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### A COUNTRY FUNERAL ONE KIND OF "LAST RIFE" DE-SCRIBED 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-by 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." If that act which is life's triumph and consummation has its ritual, so that in which honorable helplessness, owns its powers past, and the probationer passes to new environments, and for the first time figures upon the scene of its labor and conduct, demands also its observances of respect, and adieu. If marriage ceremonies and customs are sometimes singular and uncouth, and in questionable taste, funeral observances are, I think, oftener so. One could pen pages full of stories of strange, and ludicrous and unpleasant ways men have of accompanying the nuptials of their relatives and neighbors; but more, far more, heart-rending and hair-stirring, and irresistibly mirth-provoking, are the histories that might be recorded of the brief three days and nights life of folks' poor corpses above soil.

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. We read of the prisoners of the French revolution, filling up the few days of their doomed lives in prison by festivities and concerts and social meetings. How very ghastly and unearthly and incongrous such affairs must have been, we may imagine. They find a certain resemblement and reiteration in the death-bed and funeral celebrations of the majority of our country shovels and thunder down with remorsedistricts. "The wake" is not a thing of less vigour the stones, and clods, and sods, past, nor is it likely to be. in the opinion of the writer. True, we do not see it in its primitive Hibernian integrity, with the unique and invaluable accessory of the "Kenyon," that hideous conventional shriek of woe, so much valued on the green isle of the sea, and I may say indigenous to the same, but it exists universally in a modified or, I should say, diversified form. A person is taken with a mortal sickness. sudden or tedious in its course. During patient is avoided, except life the charitable soul to two in by a unbanishable fear that "it" may be "ketchin." Consumption is coming to be regarded as the most infectious' of complaints. The visitor has especial care not to "get the breath" of the sufferer. So I have seen fat dames, highly gifted in religious experiences and worth their weight in gold at class meetings and revivals, creep into sick rooms, with ribs solidly braced, nostrils hugged together and mouth glued fast, look at the sick person with the air of a hen with a pound of Indian meal mash in her crop, opening the mouth to snap out a monosyllable, and heaving sighs in her stomach-a gruesome and apparently painful performance, though, doubtless, well meant. But at last the final struggle draws near. The report gets out that the sick one is "struck with death." Then the clans begin to gather. First all the elderly dames; who are supposed to-as the terrapin in Uncle Remus-"know what trouble is"-assemble. They gather round the bed. They stare into the dying face with greedy, unctuous eyes. They examine the wasted form and lament over it. They note every change and shriek it to outer circles. They discuss the funeral, and the probable circumstances of the survivors. They deliberate on the probable state hereafter of the departing soul. The "burning and shining lights" engage in prayer and exhortations, or pierce the ears with quavering, wailing hymns. I have heard such remarks as these to the dying, and of the dying in their presence : "Oh! look how wild his eyes are." "Oh, look! look, his nails is turning purple." "That's the death rattle !" "Get a rag to tie up his jaw." "He's dead ; quit . prayin' !" etc. And then, when the light of tormented life does die, and the dreadful stony glare of death is alone in the eyes. there is a stampede. They shriek, they faint, they wring their hands, they run. The friends are left alone, but they, too, share in the general paralysis of fear, and retire to a distant room or the house of a

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. A man once said to the writer that he wished his mother to be "Kep" only too nights, as there was so much "intoxication," he being half drunk at the time.

At one "wake," a true incident, some woman, from its place, and carried it to an easy chair in the best parlor, while they placed the body of a lately killed, stiffened pig in the coffin. Some persons going to look at the dead in the morning were horor stricken, and being superstitious as to charms or transformations, nearly went mad on the spot.

Then comes the funeral. Crape and black gloves abcund. No woman must dare to go to the church or grave lest she lose caste. A black hearse and horse are indispensible. There is a prejudice against flowers as having a tendency to hasten decay. At the last moment the friends are expected to come and let the public see them take a last look or farewell, all which details become food for gossip for a week. Woe to the the widower who does not shed sufficient tears, or to the widow who does not have to be carried out. It is considered a chef' d' eouvre' to throw oneself into the grave. Then at length the coffin is mounted on the hearse, or, as is more frequently the case, on an express waggon or sled. Then the driver gathers round his legs a buffalo, seats himself on the body.

and "off we go." 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 parlor. Then sturdy hands seize the occasionally jumping upon the mass to make it solid. I feel sure I should do something terrible and unpremeditated it one very dear to me had the earth flung down so on them ! and that leaping mortal on the helpless breast ! 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, till the brambles hide all from sight.

### JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

PROGRESS.

SATURDAY.

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 eve wags took the body, that of an elderly ofer the elefant what he drawed; but how'd I know elefants hadn't yeller eyes. He said he's goin' ter press it on my memory what they had'nt, 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'se 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

> 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 wanter get to sleep. The old maids across the street and me is great chums now, 'cause me and Bill found her poodle what was lost, and she give us a dollar; fur we knew she would, 'cause that's what we hid it in Bill's

peck though, and they'se fine big ones.

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## MR. SIMEON JONES' DON'ATION.

