

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The Winter Trip from St. John to Fredericton, Forty Years Ago—A Rough Journey—What Alarmed a Newspaper Man at the Half-way House—An Old Landlord.

XVIII. Some forty years ago, when the old system of government was in its prime, when the budget was made up of shreds and patches, there being no initiation of the money grants, and, therefore, no responsibility, for good or ill, on the part of the government, a messenger from headquarters came to St. John for the attendance of Mr. Samuel Seeds, who represented the Courier, and myself, who represented the only morning paper in St. John, upon the financial committee of the House of Assembly, who were in want of information touching sundry charges in the accounts of the Queen's Printer, Mr. Simpson, thought at the time to be extravagantly high. Seeds and I accordingly took passage, one morning in February, mercury away below zero, in one of "Bill Williams' Whalebone line" of stages, for the Celestial city. As I had never been there before, but had heard a great deal of the grandeur of that sublime place, and that a man's head was likely to be chopped off if he, in an absent way, ran it against a member of parliament, I felt considerable trepidation on leaving home to encounter such a tremendous ordeal. I should have made my will, but having nothing to leave at the time, I did not take this precaution. As Seeds was more conservative than myself, perhaps he had less misgivings in regard to future possibilities. But we started, as before remarked, leaving home, after bidding an affectionate adieu to wife and bairns, perhaps for the last time, at the hour of 8 a. m. (no such bewilderment then as standard time and 15 o'clock), for Fredericton. It usually occupied from ten to twelve hours to make the trip. After being out about three hours, the intense frost broke into a snow storm, and our progress was much retarded by the drifts. Our surroundings became serious. I thought of home and the comfortable fireside left behind, but then a relieving thought would come to my mind, that as our presence in Fredericton was to be the means of saving the country, we should, as good patriots, forget our troubles in the prospects of the good acts to be performed. Said our driver, "If we can only reach the half-way house (called Government House), we shall be all right, and will stay there for the night. Any port in a storm, thought I, rather than be lying in a snow bank all night. But we were yet a long distance off, and the storm was increasing. At all events we floundered on the road until eleven o'clock, when a light was at length seen in the distance, glimmering from one of Darby Gillan's windows (I think it was Darby who kept this house) and we were not long after in reaching this "haven of rest." There were six of us passengers—all pretty well used up, hungry and cold. Now as I never went abroad in those days without something to eat in one pocket and something to drink in another, I was not so badly off myself, for under the buffaloes I could eat my lunch and my fellow passengers be none the wiser. The house was already crowded by the time we got there, and every room engaged—for the whole country, or people round about, were storm stayed, and had found quarters long before we could get there. We got our suppers, but there was no place to sleep. By this time it was 12 o'clock. As my companion was the elder of the two by some years, the Landlord had more pity for him than me, and he told him that there was a small back room (lower floor) in which he might sleep for the night, and there he made up a cot for him. As the door opened out into the hall where there was a mould candle burning, stuck into a mustard bottle, it was all the light needed, and so my friend turned in for the night, after he closed the door. I managed to find a bed upon three chairs, wrapping myself well up in one of the buffaloes, and near the big open fire-place in the dining room; and on the whole I slept pretty well, dreaming of "Old Times." Next morning at break of day, my friend was out betimes and rushing into the dining room, as if the house was on fire. I saw at a glance there was something wrong—"O—O—O" was all I could get out of him for a second or two. "There was a dead corpse in the room with me all night. When I woke up I saw on the opposite side of the room a stretcher with a person on it, which I took to be a dead corpse—" here he shuddered again. It was not that he was a timid person—far from it—but it was the weird circumstances by which he was environed a whole night, and he not a bit the wiser until the day had dawned upon him. It was certainly a melancholy fix to be in, but I could not help laughing as loudly as I knew how. I said to him, "so much for being older than I, had I been your senior I should have been as tenderly dealt with, or disposed of by the landlord—"But," said I, "after all you were very fortunate that it was not a lice corpse, who might have made a corpse of you in the course of the night, and robbed you of all your spare cash, and—" "O don't mention it, for it is horrible," said my friend in despair. This, then, was our first adventure upon

the road, and we began to consider whether it should be regarded as an augury of our future, and that we might both become corpses before we got out of the clutches of the House of Assembly. At all events as soon as we breakfasted—by this time the storm had subsided—we were on the road again, and reached Fredericton in the course of the morning, and put up on the bank of the river in the well kept hostelry of William Segee, which gentleman, I am happy to say, "still lives," hale and hearty. It will take another article to show what we did in Fredericton, and how we got back again into the bosom of our families.

