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SAINT JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER, 1886.

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THE POST OFFICE INSPECTORSHIP.

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WM. S. RITCHIE, *Proprietor.*

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER, 1886.

CARTOON COMMENTS BY THE FOREMAN.

Quebec Local Elections.

The general elections for the local legislature are over in Quebec, and there is as yet uncertainty as to which party is in the ascendant. The organs of both contending parties claim a majority, each of course relying on the support of doubtful members in working up the results. The execution of Riel was

made the principal factor in the struggle. The issue was one fitted to arouse race and religious prejudices, and to inflame the passions of an easily excited people; and it is not surprising that in many sections inflammatory appeals did effectual work. Indeed, it is a matter of wonder to many that greater gains were not made by the fomentors of religious and race rancor. But that they have been even partially successful in stifling reason is to be deplored. Justice ceases to be even-handed when "foul and damnable" crimes are elevated, by whatever methods, into the dignity of popular virtues. The defeat of Quebec's government on its merits would have been a fair deal. Its overthrow, or even the loss of considerable support by gross rascality and reprehensible scheming, on matters for which it is not fairly responsible, is reprehensible, to say the least; and the public sentiment which will admit of such courses must indeed be in a very unhealthy state. The attempt to elevate a criminal into the dignity of a saint—and this is clearly what Mr. Mercier and some of his followers have been doing—merits condemnation by good men and law-abiding people everywhere. The reign of political rascality is seldom enduring. Mr. Mercier, whose methods to attain ascendancy have been pronounced questionable even by honest and manly journalists in his own Province, and all others who resort to dishonorable devices, should lay this fact to heart.

As yet it is difficult to predict what may be the result of the contest in Quebec. The representation is so evenly divided as to leave room for many possibilities. There is talk of the Ross government holding on till the legislature meets, and there are also predictions that it will relinquish the seals of office before that period arrives. If it feels assured of a majority, even though small, it is not unlikely that it will remain regardless of what its clamorous opponents may do or say or think, trusting to time and the restora-

tion of reason to repair the losses which it has sustained by untoward circumstances and the forcing of foreign issues into the local political arena. But the public will not have long to wait for the denoument. In the meantime they must try to cultivate as best they can the virtue of patience, hopeful always that right will triumph in the end.

The Majority for 1887, and Prospective Knighthood.

The year 1888—the jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign—is likely to stimulate aspirations in civic circles. The talk is that mayors of all cities in the British dominions next year will receive from Her Majesty the Queen the honor of knighthood. Of course this is an exceptional case, and it may be as good a method as any other of signalling an epoch in one of the most remarkable reigns in which royalty has ever figured. Queen Victoria has proved herself to be not only a wise sovereign but a pattern member of society, a model mother in the family circle, and God-fearing and God honoring in all her movements. Any honor coming from the hands of one so exemplary in every respect would of course be prized by the recipient. It is not unnatural, therefore, that there should be more than ordinary interest taken in the election of mayor for next year. Of late there has been in St. John an indifference to civic service, and elections have in consequence sometimes been allowed to go by default. But the prospective bestowal of royal favors may, and doubtless will, stimulate activity even if it be not really a healthy activity. Already there is a plentiful crop of aspirants for the coveted chair. The names of six or seven have so far been bandied about—some having experience at the council board, and some otherwise; and before next April rolls around there will in all likelihood be a goodly number in the field. Aside from the matter of royal favor, St. John requires as its chief magistrate an efficient officer—a man of character, energy and ability, with aptitudes for the work required of him. And the electors should see to it that they secure him. Men of inferior calibre, but with a plentiful supply of assurance, may present themselves, but the public should be neither coaxed nor cajoled into accepting persons of that stamp. St. John, "the Liverpool of British North America," should be conspicuous in this matter by the superiority of its judgment and the excellence of its choice. The better the type of man secured, the more worthily will the Sovereign's honor be worn.

Mr. Justin McCarthy on Home Rule.

