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THE **LANSDOWNE**

POLITICS AND HUMOR

OPEN VERDICT

Vcl. 1.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JUNE, 1885.

No. 1.



THAT LANSDOWNE "EEL."

UNCLE SAM. "Eel be darned!" (Pulls up.) "By gosh! another bait gone. Gol darn the luck. Guess I'll have to shift my position er I won't have any bait left at all, by thunder!"

THE JURY,

AN INDEPENDENT MONTHLY JOURNAL,

Which will devote its cartoons and caricatures on Provincial matters to the best interests of the community in the Maritime Provinces.

OUR MOTTO: CHASTE VERDICTS.

Subscription price, 35 cents a year, strictly in advance. Single copies, 4 cents each.

For sale by news-dealers throughout the Provinces.

Address, *The Jury*, St. John, N. B.

Office of publication, 54 Germain Street.

Wm. N. RITCHIE, *Proprietor*.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE, 1886.

CARTOON COMMENTS BY THE FOREMAN.

The Bait Question.

THE Washington Treaty which opened all the ports of the Dominion east of Maine to the United States fishermen and gave them the free right to fish in our waters, expired by limitation in July of last year.

The exercise of the privileges accorded by treaty was permitted by the Dominion for a further time

on the assurance of the United States Government that a renewal of reciprocal relations would be recommended to the consideration of Congress. The matter was brought to the notice of Congress, but neither branch deemed a renewal of the treaty or an enlargement of reciprocal relations necessary. Thus the kindly disposition of the Dominion, and the concession freely made in favor of United States fishermen, brought no result. Then it was that the Dominion Government found it needful in the interest of its own people, to say nothing of its own self-respect, to fall back upon old stipulations, which barred the fishermen of the Republic from sharing with our people fishing and other privileges incident thereto. There was in this nothing unreasonable, nothing unfair, nothing improper. The course pursued was one which, under like circumstances, the United States Government would have unhesitatingly adopted. Yet, because of its adoption, and because in the exercise of its plain duty, the Dominion Government chose to enforce its right by seizing a couple of the many fishing vessels whose skippers had violated the old treaty stipulations of 1818 and the Dominion customs laws, blatant demagogues in Congress and indifferently informed United States journalists have raised a howl against our people, and against those who, for the time being, are the guardians of our rights. There is neither sense nor reason in all this.

The fishery rights of the Dominion are of great value to our people, and the privilege of sharing in them should not be held lightly nor disposed of without adequate recompense. There is no objection to our Republican neighbors fishing within the three-mile limit, buying our bait and whatever else may be needful to the proper prosecution of the fishing business, provided reasonable compensating advantages are conceded in return. But so long as there is a disposition to withhold reciprocity in the matter, so long must our neighbors be barred from the enjoyment of privileges accorded by the lapsed treaty.

The owners and skippers who violate express treaty stipulations and acts of parliament making them effective, upon which our people rely with confidence, and who disregard the reasonable requirements of customs laws framed for our peoples' protection, cannot justly complain if they are made to pay the penalty of their wrongdoing. The people of the United States understand full well the proprieties of good neighborhood, and it is useless to expect that in this case they will be ignored merely to gratify an unworthy mercenary propensity, or to please an Imperial minister who may desire to be relieved of the trouble of insisting upon their observance.

THE JURY feels that the Canadian Government's course in enforcing the treaty stipulations of 1818 and the laws based thereon is quite within its right, and fair withal. The declarations of agitators in Maine, or in other of the New England States, that the seizures of two out of the many bait-buying violators is an outrage, has no foundation in fact. It is quite within the province of those people to bandy about charges of wrong-doing, but the proper tribunals before which disputes can be tried out are the courts. There the parties interested can be heard, the relative merits of their contention sifted, a proper judgment pronounced, and a true verdict rendered in accordance with the law and the facts.

There is nothing in the claim somewhere set up that the old treaty is behind the age. That may or may not be correct. Whether it is or no, so long as the treaty of 1818 stands, or so long as its provisions are not obliterated or enlarged by another treaty, just so long must its stipulations be observed. Those who choose to be flagrant violators must pay the penalty of their *temerity*.

THE people of Portland, Me., in advising President Cleveland to send armed cruisers to support the claims of treaty violators, are either badly influenced or considerably dazed. When they recover their reason, they will realize the folly of so absurd a proceeding. It is really a pity that men supposed to be swayed by common sense and influenced by considerations of justice and fair dealing should even for a moment allow unduly excited feelings to override their better judgment. Neither President Cleveland nor his Secretary of State are likely to prove themselves noodles in so plain a matter.

THE assertion of some United States journals that their fishermen can do without our bait is very mythical. The description of fish needed cannot be procured at the proper time in American waters. And, even if this were otherwise, it is admitted by those competent to express an intelligent opinion on the subject, that nearness to the fishing grounds is an important matter in the procuring of bait. Fish obtained at points close to the fishing haunts are better for bait than fish procured at a considerable distance from them, for the very satisfactory reason, aside from all other considerations, that they are fresher when required for use.

