BYGONE DAYS RECALLED O'Shanter crowd, ere Tam had m AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PROPLE AND EVENTS.

his old grey mare Meg, and his en with the witches on approaching the old brig of Doon a little on this side of the old

less Alloway Kirk. As the time work

with the

he Old Time Elections which Lasted Fortnight—An Incident of the Days wh Jordan and Partelew were Candidates Baudge and his Theory. XVII.

roofless Alloway Kirk. As the time wore on the noise increased, the momentum be-ing derived from the distillation of the old rye imbibed. Our little company was on the last piece of mince pie, and therefore ready for flight at a moment's notice, should be the therefore. Our assistance was days elections, many curious recollections of incidents pass through my mind in con-nection therewith. During one of those political campaigns, there were four of us, full of party strife and fight, on the side of the strongest battalions of course; for at this time, before the agitation for Respon-sible Government commenced, young be-ginners in business had to mind their p's and q's, or run their heads butt against the In speaking of the old times fourteen and q's, or run their heads butt agains and great officials and their hangers-on, and come off second best. There was no -11 bullet: for when you —each doing his utmost, as far as the ex-met doing his utmost, as far as the exvoted you were a marked man, if you didn't vote against your conscience, if you is neighbor's eyes; and, just at this mohad one, and in favor of the candidate you had one, and in favor of the candidate you perhaps despised. We four then hired a conveyance at our own expense—we wished to be independent-and at about the end to the falling of the walls of Jericho, and of the first week in the election, drove out as far as Loch Lomond to "see what was going on"-in other words to talk politics the peace of Her Majesty the Queen, her and draw the wool over the darkies' eyes, crown and dignity. We did not stand a and such white folks as would deign to moment upon the order of our going, when listen; and we flattered ourselves that we the partition came about our ears, but with made some converts to the side of John one common impulse all made for the barn Jordan and J. R. Partelow, both on the and got our horses harnessed quicker than county ticket. Their politics were of ever before, and were on the road again, minor importance, as we had none our-selves at that time. On going out we dis-me to write this. cussed a variety of subjects, some of them I now return to the scientific part of very erudite, while the occult sciences were the story. In less than half an ho not neglected-what none of us knew any- our dinner, each found himself on the scales thing about, we made it up in pretence, once more when nearer town, to find the truth and so the loudest and most earnest talker or falsity of Snudge's theory, and to settle gained his point in the argument. Mr. the bet who was to pay for the dinners. And Snudge, for example, laid down a deep it must be here added—for the truth should Snudge, for example, and down a court a laways be told—instead of each one weigh-tion, to the effect that a live fish placed in a tub of water, would not add anything to pounds added, according to the appetite and manufic consumed at dinner respecthe weight of tub and water combined, be-cause, said Snudge, he, the fish, being in is native element, was light and buoyant, and declared he would never bet again and like a bird flying, not touching the unless he was thoroughly "posted up" earth there was no gravitation and no fricscientifically; and he wound up by request tion. He further elucidated himself by ing that we would not say anything about saying that this fact was predicated upon it to anybody. All my companions have the principle that a man weighs heavier long since passed away, and I am the first before he eats his dinner than he does to tell the story. afterwards, no matter how much he stows away. As there was no pudding, we could have no proof of the truth of this THYCKKE FOGGE PAPERS. An Old Friend Returns to St. John after doctrine. None of us having tried the exan Absence of Several Years. periment, or expected to encounter any such learned dogma at election time, but natur-One bright day recently Some of Us ally thought that as Snudge had studied and mentally wondering as we neared the the whole thing out, he must be right, especially as the question had no bearing portals of the Royal, which of Us had a quarter, when our attention was speedily arrested and concentrated on an approach-

upon the pending election, one way or another, with the exception of our friend Jenkins who declared he was not going to admit any such trash as that without further evidence. Snudge was willing to bet any amount he was right. Jenkins replied that he was a poor man (in fact we were all poor alike) and not in the habit of betting, but he was willing to bet the price of the dinner for the whole company, his dander having got pretty well up by this time, that what Snudge had stated was an impossibility, and in order to test the thing far apart. satisfactorily he proposed that when we arrived at the Inn we should each weigh the Senator." The Senator it was, sure the big hay scales just outside the door, and after dinner repeat the operation. The bet was accepted, so that three of us were sure of a good dinner at the expense of the fourth, the loser. A memorandum book was brought into service-each party took his stand upon the platform, was short time were comfortably installed in weighed and his avoirdupois noted down.

