

PROGRESS.

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WILL ACCEPT NO CREED.

REV. DR. MACDOUGALL SAYS HE MAY JOIN THE UNITARIANS.

The Presbytery's Action does not Affect His Standing—Something about the Little Congregation of Which He is Pastor—How it was Brought Together.

The Presbytery was on its mettle this week in dealing with Rev. Dr. MacDougall. Nobody has received such rough handling at the hands of a religious body for many a day. Yet that gentleman does not seem to be disturbed, in the least. In fact, he seems rather pleased to find that his case has been finally dealt with, and he is free to go his own way.

This is the way he seemed to look at it Thursday evening when a representative of PROGRESS called upon him. The doctor was about to dine, but probably had his appetite sharpened by an interesting conversation about the action of the Presbytery and the prospects for the little congregation which meets in Union Hall every Sunday.

"The action of the Presbytery has been more amusing than anything else," said the doctor smiling. "It reminds me somewhat of the boy who lost his first sweetheart, and tried to console himself by telling his friends that 'it was he who gave her the mitten.'"

He does not look upon the Presbytery's action as affecting his standing as a minister. To depose him, a charge would have to be made and dealt with; but he has merely been declared no longer a minister of the Presbyterian church. So there is nothing to prevent him from performing all the ceremonies of marriage, baptism, etc., in connection with his work.

"You see," said the doctor, "if I had preached while in the Presbyterian church as I have during the past year, they might have been able to make a charge against me, but I swung myself clear of them before I gave expression to my views."

"Did I have these views in regard to the Trinity and original sin while in the presbytery? Well, yes, I did, but my mind is slow, and it took some time for them to develop. However, I never referred to these doctrines during the time I was pastor of Calvin church, except on one or two occasions, when I spoke of them as I do now. But even before I entered the theological college my mind bent in this direction, and while there I discussed these questions, in class and out of it, with Dr. McKnight. I remember on one occasion having asked him if I could be a consistent member of the Presbyterian church and still hold these views. The answer he gave me was, that there were a number of ministers in the Presbyterian church who thought as I did."

"But the more I pursued my private studies these opinions forced themselves upon me, and while pastor of Calvin church I began to feel that I could not remain long in the presbytery, and hold the views, I did. I discussed the matter with my family, and must admit that the prospect for me, if I severed my connection with the Presbyterian church, did not look very encouraging."

"But the opportunity presented itself in a most unexpected way, and ever since my mind has felt a good deal easier. Of one thing I am certain," said Mr. MacDougall, emphatically, "I shall never connect myself with any church that has a creed. At present my congregation does not contemplate a union with any religious body, and I will not urge them to do so, but for my own part I may possibly join the Unitarian church."

"We have had correspondence with members of that body ever since we began holding services, and within the last three weeks I have received an order from the American Unitarian association for \$400, for the Church of the Messiah, but I have not yet notified them that I will accept it. Our affairs are moving along most satisfactorily, from every point of view, and exceed all my expectations. When we began to hold services in Union hall we had only twelve or thirteen families; now I have 75 or 80 on my list, and of that number about 55 contribute regularly."

Dr. MacDougall talked about the affairs of his church with the greatest freedom. There was nothing to conceal, he said, and they had every reason to be satisfied with what had been accomplished. When asked how the congregation first came to be organized, he smiled pleasantly and said:

"Well, now, that brings us to another matter. Perhaps it would surprise you to learn that the first intimation of it was embodied in a joke. It happened in this way:"

"You know, after I resigned from the pastorate of Calvin church, it was announced that I would go to the North-west, and I had fully determined to do this. But some of my friends wanted me to stay in St. John, and one evening after prayer meeting referred to the matter."

"But what can I do if I stay in St.

John? I asked when they urged me to remain.

"You can come over to the North end and preach to us" said one of my friends who lives over here.

"Of course, I regarded the matter as a joke, and said; 'where can I preach in the north end; in the police station?' There the matter dropped for the time being."

