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THE **JOURNAL**

POLITICS AND HUMOR

OPEN VERDICT

Vol. 1. No. 8.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JANUARY, 1887.

35 Cents a year.
Single Copies, 4 cents.



Writing Stockton's Letter, Decrying our Country, to the N. Y. "Herald."

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.

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Address, THE JURY, St. John, N. B., P. O. Box 237.
Office of publication, 54 Germain Street.

Wm. N. RITCHIE, Proprietor.

The Jury will be found on sale in any of the following bookstores:

M. L. HARRISON, King street.
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JAMES ARMSTRONG, Fairville

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The next issue of THE JURY will be remodelled in size, and will then contain twelve pages, about the same size as *Grip*. THE JURY will thereafter be published fortnightly, and will give cartoons on all the leading topics of the day, political and social.

There will also be a change in the proprietorship. It will be issued by the undersigned, who propose conducting a cartoon organ which will reflect credit on New Brunswick. Editorial will be furnished by a competent writer, and the columns will be filled by contributions from able literary persons.

The subscription price of the fortnightly Jury will be ONE DOLLAR a year, single copies five cents. They can be obtained at all the bookstores in New Brunswick and on the trains.

Hoping to retain the patronage already extended to THE JURY, the new management will endeavor to merit an increased support from the people of St. John and the public at large.

Respectfully,

Wm. N. RITCHIE.

GEO. E. A. RITCHIE.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY, 1887.

CARTOON COMMENTS BY THE FOREMAN.

Some Rules for Politicians.

No class of men are absolutely without blemish, and our politicians are no exceptions to this general rule. To any serious crimes charged against them during the past year THE JURY returns a verdict of not guilty. As to minor misdemeanors, such as mental conspiracies against office holders, farcical ideas, wordy assaults, the obtaining of votes under false pretences, and an aberration of mind as to promises made, we return into court and say that they are severally guilty, but we strongly recommend them to the mercy of a charitable



public. Within a short time a general election must be held, and for their guidance we would prescribe the following rules:

1. When you are seized with a hankering to deliver a political speech do so at once. Do not sit down and wait for an idea to come. If politicians waited until they had an original idea to propound they would never speak.

2. If you aspire to be witty, write out the little gag and study it off carefully. Write it as though you expected to die that instant. This will put you into the same state of mind as your audience will be sure to be when they hear it. It will create a harmony between your mind and theirs.

3. Don't be lavish in your compliments. Put your opponents down as fools and scalwags. If you don't you will be thought to be egotistical, for remember that all men are brothers.

4. Do not promise your wife too many bonnets or your boys too many rocking-horses if you should be elected. Members of parliament are not millionaires. Do not fill yourself up with the idea that when you are elected you will get an X out of the treasury for every X on the ballots polled for you. Only master minds succeed in that undertaking.

5. Endeavor to be original in canvassing. Do not imitate the example of Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Blake and go about kissing the maidens indiscriminately. Diphtheria is rampant in some of our river counties.

6. When you orate, always wrinkle your forehead as though you were shoving the ideas out from your brain cells.

7. If you have a long-winded colleague judiciously place a few drops of croton oil in the water pitcher. Be careful not to drink any yourself. Croton oil is no respecter of persons.

8. If you desire to avoid the ribbery act just cause a broom to be sent to every house in Portland. The men will understand that they are to go to work in the freight house immediately after your election.

9. If you decide upon a house to house canvass do it between midnight and sunrise. It will impart an air of mystery to it, and a man who has been woke up in his dishables will naturally conclude that the whole contest depends upon him and he will be flattered. It will also flatter his wife, and she will feel that she wronged him when she doubted that he stayed out at political meetings until one o'clock in the morning.

10. Practice the art of winking before the glass in your room for two hours every day. A good straight knowing wink at an office-seeker or one who hints at political secrets is often more potent than a verbal answer. A politician who can wink simultaneously with his left eye at a person on his left side and with his right eye at a crank on his right side gives great promise of becoming prominent.

11. When you receive the nomination parcel up your conscience and place it among the billet doux sent you by your creditors. If you put it among other papers you might possibly come across it some day.

12. Be very careful not to call a convention to nominate a candidate until you have made yourself solid with the delegates.

13. Be strictly impersonal. If you are a government candidate, when speaking of the cabinet always say "we." If, so on the opposition, always use the same pronoun when you are delivering an opinion from Mr. Blake.

14. Always hand in a report of your speech to the reporters. If you don't the boys may think you a green 'un and mix in your prospects with a death notice.

15. Before speaking about the purity of your campaign be sure to first counsel your ward managers to flatten out the roll of bank notes that you have placed in their pockets. A protuberance of the trousers pocket of a ward manager is always a give away on a candidate.

