

COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

HOW THE CITIZENS OF ST. JOHN ENJOYED CHRISTMAS TIME.

Some of the sights and scenes around the streets on the eve of the holiday—taking in the town and seeing all that was worth seeing.

Christmas Eve! That's when it really began; when the pot began to boil—the great pot into which everybody seemed to have been put—and bubbled over with very glee: it had been simmering all the week, and then, as evening fell, on the day before Christmas, it boiled over; anything that hadn't the sky above it wasn't large enough, and humanity sought the open air; every foot light and active; the cheeks of man and maiden donned their brightest red, and surmounted all with a gleeful look.

And such a night it was! You couldn't imagine it anything but Christmas Eve; just cold enough to make one merry, without freezing in the attempt. And such crowds! Not the crowd that parades King street every Saturday night, walking listlessly along—the crowd that would laugh at the small boy for dragging his sled up a hill to ride down, and at the same time walks both up and down the hill itself—but a crowd with eyes open for sights, and capable of drifting out of the usual rut; for Prince William street never looked more busy of an evening, for many a day. Everybody was out of doors; anybody could see that. A brass band and half a dozen skaters had the Victoria rink all to themselves, and the Institute wasn't crowded by any means. There were no strangers, to speak of, to swell the throng; for who doesn't get as near the old hearth as possible at Christmas time! It is one of the holidays, in fact, when our country cousins don't "cum to town," and the family has the merriment all to itself.

There was the usual Saturday night throng on King street, only it was larger, brighter, more pleasant, and lacked its usual monotony. The barrooms were open! It might have made a difference, for many of the young "bloods" looked inclined to be boisterous, and smoked long, unshapely, overgrown cigars that can't be procured anywhere outside of a barroom; and now and again one would run against a rather aged gentleman, with whiskers of no particular color, and a huge parcel under his arm, who might be induced to sing a song or dance a hornpipe, or fall on his knees before a giggling girl, without very much coaxing. And who didn't carry a parcel? Small parcels, large parcels, flat, narrow and bulky parcels, and heavy loads that were not parcels at all. The young father—with very small children at home trying to go to sleep—strode down King street with a bright painted framer under one arm, and goodness knows what under the other, and didn't care who saw him, nor did he mind the cute remarks of the "boys" at the corner, where he himself used to locate not so very long ago.

In the market there was feeling of turkeys, and the smelling of the hucksters' wares, without which the turkey itself was useless; and arguing about prices; and pushing and shoving, and laughing and chattering. It was indeed a busy scene. The stores were crowded—the clerks themselves, in the larger stores, were a whole crowd in themselves—and everybody bought something. Few had time to look at the heaped up delivery sleds as they glided past, each and every one of them with a lantern, the location of which nobody but the boy who put it there was ever able to determine; and the sled full of merry people who drove around all the evening enjoying themselves immensely. And thus it went, until 10 o'clock, when the crowd began to get smaller and smaller, and the merchant who has been looking forward to Christmas for six months at least, wonders where the night has gone to, and puts the watch to his ear to make sure that it's going, and is more busy than ever when he compares it to the clock, and finds that the golden opportunity is surely and quickly melting away.

Everybody knows what is going on at the homes after this, especially where there are children. It's the same everywhere; tables heaped with presents; all hands sorting them out; filling the stockings; trimming the tree, and a thousand other things that have to be done. The house will not wear that appearance again for a year. Then everybody goes to bed—tired and happy.

What a surprise there was next morning. The Christmas that all expected did not come. When it was time to go out, after playing with the children and enjoying their merriment and cute remarks, as they viewed in astonishment the toys that came into their possession so mysteriously, large flakes of soft, flabby snow was falling, that stuck to your clothing as if it took a delight in the fact that it wasn't welcome. The rain came as a matter of course and spoiled the day. There were a few out driving, but nobody envied them; and for the most part these gleeful personages were young fellows who had money for Christmas and had to spend it if they died in the attempt.

FIGHTING THE SALOON.

FREDERICTON TEMPERANCE PEOPLE ARE BOUND THAT NO RUM

Shall Be Openly Sold in the Capital—Watching One Spot at a Time and Neglecting Others—Club Rooms Importing the Stuff—The Scott Act as a Law.