Home Rule, as presented by Mr. Justin McCarthy, the journalist, statesman and historian, is not the kind of home rule which Mr. Parnell has demanded. Nor is it the kind of home rule embraced in the scheme presented by Mr. Gladstone to the British Parliament for acceptance. Mr. Gladstone, with Mr. Parnell's approval, endeavored to provide legislative machinery for Ireland which would disintegrate rather than unite the empire. He aimed to give Ireland control of her own affairs after a fashion peculiarly his own, and decidedly unique in many of its features, but in matters of national or general concern the Irish people were to be deprived of that influence in which is their undoubted right to be sharers. Mr. McCarthy seemed to lean to a system of home rule which could fairly be considered not out of harmony with our Canadian system. This kind of home rule should be quite unobjectionable to the Irish

people. Ireland is prepared for, and is entitled to receive, whether vested in one or in four legislatures, the control of her own local or domestic affairs; and for such a remedial measure there is not much reason to doubt that England and Scotland are equally prepared. This being the case, any scheme of local government, to be generally acceptable, should embrace all sections of the Mother Land, and be made operative in all at the same time. For the treatment of matters of national or general concern there should also be established a supreme legislature, in which Ireland, Scotland and England would each have a voice on some well understood and indisputably fair basis. Yet Mr. McCarthy's discussion of the Irish question does not appear to be much out of harmony with some such project; and if he possesses the influence with his chief and with his party which is claimed for him, there ought to be no great difficulty in bringing a well devised measure so prominently forward as to enlist the sympathy and secure the support of an overwhelming contingent from the ranks of both parties in the Imperial Parliament.

A COMMISSION is now sitting in England with a view to determine the causes of the commercial depression which has been felt during the past few years in the trade of the world. Numerous causes have been assigned, and among others to which the attention of the wise men of the civilized world has been directed are the relative effects of the growing scarcity of gold and the increasing plenty of silver on the world's trade and commerce. The subject is attracting a good deal of interest, as careful readers of the more advanced newspapers can aver. It will be curious to note the extent to which the respective metals in their relative uses, especially as coin, are responsible for the trade troubles of the world.

"Is it true," asked the professor, "that a trombone player saved the life of Frederick the Great?"

"It is," replied the student.

"How?"

"Frederick killed him."

Mr. Wifeless—"Mike, you rascal, what are you doing there? How can you dare to wipe my goblets with my handkerchief?"

Mike—"Sure, an', sorr, it's not your hankerchief at all, at all. It's moine."

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Our Portraits.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Mr. Geo. A. Haggerty, Mechanical Superintendent of the New Brunswick Railway, and his two pet bears at McAdam Junction. Mr. H., who comes from the Southern States, is a master mechanic and a first-class draughtsman, and in securing his services the railway management should congratulate themselves. He is a prime favorite with all working under him, and a thorough gentleman at all times. Mr. Haggerty is unmarried and resides in the building in which the railway offices are situated. The New Brunswick Railway is the finest fitted out, for a short line, in Canada, and under the management of Mr. Cram, who is full of energy, is proving very successful.

We also give a portrait of Kimball O. Tapley, Indiantown, N. B., the winner of the \$10 prize for best humorous story in a recent issue of *Tidbits*, N. Y.

The Jury at the Play.

The members of the Portland Glee Club gave a benefit in aid of a church organ on Wednesday, Oct. 20th, at McAdam Junction. The affair was a financial and theatrical success. The stage was erected in the paint shop of the railway works, and seats were erected to accommodate about four hundred and fifty persons. The house was filled and the audience was thoroughly satisfied. The singing, farces, clog and jig dancing were good. The club is composed of young amateurs. Wm. N. Ritchie, the cartoonist of *JURY*, amused the audience with several off-hand sketches of some McAdam characters. The company wish to thank all the McAdamites for the courteous treatment received while there.

