



Written for JURY.

THOSE TIMELESS BELLS.

By A. R. M.

I.

Ring out, wild bells, from Trinity spire;  
Your moss-covered tunes, Oh, me they tire;  
Ring out wildly those sweet chestnut chimes:  
"The Last Rose of Summer" a million of times.  
Ring out at noon-day, chime out the hour,  
The quarters, the halves, from your tall stately tower;  
Strike nine o'clock when it's quarter past seven,  
Chime twelve o'clock when it's only eleven.

II

Ring out your chestnuts at the midnight hour,  
Breaking our slumbers from Morpheus' bower,  
Destroying our sleep, making life full of cares,  
Hastening our days up the bright golden stairs;  
Ring out so languidly at ten minutes to five;  
To make us so miserable you hourly strive;  
Freeze up in cold weather, thaw out in warm,  
Facing the winds and the cold icy storm.

III.

Ring out forever, stop not for me;  
I'll soon be in Moncton, far, far from thee.  
But pity to them who dwell near thy range;  
Their brows are saddened, their faces are aged;  
'Tis the want of sweet slumber, Nature's repose,  
To brighten their faces, to lighten their woes.  
Then ring out, but softly, so none will you fear,  
And people may sleep who dwelleth you near.

Proprietary Medicines.

A visit to Dr. Green's Laboratory, at Woodbury, N. J., has considerably changed our views, and especially our prejudices in regard to what are generally known as "Standard Patent Medicines." Of course we are getting to that age in life when we are forced to conclude *Life* itself is a humbug, and naturally distrust anything that has not withstood long and tried experiences. Being a physician I had the curiosity to know how such a sale of two medical preparations could be sustained for so many years. The perfect system upon which the business is conducted, and the pharmaceutical arrangements of the manufacture of the two recipes with which we were made acquainted, are sufficiently convincing, to us that the **AUGUST FLOWER**, for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints, and **BOCSHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP**, for Throat and Lung Troubles, were for the complaints they are recommended, most excellent remedies, and only regret that in much of our practice, medical ethics prevent us from describing them without making the formulas public. When we were shown the great quantity of voluntary letters having been forwarded Dr. Green, from all parts of the country, and from all classes of people, lawyers, ministers and doctors, giving a description of their ailments, testimonials of their cures, etc., I feel

like endorsing Dr. Green's suggestion that the Government accept such valuable formulas, and license them for general use by giving protection to the inventor, same as patents generally.—Copied from *N. Y. Druggists' Circular of Oct. 1886.*

Written for JURY.

DOG-GEREL.

A sud-eyed dog,  
An old tin can,  
And thereby hangs a tail.  
A little boy,  
With fiendish brain,  
Will make the dog bewail.  
Another boy,  
A piece of rope,—  
The dog and can are one.



They shout and dance about with glee,  
And think they're having fun.

A parent stern,  
A great big club,  
And thereby hangs a whale.  
The boy he sees the parent stern,  
And homeward makes a sail.  
But later on,  
When day is done,  
The boy and club are one.



He does not shout nor dance with glee,—  
His mother has the fun.

HIRAM SPOOK.

CHECK MATED.—1st elector: Yes, but I say the Legislative Council is a sort of check!

2nd elector: Of course it is a check—for twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year!

WHO WILL BE MAYOR AND BY WHAT MAJORITY?—I will give a good ready-made suit of clothes to the person, man or boy, guessing correctly who will be our next mayor and his majority or the nearest too it. Guessing free to all. All guesses, with name and address, must be left at the Royal Clothing Store, 47 King street, Wm. J. Fraser, not later than April 10th, 6 p. m.