

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The Story of a Man who Wanted to Explain his Case to His Honor Mr. Justice Parker—What the Learned Judge thought about it, and what he did.

Probably one of the most upright and conscientious Judges who ever occupied a seat on the Supreme Court bench of this Province, was Judge Robert Parker. There was a case about to be tried before him, and one of the principals interested, an Irish gentleman, well-known in St. John at the time, was not quite satisfied that his lawyer could do him full justice, as it was not possible for him to know as much about his side of the story as he knew himself. A bright idea struck him, that if he could only have some conversation with the Judge before the court opened, he would come out all right and gain the suit. Accordingly he called upon Judge Wilnot (supposing he was to preside), and after the usual salutations our litigant finding that he had a good listener in the Judge, commenced his story. Now, as Judge Wilnot was not to occupy the bench, and somewhat inclined to enjoy a little humor, our friend was even thrown off his guard, while the Judge, in a quiet way, encouraged him to proceed. All the points of the case were duly laid down—the absurdity of his opponent's contentions he as clearly demonstrated, and he could not see for the life of him how John Doe could possibly get the better of John Rowe, especially while so upright a Judge as Judge Wilnot was to hold the scales of justice in the Court House that day. As our friend waxed warm, the Judge nodded, signifying that Paddy was right and his opponent in the case would not have a leg to stand upon. After getting through with his story the Judge informed him that he was sorry, but Judge Parker was going to preside, and he would strongly advise him (Erin) to call upon him and state his case as he had to him, and no doubt Judge Parker would be interested.

In half an hour from this our friend stood in "the learned Judge's" porch—on the present site of Collector Ruel's (who is soon to be superannuated, because he is in good bodily condition, with all his wits about him) residence—and not many minutes afterwards was ushered into the presence of the worthy Judge, who looked the embodiment of Coke, Mansfield, Jeffries, and all the learned Jurists who ever held court at Westminster or, for that matter, the City Court of St. John, where one of the Aldermen used to help the City Clerk expound the law and consign some poor fellow to his merited fate. The Judge was tall, about six feet high, as erect as a beanpole, slim, very dignified of aspect, and while he would not kill a mouse, woe betide that individual who might attempt to deceive him, or give symptoms of crookedness in any way—in fact he was death upon all shams and imposters. I don't mean to imply that Erin was either. On one occasion a case was before his court when the issue turned upon smelling. It seems that ten witnesses swore that they did not smell anything (I suppose evidence rested upon some dead animal that had been secreted away and the endeavor was to convict the prisoners at the bar, suspected of having killed the animal) while the eleventh swore that he smelt a very bad smell, almost enough to knock him down. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the Judge, "you must believe this witness who smelt the smell, and not the eleven who could not smell anything at all." But in all his rulings Judge Parker was an ornament of the Bench of New Brunswick.

Well, it was in the presence of this most excellent Judge that our friend found himself, with hat in hand. "Is it yer honor who intends to hold Court this day?" "Yes," said the learned Judge. "Glad of it," was the reply—"will yer honor listen to me for a few minutes while I state a case in which I am largely interested to come before your honor—I'm sure a few words of explanation in my case will be of great use to yer honor—"

"Hoo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!" was the Judge's response at the tip-top of his voice—fire bursting from his eyes—while his arms would have done no discredit to John L. Sullivan.

Paddy was not long in finding the front door after that! AN OLD TIMER.

She Got the Facts. "Oh, I had my fortune told, and Miss Larkins broke off the engagement." "Why, is she as superstitious as that?" "Oh, no; but my fortune was told by Bradstreet and that settled me."—Harper's Bazar.

HE TRIED TO LOVE HIS NEIGHBOR. Love your neighbor as yourself, the preacher said; I treasured up the saying in my head, but to really love your neighbor involves a lot of labor.

When he plays upon a slide trombone. My neighbor's wife is winsome, so I said; Not loving him, I'll love his wife instead; This had suited me completely. It had not been that lately.

I received from him a broken bone. My neighbor's children I will love, I said; I patted them and bought them all a sled, but to this he put a stopper.

Did I take him for a pauper? So I let him run his ranch alone.

THE MISSING BRIDEGROOM.

A Mistake Which Was Easily, if Not Satisfactorily, Explained by Him.

A well-known business man, residing in a prosperous village in Victoria county, and a fair and popular husband, recently linked their fortunes together, and amid customary showers of rice, with the congratulations of mutual friends, embarked on the Grand Falls express for a brief bridal tour to Quebec, via the Temiscouata railway. Before departing, after a sumptuous wedding breakfast, the happy groom opened several cases of Moselle, and his future happiness and prosperity were pledged with the sparkling beverage by his male friends.

When Riviere du Loup was reached, the groom was so much exhilarated by the bliss that Cupid had lavished upon him that he soon determined to return to Edmundston, and boarded the Temiscouata express, as he imagined, in company with his bride. Tired with the journey, he courted Morpheus, and peacefully slumbered until Edmundston was reached, in the evening. The conductor awakened him some 20 minutes after the arrival of the train there, and he then inquired for his bride, but could obtain no information regarding her whereabouts. Thinking his cherished wife was huffed at his seeming neglect, he drove to the leading hotel, where he imagined she had preceded him, registered Mr. and Mrs. —, and retired to repose his wearied mind.

