

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The Carleton Ferry in Old Times—A Clergyman who Tarried on the Sabbath and Missed the Boat—How He Surprised the Congregation by His Explanation.

Fifty years ago there was no steam ferry-boat between St. John and Carleton. We had to cross in row-boats, and at the risk of being swamped when overloaded.

The city bells, always noisy, had done ringing, by which time the church was filled to overflowing. A dead silence prevailed—all eyes were directed at the pulpit, or platform, which about this time had come in to take the place of the ordinary pulpit, but no minister was visible.

"I came down to the river 'And couldn't get across'— At all events after reading several stanzas, as if nothing had happened, or no explanation, he made a full stop and addressed the congregation somewhat in this style—

"I beg to apologize to the congregation for keeping you waiting so long this evening. I had been officiating in Carleton this afternoon, and timed it so as to catch the 6 o'clock boat, and just as I had nearly reached the end of the Carleton floats the boat started, which meant to me an hour's lost time, and you may depend I was in great trepidation, as I knew what the effect would be upon the congregation. I hope, however, you will excuse me."

Of course everybody was sympathetic, and had the reverend gentleman rested his case here all would have been well. Now a collection was to be taken up on this occasion for some special purpose; and as the plates were about being passed along, at the end of the sermon, his reverence again apologized—

"I earnestly trust that the misadventure of this evening, as already explained will not affect the amount of your contributions—for I can assure you it was not my fault, and the next time I go over to Carleton to preach I shall start in the morning and take a whole day for it, for there is no dependence to be placed on that Ferry Boat." I did not suppose at the time that the collection was affected one penny.

HE DID NOT CARE FOR BABIES.

And was Sat Upon, Simply Because He Acted as His Nature Prompted.

A charming young matron of my acquaintance, who is noted for her delightfully bright but always good humored wit, is the proud possessor of a baby, and this same babelet being the first is, of course, a very wonderful child; and if she needed one more attraction she has it in belonging to the same adorable sex as her mamma.

as short as that lady's answer to the Laird's wooing.

Indeed the baby and the pup have grown so used to dividing the honors with the household that there is not the least hard feeling over the matter; and it has grown to be quite a common form of invitation with the young father and mother, who take a very humorous view of life, to say to their intimate friends, "Come up and see the baby and the pup."

A few evenings ago I was paying an evening visit at the home of the baby—and the pup—accompanied by a friend who had never been at the home before; and shortly after our arrival the baby spoke and gently but firmly insisted on being brought down stairs.

I am fond of babies myself, when they don't cry, and I paid the small damsel a great deal of attention, and I have little doubt showed to great advantage with the baby's fingers lovingly wound around my mustache, and a look of almost paternal affection illuminating my fine features.

Suddenly there was a scuffle in the hall, and the pup made a triumphant entrance. In an instant my friend was all attention, his speaking countenance lighted up with enthusiasm, he picked up the pup and tenderly cherished him during the remainder of our visit. He talked baby talk to him, and played with him, and the pup thought he was lovely. But there was a malicious twinkle in the eyes of baby's mamma that boded ill for my friend's peace of mind.

"Good-night Mr. Johnson," she said, warmly. "Now that you have broken the ice, I hope you will come up to see us very often, and remember that we don't expect you to admire the baby every time you come; after the first view we consider the exhibition over, and you are free to notice her or not, just as you please." Poor Johnson, it was useless to protest, the more he tried to explain that he did not know much about babies, the more his hostess laughed, and at last when he reached the cool and grateful shelter of the star-gemmed dome of Heaven, he remembered after a long silence. "Sat on, by Joe; I say old fellow! it was the wittiest thing I ever heard. It's worthy of PROGRESS, and I'd like to see it there. Confound that pup, anyway!"

GEOFFREY CUTBERT STRANGE.

MONEY MADE EASILY.