16. When you call at a house after a vote and are asked to have something by the matron, do not blush when you say that you only take syrup.

17. Remember that the hand of the tiniest baby in the country is large enough to hold a \$5 bill.

18. Be a careful observer of human nature in all its phases. Endeavor to be a mind-reader. All men are not constituted alike. If you do not find his decision in his brain, do not give up in despair. It may be in his pocket.

Some men come into the world with tears in their eyes, and often forget to wipe them away in their adult years. Many are professional grumblers. Some because the world moves on and leaves them far behind in the race for wealth and fame, and some because others are seated in places which they covet. For these their disappointments may furnish some sort of excuse, but the man who grumbles at the country that gave him birth and education and whatever of wealth and distinction he has, is the meanest man of all. In our leading cartoon we give the portraits of two men of this class. One of them, who ever wraps the stars and stripes about his thoughts and utterances, would be recognized without his portrait at all. The other is the mechanical agent, who is writing from dictation. Independently of the legislative position held by this last gentleman there are other considerations that should have influenced him before he indited his letters decrying our city to the *N. Y. Herald*.

The party papers have cut and slashed A. A. Stockton's "Protection" letter in the *New York Herald*, but did not arrive at any definite conclusion or gain many points against it. We do away with all party controversies by exposing the manner and by whom it was written. The real dictator of all denunciatory articles on Canada is represented as Uncle Sam, attired in a becoming suit of light material, while on his shoulder rests his assistant. Stockton is looking up for points, which come with ease and force from the knowing brain of the aged tutor.

A Hope for the New Year: That the editors of *Maple Leaf* and *Weekly Observer*, of Albert Co., N. B., will endeavor to find something to fill up their editorial space besides dead advertising rant. Matter of that species does not interest anybody but themselves; and doctor business is good at present.

JAMES S. PITT,



CHAMPION SHAVER

OF THE WORLD:

and prepared to defend it and stop all further talk.

I, JAMES S. PITT, of Main St., Portland, can shave more men in a given time than any barber in the World. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
PORTLAND, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Written for THE JURY. SONNET.

They come again—again they stand beside me,
The dear companions of departed hours!—
Who through the deserts volunteered to guide ye,
From the Lost Land of sunshine and of flowers?
Daisy and Margurite, Violet and Lily,
With blue and black eyes—tresses brown and
gold:
Pale will those cheeks grow in this climate chilly,
Your steps grow weary and your hearts grow
cold.

'Tis but the story men have often told—
Shadows ye are, and phantoms of the mind!
They are transformed that haunt me—gray and
old,

Perhaps earth's joys and griefs have left behind,
Into the dreaming ear the angels sing
Only one song—of sunshine and of spring.

H. L. SPENCER.

January 15, 1887.

Written for THE JURY. PRETTY RED ROSE.

I plucked her a pretty red rose,
In trembling hope and fear.
In her dear little hand it reposed,
The emblem my heart held most dear.
Oh, would she cast it forth?
Ah, must it wither and die?
Or would it live and live?
Your heart to mine must reply.

That dear little flower, so slyly
Awaiting in anguish its fate!
Could she cruelly slight love's sweet emblem,
And leave it to wither and blight.
Oh, no, that smile, sweet and tender,
Bringing the rose to her cheek,
Beams of the true love I sent her
In that emblem so modest and sweet.

Written for THE JURY. Leaves from Little Jimmy's Sketch-Book.

By CASEY TAP.

This is a cologe stewardint he thinks he knows
it all an sumtimes when he gits a larg ideo yow
kinherohismindskwek
like a ole rusty dor-
Lingo hes a rassler and
has climed the hites of
parnassas and has a di-
gree of b a wich meens
baseball artist i sposo
wen he loves hom for
cologe his muther an
sisturs fall on his neck
an weap the s'ifnin out his dude colar an he goes



way an by indistree becoums nown as a effishint
short stop an stroak ore an kin kike a fut bal
further than enny I els butt yew ask him to spol
seperit an yow got him titorn the avridge christ-
ian won the mite ciety cals for ten cens an wen
he wonts a new pare of booksing gluv he ritos
hoam for mony to get sum moar them jografys
an uther buks he goes to cologe thre yores or foro
an cums hom with a dyplomis and calls his pore
ole fathur wot wastd al his mby on him the ole
man an govnor and if his fethir has eny luke he
gets a gob skimmin of the sudds at the sope wurks
or wett nurs on the fery boate so much for the
cologe stewardint.

