



THE ONLY METHOD OF ROBBING THE CANADIAN FISHERIES.—A SCHEME FOR THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN.

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"Perhaps," suggests Martin, thoughtfully, "he meant to be funny."

Funny! The sobbing ceases abruptly and she faces him with flashing eyes. "Does he dare to make fun of me? Well, you can take this message to him. Tell him that the song is not nearly as vile as he is; and if ever he dares to come near me I will have him kicked, and doubly kicked into the street."

She turns, magnificent in her wrath, and passes into the house, closing the door after her with an ireful bang, whilst Martin McFerrick walks homeward in the moonlight, chuckling aloud in his wild, wicked, weird glee.

"Deuced stiff pull up to this attic of yours, McFerrick," says Lieutenant Blinker as he enters Martin's room the next day. "Did a deed of charity coming up. Pretty maid-servant, dismayed at the stairs she would have to climb to deliver two letters to you. Volunteered to take 'em myself and only took two kisses for my pay." He flings two letters on the table as he speaks, and Martin gazes longingly at them.

"Read away, my boy," says the good-natured visitor, noticing the glance. "I can wait awhile. Hope they're not bills."

Martin obeys, while the gallant officer entertains himself by endeavoring, with the aid of a paper weight, to execute the blue-bottle fly.

The first note is from Cronlin. It contained fifty dollars and represented the writer as being prostrated with a severe headache, which kept him indoors for the day. The trusting confidence of the note should have sent remorse to the poet's soul. But he only smiled grimly as he pocketed the money. The second note, on black-edged paper, was from the widow. It also contained fifty dollars, which was to bribe him to silence about the events of the night before. It would break her heart if Miss Flirtwell got hold of the story. By keeping the secret he would earn the everlasting gratitude of Laura Dormer.

"Now, lieutenant," says the poet, as he finishes the perusal of the two notes, "what can I do for you?"

The lieutenant's errand is a delicate one. He feels that it is time that matters should be settled between the widow and himself. Being of a

bashful nature he shrinks from the ordeal of saying the fatal words to her. He desires that Martin shall write a poem to convey in the best language possible the story of his love.

"Phew, but you charge a stiff price," he said, when the poet had named the lowest rate at which such a scheme could be carried out. "I had some idea of asking you to sing her a serenade. They say Oakley got you to do it for him. But I believe the widow thinks serenading a very vulgar kind of compliment. Said so this morning when I was talking to her. By the way," joyously, "she cut Cronlin dead on Hollis street a little while ago."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes. The poor devil is quite worked up about it. Says he supposes he made a fool of himself in some way last night. Too much champagne, you know. Make a good thing of serenading, don't you?"

"I make some people pay dearly for it," said Martin, and he grinned a sardonic grin.

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