

A COUNTRY FUNERAL.

ONE KIND OF "LAST RITE" DESCRIBED BY A CORRESPONDENT.

Houses of Sorrow and Not of Joy—The Aversion to Touch Persons When Dead Who Are Fondled When Living—The Scene After Death and the Funeral.

One feels led—from the reading of "G. C. S.'s" graphic sketch on marriage—to the inevitable road of sequence—to the thought of burial usage. Houses of joy are often—ah, oftener—the houses of grief. There is a "time to die," as well as a "time of marrying and giving in marriage."

Nineteen centuries of Christianity do not seem to have—nay, certainly have not—to the majority, robbed death of his reign of terror. And like all horrible events and things, a certain hideous esprit de coeur takes possession of those interested.

At the grave the body is lowered by a pair of reins from one of the horses, and a friend, stepping down, removes the coffin plate, which, being necessary for identification to the person while above ground, is no longer necessary, and so is preserved and framed, as a memorial in the best parlour.

Then the bereaved go back to the lonely, rent, larder-swept house, and the friends hasten home with something to talk of for a good time to come. A grim tombstone, in the form of a broken column, or adorned with an inverted torch, telling of a purpose broken off short, and a life gone out forever, completes the ritual of the dead.

The mother who loved her little child's body daily would not for worlds touch it now. The husband regards his wife's cherished form almost as an unclean thing, and the wife the husband's. And so carelessly, handled by unloving, strange hands, arranged in the hideous dress of the lying, so awful and improper, and palpably wrong upon the dead, distorted into unnatural and grotesque attitudes, the poor remains go one step further.

Then the fugitives return. They come in scores. Hay waggons seated temporarily from end to end of the rack drive up. And they stay. They must be fed! The relatives must cook or be disgraced. The stove roars late and early. The "barrel of meal" vests and the "crisis of oil"

fails, but they are replenished as of old, though in a different way. The house is full at nights. Sleep is impossible and would be profane. Liquor is often plentiful and a row, in which the corpse has been known to participate, has not been infrequent.

At one "wake," a true incident, some wags took the body, that of an elderly woman, from its place, and carried it to an easy chair in the best parlour, while they placed the body of a lately killed, stiffened pig in the coffin.

Then comes the funeral. Crape and black gloves abound. No woman must dare to go to the church or grave lest she lose caste. A black hearse and horse are indispensable. There is a prejudice against flowers as having a tendency to hasten decay.

At the grave the body is lowered by a pair of reins from one of the horses, and a friend, stepping down, removes the coffin plate, which, being necessary for identification to the person while above ground, is no longer necessary, and so is preserved and framed, as a memorial in the best parlour.

Then the bereaved go back to the lonely, rent, larder-swept house, and the friends hasten home with something to talk of for a good time to come. A grim tombstone, in the form of a broken column, or adorned with an inverted torch, telling of a purpose broken off short, and a life gone out forever, completes the ritual of the dead.

MR. SIMON JONES' DONATION.

The Great Value of the "Annual Register" on the Shelves of the Public Library.

Mr. Simeon Jones, commissioner of the St. John free public library, has presented the library with a complete set of the Annual Register from the year 1748 to 1888. There are about 140 volumes of the set, bound in a handsome library binding.

Such a gift is of really great value, affording as it does a means of research which would be altogether unavailable to us in the maritime provinces without this true, full chronicle of the world's acts for the past century and a half. Just take, for instance, the volume for 1888, and see what it contains: Part I., English History, chapter I.—State of Parties—Unionist Speeches and Letters; Lord Salisbury at Liverpool—Mr. Reginald Brett's Appeal, etc., and so on, giving six chapters of such complete record of domestic affairs, and then eight chapters of foreign and colonial history.

The library has lately also been fortunate in having Justin Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America given to it by Mr. J. Murray Kaye. This work is some of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s book-making and a beautiful edition it is—great, massive morocco binding with the heaviest and richest of paper and the best of type and presswork. It contains a portrait of Justin Winsor, the editor, and is dedicated to Charles William Elliot Ltd, president of Harvard

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

Some Things That Make His Life Worth Living, When Times Are Dull.