an incident which seems to fit in here parenthetically, and as part of the story. nthetically, and as part of the story. The inn we put up at was an old affair, ult and fashioned in the Lovalist days. built and fashioned in the Loyalist days, the headquarters of all parties, without favoring anyone in particular. Everybody was welcome who had money to pay his way. There was a barroom at the end of the entrance hall, which was always well patronized even on other than election occasions. On the left side of the hall on entering the house, there was a long room party sought to obtain quarters and some-thing to eat—for by this time, 3 p. m., we were all pretty well attenuated. In due time dinner was on the table, and we fell to with a will. In the next room John Barleycorn seemed to be in the ascendant, for there was noise enough made for twenty persone, though probably there may not have been a dozen, even less than the Tam

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

Where to be is Living, not Existing-A Spot where the Peet, Philosopher and Lover of the Good to be Got out of Life may Rest and be Content.

Sweet inn from pain and wear The place.- It is a suburb of Elysium, which it would not suit our purpose more definitely to locate. Listen to this account of it in rhyme:

Ashhurst has a restful quiet, And I seek it oft; Fow the feet that e'er pass by it, And their tread is soft;— Shadows of the ash trees tall On the mossy dooryard fall.

Ashhurst has a cosy study Just above the door; Just above the door; You may see the windows ruddy Ere the day is o'er; When the thrush is in the wood, And the west is rosey hued.

Ashhurst has a singer living In its pleasant shade; One to whom is Nature giving Evermore her aid;-Simple is the life he leads-Few his wants as are his needs

Ashhurst, it is vocal ever, With his tuneful words, Sung so easily that never More so sing the birds; All its leafy door-yard trees Catch his airy melodies. Ashhurst for me ever gladly Ashburst for me ever gladly Hangs its latchstring out;— May I never come and sadly Looking all about, Find no latchstring in the door, And a shadow all things o'er.

The Owner.-He was not long there; e is not tall; he does not wear--'I became acquainted with him in the mer of 18-, and have known him as a lover of poetry and poets, of the woods and fields, and have passed with him many of the happiest moments of my life. know almost nothing of his history prior to -

our after

AN OLD TIMER.

, if he - "I must ask my friend . has his essays, With Rod and Creel, in the mailable form. I would like you to read them, for I feel sure you would like them. He and I are frequently together." . . Our New England Walton is fond of his quiet life, and loves choice society, who can follow up a "trotting burn" all day

That man of heavenly memory, Who with his Bryan and a book, ered long days near Shawford-brook, In pleasant discourse, wherein we His singleness of heart can see, Inviting us to love the good, The meek and quiet habitude.

for I went to see you. When you do come were aimlessly strolling up King Street, we will go to Ashurst-about six miles dis tant-and, if the season be winter, we will toast our toes before the great wood fine in the quaint study; while if it be summ we will sit under the tall ash trees by the ing figure. It was that of an elderly gen-tlemen, not very tall, but rather stout, with Concord, which has become a classic stream, a cheery bright face, clean shaved save for but it has lost nothing of its sluggishness It is as "easy" as the Scheldt*; but its a slight gray side-whisker, and wearing a banks at B---- are picturesque. . pair of gold rimmed spectacles; benevo-You have in me a friend that enjoys lence beamed from every feature, good smoke occasionally; but he avoids a clay nature and good humor, too, shone and sparkled from behind the bright pebbles pipe and 'mungus dungus.' He is not proud of the habit, neither is he ashamed that adorned his nasal organ, determination of it.

spoke in his brisk step, and his dress showed that poverty and he were wide and -"If your ears should burn some night this week do not be surprised, for I expect "Great Scott," said First of Us, "if it ain't R- and M- here to tarry over night,

we hear so much about, and the verdict would go in favor of Snudge or Jenkins. The rest of the company were all safe. Before I state the result of the bet as determined by the irrefragible evidence adduced after dinner, I wish to intervent

