TOWN TALK.

What the Little Birds are Whispering Into the Ear of the Journal Editor.

The little birds, with the approach of winter have nearly all winged their flight to Southern climes and there are we are not prepared to vouch for. none left in Fredericton but the crows, the "gorbies," the saucy little English sparrows and one Martin. From these, particularly the Martin, we expect to be able to cull the little chit-chat "Summer comes again" and the groves and benches are again occupied and the air resounds to the music of the Junebugs' wings, the b-r-r-r of the nighthawk and a sudden "smack" issuing from behind the willows, like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud-which will be that of the soldier kissing his best girl.

The winter season not being propitious for illicit pleasures, some of the "high-flyers," both male and female of the city engaged a place up town or in other words "hired a hall for the pursuit of their devotions to the gods Bacchus and Venus, but as they could not keep themselves within bounds and annoyed the policeman on the street at 3.30 a.m. by their bacchanalian revels and unseemly orgies, the reports coming to the ear of the landlord an investigation was made which resulted in their being cleaned out bag and baggage and the key turned in the door. No arrests were made, which leads us to the belief that it must have been some of the sons of well-connected families, for if it was only the "common culch" they would have had short shrift. Whoever it was it is better that the gang was broken up as there are already enough of such places in our city.

city will be surprised to hear us declaim against liquor, cirgarettes and tobacco, for while we only use the latter it has been among tho dealers of these articles that we have found the most of our friends-the very "goody goody" temperance advocates and antitobacconists standing aloof and for the most part giving us the cold shoulder. But we want it distinctly understood that from what we have seen of the effects of liquor on our friends, old and hatred and wish to the Almighty that the accursed stuff could be driven forever from our land. Just the same, but in a lesser degree do we loathe and despise the use of tobacco and we could elevate our heels and kick ourselves seventy seven times a day for having been so foolish as to become a victim

Don't be alarmed, dear friends; we have not joined the White Cross League or the Y. M. C. A. yet, nor are we likely to, nor are we likely to be in league with Pitts and McLeod. But while Pitts and McLeod are enemies of our church and not over friendly to us we must give them credit for being on the right road so for as the benefit of the race is concerned in their crusade against rum, tobacco and cigarettes, particularly the latter, which is doing more to undermine the health of the boys of our town perhaps than any other evil habit. As for ourselves it can make but little difference if we keep on using tobacco, except for the example, but if the W. C. T. U. will

agree to give us a big stick of licorice to suck every day for three months we will agree to give up the habit. This would be less trouble than sending us to the Keeley Cure, and certainly less expensive.

Rumor furnishes us with an amusing story, the truth of which, however,

The operatives of a certain laundry had been teasing two young fellows for the week before Christmas for a treat. They promised they would bring it, and on Christmas Eve proved of restricted society operations until as good as their word by coming in bent nearly double under their load of a big pale of ale. The staff, it is said imbibed freely, ignorant of the fact that the ale had been doctored by these young ruffians, and as a result a very hilarious feeling was produced causing them to play sad havoc with their work and get things terribly mixed by starching the tails as well as the collars and cuffs of their customers' shirts. They accordingly had to be given their holiday early in the afternoon, going to their respective homes and after a good sleep were able to tackle and successfully vanquish their Christmas turkey and return to their work the next morning none the worse except for a slight headache

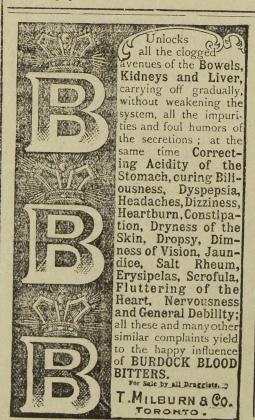
> Mr. Willard Kitchen gave about 200 of the school children a drive out in the "C. P. R." and Colossus on Tuesday last, which they enjoyed very much.

> "Gasher" has been refused admittance in the future to "The Clog House." Maud says she has no use for him.

York Street Meat Market.

We have taken over the butcher business on York street, formerly run by Stanley A. Chase, and with added facilities and good stock we are in as good position as any No doubt the "good folks" of our one in the business to cater to the public. Don't forget, you get the best meats at the lowest prices and courteous and careful attention. Poultry, sausages, vegetables and everything kept in the best equipped establishment. Chase & Co., York Street, Fredericton.

The children of St. Dunstan's had a splendid supper provided for them in their hall, Regent street on Wednesday evening last. Singing and plays young, WE HATE IT with a cordial were engaged in and a thorough good time enjoyed.



BALANCE Anta Sem

-- OF OUR-

Winter Dress Goods

ARE ALL REDUCED TO CLEAR!

So you will find some

GREAT BARGAINS

AWONG THEM

AWAY BELOW PRICES

DEVER BROTHERS.

NEW YEAR GIFTS. NEW YEAR GIFTS.

> YES: WE HAVE THEM.

For some friend you may yet wish to remember, we have suitable gifts,

A Nice Chair or Sofa, A Nice Dinner or Tea Set. FANCY ARTICLES IN GREAT VARIETY.

We wish all a Happy New Year.

WILLARD KITCHEN