"But they, apparently, did not remain inactive. Many of them were dissatisfied, and intended leaving Calvin church. And just here I have been put in a wrong light, when it was said that I induced some of these people to leave Calvin church. On the contrary, I was making arrangements to leave for the Northwest. In fact, on the day that I decided to remain here, I was prepared to leave the city by the 2 o'clock train. Shortly after noon, on that day, however, I met one of my present congregation, and he urged me to stay, saying that there would not be much difficulty in organizing a church in the North End. He had consulted with a number of families who were favorable to this, and knew whereof he spoke, so I told him I would remain."

"We set to work immediately after that, and you know the result."

"What are the prospects for the future?" repeated the doctor after the reporter's interruption. "That reminds me of an amusing thing on the part of the presbytery. From the beginning that body seemed to know a great deal more about the future of our church, than I ever pretended to know, and you see how far they have been right in their predictions."

"However, in regard to our plans for the future, I cannot say anything very definite, but I feel sure that within two or three years we will hold services in a church of brick or stone. In fact you need not be surprised if you see us begin operations next spring. There was some talk about this, among the congregation last year, but I advised them to wait awhile. I do not think we would have much trouble in getting the financial aid necessary. We have a number of influential persons in the congregation who have already contributed liberally—you must remember that the church is free, and supported by voluntary contribution—and it is such persons who advance the building idea. The congregation is growing larger all the time, and we have people from all denominations; Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and a number who did not attend church for years, before we began to hold services."

Dr. MacDougall never tires of talking about his church and ideas, and on Thursday evening he gave PROGRESS the impression that he was as entertaining before dinner as most men are in an after dinner speech.

"A VERY FLAT AFFAIR."

Why the Carnival was so Characterized and Not Mentioned at All.

When an unfavorable notice of any kind appears in the daily papers one has only to look in the advertising columns to learn the cause, and for one of the daily papers to say that an entertainment was not up to the standard is of such a rare occurrence that it never fails to cause remark. An amusing illustration of this occurred this week in connection with the carnival in the Palace rink, which shows how much reliance the public can place in the criticisms of the daily press.

Although the carnival was somewhat better than any held recently, and was successful from a financial standpoint, one of the morning papers referred to it as a "very flat affair," while the other, being probably under the impression that all items of news should appear in the advertising columns, did not mention it at all.

An advertisement of the carnival had not appeared in either of the papers.

There was a reason for this. The managers of the rink are also interested in theatricals, but for reasons best known to themselves, are not friendly with the "local managers" who run the Institute shows. This puts them at a disadvantage as far as getting reading notices published in the morning papers is concerned. Their advertisements occupied as much space as those of the Institute attractions, but when they handed in an advance notice, it was invariably cut down to a few lines, while the Institute companies were puffed up to the extent of half a column, or whatever space the "local manager" wished.

They decided not to advertise in the morning papers, which is probably the cause of their attractions being "very flat affairs."

She Might, if She Walked.

"How long will it be before the train leaves for Montreal?" asked a woman at the depot, Tuesday evening.

"About three hours, madam," said the official.

"What I wanted to find out was, whether I'd have time to go to Indiantown and back. Do you think I could without missing the train?"

"No, ma'am, I don't—Not if you take the street cars."

THEY WANT MORE LIGHT.

THE NORTH ENDERS ASK FOR THIRTY ELECTRICS.

They Have 40 Now which Cost \$4,100 a Year—Where will They Place Them—An Expensive Scheme to Catch Votes which The People will Pay For in the End.

The aldermanic elections are a good way off, yet already there are some vote-catching schemes afloat. That which PROGRESS exposes this morning is of such a questionable character and involves the expenditure of so much money, which goes to increase the bonded debt, and such an annual cost that it is extremely improbable that even the people, whose votes it is designed to catch, will look upon it with any kind of favor.

Those who have read PROGRESS know something about the trickery and jobbery connected with the erection of the present electric light station in the North End. It was the expose of this business and other bare-faced transactions that would not bear the light of day, that brought about union.

Another such scheme is in contemplation now. The two opposing factions of the North End have joined hands and are working with might and main to have a large electric light station erected in their section, to add thirty lights to their present number, and to run the 50 additional lamps that will probably be placed north of Union street in the city proper.

There are 40 lights now in the North End—where they are and how effective they are, are questions which it does not do to inquire into too closely but it puzzles even the generous open handed aldermen to decide where they can locate 30 more electrics unless they intend to hang one over each of their doors.