The Chas. Verner Co., at the Institute four nights, commencing 26th ult., played to large houses during their stay. 'Tis not often we have the pleasure of witnessing such an actor as Mr. Verner, and the people of St. John appear to appreciate a good one when he comes. Verner's performance of Shamus O'Brien on Tuesday evening was a fine piece of acting. His songs and dancing, especially the shillelah dance, carried the house by storm and won hearty recalls. Of the soubrette Miss Kate Lewis too much cannot be said; sufficient is it to say she was charming. W. B. Cahill's acting of the miser, informer, etc., was fine, and as they say in whist, honors were evenly divided. The other performances were first-class.

Pauline Markham, "the (so-called) magnifi-

cent," played to poverty stricken business the week of 18th to 23rd, in the Institute. Her acting was only fair and her voice far from captivating. Regarding this famed beauty, we think her form and features too massive for magnificence.

The wonderful "Balabrega" scored a great success in St. John at the Institute, crowded houses greeting him every night. Some of his feats in magic were very good and his exhibitions of mesmerism very mirth provoking.

That Portland Horse.

To the Editor of the Jury.
Quite a furore was created in "Council Bluffs," or rather the council board of Portland, over the new horse purchased by ex-mayor Chesley's brother for the horse cart of No. 1. Shortly after



Yours truly,
"Casey Jap."

the purchase this noble animal took a violent attack of chronic kicking, and the driver resigned peacefully in a corner, and the same day resigned peacefully from the reins of office, and left the council in a corner. A day or two later the horse felt he was going to die and got down on his knees to pray, which again put the council in an un-kneesy position. The poor animal remained in that lying state for several hours, during which time he was under the physical care of veterinary surgeons McGuldrick and Chesley,

who administered to his every want column, and finally succeeded in propping him on his feet, aided by the treasury department, on which he leaned for support. The animal is to be run (off) for a mayor next election. John C. Miles will shortly receive an order to paint portraits of this and another horse bought some time ago by a celebrated Portland orator and alderman. These pictures will be handsomely lithographed, and a copy sent by mail to each of the electors. Hoping the "Deacon" will cast his professional eye on matters, I remain, with many thanks for your space,
CLOTHES HORSE.
Portland, N. B.

The Suspension Bridge Paint Contract.

To the Editor of the Jury.
A question that seems to be irritating the boss painters of St. John very much at present is the late painting of the Suspension Bridge. It appears that the local government ordered tenders to be received for the painting alone of the bridge. All the leading painters competed and the contract was given to a journeymen painter by the name of Palmer, who was the lowest in price of all. This riled the painters very much; but not so much, it seems, as the manner in which the contract for furnishing the paint was given. Tenders specified that the bridge must be painted with anti-corrosive paint, and the buying of the paint was given to W. C. Rudman Allan, of Carleton, without tender or competition. W. H. Thorne & Co. are the only authorized agents in the Maritime Provinces for anti-corrosive paint; and we and all intelligent people think the government should purchase the paint and oil direct from them. But not so; they go to Mr. Allan, who is a miniature dealer in paints and oils (druggists generally deal slightly in the aforesaid articles), and give him the order to buy all the materials needed. Mr. Allan not having any stock for the contract, called at W. H. Thorne & Co.'s and bought the paint and oil needed. Of course Mr. Allan cannot work for nothing, and naturally must get a large commission. It appears that all oil scandals are not located at Moncton. We hope the matter will be thoroughly ventilated. Public money is a public trust.
BOSS PAINTERS.

A new eight-page evening paper will be issued in St. John about the 24th of November. It will be independent in politics. Mr. F. C. Cooper, late of the *Telegraph*, will assume the business managership, and several local reporters will be included on its staff, with C. H. Lugin as editor-in-chief. Another evening paper is very much needed in St. John, and we hope to see this new venture prove a success.

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Uncarthed.