SOME blustering demagogues in Congress have claimed that the right to purchase bait in British ports is enjoyed under treaties for the cultivation and protection of trade made subsequent to 1818. This is a plausible if not an equitable plea on its face, but examined critically its fallacy becomes glaringly apparent. Fishing vessels are not trading vessels, even on the most liberal interpretation of the term, and the fishing interest

is distinctive from any other interest. The functions of the mere fishing vessel are altogether different from those of the ordinary trader. That this difference is recognized is plain from the fact that there is no express inclusion of fishing vessels in any trade and commerce treaties as yet made between the United States and Great Britain.

Shorthand Reporting in the Courts.

THE Bench and the Bar for many years urged the appointment of shorthand reporters in the courts with a view to expedite the transaction of business, lessen the expense to litigants, and relieve the judges from the drudgery which the old system entailed and from which in the interest of all concerned it was deemed desirable they should be free. The press favored the views of the legal fraternity, and the Local Legislature not very long ago made the necessary provision for the new system. The JURY, at the time this matter was a moot question, did not rank as a member of the fourth estate; but now that its name is enrolled in the membership of the great fraternity, it takes this early opportunity to record its approval of the change. Moreover, the JURY claims that the new order of things should have a full and fair trial. There should be no handicapping of the system, such as has been only too plain in the sitting of the Supreme Court just held in St. John. At that sitting the shorthand reporting, except in so far as it would prove useful as a matter of record, was made to assume the aspect of a broad farce. There is no good reason why this should be so. Judges should conform to the new system. They favored its adoption, and they should not be the first to hinder its usefulness. Unless the system be made operative, the public might just as well be relieved of its cost. But it can be made indirectly a paying institution to the country, for by its aid the time occupied in the trial of causes can be lessened and expense consequently curtailed. This reference to the matter, coming from an independent and impartial JURY, will, it is hoped, have a beneficial result.

OUR artist, in his leading cartoon on the bait question, humorously places old Uncle Sam almost up to his knees in the U. S. "ine-fish-ent fishing water limit," where there appears to be a perceptible scarcity of the finny tribe. In his hands and extended out beyond him is a cut fishing rod with line attached, which, after having utilized a "fishing schooner" for bait (by the way that is the only kind of bait "our fish" will take), he has cast out over the Neutral division into the Canadian limit, unmindful of a warning notice of the disadvantages sure to follow. Many of our local "fish story" fishermen, have probably on other days, when not so successful, encountered that cunning and serpentine creature, the eel. An eel will, with all the tactics of a Gadstone, approach a baited hook, gaze around and up at the fisher; then, when he has satisfied himself with the surroundings, he will paddle around on the side which points sharply upwards and (often goes, too, by a rapid transit line) look at it rather suspiciously, and squirming, he thinks of the "pointers" he has often received when young and unsophisticated in fishing matters, by which he has since profited. Cautiously approaching the other side of the hook he sucks off all the bait without the fisher finding it out until too late, for after finishing the bait, the eel strikes the line with his tail, raises a little commotion in the water, and the fisher pulls up only to find his hook bare and his stock not increasing.

Extracts from the Spring Poets.



AN ACCROSTIC.

Just listen all ye who love
laughter and joy;
(Unfailing my plan in
it's power),
Read the *Jury* and then
I'll go bail, my dear
boy,
You will "laugh and
grow fat" in an hour.

WHY NOT?

Burdette were funny if he
would be,
And Perkins would be
if he could be,
And Marcus Twainsever
should be;
Why, then, by all the stars
above us,

And all the powers on earth that love us!—
Why isn't there a joke or two
Every few centuries—that's new?

"THE POET AND HIS MASTER"

The thermometer was up in the nineties,
The mosquitoes were buzzing around,
When a poet arose from a restless couch
And in song some solace found.

"The snow was falling fast," he wrote,
"The air," he said, "was freezing."
Lying about the weather was
To his morbid fancy pleasing.

He mailed the poem to a magazine
Before he dared to slumber,
And it caught the editorial eye
In time for the Christmas number.

—HENRY DENBAR.

LOCAL VERDICTS.

Bell(es) of antiquity—old maids.

A century plant—burying a man 100 years old.
"We will let the 'matter' rest here," said the
editor, as he consigned a packet of spring poems
to the waste paper basket.

In what one particular did the favored candi-
dates at the late election resemble a jug handle?
—By being all on one side.

A St. John baby is said to have inherited the
eyes and nose of his father, but the cheek of his
uncle, who is an insurance agent.

Sunday school teacher—"Johnny, can you
tell me who Adam was?"
Small boy—"Adam, Adam; I might find out
about him if I knew his other name."

One would be led to believe that the St. John
firemen wear out an immense amount of stock-
ings, as they keep three "hose" companies run-
ning for their own special benefit.

SHIPPING.—Tipografikal axident's wil okur in
the best regulated newspaper, which we suppose
akounts for the fakt that the shiping editor or a
Monkton paper inserted the birtns and deaths
in a recent issue under the head ov imports and
exports.

MELLINS' FOOD!
RIDGES' FOOD!
NESTLES' FOOD!
LACTATED FOOD!

Hosford's Acid Phosphates!

HYDROLINE MALTOPEPSYA!

At Wholesale by

R. W. McCARTY,

WHOLESALE DRUGGIST,

Masonic Temple, 88 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

Increased bus accommodation is anticipated—
after the Scott Act comes in force in Portland,
CONFEDERATION.—"The Maritime Provinces,"
said a Montreal bummer the other day while con-
versing on the interesting topic of separation,
"will find that confederation is not unlike a
'gaol': 'tis blawated easy gettin 'in' but bloom-
ing 'ard' to get out, unless they can pay off the
fine, which I should imagine would be very
large."

