

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The Fortune Hunting Craze that Struck St. John Years Ago—The Finding of Pearls and Discovery of Coal Mines—Excited Digging Gangs.

A generation or two ago there was a craze for getting suddenly rich by the discovery of a mine of some kind. Everybody knew that we had an abundance of rock, granite, lime stone, albertite, manganese, if not auriferous deposits such as they had over the way. The prospectors were busy in all directions. Even pearls were not uncommon finds in one or two of the streams in Kings county, a county so rich in brilliants, flashing their meteor lights through the pages of journalism, and sometimes focussed in our legislative halls, whether in Ottawa or Fredericton, to say nothing of extinct stars which have exhausted themselves in the floods of light they poured forth while in a state of conuscation moving in their respective orbits.

Yes, there were pearls discovered in those days, so a good many persons believed; but somehow or other I never saw but one, and that one was trotted out and did duty about once a year, by being exhibited in a certain St. John jewelry store, and served as a capital advertisement for said establishment. The announcement ran something like this: "A beautiful pearl, pure as crystal, was found in the Mill stream, K. C., by a lumber operator, and may be seen at the store of \_\_\_\_\_, Prince William street. It is believed that pearls abound in large numbers in King's county, and a good business will yet be done in this line." But it was the same old pearl every time. Then the finest Turkish stone for sharpening tools was discovered upon the Miramichi, equal to the best the world could produce. Like the pearl fisheries, this mine of wealth also came to naught. Then we had black lead better than any other country could produce. After undermining the projecting rock and soil from whence starts the Cantilever bridge at the falls, we gave that enterprise up as a bad job; if anybody will take the trouble of walking upon the shore just below the east end of said bridge, he will see what fearful inroads have been made at the base of the hill, by the black lead miners.

As mining was all the rage at the time to which reference is now being made, it was discovered by no less a person than one of the newspaper reporters that a most valuable coal deposit existed near Flemming & Humbert's foundry, near where now stands our railway freight houses, and the coal was of the best quality. The announcement set everyone agog. Persons flocked over in hundreds to see what a coal mine looked like, while many predicted that St. John, "the Liverpool of America," would yet have a fleet of coal barges supplying the world, equal to the port of Sydney or New Glasgow. Sure enough, there were the men digging for all they were worth, or rather for what they got, turning out the coal in shovels-full; by this time they had got down some five feet, so that the tops of their heads could only be seen, like those of the soldiers in the trenches just before the fall of the Malakoff and Redan. The crowds, unawed by the Russians, hung about the pit's mouth. But it soon got noised abroad that the Mine had exploded, and no loss of life. It turned out that this deposit of coal had been made by Messrs. Flemming & Humbert in the fall previous, nearly in front of their premises, and by this time (last of February) the ice and snow had completely banked it up, and the top of the coal was some feet below the surface—so that when the Reporter was passing along he took in the whole situation, and being in want of a paragraph, the happy thought struck him that he would write something worth while even though it might border on the apocryphal. But this hoax contained fact enough to give it a reasonable foundation—for the men were certainly digging out coal and they were in a deep pit working downwards. However, they soon touched the bottom. The Reporter's wages were raised that week.

AN OLD TIMER.

A SUBJECT FOR PITY.

The Valuable Lesson in Geography Which Astonished a Southern Gentleman.

Not long ago, a friend of mine, who was a native of Nova Scotia, was taking a trip up the Hudson, on one of the river steamers. During the voyage, he made the acquaintance of a South Carolinian, who proved to be a most entertaining companion. In the course of the conversation the Southerner remarked: "You are an Englishman, are you not?"

"No," answered my friend, "I am from Nova Scotia." "Nova Scotia?" gasped the warm blooded son of the South; "where is the place, anyway?" "Now Nova Scotians are proverbially patriotic, and this one was no exception to the general rule. So he answered with dignity: "It's up beside Nova Zembla." "For heaven sake," said the Southerner, "how do you live there?" "Oh, we live in the bears' dens in winter and the Indians dig us out in the Spring," was the reply. The Southerner gazed pityingly at his new friend for a moment, and at last his sympathy found a vent in words. "God help you," he cried; "come and have a glass of mulled claret!"

FALLING IN LOVE.

Mr. Strange Describes What it is Like When one has got There.

I don't think there is anything in the whole plan of nature that is such a puzzle to me as this falling in love! There is an awful mystery about it, well calculated to cause the boldest heart to quake, because you never know what is going to happen to you. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall"—in love! surely that text expresses the daily and hourly danger to which we are exposed, better than the wisdom of centuries.

We go forth in the morning cheerfully, bravely. We belong to ourselves, and we don't love anyone else as well, but we little know what my happen to us ere we clamber once more into our little white bed, perchance to toss restlessly where we erstwhile snored in peace till the brazen tongue of the second breakfast bell drew us like a magnet from our couch. It is a solemn thing to lie awake a whole night haunted by a vision of a pair of eyes, perhaps of velvety brown, or clear truthful blue, or inscrutable exquisite grey, it does not matter which, so long as they are hers.