A Sample Letter of Many Received by "Progress"—Instructions to Others.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Esq., Pub. PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find names of nine new subscribers, for which I enclose \$6.75, that amount less your commission of 25 per cent. to canvassers. I had no difficulty in getting the subscriptions, and hope to send you four more before Friday. I have but little time to canvass, having a regular position as clerk, but the commission is welcome, and pays me well for the work.

Fredericton, Jan. 20, '90.

This is a sample letter of many that come to PROGRESS' counting-room. No man or woman objects to earning an extra dollar when they can, and they find that one of the easiest ways to get it is to get a few subscriptions for PROGRESS. There are are a hundred, yes, two hundred, places in New Brunswick alone where PROGRESS has not active canvassing agents, and yet the paper goes to those places, the result of unsolicited orders. How many more would go if active agents were at work?

There is money for you and for us in the work. Send three dollars to PROGRESS and the names of any four subscribers, who will get the paper for one year. There is only one condition to this offer—the subscribers must be new—persons who have not taken the paper before.

Sample copies are supplied cheerfully and the fullest information can be obtained by writing to the publisher.

He Sent the Note.

Irish bulls are beginning to belong more to the vegetable than the animal kingdom, so many of them are chestnuts. So here is a Canadian bull for a change:

A prominent resident of a well known Nova Scotia town was rather proud of his punctuality in business, and fond of boasting that when he undertook to do a thing he always carried it through. He was not by any means a brilliant man, as the sequel shows, but he made up in perseverance what he lacked in brilliancy.

One evening his wife was taken ill with symptoms of quinsy, and the great man wrote a note to the family physician, who lived some distance away, asking him to come up at once, as Mrs. Smith was very ill; but in his excitement he forgot to tell the servant where to find the note, and the servant, nothing loth, forgot to go for the doctor.

Next morning Mrs. Smith was much better, nearly well in fact, but her conscientious spouse finding the note on the hall table, where he had laid it, opened it, added a postscript to the effect that Mrs. Smith was quite well and the doctor need not call, and sent the note rigidly to its destination, quite unconscious of doing anything out of the way.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

DR. SILAS ALWARD'S DESCRIPTION OF WATERLOO.

As Given in His Lecture on That Subject—The Place Where Wellington Conquered, and of Ney's Heroism—Brilliant Word Painting of the Spot and Surroundings.