Cast yer i heren yowll see the oroido prack-
tishiner or as sum wuld cal him the bogguis phisi-
shian or a quako he
cums an tels you toastike
out yer tung an soa you
wont exersize an chang
off diot an you betor go
an get a chang off airo
thre dolars please he is
a disgrais to manking
ar the genywin docs
ot to maik them taksum
of there own the quakes
medcin orcls read teny-



suns later pomes an kil them of that wa if you
hav a pett corn wot is conteinuly kep in
you from hevins gait they wil giv yew som
kind off likwid dinymit to putt on an it
make the corn wurs an wurs an then he
sez it wosont a corn but it was infurma-
shin on the livver wot alea you an he givs
yow a poris plastir to put on yer buzum
an soke yer fets in a crupe mixer and
bath yer forl with worners kidnes curr
he stans in with the coriner an undirtakre
an gets a comishin on every corps what
loves this vail off teres for the britor roll-
lins abuv so talk jimys advyso an doant
hav anythink to do with a man wot trotes
a iritavin coff as if it was saim as mentil
gangreen with loddable puss cos if yow
dew heel soke you into a untimely hoal in
the groun an yer gras widderl hav to plant
sum rekwe ascatt in pacy on yer grav.

All but One.

The most generous mon have received
injuries which they can never forgive.
Peter Bluelock, of the Gum Springs Cir-
cuit, having resolved to lead a better life,
joined the church. As he stood near the
alter, receiving the congratulations of
friends who had long prayed for his re-
formation, he was so completely subdued
by the touching tenderness of the occasion
that he exclaimed: "I love everybody and
forgive everybody!"

A lank man stepped forward and asked:

"Can you forgive me, Peter?"
"Yes. You shot my father, but I can for-
give you. Give me your hand."
They warmly shook hands. Then another man
came forward, hesitated a moment, and said:
"I don't reckon you can forgive me, Pete!"
"Yes, I can."
"What! airtor I waylaid you an' broke your
leg with a load o' buckshot?"
"That makes no difference, Andy, give me
your hand."
They embraced each other and the friends who
formed a circle about them wept for joy.
"Don't reckon you can forgive me!" exclaimed
a fellow who slowly made his way through the
throng. "Yes, I can, Dan."
"What! airtor I stole the girl that you was
about to marry?" "Yes."
"Let me get up to him," said a man shoving
his way forward. Peter's eyes blazed when he
beheld the new comer. "Stand back!" he ex-
claimed. "Keep him away, brethren, or I'll jolt
the life out of him."
"Peter, can't you forgive me?"
"No, I can't. You are the only man in the
world that shall not take my hand. No use talk-
ing to me," he continued, when some of the
brethren began to expostulate with him, "no use
in saying a word, for I cannot forgive him. Ah,
you'd better go away."
"What did he do, Peter, to incur your ever-
lasting hatred?" some one asked when the man
had gone. "What did he do, Peter?"
Now the question is, what had the man done?
Our readers will readily recognize this life like
story as the work of Mr. Frank R. Stockton, who
has been engaged by the great magazines to leave
their readers in the "lurch."—Arkansaw Traveler.



See S. R. White

A CORDIAL INVITATION:

"Come in and take a drink!"

David Connell,

LIVERY AND BOARDING

STABLES,

SYDNEY STREET,

St. John, N. B.

Horses Boarded on Reasonable Terms.
Horses and Carriages on Hire.
Fine Fit-outs at short notice.

WANTED!

Both Ladies and Men to handle our

Peerless Parallel Family Bibles

—AND—

ELEGANT ALBUMS

ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

We pay commission or salary.
Many are realizing large profits.

Our new book, *GLADSTONE, PARNELL AND THE GREAT IRISH STRUGGLE*, is selling rapidly.

Apply or address, W. E. EARLE,
72 1/2 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.,
Manager for J. S. Robertson & Bros., Toronto, Ont.



MOXIE

NERVE

FOOD.

NO. 15 NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. A. Wallis & Son, A. E. Pote,
Manager.

Our Christmas Cards.

The Christmas number of *JURY*, containing 16 pages, is by far the best number yet of that enterprising comic monthly.—*Journal of Education, St. John, N. B.*

The December *JURY*, published last week, is an excellent number. Its local hits are good, the illustrations are fair, and the general make-up of the paper first-class.—*Maritime Farmer, Fredericton, N. B.*

We have received a copy of the Christmas *JURY*. It comprises 16 pages. Single copies of this number can be obtained at the bookstores at five cents each. The hits are all good, especially Moses Viewing the Promised Land, Mary of Apples, and several others.—*Daily Standard, St. John, N. B.*

The Christmas *JURY*, sixteen pages, has been issued and is the best number yet published. The first page cartoon, Moses Viewing the Promised Land, is well executed. It is a view of St. John harbor in the winter season with several ocean mail steamers in port, while J. V. Ellis, in a praying attitude, occupies a position on the opposite shore. Our representatives interviewing the government on the Winter Port question also comes in for a sketch. The stampage regulations and their effect on immigrants is strikingly illustrated, while "Mary of Apples" will be recognized by all as a familiar face. Leaves from Little Jimmy's Sketch Book is a contribution from Casey Tap, and there are several articles written by well-known persons, including a Christmas sketch by the gifted May Leonard.—*Daily Sun, St. John, N. B.*

Literary.

