

Written for THE JURY.

Leaves from Little Jimmy's Sketch-book.

By CASSY TAY.

I am considerable of a artist & I dearly lov to draw pictuors of things i hav saw pa says i am a cartoonist from cartunsville man. Hear is som i hav drawn.

This is a nyorke aldrman he dearly lvs the peple be4 lection day an goes round & kisses all the wopy jawed babbaes an ses ant it the pur iest child you ever seen it lks sactly like its pa



then ov corse pa voats f4r the bum an he gets lected an then he gets a logg lot ov budle to let a man bild a street raleway i wish weo culd get a strete ralerode in Ste jonh butt i dont wont any such aldrmans to get it that way lik they got there bro4wa ralerode in nyorke do you?

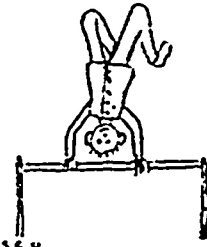
This is a yumrist he wares a saddl xpresion of countinants and his sole he ses is filld with glumc he works only thre ours a weak & gits fortein thowean aite hundard an nintey six dolars a



month [14,896,00\$]. Sum tims he cums in the offfs feelin eike an mad an like chawin sum l up and he seas a leter frnm the editur sayin hurry up with yure koleom of b'aim nonsents yure bhine this wazk & the yumrist ho braices rite up &

whilo ho is awarein with won hand ho is riting grate larg gobbs ov ghterin giggerl with the uthor thats the kin of a tume a yumrist has ho has to right al the tims weathre ho feels lik it or nott an peple call him a e ndam ydret an wy dont ho hav sum sence in all that i gess god didnt mak the yumrist for nothin ho nkew wot ho was doin i woldnt trust a man wot wuldnt laff alone with a postage stamp that is if it was a now stamp wot hadd nevro bin used ho wold steal the loters of off the front of a cuk stoave if he thogt he culd use them inn his bizness sum yumrista wurk 14 896 00 ours purr week & only get thro dolars [1.83] a weak pay this seams tuff.

This nex pictuor is a dude jumstas wo thinks that fourpaw wold goblo hym up at a fabilious salery or els barnim yow can sea hym any nite xcept wensda nite inn a certin bildin on a certin strete in Ste jonh i wont tell yow the nam of the strete but the mishls is chorlotte strete ho is a lie an lofte tumbler frum way back so ho thinks butt he kant ryde a hawsrontil barr with owt getin throwd he wares a strypped shirt lik barnims han painted sebbra frum the wildes ov farther nyjirsey sum da he wil hav a rush of branes



to the hed & that will kil him quickern yow can sa jake robbinsin i wil send you some moar skethes nex munth yures Trolley james g tickle 1886.

Written for THE JURY.

Christmas in the South.

"Read that," says my latest girl friend, Miss Frank Salem, as she pointed out an article in a thickly bound book of travels. "O, bother, I can't," is my polite reply, as I try to stifle a yawn and fail most beautifully. It was just a few days before Christmas, and for the last ten days the rain had developed a strange and lasting affection for our city of St. John, and the gloom without did not tend to cheer up those who had to remain in-doors. "Do, my child; it will improve your mind immensely," Frank per-

nista, with a smile. So, as she is a sound authority for what is good and what is otherwise, I consent, with a not very resigned grace, take the book up-stairs to the cheery sitting room, settle myself comfortably in papa's reading-chair, and give myself up to the charms of "Glances of Foreign Countries." I read on and on; and presently somehow or other things began to get most fearfully and wonderfully mixed. I was in church; but such a strange place I had never before set myeyes on. It was not our own handsome, castly sacred edifice at home, with its tasteful Xmas decorations, on which so much time and pains have been employed. No; this was a small, very small church, with no floor except the ground to walk on, with tiny holes in the walls for the windows, and a square wooden box raised slightly above the other wooden seats did duty as a pulpit, with a brass lamp on each side. The walls were quite thickly trimmed with evergreen, and the pulpit was almost hidden by the same, while in the centre of the building stood a huge Xmas tree resplendent with everything lovely and pretty and nice. Looking around I saw the congregation assemble, everyone of them negroes, black as any coal I had ever seen. But they one and all looked at me in such a friendly way that the sudden alarm I had at first felt instantly vanished. Then several of them went gravely up to the minister, whispered a few words in his ear, which he afterwards wrote down in a book lying on the pulpit. Then they resumed their seats, and the service began. A hymn was sung, a portion of Gospel read, and then came the prayer; and this was it. The minister, in a deep voice, said, "Please Laud send Brudder Samson a new overcoat." And the congregation replied, "Please Laud do." And "Please Laud send Sister Maggie a new dress." And again came the response, "Please Laud do." And in this way until the end, they asked for what each member was in greatest need of. Then a large negro woman, who sat by my side, tapped me on the arm. I opened my eyes to find myself still in papa's chair, my book fallen on the floor, and sitting beside me, with a solemn, questioning look in his big brown eyes and a paw on my arm, was my dear, old, shaggy coated Newfoundland dog Prince.

MAY LEONARD.

PAGAN PLACE,
St. John, N. B., Dec., 1886.

There was a philosopher, Mill,
Said: "Two and two's four; yet, still,
Perhaps up in Heaven
They're six or eleven."
This cranky philosopher, Mill.

Oh, say, let us go to
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who is showing a handsome assortment of Christmas and New Year's Cards; also, Prayer Books, Xmas Books, Purses in Plushes and Leather, Games, etc. Get Your Pictures Framed before the rush **167 UNION ST.**

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