RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

And then when death overtook those of whether good, bad or indifferent, and nomore than ordinary mark, their dust was body outside the circle could utter a word not allowed to mingle with common clay in the old burial ground, but must needs find place beneath the floors of old St. Paul, where, as in Westminster Abbey, (the Pantheon of England's illustrious dead), the properties of the expression of independent thought. the bodies were interred. Some years ago the floors of St. Paul's, being much decayed, were renewed, when many mounds and sarcophagi were exposed to view. The last person interred here, I think, was Richard John Uniacke, Attorney General, inchard John Uniacke, Attorney General, sailed. Indeed the political atmosphere in 1820. Today this is all changed. Even | some sixty years ago was so impregnated | warning finger, "here she comes, now."

the old burial ground is a sealed book. There is one common cemetery for all alike, while equality among the living appears to be more evenly balanced and recognized. In the month of August last I attended divine service in old St. Paul's; everything looked to me as it did sixty years before, except the makeup of the congrega-tion, which I thought had undergone a won-derful transformation. The doors of the old stately pews, which formerly shut out as it were, all intruders, were removed and the interiors considered free to all-comers. I no longer beheld the old grandees and their families, wrapped in their own importance and finery; but a staid, respectable look-ing body of people of all professions, trades and occupations, resembling other ordinary mortals of other persuasions, who at the present day feel that they are dependent upon one another for the riches they possess and are working for, and not upon the Crown as of yore among the privileged classes.

Government House.

People are of course the same in all ages, human nature is unchangeable. It is the circumstances and accidents by which they are surrounded at different epochs which account for the changed manifestations. The man of affluence and importance today, is another man tomorrow, when overtaken-

ers, after the doors of those establishments were made to turn on new hinges. Now the occupants of those pews seem to feel as sidered), but the highest scholarship and stone house on Park avenue had not been units in the great aggregation, depending upon vox populi for their living, and not upon a meritricious system which prescribquestionable whether if the old system could be rehabilitated, might it not reproduce the same manifestations as of old, lections." notwithstanding our advanced civilization and more apparent fraternal dispositions.

The Family Compact.

To retrace our steps. At the time to which reference was made in my first article, the Government of the country was under the absolute control of what was called "the family compact." The Governor was sent from England, or from "home," as our Halifax friends continue to call it-for some occult reason best known er he chose to accept and act upon it or ed now. It was printed in quarto form. I in the various departments were dealt with seen. No—he was reserved for battles of in the same fashion—that is, all employees another and more intellectual kind, and "We can easily contrive one excuse or her, she has won the prince!"

And when old Miss Morel called that afternoon and asked expressly for Faith Blossom, Mrs. Belden made some smiling excuse about her niece having a headache.

The pen in gall, or in any way exhibited in his writings a rabid disposition. His attacks were always directed against existing and long standing abuses, and he would have preferred knocking these down with nobody standing behind them; but this could not be done, for every abuse then as now, had its self-interested detenders—no one hitherto having dared even to point them. hitherto having dared even to point them out, much less try to overthrow them. (To be continued.)