Fredericton is a very lonely, deserted place for the genuine old toper just now. Instead of finding a hearty welcome two or three times a day at his favorite resort, he encounters an obstacle in the shape of a double locked door and the despondent, negative shake of the proprietor's head, which means he can't have his whistle wet for love or cash. A fact that pleases the Scott act people all to pieces.

Unfortunately for the reputation of that litigation machine, this is not the general condition of affairs. There are well informed persons, who care as little for whiskey as for poison, who say there is nearly if not quite as much of the fiery ardent sold in the capital now as ever, the sole difference being that it is done under cover and after hours. The absence of the "drunk records" and the diminution of the civic revenue, as well as the desertion of the jail, is accounted for by the assertion that those who sell liquor are not disposed to allow those customers who cannot take care of themselves to wander into the lockup via the gutter. It is cheaper to provide them with protection until they are sober and prevent a possible mandarin information, which would probably result in a charge, conviction and fine. Thus hospitality has become a leading characteristic of the Fredericton saloon.

But there is little doubt that, for the present at least, the recent assertion of public opinion against rum has had the effect of lessening the number of drunks on the streets. The police records have shown a wonderful change also, and the vigilance of the temperance people has been greatly encouraged by the vote and the substantial endorsement of a big subscription fund.

PROVINCE BOYS IN BOSTON.

Some Well-Known Names in the Organization of the Canadian Club.

An event of interest to all Canadians took place last Thursday evening, at the rooms of Mr. Montague Chamberlain, assistant secretary Harvard university. It was the formation of a Canadian club in Boston. Mr. Nicholson, of Halifax, and Mr. Macrae, of St. John, were elected chairman and secretary.

It was moved by Dr. Rand, of Nova Scotia, and seconded by every one, that the study of Canadian literature be a feature of the club, yielding it the support it has long merited. After further discussion, a committee of three, Messrs. Chamberlain, Mackay and Starr, were appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws, and to report at the next meeting, to be held soon after Christmas recess.

It was decided that this organization be known as "Canadian Club." That its expenses be kept as low as possible, that, for the present, it meet in students' room, and that it should be largely social, and entirely non-political.

Subjoined is a complete list of charter members:

- OFFICERS UNIVERSITY. M. Chamberlain, St. John N. B.; Prof. McVane, (Chair History) P. E. I.; Prof. Samichrast, (French) N. S.; F. D. Nicholson, M. A., (Instr. Latin) N. S.; W. F. Ganong, A. B., (Instr. Botany) N. B.

- GRADUATES. I. W. Bailey, A. B., N. B.; B. Rand, Ph. D. Instr. English Institute Technology, N. S.

- GRADUATE DEPT. H. W. Macrae, A. B., St. John N. B.; J. G. Hume, M. A., Ont.; D. MacKay, M. A., Ont.; C. W. Colby, A. B., Que.; F. B. Anderson, A. B., Man.

- COLLEGE. C. H. McIntyre, A. B., 91, N. B.; D. M. Jewett, 90, St. John N. B.; T. A. Jagger, 93, N. S.; H. Fraser, H. B., 91, N. S.; L. A. B. Street, Special, N. S.

- DIVINITY. W. H. Taylor, A. B., St. John N. B.

- LAW. H. G. Fenety, A. B., N. B.; S. A. M. Skinner, H. B., St. John N. B.; H. R. Fisher, A. B., St. John N. B.; J. C. Fisher, A. B., St. John N. B.

- MEDICAL. J. A. McIntyre, A. B., N. B.; Fred R. Starr, St. John N. B.; W. H. McDonald, N. S.

- DENTAL. J. T. Paul, N. B.; C. M. Noble, N. S.

- The provinces represented are: New Brunswick.....14 Nova Scotia..... 8 Ontario..... 2 P. E. Island..... 1 Quebec..... 1 Manitoba..... 1 Total.....27

The Boys Had a Great Time.

About 70 of the bright and active newsboys who sell PROGRESS called at this office, Tuesday afternoon, to get the Christmas gift of a pair of mittens for each, donated by an advertiser. He had often observed, with pain, the efforts of the little fellows to keep their hands warm on the sharp winter mornings, and has determined that it will not be his fault if they suffer in future. Some of the mittens were a trifle large for the recipients, but the boys will grow to fit them in time. The little fellows had great fun in trying on the gifts, and commenting on their usefulness for various purposes besides selling papers. The donor made a great hit in the choice of bright and attractive colors to please the youthful eye.

