

Don't You Think So?

"A literary prostitute" and "political turn-coat" is the name the *Pioneer* gives the editor of the *Summerside Journal*. This is a good recommendation to get from his own town, but it is sufficient to qualify him to practise at the Bar? As we are unable at present to form a just conclusion we hand this "literary prostitute" over to the St. John Jury and if that paper fails to deal fairly with him, we will send him up for examination before the *Maple Leaf* man.—*Locomotive*.

You have a summary way of disposing of your relation, friend, seeing that you own your disability to judge fairly. We should say that such peculiar birds would find the air of Moncton more congenial for trial, but they mustn't fly over the cow-catcher on the *Locomotive*, or they will hear more than a "literary prosti-toot" on the Island.—*Maple Leaf*.

The "motivo" of our o-"steamed" contemporary in "switching" the "train" of thought and "railing" at the *Locomotive* must be for fear the "trunk" from which the *Maple Leaf* "spreads" should also come under the loving and "tender" "car"-o of John. A. M., the baggage smasher.

*The Globe* has very properly called attention to the heavy expense which the municipalities are yearly called upon to bear by the prevalence of the inquest nuisance. The frequency of inquests in these latter years, and the pretexts which give rise to them, are making a solemn mockery of the system, and causing it to be regarded as positively farcical. *The Globe* is quite right in urging that only in special cases should the exercise of a coroner's functions be called into play, and that in manifestly plain cases in which no suspicions of foul play appear the country should be relieved of enquiries which are attended only with profitless expense. In providing a remedy, which can best be done by legislative enactment, the patriotic editor-M.P.P. has a good opportunity to distinguish himself.

This newspaper fraternity and a good many others of Mr. Lugin's set have recently enjoyed a jolly time in the fertile up-river regions. It is to be hoped that the whole company have been keenly observant of everything notable, and that in due time the public will receive something more useful than a mere recital of junketings. The Tobique valley and the rich country of the upper St. John affords a grand opportunity for the exercise of descriptive powers of the highest standard of merit. If space permitted THE JURY's foreman would gladly assist the literary athletes.

Written for THE JURY.

Thawed Out.

Little Charlie, in the garret,  
Rummaging things o'er,  
Found a poor half-frozen wasp  
Lying on the floor.

And he bore it, oh so gently,  
To the parlor fire;  
Lays it on a chair—nor dreams  
Of consequences dire



Sister Mary's bear came in;  
Sat upon that chair.  
As he did he rose again,  
Also did his hair.

The engagement, from that day,  
Ceased, without a doubt.  
Sister is not married yet,  
Because that wasp thawed out.

Portland, N. B.

ROSINA.

LOCAL VERDICTS.

That horrid four-inch collar,  
On neck so like a wrist,  
The slightest bow will not allow,—  
It be missed.

How different our police force,  
With baton clasped in fist:  
In time of "fight" they're not in sight,—  
I'm sure they're always missed.

Lino-men—All local fishers.  
Passing fancies—Delirium tremens.  
Barber-ous cruelty—Decapitating a pimple.  
Are tenders received for contracted brows?  
Down on the pier (peer)—The London papers.  
The Irish question—Will we ever git home  
rool?

If a goat is a butter, goat's milk must be butter-milk.

Behind the bars—Rumsollers, convicts and lawyers.

After the "mighty dollar"—Our "professional" jurymen.

Do they forward boots and shoes by mail? We hear of people stamping their feet.

"I fill the 'Bill'" said William Tipple, as he downed a schooner the other evening.

Return after an absence of ten years. And old Jones, ten years ago, he was a Methodist; what is he now? An angel, I guess.

Oi, say, MiGinty, were yez iver tu Boston, Mass.? Now, Patay, but um a regular attinder to mass in the Oataderal ivery Sundry.

I see old Surgow was fined forty dollars in the police court the other day. Will they allow him time to pay it? Oh, yes, they will, to be sure—about six months.

"I want two cents worth of three cent stamps," said a little five-year-old in the post office the other day. We presume she will have to wait until the Macdonald administration knocks off that extra cent on letter postage above the Yankee rate.

Get shaved on Saturday, and give the hard-worked barber Sunday all to himself. There is a commandment which says: Six days shalt thou labor and do all thou hast to do, without working on Sunday. Now, my dear boy, don't make a fellow-being break that commandment, when you can avoid doing so by having your headwork done on Saturday.

"Verily, this is a practical illustration of 'business before pleasure,'" said DuTrenzy, sadly, as he walked along Mill street, carrying the three little Trenzys, and a large pic-nic basket dangling from his arms, his better-half bringing up the rear enveloped in easy holiday attire and loaded with naught but a sunshade and face that "left" the Venus a Milo.

"Ay, there's the rub!" as the bootblack said when about to shine a patron's shoes that had just been oiled.

'Tis not that there isn't good subjects enough,  
That doth puzzle the young would-be poet;  
'Tis not that he's lacking in syntax at all,  
When he'd like through some stanzas to go it;  
'Tis not that his spelling's deficient, which keeps  
Him from writing his verse any neater;  
But this is the reason: he'll never succeed,  
For he can't get the hang of the metre!

Man  
At the play:  
Hat  
In his way;  
Can't  
See the stage,—  
Soul  
Full of rage;  
Swear  
Words are said  
At  
Girl just ahead.

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