WE ARE AHEAD OF TIME.

The New Year Comes but Once
Where PROGRESS Comes 52 Times,
And PROGRESS, they say, "Strikes Twelve"
A good deal oftener than any clock does.

So Every Subscriber is Sure of A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

FOOLS AND THEIR FOLLY.

PROVINCIALISTS WHO FALL PREY TO BUNCO MEN.

They Can't Be Cured of their Confiding Innocence and Ought to be Kept at Home —Echoes of the Election and Other Hub Happenings.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BOSTON, Dec. 25.—The present crusade against the importation of foreign actors recalls to mind the muttered growl we sometimes hear from certain of our fellow-citizens against the coming here of provincial mechanics to work in the summer and return home in the winter. All sorts of things were threatened against this offending class at one time, and names more expressive than polite were hurled at them by "citizens" of another derivation, the ink upon whose naturalization papers was hardly dry. It has never amounted to anything more, however, and but little is heard of it now-a-days. The important part the British-Americans, a large portion of whom are provincialists, took in the recent overturning of the Boston "ring" has gained a great prestige for them among the better element of our somewhat mixed society. They contributed largely both money and workers to help carry the election for good government, and now, unlike most other so-called independent political organizations, they are not clamoring for recognition in the shape of offices and honors. Not a clamor has been heard from them.

* * *

The British-American movement, by the way, may yet be credited with another honor during the coming year. Nothing less, in fact, than being the cause for the birth of a new daily paper. From the foundation laid by the successful *British-American Citizen* it is probable that something more important will rise. Although Boston already has eight daily papers, none of them fills the particular field that this proposed candidate for public favor will. It will take advanced ground on temperance, religious, social and moral questions, and cater generally to the best element. Nothing definite has been formulated yet, but there is an abundance of capital and "solid" men behind the enterprise. Robert J. Long, himself an ex-provincialist, who has brought the *British-American Citizen* to its present successful position, will probably be the managing editor of the new paper, if it is started. At any rate, I know of no one who could—better fill the position.

* * *

William Lee, of the Cumberland Coal company of Nova Scotia, met a stranger at the Eastern R. R. passenger station yesterday afternoon and, after a short chat, loaned him $10, receiving a check for $26 as security. The stranger has disappeared.

From this familiar text could be preached a sermon that would have as wide an application as the weekly expoundings of Talmage or Phillips Brooks. But what would be the use? It would only be time and type thrown away. Absolutely wasted.

How many times and oft has William Lee, under different various names, stalked along before the eyes of Boston newspaper readers in the same old, ridiculous role! How many times have the self-same readers shrugged their shoulders and exclaimed: "The same old story; another 'down-homer' taken in and done for"; while William himself was ruefully kicking his own personality in some dark corner.

What is there about provincialists that makes them so often and so easy a prey to the swindler and the confidence men drifting around seeking whom they can devour? Are they so confidingly innocent in their nature that they cannot hold their own against even the most palpable swindlers with smooth tongue and "winning" ways that come along? They are seldom suspected of any such weakness in their own country; why should they be so gullible here? Time and time again such cases come to light. Sometimes you hear of a verdant Maine or Vermont farmer being roped in like this, but much oftener you hear of a Nova Scotian or New Brunswicker. If they were all simply unsophisticated pilgrims from back-country districts where the toot of the locomotive whistle is never heard and the only literature is that which comes around infrequent bundles of merchandise, you wouldn't mind it so much. But the trouble is, they are not. Every other mother's son of them is a native of Halifax or St. John, or some other large and enlightened centre, and frequently men who are looked upon as very Solomons in their own community. Here, for instance, comes William Lee waltzing along and falling into a trap that a 10-year-old Boston boy would see through at once, and yet William is the agent of a large business concern, and supposed to be the proprietor of at least a small allowance of brains. He lost $10 through his verdancy, and you might rake over the whole of New England with a fine-tooth comb and fail to discover a man who has any sympathy for him. The only wonder is that he didn't lose more. This sort of thing is getting monotonous. Moreover, it brings provincialists as a people into disrepute; and the worst of it is, there seems no good reason for it. From every steamer-load of people that land in Boston from the provinces, at least one falls the prey to the omnipresent sharper, or if that doesn't happen, some good-looking girl, whose name figures on the passenger list, mysteriously disappears from the sight of her friends.