The citizens of the city of Portland must be a
very active community. We say this from per-
sonal observation. There is an old proverb
which advises the people not to allow the "grass
to grow under their feet." We notice on Main
street, especially, how much the people have
produced by those words of wisdom, for the grass
is all on the roofs of the houses, over their heads.

"Pa, pa, can you tell me what are Knights of
Labor?" asked a nine-year-old the other night of
his father, who was engaged reading an account
in the *Globe* of the seizure of the American
schooner by the *Laundowne*. "Nights of labor
is it; why yes, my boy. They are evenings
passed in second-class boarding house beds.
That's right, my boy, never be afraid to ask
your father about anything you do not know
yourself," and he resumed his reading.

Fiznibbits, while in conversation with a
young lady on King street, the other day, men-
tioned the fact that a gentleman friend of his,
being about to be married, had chosen him as
his best man, and as he had never officiated in
such a position before, he wished to become
posted in the art of groomman. After asking
and receiving answers to various questions con-
cerning his part, he enquired how the father
gave his offspring away. "Well," said she, "I
do not know how it is done in other countries,
but in St. John the usual parents give them
away with the intention of getting rid of them."
Fitzie thereupon raised his hat very politely,
hurried on, and after suspiciously gazing around
two or three times, skipped into Cronin's by
the Market street entrance to drown his feelings
and the water which he had been compelled to
imbibe in moral Portland.

A certain St. John lady, who prides herself on
being able to do up a "dinner" in first-class
style, once received a visit from a young man
who hailed from Boston. At dinner, while
sampling "a steak" done to a turn, conversation
passed from one thing to another until the sub-
ject, "Boston boarding houses," came up. The
Bostonian surprised his hostess by saying that
the only "steak" he ever ate in his life was
while in St. John. The lady knowing he had
never visited her city before, asked him what he
meant by such an assertion. "Well, Mrs.
Bates," said he, "they do cook up an article they
'call' steak, which has been tested and analyzed
by leading chemists of the day, who have all
failed to solve the problem, 'what is it.' His
hostess being a rare judge of steak, where there
was no mistake, submitted the theory to the
JURY, which body after handling and sifting
the matter thoroughly, thereby consuming about
five hours' time, brought in a verdict of "trunk
hinges."

BITS OF FUN.

Home guards—bull dogs.
Foot pads—corn plasters.
Corn-cutting machine—a razor.
The path of duty—through the custom house.
The physician likes his cough-fee.—*Whitehall Times*.

A cheap bargain—giving five shillings for a
guinea pig.
Difficult punctuation—putting a stop to a gos-
sip's tongue.

Something for our grammarians.—What is the
plural of daddylonglegs?

Working like a horse: A lawyer drawing up a
conveyance.—*Rambler*.

The girl who said "hand me my fan, Tom,"
is supposed to have believed in ghosts.

"Corn bread?" said an Irish waiter. "We
haven't got it. Isn't it corn bate ye mane?"

There is many a silent, throbbing corn beats
beneath a nice dress boot.—*Fell River Advance*.

"Tea gowns" are a late novelty in feminine
attire. They go well with a creamy complexion.
—*Cleveland Sun*.

Talking about being in comfortable circum-
stances, did you ever see two lovers occupying
one arm-chair?—*Burlington Free Press*.

A certain professor claims that a person can-
not taste anything in the dark. It is evident
that the worthy man never played "post office."
—*Lowell Citizen*.

An exchange speaks of an actress "dressing
for her photograph." Judging from the usual
photograph of an actress we should think she
undressed for it.

The Smith College girls have organized a so-
ciety for the protection of birds. The larks of
the young gentlemen will receive their first at-
tention.—*Burlington Free Press*.

"Weak tea will prevent baldness," says an ex-
change. That's the reason why fellows living at
three-dollar boarding houses always have such
long hair. That is, that's one reason. There
are others.

Ice cream sets in cut-glass have saucers. Too
bad! This will prevent the girls from scraping
round the dish with the spoon, a delicate way
they have of hinting that more would not be un-
acceptable.

Clergymen, as a rule, make the worst husbands
in the world. Editors rank next. The reasons
are that while editors are away day and night
clergymen are at home night and day.—*Kansas City Times*.

"Ergo," remarked the professor to his class,
after a long preamble. "Ergo"—then he stopped
to take breath. "Well, let ergo," sung out one
of the students, and the conclusion was ruined.
—*Washington Critic*.

He was explaining a Bible panorama. He
came to the representation of the Israelitish
prophet in the den of wild beasts.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "is
Daniel in the lion's den. And there Daniel sat
and sat and sat, all night long, looking at the
show, and it didn't cost him a darned cent!"
—*Carl Pretzel's Week'y*.

STOP

AT THE

Clarendon Hotel,

THE COSY HOUSE OF ST. JOHN.

M. E. & W. B. CANONG, Prop's.

PRINCESS STREET.

ROYAL HOTEL,

King Street, St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN,

Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

F. A. JONES, - - - Proprietor.

J. W. RAMSDELL,

MANUFACTURER, WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Human Hair Goods,

85 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

How Ward Would Advertise a Great Actress.

