## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

### Robert Jardine, a letter from Mr. Jackson BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

How the People Talked and Acted when the First Railway Project was Mooted-A Man who Talked Like Mr. Leary-A Tribute to a well-known Citizen. XII.

The new dock enterprise started in St. John for the fourth time within the last twenty years, brings to me recollections of former embryo undertakings, in which St. John has been so prolific and at the same time so barren of results. It its public were equal to its private, individual enterprise, we should today observe the fulfilment of a number of works much talked of from time to time, and recommended by the press, whenever some inventive genius has discovered a new scheme in which money is to be made and every interest in the city greatly promoted-whether it be in the way of bridge building, dry docks, canals, trade bureaus, steamboat communication, railroading, harbor improvements, including grain elevators, dredging, rockblasting, etc., etc.-in short, too numerous to specify. During the last fifty years boards of trade have been formed and collapsed Matters of trade have been brought upon the carpet and discussed with all the assurance of legislative right, and yet without power to put into practice a single scheme, however wise or judicious ; and in the end all this labor has resulted in a waste of breath. At all events, I cannot at this moment recall but few real good things accomplished through such organizations. True, it is well to have an expression of opinion from any intelligent body of men, especially those so capable of giving it. But are our legislators sufficiently moved to action through such well directed efforts? If great results can be discounted through means of earnest talk and elated hopes, St. John today ought to be in possession of many of the improvements already named. But, as it seems to me, it is nothing but-talk-talk-talk !

Some thirty-five or forty years ago, it was all railroad talk. The press teemed with accounts of these "modern civilizers," as we then called them. St. John, quoth the soothsayers, must expect to go down unless we have a railroad built from "here to Shediac--those were the points between which fortunes were to be made (and yet it is doubtful if St. John was not far more prosperous then than she has ever been since)-only set the iron horse on the road and private enterprise would do the rest. Agents were planted all along the post road, at certain distances, between St. John and Shediac to take an account of the number of travellers and teams engaged in business, that passed along to and fro in a given time-all to be summed up at the end of each week and aggregated. This trial went on for a whole summer, so that at the end of six months data enough was on hand to satisfy "the most sanguine expectation." A public meeting was called at the Court House and some of the best speakers took part--among them John H. Gray (late Judge in British Columbia) W. J. Ritchie (now Chief Justice), William Wright (Advocate General), William Jack, Robert Jardine, Moses H. Perley. The Court House was crowded. The result of this meeting was to be the pivotal point in our destiny upon which everything was to turn and bring about great prosperity. It was agreed on all sides that this road ought to have been built ten years sooner -for according to the statistics furnished as to the amount of traffic, the road if now built would pay ten per cent. profit after all expenses were paid. There was no one present bold enough to dispute this dictum, for as figures were never known yet to tell a story, could anybody present dissent? If so let him now speak or forever hold his peace. We all thought alike, seven points in the argument, because we did not want to think otherwise and perhaps disturb the cream that had so nicely set upon the lacteal fluid contained in our watery imaginations.

who would leave Liverpool by the next steamer and arrive in St. John and confer with the directors. Veni, vidi, vici. The writings were drawn up, "sealed, signed and delivered." Now, as John Bull can

never commence a great enterprise without feasting upon it first, so with our railway folks in St. John A public dinner was to be provided for the hero of the hourto be got up with all the pomp and ceremony due to so august an occasion. The tickets were issued at \$5 per head. The large room in the old Custom House was selected as the banquetting hall. Thither we all assembled in the afternoon, some hundreds of us including "distinguished strangers." The President of the Company occupied the chair, flanked by Mr. Jackson on the one hand and the Lieut-Governor (Sir Edmund Head) on the other, while the rank and file occupied both sides of the immense table, consisting of St. John's leading and most polished citizens. Mr. Jackson's was the oration of the day, he being the great central figure, so that every word that he uttered was more than of ordinary value to his listeners, as though the salvation of the City (like Mr. Leary's dock) hung upon his breath, or in the great things he promised. "Gentlemen," he said, "I stand here this day as the "representative of a firm that never entered "into an engagement without carrying it "out to the letter. It any one doubts our "ability or honesty of purpose in this great "enterprise, let him now declare himself. "I am ready at this moment to tear the "seals off the parchment signed and rati-"fied this day. I pause for a reply." What ! doubt the great firm who had now undertaken to connect the Lunatic Asylum of St. John with the ovster beds of Shediac! As well have doubted the existence of the moon, or rather the moon-struck people in the neighbourhood at the time!