"Our Little Bears" is the title of a poem received from and composed by Mr. G. A. Haggerty, of McAdam Junction. It gives a description of the pet bears owned by Mr. H., and is quite interesting.

The holiday number of the *Albert Maple Leaf* is away up, and contains portraits of nearly every person of note and distinction in America and Europe. Mr. Wood has received humorous and sentimental contributions from a large number of well-known writers on the continent, and should be congratulated on his enterprise and energy. A prosperous and happy new year to you, Love.

We received one of the *Globe's* New Year's cards. This card, which is printed in colors, represents Father Time "laying the brick" in the wall for 1887. Had he a moustache the resemblance to the editor of the *Globe* would be marked. The engraving of the blocks was executed by J. E. Fraser, of Garden Street, St. John, N. B. As a designer and engraver, Mr. Fraser is unequalled in New Brunswick.

JUBILEE HALL.—As the city of Portland is represented on the select committee, the location must be central. No spot more suitable than the Market Square. At present the locality is an eye sore to all. That is the spot.

A Moral.

The sale of *THE JURY* is rapidly increasing in St. John city and in the province. Our Christmas double number was completely sold out, not a single copy remaining. Literature in this age must have pictures. The children cry for them, women want them, the men call for and eagerly peruse *THE JURY* cartoons, where the political goings on of the day are brought out with a force that editorial could not equal. Our "Moses" cartoon was praised on all sides. *THE JURY* as an advertising medium is unequalled. Why? When a daily newspaper is read 'tis thrown away. With a caricature paper the case is different. The pictures are all local and therefore of local value. Subscribers keep them on file, and in looking over the file the value of an advertisement is doubly sustained.

Moral: Advertise in *THE JURY*.

The drama, "Among the Breakers," given the other week by the Sirion Amateur Dramatic Club in Union Hall, Portland, was quite a success. The honors of the evening were divided between Miss Bell as Bess Starbright, the wife, and Tom Richardson as Scud, the captain's servant. The comic afterpiece by the Boston actors, Messrs. Miranda and Kerr, kept the audience convulsed with laughter. Mr. Miranda gave "The Marriage Story" in splendid style.

LOVE FOR THE FALLEN.—As the Queen takes a warm interest in the "unfortunate," would it not be a fitting act on the part of the moral element in St. John to make permanent provision for the unfortunate ones who occupy homes for the fallen? What better way to celebrate the coming jubilee of the Queen? A sessional allowance would make a handsome foundation for the home.

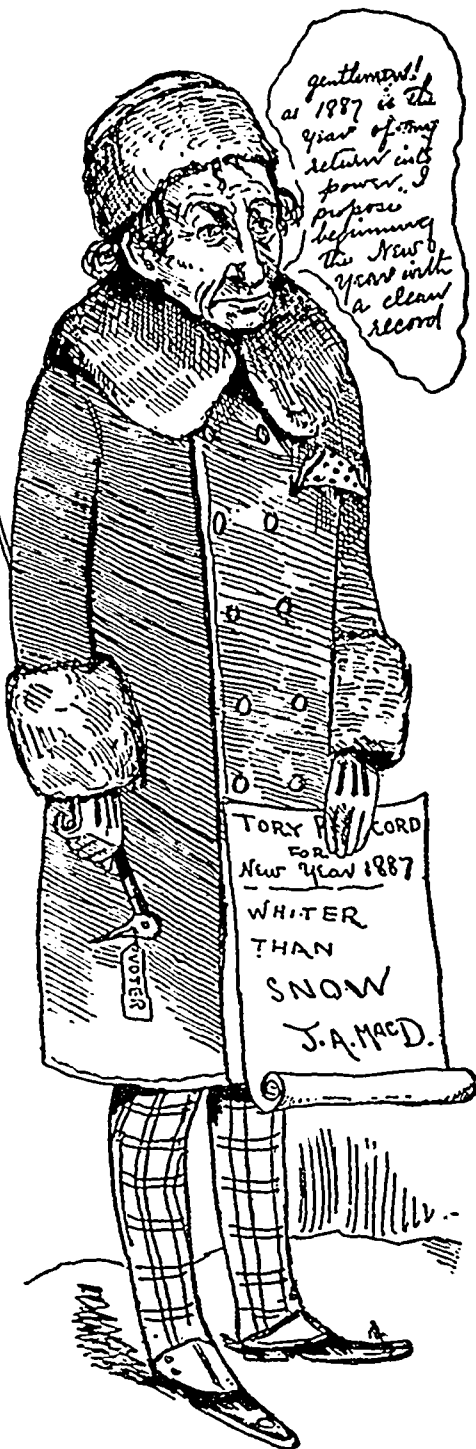
It appears that even the civil servants at Ottawa cannot be depended upon to vote for government candidates without a "bonus." And so the government has agreed to pay them a month in advance; that is, two month's pay in one month! What do the toiling taxpayers think of such a transaction?