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, tull 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, thus: Chapter I., France and Italy; II., Germany and Austro-Hungary; III., Eastern Europe: Belgium, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Portugal; V., Asia: India, Central Asia, Afghanistan, China, Japan ; VI., Africa : Egypt, South Atrica, East Africa, West Africa, Central Africa; VII., America: Canada, United States, Mexico, Central America, West Indies, Brazil, Chili and Peru'; VIII., Australia and Polynesia. Then, Part II. of the volume contains a chronicle of events-non political, such as boat-races, accidents etc : a retrospect of literature, science and art; obituary of eminent persons. All the volumes are arranged on a like plan to this, so that a meagre description of one may convey some idea of all. Of course some

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'se hidin' in his barren from the policeman. Puttin' things on the sidewalk is against the law, anyhow.

barn fur. We's awful surprised when she

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 sumthin 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'se 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, JOHNNY MULCAHEY. anyhow.

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 one was, oh gran'! gran' !!"

"Well, Silvain, I don't know. I want necessarily the case on yearly dividend policies. very good fox skins, and I don't think of the delightful summer series of good, much of that one you have; was the fox it neighbor, while a paid tyro-professional cheap literature are better suited to the ENDOWMENT POLICIES killing of time for the majority, but for any came off a fat one?" "Fat! well, I guess comes and with the undertaker's help prespecial research-for information of the My gracious, dat fox; you never saw 80. Paid During the Past Fourteen Years by the Three Largest Companies: pares the body for burial. one dat was so fat like dat one ! He was world between 1848 and 1888-the Annual The mother who laved her little child's gros fat ; de sides of dat tox dey jus' hang Register is unexcelled. And it is only natbody daily would not for worlds touch it 23,746,908 The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, over dev was so fat !" ural that it should be so, for it was intended now. The husband regards his wife's "Well, I won't take the skin then, Sil 7,683,660 from the first that in this should be a comcherished form almost as an unclean thing. The New York Life. vain. The skin of a fox that's too fat isn't plete and systematic record of events the and the wife the husband's. And so 5,853,014 any good. I don't want it. Good mornworld over. carelessly, handled by unloving, strange The Equitable, ing." As these three companies do more business than all of the other American companies combined, the position of the hands, arranged in the hideous dress of the The library has lately also been fortunate Awful was the change that passed over living, so awful and improper, and palpably. in having Justin Winsor's Narrative and the speaking countenance of Silvain; but MUTUAL LIFE is readily seen. wrong upon the dead, distorted into un-Critical History of America given to it by This company has no stockholders. Every dollar of prefit over the net cost of insurance goes to the surviving policy-holders. only for a moment did his confusion last. natural and grotesque attitudes, the poor Mr. J. Murray Kaye. This work is some Looking up into the banker's face with an remains go one step further. of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co's. book-New business trebled during the past four years. in Annexation Polater inexpressibly cunning twinkle in his keen, making and a beautiful edition it is-great, Then, the fugitives return. They come, Full particulars may be obtained at THE NEW BRUNSWICK GENERAL AGENCY, 99 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. brown eyes, he murmured softly : "Oh, massive morrocco binding with the heaviin scores. Hay waggons seated temporarily well now, I guess dat fox was not so confrom end to end of the rack drive up. And est and richest of paper and the best of type WRIGHT, General Agent. J. HERBERT founded fat, after all." Needless to say they stay. They must be fed! The and presswork. It contains a portrait of ..... he sold his merchandise. relatives must cook or be disgraced. The Justin Winsor, the editor, and is dedi-SPECIAL AGENTS: stove roars late and early. The "barrel cated to Charles William Elliot Lld, presi-MAAT DINE Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union DODEDT MADSUALI TI CAT DDAITH of meal" wastes and the "cruise of oil" dont of Harvard



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.

No.	Number of Years Insured.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	Original Policy.	Amount Paid by Company.	Net Payments Made by Insured.	Profit to Policy Hold er
94,301	20 years	John Webb, jr	Cincinnati, O	\$10,000	\$15,000	\$8,303	\$6,766
43,800	23 14 1	E. B. Ely, jr	So. Amboy, N. J	2,000	3 067	1,291	1,776
38,164	16	J. H. King	Albany, N. Y	2,000	2,825	1,142	1,683
95,335	20 "	W. F. Milton	New York City	15,000	21,379	14,691	6,688
55,133	15	N. H. Wolf	New York City	10,000	13,129	9,780	3,349
95,990	20	A. King	New York City	5,000	6,957	4,753	2,204
96,110	20	L. Howland	Mechanicsville, N. Y	5,000	7,140	4,922	2,218
96,683	20 and and	W. H. Sherman	Troy, N. Y	3,000	3,974	2,160	1,814
96,237	20	S. C. Kendall	Milford, Mass	1,000	1,475	846	629 d
97,977	20 "	A. Reed	Trenton, N. J	5,000	6,666	3,504	3,162
02,899	10 "	A. Horton	Pawtucket, R. I	5,000	5,699	3,226	2,473
64,134	23 "	A. E. Riege	Brooklyn, N. Y	5,000	7,794	3,533	4,261
Senal -	on the little of	di di kani ka di ana adi. Guduna kana di k	kind of tex would you of the smith of the	\$68,000	\$95,174	\$58,151	\$37,023

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