We care not to leave Brussels without a visit to Waterloo.* "What can be seen there?" some one asks—"only a battle field." Yes, but what a battle field! And is it not worth some effort to get a clear idea of one of the greatest conflicts, if not the very greatest, of modern times? From the several modes of reaching this spot of interest we select the coach, which leaves Brussels between nine and ten each morning, and calls at the principal hotels for passengers. We are already in the court yard, when the musical notes of the post horn reach us, and it does not take long to clamber up and secure an outside seat. Not fortunate enough to get in front with the driver, a typical English coachman, from his rubicund countenance and portly figure to his use and disuse of the letter "Haitch," we have to content ourselves with a back seat, and the company of a rather shabby-looking English woman of uncertain age, and a Spaniard of ill-tempered aspect, who smokes gloomily all the way. It takes fully an hour to call at the other hotels, but the top of the coach is an excellent place from whence to view the city, and it bows along so smoothly over the well paved streets, that we are very comfortable, notwithstanding the entire absence of any back to the seat. After passing through the avenue, Louise, and reaching the entrance to the forest of Soignes, a change comes o'er the scene, for the road here is paved with cobble stones, and the jolting through the five miles of its length is misery long drawn out; and were it not for the blessing of a strong vertebra I know not what would have happened. In 1815 both sides of the road were thickly wooded; but now, on the right, looking towards Waterloo, the trees have been greatly thinned out, and numerous small houses have taken their place, and there are fine fields of rye and barley to be seen; while on the left the grand old trees remain undisturbed. Each house has a wonderful possession in the way of youthful acrobats, all apparently fired with one ambition, namely, to cheer the traveller on his way by enlivening the landscape for him. It would be rather more entertaining if there was some variety in the performance, for though it is really quite amusing to greet a little lad standing on his head at the first house, and when he springs to his feet and follows the coach to reward him with all the available small coin, still when a few yards further on, two, and perhaps three, urchins are to be seen waiting in exactly the same attitude as the first, and away beyond there are other cottages and more gymnasts, there is a degree of monotony about the spectacle, which fails to elicit any response from the passengers, no matter how hotly the coach is pursued by these indefatigable small boys. At the village of Waterloo, there is a halt to view the little church, wherein can be seen tablets to the memory of some of the slain in the great battle, and a bronze bust of the Duke of Wellington. The house in the village, where the duke slept the night of the 17th, is pointed out, and here we take our guide, who is as interesting in his way as anything we have met on the journey. Martin Pirson is his name, and he presents a card, which vouches for his being the son of one Emile Pirson, who assisted in removing the wounded from the field on the morning of the battle. Martin accompanies the coach to Mont St. Jean, three miles distant, where we all alight from our lofty perch and form into a party to go with our guide over the field of battle. It looks very peaceful this beautiful June day—the barley as high, and the poppies and corn flowers as gay, no doubt, as on that other June day, seventy odd years ago, when the thunder of battle awoke the echoes of its hills, and its carnage crimsoned its valleys. Our little Frenchman is in his element now, and is evidently so proud of his English, that it would be cruel to suggest that many of his remarks are quite incomprehensible to his listeners. "Yare" is a pet expression, and "Will you'll be see," an emphatic way of attracting our attention. As we go further into the thick of the fight, so to speak, he works himself into a perfect frenzy of excitement, what Mark Twain describes as a French calm. He is by turns the English, the Belgians, the French and the Prussian; coming up under Blucher; he makes himself hoarse over—"Vive L'Empereur"—"Vive Napoleon," and then, with a most ludicrous Cockney accent, learned without doubt from our worthy coachmen, personates the Duke of Wellington himself, and shouts—"Hup guards and hat them." Monsieur Pirson also assures us, most solemnly, that one important engagement took place "at half past one and a half." The most extraordinary thought is, that the man works himself into this dreadful heat nearly every day for at least five months out of the year. We walked to the old farm house of Hougomont, probably the least changed of anything about the place. The guide affirms that the brick wall, which surrounds the garden, was mistaken for the red coats of the British, and

in the smoke of the battle, which prevented clear vision, the French wasted a great deal of valuable ammunition in their efforts to break through what must have certainly seemed a marvellously compact and immovable column. Two young Scotchmen in our party ask to see just where Picton made his memorable charge and the spot where he fell. The aspect of the field has been greatly changed since the earth was taken to make the mound, on which stands the steps that lead to this huge monument, the farm house of La belle Alliance and La Haye Sainte can be seen much as they appeared on that memorable day. Everything seems clearer as we stand on this high vantage round and have pointed out to us just where the Duke arranged his forces, Napoleon's line of battle in the form of a semicircle on the opposite heights, and the road by which Blucher arrived from Wavre to settle the question of victory, held trembling in doubt through the anxious hours of that long, June afternoon. Unquestionably the allies, on the plateau of Mont St. Jean, had the coigne of vantage. Between them and the heights occupied by the French was a valley, over which it was exceedingly difficult for cavalry to deploy owing to the heavy rains of the previous night. Across this valley Ney led the splendid charge, when La Haye Sainte was carried and the English left wing driven back upon the square massed behind the brow of the hill. And across this valley of death "the bravest of the brave" charged at the head of the Imperial Guards, when Napoleon staked all upon this last supreme effort. All the world knows the fate of that charge. Stunned, baffled, and beaten back by the terrible onset of the Guards when Wellington gave his memorable word of command, the scene that ensued beggars description. How Ney bore himself let Victor Hugo tell—"Ney, wild and grand in the consciousness of accepted death offered himself to every blow in this combat. He had his fifth horse killed under him. Bathed in perspiration, with a flame in his eye, and foam on his lips, his uniform unbuttoned, one of his epaulets half cut through by a sabre, and his decoration of the great eagle dented by a bullet—bleeding muddy, magnificent and holding a broken sword in his hand, he shouted—"Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battle field!" But it was in vain, he did not die. He yelled amid the roar of all this artillery, crushing a handful of men—"Oh there is nothing for me! I should like all these English cannon balls to enter my chest."

