ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

HOW MASSACHUSETTS IS FEELING BEFORE THE ELECTION.

Nobody Knows How It Is Going, but One Man Has a Bet of Ten Thousand Dollars —Billy the Kid, the Boy Candidate for Governor—Songs and Sundries.

BOSTON, Nov. 1.—As the eighth of November draws near, the political pot boils and sputters, but the prospects for its boiling over before the last day are by no means alarming. It has been a long summer, and in many localities the fire has had to be given new life with the bellows, so to speak, but now the politicians have settled down to business in earnest. They have reached that point where personalities alone will satisfy them, and the great object is to "get there," regardless of ways or means.

Perhaps PROGRESS' readers, in New Brunswick for it must be remembered that the Boston constituency is growing—have had enough politics this month to make the word distasteful to them, but I venture to

GROVER CLEVELAND.

predict a big sale for the provincial dailies on the morning of the ninth of November, and a good crowd in front of the telegraph offices on the evening before.

How is it going? Here in Boston, nobody seems to know a great deal about it, except John Stetson, the proprietor of the Globe theatre, who has put up $10,000 that Gov. Russell will be re-elected. Mr. Stetson is a man of business. He is also a man of money. He owns several theatres, and is interested in many other things of more or less importance. He believes in advertising, and will probably get the worth of his money, no matter which way it goes, for the daily papers have been giving him "scare head" articles, following them up day after day as people come along with contributions toward covering the $10,000.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

At the political meetings it is hard to get the drift of public opinion. In a red-hot Democratic district there is enough enthusiasm to raise the roof off the building, and the Republicans can accomplish the same thing the same evening in another part of the city. But of the big meetings held here in Boston, those at which Gov. McKinley spoke stand out above all the rest for red-hot enthusiasm. This week, however, when Gov. Russell comes to town, it is quite likely that the McKinley record will be broken, for the boy from Cambridge is conceded to be the most popular individual in Massachusetts.

Gov. Russell is a "boy" candidate, in every sense of the word, except perhaps brains and experience. In size, age and appearance he is all the term implies, but on the stump this is forgotten the moment he begins to speak. He is the democratic governor of a republican state, and has held the office for two terms. This year he will have to stand the chances of a presidential election, where it is feared the republicans will vote the straight ticket, on national issues.

The friends of the governor, however, think that his personal popularity will carry him through. His name is as familiar in Massachusetts as that of Samuel Leonard Tilley was in New Brunswick some years ago, when it was "on everybody's mouth," and it is hard to believe that the boy governor will be defeated.

The people of the maritime provinces may care little who is, or who is not, the governor of Massachusetts, and if I thought it probable that they would never hear of him again, I could have disposed of Mr. Russell in very few words.

But the probabilities are that he will be heard of again, and that provincialists will be very much interested in him. And if Lieut. McDonald, of Toronto, and the editor of the St. John *Globe* manage to bring the great mass of the Canadian people around to their way of thinking, within the next four or five years "Billy" Russell, of Cambridge, will be of more importance to the young men of St. John than J. Douglas Hazen or Harry McKeown.

For it is generally believed that if Russell is elected this year he will be president of the United States in 1896.

He will have time to grow a whisker between now and then, but even that will not disqualify him to run as a boy candidate, if the New Brunswick standard is adopted.

However, Russell's chances are good and he has been making the best of them. He went to Chicago a few weeks ago to take part in the dedication ceremonies at the World's Fair, and in the big procession he rode a gray horse. According to the despatches he created as much comment and attracted as much attention as the famous lady who went to Banbury Cross, with "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes." Chicago was crowded with people from all parts of the country, and it is said that at every street corner the mob cheered and Mr. Russell bowed, and as he was the only governor in the procession who dispensed with a carriage, he had the glorification pretty much to himself.

There is nothing like starting in early and making the best of one's opportunities. The "boy candidates" of St. John seems to have realized this fact, but they can learn a few things from Gov. Russell.

Another feature of the campaign that bears a striking resemblance to provincial politics of recent years has been the number of "turn overs." There has been enough of them within the last few weeks to start a good sized pastry shop, and the most remarkable thing about it has been that the men whose "conscience would not let them support the party of their youth," have all come from the republican side—the party in power.

One of these bolters, Wayne McVeagh, of Philadelphia, addressed a meeting in Tremont Temple, Saturday night, and it was curious to note the way the audience regarded him. Although the applause was deafening and parenthesis were at a premium in the composing rooms of the newspaper offices that night, there was a distrustfulness noticeable on the stage and among the audience that nothing less than a "startling outrage" such as gave St. John its famous party of bolters, could dispel.

But enough of politics. To turn to more frivolous things, what is the latest song?

I don't know whether St. John has got over "Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay" yet, but hearing a German band playing it amid all the noise of Tremont street on Saturday night, called to mind a time when a number of musically inclined young men in a room on the top story of a Germain street building made it almost impossible to write a readable article in PROGRESS office.