MONCTON'S STAR CHAMBER.

How the Police Committee and Council are Dealing with Matters.

We denizens of the railway hub are certainly a highly favored people, and we should be duly grateful for our many blessings. We have not only asphalt pavements and scarletina electric lights, White Caps, a pumping station that somehow does not pump, a "Temperance" town council, the Scott Act, and all other modern improvements that the most soaring ambition could aspire to; but we are also beginning to gather around us some of the little comforts and civilizations of earlier ages sometimes thoughtlessly termed "the dark ages," chief among which may be mentioned a little Inquisition, a star chamber and a council of three, the new town council has signalized its entrance into office by inaugurating.

Indeed it strikes the introspective and contemplative mind that these gentlemen are trying to illustrate almost too forcibly. Wordsworth's lines—

Statesmen! ye who are so restless in your wisdom, ye! Who have a broom still ready in your hands To rid the world of nuisances.

I don't mean for a moment to refer to our very popular police marshal as a nuisance—far from it—but I am afraid certain members of the town council regard him in that light since almost their first official act, if not their very first, was to "drop down upon" as the small boys say—Police Marshal Thibideau, and to appoint a council of three to investigate certain charges which had been laid against him.

Quite naturally the public stepped in at this juncture—or rather they tried to—and said, "Hullo! what's all this about? Thibideau in trouble! Why, what has he been doing?" and the police committee, the council of three, gracefully waved the populace back into their holes, and respond, "Oh, never mind what he has been doing, that's our affair! We're going to find out all about that! We're going to hold an investigation!"

So the people reply cheerfully. "Very well! Certainly that is the proper way to proceed. We will come and hear it, and judge for ourselves." "Not by any manner of means you won't," says the police committee. "Our investigation is going to be a private one. We are going to play an entirely new game, that we invented ourselves, and which is going to take the place of whist. It is called inquisition. We're going to pull the string, and Marshal Thibideau is going to dance, so the fun will be about equally divided."

And with this explanation, the populace had to be satisfied, and the police committee went into sanctuary and deliberated. The result of these deliberations will doubtless be made public tonight, when the committee will submit a report of their proceedings to the town council.

It is rumored that the chief cause of complaint against Marshal Thibideau is neglect of duty in prosecuting Scott Act offenders, but it seems to my unregenerate mind that if the Scott Act offenders were clever enough to dodge the marshal, he is entitled to sympathy, and the said offenders to the blame. Suppose we endeavor to adjust matters by gathering together the contumacious Scott Act flouters and administering a severe reprimand, and then close the meeting by passing a vote of sympathy to the marshal. Verily, I begin to think I have a decided talent for statesmanship, and might apply for the position of chancellor of the German empire, left vacant recently by the resignation of Prince Bismarck.

Speaking of the court of star chamber reminds me that in writing the above I may have laid myself open to very unpleasant consequences, for was it not customary under the second empire in France to punish by terms of imprisonment members of the press who wrote articles reflecting on the actions of the emperor, ministers or any of the powers that were? I think so, and the offences were tried by a certain department, called the Sixth Chamber.

Now, if a star chamber, why not a sixth chamber, too? And as soon as it is fairly established, your correspondent will probably take a trip to parts unknown, for the benefit of his health. For who could serve so well, as an awful example, for the formal opening of such an institution as the enterprising journalist who dared to criticize the proceedings of the police committee.

Reason for the Name.

Ukerdek—We ought to have named that boy "Flannel." Mrs. Ukerdek—What an absurd idea! Why should we have named him Flannel? Ukerdek—Because he shrinks from washing.—N. Y. Sun.

ALL READY FOR EASTER.

WHAT THE LADIES WILL WEAR IN THE GLADDSOME SEASON.

Spring Gowns that are Pretty Enough to Merit Description—The Tailor Made Girl an Attractive Creature—How to Preserve the Complexion.

As the days lengthen and the feeble spring sunbeams grow stronger and stronger, as the Sundays before Easter like golden beads strung on a silver thread are told off one by one, till at last there is but one bead left before the pearl clasp that holds together the jewels of the christian year, the minds of the fair penitents who have been arrayed for six long weeks in a modified and modern version of sack-cloth and in lieu of ashes on their foreheads, have left off powder on their hair, naturally turn towards fine raiment for Easter.

