

INTRODUCTORY.

Cast aside each gloomy thought, each petty woe,
With the wailing winds of Winter bid them go,
Fling aside all melancholy,
Cries THE JURY, wise and jolly,
Come, like Spring-time, just *pro bono publico*.

Though for dignity we feel profound respect;
Though our style be not concise and circumspect;
And we come to a decision
With a wonderful precision—
For our judgment is infallibly correct;

Yet we're versatile and playful in our way;
We can handle any theme from grave to gay,
And can make the subject "telling"
In a style there's no excelling—
For we're posted in the topics of the day.

To this first new leaf that doth in Spring unfold,
(If on that account you think we're green you're sold)
Please extend a welcome hearty,
Thinking naught of sect or party,
We are needed by the masses we've been told.

'Tis to work for your amusement we begin,
With a right good cheer we'll strive your smiles to win;
And to gain from you a chuckle,
Tuck our fingers to the knuckle,
Feeling thoroughly rewarded when you grin.

We are something every household should possess,
(From advertisements that's quoted we confess)
So forsake all strife and fury,
While you turn to greet THE JURY.
And to wish it longest life and all success.

St. John, April 13, 1886.

Our Second Cartoon.

Our second cartoon, "Anticipation," represents the expectant attitude of the city and county candidates, whose eyes are just now turned towards Fredericton. "Anticipation Monday" will decide what cats "collar the bird." The pose of the several felines, if carefully studied, will be found interesting.

TELEGRAPHIC.

(Special to the Jury.)

MUSQUASH, April 23. James Hemlock addressed a packed house here last night. He said he was not much of a speaker on the subject of temperance or any other subject, but thought he was in possession of a valuable idea concerning the good cause which he could not conscientiously withhold: Marry your temperance boys to your temperance girls and you will have a temperance community.

WAR NEWS.

(Special to the Jury.)

ST. JOHN, N. B., April 19th, 1886.—The Anti-Scott "Troop" made a "double" advance to the front of battle and with the aid of two "Canons" completely routed the enemy. The "Doctor" and "Father" were in the thickest of the fight and were much noted for their "personal" bravery.

The *Sun* newspaper, edited by Messrs. Scott and Payne, naturally favored the adoption of the Scott Act in this city. But when the votes were counted it was found they made a Payneful failure.

W. C. T. U.

When our local reporter dropped in the other night at the headquarters of the lady temperance workers he found a very large audience, listening with pin-drop attention to the speaker of the evening, Mrs. John DeKuyper, who was, at the moment of our reporter's visit, summing up the Scott Act. "Sister workers," said the speaker, "I made my debut as a Scott Actress many years ago. The Act, as it stands to-day with its many valuable amendments, dovetails itself into the approval of a great many more people than the act in its original state could possibly do. These amendments, like all amendments, are the offspring of experience, which is the grand-father of wisdom. Experience has intimated to me since the recent election that it is in an interesting condition, and that another amendment will soon be announced, whose coming will mark the spot where the accursed traffic fell. With this amendment the Scott Act must be considered perfect by even the oldest and most experienced lady temperance worker, and must be adopted throughout the universe. The amendment is to the effect that the sale of all liquors shall be prohibited with one exception in favor of C.N.S.

Hits at Fun.

What Sank the Oregon?

A beautiful damsel in wrapper and slipper
Sat out on the deck of a fast-sailing clipper,
And many a question she put to the skipper.

She told him she never had been on the ocean,
And asked him if he had any sort of a notion
What kept the old thing in eternal commotion.

She plied him with questions that none could reply to,
But still the old skipper politely would try to,
And once in a while the old rascal would lie, too.

"What, think you, ran into and sank the Cunarder?"
The skipper looked up and appeared to regard her
As if he were sorry her question weren't harder.

"Why, bless ye," he said, as he glanced at the spanker
And motioned a sailor to stand by the anchor,
"Twas water, I reckon, ran into and sank her."

Second to none—One.

Court cries—Jilted beaux.

A book-agent's kit—Check.

Pase burners—Roller skates.

Bootless task—Going barefoot.

Moving waxworks—Beehives.

Our foreman asks leave to sit again.

Interesting relic(t)s—Young widows.

Original articles—Anning's furniture.

Eclipse of the son—A baby-daughter.

The course of time—A wrinkled face.

Ushers of the black rod—Schoolmasters.

Just the man to fill a vacancy—The dentist.

The downfall of China—Upsetting a cupboard.

A "Grocian" bend—When an "Irishman" bows.

Our American cousins would have us Fry(e) our fish.

Where can you always find a *War Cry*? In a bustle.

The maple(!) candy fiend comes with the sunny days of April.

The Fishery Question—"How much is your herrin' a duxin'?"

The Temperance Question—Will they contest the "Act" in Portland.

Why are eels like Washington officials? Because they squirm when Fryed.

Second thoughts are always best. Woman was an after-thought of creation.

The quill is mightier than the sword, as the boy said to the fretted porcupine.