"Artemus Ward's" propensity for guying people was well known, and many anecdotes illustrating it have been published. We believe the following, however, has never before appeared in print. It was related to us by the well known comedian, Frank Drew, now a member of the Madison Square Theatre Company.

Ward and Drew, who were old friends, met one day in the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, while the former was exhibiting his Mormon Panorama. During their conversation the late H. L. Bateman, theatrical manager, and father of Miss Kate Bateman, at that time a famous actress, entered and accosted Drew, who introduced the gentlemen. "Mr. Bateman, Mr. Brownie," without mentioning the fact, unknown to the former, that Brownie was the famous "Artemus Ward."

It is proper to say here that Bateman was possessed of but one idea, the genius and superiority of his daughter Kate, which he never failed to enlarge upon on all occasions.

"I beg pardon," said Ward, "did I hear the name aright—Bateman?"

"Yes," said Drew, "Mr. H. L. Bateman, theatrical manager, known in Europe and America."

"Are you, indeed, the Mr. Bateman, father of the incomparable Miss Kate Bateman?"

"Yes," replied Bateman, swelling with fatherly pride, "I am proud to say she is my daughter."

"Then allow me to take your hand again," exclaimed Ward with enthusiasm.

"I kneel before the genius of that remarkable girl, and I am proud to grasp the hand of her father. But why do you not bring her to Philadelphia?"

"My dear sir," cried Bateman, who had covered all the dead walls of the Quaker City with her name, "have you not seen? Have you not read? Kate opens at the Arch Street Theatre Monday night."

"Opens Monday night!" exclaimed Ward in amazement, "and this Saturday. Why—why, Mr. Bateman, have you not let the public know it?" This in a tone of sorrowful reproach.

"Why not let the public know it? Good heavens! man—"

"I understand, of course," interposed Ward, "the shrinking modesty of a father, but that is no excuse



ANOTHER BOY-CAUGHT!

DRATE SHOP-KEEPER: "Now, my man, you had better pay for this window you have broken."

INEBRIATED IRISHMAN: "Pay fur it! pay fur it! Sure an' it's miself ought to get paid fur the freight oi got."

for negligence that must seriously interfere with your daughter's success."

"My dear sir—"

"Now, were I her father," continued Ward—"which, of course, I could not have been, nor could I have transmitted to her the genius and commanding talents that you have done (bowing low)—were I her father I would have cast all diffidence aside. I would have announced her coming on three-sheet posters—"

"Four-sheet posters everywhere in Phil—"

"I would have had 'Kate Bateman' in great big letters," Ward went on, indicating with his hands the height that the letters ought to have had, "and if I couldn't find letters big enough in the job offices, I would have had some made specially."

"So I did! so I did!" cried Bateman. "The letters are—"

Ward seemed to hear nothing, but went on with growing enthusiasm: "Then I would have a great quantity of little dodgers printed to throw around everywhere—'Kate Bateman, the greatest living dramatic genius, is coming!' or something like that. I would put out ten thousand at least."

"Great Caesar! sir. Two hundred thousand dodgers are now—"

ered away.

"What did you say that man's name is?" asked Bateman, when he was gone.

"Charles F. Brownie," replied Drew; "better known as Artemus Ward, the humorist."

"Artemus Ward!" Then the look that came over poor Bateman's face as he recognized the "sell," and leaning faintly against the wall begged Drew to lead him out and shoot him, was something that cannot be described.

"I say, Molly, I met such a nice gentleman in the park. He spoke to me and I'm to meet him again to-morrow."

"Really? Did he tell you his name, Kate?"

"Yes; he said it was Mr. John Smith."

"Oh, pshaw! that's the name they all give."

ARM MISS-TIS.—11 p. m. on the back stairs.—She—"Charley, dear, do let go my waist; I am sure I hear papa coming!"

Charley—"I don't care, let him come. All's fair in 'love and war,' they say, and you ought to be prepared for the latter, as you have my arm-our-round you."—Act 1, un-scene 2.

TENNANT, the Shirt Maker,

HAS THE

Largest Display of Neckware

IN ST. JOHN. HIS

Gents' Furnishing Stock

Is complete with every novelty.

The Only Practical Shirt Cutter in the City.

48 King Street, St. John, N. B.

S. McDIARMID

Keeps constantly on hand

A NICE ASSORTMENT OF

Toilet Articles.

ALSO, A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c.

All of which he sells at lowest prices.

Remember the Chaloner Corner, 49 King Street.

T. McAVITY & SONS,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE,

Mill & Foundry Supplies,

BRASS FOUNDERS, &C.,

13 King Street, - - St. John, N. B.

The Bookkeeper.

