

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

What Came of the Visit to Fredericton—An Old Time Bill for Expenses—How Accounts are Settled in Such Cases According to Methods Now in Vogue.

XIX.

Next morning we were up betimes, and after breakfast sallied forth to see the lions. To our minds the town presented rather a prosaic tinge. Members had not begun to move about—indeed scarcely the inhabitants had yet thought of turning out, for there were not more than a dozen people on the whole length of Queen street. We began the "lions" by inquiring for the jail, for we thought it just possible that by the time we got through we might be required to form some acquaintance with the interior of that interesting institution. After "doing" the Jail and feeling somewhat reassured—or that it was not such a bad looking place after all, we made for the Cathedral, then in the course of construction—the roof not being yet on—and felt somewhat better than on looking at the Jail. But the real Mecca itself—viz: the Province Building, was the thought uppermost in our minds, and at eleven o'clock we crossed "the bridge of sighs," and entered its portals, carrying heavy ariettes on our feet, and our hearts in our mouths, feeling pretty much like persons attending the Queen's drawing room for the first time with the grand chamberlain going before, and so into the presence of Majesty itself. On entering the sacred precincts we encountered Mr. Needham, the librarian,—for be it known that the library and House entries blended, as you passed through the main hall of the old building. That functionary looked upon us suspiciously, as much as to say by the expression on his countenance "what business have you here?" We soon relieved him of his embarrassment by informing him that we were the representatives of the fourth estate from St. John. This information produced a talismanic effect upon our interlocutor. Furthermore not only so, but one of us was commissioned by the *Conrier* and the other the *Morning News*. Enough. In place of being ushered into the gallery—twenty by thirty in size,—we were politely shown into the lobby by the Sergeant at Arms, Mr. Garden, after being handed over to that official by the librarian, the place of honor reserved for distinguished visitors, and seated ourselves upon richly upholstered arm-chairs. And so, for the first time in our lives, we really felt that we were somebody after all. A good beginning, then, you will say. But neither of us—when we began to come to our senses and get our breath in its normal condition—could understand, in the first place, why the Sergeant-at-Arms carried a sword, or why the Speaker wore his hat when in the chair. In fact, we haven't been enlightened up to this day, but no doubt it is constitutional, which nomenclature covers a multitude of political mysteries. But what struck us most on entering the chamber was to find that there were but three members present while the Chaplain was saying prayers, unless it might have been for the reason that all the absentees were good religious men, and did not require the prayers of Dr. Brooke, the Chaplain! In the course of the morning the House filled up, when the Speaker was seen to emerge from a side room, clothed in silk gown, with bands on his neck and a shining beaver on his head (this was John Wesley Weldon), preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, with drawn sword—altogether a scene most imposing, and to our unsophisticated visions and plastic brains very impressive. The next rare thing that attracted our attention was in the small boys (pages) running about among the desks, flitting from one to another with notes in their hands, which hon. members would accept and give their own, as it were in exchange. I remarked to Seeds in a whisper, "Why, in the name of common sense, are they required to keep up their correspondence in this fashion—why don't they get up and deliver their messages verbally?" Before we left Fredericton, however, we found out what this all meant, and that the missiles in the hands of the boys were invitations from private families to members to dinner or supper, or a game of whist, at a set time, a new way of cheating her Majesty's mails. Every member seemed to take snuff, as this nasal commodity was going the rounds continually, and formed one of the contingent items in the House expenses.

But now came the grand ordeal through which we innocents had to pass, and for which we came all the way to Fredericton. In the course of the afternoon we were summoned by the Sergeant-at-Arms to go up stairs, and into the Committee Room, a dingy, low ceiling apartment, where were assembled the Finance Committee, composed of W. J. Ritchie, Chairman; (present Sir. Wm., Chief Justice of Canada), John R. Partelow, (the great political gun of the day), James Brown, James Boyd, and two other gentlemen whose names I have forgotten. They were seated about a long pine table. Ritchie at the head. The accounts of the Queen's Printer were placed in our hands. We examined them, talked together privately, and I suggested to Seeds, *sub. rosa*, wherein I considered considerable saving might be made, if a certain course were adopted, to

which suggestion my fellow collaborateur assented, and he being the senior I asked him to act as spokesman, but he declined, as he was "unaccustomed to public speaking." On handing back the accounts to the Chairman, I remarked that as they appeared to us the work having been done, we could not see how the charges could very well be cut down; but, said I, a change in the system would be advisable for the future—and—but ere I could finish the sentence I was brought up all standing by one of the committee—

"Nar—nar—nar—non o' that. We want'narn of yer advice—You coom here to oxomine the accoonts—nair mair, nair lees—when we want'nar ye 't tell's what to day, we'll ax ye."

