

CHRISTMAS WINDOWS.

SOME OF THE SIGHTS IN BOSTON, JUST NOW.

Novel and Attractive Combinations of Everyday Articles, in the Windows of the Dry-Goods Palaces—Human Nature as Seen at Holiday Time.

BOSTON, Dec. 20.—Christmas is drawing near, and Christmas shopping, with its motley crowd, pushing, crowding, buying and sight-seeing is with us once more. Everyone looks at the Christmas windows, and many of them are well worth seeing. Thinking the readers of *PROGRESS* might find a word or two about our store windows interesting, I have bravely endured elbowing and pinched toes that I might take a few notes, and report for their benefit. Not only is there much that is pretty and tempting to be seen, one has also a chance to study more than one side of human nature, at this joyous holiday season. Besides the philanthropic, the kind-hearted, generous and noble, there are many funny people afloat, just now, and snatches of overheard conversations, if not edifying, are certainly very amusing.

But first, the windows. Two of R. H. White's windows are closed. Something a little extra, no doubt, is in preparation, for "the last minute" before Christmas. Of the remaining five, there is in one a library scene. A copper-colored portiere is in the background; the floor is of polished wood, with rugs here and there; at one side there is an open fireplace, with handsome carved-wood mantelpiece. An elegant library stand-lamp is near a table, on which are strewn writing materials and periodicals, with paper cutter alongside. Opposite the fireplace, at one side, an inlaid antique bookstand is seen. Handsome volumes are on the lower shelves, and ornaments, bric-a-brac, etc., on the upper. The representation is altogether most complete. The next window is devoted entirely to bric-a-brac, art bronzes, handsome plush goods, albums, folios and autograph books. The fourth window displays handkerchiefs. A theatrical stage and two opera boxes are represented in this. A large doll is seated in each box. They are dressed fashionably, have opera glasses, fans, etc., and are viewing another doll that is gayly decked and walking a tight rope across the stage. The opera boxes, proscenium arch and stage itself are made entirely of every variety of handkerchiefs. The sixth and seventh windows temptingly display gentlemen's furnishing goods, with elegant dressing gowns, slippers, etc. A number of shivering dudes stood looking with longing eyes, here. One of them, when he espied a cane among the exhibit, that was several inches larger in circumference than the one he carried, looked so exceedingly unhappy, sighed so deeply, as he looked from his cane to the one in the window, that my heart quite melted toward him. Sad scenes are ever, thus, mingled with the festive.

A peep at Jordan & Marsh's windows is a treat. They are wider than White's and admit of a more "extended view," so to speak, in the getting up of holiday scenes. One or two of their windows are also closed, probably to be opened Saturday, arranged in a specially attractive way. Of those now ready, one contains elegant antique furniture, hall chairs, library tables, stands for statuary, all very beautiful. Another is dressed with goods for ladies' street costumes, including a large assortment of ladies' canes, which are "all the rage," just now. They resemble a mountaineer's staff more than an ordinary walking-stick as they are fully four feet in height, having a cord with tassels, or ribbon, tied about midway. These long canes are very useful and convenient. For instance a lady can tap a car conductor, or cab-driver, on the shoulder, with much less exertion than the lifting of her hand to beckon would involve, and I have seen refractory dogs soon subdued, and rendered obedient, by the skilled use of one of these canes. Then they are such handy, convenient things in a crowd!—much better than closed umbrellas carried under one's arm, for the canes, being longer, reach further, and seldom fail to poke into every one, the annoyance caused thereby lending a pleasant little excitement to the owner of the cane.