If an honest man is the noblest work of God, an honest bookkeeper is surely the poorest. Very like a wail comes to us from one of this numerous class in the following advertisement: "Wanted, a bookkeeper between 25 and 30. Must have best references, be willing to make himself generally useful, and able to undertake French correspondence; Christian preferred. Salary \$8 weekly, to commence." When nothing about Christianity is mentioned, sometimes as much as nine dollars is offered. This class of employers also usually prefer to engage a non-smoker and teetotaler. His ideal bookkeeper is not yet invented, as the ones at present on hand mostly eat, which is a pity, as the salary offered would enable one to live fairly well if he had not contracted that vicious habit. Side by side with this advertisement is one for bricklayers, three dollars a day. But this pittance and promise are considered good enough to catch bookkeepers. All the brightness a bookkeeper acquires appears to settle on his trousers, and even that becomes invisible when seated at his daily drudgery. Constant feeding with figures and trying to make a dozen dollars do the work of twenty-four, blunt his faculties and reduce him to abject mechanism. He becomes worse than a machine in fact, as a machine can occasionally go on a "bust" and make things lively, whereas should a bookkeeper go on a "bust," he gets "broke," that is all. Employers give this class of workmen thirty minutes for lunch, as they well know it takes nothing like thirty minutes to walk round the block and eat a few apples. In all his troubles the bookkeeper has the one supreme consolation: as a class he is not long-lived.

Sentiment vs. Cash.

Whalebone Howker secured the floor to remark that he had been reading of how the French army in Madagascar was shedding the blood of innocent people for no other reason than national aggrandisement, and he would offer a resolution that the Lime Kiln Club extend its heartfelt sympathy to the unfortunate people of that island. "Am dis a matter ob cash or sentiment?" asked the President. "S—sentiment, sah." "I reckoned so. Sentiment an cheaper dan dried apples at a cent a pound, an we am perfectly willin' to throw it away. Brudder Howker, how much cash will you put up for dis strugglin' nashun?" "I—I is dead broke, sah." "Werry well, your resolushun will be laid on de stove. De man who can't offer a sick naybur sunthin' with mo' soup in it dan regrets had better putend dat he hasn't time to drop in."

A Novel Idea.

There will be placed on sale in all the leading bookstores of St. John, about the first week in June, a novel by May Leonard, of local fame as a contributor to our daily newspapers of stories exhibitiv of great creative powers. This novel, of which we have an advanced copy, will recommend itself to the public by its sensational and emotional character. The name of this first effort of Miss Leonard's in the novel line is, "Trixie's inheritance, or which shall win." We wish the clever writer all the success due her efforts. The typographical work was executed at the Daily Telegraph office, and looks very neat.

WANTED!

One Thousand Dollars!

For which I will give good value in

**SODA WATER,
OTTAWA BEER,
GINGER ALE.**

Will have on draught in a short time

Egg Soda Water

—WITH—

ACID PHOSPHATE, VANILLA, LEMON,
STRAWBERRY, MAPLE, PINE APPLE,
GINGER, NECTAR, COFFEE,
ORANGE CREAM.

R. D. McARTHUR,

MEDICAL HALL,

59 Charlotte Street, opposite King Square.

A Poor Place to Spend a Vacation In.

The other day a mysterious looking stranger appeared in P—and remained five whole days without the inhabitants finding out his name, where he came from or his business. Even the bar-room loafers were baffled in their attempts to extract some definite information, and the entire town lay awake at night worrying over the matter. At last general agitation grew to such a pitch that the landlord volunteered to interview the stranger on behalf of the public weal. Approaching the taciturn visitor as he sat in the reading room of the hotel, he remarked—
"Fine day, sir."
"Is it?" said the stranger dubiously.
"Going to stay long in these parts?"
"Just four days, two hours, and thirty-one minutes longer," replied the other, consulting his watch and a time-table.
"Then—may I, er-ahem! may I ask what your business is?" persisted the landlord, as the crowd gathered up closer.
"Well, I don't wish it generally known," replied the stranger, confidentially; "but I'm a Russian Nihilist."
"You don't mean it?" gasped the landlord.
"Fact," replied the man, mournfully.
"But, er-what brings you here?" asked the landlord.
"Well, you see, I was captured in St. Petersburg last month, and you know how severe that government is on Nihilists, don't you?"
"Oh!—yes—of course! Go on!"
"Well, they sentenced me to twenty years in Siberia or a week in P—and I was fool enough to choose P—."
And with a heavy sigh the condemned man drifted into dinner.

THE "KNIGHTS" OF LABOR are beginning to come back to their senses, and are now returning to work again in large detachments. We are very glad to hear of the return of the men to work, and killing, dynamite, and trouble almost over. Trade will revive, factories will be opened up, and we in Canada that have no labor trouble to murmur about, may and will reap a benefit—by liberally advertising in the JURY. Rates are very low per inch, and being devoted entirely to politics and humor, and having a good circulation through the provinces, will prove a successful medium for advertisers. Why? because people that subscribe for the JURY will keep it on file and will save them from destruction, the inevitable end of an ordinary newspaper. The cartoons and humorous pictures in the JURY will alone preserve it from the fire king.

Rather a fastidious man, that Main street barber, who leaned over a man he was shaving and said: "Excuse me, sir, but, if I was you, I wouldn't drink Central street whisky." "And why, in hades, shouldn't I, if I want to?" said the man, wondering. "Because, sir, the smell of it takes all the edge off the razor, and when liquor does that, I guess it cannot be very good for the gentleman's internals."

Wife of his bosom: Why, James, your tipsy! He: Sho'uld you'd be if you'd had as much t' drink as I have.

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Written for "THE JURY."

Dottrell's Dilemma.

A ROMANCE OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

BY NINEBUS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

"Is it such a very large amount, Tom?"