This demand is not an old one. It has come to the front recently with the united backing of the North end aldermen. Messrs. Connor, Chesley and Kelly are working together and the Leary scheme has stepped to the rear for the present. When it was decided to light a portion of St. John proper by electric light, and the contract was awarded, it was thought that the North End would only need three or four additional lights, some of which were for the Straight shore. That appears to have been a mistake. They want 30 though they do not state where they are to be placed.

The 40 lights at present going in the North End, cost the city over \$4,100, which means more than \$100 each. Mr. Calkin has contracted to light the city proper for \$75 a light per year, but the North End people propose to add 30 more lights to their circuit, and 50 more to illuminate that part of the city north of Union street, which all in all would make 120 lights. Supposing that they do the work in the same economical (?) way as at present, such an arrangement would cost the city more than \$12,000 every year.

An interesting fact, however, that might be noticed in this connection is the difference in candle power between the lights Mr. Calkin has contracted to supply, and the lights now run from the North End station. The former is of 2000 candle power, and the latter, 1200.

The cost of the new station and the new plant, for that is what the North Enders want, would be at least \$14,000, which would be spent for another building, engines, boilers and electric plant. Then besides, the positions have to be filled, and the salaries fixed after that.

Such a scheme as this should not be proposed, much less considered, but it will be found that unless the South and West Ends combine against it, that it will be carried.

The Prize Cartoon Next Week.

PROGRESS cartoon competition closed on Thursday. There were more than a score of drawings of one kind and another submitted, some of them happily conceived and fairly well drawn and others not so good in either particular.

The prize cartoon will be engraved and printed at an early day probably next Saturday. The idea is, no doubt, more original than any of those submitted but the detail work is not up to the mark.

There were political and civic and social cartoons submitted. With possibly one exception, the political drawings all lacked the one essential, well caricatured faces. To be popular a caricature must be taken in at a glance, and the faces so true that there will be no necessity to label them.

Real caricature talent is a very scarce article in this section. There are no Bengoughs roaming about out of a job in the knowledge of the writer, and if any of the readers of PROGRESS know otherwise, there is a "sit" for the wandering artist in this office.

They Never Notice Anything.

"Did you notice the high tide, as you passed the square?" asked one man of another, Monday, at noon.

"Why? was it higher than usual? I didn't notice it."

"Humph! you'd make a good alderman."

WHAT OUR FRIENDS THINK.

Encouraging Comments From Subscribers and New Contracts From Advertisers.

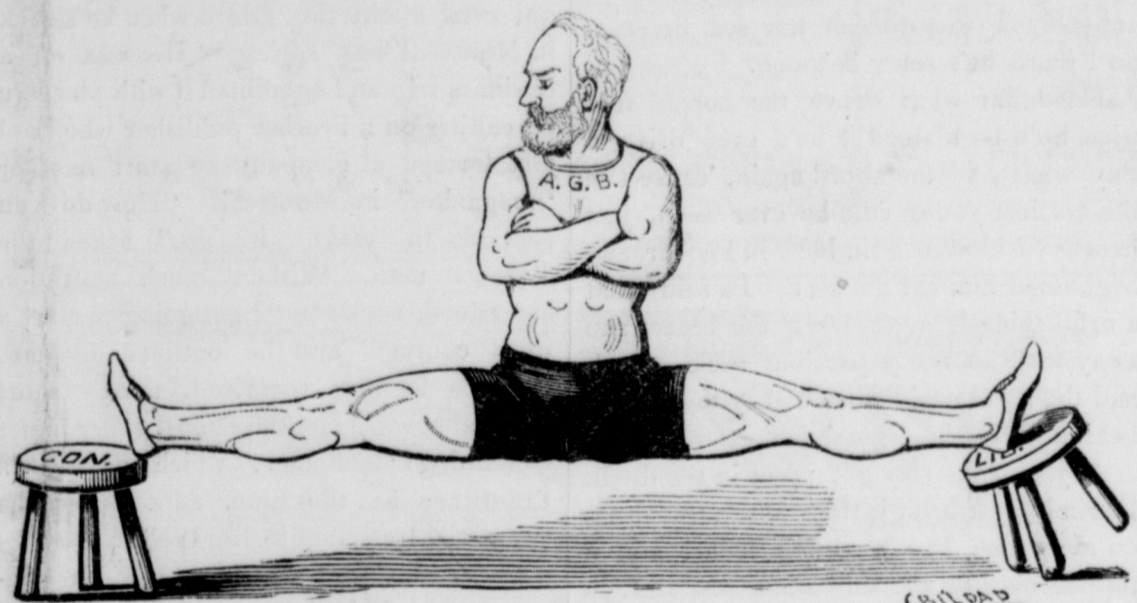
As the news of the enlarged PROGRESS speeds, the comments are flowing into this office from all quarters. There has not been one that is not encouraging—not one but has urged us to go ahead with the bigger and better PROGRESS. Perhaps the announcement accounts in some measure for the very large amount of good and new advertising contracts that have been "given to the paper since the new year." This is a season when local advertising is usually as dull as business, but with PROGRESS it has been very different. A single