I was thunder struck at this interruption, and felt a "breach of privilege" had already been committed, and the pains and penalties in connection therewith, the old jail, and thought of my poor family at home. Seeds was quite complaisant under the circumstance, and no doubt was glad that he had not assumed the office of spokesman. I trembled all over, not knowing what to do—for I found out by this time I had certainly put my foot into the wrong place. Mr. Partelow, with a twinkle in his eye, cast a smile upon me which meant, "Don't mind him—I'll see that no harm comes of you," while the Chairman (who, at this period of his political career, was one of the greatest radicals in the province, and justly so—for he saw how things were worked at headquarters, and was bent upon reform) threw in, "Why not? Let us have the suggestion—"

"Nar—nar—nar"—ejaculated our censor from the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood. It being Ritchie's first session, and feeling no doubt it might go hard with himself as well as us, he did not insist. So we left the accounts as we found them, and all our trouble in going to Fredericton was barren in results.

On leaving the committee-room, Mr. Partelow, being the great financial man of the province, told us to make out our bills, including all expenses, and he would pay them before we left Fredericton.

Accordingly, we set to work that evening to calculate our expenses, which we did in this fashion:

Trip from St. John, up and down, \$3 each	\$12.00
Way, \$6—for two.....	\$12.00
Expenses on the road for two.....	2.00
Three days' board, at \$1.....	6.00
	\$20.00

So far so well. But Seeds and I differed in respect to one point, or rather *point*. During each day, at dinner time, I had a pint bottle of porter, the cost for which amounted to 3s., or 60 cents (Seeds drank nothing stronger than water) and when I declared to my friend that these 3s. should go into the bill, he resisted, on the ground that it did not properly come under the head of necessary expenses. I was determined that it should go into the bill, for why should I be obliged not to drink porter in Fredericton, when I could get and always had it at home? There was no getting over this *argumentum ad judicium*, and so the porter carried the day, and went into the bill.

Next morning we presented our Bills to Mr. Partelow with great misgivings that he would draw his pen over the porter. He merely looked at the total, gave a check for the amount and we parted.

No doubt, the hon. gentleman regarded us both with pity, if not contempt, for our simplicity, or rather greenness, in not knowing how to make out bills in such cases. But unfortunately for our pockets we were conscientious, and dealt with the public money as we would with our own.

According to the more modern scale, our Bills which amounted to \$10.00 each, should have been made out in this fashion:

Passage up and down.....	\$ 6.00
Expenses on the road.....	4.00
Three days Board at \$2 each.....	12.00
Time—\$10 per day, 5 days absent.....	100.00
Contingencies, \$5 each.....	10.00
	\$132.00

I have no doubt that *time* is charged in every bill for travelling expenses, then why should not our *time* have been charged, for it was equally valuable to us? But, no, we went upon the principle that our business was going on just as well in our absence, and therefore, why should we ask for \$10 a day—time?

Mr. Seeds has long since crossed the dark river—one of the most worthy, upright citizens that St. John has ever produced. He was quiet and unassuming, but honest, honorable, and straightforward in all his dealings and intercourse with his fellow men.

Why Stanley Came Back.

When the great African explorer was by many persons given up for lost, and even the most sanguine were full of fears for his safety, says the *Irish News*, there was one woman in London who never doubted that he would return.

The woman was Stanley's landlady. Whenever any one suggested the possibility that he might never be heard from, she replied, with perfect confidence:

"It is impossible. Mr. Stanley has not given up his rooms, and I am sure he will return."

Stanley did return, though the world in general has not till recently been aware of the imperative engagement which made it impossible for him to do otherwise.—*Ex.*

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THE THYCKE FOGGE PAPERS.

The Sage Reminiscences on the Gladsome Season of Easter, and so Forth. No. IV.

Four or Five of Us strolled into the palatial mansion of Our friend the Hon. Thyckke Fogg on an evening or so ago, and found that worthy exponent of every subject known to mankind, gracefully reclining in his own particular chair, surrounded by the fragrant mist of the best three-for-a-quarter domestic to be got in the city, carelessly fondling a spoon which in some mysterious way seemed to have an affinity towards a goblet rare and chased, which stood and steamed at the Senator's elbow, and with a far away look in his eye which invited comment.