"Two hundred dollars, but it might just as well be, for I haven't the money to pay it. The worst of it is that I know it has been paid, but hang it all I can't find the receipt. If old man Merwin gets wind of it I won't get my salary raised this year. It is a hobby of his that no fellow starting in life should ever get in debt. I have heard him hold forth on it for hours. He will be sure to hear of it, for he and my creditor are great friends. And if I don't get my salary raised I won't be able to marry Kitty in the spring."

Mr. Thomas Shaw groaned and hid his face in his hands, and his sister, pretty little Mrs. Richardson, sighed sympathetically. Never had her big brother come to her in a worse dilemma than now. He was in debt, which was bad; and in love, which was worse. Truly a hard and puzzling case.

"I don't know what is to be done, Tom," she said dubiously, at length, "unless you marry Miss Miller."

"Who the deuce is she?"

"She is not the deuce, but a most estimable lady. She is a near neighbor of mine and a great friend. As she is going to dine with us to-day you will have a capital opportunity of making love to her. Like Dame Marjorie in the song, she is 'not very handsome and not very young'; but those disadvantages count for nothing when you remember that she has three thousand a year."

"Bosh!" growled Mr. Shaw, ungratefully. "Well, I must confess you are very fastidious. Turning up your nose at three thousand dollars a year, indeed. Well, I suppose that all commercial travellers are cheeky; it seems to be a peculiarity of the craft. Well, I suppose—"

"Oh, stop your fooling," interposed her brother, wearily. "Say, Josie, do you suppose it would be possible to get a loan from Ralph?"

"Tom, he would if he could, but I know that he can't. We are desperately in need of a little ready money ourselves, for we got terribly in debt during Ralph's illness last winter. He was saying only this morning that he wished we had another boarder; the one we have pays so little and gives so much trouble. But he has been of assistance to Ralph, so he feels bound to keep him. I know two or three we could have who would be much nicer than Mr. Dottrell."

"Dottrell! By George, is that your lodger?"

"Yes; a horrid, grumpy old bachelor, who has a glass eye, dyes his moustache, wears a wig and false teeth. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Know A. C. Dottrell? I should think I did. Why he is my creditor; the very man who is going to make things hot for me if I don't pay him two hundred dollars at the end of the week. And he means it, too, the old skin-tint."

"Hateful old miser," added Josie, emphatically.

"But, Tom, try and forget him for a little while. I saw Kitty Merwin on the street yesterday. What is she doing down in this part of the world? I suppose you will be out with her this afternoon."

"She is visiting an aunt or some kind of relation, I believe, and intends to stay for the summer. No, in my present state of mind I think it best to keep away from her. Guess I'll go out and take a stroll. Don't expect me in to dinner; I don't care to meet old Dottrell."

"Oh, but Tom you must. Ralph would never forgive me if I let you take dinner elsewhere. Promise me now that you will be back in an hour."

"All right, perhaps I will. Give me my hat, Jo, and let me go; I feel out of sorts."

He strode out of the house, looking the personification of melancholy. Josie looked after him with a dark shade of anxiety clouding her pretty face.

"Poor, dear old Tom; I'm awfully sorry for him," she said sorrowfully to herself. "I wish I could help him, but I don't see how on earth I am to do it. If Providence would be merciful enough to remove old Dottrell to some remote sphere of usefulness, what a blessing it would be."

She sighed deeply and turned into the house at the conclusion of this soliloquy, only to be summoned again to the door as the bell rang sharply.

It was Miss Miller who entered, dressed in holiday attire, which with her was the height of fashion. But it was not her wonderful toilette that filled Josie with so much surprise as the sight of her. It was the aspect of her face, which was radiant with smiles and blushes, and her manner, which was remarkable for a sprightliness and "skittishness" such as she had never seen displayed by the elderly spinster before.

"Did you think I was never coming, Josie dear?" she inquired archly. "Oh, I wouldn't have stayed away to-day on any account. Come in, dear, in the room where we can talk comfortably, for I have a wonderful, such a sweetly wonderful piece of news to tell you."

Josie sighed over the thousand and one little items of household work which would have to be seen to before dinner. But she knew her visitor well enough to be aware that it was useless to complain or attempt to excuse herself. So she allowed herself to be led into the parlor, where she sank wearily into an armchair, while her visitor seated herself on a footstool at the feet of her hostess, nestling close to her side in an innocent, childish way that was surprising to see in one of her mature age.

And then, with much bashfulness and many blushes, the timid faltering maiden told her story: How a certain gentleman, who was rich enough himself to find it unnecessary to woo her for her fortune, had repeatedly walked with her when he met her on the street; how he had once lent her his umbrella when it rained; how he had paid her many compliments; and finally how he had asked her to drive with him that very afternoon—a drive which she felt sure would decide everything. When she arrived at this point in her narrative, Miss Miller bashfully gave the name of her adorer—the name was Dottrell.

"Gracious!" was all the astounded confidante could ejaculate; but the start she gave nearly upset the shy creature at her feet.

"I hope you will be happy," said Josie, somewhat nervously, after a lengthy pause. "You ought to be, for he is very—well, very rich."

For once in her life she felt thankful that Dottrell was wealthy. It was the only pleasant fact she could think of in connection with him.

