

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

## CHURCHES OF HALIFAX.

WHERE HALIFAXIANS WORSHIP IN LETTER AND IN SPIRIT.

There are thirty-nine places of worship altogether—the fashionable churches, and the ones which make no pretensions to style.

HALIFAX, Dec. 13.—Halifax is a city of churches, if one church to every thousand of population constitutes it such. There is in this city a population of 38,000, and there are, all told, thirty-nine places of public worship. Though that number would not afford seating accommodation at once for every man, woman and child in Halifax, they would hold nearly everybody who could manage to leave home at the same hour, for there are invariably many who are compelled to remain at home and who are engaged in "works of necessity" on Sunday. Practically, therefore, there is not a Sunday in the year when everybody, if they so desired, could not find a sitting in church at eleven or seven o'clock. Probably nearly half of the people of Halifax do not attend church. Seven leading denominations are represented by churches in this city. The church of England is most largely favored, churches in point of numbers, there being no less than eleven places of worship. Then comes the presbyterian with nine churches; the methodist with seven; the baptist with six; the Roman catholic with four; the disciples with one, the jews with one. Though there are only four catholic churches at least two-fifths of our population is included in that communion, and probably, as a body, they attend service more generally and more regularly than the adherents of any other denomination.

Fashion is an element which wherever it may find an excuse for existence, should be found in our churches last of all. The house of God should have equal importance no matter where found or who the worshippers may be. But it is not so in the eyes of the world. There are churches, though not in Halifax, which are almost as exclusive as "society" houses. We have fashionable churches in this city, and we have churches which make no pretensions to style. The people who worship in the latter, however, are doubtless just as happy as those who bow the knee in the religious resorts of the wealthy or the "swell" in the community.

It may be interesting to take a glance around at our Halifax churches, with an eye to the personnel of the worshippers. If a stranger comes to the city and wants to know which is the fashionable denomination he will be safe in selecting the English communion, and going to St. Luke's cathedral. St. Luke's is not the wealthiest church but it is the most swell. More "society" people go there than to any other one church. There, too, the stranger will find the "highest" type of ritual in this city. St. Luke's has long been, "high," and under the rectorship of Rev. E. P. Crawford there is no chance of it becoming "lower," or approaching any nearer what Rev. F. H. Almon, of Trinity, not long ago, called "true" churchmanship.

The garrison chapel is attended by the general and military, but it is not "fashionable" in any other sense.

One of the wealthiest churches in Halifax is St. Paul's episcopal. It is "low" and evangelical, and the congregation forms the very backbone and support of the church of England in this city. The congregation is so strong that it does not need to take time to consider whether or not it is fashionable. Rev. Dyson Hague, son of Mr. Hague, manager of a large Montreal banking concern, is the pastor, Hon. A. G. Jones is one of the wardens, and very many of the best people in the city are members. St. Paul's is the historic church of Halifax, and dates back to 1750. St. George's and Trinity church, rather than being wealthy, are the episcopal church homes of the workingmen. St. Stephen's is a rather fashionable church, and Rev. Mr. Webster personally is one of the best liked ministers in the denomination.

The admiral usually attends St. Mark's, as it is in the neighborhood of Admiralty house. The other church of England places of worship are St. Matthias, St. John's, St. James, and St. Alban's, all with but small congregations.

The presbyterians of Halifax are perhaps the most wealthy class in the community, and Fort Massey is the richest, most liberal and most fashionable presbyterian church. It is the church, too, which has as many active christian workers as any other, and under the pastorate of Rev. A. Gandier, has within a few months so filled up that pews are "are at a premium." You need to be there early on Sunday nights to get a good sitting. The singing under the leadership of George E. Boak, is excellent.

St. Andrew's, about 50 years old is a close neighbor of Fort Massey, has a liberal congregation and has an endowment of at least \$8,000.