He Excelled Himself.

Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Co.'s window dresser keeps abreast of the times and always manages to have something attractive and beautiful for Christmas and Easter. He has excelled himself this time and given the public an elegant free show. An Eiffel tower covered with many colored ribbons stood in one of the large windows. Its popularity was supreme until another blind was raised and revealed a pipe-organ deftly and perfectly constructed with the hand-somest goods in the store. Both were most admired and talked about, which is the end and aim of such displays. They afford pleasure to the people and are a good advertisement.

THE JUDGES DEFENDED.

Mr. Forbes Comes to the Front to Repel Some Malicious Slanders.

Mr. James G. Forbes who, according to the New York Sun is shortly to be elected to the bench himself, comes to the rescue of the judges of New Brunswick, as a defender of the faith and the ermine. In a letter to the Presbyterian Witness, he unhesitatingly vouches for the character of several of our legal luminaries, who are from time to time attacked by a disreputable paper at Moncton, and who wisely give their assailant no more attention than a traveller gives a dog which yelps after his carriage.

The editor of the Witness, knowing Mr. Forbes to be a good deacon of the Presbyterian church, makes honorable amends for his weakness in believing what he now terms the "false and calumnious" allegations of an editor whom he now discovers to be a man who can "originate and circulate slanders so damaging not only to private character, but to the interests of the whole community."

Mr. Forbes says in his letter: I observe you copy with seeming approval a scandalous charge made by the editor of the Moncton Transcript, reflecting on the good name of three of the judges of the supreme court, viz., Messrs. Fraser, Tuck and Wetmore. You thus give circulation to a foul slander, which your friends in this province exceedingly regret. Judge Fraser is a worthy and consistent worshipper in St. Paul's church, Fredericton; chairman of their board of trustees, which of itself should be a sufficient guarantee that there is no foundation for the charge. Judge Tuck, I know, has for several years been a total abstainer, to my own personal knowledge; and Judge Wetmore, who for over 20 years has sat on our supreme court bench, is a man commanding the respect of the whole country.

Men occupying the position these judges do cannot enter into a contest with men like their assailant, or they would bring themselves and their office into contempt, and hence because this man knows he has the judges at an advantage he pursues this course.

Everybody who has any knowledge of the judges in question will applaud Mr. Forbes as a man who is willing to come forward and defend the good name of our judiciary.

The Inwardness of It.

An interesting table is that which contains a statement of customs seizures. From this it appears that the value of seizures in the different ports within the province was as follows: Chatham, \$500.91; Fredericton, \$95; Moncton, \$15; St. Andrews, \$1,630.41; St. John, \$4,316.58; St. Stephen, \$1,025.50; Woodstock, \$736.25. To hear a St. John man talk, one would think that St. Stephen was the centre of the smuggling operations of the province. But St. John appears to get three or four better than St. Stephen, without half trying. The St. John men should henceforth keep quiet when smuggling is the subject of conversation.—St. Croix Courier.

St. John has a population of about 43,000, while St. Stephen has some 2,500, so that the proportion of seizures in the border town is of a pretty healthy size. Besides, the St. John men don't make a business of trying to defraud the revenue, are not posted on the latest dodges, and are very apt to get caught when they try anything of the kind. St. John men are not disposed to say much about St. Stephen smuggling, unless some indiscreet champion like the Courier man, introduces the subject. Probably this will be called a fling at the border town, but people who live in conservatories should not practise the upshot curves on their neighbors.

St. John's Day. The festival of St. John the Evangelist, yesterday, was not marked by special demonstration of the Masonic fraternity in this city. Albion Lodge, No. 1, held its 67th annual communication last night, when it was officially visited by the Grand Master, Dr. Thomas Walker, and the officers of Grand Lodge. The following were installed as officers of Albion for the ensuing year:

- William G. Robertson, W. M.; Frank L. Tufts, I. P. M.; John Rubins, S. W.; George D. Frost, J. W.; Rev. Richard Mathers, Chap.; Thomas A. Godsoe, Treas.; Chas. Masters, Sec.; William K. Reynolds, S. D.; Allan C. Staples, J. D.; T. Partelow Mott, S. S.; Richard C. Farmer, J. S.; Wm. B. Wallace, Organist; George A. Day, D. of C.; Herbert Howe, I. G.; D. Scribner, Tyler.