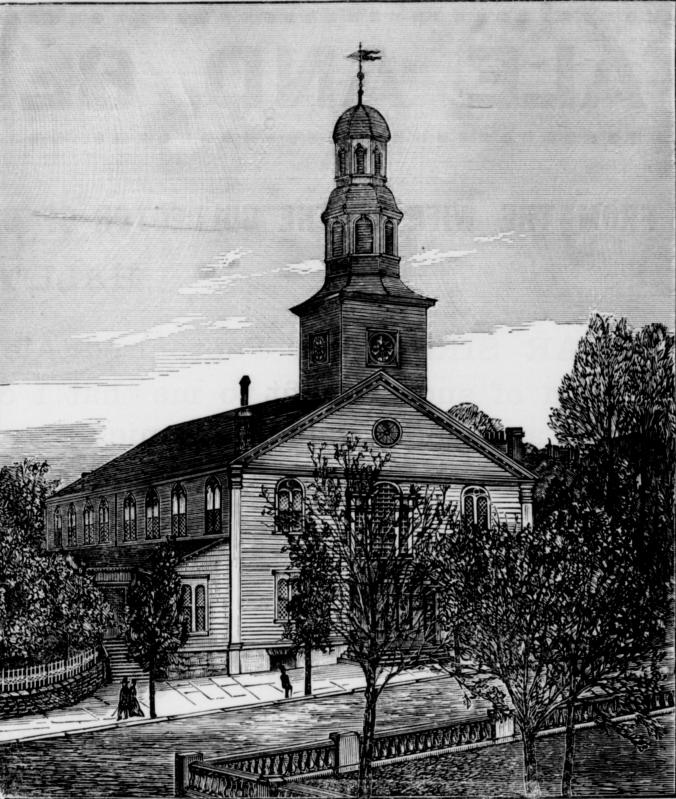
A MODERN CINDERELLA.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Miss Beatrix Belden. "It's too provoking!" said Clarissa, her elder sister.

"What could have sent the little thing up from the country at this time, of all others?" said Beatrix, twirling the rings around and around upon her fingers.

"I think the whole race of country cousins ought to be annihilated !" said Clarissa. "They're very nice in July and August," said Miss Beatrix. "But, oh, dear, who wants 'em coming down to New York in this unexpected sort of way, with hair trunks and papered-covered band boxes, just when we're getting ready for the

masquerade ball? "Hush-sh-sh!" said Clarissa, lifting a



OLD ST. PAUL'S-BUILT IN 1750,
(The largest wooden church in British America).

by adversity — he then becomes as with the Tory prejudices and acquiescing changed in himself as if two distinct enti-ties were assimilated in the one corporeal (taking it for granted that all was right, no like face, and her eyelids slightly swollen, essence. The actors under the old system | matter how wrong), that it required a | as if with secret tears. For she had come which reflected a lustre on Government journalist of most undaunted courage and to New York, fully believing that her city House and old St. Paul's, were no longer ability to dare the lions in their dens, cousins meant all they had spoken in those the shining stars which dazzled all behold- mostly from this want of public sympathy gushing invitations of theirs, when they if they believed they were saying their talents, that had to be encountered in an all that she had anticipated. prayers under more democratic surround- onslaught upon this condition of things. ings, and that they were only so many But the deliverer was at hand, and he ed all who were not in some way connected with the "governing classes." And yet persistency of will—and a courage equal according to this same human nature doc-trine, so peculiar and perhaps selfish, it is cations from the right time forward were

> Having then premised this much, in order to show what Mr. Howe, single handed, had to encounter in his efforts as a reformer, we may now proceed to sketch in a fragmentary way, some of the steps taken by him as time went on to bring about a change, and thus pave the way for the entrance into office and society of a class of men hitherto unknown and un-