St. Matthew's church is one of the historical presbyterian places of worship. Originally it was congregational, and presi-

dent Cleveland's grandfather was minister there. It is fashionable and wealthy but is not so largely attended as Fort Massey in proportion to its size, nor is it as liberal in its contributions. The church boasts the most artistic choir or quartette singing in the city, and the music is indeed a strange factor in drawing congregations. Rev. Thomas Flower is pastor and C. H. Porter, conductor of the Orpheus club, presides at the organ.

Park street church is the leading north end presbyterian place of worship and a fine congregation gathers there. St. John's is not far away, and it with Grove, Chalmers in the centre of the city, Coburg Road and the Northwest Arm church, furnishes ample accommodation for Halifax presbyterianism.

The great methodist church is the Brunswick street place of worship. The church has the largest seating accommodation of any in the city, making a close race in this respect with St. Matthew's. It is the wealthiest methodist church, has a good choir and the organ is in many respects the best in Halifax.

Grafton street church, in the south end, is the next largest methodist church and it ranks next to Brunswick street in denominational importance. Kaye street church is in the extreme north end; Beech street and Charles street in the west and north-west; and Robie street in the south-west. There is also the methodist episcopal church (colored).

The first baptist church is the leading congregation of that body, and one of the most influential churches in Halifax, in wealth, members, liberality, and in its active christian workers. Rev. A. C. Chute is the indefatigable pastor. Before occupying its present fine brick building the congregation was known as the Granville street baptist church, worshipping in what is now Orpheus hall, a building they sold to the club.

The north baptist church is the leading north end congregation of that body, Rev. J. W. Manning being pastor before going to St. John. Further north still, is the Tabernacle baptist church. Then there is the baptist mission in the western suburbs and the colored baptist church.

The disciples of Christ (christian church) meet in a pretty building on North street.

The Jewish synagogue is on Star street, the old free baptist congregation which worshipped in the same building having become extinct not long ago.

The universalist church is on Brunswick street, almost directly opposite the methodist church.

St. Mary's cathedral, on Spring Garden road, is of course, the leading church of the Roman catholic communion. It is by far the most imposing church edifice in the city. The minarets and steeple of the massive granite front are beautiful indeed, and something of which many a city of more pretensions than Halifax might well be proud. A greater congregation can assemble within the spacious walls of St. Mary's than anywhere else in the city. Services are held at the usual hours from early morning till eleven o'clock. The choir is under the leadership of William F. Compton, and the singing is magnificent at eleven o'clock mass and at vespers. Solo work plays an important part in the musical service.

Brunswick street is the ecclesiastical street of Halifax. On it is found St. Patrick's for the convenience of North end catholics. Here not much more than a stone's throw from each other are St. Patrick's, St. John's presbyterian, St. George's episcopal, Brunswick street methodist, the universalist and the garrison churches. St. Agnes is the West end catholic church and St. Joseph's, the far north catholic church.

There is no doubt about it that there is plenty of church accommodation in Halifax. If the people were religiously disposed in proportion, and were as good as their creed, Halifax would be all right, and she is not too bad as it is, compared with other places.

### What He Would Take.

A gentleman walking along a pier in one of the big Scotch ports saw three men of different nationalities—namely, English, Scotch and Irish—talking together, and, wanting to see the difference in their natures, he thought he would ask them all the same question. So walking up to the Englishman he asked him what he would take to stand on the pier all night, and the Englishman said he would do it for a pound; and then turning to the Scotchman the gentleman asked the same question. "What'll ye gie me?" replied the canny Scot. "And now, my friend," said he, turning to the Irishman, "what would you take to stand on the pier all night?" "Bedad!" was the reply, "I would take a bad cowl!"

### A Fraternal Renegade.

Homeless Harry (feelingly)—"Lady, you has fed an' clothed me dis mornin' willingly. I derefore leaves a little shorthand on yer tence dat is de greates' return in me power fer yer kindness."

Mrs. Goodsoul—"What do the marks signify?"

