

THE JURY,

An Independent Weekly Journal
devoted to

POLITICS AND HUMOR.

HONEST VERDICTS ON ALL MATTERS WHETHER
POLITICAL OR SOCIAL.

"Jury" Publishing Co.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

PRICE 5 CENTS A COPY.

The Foreman Speaks.

The jury as an institution is as old as our civilization. But unlike the individual, it has grown in vigor and usefulness with its centuries of age. To-day, trial by jury is the rule throughout the civilized world. It is the chief safeguard of individual liberty. Do we not need the system transferred from the judicial arena to the estate of journalism? Statesmen may propose and parliament may enact laws; lawyers may plead and judges lay down the law, but it is the jury that find the verdict, that determine the guilt or innocence of persons charged. It is the jury that acquits the innocent and sends them forth without stain; it is the jury who, by their verdict, condemn the guilty to the just punishment of their crimes. It is the jury that assess the damages, that declare the measure of individual wrongs, that determine the amount of reparation.

Among newspapers there are party journals of a secular character, and denominational journals of a more or less religious character. These are all advocates. They plead the cause of their respective political parties, of their respective denominations, or ride the particular hobbies which each may have adopted. They do not assume a judicial or a juridical character. Is there then not need of a JURY in journalism?

For the public benefit THE JURY is empanelled. We are metaphorically sworn to fairly try and true verdict give according to law and the evidence the issues joined between parties, without fear, favor or affection. We will shield no guilty and condemn no innocent person. The public await our verdict, and from week to week the Foreman will deliver it according to the true inwardness of the matter, in a way that all can see, appealing both to the age and the understanding.

THE JURY knows no political party: it is not the exponent of Grit or Tory ideas; it is neither subsidised by Sir John Macdonald nor by Mr. Blake, by Mr. Blair nor Mr. Wetmore. We know no sect, creed or denomination, but with respect for all we shall acquit or condemn, always remembering that human nature is frail, and that it is our duty as well as our pleasure to lean to the side of mercy. The poor and the oppressed, the wronged and the injured—every good cause, every worthy object will find in it a safeguard and a protector. Our verdict will be always in favor of whatsoever things are true, honest, pure, and of good report. Our verdict will always be against vice and wrong, and meanness. This much we say soberly and in all truth and verity.

But it is better to be pleasant, good-natured, jolly even, than to be sad, and spiteful and contemptuous. So the foreman's pen, mightier than the sword, will never lend itself to scurrility, or personal abuse. We shall try many causes, sometimes we shall have occasion to try persons, but our verdict will be always without malice, and as far as human judgment can guide us, our deliver-

ance will be according to the very right of the matter.

We hope to make our weekly verdict upon all matters social, moral, religious, political, civil and personal, of value to the clergyman, the statesman, the professional and business man, the citizen and the general public of both sexes. We may disagree; we may in our verdict sometimes reverse a previous one; but we shall aim to be always just if not always consistent, and we ask for THE JURY A FAIR TRIAL.

The Pulpit vs. Ladies' Feathers.

Rev. Mr. Fotheringham has taken the birds under his fatherly protection. THE JURY has no objection to any reverend gentleman, who has the time, or no other and more useful or important duties to perform, assuming the work of an apostle for fowls, or high priest of winged songsters. But are his ways equal? Is it any more wrong for the fair communicants, who, in the pews of St. John's church, turn up their sweet faces toward his pulpit on a Sabbath, to wear on their hats and bonnets the plumage of the bird, than for the clergyman to wear upon his head the fur of the slaughtered seal or beaver, on his feet the hide of the murdered ox, or around his person the woven fleece of the sheep, which, after yielding up its coat in successive years, gives up its life for man's sustenance? Were not all the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea given to man for his use?

If the reverend gentleman would have the ladies strip their hats of feathers, is he not obligated in like manner to divest himself, at home of course, in the privacy of his chamber, of the animal spoils which alike adorn and conceal his person? It would be awkward, no doubt, to find other apparel at a moment's notice, but such appears to be the logical conclusion of his line of argument.

