

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

with words "Brother." The employees sent an anchor of pink and white roses and there were several other pieces and bouquets. A quartette composed of A. E. Lindley, J. Kelly, Robert Seely and C. A. Ritchie sang the beautiful hymns, Abide with me and Asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. Goodwin's sister and Mr. Butterfield came from Boston to attend the funeral. Services were conducted by Rev. W. O. Raymond.

Those who have been fortunate enough to receive invitations are anxiously looking forward to the amateur theatricals to be held in Mr. Leonard Jarvis' spacious drawing rooms on Duke street next Monday evening. The young people have been rehearsing steadily for the past three weeks and several of them are proving to be valuable additions to amateur theatrical circles here. The plays selected are two amusing farces by John Kendrick Bange with the following casts: A Proposal under D. Mordley, Mr. Robert Yardley, Mr. Geo. Shannon, Mr. Jack Barlow, Mr. Harry Frink, Miss Dorothy Andrews, a much loved young woman, Miss Frances Stead, Jennie, a maid, Miss C. Matthew, Hicks, a coachman, who does not appear.

The second piece is entitled The Bicyclists and is cast as follows:

Mr. Robert Yardley, an expert
..... Mr. Bert Hanson
Mr. Jack Barlow, another..... Mr. Percy Hall
Mr. Thaddeus Perkins, a beginner,
..... Mr. J. M. Robinson, Jr.
Mr. Edward Bradley, a scoundrel..... Mr. Rob Frith
A policeman..... Mr. Geo. Shannon
Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins, a resident,
..... Mrs. Dorothy Matthews
Mrs. Edward Bradley's exuberant
..... Miss Winnie Hall
Betsey, a maid..... Miss C. Matthew
Mr. W. Louis Blair and son of the minister of railways arrived from Bute city, Montana this week to spend a few days with relatives. Mr. Geo. Blair returned from Ottawa on Wednesday.

News of the very serious illness of Mr. George Smith is heard with regret throughout the city. His attending physicians hold out little hope of recovery.

Mr. J. Fraser Gregory was among the visitors to the capital during the Christmas holidays. He returned to St. John on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hazen entertained members of the literary family at Christmas. Mr. A. B. Tibbitts and Miss Tibbitts went home the beginning of the week but Mrs. Tibbitts will remain with her daughter until next week.

BATHING.

Exc. 28.—Some of the children took advantage of the splendid sleighing on the ice, and did some racing. A great many looked on.

Mrs. Wilson who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Sam Bishop, intends going to Sussex this week.

Master Harold Girvan is spending his vacation with his mother Mrs. Gilbert.

Miss Harrison, who has been attending Sackville academy for the past six months is at home for the vacation.

Mr. Sam Bishop Jr., has returned from a short visit to Newcastle.

On Christmas eve Mr. Henry Bishop and Mrs. Williamson, on behalf of St. George's congregation presented the Rev T. W. Street a pair of fur driving mitts and a lamp. Mrs. Street received a handsome table.

Miss Jessie Futhier is home on her vacation. Mrs. L. S. Turner of Tracadie is visiting her mother Mrs. John Ellis.

Mr. Foster of Bangor is registered at the Robertson house.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Johnston are visiting friends in Chatham.

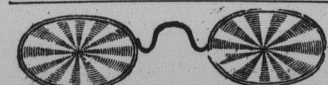
Books, Toys, Fells, Annals, Lowest Prices, at McArthur's Book Store, 90 King Street.

Hostess: "But when you got so far north that the nights were three months long it must have been incredibly dreary. How did you put in your time?"

Arctic Explorer: "Madam, we devoted the evening to a game of chess."

"You ought to be married sir," said the phenologist to the victim of the stage. "Yes, sir, you ought to be married. You have no right, sir, to have lived a bachelor so many years. Now look at your clothes sir. Who mended your coat, sir? Tell me that."

"My third wife, sir," was the reply.



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FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degraff Street.

