

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

Some of the Attractions DANIEL & ROBERTSON

Have to Offer to Patrons of the Exhibition, Sept.—Oct., 1891.

DEPARTMENTS

THAT WE GIVE ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO ARE

Wool Dress Stuffs

In all the leading foreign styles.

BLACK DRESS SILKS

In Faille Royal, Peau de Soie, Gross Grain, Ottoman, etc.

Colored Dress Silks

In Faille Francais, Surah, Pongee, Bengaline, etc.

TRIMMING SILKS

In every shade that fashion demands.

Silk Velvets, Velveteens, Plushes,

BLACK AND ALL COLORS.

MANTLE CLOTHS,

Fashionable makes, such as Rough Serges, Cheviots, Mixtures, Kersey Beavers, in medium and heavy weights.

SILK SEALETTE

for Mantles and Jackets, 54in. wide. 6 qualities; quilted Satin Linings and Seal Frogs to match.

LADIES' RAIN UMBRELLAS, Best German Make.

Gentlemen will please bear in mind that our Furnishing Department is very complete, containing everything necessary to comfort and good appearance.

Newest Fancy Goods

—ARE—

DOUBLE WIDTH FELTS

EVERY SHADE.

Pongee Drapery, plain & fancy.

PONGEE FIGURED SILKS,

32in., beautiful designs.

All widths and shades of Satin and Faille Ribbons to match.

Knitting and Embroidery Silks.

Small, Medium and Large

Pearl and Pearlletta Buttons.

MOHAIR AND SILK BUTTONS

To match new shades of Dress Goods.

Silk Cords, Braids, black and colored; Gold and Silver Cords and Buttons.

Silk Chiffon for Neckwear.

BLACK AND COLORED GIRDLES.

Black and Colored Spiders, web Net for evening dresses, 27in. wide.

Ladies' Street Jackets,

BLACK ONLY.