The next article will show the readers of PROGRESS how all this exuberance culminated.

As an evidence of the entente cordiale that existed between England and the United States ten years ago, and the same now I hope, I recall a striking incident, although ing of the house. But he does not underit does not belong to "Old Times." At estimate the forces of the enemy. It is the the centennial anniversary, in 1880, of the view of Thaddeus that the opposition are surrender of York Town, after the Ameri- badly off for a leader, especially when they can flag had been honored and the national have to cope with such a master hand in rejoicing was over, the American Com- political strategy as premier Blair. If Mr. nander hoisted the British flag and saluted Blair was out of the way, Thaddeus thinks it with 100 guns. Mr. J. W. Lawrence, the job of ringing in the new era of purity through Sir Leonard Tilley, in Ottawa, brought this matter before the Governor-General and the Admiral on the station, with a view of having the compliment returned in the harbor of St. John during the centennial year of the arrival of the Loyalists. Now, there were lying in the harbor at this time H. M. S. Garnet-also U. S. frigate Alliance. On the day of the opening of the exhibition in St. John, the Garnet ran the American flag up to the masthead and gave it the national salute of 21 guns, after which the American frigate (which was beautifully decorated with again, peither Dr. Stockton nor Dr. colors) responded most lustily. This is Alward will suit. Mr. Hanington would only one of many instances in which Mr. Lawrence has brought his native city into not popular with two of the Northumberprominence before the world, and his memory deserves to be embalmed in the chronicles of St. John, and in monu- Stevens' view, are limited to college oramental brass or marble. Had such a man been to ' the manor born," or in the right line of political succession, he would long ere this have been recognized as one of those entitled to the consideration of persons in high places, through whose influence imperial recognition is obtained.

# THADDEUS IS AT WORK.

#### A CORRESPONDENT WHO CAUGHT HIM ON THE FLY.

His Yellow Valise and His Roseate Views of the Political Situation-A Friend of the Government is of Opinion that Mr. Blair is All Right.

FREDERICTON, Jan. 30 .- Who will be the leader of the opposition? Will they be able to organize so as to present a solid front when the local legislature meets? The house is not likely to meet until about the usual time, but the situation is becoming interesting already. The fact that a large yellow valise in company with Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, of Westmoreland, has been circulating about the province for the past week is a fact that is not entirely devoid of interest.

Mr. Stevens was in St. John all day on Saturday last. Here he interviewed several members of the opposition and also Mr. Thomas Hetherington, M. P. P., of Queens. Rumor had it that Thomas was open to argument, but Thaddeus did not find him so. In truth he expressed his sentiments to Thaddeus freely. Mr. Chief Commissioner Ryan was in town that day also and had a word to say to Thomas.

The yellow valise went to Fredericton by the Saturday evening train. So did Mr. Stevens. So did Mr. Ryan. It is not surprising that being obliged to remain over Sunday in Fredericton, Thaddeus should call upon George F. He did so and this accounted for the absence of George from the means of grace.

Mr. Stevens is quite outspoken in his views upon the political situation. He makes no secret of the fact that he is marshalling his forces for the grand assault. for each other, only the order of things He claims that the government have been defeated at the polls, and that it would be an evidence of good breeding on their part to tender their resignations to the new regime without delay. In proof of his confidence in the result, he engaged rooms from mine host Edwards, of the Queen, for the first week of the session only. The government, in his opinion, would show remarkable symptoms of longevity, if it survived more than a week after the open-

## HE WAS TOUGH TO THE LAST. How a Fighting Farmer made Preparations

#### to Depart Hence. He had been a very wicked old man, but his long and sinful life was drawing to a close. A mortal illness had seized upon him, and the King of Terrors was so near that the ancient sinner could feel his cold breath fanning his wicked old brow, and making things generally unpleasant. The doctor solemnly "gave him up," and his weeping family besought him to see the minister. But the old Adam died hard, and original sin clung to him like a garment. "He had lived without ministers, and he reckoned he could die without them.

too! And, anyway, he wasn't so sure about dying, either; while there was life, there was hope, and he came of a tough family, that was all long livers, and behanged to the doctor !'

