

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 14.

HAIL! YARMOUTH.

To day PROGRESS trespasses upon the space of its usual departments to find room for the numerous illustrations and interesting letter press descriptive of the advancement and prosperity of the town of Yarmouth.

Glancing over the six pages devoted to this purpose one cannot help thinking what a creditable thing it is that any community of the size of Yarmouth is able to point to so many industries, and to say that all of them were started with the capital and the faith of its own people.

When a representative of PROGRESS, bent on a vacation that would relieve mind and body, selected Yarmouth as one of the places where he would spend a few of his September days, he had no notion that he was where work would come to him, but a suggestion of Hon. L. E. BAKER'S that PROGRESS should illustrate the proposed new Grand Hotel was forwarded to him with some instructions that did not look forward to the publication of more than two portraits and the new hotel. The idea of illustrating Yarmouth in any degree seemed a popular one and in a few days fifty portraits and illustrations were in the hands of PROGRESS engravers. The views of Yarmouth are such as any city with many more people in it should be proud of and the portraits of the citizens need no second glance to impress the fact of their intelligence, enterprise and stability upon the reader.

Yarmouth, as pictured by the photographer and engraver and described in the letter press, is presented in an attractive form which does not however do it more than even justice—if indeed, that much can be said, for to those to whom each nook and corner is dear for very acquaintance sake there will be many scenes that they can readily call to mind that would have added much to the completeness and interest of such a paper.

PROGRESS is however glad to be able to do what it has, glad to show its thousands of readers what an enterprising town Yarmouth is and to cite it as an example that other communities would do well to imitate. Its chances are excellent for becoming as large and influential as any city in Maritime Canada. If the will and energy of its people meet with their proper reward such a prediction should be fulfilled in the life time of many of those who figure in these pages to day.

THE PEOPLE WILL RULE.

It is hardly necessary to recall to the readers of PROGRESS the high handed proceedings of two of the school trustees of Hampton station which deprived an old and valued teacher of a position, against the express wishes of the rate payers, and placed in his stead a favorite and intimate acquaintance of trustees PETERS and FOWLER. The circumstances were explained fully in PROGRESS at that time and the prediction hazarded that when the time came for the people to express themselves upon the conduct of the two trustees they would do so in unmistakable terms.

It is no surprise therefore to learn that a resolution condemning the high handed proceeding was passed at the school meeting held this week and that school trustee SMITH who opposed the act of his colleagues, PETERS and FOWLER was re-elected by a vote of three to one. It may not be too much to assume that when another year comes around and with it the turn of one of those gentlemen to retire he will not receive a similar endorsement.

The fact of being elected by the people

as a school trustee does not give any man the right to act arbitrarily and against the expressed wishes of the majority of the people. This may not have been impressed upon Messrs FOWLER and PETERS before but they can hardly misunderstand the sentiment of the community now.

It is a satisfaction to PROGRESS to know that the stand it took in the matter at the time, which provoked much discussion and criticism has been so fully and completely endorsed.

The board of assessors and their system and lack of system appear to be getting it "in the neck"—to use a popular vulgarism. There is nothing so objectionable in one form or another in civic affairs at present as our present assessment system and the sooner steps are taken to inquire into the matter thoroughly the better.

If the attendance at the amusement resorts is any indication of the prosperity of the people, who will say that St. John is suffering from hard times? PROGRESS cannot recall such generous patronage as that extended to the Pinafore and GLEASON performances this week. But—they are good shows.

To Mayor DUGAN of Butte City, Montana—Welcome! It is the usual thing for a St. John man to make his mark anywhere but unusual for his native city to welcome him after so short an absence as the chief magistrate of a flourishing city.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS"

Commons Vs. Lords.

Hail Gladstone! Thee the people greet As their own champion tried and true— Unbranded with titles of conceit, The public good thou wilt pursue.

Undaunted by the scowls of men, Whose arrogance must soon give way To servile fear, press on again— Press on again, and win the day.

Their doom is sealed, the Lords must go! Their haughtiness shall nought avail, But hasten to their overthrow; And no one shall their fate bewail.

And you, ye Commons, rejoice! A higher height you shall attain— The nation's will, the public voice, Are somewhat stronger than disdain.

B. F. M.

A Change of Base.