Rice's Surprise Party in "1492" has been giving Boston something to whistle for a good many weeks. Columbus and the Spanish court of 1492 have been burlesqued in a manner calculated to make the statue in front of the cathedral blush. They have shown Queen Isabella stooping over a washtub singing "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon," and Columbus on the Bowery, one of promiscuous crowd of newsboys, peanut vendors, Bowery toughs and representatives of of all the queer and grotesque sects and classes the metropolis affords. But the show has been drawing crowded houses and furnishing all the popular songs.

"On the Bowery," seems to have caught the people and the man, woman, or child who is not singing:

"I went into an auction store,
I had never been there before,"

is humming "The Daisy Queen of Spain," or starting off on "My Sweetheart's the man in the Moon."

The German bands have dropped "Mary Green," and taken up "Isabella, the Daisy Queen of Spain," and that settles it.

R. G. LARSEN.

IT IS A GREAT INDUSTRY.

The New Iron Works at Bridgeville, N. S.—Guests at the Opening.

The works of the Pictou Charcoal Iron company at Bridgeville were opened on Friday, the 4th inst. Much has been said and written about these works, and lengthy descriptions have appeared in various papers. Less than a year ago a company was formed to acquire some of the valuable iron deposits on the East river of Pictou, also large tracts of hard wood land, with a view to starting a charcoal iron furnace. Among the promoters were, E. A. Sjostedt, late manager of the Kathadon Iron Works, of Maine; W. B. Moore, of New Glasgow, formerly superintendent of the Vale colliery; Major Markham, of St. John, formerly proprietor of the Manganese mines of Markhamville, N. B.; J. N. W. Winslow, of Woodstock, N. B.; Messrs. Debblee, Gorden, David R. Grant, etc.

Less than a year ago the traveller from New Glasgow to Sunny Brae, when he came to the property of the Grant Bros., saw only a bleak hillside, broken here and there by a few prospecting shafts, where ore had been mined and shipped with a view to develop and prove the quality. now a modern furnace with a capacity of 25 tons per days, spacious stack house, engine house, casting house, carpenter and blacksmith shops, charcoal kilns, offices, etc., etc., meet the view of the wayfarer. Where formerly only a small hamlet consisting of a few scattered dwellings was, now the neuclus of a thriving town is started, stores, a church and over one hundred new houses have been erected; besides a splendid new hotel, second to none in the country, owned and managed by Mr. A. J. Grant, a most obliging landlord. Iron is is the king in Bridgeville and its future seems a bright one. The railway of the New Glasgow Coal, Iron and Railway company passes directly through the property, and connection can be made with the Intercolonial railway at Eureka Junction, where the extensive furnaces of the N. G. C., I. & R'y Co. are situated, by a short ride of twenty minutes.

A gay party left New Glasgow on Friday the 4th inst. Evidently the directors did not believe in luck, or they would not have selected Friday for the opening. As the train steamed out of the handsome new station I noticed among others Major and Mrs. Markham, of St. John; J. C. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, of St. John; Mr. N. B. Moore, the president of the company, and Mrs. Moore, John Foster, of Dorchester; J. N. W. Winslow, of Woodstock; Mr E. A. Sjostedt and wife, Dr. and Mrs. Ings, J. C. Rutherford, assistant manager Acadia Coal Co., A. J. Pickett, C. E., J. L. Jennison, mayor of New Glasgow, and many others. On arrival at the works, the party were shown all through the different departments by the president, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Sjostedt, general manager. The various shafts and tunnels from which the iron is mined were inspected, the most curious feature, beyond the great body of ore exposed in some places over forty feet, were three great natural caves in the solid iron stone, each high enough for the tallest of the party to stand upright in, surrounded by immense globules of solid iron it would appear as though old Tubal Cain had selected this spot for some special work which he had on hand, for a more magnificent show of the metal could not be found anywhere. The iron as taken from the face gives eighty per cent o iron, and the extraordinary deposits have been visited by dozens of experts anxious to see this great yield; after the mines were examined a tour of the rocks was made; immense brick kilns, each holding 1,000 bushels of charcoal were seen. The immense cupola 60 feet high, large casting house, ponderous engines with blowing cylinders five feet in diameter, each in turn excited the wonder of the visitors. When at last all being ready for a cast, ten or twelve tons of the red hot molten metal was run from the furnace into the casting house and then into the moulds making the pigs, it was a sight worth seeing. Some extent of the work in progress can be found from the fact that 13,000 cords of hardwood, 450,000 bushels of charcoal, 30,000 tons of ore, 5,000 tons of lime are used or will be, every year. After this the party adjourned to the Hotel Grant near by, where a bountiful lunch was prepared very tastefully. The president being a man of few words welcomed the guests in a few brief but well chosed remarks, explaining to more in detail the interests and objects of the Company. Speeches were made by Major Markham, Mr. Sjostedt, and others, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drank, and the party all admitted when the train stopped at Charcoal Junction to carry them home, that they had all enjoyed the day thoroughly, and wished long life and prosperity to the Pictou Charcoal Iron Co., on leaving.