Things is awful pernickity these times, and a fellar 'll die if they keep on. I'm goin' to school now and got a new teacher and he's a very fierce one, 'cause the other teacher told him he'd better keep an eye on me and he keeps his too on all the time. I guess if he didn't he'd never know'd who fired the chewed-up lickerish root on the blackboard so's to make a eye for the elephant what he drawed; but how'd I know elephants hadn't yeller eyes. He said he's goin' ter press it on my memory what they had'n't, but he pressed it on my hands with a big round ruler instead, and it hurt, if I did have rosin on. But I guess he's a little sorry after I pinned him and the teacher what he's mashed on together when they're walking home so nice and lovin', you know, and everybody laughed when they bid a partin' adoo and couldn't part, cause the teacher's new dress begun to rip up the flounce. I thort I better be sick the next day, so me and Bill made the apple man's cart break down cause we couldn't get a chance to git some apples any other way. We got about a peck though, and they're fine big ones.

There's a fellar moved inter the next house what's learnin' to play in the band, and oh! it's terrible. Pa says he's goin' ter move if somethin' don't turn up, but I told the fellar what he's a fine player, and what everybody sit up nights listenin' to him, so now he's blowin' all the time, and it's great fun to hear pa recitin' poetry, just like he used to, only he's got a lot a new pieces what makes ma scared, and what come out, I guess, since the last Sunday-school books was printed. But I guess if the fellar don't stop purty soon I'll have ter make his cornet so's it won't blow, 'cause it's rank when I want'er get to sleep.

The old maids across the street and me is great chums now, 'cause me and Bill told her poodle what was lost, and she give us a dollar; fur we knew she would, 'cause that's what we hid in Bill's barn fur. We's awful surprised when she told us it was lost, and asked us to look fur it, like good little boys. We wouldn't a done it, if we wasn't hard up to buy some torpedoes to fire orf in the grocery fellar's boxes of eggs what was on the sidewalk, 'cause it was sitch a fine chance, fur it was him what dropped a hole lot of flour over us when we's hidin' in his barren from the policeman. Puttin' things on the sidewalk is against the law, anyhow.

Bill Johnson's sisters got a new fellar, and Bill invites me over every Wednesday night. He's a reglar la la. he is, and a reglar aw, aw kind of a dood. He wears specks, you know, and we painted all the rims with blackin', and when he took 'em off he looked like sunthin what never was seen before. Bill got under the sofer when he's in mashin' and tied his foot to the sofer's leg, and oh! my, didn't he spill when he went to get up, and you'd die laughin' to see him apologizing on his knees. Then me and Bill's other sister come in and congratulated Annie on her goin' to be married, and the fellar said oh! he didn't mean that, and a hole lot more, but we didn't listen to him, and he's scared outer his life. Bill and me met him outside and told him what they're going to bring a breach a promise soot if he went back on his word, 'cause we'd lots of evidence; and he's gone away to California now. He didn't leave a very big hole, anyhow.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

NOT SO VERY FAT.

A Frenchman and a Fox that would Suit any Purchaser.

Two or three years ago a well known agent of the Bank of Montreal, at Chatham, conceived the idea of collecting sufficient fox skins to make a sleigh robe; as, by selecting them personally he would be sure to get the very best quality. Once it became known that there was a demand for fox skins in the picturesque town on the banks of the Miramichi the supply at once rose to meet it, and the fur of the midnight hen roost despoiler, became a drug on the market. The first trader in skins to arrive at the bank was a middle aged gentleman of Parisian descent and shrewd business tact, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Good day! Good day, sir; dey told me you want to buy all de skin fox you can get in dis town. I bring you gran' one today. Magnifique! Dat or'e was, oh gran' gran'!"

"Well, Silvain, I don't know. I want very good fox skins, and I don't think much of that one you have; was the fox it came off a fat one?" "Fat! well, I guess so. My gracious, dat fox, you never saw one dat was so fat like dat one! He was gros fat; de sides of dat tox dey jus' hang o'er dey was so fat!"

"Well, I won't take the skin then, Silvain. The skin of a fox that's too fat isn't any good. I don't want it. Good morning."

Awful was the change that passed over the speaking countenance of Silvain; but only for a moment did his conclusion last. Looking up into the banker's face with an inexpressibly cunning twinkle in his keen, brown eyes, he murmured softly: "Oh, well now, I guess dat fox was not so confounded fat, after all." Needless to say he sold his merchandise.