She was stylishly dressed, proud and tall, And withal A neat, well-turned ankle had Anna; Her sweet lips wore a smile, And her cheeks a blush Of nature's own paint

Till she, her blush, smile, and pride, all forgot, As she stepped on a peel of banana, Which upset her whole style In a horrid crush. Fit to vex a saint.

LARSEN'S BOSTON LETTER.

Phases of the Fight for Governor—Remarks on the Candidates. BOSTON, Oct. 10.—The Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts was born in England.

During the next four weeks this fact will probably become known to every man, woman and child in the state, and should Hon. Frederick T. Greenhalge be elected, it will mean a great deal.

The only office which a foreign born citizen cannot be elected to is I think the presidency, but in all others, America's adopted sons have had their share. This does not mean that a certain prejudice against everything English does not exist, for, on the contrary one finds its dropping out occasionally, especially in the farming districts, where the sons and daughters of the revolution are now strongest.

Mr. Greenhalge, however is a man of the people in every sense of the word, and when it is remembered that he arrived in America when he was 8 years of age and is now 51, he has not so much to answer for after all.

Then, since the campaign opened he has been out among the farmers making their sides ache with laughter, and they have already come to know him as a good-fellow who can make them feel at ease even in the presence of a candidate for the highest office in the state. And as long as they know him they will never have to change their opinion of Greenhalge in this respect. He is a man of many good qualities, and the same every day in the week. He is perfectly at home in a Sunday school, and if the clergyman were unable to be present, he would not—or has not might be better—hesitated to step into the pulpit and preach a sermon; while at the same time he is popular among the boys, and at a banquet he is what Artemus Word would term "the life and soul of the social bore."

Mr. Greenhalge is a popular man in his own home, where he is best known and where familiarity is suffered to breed contempt, and his friends throughout the state evidently held him in the same regard. His popularity with the newspaper workers is remarkable, and one of the most amusing phases of his fight for the nomination was, that while the editors of all the democratic papers were bitterly opposed to him, the news columns had nothing but good words and favorable tidings of the Greenhalge boom.

For several years William E. Russell has been the white haired boy of Massachusetts. A Democrat, he has been elected governor of a Republican State, with every other man elected on the State ticket a Republican, and he has been elected in a national election year, when with the exception of the Governorship the State gave a Republican majority.

William E. Russell is out of the race

this year. John E. Russell, a former congressman, well known as the Shepherd of Leicester is the Democratic candidate. He was a successful secretary of the State board of agriculture, and it is claimed taught the farmers how to have considerable money, in making butter and other things, and that he is very popular in the agricultural districts. That is where he is expected to get the votes. Mr. Russell has a very small voice, and although he writes in autograph albums "no matter what the circumstance, keep your temper," good democrats who know say that John E. has the worst temper they ever ran across. It is so bad that when a number of people left the hall at a big meeting he was addressing he turned to the Democratic Committee and gave them fits. The meeting broke up in confusion.

Nevertheless, he has the reputation of being a ready reasoner, sharp and clinching in debate, and able to hold his own with the best of them. Greenhalge is a keener. At a social gathering he is the soul of wit, can turn out bright sayings by the hour and make the fun continuous; but on the platform his sarcasm grates on the ear; it is cruel and scathing, and one can hardly forget it; he is never at loss for words and his clear cut sentences, his graphic word pictures and brilliant arguments make him one of the most popular speakers of a campaign.

Last Saturday when the republicans nominated him for Governor, a score or more of the party's biggest men accompanied him to Lowell, where the city was turned upside down as a reception. Red fire was burned by the barrell, and torches blazed by the hundred, while in the city's big hall several thousands waited for his coming. The excitement was intense. Greenhalge only said a few words, but he raised the very mischief. He referred to his birth and his American citizenship and dared his opponents to say anything about him. He raved with excitement, his eyes flashed fire, the mob howled, and the press of Massachusetts has been howling ever since.

The campaign promises to be decidedly interesting, and no one will be surprised to see the republicans have this g pretty much their own way.

It will be a campaign of "Look on this picture, then on that." "This" picture was taken last year, and "that" picture a few weeks ago. You know all about it in the provinces; the smokeless chimneys, the silent factories and all the bluff and buncombe which time alone will wear out.

They're started in on it already, and the democrats no matter how good their cause know they have a large contract on hand when they begin to try to convince that Grover Cleveland is not responsible for their being out of work. The number of people who know that under one administration they had work and that under another they had none, who know this without being able to understand the why or the wherefore of it all,—this class is as large here as anywhere else, and play the deuce with politics.