Two school teachers from the dove tailed cities of Portland and St. John, while strolling one evening (as usual) in the immediate proximity of our infant Killarney, discovered a carpet bag of an ancient design. One of the gentlemen, with an assumption of bravery, boldly advanced and seizing the inoffensive article, shook it, whereupon a sound emanated from within which caused each individual hair on their heads to remain erected like the "memorial" fountain on King Square. He still retained his grip, when the commotion from within ceased. After a lengthy debate they resolved to return to the city, bearing with them this seemingly undoubted evidence of an atrocious crime. Arrived in the city they hastened to the police station, and depositing the bag at the feet of Chief Marshall, immediately relapsed into a state of insensibility. The chief, with his usual bravado, called all members of the force present to surround him, and aided by Officer Baxter's pedal extremity, succeeded in breaking the lock, exposing to view, not as expected the reminiscence of some dreadful deed!! but the dust covered and well-worn "bones" used by the Rankine Minstrel Troupe of Saint John; also several of the stale jokes perpetrated by that company on our public.

Vouched for as *bona fide* by EUREKA.

Burdette's Advice.

Don't judge a man by his clothes, my son. Can you tell what the circus is going to be like by looking at the Italian sunset pictures on the fence? Do you value the turkey for its plumage? And isn't the skin of the mink the most, and indeed the only valuable part of him?

There be men, fair to look upon, who wander up and down this country, and sit in the coolest places on the hotel piazzas, who are arrayed in fine linen and cardinal socks, and who have to hold their hand over their scarf-pin when they want to see the moonlight, who, unassisted and

unprompted, do not possess the discretion to come in when it rains, and don't know enough to punch a hole in the snow with an umbrella—new soft snow at that, without any crust on it. Now and then, son, before you are as old as Methusalem, you will meet a man who wears a hat that is worth twice as much as the head it covers.

On the other hand, don't fall into the error of believing that all the goodness and honesty and intelligence in the world goes about in shreds and patches. We have seen the tramp, dressed in worse rags than you could rake out of the family rag bag, and more dirt and hair on him than would suffice to protect a horse, who would step up to the front door and demand three kinds of cake, half an apple pie, and then steal every moveable thing in the yard, kill the dog, choke up the pump with sand, trample on the pansy bed, and girdle the cherry trees, because he couldn't carry them away.

Good clothes or bad are never an infallible index to the man that is in them.

with the same spirit, and as a result he drives down his stake and goes to work with the same interest. When, however, he goes to a town and everyone expresses doubt and apprehension in the future prosperity of the place, moping about and indulging mourning complaints about imaginary evils which are likely to befall the town, he naturally feels that it is no place for him, and at once shakes the dust from his feet, while he pulls with all possible speed for some other town. Consequently, try and make a live, enterprising, progressive town; remember when you are working for and saying a good word for your town you are accomplishing all the more for yourself.

"I suppose you have had many prominent men for patients," said a gentleman to a dentist. "Oh, yes; and I have found that their tongues, in most cases, recombined their teeth." "In what respect?" "Because they have been stopped by gold."

Our Bouquets.

THE JURY comes to us from St. John, N. B., for exchange. It is a monthly journal, independent in politics and well filled with bright cartoons and caricatures of a local nature. The price is only 35 cents per year. THE JURY fills an important place in provincial journalism. Shako! Acadian, Wolfville, N. S.

THE JURY, of St. John, is growing better each issue, and displays creditable originality, both in editorial utterances and timely cartoons. It made a slip up in the portrait of A. G. Blair, for which we hope it will not be made to suffer financially, but it makes amends in many other ways. We wish THE JURY success, and hope to soon receive its weekly visits. If St. John knows a good thing it will make THE JURY flourish like—like a green bay horse.—Maple Leaf, A. Co., N. B.

SPEAK a good word for your town and country whenever an opportunity presents itself. More towns die for want of confidence on the part of business men and lack of public spirit than from the rivalry of neighboring towns or adverse surroundings. When a man in search of a home or business location goes to a town and finds everything brim full of hope and enthusiasm over the prospects of the place and earnestly at work to build up the town, he soon becomes imbued



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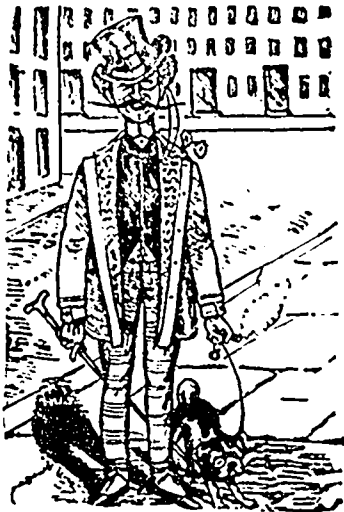
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LOCAL VERDICTS.