cared for. Mr. Howe as a Journalist. to themselves—clothed with plenary power, although he had an advisory board, consisting of twelve members, who exercised brother of the late Sir Wm. Young. The legislative as well as executive functions, office was at the foot of "Jacob's Hill," so in giving advice to His Excellency, wheth- called at the time, its name may be changnot. Such a thing as a member of the have seen nothing of it in late years, but pre-Government holding a seat upon the floors | sume it still exists, if not sunk altogether or of the House was unknown. They were all "Honorables," and would have no in- which was an offshoot. After being in extercourse with the people's representatives, unless to cross them and refuse the Royal assent to any measure that did not harmoniassent two years. Mr. Howe purchased the Nova Scotian plant and copyages and the second two years. ize with their prejudices. If one of them died, another was put in his place having the most influence. If the head of a department passed away, his office was quick- of this paper was the dawning of a new era ly filled by one of his own kith and kin; in what may be called Independent Proand so on in every case. The continuity vincial Journalism-for its new proprietor of tenure was indisputable. Those officials | immediately commenced his attacks upon | of thing," said Mrs. Belden, sagely. "And, | were only amenable to themselves and the abuses of the day, more especially in you see, she hasn't come to pearl-powder and white, and Miss Morel lent me her the Governor, and it the latter reference to the political disabilities to and false hair yet-and you and Clary are diamonds." proved to be a simple or weak man, as some of them were, he was easily brought over to their own way of thinking. Thus editorials was so marked that Howe was gether." all the offices in the country were in the threatened by those in high hands of those twelve irresponsible men, places, not only with the law's venwhose individual salaries or appurtenances | geance, but with personal chastisement. arising from their positions, were large The latter course was seldom or never put enough to maintain their families in regal splendor, of course at the expense of "the people" who were as much under their sway as the people of Russia now are under sway as the people of Russia now are under their sway as the people of Russia now are under the now as a nathlete to the now are now as a nathlete to the now are now as a nathlete to the now are now as a nathlete t their Czar. The subordinate Clerkships two ordinary men with ease, as I have "But, mamma, how are you going to

And little Faith Blossom came in, with and, somehow, her reception at the brownstone house on Park avenue had not been

"We were just talking about the ball," said Beatrix, trying to assume an easy nonchalance of manner. "A ball!" cried Faith, brightening up at

once. 'Oh. I'm so glad! I brought a blue-silk dress that was mamma's once, with lace trimmings, and—"
"But it's a masquerade," interrupted

"I suppose I could buy a blue mask?" suggested Faith, who had dreamed of a masquerade ball all her innocent life long. "Nonsense!" said Mrs. Belden, "you've no idea, child, how the ladies dress here.

It isn't likely your old faded finery will be of any use. "I'm sorry, of course," as she saw the color rise to Faith's cheeks and the tears of mortified pride suffuse her eyes; "but I really think you'd better stay quietly at home. I dare say there will be some smaller party where you can wear the blue-silk dress. And Mrs. Maverick's masquerade is one of those exclusive affairs where there's a limited number of tickets, and I couldn't think of taking such a lib-erty as to ask for an additional one on your

account." "Just as you please, Aunt Margaret," said Faith, choking down the little sobthat rose into her throat. And she went quietly out of the room, murmuring something about a crochet-needle that she had for-

"Poor child!" said Clarissa. "I'm sorry for her. Did you see how disappointed she

"It's just as well," said Mrs. Belden,

"Like a cabbage-rose, exactly," said the disdainful Beatrix.

"Gentlemen are apt to admire that sort

"Yes," Clarissa added; "and Mr. about her the other day.'

"That settles the matter!" said the judi-

even in the field itself, as will be seen here- another," said Mrs. Belden. "She must be after. But it must be observed here that kept in the background until Emile South-

Fresh air is all she needs, I'll go bail. I've taken a fancy to that bright-eyed little rosebud of yours."

And Beatrix Belden, who would have given the prettiest ring off her taper fingers to be seen in the Park with old Miss Morel, was obliged perforce to go up to the little room where Faith Blossom was looking out over the dreary expanse of chimney-pots, with her round chin in her hands and a homesick sensation at her

"I don't think I care to go," said Faith,

"Child, are you crazy?" demanded Miss Belden. "Mr. Southwick's aunt! And the richest old lady in the city. Get your things on at once, or she'll say we are keeping you shut up, like a captive prin-

So little Faith Blossom went—and she and old Miss Morel became excellent

"Not going to the masquerade ball?" said Miss Morel "But you shall go! You shall go, in spite of 'em all!"

"But I have nothing to wear said Faith.
"I'll see to that," said Miss Morel, with eyes that twinkled roguishly behind her black Chantilly vail, that was worth its weight in bank-notes.