IT WAS THEIR THANKSGIVING.

The Harvest Festival at the Church of the Good Shepherd.

There is a particular reason why the harvest festival at the church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, is always late in the season, and as near as may be to the first of November. The church was opened on All Saints Day, seven years ago, at which time Rev. J. C. Titcombe began his labors there, and so it is that the harvest thanksgiving and the anniversary are observed on the same day, the Sunday nearest to the great festival of All Saints.

It is difficult for a city church to carry out the full idea of a harvest festival, and it is usually content to do so symbollically with a display of more or less wheat, some grapes and apples. Fairville is happily so near the city that grapes and other rare fruits are easily obtainable, while it is so close to the country that the products of the field and garden are brought in as the offerings of the congregation. It was so in this instance, and there was a veritable offering of the fruits of the season, as the harvest is realized in this part of the world.

For instance, the wheat, barley and oats were there, of course, as tasteful decorations around the road screen and in other conspicuous places, and the gradines above the altar bore a profusion of choicest grapes, but well as the choir and sanctuary looked, there was much more that showed the good will of the people. There were meat and drink offerings from more than 80 individuals, some of whom sent various kinds of gifts. A large table near the west door was loaded with huge pumpkins, squash, carrots, cabbage beets, potatoes, a fat goose and other products of the farm, but the most striking display was in and around the baptismal font, which was filled with fruits, while around the base and elsewhere within the rail were piled up mammoth squash, apples of prodigious size, and many other vegetables and fruit from far and near in the parish. The idea of thanksgiving for an abundant harvest was fully carried out by the people.

So, too, was the idea of giving of their substance at the services of the day. The congregation of this church are not wealthy, and have had many adversities during the past year. Many of them are dependent upon the mills for their wages, and yet in proportion to their ability they are always liberal givers. Sunday was a wet day, yet at 8 o'clock choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist about 120 were present, a large number being young people. Rev. R. Mathers was the celebrant and no less than 63 persons communicated. The offertory amounted to more than $22. At the 11 o'clock choral celebration, Fr. Titcombe was the celebrant, and 24 more who had been unable to get to the early service communicated. Miss Yeats took the organ, while Prof. Williams and his sons assisted with their orchestra. The attendance of the congregation and visitors was large. The sanctuary presented a beautiful appearance, and was brilliant with many lights, in addition to those prescribed for the day. Both the chancel and body of the church were hung with appropriate mottoes and texts.

The children, too, had their own thanksgiving in the chapel, in the afternoon when Fr. Titcombe gave an instructive address on bread. The chapel altar was also neatly adorned with fruits. Rev. Dr. Williams, of the Mission church, preached at evensong. The offretories for the day amounted to over fifty dollars.

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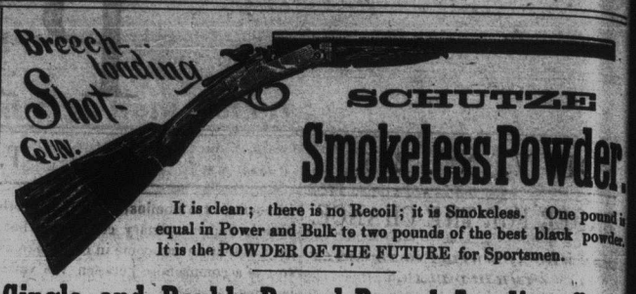

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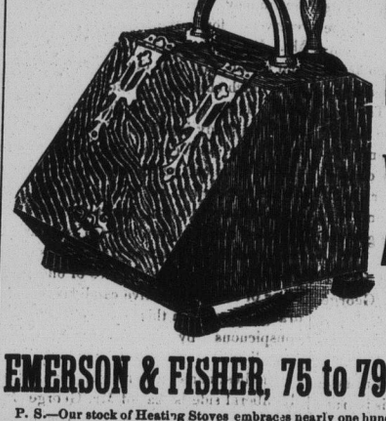

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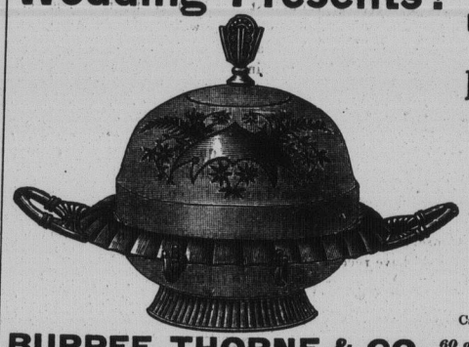

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