"Whether her hair be raven, or golden, Whether her eyes be hazel or blue I know that my heart will cherish that color, Some day as the loveliest hue."

You go to church some morning arrayed in respectability as in a garment, and also in a high shirt collar and a tall and shiny hat, little dreaming that it is the last Sunday you will sally forth in manly meditation fancy free.

You carefully select your seat, choosing one which commands a good view of the choir, and leaning forward inhale the imaginary perfume emanating from the lining of your hat for a few decorous seconds.

Having thus cleansed your conscience and shriven your soul, you settle yourself and begin to take notice.

And just one seat in front she sits, you know it is she from a certain indefinable feeling in the left centre of your waistcoat. She is a stranger in town, a visitor. And you leave that church carrying in your mind only one distinct impression; and that is a picture of a head of soft brown hair surmounted by a navy blue bonnet—navy blue goes so well with brown hair—ashell like ear undisfigured by the barbaric ear-ring, and a delicious vision of creamy cheeks, half hidden by the detestable monstrosity which has gained an undeserved popularity this winter, the fur ruff, and which makes the fairest of Eve's daughters resemble—pardon the thought—an old fashioned "Jack in the box." Or perhaps your fate overtakes you in the ball-room.

You array yourself for conquest in a general way. Of course you expect to make an impression, you would not be human and a man if you didn't, but nothing is farther from your intention than being impressed yourself. If the dear girls will insist on loving you how can you help it? It is the fault of nature for making you so irresistible, and you have scarcely been in the room five minutes before your hostess introduces you to her niece from Montreal. Montreal girls are proverbially fetching, and this one has that rarest and sweetest combination of charms, "hazel eyes and fair hair."

Need I say more? Of course not. You are not more than usually susceptible, but before that evening is over you are quite certain that if all the angels have not got hazel eyes and golden hair, they ought to have, that's all. Now, of course, I know that numbers of people walk into love and crawl into love. Perhaps the great majority do, but I am only speaking now of those happy few, who have illustrated in their own persons the good old phrase, "Falling in love," who fell suddenly and swiftly, and stayed there. Who met their fate, and knew by a sudden electric flash that she was their fate. It was not that they were afraid there would not be enough girls to go round, and so tried to secure the first one they could. No! It was the dear old love-at-first sight that our grandfathers and grandmothers believed in, and so often experienced, but which I am afraid is very much out of fashion now.

However, whether he come slow or fast, Love rules the world still, and he is likely to wield his sceptre for many a century to come, and to find his way into any heart he covets.

Where the midge dares not venture, Lest herself fast she lay. If Love come, he will enter, And find out the way. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

LINES

Written after looking at some views in the suburbs of St. John, N. B., in the Dominion Illustrated.

I know how fair the sunny mornings rise O'er those dear distant hills— I know how deeply blue the arching skies, What peace the landscape fills.

When evening's beauteous lights their tints unveil, And softly shines afar, In tender radiance, o'er hill and dale The lovers' twilight star!

I know how fresh and free the strong air blow 'Til from the encircling sea! To other eyes than mine? They bring no more to me.

The dreams that nestled round my heart the while I walked those pleasant ways, And looked, while wrapped in youth's gay morning smile, Through her transporting haze!

These all have flown—but does it look the same To other eyes than mine? Do others mark the well known glories flame At morn and vesper time?

Do feet that bound to the heart's music still Frequent each lovely spot? Then, then—my star, shine on o'er dale and hill, Shine on, and miss me not! Marian J. Wills.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

—SUITABLE FOR—

ANY AGE, of EITHER SEX, and AT ANY DESIRED PRICE, can be had at



98 and 100 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES!



A Coat of Paint will cover a multitude of Faults.

HOUSE OWNERS will get rents sooner for it. Housewives will be happier for living in harmony—of color. And when you decide to have the exterior and interior of your homes neat and handsome, get estimates of cost from A. G. STAPLES, Plain and Decorative Painter, 175 Charlotte street. He will do the work as well and as reasonable as any other.

Ladies who read this should remember that a room has to be made ready with the painter's skill and brush before it is fit for elegant furniture. Have one beautiful room, at least, in your house. Give it over to the painter for a little while and you will not regret it. Mr. STAPLES makes a specialty of interior decoration. Call on him and get his ideas.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY AND BILL

Have a Hard Time Raising Money for The Christmas Holidays.

This is a hokey lookin' Christmas as far as its got, 'cause a feller wouldn't know what it was comin' so soon only somebody tore the slips of the calendar. Just as soon's a feller gets his sled irons bright all the snow goes off and then they gets rusty again. Pa says he thinks he'll move over to the North End and then he'll buy me a bote go's I kin sail along the streets till the snow comes. I don't think I'd like ter be a northender much.

