

Our Cartoons.

The announcement made by J. V. Ellis, of the *Globe*, at the winter port meeting in Mechanics' Institute, that he had been like "Moses viewing the Promised Land" since Confederation, has inspired our artist toward producing the leading cartoon on that gentleman aforesaid. The mountain or site on which the editor is posed is Blue Rock in Carleton, his residence. His sandals are doffed as he travels on "holy ground," as it were. One or two of the rocks in the mountain represent the supporters of the *Globe*. The esteemed editor is in a position of thankfulness, hands uplifted, etc., as he gazes out toward the promised land—the winter port of the C. P. R.—his brightest hopes realized. Allan mail steamers adorn the harbor, a grain elevator erected, with a flourishing city in the background, the winding St. John river entering the harbor, the fog, which the Dominion government so strongly objected to in the contest for the winter port location, is "down the bay." The "gull," which flies over the city, is the second edition of the *Globe*.

A humorous cartoon on the interview by the four representative delegates with the government at Ottawa, in which the "head" has written a notice, "Gone West!" after leaving the bottle of "port" on his table ready for shipment to St. John, will be found in this issue.

Our New Departure.

We purpose in a short time making a change in the appearance of THE JURY. On or about the first of the year we intend issuing a twelve page journal about the same size as *Grip*, printed on fine paper, and issued every two weeks. It is an impossibility to bring THE JURY out inside of a fortnight on account of the plates, which are procured from Boston, the nearest possible city in which electrotype plates are manufactured.

THE JURY since first greeting the public has made rapid strides into public favor; its cartoons are looked for with interest. In the change we propose making we hope to have an increased popularity.

It is almost unnecessary to draw the attention of our readers and advertising patrons to the fact that we present a special Christmas double number. Hence the slight delay in issuing. That THE JURY is appreciated as an advertising medium is quite evident.

The article on another page, entitled "In a Marble Yard," is from the pen of Mr. H. L. Spencer, of the *Sun*.

The Standard.

The new evening paper, *The Daily Standard*, made its appearance the first part of this month. It presents a neat and clean typographical look. As the people's paper it should, if it adheres to the independent platform chosen, receive the combined support of the masses of St. John and the province of New Brunswick. "Horse Shoe" to you, *Standard*.

The Reason Why.

My son, there's nothing on earth so mysteriously funny as an advertisement. The prime, first, last and all the time, object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not, was not,



THERE'S A (R)EST FOR THE WEARY.

and never will be designed for any other human purpose. So the merchant waits till the busy season comes and his store is so full of custom he can't get his hat off and then he advertises. When the dull season gets along and there is no trade and he wants to sell goods so bad he can't pay his rent he cuts down his advertisements. That is, some of them do, but occasionally a level headed merchant puts in a bigger one and scoops all the business, while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay the gas bill. There are times when you couldn't stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time

the advertisement is sent out on its holy mission. It makes light work for the advertisement, for a chalk sign on the sidewalk could do all that was needed and have a half holiday six days in the week, but who wants to favor an advertisement. They are built to do hard work, and should be sent out in the dull days when a customer has to be knocked down with hard facts, and kicked insensible with bankrupt reductions and dragged in with irresistible slaughter of prices before he will spend a cent.

NOT ACCEPTABLE.—Contributor: I have here a little story.

Editor: Does it say anything about "large, lustrous eyes"?

Contributor: Not a word.

Editor: Does the lover "throw his whole soul in one long passionate kiss"?

Contributor: Oh, no.

Editor: Is there anything in it about "ethereal bliss"?

Contributor: No.

Editor: Does any one speak words "burning with love"?

Contributor: No one.

Editor: Does the hero "tear his hair" or the heroine's face "fairly glow with pleasure"?

Contributor: No.

Editor: Then I cannot accept it. It violates all precedent. Take it back and run those in and I will consider it.

BONES PROPOUNDS ONE—"I see that there is a young woman in Pennsylvania who has slept for over a month," remarked Bones, after Mr. Knazel Wabblers had sung "When the Overcoat's in Pawn."

"So I have noticed," rejoined the interlocutor in his rich third bass voice.

"Now," resumed Bones, "can you tell me what is the difference between this incident and a somnolent policeman?"

"We can," yelled the entire troupe. "One is a beat on the sleep, and the other is asleep on the beat!"

And the curtain fell.

Amanda—Reginald, I understand you have been circulating the report that we are engaged around town.

Reginald—And so we are, my dear.

Amanda—Yes, I know; but it seems as though a man who cared for my future happiness ought not to say anything that will prevent my marrying some good man.

Miss Ethel—Mother, I want to go to the hop at the hotel.

Mother—What, two months after the death of your lover?

Miss E.—Well, I'll take part in the slow dances only.

CHRISTMAS

WILL soon be here, and everybody ought to "wake up" to the fact and select suitable presents at once. We wish to remind you that our stock of HOLIDAY GOODS is simply immense and contains many rare and beautiful gifts, which cannot fail to cause a smile on Christmas morning. If you are searching for beautiful and appropriate holiday gifts, remember we have "got 'em on the list," for sure. Our new stock is unequalled, and in it you are sure to find "the very thing" you want.

And now a word in regard to prices. Having bought our holiday stock very cheap, enabling us to come down in prices, we shall avoid all unnecessary comments and simply say that **Low Prices** is what we shall sell for. It makes our competitors sad; and no wonder, for our marvelous bargains are the terror of them all. Just now our stock is complete. We can please one and all, from the delicate dude, in search of "a present faw me girl, dontcherknaw," to the most fastidious miss.

We cordially invite all to come and inspect our stock, and your old friend Santa Claus seconds the invitation. Our beautiful display of holiday goods will delight.

TOYS, BOOKS, CHRISTMAS CARDS, NOVELTIES, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS,
The nicest, prettiest and cheapest you ever saw. This is your best chance.

JAMES CRAWFORD,

Portland News Depot, - - - Main Street, Portland, N. B.
BRANCH STORE: Cor. Duke and Sydney Streets, St. John, N. B.

CALEDONIA COAL.

LANDING:

PRICES:

\$4.35 per Chald., Cash;
\$4.50 " " " booked.

HOURLY EXPECTED:

**STOVE & CHESTNUT, ANTHRACITE,
OLD MINES SIDNEY,**

Per Aria and Nellie Parker.

To arrive:

Reserve Mines Sydney and Joggins Nut.

Prices Low.

W. L. BUSBY,

81, 83 and 85 Water Street,