NOT FOR THE PUBLIC

THE ROBBERY IN THE W.O. ASYLUM KEPT QUIET.

Reporters are Nuisances when Asking for Information—Mr. Mathers and Detective Ring Hunting for The Culprit, Who has Gone West.

All was excitement in the Wiggins' Male Orphan Asylum, Monday. Rev. Mr. Mathers, the principal, had made a discovery. It was a most important discovery, but one that did not tend to benefit either Mr. Mathers or the institution. From this it may be inferred that a gold mine was not discovered in the front garden, although it



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

"The Government is neither Liberal nor Conservative, and I confess to you that between the two stools there would seem to be some danger of its coming to the ground."—Mr. Blair's Woodstock Speech.

glance at its pages will bear out this statement. Here are a few of the letters which have been received during the past few days:

He Wants More of It.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I read PROGRESS every Saturday, and look for it like my dinner. Am glad that you are going to increase the size, as a 48 page paper of your stamp would be more than acceptable. I hope who ever wins the prize offered for the cartoon will give a good picture. I suppose we will see it in the paper on the 23rd. Wishing you all success and hoping that you will make such a competition regular. G. E. R. Halifax, Jan. 15, '91.

Interested In Sixteen Pages.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I must express my thanks for your promptness in forwarding my paper as I receive it invariably every Saturday morning, although I am "away down in Maine." Another thing I find a great many others await is your 16 page issues, it is a great pleasure when far away from home (St. John) to get news, and at present there can be no doubt but that your news will be more varied and extensive in your 16 page edition as also more popular and widely circulated. Wishing you success. V. P. B. VENO. South Brewer, Me., Jan. 10.

Here is Some Genuine Appreciation.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I am receiving my PROGRESS regularly every week and I must thank you for placing before your readers, away in distant lands, a paper that is always full of interest to those who have left many friends at home. I hail with delight the morning I receive my PROGRESS, and I never leave it until I have read it through. I take great interest in the Hampton news, having spent the greater part of my young life at that place, and I only wish your correspondent would make the reports longer. Perhaps I want too much, but if you only know what pleasure we have in reading the same, you would be just like me, asking for more. I send you by this mail a book which will give you a good description of this flourishing city, which will very shortly rival Denver. There are a number of Canadians here, but very few from the Provinces. We intend forming a "Canadian Club" next month, so that we will have a place where we can enjoy ourselves like we do at home. I trust you will receive the book safely, and that you will be interested in it. If there is anything out here you would like to have put in your paper, just let me know, and I will see that you get it. H. B. J. Pueblo, Colo., Jan. 7, 1891.

P. S.—I don't think you know me, but I was very well acquainted with your former partner, Sawyer, Ned Harrison or Morton can tell you who I am. H. B. J.

A Long Distance Walker.

There were three of them. One was a tobacconist, one a tonsorial artist, and the other a railroad man, yet all occupied the same sleigh as they drove out the road one day last week. But they came in one at a time, and the barber walked all the way from the Ben Lomond house. The trio had been out farther than that, but stopped on the way in. The tobacconist, however, made his stay of short duration, and while the other two were in the hotel, picked up the reins and when his companions got ready to leave, was nowhere in sight. The railroad man took in the situation philosophically, but the barber had an engagement in town that night, and could not stop over at Loch Lomond for any consideration, and, as the railroad man was content to wait until he got a chance to drive in, the tonsorial artist walked the distance alone in the dark of the evening. He did not see any bears.