But at last there was no more room for doubt, even in the patient's own mind ; he must die, and die soon. The time left for making his peace with earth and Heaven was brief indeed, and at last the dying man seemed softened. The adjoining farm to his own was the property of his most cherished enemy, with whom he had fought incessantly for twenty years. The trouble had originated in the usual way between farmers-the boundary line which separated the two farms-and probably there are few fences that have been taken down and put up more frequently than this one had; and, strange to say, the work was invariably done at night, with no witnesses but the silent stars. Like the two brothers in the beautiful eastern legend, who secretly added sheaves to each other's store at night, these enemies were always working was reversed. Each added six feet to his own side of the boundary, and then built up his neighbor's fence anew for him. Now, to the amazement of all concerned, the sick man suddenly asked not only for the minister, but for his dearest toe, and on their arrival they were granted separate audiences. Farmer Jones was to go in first, and then the minister.

The farmer rushed into the chamber of death, sheepishly, and stood twirling his hat just inside the door, and an embarrassed pause ensued, broken at last by the sick man.

"I'm agoin' to die, they tell me, Jones," he began, "An' I thought I'd better kind of square things up before I went; I 'spose it aint the thing exactly to go out of the



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The resolutions were passed nem. con. published and went abroad upon the wings political issues are up.

position made by Messrs. Peto, Brassey, Betts and Jackson, of London, who offered to build said Railroad-viz : from St. John to Shediac-for £7,500 per mile, and find everything; and to do the work in two years from the date of commencement. (This was equal to the more modern Dock Proposition !) Bonfires were kindled on all the hill tops round about. The papers headed the news with big capitals. (We were not quite so loud with our headlines at that early day, for the simple reason we hadn't any double capitals to spare.) In short, we were all happy and talked over the standing of this great firm in raptures. (The word syndicate had not then been coined.) The Baptists claimed Mr. Peto,

AN OLD TIMER.

#### Not Transferable.

At a masquerade ball in Hartford a few years ago the writer noticed an ingenious device of the door tender. He had a small rubber stamp with his initials and date. He stamped this on the palm of the left hand of each man who passed out. This was his "check" for the evening, and it couldn't be transferred .- Hartford Times.

Do you want an attractive advertisement reproduced? Write to PROGRESS and you (not the wind) of the Press, pretty much will get prices at once. Send the "copy" after the fashion of the present day when and the engraving will be made at once. The work is better and the price lower than The next Chapter informs us of a Pro- that of any other engravings in the country. Write for samples and prices .-- Advt.

- WHY?
- Why does that maiden moan in bed? Why does she bow her auburn head ? Why are her eyes so very red? The maid has influenza.
- Why does that young man cough and sneeze? Why does he choke and gasp and sneeze? O, why will nothing give him ease? The youth has influenza.
- Why does that father deeply growl? And view his children with a scowl? And through the house disgusted prowl? The man has influenza.
- What makes the weary mother sigh? Why falls the tear-drop from her eye? Why sings she no sweet lullaby?

and reform would be short and sweet. He would not mind ringing the bell himself, but is conscious that he would not be acceptable to some of the elements in the opposition.

But, while he cannot be leader himself, Mr. Stevens frankly avows that he will not follow the leadership of Mr. Hanington. Furthermore, he states that Mr. Hanington has no capacity for leadership. Like Mr. Blair, he is really an autocrat, to whose imperial will the views of all who profess to follow him must bend. Then never serve under the former, and he is land members. Silas would be unobjectionable, but his political talents, in Mr. tory. By many Mr. Phinney is regarded as the coming man.

