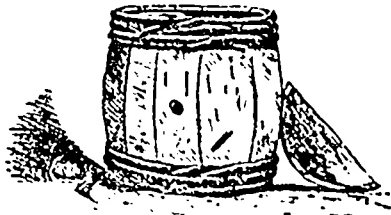


## PECULIARITIES OF ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.



A "NAIL" KEG.



AN "ALE" KEG

## FRICTION.

Only a pimple! yet how fast it grew  
 When once it took the start.  
 Only a collar,—'twas stiff and new.  
 When it tickled the dome of that pimple,—phew!  
 Jewillikers, didn't it smart.

LORRA.

ALL persons wishing to have photographs taken should call at the studio of J. McClure, 98 King street, and inspect his peti.e photos. Seventy-five cents a dozen.

THE JURY, being well filled with political and humorous pictures is extensively read, and must prove a valuable medium for merchants to advertise in. Subscription price, \$1 a year.

A SKIN TROUBLE.—Grady. Well, Pat, how are yez to-day?  
 Brady: Well, with the exception of that little "skin" trouble.  
 Grady: What was that.

Brady. You forget that I was a depositor in the Maritime Bank.

UP WITH THE TIMES.—"That new dentist who came to town last week is going to make business hum," said the post-master. "How so?" asked the parson. "Why, he has a sign out, 'teeth extracted while you wait.' He's a rustler."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

PROVERBIAL P'S.—Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, for pecuniary prospects of the press have a peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly and his pocket book kept plethoric by prompt paying patrons, he puts his pen to his paper in peace; his paragraphs are more pointed, he paints his pictures of passing events in more pleasing colors and the perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it.—*Tobias Tribune*.

THE POWERS THAT BE.—Stranger: I want to see the head of this paper.

Reporter: That is the city editor at the further desk.

Stranger: You are the city editor, I understand. Are you the head of this paper?

City Editor: You will find the managing editor in the other room, sir.

Stranger: I wish to see the head of this paper.

Managing Editor: You will find the proprietor right across the hall.

Stranger: I wish, sir, to see the man whose word is law around this institution.

Proprietor: Certainly, sir. You'll find him in the composing room. Ask for the foreman.

Written for JURY.

## FREDDY'S HAIR-CUT.

By A. R. M.



Little Freddy's hair is lengthy;  
 'Twill need trimming very soon.  
 Mother'll cut it,—she's quite handy,—  
 In the back *a la* quarter moon:  
 With a sugar-bowl for pattern  
 Closely pressed on Freddy's brow,  
 She will trim it high and classic,  
 Like the forehead of a cow.

On the top she'll trim quite snugly,  
 With a scollop here and there,  
 And she'll spot it o'er in places  
 Where the hair is a little bare;  
 It may look a trifle scraggling,  
 Perhaps a little off in style;  
 But the notches none can notice  
 When it's neatly brushed with ile.

We remember in our boyhood  
 When dear mother cut our hair.  
 Heaven bless her! it was awful!  
 How it made the neighbors stare.  
 Like a pitted nutmeg grater  
 Looked our shorn and shaven head,  
 And we feel a fiendish pleasure  
 When we look at little Fred.



## HAS TO BE ENDURED.

Alice, where art thou?  
 List to thy dear Jack's call.  
 In thee alone I vow;  
 Comes "Robinson" after you all,  
 Evermore. R. E. A.

\* \* \*

"Maritime Bank Bills taken here at the face in exchange for goods,"  
 Is the sign that strikes the bushman when he comes in from the woods.

\* \* \*

Over in Portland you can't get a drink,  
 The Scott Act's in force. Now, what do you think,  
 They have to drink water, 'tis a terrible shame;  
 But we'll drink Bass's just the same.

\* \* \*

## A DUDE'S LAMENT.

Oh, cigarette! sweet cigarette!  
 Your equal I have ne'er seen yet;  
 That is to say, I haven't met  
 A thing that places me in debt  
 Like unto thee sweet cigarette.

\* \* \*

## AIN'T BUILT THAT WAY.

A farmer may take in the town on a time,  
 And drink whiskey punch all day,  
 But he comes home a "broker"  
 If he plays "draw poker,"  
 Cause his "boodle" is "scooped" that way.

A girl may flirt and go on a mash,  
 Or walk the streets all day;  
 But she must be "on hire"  
 If she kindles a fire,  
 Because they ain't built that way.