

Written for THE JURY. SONNET.

They come again—again they stand beside me,
The dear companions of departed hours!—
Who through the deserts volunteered to guide ye,
From the Lost Land of sunshine and of flowers?
Daisy and Margurite, Violet and Lily,
With blue and black eyes—tresses brown and
gold:
Pale will those cheeks grow in this climate chilly,
Your steps grow weary and your hearts grow
cold.

'Tis but the story men have often told—
Shadows ye are, and phantoms of the mind!
They are transformed that haunt me—gray and
old,

Perhaps earth's joys and griefs have left behind,
Into the dreaming ear the angels sing
Only one song—of sunshine and of spring.

H. L. SPENCER.

January 15, 1887.

Written for THE JURY. PRETTY RED ROSE.

I plucked her a pretty red rose,
In trembling hope and fear.
In her dear little hand it reposed,
The emblem my heart held most dear.
Oh, would she cast it forth?
Ah, must it wither and die?
Or would it live and live?
Your heart to mine must reply.

That dear little flower, so slyly
Awaiting in anguish its fate!
Could she cruelly slight love's sweet emblem,
And leave it to wither and blight.
Oh, no, that smile, sweet and tender,
Bringing the rose to her cheek,
Beams of the true love I sent her
In that emblem so modest and sweet.

Written for THE JURY. Leaves from Little Jimmy's Sketch-Book.

By CASEY TAP.

This is a cologe stewardint he thinks he knows
it all an sumtimes when he gits a larg ideo yow
kinherohismindskwek
like a ole rusty dor-
Lingo hes a rassler and
has climed the hites of
parnassas and has a di-
gree of b a wich meens
baseball artist i sposo
wen he loves hom for
cologe his muther an
sisturs fall on his neck
an weap the s'ifnin out his dude colar an he goes



way an by indistree becoums nown as a effishint
short stop an stroak ore an kin kike a fut bal
further than onny I els butt yew ask him to spol
seperit an yow got him titorn the avridge christ-
ian won the mite ciety cals for ten cens an wen
he wonts a new pare of booksing gluv he ritos
hoam for mony to get sum moar them jografys
an uther buks he goes to cologe thre yores or foro
an cums hom with a dyplomia and calls his pore
ole fathur wot wastd al his mby on him the ole
man an govnor and if his fethir has eny luke he
gets a gob skimmin of the sudds at the sope wurks
or wett nurs on the fery boate so much for the
cologe stewardint.

Cast yer i heren yowll see the oroido prack-
tishiner or as sum wuld cal him the bogguis phisi-
shian or a quako he
cums an tels you toastike
out yer tung an soa you
wont exersize an chang
off diot an you betor go
an get a chang off airo
thre dolars please he is
a disgrais to manking
an the genywin docs
ot to maik them taksum
of there own the quakes
medcin orcls read teny-



suns later pomes an kil them of that wa if you
hav a pett corn wot is conteinuly kep in
you from hevins gait they wil giv yew som
kind off likwid dinymit to putt on an it
make the corn wurs an wurs an then he
sez it wosont a corn but it was infurma-
shin on the livver wot alea you an he givs
yow a poris plastir to put on yur buzum
an soke yer fets in a crupe mixer and
bath yur forl with worners kidnes curr
he stans in with the coriner an undirtakre
an gets a comishin on every corps what
loves this vail off teres for the brior roll-
lims abuv so talk jimys advyso an doant
hav anythink to do with a man wot trotes
a iritavin coff as if it was saim as mentil
gangreen with loddable puss cos if yow
dex heel soke you into a untimely hoal in
the groun an yer gras widderl hav to plant
sum rekwe ascatt in pacy on yur grav.

All but One.

The most generous mon have received
injuries which they can never forgive.
Peter Bluelock, of the Gum Springs Cir-
cuit, having resolved to lead a better life,
joined the church. As he stood near the
alter, receiving the congratulations of
friends who had long prayed for his re-
formation, he was so completely subdued
by the touching tenderness of the occasion
that he exclaimed: "I love everybody and
forgive everybody!"

A lank man stepped forward and asked:

"Can you forgive me, Peter?"
"Yes. You shot my father, but I can for-
give you. Give me your hand."
They warmly shook hands. Then another man
came forward, hesitated a moment, and said:
"I don't reckon you can forgive me, Pete!"
"Yes, I can."
"What! airtor I waylaid you an' broke your
leg with a load o' buckshot?"
"That makes no difference, Andy, give me
your hand."
They embraced each other and the friends who
formed a circle about them wept for joy.
"Don't reckon you can forgive me!" exclaimed
a fellow who slowly made his way through the
throng. "Yes, I can, Dan."
"What! airtor I stole the girl that you was
about to marry?" "Yes."
"Let me get up to him," said a man shoving
his way forward. Peter's eyes blazed when he
beheld the new-comer. "Stand back!" he ex-
claimed. "Keep him away, brethren, or I'll jolt
the life out of him."
"Peter, can't you forgive me?"
"No, I can't. You are the only man in the
world that shall not take my hand. No use talk-
ing to me," he continued, when some of the
brethren began to expostulate with him, "no use
in saying a word, for I cannot forgive him. Ah,
you'd better go away."
"What did he do, Peter, to incur your ever-
lasting hatred?" some one asked when the man
had gone. "What did he do, Peter?"
Now the question is, what had the man done?
Our readers will readily recognize this life like
story as the work of Mr. Frank R. Stockton, who
has been engaged by the great magazines to leave
their readers in the "lurch."—Arkansaw Traveler.



See S. R. White

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David Connell,

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