Dippers—Baptist ministers.
 Subscribo for THE JURY: 35 cents a year.
 The latest thing out in pockets—Latch keys.
 When a door is a-jar, can it be called a door?
 The majority of home runs are made after midnight.
 "I scent the battle from afar," said the deserter.
 Wanted—A drawer for Macdonald's cabinet, Ottawa.
 The "Hagerty Act" is enforced at McAdam Junction.
 Who is this General Election we hear so much talk about?
 What kind of a knot is used when a person is tongue-tied?
 Why don't they leave the cause (caws) of Ireland to the crows?
 When "coming thro' the rye" a man usually has a swelled head.
 Unlike Job, the St. John police force has only one "Boyle" on it.
 When is a sign painter a marine painter? Every time he paints a C.
 Crutlin's girl says that he must be a Chinaman—he is so easily "broke."
 Only think of it: THE JURY, 35 cents a year, and still your name is omitted.
 We would call the attention of our readers to the cards of the firms displayed.
 THE JURY for one year to the person that informs us why they "weigh anchors."
 Why does the Trade Reporter resemble an obscured sun? Because it is a total 'clips.

Send 35 cents to box 237 P. O., St. John, and get THE JURY for one year.

Why should a bank cashier make a good card player? Because he is good on big "lifts."

British mayoralty candidates, who run the race successfully in 1887, will win a "Sir" prize.

It is easy to bring a clothes horse to the water, but it is hard, very hard, to make him drink.

Dollar cigar cases for fifty cents at D. J. Jennings', 167 Union st. Books, stationery, etc

"Mumm's Extra Dry," said the boy when his mother returned with a quart pitcher of beer.

Election Note.—The late wood fire has thoroughly "stumped" the country east of Vanceboro.

Prof. Stone Wiggins should join the salvation army. He would then know "weather prophets" of his stamp go.

A coquettish lady violinist, after breaking three strings, remarked that she was very hard on strings, but easy on her beau.

The electoral decision in the mayoralty contest next spring will envelop the successful competitor in total darkness by making him a life-long Knight.

If it takes four glasses of whiskey to see a snake three feet long, how many glasses of the same material would it take to see the celebrated sea serpent.

"Our'n ex-'ile' from home" is the song of the railway management at Moncton. The music was furnished by A. A. Stockton, M. P. P., St. John, N. B.

An amusing incident occurred in John Slater's tailor shop the other day. He received an order for a coat from the new Policeman Baxt and to measure him John had to stand on the counter.

Tenders will be received at the office of THE JURY up till May 1st, 1887, for cold water hydrants to be placed at intervals of two hundred feet in the City of Portland as soon as the Scott Act is enforced.

Pointers.—I tell you, Jim, he says his dog is a setter.

Jim: He's nothing of the kind; he's a liar.

And the other went away not knowing whether Jim meant the man or his dog.

a Rink.—She: Chawley, dear, will you be kind enough to put on my skates?

Chawley: Put on your skates! Well, weally, now you must be joking, Maud. They are too deucedly small for me, don't cherknow.

Crutlins, Jr., while out walking with his mamma, the other day, on King street, saw a young lady whose face appeared to wear a sneering look, and after she had passed on asked who the young lady was with the hop bitters expression on her face.

A bridge of size—Our cantilover.

"It's for money," said the Bank President, when his cashier skipped to Canada.

Why do Israelites in the tobacco business resemble the essence of their stock? Because they are "tobacco Jews."

Fitzniblets asked his father for the definition of "boodle." The old man scratched his head for a minute or two, hunted up a few October issues of the Globe, and scanning the editorials, remarked that he guessed it was a kind of political benefit.