As to where Mr. Melanson would be found, Mr. Stevens thought he would vote wisdom of living so that whenever we were with the opposition, though he admitted it was a hard pill for him to swallow when he asked the French electors of Westmoreland to vote for him Thaddeus has strong burning. He was fond of the sound of his hopes of upsetting the government. "If we cannot do it this session," he remarked family to tears. He went on to say that it as he stepped off the Fredericton train with the yellow valise, "we cannot do it at all."

What does Premier Blair think of the situation? the readers of PROGRESS will want to know. Well, those who know the fighting powers and generalship of the man of York would hardly expect him to give up the ship of state without a struggle. On the contrary they would expect him to close-haul the old craft and clear the decks tor action. They would regard it strange if he did not try to make it warm for those who proposed to lay hands of sacrilege upon the seals of office. The Premier states that there is no doubt whatever as to the ability of the government to maintain its position. He predicts that at no time this session will the opposition be able to muster more than fifteen votes on a division. His regret at the government reverse in Saint John and his grief over the loss of the Provincial Secretary are a good deal assuaged by the fact that-George F. has been buried way back in the woods,

In a beautiful hole in the ground, Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,

- And the straddle-bugs tumble around.
- As to whether another seat will be found for Mr. McLellan, the Premier is non-com-mittal. It is safe to say that if a constitu-

world fightin', so I sent for you." The invalid stopped for a moment and struggled hard with himself. "Well I sent for you to say that we've fit for twenty years, but I'm agoin to die now and I guess it'll be all right. I-I forgive ye."

Farmer Jones was affected to tears, he grasped the trembling hand held out to him, squeezed it hard and too overcome with emotion to speak he turned to leave the room; at the door he looked back, and the dying man raised himself on his elbow, shook his feeble fist, and shrieked excitedly : "Mind you, if I get well its just the same as ever, d-n you, its just the same as ever! Naturally, after so agitating an interview the patient was scarcely in a proper frame of mind to receive spiritual instruction, and the minister's reception was decidedly cool. Nothing daunted, however, the good man called the whole family in, and proceeded to "improve the occasion" to the best of his ability. He spoke of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, the called, though the summons came in the midday of our years, or the twilight of age, our lamps should be found trimmed and own voice, and he melted the assembled was never too late for repentance, and none could tell in what hour the penitent sinner might not be received into the fold; and the patient grew more and more restless as the good man proceeded.

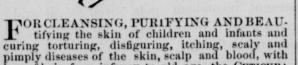
"Our beloved brother here, whose time of departure has drawn nigh," said the minister with unctuous piety, "has been a

"Look a-here !" yelled the sinner, suddenly sitting up in bed, "your business here aint preachin'! it's prayin'; you was sent for to pray, an' if you're goin' to pray why in h-1-1-1 don't you get at it !" And the minister immediately proceeded to pray. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

New Joke on Spring Chicken.

New Boarder (to his neighbor)-Is this what they call spring chicken here? Old Boarder-Yes; it probably gets its name from its elasticity.- Boston Budget.





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as one of their faith. The Presbyterians,	o, she has innuenza.	ency is opened for the Secretary, the	REMEDIES are infallible.	
Church of England and Methodists each	What makes those lovers sniffle so?	battle-ground will be chosen where the	CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and	and the second second line of the second second line and the second second second second second second second s
felt that they had denominationally an	As arm in arm they weakly go? What makes them hoarse as any crow?	opposition guns can fire with little effect.	CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier,	
interest in these gentlemen, respectively,	They both have influenza.	It will not be Kings or Queens county	eases, from pimples to scrofula.	5 Picturge Framod
and therefore required looking after.	Will there that addition as glad?	where the Secretary will be exposed to the	35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER	<b>B</b> Pictures Framed
The Company in St. John, for there was	When every other man is sad?	raking volleys of the opposition camp in	DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."	AT
a company-like some other Companies	That makes man jone unity mee maa.		Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and	GORBELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street.
which operate upon other people's means	He has no influenza. $-Ex$ .	SANCHO.	beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.	GUNDELLI ANI BIUNE, 201 UIIUI BUICE.
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