What next, Sir John?

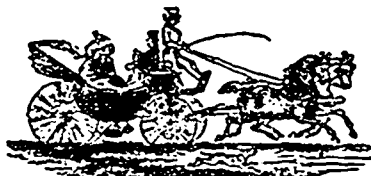
NEW YEAR GREETING.—Sir John wishes all his supporters and Canadians generally a happy new year.—*Ec.*

Prompted by the desire of Canada's Premier, we, on his behalf, extend to the city of St. John and the Province of New Brunswick a pictorial greeting as the Premier desires.

TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.—A sketch and biography of the "drummers' terror" of Fredericton is given in this number. Every commercial man in the world will want a copy of *THE JURY*, which can be had on application at the office of *THE JURY*, 54 Germain Street, St. John.



SOFT SOAP WORKS WONDERS.



Boarding, Hack and Livery Stables,
31 NORTH SIDE KING SQUARE,
St. John, N. B.,
R. T. WORDEN, - - - Proprietor.
Superior Coaches with careful drivers in attendance at all times.
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

NATHAN GREEN,
Direct Importer of
Havana Cigars, Meerschaum Pipes, etc.
Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

SPENCER'S
STANDARD
Dancing Academy,
Domville Building,
St. John, N. B.

Children in the afternoon; Ladies and Gentlemen at eight o'clock in the evening.
Private lessons given in waltzing and other round dances.
For terms and information call at the Academy.
A. L. SPENCER.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS,
94 Princess St.
Dyer & Cleaner of Wearing Apparel.
LADIES' DRESSES DYED
without being taken apart.
FEATHERS DYED IN ALL SHADES.
C. E. BRACKETT, Proprietor.

JOHN PIERCE,
Eccentric Hair Dressing Rooms,
76 Charlotte Street and 26 Dock Street
Tailors and Barbers' Shears sharpened at moderate rates.

What Kind of a Sweet-heart Have You ?

Is she pretty?

Is she modest?

Is she jealous minded?

Is she a chronic grumbler, or is she kind and considerate?

Is she inclined to sneer at men and regard them as inferior creatures?

Is she a lover of ice cream?

Is she selfish?

Is she too concoited?

Is she a "crank" on any subject?

Is she properly appreciative of little kindnesses done by you, or does she take them as a matter of course?

Is she cross?

Is she given to dress?

Is she the one who always builds the fire in the morning?

Is she a lover of rinks and parties?

Is she extravagant in your personal expenses?

Is she large or small?

Is she a flirt?

Is she addicted to winking?

Is she fair or dark?

Is she always trying to say smart things and expecting other people to laugh at them?

Is she always at home when you call?

Is she a reader of novels? In fact,

What Kind of a Sweet-heart Have You?

Every single man in the Maritime Provinces is invited to write a letter answering these questions. Write a letter in your own way. Don't confine your description to the points numerated above, but put in anything that occurs to you. Tell us just what kind of a girl you have. Don't

spare her, don't be unjust to her. Tell all about her peculiarities, her habits, her eccentricities, her foibles, her faults, her good qualities, her bad habits—tell all about her.

You need not sign your name to your letters. Nor even your initials, nor in any way give sign of your identity. You have merely to write out a description of your girl and mail it to the JURY. Your letter will be burned a few hours after it reaches us. No one will be permitted to see it.

What Kind of a Sweet-heart Have You?

Among these social pictures there will doubtless be many types—many sketches which sweet-hearts themselves will recognize as their own reflections in a mirror. All sweet-hearts 'tis hoped will emulate the best examples of which they read and cure themselves of such faults as some of their sex are burdened with.

The first installment of these letters will appear in JURY of February. Other installments will follow.