Interest in the yacht races was intense this week, and a happier lot of people than that which packed Washington street in front of the bulletin boards, was surely never seen when it is considered that hundreds of them were then when they would rather have been earning their bread and butter.

The fluke of last Thursday awakened the interest to a remarkable extent, for it was feared that the cup was in danger. Valkyrie stock went up, and yachting was the proper thing to discuss until Saturday; then the American heart was made glad and joy reigned supreme on Washington street Monday afternoon.

R. G. LARSEN.

The Sun Insurance Office.

When an Insurance company has attained an age of 183 years, as is the case with the Sun Fire of London, more than ordinary interest naturally attaches to its annual statements of condition and operations. Our readers will therefore be interested to examine the report of the company for 1892, which in this issue we lay before them.

That very little trading profit, as the phrase goes, was realized by the companies on the fire underwriting of 1892, is well known, and the Sun shared in the common experience to a great extent, its loss ratio being a little less than 66 per cent. That is which that office is not accustomed to.

That this was below the general average of the British fire offices, however, presents some gratifying features to the managers. Glancing at the revenue account for 1892, we find that the net premium income was \$5,146,639, and about \$360,000 in excess of the previous year. Interest income was \$355,400 the total income being \$5,502,039. Of this amount, losses called for \$3,393,235 and expenses all told, for \$1,650,530, leaving a balance of income over expenditure of \$458,265. After adding to the 40 per cent. reserve fund for unexpired risks, a balance of \$314,275 was carried to profit and loss. The end of the year found the company with funds amounting altogether to the large sum of \$9,455,305, and total assets aggregating \$10,270,535. The Sun, like its namesake in the heavens, now extends its influence well around the globe, and is known where fire insurance has made a history, the risks assumed by it last year in all countries being \$1,959,034,430, a gain in business for the year of \$93,453,885. In the United States the company's business has been large, producing a premium income of over \$2,000,000 and risks written of nearly \$47,000,000. The loss ratio was 63.7, or about two per cent. less than the general average of the Company.

As most of our readers are aware, the Sun entered the Dominion for business in June of last year, under the management of Mr. H. A. Blackburn of Toronto. Less than seven months of the year were left for organization and prosecution of the business over a widely extended field. And yet, greatly to the credit of Manager Blackburn the risks written before the close of the year amounted to almost four and a half millions of dollars, and the losses incurred thereon were about 26 per cent, of the premiums received. That the Sun will speedily stand in the front rank in Canada, as it does elsewhere, it is easy to predict.—(Insurance & Finance Chronicle.)

Mr. Ira Cornwall, St. John, N. B. is the General Agent for the Maritime Provinces for this Company and we understand, is prepared to establish a number of agencies where the Company is not already represented.

SCOTTISH CHILDREN'S FUN.

How the Little Folk of Scotland Have a Merry Time.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, Oct. 3.—The little lads and lasses of Scotland are a rugged and merry lot. In no land in which I have wandered are children more self-sustaining in olden or improvised pastimes and games. I have often thought, too, that where their denials are [greatest, where poverty pinches hardest, there could always be found the cheeriest little souls and the heartiest expression of childish hilarity among the "rosy-cheekit," blithesome Scottish bairns. Geography, condition and weather can furnish no exception.

It is the same with highland as with lowland children; with the ragged, hungry little folk of the western isles as with the romping rollickers of Glasgow; with the wee peerie lairds and ladies and fishermen's children of the Shetlands and Orkneys as with the hard-hearted, hard-fisted bairns of "Auld Reekie's" wynds and closes; and precisely the same with the little nabobs of iron or stone-grit parks of the cities as with children of the border towns and those of the misty glens and corries of the North. Childhood in Scotland may know asperities of environment and rigor of discipline unusual in some other lands; but the compensation is here in the fact that Scottish children never "mope." Once released from duty or relieved from discipline they leap to their games free as their own wild winds and mists; and the savagest Scottish storm that howls up the foaming firths, or wails among the lochs and glens has for them no more terror than sunshine, when there is liberty for sport and play.

The children's folk-lore of Scotland is peculiarly rich in counting-out rhymes which are here called "titting out" and "chapping-out." As with the counting-out rhymes of the children of all countries, the one "chapped out" is to bear the disagreeable or distinguished part in whatever game may be proposed.