"And Aunt Margaret says—"
"Never mind Aunt Margaret," interrupted the old lady. "We'll make a modern Cinderella of you, my dear! Just you keep your own counsel, and we shall see what we shall see!"

Clarissa and Beatrix Belden appareled

themselves gorgeously, upon the night of the masquerade ball.

"It's so lucky that Faith has gone to her room early, with a headache," said Clary. "It does seem hard to keep her at

home when-' "Nonsense!" said Beatrix. "What could we do, weighted with a little country fright like that?"

"I saw her blue-silk dress yesterday," said Miss Clarissa. "Such a dowdy old

"It's quite out of the question that she should go," said Mrs. Belden, who was squeezing her plump figure into a crimson-satin dress profusely trimmed with thread lace and bugles.

But the hack which had been engaged to convey the three ladies to the ball had hardly driven away from the door when the lamps of Miss Morel's close carriage came blazing around the corner like a pair of fiery eyes, and Keturah, the maid, all smiles, opened the door before the footman had time to ring.

"She's all ready, mem," said breathless Keturah. "I helped to dress her, mem, I

There was a brilliant assemblage gathered that night in Mrs. Maverick's superb suite of apartments, but the belle of the occasion was the beautiful young girl who came as Summer Dawn with old Miss Morel —Summer Dawn, with old Miss Morel
—Summer Dawn, with robes of pink and
pearl sparkling with dew-drops of tiny
solitaire diamonds, and lovely golden hair
floating like a cloud over her shoulders.

"Such eyes!" said Mrs. Maverick.

"Such a complexion!" said Mrs. St.

"I wonder if I could get an introduc-tion," said Clarissa, wistfully. "I'm afraid the crowd around her is too

great," said Mr. Wynfield. And when at last, by dint of infinite pushing and perseverance, a torn dress and a damaged point-lace fan, Miss Belden succeeded in reaching the blue-and-silver boudoir where Mrs. Maverick received her most select and favored guests, she was just a little too late. Miss Morel and the radiant Summer Dawn were gone.

Clarissa could have shed tears of vexation. She had missed an introduction to the reigning sensation (Mrs. Belden's eldest daughter, be it understood, was a born tuft-hunter(; she had ruined her dress; she hadn't had a chance to speak to Mr. Southwick, who was there as Sir Walter Raleigh, in costume of black velvet, clasped with topaz and slashed with orange satin, and she hadn't stood up to dance in one solitary set.

"I hate masquerade balls," said |she spitefully. "They're the stupidest things n the world." Mr. Emil Southwick called the next eve-

ning, however, and Miss Belden brightened up a little. "Give me the card, Katty," said she to

the maid, "and I'll take down my crimps Keturah grinned like an African gor-

"It ain't for you, Miss Clary," said she. 'It's for Miss Blossom!" Two weeks afterward Faith Blossom went

home an engaged young lady, to prepare for her wedding. "But remember, my dear, the bridal outfit itself—the dress and vail and orange-

blossoms and all—are to be my present," beamed Miss Morel. "We didn't think, did we, Cinderella, that the prince would come so soon?" For little Faith Blossom had won the

heart of Emil Southwick. "But where did he first see you, child?"

eagerly demanded Beatrix Belden, who could scarcely believe the testimony of her own ears, until her eyes corroborated it by means of the superb diamond engagement "At Mrs. Maverick's masquerade ball,"

"At the masquerade ball? Were you "Miss Morel took me," said Faith. "I

was dressed as a Summer Dawn, in pink Beatrix started. Clary dropped her work-box.

"Faith," cried they, in an unconsciou duet, "were you the Summer Dawn-Southwick was inquiring very earnestly the belle-the beauty-the observed of all

Faith Blossom's cheeks grew rosier than

"I-I believe there was only one Summer Dawn there," said she. "She is my little Ciderella," said old Miss Morel, who had come noiselessly in, and stood behind them. "And, God bless

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