No idle curiosity will be gratified in this Picture—no prying will be indulged in.

In no case will any name be signed or any other clue to identity be printed.

Remember the first installment of these letters will be printed in St. John's well known Cartoon Paper, the JURY, February, 1887.

Talk to all your friends about this and tell them too to write letters in answer to this great question.

What Kind of a Sweet-heart Have You?

P. S.—The kind of "Fellows" the girls have will be attended to later on.

N. B.—Address all communications to the JURY, P. O. Box, 237, St. John, N. B.

Written for THE JURY.

John W. — d.

The subject of our sketch was born of poor but lucky parents. He first made the acquaintance of his dotting antecedents on English soil. The recognition was mutual, and by the aid of goat's milk and paragoric a lasting attachment was formed. At first John was said to take after his bloomin' pater, but as he advanced in years the b. p. frequently took after John—with an adult club. At an early age our hero joined the army. At mess he wielded a supple jaw. In the hour of adversity he never deserted the blooming ale-keg. More than once his valor in the deadly sham-fight earned him a sore head or a damaged optic. But England soon became too contracted a sphere of action for John and he migrated to Canada. It is said that soon after reaching Fredericton the drummer of the regiment eloped with John's best girl. From that hour John has hated "drummers" with all the ardent affection of an 'eltish 'atred. In the drumming season John is loaded for bear, but not for bear-ance. With his fiery Hambletonian charger and side bar chariot he runs the hapless objects of his enmity to earth. Like an avenging Nemesis he tracks the gospel tourist and the lightning-rod missionary to his lair and extorts the sordid lucre. Some men are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them, others still are able to thrust themselves upon greatness. In his capacity as tax collector, John belongs to the latter class. For many years John was sergeant on the Fredericton ponce force (the finest in the world), and as a graceful club swinger soon made his mark. He assisted very materially in enforcing the Scott Act in the town. Being unbiased by any prejudice in favor of the Act, he was able to command the respect and confidence of the festive vendors of the tangle-foot to a very high degree. In politics, John is straight Grit, and goes to the polls "hearily and hotten." At all conventions and gatherings of the "party," John is elected chairman of the applause committee without opposition, and shouts "'ear, 'ear!" so loud that nobody can 'ear the speaker. John is not

CANADIAN PIANOS.

(From the London Advertiser.)

The surprise occasioned in England by the large display of pianofortes in the Canadian Court of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, showing an excellence which rivalled the best European makers, was but natural in view of its being so young a country and so little known here. Mr. James Dace, the composer, describes a "Newcombe" grand, which he examined there, as "such an instrument as an artist would fall in love with on first hearing"—"the gem of the exhibition." This grand has since been sent, by Her Majesty's command, to Windsor Castle, and placed in the Queen's audience chamber. The selection was made by Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose judgment was also confirmed by that of Dr. Stainer, of St. Paul's Cathedral, who described the pianoforte as "a charming instrument, remarkable for its sweetness and power" of tone.

E. E. KENNAY, AGENT FOR
New Brunswick,
38 DOCK STREET.



THE DRUMMERS' TERROR, FREDERICTON, N. B.

an ardent admirer of the salvation army. He objects, it is said, to the sight of two drummers walking the streets unmolested and wants to tax the converts \$2 a head. The recent visit of THE JURY artist to that town aroused in John a great deal of suspicion, and he says if his portrait is published he will have the artist arrested next time for treason, bigamy, contempt of court and libel. In stature, John is two stories and a half high, with large basement and glossy mansard roof that needs no "shingling." His nose has always been of the Roming type, and his mouth suggests a Charleston earthquake for drummers. Of late years he has imported his shoes from Chicago, since which time two of our local tanneries have shut down. He has a large family, with several districts to bear from. There are few men more justly popular in town than John and a very large circle of friends all over Canada will eagerly peruse his profile in THE JURY.

'APPY 'ARRY,
Fredericton, January, 1887.

A New Brunswick Humorist.

Canada has few humorous writers of note. Luke Sharp, in one of his letters in the *Detroit Free Press*, made the assertion that there was only one humorist in Canada, and J. W. Bengough, of *Grip*, was awarded that honor. We have read *Grip* carefully each succeeding issue, and have failed to *grip*, as it were, the "points" in Bengough's articles suitable for laughing pur-

poses. As a caricaturist he has wonderful ability and a fertile brain for creation. Enough for *Grip's* editor. As we do not intend to advertise him free of charge, we will work out the drift of our foregoing remarks on humorous writers. K. O. Tapley, of Indiantown, has of late, written some very clever comic sketches which have been published in *Peck's Sun*, of Wisconsin. Considering the amount of funny men and the superior grade of humor available in the United States we do not think that a paper of its standard would publish any articles unless worthy of recognition. A great many of these sketches of

Tapley's (or "Casey Tap," as he signs himself), have been extensively copied in prominent U. S. journals, and from them into our St. John dailies, and unknowingly read and laughed at by our people, who, we presume, credited them to foreign wits. His (Tap's) latest acknowledgment of merit was received from *Tid Bits*, of New York, in which journal his "Critique" of a tea store chromo gained for him a name among humorous writers and a prize of ten dollars. Home talent should be appreciated and encouraged in New Brunswick as well as in the neighboring republic, and we hope to see the name and writings of "Casey Tap" extensively circulated in Canada.