She Was a Flyer.

The female sex showed its superiority to an extraordinary degree, at Lily Lake, Wednesday afternoon. One of the fastest skaters on the ice was a woman, and when she chose to exert herself, everybody else stood and looked on in admiration.

All on Account of a Girl.

A young woman in one of the Union street hotels was the cause of a little excitement this week. Two of the boarders had settled their affections upon her, and a dispute arose, which ended in a rough and tumble, a sore nose, and a highly colored optic.

IT WAS A GREAT MEETING.

The Affairs of the District Orange Lodge Pass into New Hands.

The district Orange Lodge held a meeting this week, and there has been considerable talk among the Orangemen ever since. It was a meeting full of surprises and disappointments, yet the majority of those present seemed greatly pleased with the result. A new board of officers was elected. Not one of the old officials was returned to office, and the affairs of the lodge passed into new hands. In the opinion of some it was about time they did. The old officials, it is alleged, had been running the machine to suit themselves, and their ideas were not in accordance with those of the majority of the members. They held meetings when it suited them, and always had a favorable majority; passed resolutions, and, it is said, made financial arrangements that were not within their jurisdiction, and in regard to which many of the Orangemen knew nothing. A number of them became inquisitive, but could not learn enough about the affairs of the lodge to satisfy their curiosity. The number of interested Orangemen grew, and as the meeting for the election of officers drew near the men who held office began to hustle for re-election. They had held office so long that this had become almost unnecessary, but things had evidently taken a turn. In fact they had come to such a point that re-election was impossible. And now the affairs of the lodge will be conducted in a different manner.

A GREAT REDUCTION.

The Magistrate Fined the Barber \$20, and the Chief Released Him for \$8.

If a man can save \$12 by keeping a transaction to himself, he is not likely to talk about it no matter how amusing it may be. And that is the reason why a very interesting little story has been kept from the public since last October. Near the end of that month Prof. Henderson was before the magistrate for drunkenness and beating his wife. He was fined \$20 or two months in jail, and not having the necessary amount of money on hand was escorted into the latter institution. He is quite popular, however, with the boys around town, for various reasons, and when they heard of his whereabouts, there was no difficulty in raising \$20 to secure his release. A "committee of one," waited upon the chief of police with the \$20 in his pocket, and inquired for the barber. He was in jail and likely to be there as the chief thought a term would do him good. But the delegate demanded his release, saying that he was prepared to pay the fine, and would not go away without him. Such a declaration had its effect on the chief.

"How much do you want?" asked the delegate.

"Eight dollars!" was the answer. The delegate was surprised but paid the money without saying anything. The chief made out an order and the prisoner was released.

It Was Made for a Present.

One of the three partners in a well known Charlotte street firm was made the subject of a practical joke during the holiday season, and the affair has not died out yet. Nor is it likely to. The junior partner numbered among his most valued presents a vest of more than ordinary attractiveness, which always hung in the office while he was at work. At Christmas the other members of the firm decided to make one of their friends, who spends considerable time in the establishment, a present, and were considering what it should be when they noticed the vest. It gave them an idea. They wrapped it up and addressed it to their friend, who has been wearing it ever since. The junior partner has got over the effects of the surprise he got when he first saw his vest on somebody else, and enjoys the joke.

The Change Has Not Taken Place.

The Telegraph has not changed hands yet, and those in charge say they do not know exactly when it will. The new owners are said to be three in number, none of them acquainted with the ways of newspaperism. Some improvements to the building are spoken of, chief among which is the abolition of the oil lamp and the introduction of a ventilator. The life of the job office department connected with the paper will probably be snuffed out by the new owners—which does not indicate a sound belief in a change of dominion government.

Over \$900 Subscribed.

The friends of the late Dr. Brydone Jack will be glad to learn that over \$900 have been subscribed to found his memorial scholarship. Some hundreds have been collected, and there does not seem to be much reasonable doubt but that the Jack memorial scholarship will be offered to the students of the university next year.

The Boys Will Play "Hockey."

Hockey is now likely to be popular at the rinks, this winter. A club has been formed at the Victoria, and the prospects are good for the organization of several more in other parts of the town.