One of our provincial autocrats, while spending a short vacation in Boston, put up at the Vendome. At the breakfast table on the first day of his arrival a waiter brought as the initial course a small piece of steak. The provincial gazed at the meat a few minutes and then said: You need not bring any sample pieces here; bring the steak all together.



GEO. A. HAG: ERTY,
 Mechanical Superintendent, N. B Railway,
 AND HIS PETS AT MCADAM JUNCTION.

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Two Apologies.

BY LUKE SHARR

There is a hotel in London that is of immenso size. Its corridors ought to have street cars running along them. Each corridor has a window at the end, and as you stand at the other end and look at it, it seems half a mile away. All the room doors are exactly alike, and a person needs his faculties about him even when the halls are well lit to find the particular den he is paying for. I was domiciled on the fourth floor. A friend who had a room a few floors nearer the ground gave a sort of an "at home" one evening and I was one of the guests. I have no idea what time it was when we got through, but the upper halls were very silent, dark and deserted. It was so late that I was not quite sure on which side of the hall my room was situated, and as to the number of it—that had become ancient history long before. After a vain search I made up my mind that I had to either sleep in the hall or go down stairs and wake somebody up, or try in which door my key fitted. I preferred to sleep in the hall rather than go down and up those stairs, so I started at about where I thought my room was and tried the key. Some doors had keys on the other side, some again did not suit the key I had, and from behind other doors came low growls of sleepy disapproval that caused me to desist. At last I struck the door and it opened. I had no matches and couldn't find any in the room. I found the bed, tumbled in, and went to sleep. Some time later I became conscious that another fellow was trying my game.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"Open ze door," he answered.

I opened it and he staggered in. He held a lighted candle in his hand and it seemed to be very late indeed with him. He had on a dress coat, his hat was well back on his head and his necktie was round under his ear.

"Now, what the old Harry do you want?" I asked.

"Beggur pardon, shur; do, indeed; but y' shoo, th' porter says shis is my room."

"The porter doesn't know what he's talking about. Don't you see it's my room? Didn't you notice the porter was drunk?"

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THE MAYORALTY.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S QUANDARY, OR ON WHOM SHALL KNIGHTHOOD FALL.

"Thash zo; thash zo; I notish shat. Ash we'er comin' up I notish he's drunk. Shay, old fel, under shirkum—sirkum—kum—stances, ye know, all one zhentleman can shay t' nozer zhentleman's shorry and beg yer pardon."

"Certainly, that's all right. Your room's in the next block. Good night."

"Good night; shawl right under shirkstances—shawl right! 'Pologize, ye know. Eh? One zhentleman—"

I woke up pretty late that morning and found that after all I was in somebody else's room. Things appear clearer in the morning than they do late at night when a person is tired. I saw that if I had had presence of mind enough to look at the round brass tag that was attached to my key I would have seen the number of my room on it. I locked the door of the room I had occupied and went to my own apartment which was some fifteen doors farther down. There was a key on the outside and the door was unlocked.

slip of white sarab, the 'ack cut off a little below the waist line, and full breadths of silk gathered in so as to hang gracefully over the tounure, and three bias ruffles on the—

"Why, what are you talking about?" interrupted her friend; "I mean, have you finished writing your essay, you know?" "Er—no," said Mamie, her enthusiasm rapidly diminishing; "but I have commenced it, and I wish the awful thing was in Halifax!" "What's the subject?" "The Curse of Slang." "Gracious! Isn't that a difficult subject to write up?" "Difficult? Well, I should giggle. I'll have to hump myself to get it finished in time for the commencement, and I have a good notion to let it slide. I might shut up the professor's optic by pleading illness, but I'm not that sort of a hairpin. But, come, waltz up into my room and look at my stunning graduating harness. It'll paralyze you."

A summary proceeding—Pic-nicking.

I opened it and recognized the fellow who had roused me up in the night, lying on my bed with his dress suit still on and looking very crumpled. He started up as I entered.

"I beg your pardon, but you are occupying my room," I said.