"Oh, yes; but that doesn't make any difference to me," said Miss Miller quickly; he—

She was interrupted by a smart tap at the door. Josie opened it and was confronted by the frightened face of her servant, who beckoned her silently into the hall.

"Oh, Mrs. Richardson, will you please go up and see to Mr. Dottrell," she said in an earnest whisper. "I think he must be possessed of a devil."

"What!"

"Yes ma'am. He ain't been up; he ain't had no breakfast; he don't seem to start to go out, and I can hear him in his room talkin' to himself and cussin' and swearin' awful."

"I will go to him at once," said Josie decisively. "Miss Miller," she continued, turning back into the parlor, "will you kindly excuse me for a few minutes; I have something important to see about."

"Certainly, dear," said the effusive one, readily. "Don't mind me; I will practice a little during your absence."

And as Josie wearily ascended the stairs the introduction to the "Maiden's Prayer" echoed sharply through the house, and the melody was played in a style so thumpy and energetic that one instinctively knew that the fingers that played it were boney and long and were possessed of large knuckles.

"Dottrell grows interesting," soliloquized Josie on the staircase. "Everybody seems greatly excited over him and I have heard him described in three different characters: Dottrell as Shylock, Dottrell as Romeo, and now Dottrell as Mephistopheles. I wonder which is his natural character. Gracious, he does seem rather loquacious in there; I'm half afraid to venture."

"Come in," called out a quivering but excited voice in answer to her knock; "but be careful—careful; you might tread upon my eye, and it is very expensive you know."

If this extraordinary greeting did not startle her, certainly the person who uttered it might have by his appearance shaken the strongest nerves. He was standing but upright in the centre of the room, and upon his face there was a look of agony sad to behold. The fact of him being bald headed and toothless was bad enough, but the "aching void" caused by the absence of one eye added a peculiarity to his aspect that made him revolting to look upon.

"Oh, Mr. Dottrell!" cried Josie in a voice of horror. "What on earth is the matter with you; are you ill?"

"I am in deep trouble, Mrs. Richardson," he returned dolefully; "perhaps you may have noticed that I have had the misfortune to lose one of my eyes."

She had, indeed, noticed it. Just then it seemed to her as if the image of his distorted face would never fade from her horror-stricken mind.

"Whilst performing my ablutions this morning I was unlucky enough to mislay both my artificial eye and my artificial teeth. I dare not move about much for fear of treading upon the eye, which may have fallen to the floor. It was very expensive, and it would grieve me greatly to lose it. My defective vision is another barrier to me in my search. Would you be so kind as to have a look round for it?"

[Concluded on page 7.]

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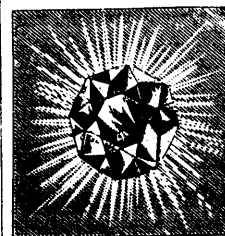
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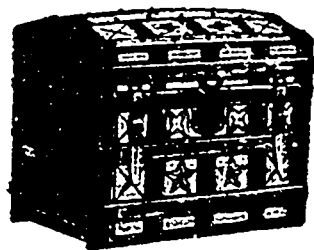
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[Continued from page 6.]

"Here is your wig—your artificial hair," observed Josie, as she lifted a black curly wig from the bureau.

"Down it, madam," he cried, with a sudden flash of temper, "what good will that do me? I want my eye and teeth, I tell you."

The color rose to Josie's cheeks, but she said nothing, only moved quietly about her search. The floor, bureau and washstand were carefully examined, and then she turned to a small writing table littered with papers. As she lifted up one after another of the documents, a small memorandum, upon which was written her brother's name, riveted her attention. Yes, there in black and white was inscribed the fact of Mr. T. Shaw's indebtedness for the sum of two hundred dollars to Mr. A. C. Dottrell. As Josie read it over an idea flashed with lightning-like rapidity through her brain, an idea which she at once proceeded to act upon, for a gleam of sunshine just then betrayed the missing eye glittering among the papers, and close beside it the wished-for teeth.

She quietly slipped both articles into the table drawer, which she locked and put the key in her pocket. Then, having obtained possession of the wig, she turned and resolutely confronted its owner.

"I have found them," she said.

"Ah," with a smile, which his lack of teeth made hideous.

"So much obliged. Just lay them down here—"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," replied Josie, calmly.

"Madam!"

"Listen to me," said the little woman in clear, decisive tones: "You claim that my brother, Mr. Thomas Shaw, owes you two hundred dollars. He says that the debt is paid, but is not able to find the receipt, and you will not give him time to pay for it. Now, which will you do, cancel the debt, or give me two hundred dollars down?"

"Curse you," yelled the old man; "do you take me for a donkey or fool?"

"I don't take you for anything," she responded briskly. "I wouldn't have you at any price. I don't see how Miss Miller can bear the idea of going out driving with you, much less consent to have you make love to her; you're a horrid old thing."

The old man's face changed color. Whether he was disconcerted at her extreme candor, or by the fact that she knew of his love affair with Miss Miller, Josie could not determine.

"Horrid or not," he said at length in a voice tremulous with rage, "your brother will have to pay that money and you don't get a cent from me."

"Then you can't go out driving with Miss Miller this afternoon, for I refuse to give up either your hair, teeth, or eye. I'm afraid she will never forgive you if you fail to keep your appointment, for she seems to have set her heart upon it. Too bad you cannot go out without these little articles. Perhaps my brother, who is coming to dinner, will take your place."