Me and Bill's been trying to be good friends with everybody, 'cause its dooced hard gettin' any money for Christmas, but when we try to get good friends everybody says there's somethin' in the wind. I don't think the maiden ladies across the street will have us to go any more errands, 'cause when we went fer their bakin' sugar we bought it from a honest grocery man and put the sand in ourselves, so we didn't haveter buy so much as they told us to, and when we went fer the woman-downstairs's vinegar she said its the weakest vinegar she ever saw, so I guess she won't have us any more either. A young feller can't make no money, no how.

I guess we'd a been bankrupts if we didn't have that cat show, on'y we'd a made more money out a nigger minstrel, but we couldn't get none of the fellars to be actors, 'cause they said what me and Bill kep all the gait recets last time, and what we put stuff in the blackin' what wouldn't let it come of they're faces again. Any-

how, people don't come to our shows so much now, 'cause all their mothers says to keep away from Bill and me, jest as if we're rinoscerises or something.

We thort we'd have a dorg show, on'y we couldn't git enough dorgs, and besides, when we caught a few, one fellar come along and said his purp cost \$25, and what he'd break our derved little necks if we ever toucht it again, and I'd a awful time keepin' him talkin' while Bill ontied the string what we had around the dorg's legs and neck to keep him quiet. We got enough cats in two nights to have a pretty good show, but we'd a got a hole lot more the next nite on'y we'se scared the neighbors would git up in the middle of the nite and let 'em all out, they'se mewin' and squeelin' so.

Bill and a fellar from the back street was the orchestra consistin' of a tin whistle and a dinner kittle, and I'se the lecturer. I says there would a been a pretty good show, on'y all the cats broke loose among the awjence and sitch squeelin' you never heard. All the awjence fell down atween the seats and commenced cryin' like anything and I ordered the orchestra to strike up a lively toon so's to make the awjence keep cool, but it wasn't no use. One young fellar's got a scratch across his fourhead and a girl got a long one on her rist, and pa says what maybe they'll turn to hide-ye-fober-er-ye or somethin' and then there'll be the doocce to pay. Bill and me's glad 'cause the cats didn't break loose afore we got all the tickets sold, 'cause we didn't lose nothin'.

There's good skatin' on the lake this week. The fellar what goes with Bill's sister thinks he's a doocce of a fine backward skater. He skated with me backwards the other nite, and I went frontwards ahold a hands, so I steered him inter a hole and he got a awful duckin' clean up to his side whiskers. JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

24th Annual Sale

AT REDUCED PRICES.

Commencing Monday, December 2nd, 1889.

Handsome English Walking Jackets; Mantles, Cloaks, Ulsters and Dolmans; Children's Coats, Infant's Cloaks; Dressing Gowns, Bath Gowns and Dressing Jackets; Infant's and Children's House Dresses.

Liberal Reductions in Prices for the XMAS HOLIDAYS.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

The Enterprise Meat Cutter!

BEST IN THE WORLD.

No Kitchen Complete without One.

Makes the HARDEST LABOR of the Kitchen easy.

3 SIZES.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.

CHRISTMAS TINWARE AND HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE, in great variety and at right prices.

All Housekeepers should pay our Store a visit before the HOLIDAYS.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE, 94 KING STREET.

China Tea Sets.

I have just received and am now showing the FINEST assortment of CHINA TEA SETS ever offered in this City.

Prices as Low as ever. C. MASTERS.

COLONIAL BOOK STORE!

We beg to announce to the public that in addition to our KING STREET STORE, we have secured the premises on MARKET SQUARE, known as the SHEFFIELD HOUSE, for the approaching

HOLIDAY SEASON,

where we have opened a LARGE STOCK OF HOLIDAY GOODS, including BOOKS of every description, BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, Albums, Desks, Booklets, Christmas Cards, and FANCY GOODS of all kinds.

T. H. HALL.

XMAS IS COMING!

Nothing can be more appreciated for a CHRISTMAS PRESENT than a good Overcoat, Suit or Pair of Pants.

THE CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL

is the spot where you will see one of the FINEST STOCKS OF CLOTHING to select from in the City.

All goods are MARKED DOWN LOW FOR CASH during the HOLIDAY SEASON.

A fine assortment of NECKWEAR, all styles and prices; SILK HANDKERCHIEFS in abundance; UNDERWEAR, in Scotch and Canadian wear; A full stock of SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, BRACES, GLOVES, etc.

A fine line of TWEEDS, consisting of English, Scotch and Irish Tweeds. All work got up in FIRST-CLASS STYLE and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, City Market Clothing Hall, - - - - 51 CHARLOTTE STREET.

KERR'S Confectionery.

New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE.

Cream Chips, over 7,000 packages sold within the last few months. ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS.

70 KING STREET, 28 DOCK STREET, Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL, Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLAN'S.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your HOLIDAY GIETS.

We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WIDLIAM STREET.

GET YOUR Pictures Framed

AT GORBELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street. Finest English and American Studies Rented at reasonable rates. Mantel Mirrors and Fire Screens made at short notice.