What's the remedy for it? Nothing, probably, for as long as those kind of folks persist in coming to Boston with any spare change in their pockets, the change will continue to be converted into bogus checks or brass jewelry in the same familiar fashion. One thing those unconscious traducers of their own country might do, and that is to refrain from revealing their assininity to the police and through them to the newspapers. It is pretty rough on the rest of us.

POINTERS.

The local exchange editors analyzed the Holiday PROGRESS with unusual particularity last week. You can guess what their verdict was.

H. R. Robertson, the noted raft builder, and Captains Conro and Knox, all of St. John-by-the-Cantilever-Bridge, were in town last week.

THOMAS F. ANDERSON.

Special Low Prices during the Holiday Season. All Goods at cut rates to clear, at McArthur's, 80 King Street.

ESTRANGED.

Since first your letter came to me,
And brought the bitter word that ends
Life's one, divine felicity,
The sweet companionship of friends,

My heart the agony has known
That blights a lily's lovely life,
When, sudden at her waxen zone,
She feels the bee's keen-bladed knife.

Love had so long within its power
Possessed us both—who dreamed to part—
You, like the robber of the flower—
I, with a dagger in my heart?

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Once a Week.

THE MULCAHEYS' CHRISTMAS.

They Have No Relations to Dinner and Johnny Finds It Lonesome.

I wonder if my parents thinks what their young son's a fool, and don't know what Sandy Claws is. Sure I knowed ever sence the time I put milasses and pins in my stockin' and pa got his hand all scratched and sticky. I jist hung it up fer fun, though, 'cause a feller always gits more when he does. It'd make you laugh to see pa fillin' it, and when I coughed he made believe readin' a paper. I got a terboggin. I guess pa muster been excited 'cause ma'll raise the dooce purty soon, 'cause she says they're dangeris things fer boys to play with. I got some other things and a knife. I aint got the knife now, 'cause I was cuttin my name on the parler table when ma cum in and took a fit of vilant highstericks. If it hadn't been Chrismis I guess I'd a got sumthin'.

We had a hunky dory dinner, only it was lonesome, 'cause we only moved to St. John last spring, and ma's parents and all of them didn't come, too. Pa says what he never knowed what true Chrismis happiness was afore. But I guess he's lyin', 'cause he fired a overshoe at the cat when I made my little squeeker what I got go under the table, and at last he put the cat out and slammed the door, an' said some poetry.

Ma's got a awful lot of relashins anyhow, and so's pa, and they're all the time fitin' about which is best; but ma's a woman, and she always gits there. Two turkeys ain't nowhere when we're livin' near pa's and ma's relashins. They're good fun, tho', 'cause they belong to the country, and a fellar kin make them do anything, an' it's jist bully to see them dancing when yer set fire crackers orf in their close.

Ma says what she never seen sitch a lot of men bein' full as there was. So she didn't let pa get out. It was a pretty hard job fur her, I guess, after I put the pieces of gum drops in pa's neck, and got Norphin barkin' jist to see what pa would say. Pa said it was unbearible so it was.

This ain't much of a place to have Christmas any how, 'cause its to muddy and wet.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

D. McArthur, 80 King street, is selling Ladies' Purses, Albums, Bibles, Church Services and Miscellaneous Stock of all kinds at Special Reductions during the Holiday Season.

REQUIEM FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Eleven o'clock! and the dying year
Shivers and moans, as his end draws near,
Feebly stirs on his snowy bed,—
An hour more, and the year will be dead.

Dead! with the hopes and the fears that he brought.
Dead! with the joys and the sorrows he wrought.
No flowers are left to wreathe on his bier,
And no one will give him a farewell tear.

And yet, we met him with open arms,
And hearts that were won by his youthful charms;
When he came in the night, mid the frost and snow,
With an icicle crown on his infant brow.

But now he is old and his reign is o'er:
He'll bring us laughter and song no more;
He leaves us now with a last sad sigh,
For his work is done and he needs must die.

Twelve o'clock! bid the year farewell!
Are we glad or sorry? it's hard to tell—
For the parting guest we are eager to speed,
But the guest that is coming we welcome, indeed.

Lay him away in his coffin cold,
With a tender thought for a friend so old;
And make him a grave in the ice and the frost,
For the Old Year's dead, but he is not lost.