He arose early the next morning, and enquired for the number of the room occupied by his bride, but a ghastly pallor overspread his handsome features when the landlord informed him that no daughter of Eve had partaken of his hospitality for several days. Summoning a coach, he made enquiries at all the hostleries in the village, but could find no trace of his better half. Much alarmed, he wended his way



SHADOWGRAPHS.

to the telegraph office, flashed a message to Riviere du Loup, and awaited several weary hours for an answer. None came. His agonized brain could no longer endure the torture and suspense, and he boarded the first train for Riviere du Loup, where he imagined he and his blushing bride had taken the train for Edmundston. Reaching there, he discovered his wife of a day plunged in tears, and mourning her fate and the absence of her lord. He kicked himself several times, and implored her to kill him and thus satisfy her unquenched honor. She finally forgave him, but he has not yet quite forgiven himself.

S. J. C.

The Champion Mean Man.

Stanley, York county, is ahead of all competitors up to date. It has a man—a farmer in well-to-do circumstances—so mean that he walks to Fredericton, which is 25 miles away, and back sooner than squander \$1.25 on the train. He could drive to town if he wanted to but says it is wearing on the wagon.

This is not the man who breathes through his nose to save the wear and tear on his false teeth. No.

This is not the man who thinks he can make his cow give more milk by milking her on a sidehill. No.

This is not the man who, when his father died suddenly at his house, charged the estate 80 cents rent for the two days the corpse was in the building. No.

This is not the man who used to tie his hens to their nests so they couldn't stop laying. No.

This is not the man who always licks a postage stamp twice because there is nutriment in mucilage. No.

This is not the man who put green goggles on his horse so he couldn't tell straw from clover. Not at all.

But he gets there, my brother.

BILDAD.

SOMETHING FOR THE MEN

POINTS AS TO THE DUTY AT THIS FESTIVE SEASON.

The Trials and Tribulations of the Gentle Sex who do not Possess a Bank Account—Tests to which their Ingenuity is Put—Something about Soiled Gloves.

And extravagance remarked to selfishness "I'd rather be caught stealing meal from a blind hen than shopping with my wife." The sympathetic reply of selfishness was characteristic of the average man of the day, who agrees to devote one tenth of his yearly income to his wife, "to run the house on you know" and then finds so many profitable ways of investing the remaining nine-tenths that she soon realizes that "running the house" also includes the renting, repairing, refurbishing and meeting the demands of the small army of tax-collectors, plumbers, coal, wood, gas and laundrymen, church wardens and missionary societies, etc., etc. Then she is at liberty to devote the surplus to herself and children, looking forward with eager anticipation to the next drawing of the Louisiana lottery, when she may possibly be able to demonstrate her appreciation of this magnanimous spouse by providing him with a unique depository for the ashes and stubs of his affection. Bah! is it any wonder such men are ashamed to be caught shopping with their wives?

And now the festive season is again at hand when the daughters of these men (or the generality of them) would willingly collapse into a trance state. They would barter all they possess in exchange for a small bank account. Their "allowance" is also small—decidedly small—generally consisting of an occasional birthday V and any loose change they may catch "on the wing." However, the donations of last Christmas must be returned *p.o. rata* anyway. And in the selecting of

WOMEN OF BRAINS.

Need Any Ambitious Woman Despair of Her Own Success?

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is the youngest child of the late Henry G. Hubbard, one of Chicago's oldest and most distinguished citizens. As a child she was extremely delicate, but so bright that at the age of four she could read as well as most children at ten. At fifteen she graduated at the head of her class from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago. At sixteen she became the wife of Mr. Herbert C. Ayer, a then wealthy iron merchant of Chicago and Youngstown, Ohio. Society knew Mrs. Ayer as a leader, because of her wealth, her beauty, ability and hospitality. Her intimate friends knew her as a loving mother and noble woman. The poor as their friend, not in words alone, but always in deeds of kindness.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

She was then, as now, a person of the best impulses, and generous to a fault. The most remarkable thing, however, in the history of this interesting woman, is that, although born and reared in luxury, she met disaster bravely and unflinchingly when it came, thinking, as usual, more about the welfare of others than her own comfort and concern.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman whose history would read as far more improbable than the wildest fiction ever written, and of whom in recounting the sad story of her life—and how in a few hours she found herself instead of rich in millions, absolutely destitute with two little daughters to support—the New York Herald said, "She is a woman whom any country may be proud to call her daughter." To-day Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's name in the business world is a tower of strength. She has gained the confidence and respect of every business house with which she has had dealings. It has been her motto to always tell the truth. Her advertisements, which the whole country has read, are plain and truthful statements. The result of such a policy is this: Mrs. Ayer is the head of a great and prosperous business, founded by her, and to-day by her guided and directed in all its departments.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman of perfect breeding as a well-born American, cultured and accomplished, she has been cordially received by the literati and beau monde of London and Paris. She speaks French and Italian as fluently as English, and her knowledge of literature is very extensive.

How Mrs. Ayer accidentally obtained the formula for the famous Recamier Cream.

One day, in Paris, Mrs. Ayer, while suffering intensely from the scorching sun of a July journey across the English Channel, was offered a pot of cream by an old French lady friend, to be used on her face when retiring, being assured that it would do wonders in softening and beautifying the complexion. Its effects were so magical and so marvelous that Mrs. Ayer became anxious to possess the formula for the cream, which she learned was not an article to be bought. But the old French lady finally sold the recipe, which (so she told Mrs. Ayer) was used by her beautiful and famous ancestor, Julie Recamier, for forty years, and was the undoubted secret of her wonderful beauty, which Mme. Recamier retained until her death.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is the best of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots and blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after traveling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compound Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman, of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan. 1887. MRS. H. H. AYER. DEAR MADAM—Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is nothing in them that will harm the most delicate skin, which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopoeia as safe and beneficial in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours, THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.D., Ph.D.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c; unscented, 25c; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

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