Among the gowns in preparation for the great spring festival I have seen some that are pretty enough to merit description.

The first was a walking dress of the variety known as "tailor made," a style of dress that depends for its success entirely upon its absolute simplicity and neatness and its perfection of fit. The one in question was of navy blue French foulé, a species of light weight cloth much used this winter, and the trimming was of quarter inch tubular military braid in black. The skirt was finished with a deep hem and kilted, and where the pleats met in front, was a narrow braided panel scarcely six inches wide at the bottom, and sloping gradually to the belt. The back breadths were simply gathered and hung in full straight folds, while a small but unmistakable bustle prevented the ungraceful flatness so pronounced in some of the newest dresses.

The basque was equally simple; braided vest to match the front panel, and fastened with black covered buttons—real tailor's vest buttons—high, braided military collar; directoire pocket-flaps, also braided, and close-fitting coat sleeves, with braided cuffs. It doesn't sound like much of a dress, I know, but the fit of that plainly cut basque was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The wearer might have been melted and then poured into it, and yet it did not look too tight.

Accompanying it was a little toque, made of a piece of the dress, gathered over the crown in close pleats, to match the kilted skirt, bound with navy blue plush, and with a knot of plush in front. The jacket, of the same cloth, was gathered to the throat with invisible hooks, close fitting and decorated with braid like the dress; it was put on in lussar fashion, down the seams at the back, and with "crow's feet" on the sleeves, and down each side of the front. Altogether, it was a dainty little suit.

Another charming gown was for the evening, and was composed of a very delicate shade of old rose cashmere and figured India silk. The skirt fell in large, soft-looking box pleats, and down the front was a full puff of the silk; at each side were lappets of cashmere lined with the silk, which was of cream color, thickly strewn with tulips and lilies of the valley in the exact shade of the cashmere, with green leaves. The back breadths were shirred together in the centre, and made to fasten up over the skirt of the basque, after it was put on, falling in soft, graceful folds to the hem of the dress.

The basque was in directoire style, with puffed sleeves, and empire folds of the silk crossing over the bust and hidden under a puffed vest. Pocket-flaps of the silk completed a most original and fetching costume. The neck was only very slightly heart-shaped, as the dress was designed more for receptions and small evenings than for a dancing gown.

And now girls! if you want to be beautiful, and have plump cheeks, and complexions of milk and roses, the way is simple, simple did I say? Well; yes, in one way—but in another a good deal of trouble. It consists of a bread and milk poultice. "Only this and nothing more," applied to the face at night and carefully washed off in the morning. This is the only secret possessed by some of the famous actresses of modern times, for keeping themselves beautiful forever, and cheating cruel old Father Time out of his privilege of ploughing long furrows in fair faces with his sharp scythe. The way to prepare this wonderful cosmetic is also simple. Take a slice of bakers bread, not too new, and crumble it into a jam crock, or cup, pour on as much skim milk as it will take up; let it steep an hour or two, and before you want to use it, put it on the register or even over the lamp, till it is warm, spread it evenly over your face, cover it with a bit of old linen cut mask shape, with holes for eyes and mouth, and strings to tie at the back of the head.

"Oh, how awful! I wouldn't do it for anything in the world! I'd rather be as black as an Indian than sleep with anything like that over my face!" you say. Would you really? Well, I wouldn't. I can lay my hand on my palpitating heart, and say truly that I would sleep with a poultice of shoemaker's wax applied to my speaking countenance, if I thought it would enhance the meagre charms with which nature has been pleased to endow me. Just try it for a week, that is all I ask. The discomfort is very slight, even at first, and after one application you don't mind it at all, and

at the end of that week you will rise up and call me blessed for telling you about it.

Mrs. Langtry does not consider it too high a price to pay for the preservation of her beautiful color, to sit for two hours at a time each day, with raw veal cutlets applied to her peachy cheeks, and if one must pay hostages to the goddess of beauty, surely nothing can be more wholesome or less repulsive than a nice clean bread and milk poultice, which peels off easily in the morning, and leaves the skin fresh and soft like a baby's.

THE THYCKKE FOGGE PAPERS.

A Religious Body Which Depends on the Lord and the Generous Public. No. III.