There are hosts of games in which the little folk of both sexes unite, in and out of doors, and which are particularly enjoyed in holiday time when their elders are occupied in more serious festivities. One of these is "Lubin Loo," and it is always productive of screaming merriment, owing to errors by players in obeying the leaders commands. The children form in a ring, joining hands when they all sing:

Here we play Lubin Loo, Here we play Lubin Light; Here we play Lubin Loo, And then whirr round about, 'A' Saturday night!

The entire game consists in correctly following the sung injunctions, as— Now all your right hands in; All your right hands out. Shake them a little, a little, And then whirr round about.

The quickness and dexterity of the little ones are often remarkable. The right foot is put through the tactics; then the left foot; the right and left ears; the nose, the chin, the eyes, and finally the head.

"Oranges and Lemons" is a good deal of a burly-burly pastime. An elder boy and girl stand and grasp hands. One secretly takes the name "Oranges," the other that of "Lemons." They then proceed about the room and in whispers demand which side each of their playmates has chosen, when the leaders again grasp hands and call for their respective adherents. These grasp their leaders and each other about the waist, and a test of strength, accompanied by tremendous encouraging cheerings, is the result.

A jolly little game is "Hunting the Slipper." After a "hunter" is chosen, the boys and girls sit or rather squat in a round ring with crooked knees, so that skirts and kilts will cover them. The "hunter" from the outside brings a slipper to any child in the ring, demanding,

"When will ye ha' it din (done)?"

Any day may be mentioned by the recipient at which the "hunter" expresses satisfaction, and with a cheery "A' right!" turns away. The fun begins when the hunter returns and demands the slipper, but is met with "Oh, I passed it on!" until it is really discovered, which is never until the hunter has met with many engaging adventures, when the one in whose possession the slipper is found, in turn becomes the long discomfited "hunter."

The "Mulberry Bush" affords infinite variety of change in its action and application. Boys and girls may "go round by it," but it is usually a pastime for girls. Joining hands they sing:

Here we go round by the mulberry bush, Mulberry bush, mulberry bush; Here we go round by the mulberry bush On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we comb our hair On a cold and frosty morning— brushing the hair, brushing the teeth, walking to school, sitting at school, and countless other duties, pleasures and shirkings of childhood being imitated in action as "Mulberry Bush" is sung.

There are myriad girls' games nearly all of which, curiously enough, as in other English speaking countries, seem to derive their greatest interest and fascination to little Scottish lassies from their nearness to the mock heroics in the courting, love and marriage affairs of their elders. The commonest of these are "Rise Sally Walker," in which Sally "rises" and "follows her guidman," "first a girl and then a boy," in which all of her wedded joys and sorrows are delineated, with marching and singing; "In and Out the Window" in which, in and out of rings, with the interminable singing and marching, a lassie evidently finally departs, and her lover is shriekingly enjoined to "follow her up to London;" "My Name is Queen Mary."

My age is sixteen, My father is a farmer On yonder green. He's plenty of money To dress me sae braw; There's nae bonnie laddie Can take me awa!

but there is a bonnie laddie who gives her "Ha, ha," and takes "her awa;" "Breakfast Time," where "Breakfast time's coming on," as well as dinner, supper, bed, church, school, play, and all other possible times, in which it is exact and proper time "to catch a bonnie lassie;" "Beds," in which "mither" is sought to buy "milk-ing-scales" for her daughter. The mother agast inquires where the money is to come from. The father's feather bed shall be sold. The successive queries and answers then put the father in the girls' bed,

the girl's in the boy's bed, the boys in the pig-sty, the pig in the wash-tub, with the final dramatic shift of having the family washing "done by the river-side;"—and that most popular and universal of all Scottish girls' pastimes, "The Gala Ship," or Merrima Tansa."

This Merrima Tansa (perhaps "Merry Matausa") is played by all the girls present joining hands in a circle, upon which the march round and round singing:

Three times round goes the gail, gail ship, And three times round goes she; Three times round goes the gail, gail ship, And sinks to the bottom of the sea!

They repeat this thrice, curtseying low. The first to curtsy is placed in the centre of the circle, when the others sing:

Choose your maidens one by one, One by one, one by one; Choose your maidens one by one— And down goes (all curtsy) Merrima Tansa!