GOSSAMERS,

Many qualities shown; we have a special line dark colors at,

~~~~~\$3.00.~~~~~

#### HOUSE JERSEYS,

Black, Navy and Garnet, with leg-of-mutton Sleeves and high Shoulders.

### LADIES', MISSES', CHILD'S AND INFANTS'

Merino and Wool Underwear.

### French, Canadian and American Corsets,

WOOL VESTS AND CARDIGANS,

With and without Sleeves.

### FUR CAPES, STORM COLLARS,

#### MUFFS.

We were so successful with this line last season that we have been encouraged to dip a little deeper this year. Everything shown is this season's style.

#### FUR TRIMMINGS.

## London House Retail, - Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

### GEN. BOOTH AT HOME.

#### A CHAT WITH THE COMMANDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

A Frank Discussion of His Methods and What He Hopes to Accomplish—Ministers Who Have Helped the Army and Those Who Have Not.

Gen. William Booth of the salvation army has his office at the headquarters of the army on Queen Victoria street, London. Like generals that lead other kind of armies, he was not to be seen without the red tape process of meeting a few of his subalterns.

The great headquarters of the army consists of three entire buildings, and make an imposing appearance. On the ground floor all the available space was devoted to Salvation army literature, portraits of the general and his late lamented co-worker, Mrs. Booth, the festive and soul-stirring snare drum, tambourines and long-throated trumpets. A smart looking young soldier boy, clad in the regulation uniform, was busily engaged in sorting books and singing in a baritone voice that sadly needed cultivation: the hymn—"I will believe, I do believe."

In going up the stairs many young girls, wearing natty red Jerseys, were seen passing hither and thither. They all combed their hair a la Martha Washington. Those who had on huge bonnets revealed but little of their faces. A majority of the girls had pale faces, as if the army work had made them prematurely thoughtful. Only one girl had a face that could in any way compare to the sweet, refreshing loveliness of Mrs. Ballington Booth, now at work in America. Through the glass doors of the many offices a perfect beehive of clerks could be seen writing rapidly. Several of the soldiers, who seemed to be superannuated veterans, came along and indulged in conversation. They were loyal and devoted to Gen. Booth. He was their idol, and they could pronounce no eulogy on him that was compatible with their deep feeling for him.

The general was seated at a desk in a small room, surrounded by books and papers. Two of his subordinates in the red Jerseys were present receiving instructions. He waved his hand and they withdrew with the alacrity of harlequins in a Humpty Dumpty show. The salvation army general sat there clad in a dark blue military tunic, the absolute dictator of an evangelical army of over a million soldiers. He did not look like an historical dictator. Not six feet in height by two inches, not

large of frame, but impressing one as being wiry and almost tireless, his chief claim to personal notice centered in his dark eagle piercing eyes, his beak nose, and his iron gray beard that fell in profusion on his chest. In his motions he was loose jointed and somewhat awkward. There was nothing affected about him. His voice in a lower key was rather soft, but when he raised it there was a slight harshness, not metallic, but a sound of hoarseness. His eloquence is not of the voice, but of the manner of speech. An intense earnestness, a vivid streak of lightning in every sentence, and a loud clap of thunder in his hallelujah. Exposure to wind and rain, to heat and sunshine had not thinned his thick head of hair, now liberally sprinkled with gray strands. A heavy lock hung upon his high forehead. His feet were encased in strong heavy shoes. Nothing about his wearing

pare for the ministry, and it was then that he made his first acquaintance with the East End of London. He spoke in a little chapel, and had such success that he was sent on an evangelical tour through the Kingdom, meeting with wonderful success. While on this tour he married, and his wife has followed him ever since, until her death some months ago. When the methodist conference wanted him to settle down as a local preacher, and not evangelize, he revolted, and began the Salvation army work which, as a boy in Nottingham, he had really commenced ten years before. His marvelous success is already known.

"What is your intention in going to South Africa, general?" "I am going very largely to see what can be done for the native tribes there. I am not going with a crowd to overawe the natives. In my right hand I shall carry gentle peace, and my words shall tell of a blessed

journey to go to South Africa by any means. We have succeeded in planting our banners in New Zealand and the Maori converts exclaim: "God bless the man who sent the new religion here! Some day the Zulus may bless the hour a salvation army was landed in Africa. They may yet be heard singing:

"I do believe, I will believe,  
That Jesus died for me."

"I recognize the fact that as soon as I become interested in the native tribes the whites won't like it. They think the earth was made for the white men and the newspapers."