The windows of T. D. Whitney & Co's handkerchief store, on Temple place, are about the best arranged of any in Boston this year. I cannot describe any of them so as to do them justice, and Whitney's, especially, defy description. The right hand window is arranged as follows: An article shaped like a Turkish lamp, is made out of eider-down bed comforters of delicate tints, silk coverings. At each point a cord with a large ball is attached. Satin and velvet sofa pillows, and plush pillows of all shades, are strewn on the floor of the window. The other (the window at the left of the entrance) is decorated entirely with handkerchiefs, with the exception of a lounge, or seat, which is draped with handsome white and gold brocade. An immense umbrella, made of handkerchiefs, is suspended in the centre of the window. (The umbrella is *apropos* of our recent rainy season.) Pyramids of handkerchiefs artistically arranged are scattered here and there, and springing up, in all directions, are field daisies, about two feet and a half in circumference, the petals of which are made of white linen, and the centres of rich gold silk handkerchiefs. Every two or

three hours a Japanese lady, in elegant attire, seats herself upon the lounge described above, and faces the interested crowd on the side-walk. She swings a gorgeous fan slowly to and fro, and gazes pensively around. Sometimes in a bashful moment she covers her face with the fan, or again in a different mood smiles and coquettes with some "swell" who happens to gaze rather pointedly.

Knowing that this Japanese lady is one of Whitney's male employees, gotten up for

THEY HAVE SUCCEEDED

BECAUSE THEY HAD ABILITY AND ENERGY.

More New Brunswickers Who Are on the Way to Find Fame and Fortune in New York City—Personal Notes and Descriptions.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—While I had the pleasure in my last letter of writing a few notes concerning some New Brunswickers

assuming it is Commack. If, however, he is only comfortably rounded off, the chances are a thousand to one that he is pointing out to you W. B. Salton, formerly of your city, for Bum Saneton might be Cammack's younger brother, so far as appearances are concerned. Mr. Saneton is a popular member of the Exchange. If you miss him at the Exchange, you may find him up in the corridors of the Windsor with Roswell P. Flower—the inimitable Roswell, whose barrel was tapped by the



HOW SANTA CLAUS COMES.

the occasion, I found it quite amusing to hear the different comments made by the spectators. One very knowing woman, with an arm full of bundles, said: "She comes from Chelsea. I know that girl well. I bet she wishes she could wear such handsome toggery all the time." An elderly lady very deliberately got out her "spees" and after a long, serious gaze remarked, sotto voce: "She must be a very vain girl, and very bold!" But about the best thing I saw was when a gentleman, too elegant to be one of the curious common crowd, as he passed from an upstairs office just glanced you know, *en passant*, and received from the bright Japanese one of the sweetest smiles, and, ye gods—a wink! The gentleman started, horrified—blushed and said, "What impudence!" staggered to his coupe and was rapidly driven off.

While looking about me I overheard the conundrum: "Where did Moses get his first suit of clothes?" I was so afraid I might never know the answer that I breathlessly pursued the couple, and was rewarded by hearing the reply, "At Jordan Marshes." Pretty good, eh?

Some of the readers of *PROGRESS* may not have purchased their Christmas gifts yet, and I should like to tell them of a list I overheard an Irish-American woman read to another on the horse car the other day; it might possibly suggest some new remembrances, useful as well as ornamental. I give it just as I heard it: "A coal hod for Mary Ann; package of toothpicks for Mike; tobacco for the ould man, and a jewsharp for Tommy." Again, while in a bookstore recently I heard a person ask for "Little Emily," by "David Copperfield." Agiddy, gayly dressed miss picked up a 30 cent edition of the first series of Emerson's *Essays* and exclaimed, "How cheap! Have you ever read them, Muriel? They're awfully nice!" What a Christmas present the over-hearing of such a "criticism" would have been to the genial and fun-loving Emerson himself!

IN THE FRONT RANK.

The *St. John, N. B.*, "Progress" stands in the front rank of Canadian weeklies. There is about it a good, healthy atmosphere which is inspiring. It looks steadily on the bright side of things, and its readers are the better for perusing it. Its news and sketches and social gossip are served up in a racy, piquant style, its editorials are short and sensible, and the printed page is a model of typographical excellence. It is a new comer, non-political and with apparently good staying powers.—*Toronto Empire*

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

who are reaping the rich rewards of life in this great metropolis, yet I desire by no means to be a party to infusing false hopes into the minds of those who may have an ambition to enter the lists in New York. I was simply writing history which the men themselves have made. Success does not grow in the streets here any more than it flourishes elsewhere. It has to be cared for and nourished, and reaped in good season before a rival may garner it in. The same care, the same vigilance and industry may harvest it elsewhere equally well. The only real advantage which this city affords to the young man who comes as the architect of his own fortune is that it, in common with all large cities, present greater equities to him than do smaller ones. In the latter a man's abilities are almost invariably sunk either in his individuality or in the circumstances surrounding him. In this city, the individual is lost and his talents, whether they be of the head or the hand, are what have sentimental and substantial values.