A Credit to St. John.

The Royal hotel card was a gem this year. Its excellence and variety need no praise from PROGRESS, but the artistic designing of the cards is exceedingly pleasing. A small but perfect engraving of the Royal adorns the front, with holiday greetings about and around it. The color work is harmonious and exquisite. It is a high compliment to Messrs. McMillan's printing office, and, for that matter to St. John, where such work as this is done—work that cannot be duplicated elsewhere in the provinces, since the Queen and Halifax hotels, of Halifax, patronize the same establishment for their Christmas menus.

His Reason for Sadness.

There is one man in the West End who does not look upon the holiday season as a time for rejoicing. It is full of sadness for him, because at the close of the year he is expected to settle his debts. He is amply able to do so, but as he feelingly said to a friend recently, "it grieves" him "to pay an honest debt." He is not a good specimen of the well-to-do West End.

LIKE BILLIARDS ON ICE.

CURLING CONSIDERED TO BE A SCIENTIFIC RECREATION.

Points Which Commend It to the Admiration of All Lovers of Healthy Sport—Some of the Plans and Projects of the Maritime Association for This Season. This is likely to be a great winter for the curlers. It is not everybody who knows what curling is, and how much honest, healthy sport there is in it. Years ago, when the Milligans, the Thomsons, the Jardines and other sons of Bonnie Scotia were the chief curlers in St. John, the game attracted very little attention from the public. It was looked upon as the Scotch national game, which like haggis, bagpipes and certain other institutions of that hardy race, could be appreciated at its real value only by the Scotchmen themselves.

It is still the Scotch national game, as base ball is the great American game, but like baseball it has been adopted in every civilized country which has brains, muscle and ice. But its growth has not been as rapid as that of base ball. Its popularity has been attained by a process of gradual development, but wherever it once gains a foothold, it "gets there with both feet," and stays.

It does so purely on its merits, and because in its way it is as scientific as the game of billiards. Many of the shots, indeed, are practically billiard shots, save that no cue is used, while in making a stone do its work over uneven ice, at a distance of half the length of a street block from the players, as fine calculation is required as in making some of the curves which set the mob wild on the base ball grounds. In short, the qualifications which make a good ball player, a good billiard player or a good bowler, go very far toward making a first-class curler.

"Why don't you have a curling column?" is a question which an enthusiast in all many sports recently asked PROGRESS. "I find a large number of citizens who do not know how the game is played, and who will not take interest enough to stop at the rinks and see the play. Now, I know if public understood the different points, and would watch some of the magnificent shots made, we would have an interest worked up second only to the base ball craze, and we would have our rinks crowded with spectators. I hold there is as much skill required to send a stone 150 feet over uneven ice, pass through a port six inches wider than the stone, take out your opponent's shot, and perhaps win the game for your club, as there is in hitting a two-bagger with three men on bases. I claim for curling what I think is its due. You know it is a purely amateur game, and played for the love of it; and I think it differs from all other games, in not having its professional side, a professional curler never having been heard from. This fact should place the game above all others as a social sport, and, as a matter of fact, disputes do not arise once in a hundred games. I have played a large number of private games, as well as club games, where there was great excitement, but have never had the umpire called in to settle any point.

"While curling was established by Scotchmen in St. John, and still holds a warm place in the hearts of their sons, you will also find in our local clubs many natives of St. John, playing and shouting as loud as any Scotchman ever shouted even when he made an eight end.

"Nor is the interest in the game merely local. We have a Maritime association. You can make your column interesting to all your readers in the different cities throughout the province. This association governs the place for the annual bonspiel, which is to take place in our city, this year about the 15th of January, and as Prince Edward Island has applied for admission to the association, we expect to have a large gathering of the cranks, for there are curling cranks as well as base ball cranks. You would think so to hear them talk of "inwicks," "outwicks," "drawing a pot," "chops and lies," "raises," "chip the winner," and so forth. But they never get mad about it.

"The prize for which the curlers will contend is the cup given by Hon. David McLellan, and it is worth all the contest there will be for it. When they get at work the public will have a chance to see the game in all its glory, and hear a noise that has not been equalled since the ball grounds closed."