We, after duly helping ourselves as is Our custom, enquired of Our Honorable friend what was the reason of this pensiveness, and thus he answered Us.

"My dear young friends, there are certain seasons of the year when, as one grows older, one feels thoughtful, becomes both retrospective and introspective, as it were, in short a man thinks of things more seriously than when he was a gay young racker, pounder, and high-roller generally, like most of you"—here he was interrupted by a decidedly negative murmur from all of Us, except Second, who was very much engaged taking an observation—

"Now, continued the Sage, Easter tide and Christmas time are to me seasons that put me in the thinking mood, and as You came in I had my thinking cap well fastened on. The object of my thoughts? you ask, well how many people remember their thoughts. The season and its celebration ran through my mind, for old freethinker and agnostic that I am, I respect the ideas of other people. I care not if the present celebration is merely a relic of paganism, symbolizing the return of spring, mixed up with a reminder of an old Jewish feast, with Christian annex. The great mother church chooses to make it one of her great events, and she has been and is followed to a greater or less extent by the other denominations. In connection with the thoughts of the time came one as to what some of the departed members of one of our leading churches would say, could they voice their notions of the change in the musical department of their sanctuary. I fancy some of them would strike a very discordant chord on their harps at the sight of a procession of white robed choristers swinging up the aisles of old Trinity.

Dear little souls
In clean linen suits
Swinging their censers and making a smell,
but then they may not have censers, which might have a mitigating effect. I fancy from what I have heard that the style of the cassock and surplice worn by the fifteen boys and twelve men who will claim the ears of the congregation on Easter morn will be such as to afford a sight for gods and men, for instead of putting these necessary chorister uniforms in the hands of some one capable of making them, they were built by volunteer contract, and the result in several cases has, I understand, been something awful, one garment having gone through five hands before being completed.

Another thought ran through my mind. When I was many years younger, in a fit of temporary sobriety, I joined a temperance body known as Chalky Cliff lodge, and in those days it was a prosperous and harmonious institution, although I am free to confess that it was not unusual for the members to smash the constitution all to pieces on occasions. A friend of mine lately joined this same lodge, but owing to force of circumstances and the fact of somebody having a birthday, he felt compelled to disregard his obligation to the body and incontinently got full. As he is rather a clever fellow and somewhat given to writing and speaking, it struck me that he could a tale unfold and give to the world his experience as a temperance man under some such title as "Twenty days on a keg; or Dry leaves from a Fool's Diary."

By this time Most of Us were asleep, so the Senator informed Us that he had no further use for Us that night, and that we had better go home and sober up.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

The Old Game Played Again by the Scott Act Lawyers of Moncton.

Did you ever play "puss in the corner" when you were young?
Well, I did! and, by the way, Artemus Ward did, too, on one occasion, and a very nice time he had; but I did not intend to compare myself with him by any means. If I remember aright, the game consisted of a rapid exchange of situations on the part of the players. Sometimes the transfer of corners was effected with such breathless rapidity that the participants bumped against each other in passing, or fell against the wall in their haste, and the game often ended in lamentations loud and bitter.

Now, some of the late proceedings of the powers that be, in Moncton, remind me very forcibly of a game of "puss in the corner." To begin with, the Scott Act, which represents the coveted corner, has anticipated the flowers that bloom in the spring by coming to life with renewed vigor, and the amount of excitement that hoary-headed failure has managed to create is amazing, when one considers what a chestnut it is.

One thing that helps to account for the

new impetus given to this flagging industry is the fact of the extraordinary change of position which has taken place on the part of the lawyers who are engaged in the game. If it is hard for the average mind to picture Mr. George P. Thomas in the role of a Scott Act Prosecutor, how utterly impossible must it be for the man of only ordinary ability to imagine Mr. David Grant defending the prosecuted parties? Verily these legal gentlemen have indeed exchanged corners! and the outside public are still standing in open mouthed astonishment, and trying to recover their breath. I really think they must feel a little awkward themselves under these altered circumstances. How could it be otherwise? Just fancy Mr. Grant carefully refuting all his own arguments of last year, condemning those very temperance people whose doctrines he literally swore by but six short months ago, and then when you have allowed your jaded brain sufficient time to grasp the idea, turn to the other side of the picture if you are not too tired, and refresh your flagging energies with the great moral spectacle of Mr. Thomas prosecuting Scott Act offenders and contradicting himself—that is the self of last year of course—at every turn. Oh it is a very refreshing mental exercise to try and place all this before one's mind at once, only the panorama is almost too extensive and the scope afforded too wide.