I shall continue a note or two on a few more New Brunswickers who have entered the gilded salon of success.

I need not picture to you ex-congressman "Jack" Adams. He is a brother of your ex-surveyor-general—a Newcastle man—and has retained all the characteristics of the northern New Brunswicker. He is one of our famous politicians, and can be found any night up in the Hoffman, where the leading Democrats talk their plans over the dishes set up by the noted Ed. Stokes. Adams' successful defence of Henry S. Ives, the phenomenal boy-finance, has placed him in the very front of the legal profession. Jack Adams has made and lost fortunes in politics, for his money always backed his opinion. He was one of the plungers on Cleveland in the last election, and but for the money he won by the defeat of Mayor Hewitt would have been a heavy loser. As it was, he came out nearly even. The same open, daring manner, and clear, incisive manner of speech which made his brother popular in New Brunswick has made him noted here.

Many a visitor from your city visits the Babel of Wall street—the Stock Exchange—and yet never thinks of looking down from the gallery into the excited group of dealers on the floor below, for the purpose of seeing if he can recognize a familiar face. And yet he might. Almost anybody who may chance to be near one in the visitors' rooms can point out Addison Cammack, the great stock bear. If the man pointed out should be decidedly rotund and blonde, you may be safe in

Democrats, in the recent campaign, for a cold \$100,000.

Con. Holland, formerly of Portland, is one of the city's guardians at present. He is an engineer on the East Side fire boat, and looks superb in his uniform of blue, studded with white buttons.

James Scholes, another Portland man, is a superintendent for one of the largest builders in the city. Like all master mechanics, he is in great demand, and enjoys not merely the best work, but also the best pay, that the town affords.

William Gilfoyle has also demonstrated the superiority of the down-east tradesman. He lives in Harlem, where the bulk of his work lies. He superintends the entire brick and stone work of a mammoth contracting firm, on which he has gained quite a reputation.

Joseph McManus, late of Fort Howe, Portland, is managing the large trucking stables of his uncle, Mr. Caragher, and is the picture of health and contentment. Mr. Caragher is one of the best known men on the Boulevard, and he and Joe quite frequently are seen behind a spanking team of nut brown bays.

William Ruddock, the famous boat-builder, has been permanently located here, for some time past, on the corner of 129th street and Lexington avenue, in this city. The trade which he has established for himself is simply enormous. Day and night his workshop is open and book filled with orders. His brother, Frank Ruddock, is assisting him. Of course, I need not tell any St. John people who the Ruddocks are.

A Habit of the Human Mind.

Herrmann, the magician, was standing with some friends at a New York hotel recently, when Marshall P. Wilder started to do a trick which hinged on a certain number. He turned to Alfred Claggett and asked him to think of a number between one and ten.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Herrmann, "and I will put down the number that you select."

He took a pencil and scribbled the number on the back of a menu card. Mr. Claggett sat in a deep thought for a moment, and finally said:

"Seven."

Herrmann turned the menu over, and there was the figure seven on the back of the card.

"It is not a trick," he said quietly. "You will find that every man will choose seven under the same circumstances."

Mr. Claggett turned to an adjoining table where Colonel Ochtelree sat and put the question to him. The colonel yelled seven in a loud and burly voice. Then Ed. Stokes and E. G. Gilmore came in in rapid succession, and both chose the same number. Townsend Percy and Tom Burnside, of the London Savage club, also selected the same numeral, and for the succeeding half hour no one broke the record.

"There is no explanation of it," said Mr. Herrmann in conclusion, as he rose to go to dinner. "It is the habit of the human mind—nothing more."

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 NUTREA 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

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 S., Oct

SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy.

CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 29th, as follows: Afternoon, Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 3.30; Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must make application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Denville 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, Opposite Market Building, 49 Gormain Street.

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

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.