This was too much for old Dottrell. The thought that the man he hated should cut him out of three thousand a year, set him wild.

"If you don't give me what rightfully belongs to me I will make you," he said, advancing towards her and menacing her with his uplifted arm.

"If you lay a finger on me I'll scream loud enough to bring Miss Miller up-stairs. It is she that you hear playing upon the piano. I fear she will be no longer charmed with you when

she sees you as you are. You are not as beautiful now as you are sometimes."

There was a pause. In the silence Miss Miller's performance of "Silvery Waves" sounded mercifully loud.

Old Dottrell stood silent and considered.

This was an awkward position for him. Mrs. Richardson had the upper hand of him. She was resolute, and he felt that if he attempted to use force with her she would by her screams bring others to the spot, and he was not at present in the right trim to receive visitors; besides, what can a half-dressed, bald-headed, toothless, eyeless old man do against a clever, resolute little woman? He had to yield, but not without a struggle. After ten minutes vainly spent in cursing and whining, Mr. A. C. Dottrell bought back his property for the trifling sum of two hundred dollars.

* * * * *

When the band played on the Square that night there was no happier couple than Tom and Kitty, even though the rain did put such a damper upon their enjoyment. But their joy was nothing to that of Miss Miller's, who was in the seventh heaven of delight about the fervid proposal Mr. Dottrell had breathed into her ear that afternoon, for he was determined to lose no time in securing her fortune. Naughty Josie had to listen to a long lecture from her husband, the effect of which was rather spoiled by his intense amusement over her story.

"But just think, Ralph," she pleaded, "it has rid us of him for good, isn't that splendid?"

"Oh, Josie," he said, shaking his head, "nothing can excuse the unfair advantage you took of Dottrell's Dilemma."

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A Nevada woman recently eloped while her husband was taking a bath. A few such episodes will do more for the cause of cleanliness than was ever dreamed of in Dio Lewis' philosophy—*Binghamton Republican.*

"The Boycott Does not Work" is the head of an article in an exchange. And this, by the way, is what is the matter with the boycotter. He neither works nor wants anybody else to work.—*Northtown Herald.*

The craze on electric study is beginning to bear fruit. "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on a tram car. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood." "Oh, that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non conductor."

A little boy went into the parlor where his sister was being courted and said: "Brother Tom told me to ask you what was the date of your last bustle, for he can't find to day's paper high or low and he left it in your room just before supper."

"How much is these raisins wuth?" asked a farmer as he dipped into the box for a sample.

"Five cents," said the grocer.

"Five cents for how many—a pound?"

"No, for those you've got in your hand."

—*New York Times.*

Mrs. Whedleim, who spent forty-five minutes in a vain effort to convince Mr. W. that a seal-skin sack was necessary to her existence, said: "John, hadn't you better sell me for a car-wheel?" "Why?" "Why? Because I've got a cast iron hub." She got the sack.

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked a father of his son, a "fast" urchin, as he came home one afternoon from school. "Well, I don't know," was his reply, "but I fancy you'd think one rod made an acher if you got such a tanning as I did from old Scroggins this afternoon."

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Lost by a lady, a white terrier dog, except the head, which is black. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at the office of the JURY.

A gentleman returning home one evening last week overheard the following conversation between his cook and the policeman on duty:

"Do you really love me, Biddy, darlint?"

"Indade I do, Pathrick. I don't believe I could show you any more affliction if ye was a capthain on the force."

Two Irishmen named Pat and Mike, who were both fond of a "drop of the crature," by the look of their noses, met the other day. "Arrah," says Mike to Pat, "your nose looks uncommonly like the 'Last Rose of Summer.'" "In that case," says Pat, looking knowingly at Mike's nose, "then it is not left 'blooming alone.'"

On the eve of an Irish boy caught.—Miss Florence De Brogan—"Troth, Patsy, me bye, but ye are the darlint; faith 'tis ye are a man afther me own heart, ye are."

Patsy—"Howly Saint Pathrick! and its afther yer heart is it ye think of am. Bejapers an if it wuz a case of Adam and Eve wid you an oi, begorra oid marry the divil first, so oi wud."

Mr. Societe.—"I have just learned of your sister's engagement, and congratulate her. I really wonder, though, how Jack Simmons ever got up his courage to speak to your father." Miss Unplucked Flower.—"Why so, Mr. Societe?" Mr. S.—"Why, your father has always seemed to me so distant—a man difficult of approach." Miss U. F. (with animation).—"Oh, not at all, Mr. Societe. Get that idea out of your mind, I beg of you, as soon as possible."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Look heah, Ransom," said an old negro to a young fellow, "I doan' min' yer 'sociatin' wid my daughter, but I'd ruther yer wouldn' come roun' my house no mo'. Time 'for de las' what yer wus heah, I missed er waterbucket, an' de las' time de bridle was gone, an' now, ez I has a use for de saddle, I'd ruther yer wouldn' come heah. I don' say dat yer ain't hones', for I b'lebes yer is; but such cuis things happens while yer is in the neighborhood, so jes' ter pleas' er ole man, what ain't enjoyin' very good health, pleas doan' come roun' dis house no mo'."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

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