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

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Queen Hotel,
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THE VICTORIA HOTEL.

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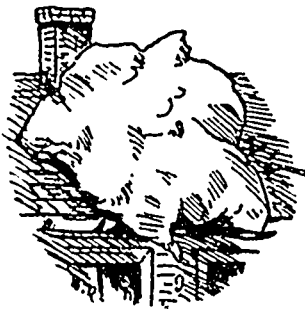
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A choice assortment of Prime Havana Cigars

P. A. CRUIKSHANK.

Written for THE JURY.

SONG OF THE SNOW-SLIDE.

Only a snow-slide!
Look at it quiver,
Far up on the house-top,
Held by a sliver.



Only a Chinaman,
Wending his way;
Heeds not the warning,—
No "Savvy," he say.



Hear the crowd yell!
See it come pell-mell!
Down on poor One Lung
It struck when it fell.

Alas for the rarity—
For such hilarity!
Did he know when it struck him?
He'll never tell.



Farewell to One Lung!
He's gone o'er the river.
Where they use "Moxio Nerve Food"
To regulate the liver;

Where THE JURY is read
Early morning and late,
And the winter port question
Is all out of date.

A. R. M.

Written for THE JURY.

Newspapers.

Newspapers and magazines have become, in a large measure, the educators of the world. All the books ever printed in the English language, including college and school text books, exert but little more influence on the minds of men than a single great daily that is scattered broadcast over the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, every morning. With the exception of Uncle Tom's Cabin, no book by an American author ever found so many readers in a year as the leading dailies of New York and Boston secure every day in the week. No book was ever published in Canada of which so many copies were sold in a year as there are of a single St. John daily newspaper in a week. The great newspapers are great histories of current events, in which nothing is overlooked, and in which all subjects are treated in a dispassionate and unpartizan way. The great newspapers and great magazines supply all the mental food that is required by the majority of mankind. And they supply the best. Since the days of Dickens, the world's deepest thinkers in every department of literature, science, and art, have given the results of their investigations to the public through the columns of the newspaper, magazine, or review. The publication of books is a secondary consideration: the world's ear is reached by other means. Words that are worth speaking, though uttered in the palace of the Mikado, the shadow of the Pyramids or the streets of St. Petersburg, are in a few hours repeated on this side of the Atlantic. So it is of words unworthy of being repeated. Sir Colin and Lady Campbell have their partisans among us, though both are better deserving of utter oblivion than even the poor tribute of a world's contempt. And by unscrupulous newspapers sympathy has been aroused for rioters in Ireland, dynamiters in London, anarchists in Chicago and Knights of Labor and strikers all over America. They all belong to the same family and are tarred with the same stick. THE JURY is not aware that one of the newspapers of St. John has ever expressed its approval or disapproval of either of these organizations, in unqualified terms. And speaking of St. John newspapers on what subject of local interest has either of these ever spoken out fearlessly?

There's J. V.,
M. P. P.,
Late P. M. and B. O. B.
(Bad old boy?)

And S. D. S.,
Who, I guess,
Has opinions he don't express.

And Mac the great,
Deceit by fate
To always be a candidate.

And C. H. L.,
Well, well, well!
A squash from a turnip he can tell!
(But he won't.)