First of us was returning home a night or two ago from one of those delightful entertainments with which "sassiety" wiles away the Lenten dullness, yecept a drive whist party, when, perceiving a light in the sanctum, he halted his meandering footsteps, whistled a bar of "Sally," and the door was opened unto him by the Senator himself.

"Come in," said the Hon., "though late you are welcome, and I think I can find a cigar, likewise a waft."

First of us came in, and having secured the best seat in the place, gave the sage a graphic description of the way in which he was fooled out of the booby prize by the perverseness of his partner, who, being a good whist player, insisted upon playing according to Cavendish or Hoyle or somebody, instead of sharing the honor and glory of a prize.

"By the way, Foggy, old man," said First of us, "you seemed to have a beautifully seraphic smile on draught when I came in at the portal; what had amused you?"

The Senator beamed through his gold-rimmed glasses, and likewise through his cut glass, and remarked:

"Young man, I have read one of the (to me) funniest circulars, this evening, that I have perused this many a day. In my morning mail was an envelope, properly inscribed and addressed, which, when opened, disclosed a circular from a popular religious body in the city, not the one, by the way, to which I belong. There was nothing particularly ludicrous in that, you will say. True, oh, punisher of the ardent, the funny part is to come. The circular stated that this particular body was about to celebrate a twentieth, or a thirtieth, or a steenth, anniversary of its organization, and requested the attendance of the right-thinking public at the different services to be held, also stating that a thank-offering would be in order, and that anybody that felt so inclined might forward a contribution to the pastor, which would be thankfully acknowledged. So far so good, and I have no fault to find, for a church cannot be run without money any more than a theatre can, and the efforts of this congregation to raise money are praiseworthy, but mark this—on the front page of the circular was this text, as nearly as I can remember the words. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Now, to an irreverent mind like mine, the conclusion was that the quotation was unfinished, and should have gone thus: "but after so many years having tired of the contract, the public is now requested to help us."

First of us sadly rose, cast a sympathetic glance at the old sinner and wandered out into the fog.

[For Progress.] PASTOR FELIX.*

Hail, Preb Pastor! of that minstrel band Who from the hills and vales of Acadie Drew inspiration (sweetly clear and free, Their songs, as bird-notes warbled down the land In summertime) where, hard by Fandy's strand, And Blomidon mist-crowned from the sea, Thy name and fame can ne'er forgotten be; Hail! let my muse extend the greeting hand. O, genial spirit! lover of mankind— The friend of all things beautiful and pure As flowers and children—may thy genius glow Yet many seasons, leaving nought behind But tenderest lays that shall as long endure As thy beloved and lovely Gaspean.

Moncton, N. B. A. H. CHANDLER.

*On reading "The Masque of Minstrels," recently presented me by its author, Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart.

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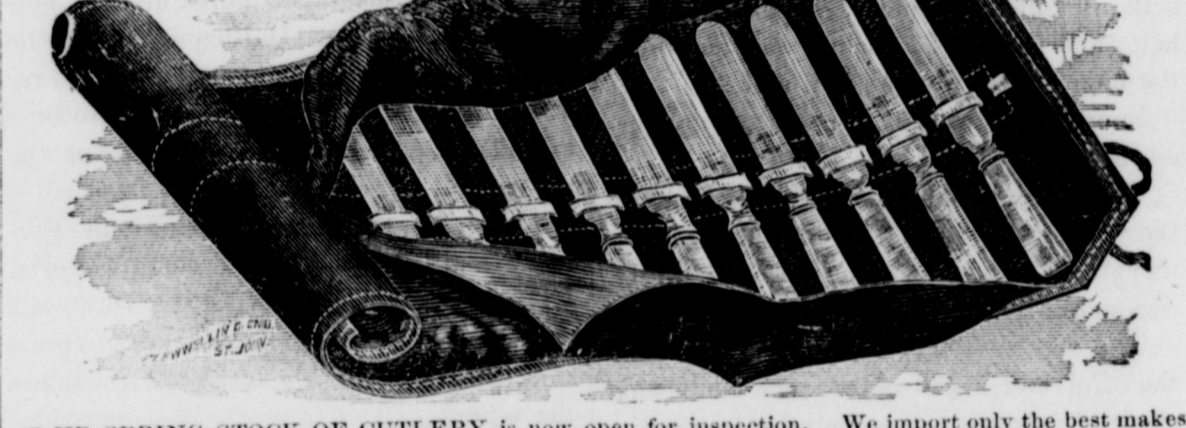
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