERIES are all new and of the best quality.
As our old customers and the general public are invited to give us a call.
BONNELL & COWAN, - - Grocers.

G. & E. BLAKE,
Plumbers and Gasfitters,
177 Union Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Agents for Mitchell, Vance & Co., New York, Gas Fixtures.
Water and Gas Fittings always on hand.
Public and Private Buildings Fitted Up in the most approved manner. Estimates furnished.

ROYAL
Oyster and Dining Saloon.
Oysters Served in every Style.
Hot and Cold Lunches.
Meals from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c.
DOMVILLE BUILDING,
Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets, St. John, N. B.
John S. Nickerson, Proprietor.

EMPIRE SALOON,
40 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.
P. A. CRUIKSHANK
(Successor to R. J. Patterson),
Dealer in Oysters, Fruits, Ice Cream, Pastry, etc.
Meals at all hours. First-class in every particular.

CLIPPER SHADES,
TOM BATE, - - - - Proprietor,
154 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

CHOICE ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, &c.
INSTRUCTOR IN BOXING AND MANUFACTURE OF BOXING GLOVES.

MANKS & CO.
Fine English Felt HATS!

A New Lot Just Opened.
LATEST STYLES.
57 King Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

PHOTOS.

We have re-opened our PHOTO STUDIO, and are now ready to receive our customers. Our negatives have not sustained any damage from the late fire. Therefore we can re-produce from all previous plates. **W. DRUCKHOF & CO.,** Cor. King and Charlotte Streets.

Queen Hotel,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.
J. A. EDWARDS,
Livery in connection. Proprietor.

W. T. H. FENETY,

Bookseller and Stationer,
Queen Street, - - Fredericton, N. B.

WILLIAM E. NEWCOMB,
BRANDIES AND WHISKIES,

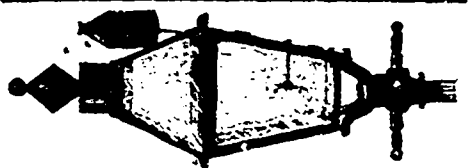
Ales, Wines, etc.,
In Flasks and Bottles.
PIPES, CIGARS, TOBACCOS.
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Next door to New Victoria Hotel.

R. LAWSON,
Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats,
Head-cheese, Vegetables, &c.
Manufacturer of SAUSAGES AND BOLOGNIES.
250 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

J. RYAN,

Boarding, Sale & Livery
STABLES.

First class Teams always Ready for Use.
South Side King Square, St. John.



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For lighting Streets, Front of Hotels and Public Buildings at a small cost.
THE DOMINION LIGHTING CO'Y, THOMAS ELLIS, Manager,
24 Nelson St., St. John N. B.
N. B.—Contracts made for lighting cities and towns.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR



BITS OF FUN.

"Say, I've got the hiccoughs. Frighten me, won't you?" "Lend me a five?" "Thanks, it's all over now."

A man in a Philadelphia restaurant died while waiting for supper. The waiter must have been a few years longer in getting it than usual.

A bull nearly always runs fiercely towards a red object. This is perhaps the reason that big horns generally find their way under jolly red noses.

"Why don't our young men come to the front?" asks an exchange. Well, we don't know what keeps them back unless it is the high price of the reserved seats.

"What power will the prohibitionists exercise in the coming political campaign?" asks a Maine paper. Well, if they are true to their principles it will be a water power.

"Anybody that knows a thing before it happens is called a reporter," was the definition written on the slate of an 8-year old boy in one of the schools the other day.

In a police court.—Magistrate: "You say you were an eye-witness of the assault!"

Witness: "An eye-witness! I should say so. Just look at my left 'peeper.'"

An undertaker in London has struck out an original line in announcing his funerals in the following terms: "Why live and be miserable when you can be buried for £3 10s!"

W. L. BUSBY,

81, 83 and 85 Water St., St. John, N. B.,

DEALER IN

Anthracite and Bituminous

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Agent Canada Life Assurance Co., of Hamilton, Ont

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No. 5 Sydney St., St. John, N. B.

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Stationer and Bookseller.

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Dry Goods, Clothing,
Hats and Caps,
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Union Street, Carleton, St John, N. B.
Orders by mail a Specialty.

JAS. J. FERRICK,

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Fine Wines, Old Brandies, &c.,

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WOOD ENGRAVING
Of Every Description

Executed at short notice and lowest rates. First-class work guaranteed. Estimates furnished.
J. E. FRASER, Designer and Engraver,
63 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.

Come and See Me

IN MY HANDSOME LITTLE STORE,
97 KING ST.,

Where I will be able to sell you Waltham, Swiss and American

WATCHES of every description,

Pure Gold and Plated Jewelry, Clocks, &c.,

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

Watches and jewelry repaired at short notice.

GEO. H. MARTIN.

THORNE BROS.

Are Showing a full line of

SOFT AND STIFF HATS

in all the fashionable shades for the summer trade. In

STRAW HATS

our Stock is Extensive and Popular because of their Style, Durability and Price.

THORNE BROS., 93 King Street.