Homeless Harry—"It signifies dat dere is two men in de house, 'tree savige dogs in de yard, an' dat you'll have no visit from travellin' gents as long as dem hyerlogillics is readable. Mornin', lady."

## A BURGLAR AT FOOTBALL

HE WAS CHOSEN BECAUSE HE WAS A GOOD TACKLER.

He Breaks into the House of the Football Captain and Tackles Him—The Captain Finally Gets on Top, and Makes the Burglar Play in a Game.

"As I started across the room," the retired burglar said, describing his adventures in a town, "I stepped on a creaky board. The man in the bed threw back the bedclothes with a snap and sat up. There was light enough in the room from a turned-down gas jet by the bureau for him to see me, and he tossed the clothes away and jumped out of bed. He was a big fellow, broad shoulders and powerful, and he wasn't any more afraid of me than I'd been a baby. There wasn't any use for me to run. I couldn't have got to the head of the stairs before he'd have had his hand on my collar, and I knew it. There wasn't anything to do but to face him and fight him. He had made a jump for me as he swung out of the bed and I made a run for him, lowering my head and throwing myself at him with my shoulders against his legs just above his knees. I had won the first round, for I knocked him over just by sheer weight and force, and as he went down I fell on him, and actually I thought then that I was going to best him.

"But, though he was down, he wasn't discouraged; far from it. I had fallen on him kind o' sideways, over more on the right side of his body. I had his right arm under me, and his left hand and forearm; but he pulled that left arm from under me easily and flung it over and grabbed my left arm with a grip that was like the sudden contraction of a big steel claw; but what got me most about it was its absolute confidence. He was quick, quicker'n lightning, but was cool as cool could be. It was the grip of a man who felt in his heart that he could pull a house down if he wanted to.

"He tried to pull me over on my back, where I would have been as helpless as a bug turned over; and as I felt that grip I almost laughed as I thought that half a minute before I was thinking that possibly I might best him. What I was doing now was hanging on to him for all I knew how to keep him from turning me over. All of a sudden he shifted that left hand to my throat and choked the breath out of me; and the next thing I knew I was sitting in a chair with my arms tied to me, and him looking at me.

"Which had you druther do," says he; 'go to jail or play football?'

"Well," I said, "I think I'd a little rather play football."

"Ever play?" said the man.

"Never," says I.

"Well, when you come in," says the man, "you made one of the prettiest tackles that ever was." Then he went on to tell me that he was the captain of the football team in that town, that the left tackle was sick, and that a week from the next Thursday they were going to play the team from another town near by, and what he wanted was to have me take the left tackle's place.

"This was on Tuesday, so, you see, there was about eight or nine days left. I went right into training with the team, the captain introducing me as a friend from New York. They were practising every day. I'd been so accustomed to night work that it came pretty hard on me at first to get used to the day work, but I got into it in two or three days and worked along all right. They taught me all they could in eight days, and I remembered all I could of it. I suppose you know a great deal more about football than I do, but if you don't, I might say that in tackling you can do almost anything; you can throw yourself at a man the way I had at the captain at his house, or you can throw your arms around him and 'restle with him and throw him if you can, but, of course, no slugging; but you can only tackle the man that has the ball; you can't tackle the men that haven't got it. You can put your arm up to them to block 'em when they try to get by you, and you can fall against 'em if you want to, but you must not lay hands on 'em.

"Well, the day came and our town turned out immense, and there was a great lot of folks came over from the other town.

"Our team was a good one, and the other team had a lot of good men in it too; the teams looked to me to be pretty evenly matched, and the excitement was tremendous. You know I don't believe people in general have any idea of the excitement they get up sometimes over football games between neighboring towns.