On what subject of local interest have these journalists ever attempted to mould the public opinion? Among a prosperous people the *Globe* fosters discontent: it believes the country is going to the dogs: that every act of the party in power is suicidal. The *Sun* is of the opinion that with the continuance of its party in power the glory and permanence of Canada is assured. The *Telegraph* and the *Globe* get along very well together, but the *Telegraph* is of the opinion that the man is yet to be dug up who can represent Kings as credibly as its editor. The *Standard*—well, the *Standard* is young and has never yet expressed an opinion. These papers can give their readers column after column of the stale twaddle of their favorite office hunters in which the general public feel no more interest than in the announcements of Dr. Gomboge or Professor Squills, and in which no one can possibly have any sympathy except the place seekers and their satellites, while public abuses of the most glaring kind are passed over in silence. A half column is given up daily to bucket-shop "quotations," and a column to base ball, cricket, fistic encounters and like "sports," while art and general literature are almost quite ignored. What local defaulter has ever been brought to justice by the press of St. John or by the authorities? What reported abuse in any of our local institutions has ever been investigated by the newspaper man? What sink of iniquity has ever been purified by his means? What gambling den has ever been closed up through his agency? What bar room shuts its doors on Sunday for fear of exposure by the newspapers? Not one. It won't do to touch these sores: to cauterize them. Patronage lies at the bottom of all these sins of commission and omission. No newspaper can perform its duty faithfully that discriminates between friends and foes. The newspaper that is a newspaper upholds the right and battles with the wrong, though the heavens fall. Perhaps the time will come when editors will learn that in the squabbles in which they engage to carry out these projects for self aggrandizement or to serve the sordid ambition of their friends, are estimated at their true value by their readers. Perhaps the time will come when mountebanks and charlatans in public life will have to give place to men of character and mind. If such a time ever does come, it may be inaugurated by the people, independent of the newspapers, though the true newspaper is, and always will be, first in the advocacy of every thing that is true, just and noble.

A dentist in St. Louis fills teeth for horses. A New York dentist says patrons are so obstinate, sometimes, that he thinks he is filling teeth for a mule.

R. D. McARTHUR,

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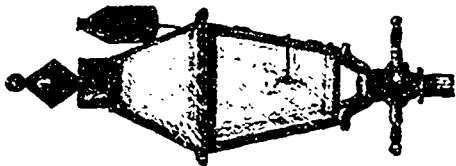
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GEORGE H. WALLACE,

Sussex, Kings County, N. B., was appointed Justice of the Peace in March, 1857; Stipendiary Magistrate in April, 1874; and Collector of Customs and inland revenue, May, 1870. He has long been and still is a local contributor of the St. John and other weekly and daily papers, being considered an off handed, ready writer. He has done much that has tended to the prosperity of Sussex, in which he is hailed as a jolly good fellow.

LOCAL VERDICTS.

When Greek meets C - - - k then comes a home

rool debate.
"No kissing aloud!" said she, as they occu-

piated the room next to pa, who was reading the

evening paper.

Europe has 3,750,000 more women than men.

—Ex.

What a great country for the introduction of

woman's rights.

The bustle is the only thing that can now get

on a proper hender, since all hands joined the

lodge.—Maple Leaf.

Who ever heard of a bustle being on a "bust."

Can any one of our smart exchanges tell us

why the env-elopes? Is it because the pen-sive

writers letter?—Maple Leaf.

No; to "stick" to the stamp which keeps her

with the nail.

'Twas a green Christmas in New Brunswick,

yet they had two feet of snow in Maine! Come

in out of the cold and be annexed.—Maple Leaf.

Who had the two feet of snow? and did she

Maine for her hubby to get annexed—her cold

feet and his back—for the winter?

"My dear Miss Chocolate Cream," said the

gallant Rahat Lakoum (a fresh young Turk from

Constantinople), "where are you going?" "Oh,

how do you do, Mr. Rahat. So pleased to see

you. Really, I am going to 55 King street. I

see by the papers that our dear relations are

having such a nice time of it, and I am so fond

of excitement. Why would you believe it, we

are going at 19½c. a pound, and where I have

been staying for the past six weeks they want so

much for us that I am almost stale." "Now, is

that not strange," replies the gallant Turk. "It

is exactly the case with me. After travelling

all the way out here to Canada we bid fair to

lay in our boxes and not see a bit of life, until

those enterprising young men on King street

took us in hand, and now we are selling like hot

cakes. And, only fancy, somebody who buys

us will get a silver pitcher if they guess the near-

est number of seeds in a squash they have in

their window. That's what we would call in

Constantinople push." "Indeed you are quite

right, Mr. Lakoum, and every one in St. John

should have some of the lovely candies. I like

them all; they are so reasonable. Well, good

morning. I will see you at 55 King street later

on.

JUST LIKE THEM—"Oh, dear," she exclaimed,

as she threw herself into a chair upon reaching

home. "I am almost tired to death."

"What is the matter love! Where have you

been?" asked the husband.

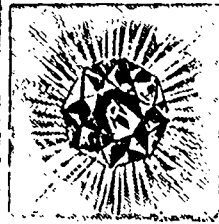
"I've been shopping all day long."

"Shopping! and what did you buy?"

"Oh, I didn't buy anything; I only went to

town to see the styles and get the prices."—

Boston Transcript.



W. Tremaine Gard,

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