DEAR RESTFUL ASHURST. A MEDLEY OF LIFE BY CONCORD'S CLASSIC STREAM. Where to be is Living, not Existing - A Sect "I wrote to R— last evening, upon the inspiration of a joint letter from Ashrst. Am I not human to be envious of hurst. Am I not human to be envious a such delights, who must be here, 'uneasy and confined at home,' when I have a peep into such a circle? My imagination is full, 'My heart is strangely stirred !' And those books ! Take down the well-worn copy of

your Burns, and turn to the page w reads"_ 805"— Roll, ye wild win's, an' drive the snow ' Ye rudest tempests, wrathfu' blow! Ye do but brighten mair the glow-The festive gleam That Ashhurst's cordial evenings know

dial evenings know, By Concord's stream Roll, ye wild win's, e'en as ye please, Thro' our mild Hermit's shelt'ring trees Sweeter the calm within, if breeze

Without may blow The frere wha hears your music sees His hearth-fire glow

And haply R——h and M——y there, Make the bright scene mair bright an' fair; An' the assembled Muses rare, Complete the joy That angry Winter's utmost blare Can ne'er destroy.

Then, while the drift-wood sparklin' burns, The steaming tea he deftly turns, Wha fitly tents a' sic concerns Close by himsel'; An' hantles washboards, besoms, airns, An' pens, as well.

An' while the cakes gae roun' the board,

An' this is praised, or that preferred, Slipped in is mony a frien'ly word Ilk charm to hear O sang and story-mony a hoard O' wisdom rare.

Roll, ye wiid win'a'--the drifts pile higher Round this delightsome warblin' choir ! Our Walton weel shall feed the fire, To light up clear; An' wi' his sunny face inspire The e'enin's cheer.

hen to the pipes; an' while the reck Curls fragrant o'er each poet-cheek, -Whist! . . let nane be sae bold as speak Till's words be warm ! Lət ratton run, or mousie squeak— Break not the charm.

But when the bole lemes clear, an' glows, F_LL And like a pawkie furnace lowes, An' the saft incense greets your nose, A' ripe an' rare,— Oh, then, discoorse 'maist freely flows Frae chair to chair.

An' haply R-h will syke, an' say,-"The night is joost as gude as day, An' oor December's maist like May, [La Grippe I wish that F-x cam' this way,

To stap, the noo!" An saft the Hermit will reply,— "I'd gie my lugs were he but nigh, Wad this sweet pipe enraptured ply, An' no'think't lang, Unless he slipt a sarnin sly Intil his sang."

Roll, ye wild win's in rude affray, From chilliest eve to dawnie' gray! Dear frien's, in social concord stay By Ashhurst's hearth. There's one who lo'es ye, though away,

An' joys i' y'r mu

Shall not I go to Ashhurst straightway, while the latch string is out, the fire burns, and the guests are waiting? PASTOR FELIX.

Why They Want Legs.

Why They Want Legs. I remember once having some conver-sation with the purveyor of "fleshings" He explained to me how the "fleshings"— in which ballet girls incase their legs, or, perhaps, I should say how the legs— are made. The artist fits on a tricot. He then marks where the legs are defective, and he has the tricot thickened at these places. "Calves," he said, "give us the greatest trouble. Nature generally makes then wrong. They are either too high or too low, and we have to work in the calves so as to remedy this and to make the "Great Scott," said First of CS, intermediate the Senator." The Senator it was, sure enough, and in a few moments he was shaking hands with All of US, enquiring after our separate and individual healths and so on. "Come round to my place boys," said he, "and join me in the usual." The artist told me have a symposium, truly . . I assure you that you will be welcome here, and that "the latch string is always out' for you..." —"If you could come in and chat with me now . . . Here lies my dog (Guy, in English heagle by birth) the latch seems that



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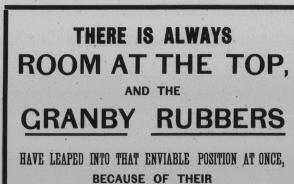
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THE DIAL'S

Go, Cupid; say to her I h That roses fall and time I watch the dial's shadow And walt—and wait—to For youth is sunshine on the And love is but an old, of The years may dense the the years may dance with The shadow moves—so

Go, Cupid, beekon with yo That sweetest chance as For we must woo, rememb How fast the roses fail at And of the dial long ago. The pavement sunk with Saw Youth and Love meet And whisper by the old

Go, Cupid, tell the maid I How many in the courty. What laughing lips and wi In love's delight their be The ruffs, brocade and buc How softly down the pat With gallants gay in old w. When crowns and kingdo