Hood's Pills Cure Liver Bile; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

LIFE IN A SMALL TOWN.

Old Song of the Big Toad in the Little Podie Told by a New Yorker.

"I do not assert that my tale has any moral tied to it, but if any young man reads it he can have it. Maybe there are some who could win out on it, but I couldn't be fixed in any way to try it again."

The man who opened the talk had been asked by several men much younger what he would do if he had an offer that had been made to them.

"I don't know who said it," he continued, "but it was by some one who had been, there, you can gamble, and this is what he said: 'There are critical moments in every man's career when a decision decides a destiny.'"

"The critical moment in my life was when a Yankee from a New England town played the siren to my hopes. I am sure I am not the first man who listened, but I believe I am one of the first to tell the result. He demonstrated to me that a young man could live cheaper in a small town—on one-half the money he could earn in New York and get more out of the existence. He applied the theory to me personally. He had the place and half the money to offer."

"Some of the allurements of this gold-brick dealer were, as I viewed them, enumerated in the following order: No competition, unlimited credit, a social position at the jump and no questions asked, immediate membership in the club, the acquaintance of the leading men. To these were added the possibilities, namely, chance to get in on the ground floor of the business and matrimony in a rich family."

"To a man who had been sleeping in a hall room, third floor, back, and eating an occasional meal under the same roof, in the house of a Hungarian over on the east side, this picture of the New England man looked like the sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

"I reached the New England town or city as they call it, Sunday morning. If any of you are going to a New England town on trial don't get in on Sunday. If the forecaster can locate a tornado in the place select that date. In that case you may find things lively. Of course all depends upon what you are going for. I lived in the house of one of the descendants. I could have stopped at the tavern on the salary I had accepted. This was the first awakening. My venerable landlord and his good wife were frugal indeed. They had family prayer and retired early. I had been drilled in both. I might have charged my quarters, but inquiry brought information about other places which made them no more desirable. Whenever I left the house in the evening I was requested to return early, so as not to be a nuisance. They didn't call it that, but that was what they meant; and on the following morning I was interrogated much closer than I had ever been in my home."

"The man who had led me into this beautiful dream life said to me one day that as soon as the season opened he hoped to introduce me into society. He said society would be home in about two months. I asked him if there were no people in town on whom I could rehearse, as it were, until the elect returned. But I learned that there were no rehearsals. There were but two classes in the place the aristocrats and the commoners. Any association with the latter cut off approach to the circles of the former. 'Finally I was posted for membership in the club and was black balled. But that turned out to be a mistake. The man who did it apologized. He thought I was another man of the same name. I was afterwards accepted, but I think there were some who never quite understood it. When ever a game became interesting to me the other

fellows had arguments and went to fulfill them."

"I had some friends to dinner at the club one Sunday. It was a dry affair in spite of my attempt at bribery for which I was lectured by the officers of the club. When the season opened I found some invitations and, excepted them. The same rule applies to acceptances in a New England town that applies in other towns. To accept creates an obligation. The obligation is cancelled only by reciprocity. I like the reciprocal idea. But the obligations were created more rapidly than I desired, or, to be honest, than I could afford to reciprocate. You will pardon the image of speech, but before I knew it I was up to my neck in the social swim of this New England town. You know you can swim out in New York. You can't do it in a small city. And you can't stop once you are in it. And in New York you can lose yourself when they begin to crowd you. But in the New England town you have a bell on your neck, and wherever you go it rings. In New York you don't have to drop anything on the plate if you don't want to. You can't drop a penny in a gum slot in a New England town but everybody knows the brand you chew."

"I did not remain in the New England community to which I had been enticed long enough to test the possibilities of which the siren whispered. But when I did leave, in fact before I left, I discovered that while I could secure the necessities of life in an New England town, at reduced rates as compared with home living in New York, the half salary paid in the New England community does not even start the recipient in the social race which he must make if he expects any sort of recognition. If you have money you can live in an New England town, but if you have money you don't want to live there."