"I got along pretty well in the first half, obeyed orders, and only tackled the man with the ball, and didn't do any slugging; but I must say I had pretty hard work to keep from doing it, because some of the men of the other team, big fellows, did certainly bounce me around in the most uncomfortable sort of way, and I had about all I could do to keep from going at 'em. But I didn't. I stuck to business, and I did good work for my side, sure. First half, eight to six in our favor. I'd thought the first half was pretty lively, but it turned out to be only a sort of a warming up; but it was hot in the second half, and I had all I could do to keep from jumping right in. Once I did give a man what I suppose might be called a gentle little buff, and got warned by the umpire. Then I was more careful, but two or three minutes later the same man that had seemed to be so particular in following me up in the first half came at me again as though he wanted to run me down and trample on me, and I did plug him, and the next minute I heard the umpire shout out:

"'Tackleton disqualified!'

"You understand, that was the name the

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### THE CZAR'S ARMY.

One Regiment is Composed of Members with Turned-up Noses.

The Russian army is full of funny things. Thus, the biggest men are detailed for duty in the bodyguard regiment, "Preobrazhenski," founded by Peter the Great, and originally composed of that monarch's personal friends, all giants in their way. The Czar's family take great pride in this regiment, and on the name day of its patron saint attend the festivities in a body, usually reinforced by foreign ambassadors and ministers.

Then there is the Ismailowski Regiment, where only blondes are tolerated, and the well-known Pawlow Guards, all of whom must have turned-up noses.

The regulations of the Guard Chasseurs, on the other hand, admit only dark-haired men. The Guard officers, being privileged by birth as well as rank in their chosen professions, treat their colleagues in the line almost as badly as the latter treat their subalterns. Up to a few years ago the distinction between them was such that a Guard lieutenant had precedence over a captain of the line.

The late Czar's father changed the state of things somewhat, but not much. A major of the Guards would even today rank higher than a line colonel, if there were such a person. But the advancement of the regular army officer seldom surpasses the rank of battalion chief. Men having reached that distinction are generally made "commanders" of a small precinct, while disgraced Guard officers or general staff officers obtain the colonelship or lieutenant-colonelship of the regiment to which they devoted their lives.

Only very rarely does a line officer succeed in obtaining a commission in the War Academy, and eventually in the general staff. It should be mentioned, however, that the majority are unfitted for such advancement.

The requirements of the officer's examination in the line are considerably less stringent than those upon which the admission to the Guards' officers' corps are based; the aspirant's social standing is not at all considered, and to complete the wretchedness of the line officer, his pay is ridiculously small and inadequate, especially that of the infantry officer, the lieutenant receiving not more than £40 per year all told. The captain has a little over £60, the major £90. The most abject poverty prevails among them, and only a few of the younger officers own more than one uniform, which must do service both on and off parade. The infantry of the line receives in money 15s. per year, including the Czar's and others' presents.

### Courting by Telephone.

Courting by telephone is obviously a risky operation. However well the lady and gentleman may understand one another, talking over the wire lends itself to many mishaps. But a proposal of marriage by the same method of communication, while possessing the manifest advantage of economizing time, is infinitely more dangerous. It may, indeed, lead to untold complications. There is at the present moment a youth in the city who cannot be persuaded under any circumstances whatever to speak through this most useful of modern inventions. The truth is he had a bitter disappointment, and although no legal proceedings are pending, and he is under no necessity to unburden the secrets of his heart in a court of law, life has ceased to have any attractions for him. One day last week he was transmitting a business message from the head office of his employer to a branch establishment. The answer came in the richest and most dulcet of female voices. The youth was enthralled, and found abundant excuse for "ringing up" the distant depot repeatedly for several days after. His messages were long and elegantly phrased, and when ultimately he was sent on a personal mission to the place where the object of his admiration was employed he felt consoling and permanent impression. Hardly had he entered the counting-house when the mellifluous accents he had so often heard caught once more his willing ear. Eager for an introduction, he explained to the chief clerk that he must see the telephonist on urgent business. The supreme moment had come at last. Then he was introduced, not to a fair haired damsel with a mezzo-soprano voice, but to a choir boy of the parish church, who had been placed on special telephone duty on account of his clear articulation.

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