"Really," he answered, looking very sheepish and astonished. "Well, I am very sorry, I am sure. I don't know how such a mistake could have occurred. I think the porter left me here. The fact is, you see, I was out with some friends last night—I presume you see how the mistake occurred. My key must have fitted your door. I hope you will pardon the intrusion—it is really inexorable, but I hope—"

"Don't mention it. It is all right. Might have happened to anybody."

"You are very good, and I thank you. I will get up at once."

"Don't do anything of the kind. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, thank you; nothing. If you don't mind I will take another nap."

"The room is quite at your disposal."

"Thank you again. If my apology is not as coherent as it should be I hope that you—"

"My dear fellow, don't say another word. It is more than ample. Good morning."

She was Down on Slang.

"Mamie," said a grammar school girl to a member of the graduating class, "have you finished your essay?" "Oh, yes," gushed Mamie; "and it is too lovely for anything—a princess

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READ! MARK! LEARN!

Cast aside each gloomy thought, each petty woe,
With the wailing winds of winter bid them go;
Fling aside all melancholy,
Cries 'Tis JUNE, wise and jolly,
Come, like spring-time, just *pro bono publico*.

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

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

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

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

We are something every household should possess
(From advertisements that's quoted, we confess);
So forsake all strife and fury,
While you turn to greet 'Tis JUNE,
And to wish it longest life and all success.

St. Jons, N. B., 1886.

Written for THE JURY.

A PARODY.

By CASEY TAY.

Hear the tinkling of the bells—chestnut bells!
What a flow of anecdote their jingling sharply
quells!

How they cling it, cling it, cling it,
Around the festive board!
And each joke, how glad they ring it,
Long ere you yourself can bring it
From memory's vast hoard!
Yes, the very latest wrinkle
Is the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

Of the tintinnabulation that so pert and saucy wells
From the bells, the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—
Yes, the spiteful and the fiendish chestnut bells!

OCTOBER 23, 1886.

NOT THIS TIME.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"For a new bonnet, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"If you pay for the bonnet, sir," she said.

"I've twenty dollars, my pretty maid,"
"I'm afraid you can't go, Mr. Man," she said.

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

[Altered to suit the season and climate.]

CUT THIS OUT,

pin it under the lapel of your coat,
and present the other side suddenly
to the Fiend who asks you

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

His Honor's Levee.

"Joseph Smith, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Yes, sir; that's what I said to myself before I came out."

"You were tight yesterday."

"I was, sir, and I can't deny it."

"While in that condition you entered a millinery store and asked for two pounds of O. G. Java."

"I did, sir; but, upon my honor, I thought it was a grocery. I wondered what they were doing with so many bonnets in a grocery store, but when liquor is in the brains are out."

"When you were ordered out you wouldn't go."

"I presume not, sir; although I am very sorry and if I could see the head milliner I would apologize in the humblest terms."

"Were you ever here before?"

"Never."

"Where do you live?"

"Ten miles out in the country."

"Now, Joseph, you look me in the eye. I'm going to let you return to your country home, where the robins get up at four o'clock in the morning to whistle for a fall overcoat, and the soft notes of the katydid lull you to sleep when the labors of the day are over. I'm going to do this, but if you ever come into town and make a jack rabbit of yourself again, I'll give you a dose which will open your eyes! Joseph, do you follow me?"

"If I don't, then may I be shot! Judge, I'm obleeged—six hundred times obleeged. I was a fool. It's my last drunk. Good-bye."

A CASE OF VERTIGO.

"The doctor warned me about it over a month ago," said Charles Colwell, as he nervously shifted his weight from one leg to the other.

"Yes," he went on, as his honor looked him over, "he said it was liable to come on me at any time if I over-exerted myself. I ought to have been more careful."

"Were you speaking to me?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir. I was saying that the doctor told me to be careful or this vertigo would attack me again."

His Honor smiled. The clerk smiled. There was a giggle among the audience.

"And I was going along the street," continued the prisoner, "when everything suddenly turned dark and I fell to the ground. The next thing I know a policeman was speaking kindly in my ear and a crowd of sympathetic people surrounded me."