How lucky those farsighted lawyers have been too. They both made quite a snug little sum out of the Scott Act last year, and they are going right along and doing the same thing this year, only on different sides, it seems like an interchange of characteristics between a lion and a lamb, a metaphysical problem for Moncton folks to solve.

"When a man talks in a way you don't understand, about something which he doesn't understand, them's metaphysics," so I don't understand it at all. I had better stop now and try to study it out.

THE LEGACY OF LENT.

The Recent Hush in Worldly Contention, and What It Teaches.

There are legacies of knowledge, legacies of freedom, legacies of institutions from the past. Some of them have been much handled and mishandled. Some of them are little more than ecclesiastical ornaments or bric-a-brac. Others are still full of significance. So there are spiritual legacies of the past; and Lent is one of them. To be sure, as often observed, it has very little spiritual significance, and may be reduced to a mechanical, routine form of service.

A large section of the Protestant church pays little regard to it, and can furnish very good grounds for giving up a service the observance of which ceased to be beneficial. Nevertheless the main interest of Lent for us is that it is a legacy which is related to the spiritual and moral life of man. It tells us of a hush in the busy life of the world, of retirement from this rapid whirl, to get a new poise which can come only through deeper calm.

Any withdrawal from the life of the world for monkish self-perfection is a form of pietistic selfishness. The office of religion is not fulfilled in this way. But to withdraw from active service and contention of life for a season, be it a week or a day or even an hour, that we may prepare ourselves better to enter again the arena, has in it the essence of a sound philosophy. We may or we may not keep the Lent of the Church, but we all need to seek some Lent for the soul.—*Christian Register.*

Joyful Easter.

The word Easter speaks to us of the time when the ancient Germans styled their fancied goddess of the spring Ostara, or Eostra, to whom the month of April was dedicated. From her the month was called, as near as our letters will form the word, *Easter-month*. Her festival coincided very nearly with the Christian Easter, and finally was merged in it.

This lovely feast needs no effort of the imagination to justify it. The grateful warmth, the brilliant sunshine, the emerald of birds, the hum of insects, the emerald-green of the grass, the swelling buds, the opening flowers, the labors of the farm and garden resumed, all that we see and all that we hear attune the heart to joy. The time has never been when this glorious and universal resurrection of natural life has not brought rapture to the long-suffering sons and daughters of men. All the records of our race attest it; all the organized religions have sanctioned it.—*Youth's Companion.*

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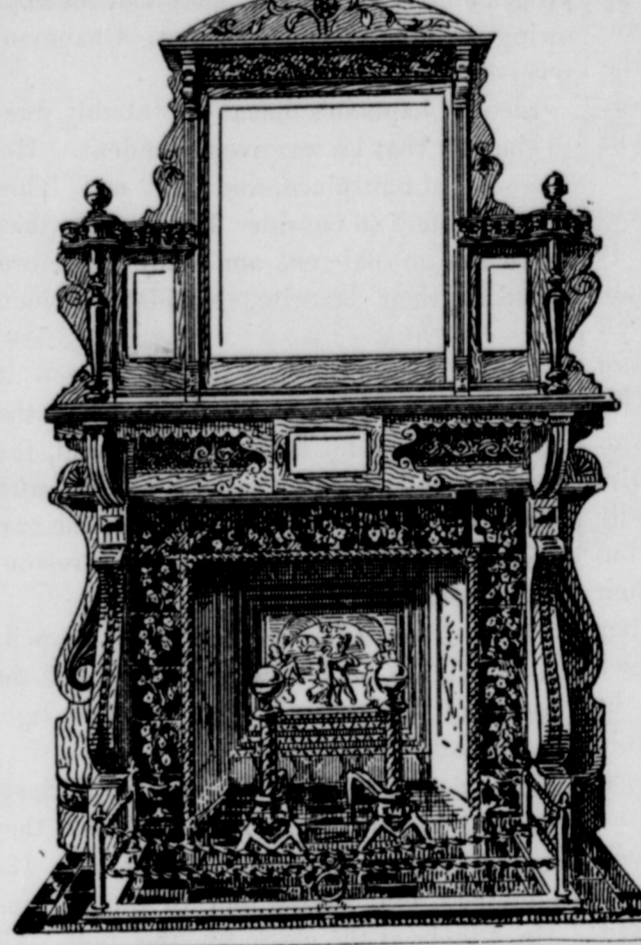
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