How far were the Scott Act party from victory? About a Furlong.—*Pullon*-ted. Who says give us a Breeze.

Why is the effect of a mustard-plaster like a coverlet? Because it is a counterpane.

What is the difference between the north and south pole. All the difference in the world.

What is the similarity between our coast fisheries and the anti-liquor laws? Scott acts.

An English governess, advertising for a situation, says that she is a perfect mistress of her tongue.

"You may depend on me, wife; I give you my word."
"I had rather you would sometimes keep it, sir."

Where did the ministers who preached against the Scott Act get their texts? In Luk(re) and John(es) Gospel.

Ducks have lately been taught to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Who says this is not an age for improvement?

What animal has death no effect on? A pig, because directly you have killed him you can cure him, and save his bacon.

A well-known spendthrift, when entertaining some friends at dinner, was asked by one of the guests at his table what description of wine they were drinking. The young reprobate replied that it was Pontick (pon tick) wine.

Mistress to New Serrant—"Bridget, where is the desert?" Bridget (glowing with pride)—"Ther desert, mum? It's in Afriky or Egypt. The teacher alwus called me a fouie lump ov a scholar."
—*Judge*.

"My dear hearers, we see before us the frightful consequences of the fall of man," said the preacher as he began his funeral sermon over a person who had tumbled from the roof of an elevator.—*St. Paul Herald*.

At Eustis, Florida, recently, a lettuce head grew to the size of a dinner plate two weeks after being set out.—*Exchange*. Lettuce know how large the dinner plate was after being set out two weeks, and then some idea can be formed of the growth of the lettuce head.

Mrs. Plindane, after looking long and thoughtfully at a plaster cast of Shakespeare, remarked:—"Poor man, how pale he was! He couldn't have been well when he was taken." "No," replied Fogg, "He was dead." "Ah, that accounts for it," said Mrs. P., drawing a sympathetic breath.

When an editor advises a spring poet regarding the disposal of his manuscript, what distinguished American authoress does he name? Well, give it up? Burnett, of course. Then the poet Howells and exits.—*Cleveland Sun*. And it comes pretty Nye the truth to say that the Twain are both unhappy.

An Irishman, much addicted to telling strange stories, said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders in the right place. "Ha, ha, ha!" said a bystander; how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him? "And, sure, what a party idiot ye are?" said Pat; "and couldn't he pick it up with his teeth?"

At Buffalo they complain of having an over-supply of public libraries, and are not able to draw enough people to pay for the gas. This goes to show that the citizens of Buffalo are sadly lacking in literary taste. Probably it would be a good scheme to set up a bar and free lunch in the different libraries. This has been known to work in other institutions, and why shouldn't it pay in a public library? With a few drinks aboard, men have been known to take anything, from a church pulpit to a red-hot cook stove, and surely it ought to have the desired effect in making them take books.

"Pompey, has yo' hearn 'bout de new way ob raisin' chickens?" "No, Jube. What's dat?" "Why, I l'bebo day calls it artyfishus mofod, or raisin' chickens widout a mudder." "It's raisin' chickens 'dout a mudder? Lor' sakes, dat boy 'Zekal o' mine knows all 'bout dat." "He do?" "Yass. He's been raisin' chickens off o' roots deze las' ten year, an' don' spec' he ebber took his mudder wid 'im once."—*Yonker's Gazette*.

A certain lawyer was compelled to apologise to the court. With stately dignity he rose in his place and said, "Your Honour is right and I am wrong, as your Honour generally is." There was a dazed look in the judge's eye, and he hardly knew whether to feel happy or to fine the lawyer for contempt of court.

(From Funny Folks.)

Riot Acts—Smashing windows.
Rising Ground—Land that's "going up" in the market.
Certain tradesmen speak now of their district as the *Forst End*.

"Spring time's come again," sang the poetess, as she journey'd heavenward in consequence of sitting down too suddenly upon her new steel dress improver.

(From Moonshine.)

Organic remains—The Italian grinder nuisance.
Oscillation.—Nervous old lady (much alarmed at the vic'ent swaying of the carriage on issuing from a dark tunnel): "I call the osculation allowed in this carriage simply disgraceful. [Newly-engaged couple on opposite seat crimson with conscious guilt.]

A marriage is announced as likely to take place between Earl Cairns and Miss Adele Grant, of New York. Apparently the young gentleman didn't go among the American Cairns for nothing. We don't know the precise date fixed for the event, but it's sure to be Early-y.

(From Judy.)

"Dry figures"—Mummies.
"Twas e'er thus, O Orpheus—She: I say, now really, I don't believe you like music.—He: Don't I just! Why, it's the only chance of a talk.

To Parents and Guardians.—A good deal has been said about the uselessness of a classical education to boys intended for commercial pursuits. Yet the proficient in Latin and Greek should make a good merchant. He at least might be trusted not to deal in "false quantities."

Smoke only

"PIXIE"

Manufactured at the

BELL CIGAR FACTORY

Canterbury Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. H. BELL, - - PROPRIETOR.