In addition to the play on the 15th, there will be the following matches: One game in Fredericton:—Fredericton vs. St. Andrews, Fredericton vs. Thistle, and return matches in St. John.

St. Stephen vs. St. Andrews, at St. Stephen; St. Stephen vs. Thistle, and return matches in St. John.

Moncton vs. St. Andrews, at Moncton; Moncton vs. Thistle, and return match in St. John.

Chatham vs. St. Andrews, at Chatham;

Chatham vs. Thistle, and return matches in St. John.

And probably the same order with Newcastle, Truro, Pictou, and Bathurst. The matches St. Andrews vs. Thistle, of which there will be two, and possibly three with all the club matches, for Medals and Cups will make the greatest curling season ever enjoyed by the lovers of the game.

HIS CHANCE OF A FORTUNE.

Why a St. John Bank Clerk Has Reason to Feel Very Deeply Aggrieved.

There is a bank clerk in St. John who has been quite ready to butt his head against the side of the building for the last week or so, because of what seems to be a pure piece of bad luck. Some time ago, he and a fellow clerk agreed to invest a dollar each in a United States lottery, each dollar to represent the fortieth of a ticket. When the tickets arrived, the question arose as to whether they should take their chances as partners, or each for himself, the fortieths being of different tickets in the drawing. As the capital prize represented \$600,000, this meant \$15,000 to either of them if they had the lucky number, or \$7,500 each if they pooled. The bank clerk in question, who may be called Sam, for lack of a better name, was of the opinion that each should go it alone and take his own chances. "That's my ticket," he said, picking out one of the two fortieths, and there for the time the matter ended.

Last week the news came that the ticket of which other clerk had a share, which Sam had not chosen, and in which he had no interest, bore the number which had drawn the capital prize, and Bob, as he may be called, was just \$15,000 better off than he was a week before, and just \$7,500 better off than off than if Sam had accepted his proposition to pool receipts.

That is why Sam is ready to kick himself, or do anything else to mark his disapproval of his own mistake. He will know better the next time, but he has some doubts that he will ever come as near the capital prize as he did when he missed it.

The young man who did get, or will get the money, is said to be one with whom it will fill a long-felt want, and who is likely to use it wisely and well.

But this should not encourage others to go into the same kind of speculation. Lightning is not apt to strike twice in the same place, nor is a prize likely to come twice to the same town, unless after an exceedingly long interval.

Better let lotteries alone.

What Gen. Corse Replied.

Thousands of those who are familiar with the hymn of "Hold the Fort," have never heard the full particulars of the incident on which it was founded.

Gen. John M. Corse, who was made postmaster of Boston by President Cleveland, is the man who held the fort at Altona Pass, in 1864, in obedience to orders from Gen. Sherman. This much some of the hymn books say, but they do not give Corse's reply, which was:

I am short a cheekbone and an ear, but am able to whip all h—l yet.

They "Salted" Him.

Charles Burrows, the manager of the Uncle Tom's Cabin company that played here last Saturday afternoon and evening, is busily engaged advertising this city just now. The institute people charged him \$20 for the matinee, and \$25 for the evening performance, and then the property man wanted an engagement before he would allow them to use the sofa and two chairs on the stage. He wasn't engaged, and the managers of the institute haven't improved their reputation.

The Flight of Time.

Something took place at the Stone church on Christmas day which was not down in the order of exercises. It was the abstraction of the rector's watch from the pocket of his coat, where he had confidingly left it during service. Last time cannot be recalled, but in this case, it is to be hoped there will be an exception to the rule.

Cut Glass for New Year's.

Everything has its season, and cut glass belongs to New Year's. Mr. Chas. Masters has made a departure this week in window dressing, and is showing a great deal of very fine cut glass—in fact, there is nothing in his window but cut glass, and a glance at it will repay every householder or housewife.

Why They Found a Verdict.

It may be an argument against the jury system, or it may not. One of the twelve in the McDonald case has made the statement that if the judge had not charged as he did on the question of insanity, they would, upon the evidence, have found the prisoner not guilty.

Look Out For the Changes.

The New Brunswick railway time table changes Monday. Look out for the changes. The western express trains leave for Bangor, Boston and Fredericton at 10 15 a. m.; for Fredericton at 11.55; for Montreal and Fredericton at 4.45, local time, and the night express at the usual hour.