"I have my old room in the Hungarian's house in Second avenue. It will take me a year to pay for the caper I cut in a New England town, but nobody here will know what I am doing. When a man talks to you about being a big toad in a little puddle, shake him."

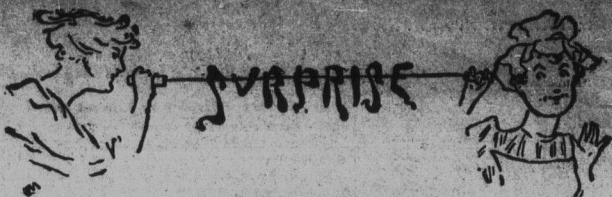
THE SKIPPER AND THE CONSUL.

A Stately Function in Samoa Where Yankee Heartiness was Embarrassing.

Out in the much vexed kingdom of Samoa where international politics and policies have engendered much personal and individual rancor, it is usual to find a large part of the resident white population of the beach at Apia on the reverse of speaking terms with one another. Still, when it comes to a case of celebrating some national holiday, it is customary for all the English speaking people to act in accord and to turn out for American and British festival days with impartiality of attendance and enthusiasm.

The most pretentious of such events in late years was the British Consul's celebration of the Queen's diamond jubilee. There was a cruiser in port, H. B. M. S. Lizard, about the size and pretentious appearance of a converted ferryboat, but it had shot guns aboard, and could at least make a noise that was a large lift toward the success of the celebration. There were religious exercises which all in official life attended in full uniform. There were games of polo and cricket. There were exhibition drills of bluejackets and marines by day and fireworks by night. A most remarkable band happened to be stranded in Apia at the time, and it played what was supposed to be music whenever it was not being violently suppressed by its victims.

The culminating glory of the three day jubilee was the levee of her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Mautanu on the last day. The tableau was set with a keen eye to general effect, for the Consul would have made a good stage manager for drawing-room comedy if he had gone into that line of business. He stood on the steps of the veranda of the consulate in a shade of stephanotis and allamanda, which kept off the glare of the noon sun. He was supported by the majesty of King Mafeto in his one uniform with the inconvenient sword, and by his officers of the cruiser, by the diplomatic and treaty officials in the strict order of rank. A few persons with pretensions to position had been honored with invitations to seats on the veranda, or in default of such invitation had manoeuvred themselves into the reserved circle. But the general populace British subjects and American citizens were strung out in line along roped pathways through the compound to prevent them from straggling out of the line of march which was designed to lead them solemnly passed the dapper little Consul in his silver laced uniform as the personal representative of all that was British. Of course when one is in the world where things happen and there are real people walking about, it does seem a most absurd thing to find any pleasure in prancing gravely up to the front view of a neatly groomed man in uniform and bowing to him with the utmost circumstance. But out in Samoa it struck people as being almost the real thing, and they did it for the most part without cracking a smile. Not entirely, however. There was in the line of citizens about a large slab-sided



Telling the Truth

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stevedore from 'way down East—from Sacarappa, to be more precise. Capt. Harrington had left his home in Portland many a year ago, had seen the chances of the sea, and had settled down to stevedoring in the port of Apia combined with a small plantation on the slope of Mount Ves. He had a voice so powerful that no gale had yet been found strong enough to drown it out. He had a vocabulary which would do credit to the mate of a western ocean packet. He was for his own part blissfully unconscious of these somewhat prominent peculiarities. Others might be well aware that he was shouting boisterously; he really thought that he was conversing in a subdued and gentle manner.

Harrington was in the line of citizens slowly moving across the scene in front of the British Consul. He did not particularly notice the form of salutation with which those ahead of him were presumably imparting solemn dignity to their deportment. He had talked to Consuls before and he knew what to say as well as the next man. He was really feeling cordial toward the British nation and its representative just about that time and he was willing to say so. When in his turn he shuffled along in front of the receiving party he paid his independent respects to the Consul, whose dairy hand he unfolded in a comprehensive grip and a shake which communicated its heartiness up and down the slender frame of the representative of the British empire.