It would be interesting if one had the time, to remain a week or longer and study the field as Hugo did when he wrote that brilliant description of the battle in Les Miserables. No matter how much we may glory in the utter defeat of the great and terrible man, a thrill of sympathy must go out for Napoleon when we think of his feelings on the night of Waterloo—the utter despair which wrung from him that agonized cry, "Tout est perdu, sauce qui peut."

Well has it been said—"this overthrow did not take place without a cause. The shadow of a mighty right hand is cast over Waterloo, it is the day of destiny, and the force which is above man produced that day. * * * On that day the perspective of the human race was changed, and Waterloo is the hinge of the nineteenth century."

The Difference.

Not a journalist: Millionaire—You ask me for the hand of my daughter. You are a journalist, I believe, and journalists, I am told, can scarcely earn their salt. Young editor (with dignity)—You mistake, sir. I am not a journalist, I am a newspaper man. "Oh! keep a news stand, I presume. Good paying business. Take her, my son, and be happy.—New York Weekly.

Lowering the Record.

Mother (to her old maid daughter)—Why, Julia, what do you mean by using the family bible in that way? You are scratching out figures in the family record and inserting others. Julia—It is a record of my birth, isn't it? Yes, it is. Well, I'm lowering the record.—Texas Siftings.

He Had Been There.

Editor's Friend—I see you have a new reporter. Has he had experience? Editor—He must have had a great deal. He insisted on getting his week's salary in advance.—Texas Siftings.

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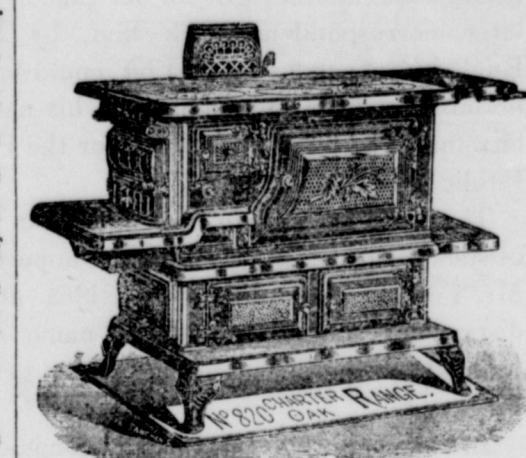
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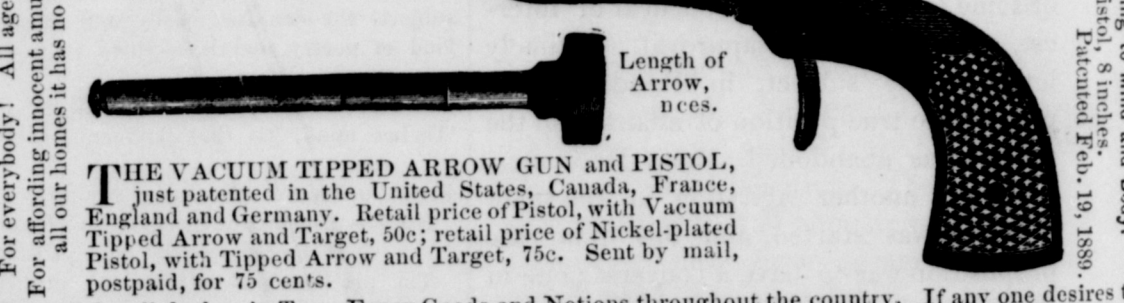
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