And a welcome give to the new-crowned king,
Who comes to us gayly, while sweet bells ring,
With the moonlight sheen on his fair young head—
For the new King reigns—and the old is dead.

CECIL GWYNNE.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS.

Christmas has come and gone. Some are sorry and some are glad. Presents have been "swapped" and given, hundreds have been made happy, and others are anything else. There are unfortunate creatures in this world who are not really happy at Christmas time, though the cause of their unhappyness may seem foolish and groundless to some. They are the people who cannot buy presents. It is not always lack of money that causes the trouble. It is sometimes an acknowledged want of judgment; or, as more than one has exclaimed during the last few weeks, "I really don't know what to buy." Then again there are those who thought they "had to buy presents," and have had this experience. Such persons had not to buy presents, and should not have given them. To my mind there is no such thing as having to give a present. If it is not given from the heart, to one whom you esteem, it is not a gift.

One of the pleasantest occasions I ever experienced was a presentation. It was made by the employees of a gentleman very liberally supplied with wealth. Although the present was the very best the employees could afford, in the way of expense—for they were few in number—the gentleman might have purchased it at a store any day as a mere passing fancy. The presentation was not an elaborate affair, not even as much so as the employees had anticipated. When the time arrived for the event, everybody showed too much emotion to do himself or anybody else justice. The spokesman does not, I think, know what he said to this day. The employer, more used to public speaking, was almost as much at a loss for words as he was. However, all were happy alike. The men knew that their present had been appreciated, not for its worth, but for the feelings which it showed; and their employer understood them.

Store keepers and clerks have been asked their opinions on this question times without number, but the opinion is generally worth very little and very seldom adopted. Hundreds have wandered through the crowded stores and come out again without buying anything. The majority of these went in with the intention of not buying anything. But others on reaching the street had the feelings of a person defeated in a purpose. Such as these wish it was the first of May.

The children are the only ones who really know Christmas from any other day. Outside of the church services, which were well attended as far as I was permitted to judge, Christmas in St. John is not observed very much differently from any other day. In fact to some persons I think, the day becomes tiresome, especially when it is such a day as last Tuesday was. People find themselves with nothing to do, and they seek places where they can go on any other day. To kill time becomes the only object.

Everybody who happens to be about town much has noticed a little girl of ten or twelve years of age, dirty, poorly dressed, but bright looking, and a couple of boys of about her own age, or, perhaps, a little older. She may have forced herself upon your view, for she is little Mary Ellen Cogswell, whom PROGRESS brought before the public some months ago as a youthful beggar, with a clever story which she is always ready to fire at the person who questions her right to alms. Her "give me a cent, mister," is well known to the business men of St. John. I have seen this waif in the post office fighting with newsboys, and pushing her calling; I have seen her on the outskirts of the city, with an eye to business, or with her hands in mischief; I have seen her in church, restless, but behaving herself much better than one would expect; I have seen her eating her dinner on the public street, squatted on the sidewalk with a couple of ragged boys; and, again, Mary has dawned upon my view of an evening sitting on the sidewalk near brilliantly-lighted basement windows amusing herself in various ways, while crowds of people were passing all the time. But I did not expect to see her spend her Christmas. I did see her, however. She was enjoying herself immensely. As dirty as ever, she sat in the doorway of a store, as moist as the weather was, with a paper box and a bunch of matches lying on the ground. She was puffing away at a cigarette, stopping every half-minute to re-light it, or bestow some attention on a ragged little urchin who was endeavoring to mark on the side of the building with a new lead pencil.

BROOKS.

"The Penny Dip," for Example.

Newspapers (?) without number have been started in St. John during the past 30 years which laid no claim to support, save their unscrupulous desire to drag in the mire every man who did not patronize their advertising columns, and ventilate every foul scandal that reached the ears of the publishers. Their lines have always been short; sometimes sudden death was produced by the strong arm of an offended citizen.—*Evening Gazette.*

Escaped from the Bush.

He chaffered with one of Walter Scott's clerks for about ten minutes, last Friday, but at length pulled out his purse and paid 20 cents for a silk handkerchief.

"I'm glad that Christmas doesn't come but once a year!" he told his friend.

Useful Xmas Presents
FOR LADIES AND MISSES,
ON VIEW IN OUR NEW SHOW ROOM.

☞ TAKE THE ELEVATOR TO THE SECOND FLAT.