"Great Scott, Mr. Consul," he roared mean while, "I like this. By Judah's priest I do. I'm goshd almighty glad to see you and all the rest of these god-durned British objects having such a lot of a good time, by thunder."

The British Consul had to stay where he was and try to look as though Capt. Harrington had not been quite so cordial. But others in the official circle were not so chained to the particular spot, and they felt a sense of relief when the German Consul turned to his neighbor and said: "Our British colleague has possibly some refreshments in his dining room. Shall we see?" It was a trifle, but it saved the situation.

BIG FISHES COME ASHORE.

Monsters From Ten to Twenty two Feet Long Stranded in the Gulf.

Mrs. George O. Barnes, who lives on Sanibel Island, in the Gulf of Mexico has written a letter to her youthful kinsman, Master John Bougle of Danville, in which she relates a most extraordinary fish story. This story unlike many yarns told by gentlemen who go a fishing, can be relied upon.

One morning as Mrs. Barnes was upon the beach she and two others saw a great commotion in the water. Huge black objects were splashing about the spray rising up before them. The party soon reached the scene and stood in wonder at what was before them.

They saw a great shoal of monster fish lying four and five abreast in the shallow water, helplessly lashing the surf with their immense tails, unable to move and slowly dying although the water of the Gulf still washed over them and the tide was coming in. The sea was calm—there had not been a storm or even a gale—and there was no way for accounting for the trap these poor fish were in, except that they had gone into the channel when the water was deep, and swimming in a body were caught in shoal water, from which they could not extricate themselves.

The fish were counted, and there were between fifty and sixty of them. They were from ten to twenty feet in length and weighed from one to two thousands pounds each. A number of them were estimated as weighing a ton each. Six mules could not drag some of them away. What to do with them, says Mrs. Barnes, was a serious question. They were dying, and if left upon the beach would have driven the people nearby from their homes. 'Twenty-three of the monsters lay side by side, looking like huge siege guns, black and terrible.'

The men folks, after sitting upon the case, decided to cut the fish into pieces

Unbroken Made, No-covered, A-paired, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

and cart and drag them to a point where the decaying flesh would not be offensive to the smell or poisonous to its surroundings. Sunday intervened, however, before this great task was complete, and on the Sabbath the air was so rank with the dreadful odor that the Barneses could not go out of doors.

The queer visitors were of the family known as blackfish, a species of the whale that is found in tropical waters.—Donville Advocate.

Oldest House in America

The oldest house in America is in St. Augustine. It was built in 1594 by the monks of the Order of St. Francis, and the whole of the solid structure is composed of coquina a combination of sea shells and mortar, which is almost indestructible.

When Francis Drake sacked and burned the town this was the only house left in the trail of destruction. It has been purchased by the well known antiquarian, J. W. Henderson, who will make it his winter residence.

Husband (in the early morning): 'It must be time to get up.'
Wife: 'Why?'
Husband: 'Baby's fallen asleep.'

New Year's Eve.

'Tis night, and the lights soft gleaming
Are peeping from cottage and hall;
While over the trees' brown branches
Old Winter is spreading his pall.

Whirling and teasing so wildly,
The billowy flakes come down;
Till the trees in the forest ponder,
Like Druids upon us frown.

The w dow bends o'er her fagot,
While the fire on the window pane,
In silvery sheen weaves rich device
Of towers and templed fane.

Still on and on flies the storm-king
Through the forest's dark arcade,
Covering the graves in the old churchyard,
Where our loved ones are laid;

The thy graves of the little ones
Laid here in summer hours,
Among the trees and blossoming vines,
Under the budding flowers.

He smiled last night on you lonely cot,
And the snow on the easement laid;
O'er the stack by the door he threw a shroud,
And the fire in white arrayed.

And the wind is rough with sob and cough,
A dirge for the dying Year;
The bare elm wall like specter pale,
And the New stands by the bier.

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