HOTELS.

HOTEL DUFFERIN.

ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOUSE.

ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL.

FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

HAWARDEN HOTEL.

BEST \$1 HOUSE in the MARITIME PROVINCES. Corner Prince William and Duke streets, ST. JOHN, N. B. WM. CONWAY, Proprietor. Terms, \$1.00 per day; weekly board, \$4.00.

ROYAL HOTEL.

ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL.

28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

PORTRAITS

FROM Cabinet to Life Size in Photography, India Ink, Crayon and Pastel.

BY 23 CARLETON STREET, Near Mechanics' Institute.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick OF The Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOMNEY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent. BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CLOTHE THE BABIES.

The following articles now in stock:

INFANTS LINEN SHIRTS: FOOT BLANKETS, plain and embroidered; Short Slips, Long Slips, Skirts, Bibs, Feeders, Bootees, Embroidered Shoulder Blankets, Shetland Wool Jackets, Elastic Ribbed White Wool Bodices, Embroidered Muslin Robes; Long Cashmere Cloaks, Pelisse, Cashmere and Silk Hoods or Bonnets, Rubber Sheeting, Bibs, Feeders, Aprons and Sponge Bags.

HOSE SUPPORTERS.

Infants' and Children's Gauze, Merino and Lambswool UNDERWEAR, in Vests and combinations; Infants' and Children's White Cotton UNDERWEAR—Nightgowns, 6 sizes; Drawers, 9 sizes; Skirts, 5 sizes; Infants' and Children's Corded Waists, in White or Drab, including FACTORY MADE, FERRIS' "GOOD SENSE" WAIST, and OUR OWN MAKE.

Infants' and Children's WHITE DRESSES, a large variety of styles and prices.

Special Room for Ladies' and Children's Underwear; Corsets, Millinery and Infants' Outfitting department.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Heating Stoves!

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WE have them in many styles; all sizes, and at right prices. If in need of a STOVE of any kind, for any purpose, it will pay to call and see what we have.

The well-known "HORICON," as represented herewith, is to the front as usual. Three Sizes.

ALSO

The Eureka, The Peri;

The New and Old Silver Moons;

The Radiant, The Vendome;

The Tidy, The Berkeley;

and many others, including Box and Cylinder Stoves for wood, and Elevated Oven Cooks in all patterns.

THE CHARTER OAK! The King of Cook Stoves, still leads.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE

94 KING STREET.

China Tea Sets.

I have just received and am now showing the FINEST assortment of CHINA TEA SETS ever offered in this City.

Prices as Low as ever. C. MASTERS.

LADIES! YOU CAN RENT

Gorbell Art Store, 207 Union Street,

The Finest Studies in Flowers, Figures and Landscapes.

PICTURES FRAMED at Lowest Rates.

ACTUAL RESULTS.

PAYMENTS made by THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York, during the Year 1889, in which the Insured have received during their own life time the full amount of their Policies and large Profits besides.

Table with 7 columns: No., Number of Years Insured, NAME, RESIDENCE, Original Policy, Amount Paid by Company, Net Payments Made by Insured, Profit to Policy Holder. Rows include John Webb, Jr., E. B. Ely, Jr., J. H. King, W. F. Milton, N. H. Wolf, A. King, L. Howland, W. H. Sherman, S. C. Kendall, A. Reed, A. Horton, A. E. Riege.

As investments the above Policies average four and one-half per cent. compound interest, besides carrying insurance. These profits would have been still greater if the dividends had not been used in part to increase the death losses as is necessarily the case on yearly dividend policies.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES

Paid During the Past Fourteen Years by the Three Largest Companies:

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, 23,746,908; The New York Life, 7,683,660; The Equitable, 5,853,014.

As these three companies do more business than all of the other American companies combined, the position of the MUTUAL LIFE is readily seen. This company has no stockholders. Every dollar of profit over the net cost of insurance goes to the surviving policy-holders. New business trebled during the past four years.

Full particulars may be obtained at THE NEW BRUNSWICK GENERAL AGENCY, 99 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. HERBERT WRIGHT, General Agent.

SPECIAL AGENTS: E. J. SHELTON, S. H. CALBRAITH, ROBERT MARSHALL, I. B. McALPINE.