A BLACK SILK OR SATIN DRESS;
A COLORED SILK OR SATIN DRESS;
A NATURAL LYNX BOA; A NATURAL LYNX MUFF;
A BALTIC SEAL MUFF; A BEAVER MUFF and COLLAR;
A BALTIC SEAL COLLARETTE;
A BEAVER OR NUTRIA COLLARETTE;

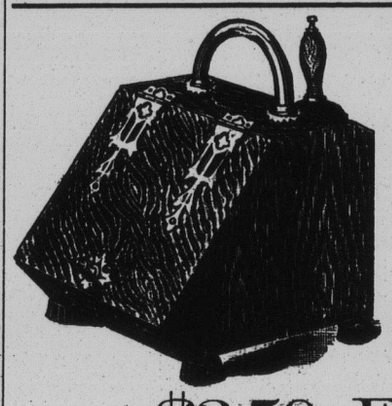
The NEW OSTRICH FEATHER BOA, in black and colors, is among the Latest Novelties, and is specially adapted for YOUNG LADIES' WEAR.

A HANDSOME FUR-LINED CLOAK, or RUSSIAN ASTRACHAN SACQUE is a most desirable present for this season.

With so much rain what is more useful than a RELIABLE WATERPROOF CLOAK; just received, the Russian, Princess, Edinboro' and Sling Sleeve—Latest Shapes and Colorings.

A LADY'S SILK UMBRELLA is at all times a most acceptable present.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.



Coal Vases.

WE HAVE LEFT A FEW
Brass Mounted,
Hand-Painted,
STYLISH
COAL VASES,
(WITH LININGS),
Which we offer till 1st January at
$2.50 Each.

This is a GENUINE BARGAIN, and is to close out balance of this season's stock.

WE HAVE ALSO A FINE STOCK OF
Brass and Steel Fire Irons, with Stands to Match.
All which we offer at REDUCED PRICES for the same time to clear.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

FOR GOOD VALUE
—IN—
Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres; Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats, Embroidered Cloth Table Covers; Gent's Ribbed Shirts and Pants, etc., etc.,
—GO TO—
PITTS' General Dry Goods Store,
179 UNION STREET. 179

DR. SCOTT'S
Electric Hair Curler.

LADIES who wish to quickly Bang, Crimp or Curl the Hair, by a new method, should have one of these new inventions.
For sale by
A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO.,
Charlotte Street.

TWEED WATERPROOF COATS
With Sewed and Taped Seams.
We are now showing the Latest London Styles in
Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats,
Made with above great improvements.
ALSO—A Full Line of LADIES LONDON CLOAKS in newest styles.
ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO.,
68 Prince Wm. Street.

The Cigar LITTLE KING.
TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,
84 - - - King Street - - - 84

T. J. McPHERSON,
181 UNION STREET,
GROCER.
☞ FRUITS A SPECIALTY. ☜

Havana and Domestic CIGARS.
I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.
THOS. L. BOURKE,
11 and 12 Water Street

SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy.
CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 30th, as follows: Afternoon, Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 3.30; Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must made application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Domville Building.

BUSINESS MEN,
CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS
Are the Best
☞ AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.
The best the market affords always on hand
P. A. CRUIKSHANK,
49 Germain Street,
Opposite Market Building.

NEW FALL GOODS.
Just Received, a Large Stock of
FALL GOODS
For Overcoats, Pants, Suits, Etc.,
IN ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS.
Call and see our Cloths.
JAMES KELLY,
CUSTOM TAILOR,
34 Dock Street.

GO TO
Page, Smalley & Ferguson's,
—FOR—
Gold and Silver Watches,
Fine Gold Jewelry,
Silver and Plated Goods
CLOCKS and BRONZES,
Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.
43 King Street.

Take Care
OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD
McINTYRE,
—AT THE—
ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON,
KEEPS THE BEST
Face and Hair Washes
IN THE CITY.
☞ Sample bottles upon application.
Don't fail to give them a trial.
D. J. McINTYRE - - - 36 King Street.

CAFE ROYAL,
Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.
Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK.
JUST THE ARTICLE
—FOR—
Tea and Coffee,
SWEET CREAM.
CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE
Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store,
12 CHARLOTTE STREET.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY,
115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School.
MRS. H. M. DIXON,
Stamping, Pinking and Fancy Work done to order.