Perhaps, too, there is something to be said on the other side of the question as to the harmlessness of the feathered creatures around whom the preacher and the society with numerous initials have thrown their protection. Did either of these zealots ever own a cherry orchard or a strawberry garden? If he did he would know that the whole feathered tribe, from crows to robins, can become the most insatiable and troublesome of poachers. In such case a well charged gun is a more effective remedy against the feathered thieves than is a sermon against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

But why launch a sermon against a feather when the world is so full of weighty sins and wrongs and errors? And again, why be so ungallant as to prevent the angels of his congregation from putting on in advance the wings which they all hope to wear bye and bye?

THE JURY finds that the ladies properly may continue to decorate their bonnets as heretofore, notwithstanding the injunctions of the pulpit, and we believe that they will act upon our verdict.

A Prolonged Courtship.

The two neighbor cities of St. John and Portland have been "keeping company" together for a long time. Is it not time they were married? They have been a long time exchanging amorous glances and ogling each other across the street. There have been addresses and proposals, and endearments and occasional "tiffs," and now St. John would fain embrace Portland. But there arises the old question which has hindered so many matches: If we two are to be made one which is to be the one? It is obvious that Portland with the opportunity of being married to a Saint could on the consummation take the name of the aforesaid Saint. But Portland thinks St. John a saint only in name, and just now a new cause of difference has arisen. She has discovered that while she favors total abstinence and prohibition the Saint is given to drink. So she will not yield, but will keep her own council and make a Sturdiee resistance to all amorous overtures.

Cartoon Comments.

Our leading cartoon represents the attitude of the three dailies and their editors on the Scott Act question. The *Telegraph* and *Globe* were "on the fence," not a little uncomfortable in their positions, and the *Sun* carried the Scott Act banner very timidly. A pending local election no doubt had its influence in embarrassing the editors. The *Sun* hoped to be on the winning side but was disappointed; the *Telegraph* and *Globe* were ready for either event. On the one side there was a weak support of the act, and on the other a doubtful exhibition of tact. As the foreman's tongsorial artist expresses it: "De *Sun* was off-fence-ive, and de *Tellygraff* and de *Globe* was on-de-fence-ive."

May the Best Men Win!

THE JURY find that we have too much politics and too little patriotism; too much party and too little public spirit; too much of Tory and Grit, Liberal-Conservative and Liberal, too much of Rouge and Bleu and too little of the true national color, too little of real patriotic Canadian feeling in this country. There are too many office holders, and office seekers, and too few members; too many cool, calculating rascals who would live by their wits instead of by honest labor; too little of honor in public affairs and too much of extravagance.

A host of candidates are now before the people. "Vote for me, I am a Liberal-Conservative," "I am a Liberal," "I am a Catholic," "I am an Orangeman," "I am for the Scott Act," "I am against the Scott Act," such are some of the cries by which it is sought to attract votes. These are all narrow and unworthy political shibboleths. Settle each question by itself. Divide and conquer these petty canvasses. Settle the Scott Act when it is before you to vote on; settle your questions of Dominion politics at Dominion elections; settle the sectarian question by faithful support of your own church as a church, with charity for those whose creed is different, but make not religion a party political question. Settle provincial affairs by themselves at the election now pending. Remember that no government is as good, as wise, as economical as it ought to be. Don't expect perfection in any man, much less in a politician. There are many hindrances to reform and the wisest and best of statesmen cannot always do as they would. If the government has done fairly well they should be helped and encouraged to do better. If they have done worse than they should—worse than other governments that preceded them—then vote your disapproval. Vote honestly; vote for the country; and may the best men win!

The Salvation Army.

Of old, a tyrant who had set up a golden image, commanded that at what time the assembled multitude should hear the sound of the harp, flute, sackbut and psaltry they should fall down and worship the yellow idol. But a better dispensation has commanded that when you do the offices of religion you shall not sound a trumpet before you. Of late our city has been bombarded with a discord of noise, and invaded by an army so-called, who, in the name of the Christian religion, have revived the old idolatrous practice. They go to prayers to the sound of the drum, and advertise their devotions with a parody of military parade. It may be said they are not wanting in the sinister "charity that begins at home," as they are ever ready to receive money but not to account for it. But as for the truer charity, is it not wanting? There remains then but "the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal."

THE JURY finds that the army ought to be disbanded or drummed out of a service that they dishonor.

Portland's mayoralty election came near resulting in that city being buried. But the catastrophe was averted by a Sturdier candidate being counted in.