"You are often reported as rather down on the Fourth Estate, general?" "Not at all. I am a newspaper man myself. I write largely for our different periodicals. We have a circulation of over 700,000 weekly in our different newspapers. But still I am not blinded as to facts."

The general paused and said something about domestic duties, which induced me to ask: "How many children have you, general?"

"Eight altogether—three boys and five girls."

"They are all engaged in the work?" "Seven of them are publicly engaged in it, and one is in the army, but she is not very strong, and therefore she does not take any public part. Three of the boys and two of the girls are married, and I have nine grandchildren. I know the Americans like these details," said the chief, laughing. "I often think the social part of life is of far greater interest than to the public than the political and philosophic and theological discussions with which the Britisher fills his papers. A man finds his heaven or his other thing in his social relations, and yet as a rule you get your newspapers with that very information crammed into a few paragraphs. We christian men all talk about abstractions, leaving the great questions that most powerfully influence the happiness of mankind comparatively unnoticed."

"But the press has devoted a fair amount of space to the doings of the army, has it not, general?"

"Yes, largely, because we have come prominently forward and powerfully stirred the animosities as well as the affections of men. We have come into the real active practical life you see. We have made religion a weekday thing, a thing of weekday interest, not a mere abstraction, dealt with merely in isolated temples."

"What have you to say with regard to the treatment you have met with from the established church?"

"The church has looked upon us as rivals. They say this is a thing we cannot afford to support. If the methods and principles on which the salvation army acts are right we shall have to alter—we shall have to change. A great many christian men and women have said, we are

quite willing to learn from the salvation army how to do good; if this thing is of God, let us learn from it; if not we have nothing to fear from it. Wherever churches have been friendly to us they have profited by us. I am not aware of any church or any ministers who have ever said

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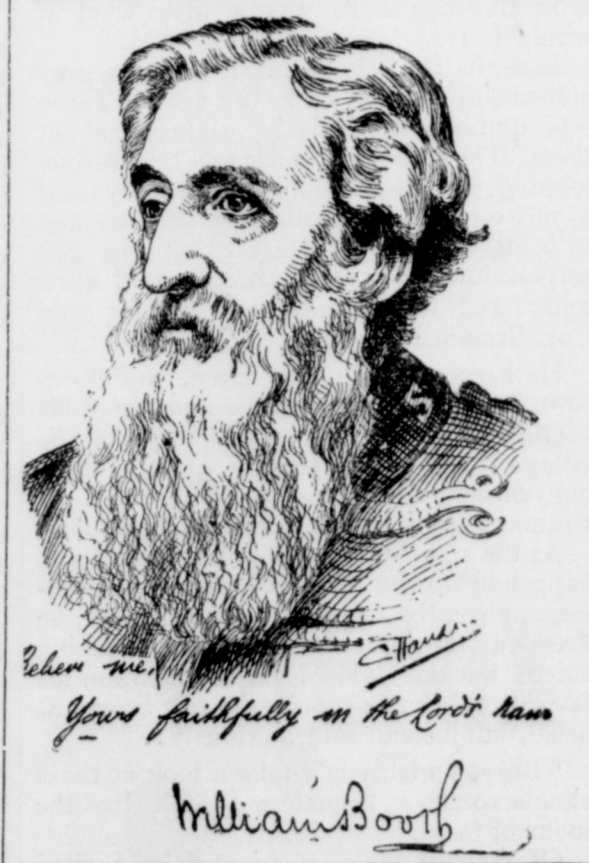
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shall never be satisfied until all men become followers of Christ. We want to convert the world. I believe we will do it. Then and only then will I be satisfied."

"You have been often severely criticised for your methods of work?"

"Oh, yes, but that does not matter. We



WILLIAM BOOTH



MRS. GENERAL BOOTH



LUCY BOOTH. MRS. COMMISSIONER BOOTH TUCKER. LA MARECHAL BOOTH.

apparel could be termed either rich or gaudy. Probably the suit he wore cost \$15 all told. His large, horny hands, unadorned with rings, looked more like those of a rail splitter than a soul saver. One is struck with his narrow chest, and invariably thinks that he is a sufferer from bronchitis, but he enjoys good health. Sixty-two years ago he was born in Nottingham, England, and studied for the methodist ministry. He was a "shouting methodist," and at fifteen years of age was recognized as a most promising exhorter. But he had a way of addressing open air meetings, and this was the beginning of the Salvation army work. When seventeen years old he was asked to become a local preacher, but he pleaded youth, and at the age of twenty moved to London. In a year or two he began to pre-

redemption. I will be accompanied by two secretaries only. I can't tell exactly how long I will be gone. Bad treatment! The natives of Africa could not subject me to worse treatment than I have received in civilized England. In my early work stones and all kinds of missiles have been hurled at me, and the faithful band of worshippers listening to the word of God. But I do not speak bitterly, and more in sorrow than in anger. I would like to say just exactly what I will do when I get to Africa but I do not know myself. Sufficient unto the day of the work thereof. I recognize that there is plenty of work to do right here in London. I am engaged in active work here, and when I am away the work will continue. The seed has been sown, and the harvest is now being gathered. I do not think it is a useless

expect criticism. I do not care how much the army is criticised if the great work of saving souls is carried on."

"How have ministers of the gospel treated you?"

"Most of them very well, and the others I suppose not so well, because they did not believe as we did. In the main, however, I have no fault to find."

"Is what is known as your Darkest England Plan likely to prove a success?"

"Beyond doubt. In my mind there is no doubt of the growing usefulness of the army. I look confidently forward to better results next year than ever before. Oh I could talk for days on this subject. But why go on? In a few hours I leave for a benighted land. I shall be away for some time. Give my love to all the people."

DAVID WEICHLER.

There is nothing which this age, from whatever standpoint we survey it, needs more, physically, intellectually and morally, than thorough ventilation.—Ruskin.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in an air rarefied to nothing by the air pump of unbelief—in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—Richter.