She chooses her maidens. They take her to a distance, when she is secretly told the name of her lover. The remainder of the girls imitate sweeping and sing several stanzas to the effect that they will "sweep the house till the bride comes home," when the bride is now placed within the circle, and from a score of an hundred stanzas, with marching and various imitations of what the lucky bride accomplishes or undergoes are sung. Each one closes with "down goes Merrima Tansa!" and the head ducking; and this wonderful music-drama of childhood is not concluded until the christening of the bride's first-born with,

Next Sunday morn to church she must gae, A babe on her knee, the best of 'a— And down goes Merrima Tansa!

Drawn With the Thumb Nail.

In picture collections to be seen both in China and Japan, are specimens of some most remarkable pictures of all kinds drawn with the thumb nail. The nails of the thumb on the left hand of these peculiar artists are taken great care of, and are allowed to grow to an enormous length, sometimes to ten or twelve inches. They are then pared down to a pen-shaped point, being scraped thin in order to make it flexible. Dipping this oddly-constructed pen in beautiful vermilion or sky-blue ink, the only kinds used in "sacred" thumb-nail drawings, the artist gracefully outlines his work. Occasionally the bold touches from the studio of a master in this department of "art" are life-size, and are sketched by a few sweeps of the artist's arm. Like other Oriental pictures and sketches, these sacred thumb-nail pictures are mounted and rolled up like scrolls.

A Yarmouth Man's Valued Relics.

Mr. Moody is quite an antiquarian and has some valuable collections at his house. Among other things are a fine oil painting of the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, and a gorget, a protection for the neck, worn by him. He has letters and cards of invitation to dinner, signed by the Duke, and addressed to Col. Moody, the great grandfather of Mr. Moody. He has, besides, correspondence between his ancestor and Governors Sir James Kempth and Sir James Wentworth, and also a piece of the red coat worn by the Colonel over a hundred years ago and which to all appearances is just as good as when it came out of the loom, preserving fully the beautiful and rich colour.

Progress Clubbing List.

A number of the best magazines and papers in the country have at various times asked PROGRESS to make a combination clubbing figure with them, at which it would be possible for both papers to induce new subscribers. PROGRESS started its clubbing list with the Cosmopolitan a few days ago, and from this date will add to the list until it includes the very best literature in the country.

The publisher of PROGRESS will send it one year to any subscriber in combination with any of the publications in the following list at the prices set opposite them, under the column "Club Price":

Table with 3 columns: Publication, Regular Price, Club Price. Includes Cosmopolitan and Progress (\$3.50/\$2.50), Donalhue's Magazine (\$4.00/\$2.50), Ladies' Home Journal (\$3.00/\$2.50).

Remit by Post Office or Express Order to Edward S. Carter, St. John, N. B. Always state with what number you wish the magazine to begin.

This is the Season

For New Buckwheat Meal, Green Tomatoes, Green Peppers, Pickling Spices, Crab Apples, Gravenstein Apples, California Grapes, Spiced Bacon, New Hams, etc. Enquire of J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte St., next Y. M. C. A.

LINCOLN, SUNBURY CO.

Oct. 11.—Mrs. John Rowan spent a few days in St. John last week. Miss Blanche Glazier who has been ill for some time is getting better. Miss Carpenter, who has been the guest of Miss Jule Wisley returned home last week. Mr. Stephen Payne, of St. John, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Glazier. Mr. Alex. Wisley returned last week from the World's Fair, greatly pleased with his trip and the White city.

Mrs. Martin Adams is visiting her daughter at Walsby. Rev. Mr. Howie spent Monday in this place. Mr. William Patterson has purchased the Garrity property. His parents intend moving there and Mr. and Mrs. Fins will occupy the homestead. Mrs. Turner who has been spending the summer here, returned to her home in St. John last week. E. B.

GRAND MANAN.

Oct. 11.—Mrs. Bartlett, of Lowell, Mass., is the guest of her brother, Mr. Jerome Duggell. Mrs. James Pette returned from St. Stephen on Saturday.

Miss Edith Bancroft, of London, Ont., is spending a few weeks with her relatives here. Dr. Price, who has been in St. John for a few days, has returned to the Island. Miss Grace Newton, who has been visiting the World's Fair, has returned to her home, accompanied by her friend Miss Stevens, of St. Stephen. Mrs. Hamilton, of Syracuse, New York, who has been spending the summer at the "Ridge," received news of her husband's serious illness, and accompanied by her sister, Miss Lawrence, returned to her home on Thursday.

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