"It will be sixty days," quietly observed his honor.

"What! Send me up for having the vertigo?"

"Prisoner, what is vertigo?"

"It's—it's—why, everybody knows what vertigo is. I had it, and I can prove it."

"And it cost you twenty cents to get it. You had bought and drank two big drinks of whiskey not half an hour before you fell down."

"I was in hopes to stave it off."

"Well you are a poor staver and a bad liar. Fall back."

"But I had the vertigo."

"That's all right, and the next time you come here with it you'll get six months. Remove the vertigoist."

"Suppose I had owned up to a plain drunk?" queried Charles of the janitor, as they returned to the corridor.

"You'd only have got thirty days."

"Gosh! what a fool I was to try to be smart!"

A CASE OF STRIKE.

"Carl Beeder, do you speak English?"

"Sometimes, and sometimes I doan't."

"I want to know about the trouble in your house last night."

"Vhell, my wife goes on a strike. I come home, and some supper don't be ready for me."

"Why not?"

"My wife says she goes in mit only eight hours a day."

"And you kicked up a row?"

"Vhell, I try to beat dot strike."

"Prisoner, the wives of this country have rights. If eight hours per day are enough for a man, he should not insist on his wife working eighteen. I shall fine you \$3 for cuffing her ears and calling out the neighborhood."

"I can't pay him."

"Then you will have to go up for twenty days."

The striking wife advanced from the audience with the money in hand and laid it on the clerk's desk.

"Mrs. Beeder, do you demand shorter hours?" asked the court.

"Oh, dot vhas all right, Shudge," said the husband, as he put his arm around her. "She vhas good 'o me. After dis she vorks eight hours a day und I make her wages all right. We doan't haf no more troubles all winter."

"Will you keep sober?"

"Shust as sober ash some deacons mit der shurch."

"Then take your money and go. I will remit the fine for your wife's sake."

"Dot vhas pully! Come, Katie—we doan't strike any more at our house."

A water proof garment—The coat of the toper's stomach.

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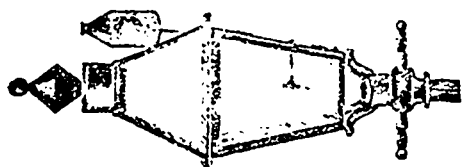
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PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT
QUESTIONS.

[Altered to suit the season and climate.]

WHISKEY!

Why don't you say it?

BITS OF FUN.

Top dressing—Hair oil.

A match lock—A wedding.

An airy fellow—A balloonist.

The echoes in Midlothian are very fine. What
Gladstone says there is repeated all over the
world.

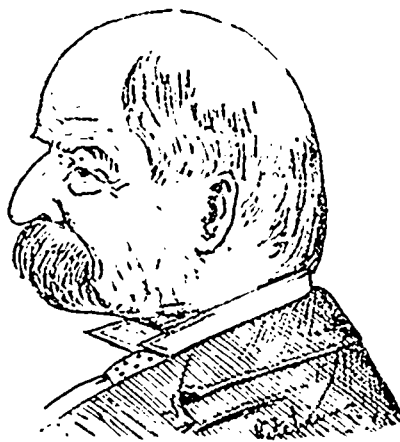
Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote: "We are
not very much to blame for our marriages. We
live amid hallucinations."



CHARLES KENDALL, McAdam Junction.

"Lem'mo see, if my father hadn't died back
in '36 he'd be 104 this com'm' spring."
"Whew! How come a man of such vitality
ter die?"

With fiery eye looks down the sun
At summer watering places
And freckles now are seen upon
Most pretty maidens' faces.



SAMUEL WATTS,

Editor *Carleton Sentinel* and Customs Officer at
Vanceboro.

A robber met a coal dealer on a lonely road
and stopped him. "Your money or your life,"
said the robber. "Who are you?" asked the coal
dealer. "I'm a highwayman," replied the man.
"Good enough," continued the coal dealer, "I'm
a low-weight man. Shake. We should be friends."
And they were.

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