Go, Cupid, sleep; your che And we can woo among ti Romance is but a weary tal Monotonous from all the

And love like ours, oh, ne

LITTLE

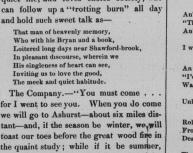
"Untie the dog !" calls from the door of the ado him, I say !" The dog, a big, fiero was tugging at his chain ously at a dark, thin littl evidently atraid to ventur and totally incapable of u was ordered to. The boy looked timidily cast a frightened glance was between two fires, gasp of terror, solved faceing from both. His flew over the ground, and in the tall growth of mu bright yellow blossoms al How fragrant, and still Looking up at the golden in the breeze, he saw hi to and fro, dipping thei flower after another, and all, without a cloud to sapplire.

all, without a cloud to sapphire. In the meantime, Joel 1 fastened the dog, given h the doorway, and stood, v watching him est. Mr. Edwards was an A hard-working and honest bear the hardships of a fr have little or no charity fo physivue and less courage he had gone to Arizona f town, and, after minin success, had taken up a ra the Mexican border. Then he married a pre-built an adobe house, cl around it, and was now a sulte of the hard work an the Mexican girl had m wife, and was perfectly co humble surroundings. Joel was a proud and h

Joel was a proud and h his son was born. His mo him Leon, and, as he was Spaniard in looks, the seemed appropriate. Hi him "Little Lion," for "h brave and strong as the kin be said. ne said.

brave and strong as the kin he said. But as Leon grew older his love for him, for Leo him in every way. He was sitive to a fault, disliked shrank from everything gotten, and, lying on his b of a tall eucalyptus-tree. he would sing until every b ing grew envious at his ain bird calls. Then his timid sturdy father, to whom fear "Josefe," called Joel "little jack-rabbit is afraid will be afraid of the cow an "He will grow more like the dark-eyed mother; in a in good time. You expect man at ten. Wait a while house and sped lightly dow the growth of mustard when taken refuge. It looked wild and desola

aken refuge. It looked wild and desola man, even though the setting glorious banners all over cactus plants reached thr toward her; the sage bushe if shaken by hidden foes; ev mustard blossoms looked les usual.



will be here this week, and then we will Us, in a breath. "Because," answered the sage, "I have talk of you, but not as gossip mongers. . .' -"Well, here I am, at Ashhurst, with M-, having come hither yesterday afteryou may imagine that I had a task when I noon. I am now in the 'quaint study;' a wood fire (a drift-wood fire) is crackling returned. By-the way, I noticed a new . . .; the sunlight lies pleasantly on the paper in the pile, and one that appears to carpet; and Guy-the beagle-stretches me as very necessary in our or any comhimself on the comfortable rug. M - - ismunity. PROGRESS strikes me as a paper that has come to stay, and if it retains its at my right engaged in looking through a very interesting scrap-book. W----, a comer to this fair place, is toasting his toes present independent status, there is no reason that it should not succeed. The entering the house, there was a long room extending fore and aft, the whole length of the building, divided into two apart-ments by means of a temporary wooden partition which served the purpose of folding doors, in order that pri-vate parties of a dozen or more might be kept separate, whether for dining or caucusing, or what not. One of these large rooms was already occupied by a number of bois-terous and bumptuous politicians, made up of vinegar and sweet oil, when our little

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the second second second

"I wish I had told Leon that left the reservation. It for him to be away from the

had left the reservation. It for him to be away from the whispered. Tushing aside the mustar called into the yellow dej Leon!" Hark! there was a r the waving mass! Loud! "Leon, Leon, come home " and fied to the house, half.! nervous terror that made her She sank down on the fanning her flushed tace with and sent one more call to looked up from his rifle. "Didn't you tell little jac the Indians might be lurking to keep close to the house ?" "O Joel, you tell little jac the Indians might be lurking to keep close to the house ?" "O Joel, you tell him to Every shadow would have se dian, and he would not h work," ahe answered, with a look that disarmed the wor blame trembling on his lips. "So you did not tell him?" Auth im up." Rifle in hand Tiger, the dog, ran ahead, the ground, and Joel kept for he knew Tiger could find 1 Although there was no re immediate danger, yet Josete in mervous about the boy's abee new that her husband shared When, in about fifteen min them coming rapidly toward a prayer of thanksgiving to