

ST. JOHN N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1895.

DO NOT WANT THE CROSS

THE STORY OF SOME ORNAMENTS IN A HALIFAX CHURCH.

Brass Cross and Gorgeous Candlesticks Were too High for the Congregation—Where the Line Was First Drawn and How the Low Church Idea Prevails.

HALIFAX, Aug. 22. In the western suburbs of this city there is a congregation of the Church of England—St. Matthias church. The people are sturdy churchmen, fairly well-to-do, some of them comparatively wealthy, and nearly all possessing more than the average of intelligence. It is one of the low churches of the episcopal body, yet the high church idea has made some little trouble there. The people have, however, taken the heroic treatment, and for the time all is peace. For seven years a large brass cross stood on the communion table. For some months the cross has been absent from the church, hidden away from sight under the table. The story of that cross—how it came there and how it disappeared, and present feeling regarding its restoration, is rather interesting.

As far back as the year 1888 Rev. Clarence W. McCully, who afterwards will be remembered at Fredericton, was minister in charge at St. Matthias. The church was young then, and it had not formed a decided character either as low or high. It seemed a good opportunity to a few of the leading high church workers in Halifax to give the current of sentiment a set which would eventually carry St. Matthias into full sympathy with high churchism. These men decided to make a present to the church of a handsome cross and pair of candlesticks, or "altar lights," to be placed on the communion table. The purchasing of the present was the easiest part of the work; the difficulty was how to get the people to accept the offering. The innovators attempted it through Rev. Mr. McCully. He was agreeable. Mr. McCully's first move was to see the committee of the church privately and test their sentiments regarding the innovation in the most judicious manner he could devise. First, he interviewed one and then another, with varying success. When a man is approached by the minister in such a way he is apt to be less outspoken in his opposition than if seated with fellow laymen on the one side and the clergyman on the other. So Mr. McCully gathered from his private conferences that there was some hope.

One Sunday afternoon, after the canvass had been completed, the committee of the church were surprised by a summons to repair at once to the house of one of their number, who was known to be one of the more extreme of the high church party in the congregation. The committee assembled without delay in one of a pair of rooms separated by folding doors. Then, when all was ready, the folding doors were thrown open and the sight that met the eyes of the wondering churchmen was a surprise. They saw upon the table the beautiful brass cross, flanked on either side by gorgeous candlesticks. In a few words the good man of the house explained that what the committee-men viewed was the present that friends of St. Matthias had given. All that now remained was for the committee to formally give its consent to receive the articles into the church. A discussion began and the question was threshed out as thoroughly as the laymen could thresh it. Hours passed, and at the end there were only two out of the twelve who would consent to receive the gift. Those two were strongly in favor of doing so; the other ten were either in dissent or positively hostile.

One of the twelve was deputed to go over to the church where Rev. Mr. McCully was awaiting an answer and tell him that the cross and candlesticks must remain outside the church. But this did not end the matter. It was only the beginning of the fight. The reverend gentleman, so to speak, took off his coat before that gathering of the committee. He argued the question from the opening to the close of the Chapter. This was followed by a sermon on the cross at the evening service, and, of course, there was no opportunity for reply. Days passed on, and the controversy raged with fierceness. To make a long story short, a compromise was finally agreed upon. The cross was to be admitted, but the candlesticks were to be kept out. So the former was placed upon the communion table and the latter were put away in the vestry, where the congregation could not see the obnoxious articles. Now, after seven years the cross has followed the candlesticks into obscurity. Few know exactly where the candlesticks are, though they are supposed to be in the house of one of the high church ex-committeemen. The cross is securely hidden away under the communion table.

removed temporarily it was explained. When the decorations were afterwards taken away the cross was not restored to its old position. The committee decided to keep it out of sight.

Rev. E. Softley, jr., a low churchman of the most decided type, had been placed in charge of the spiritual interests of the congregation, succeeding Rev. F. W. H. Archibald. His influence against the presence of the emblem was as great as had been the active work in its favor by Rev. W. McCully. Backed by him the majority of the committee found itself strong enough to resist the pressure to restore the cross.

At least two members of the committee have left the church on account of this retrogression as they call it. They are willing to follow the cross back, but not otherwise. There is no indication that any change will be made, and St. Matthias stands today a typical low church in the city of Halifax.

Next week PROGRESS will tell something about the highest church in Halifax and one of the highest in Canada so those say who know something about the subject.

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

Further Instances of What Seem Very Like Most Fortunate Chances.

Quicksilver was discovered by a lucky chance. A cooper, in Carniola, having placed a new tub under a dripping spring, in order to try if it would hold water, when he came in the morning found it so heavy that he could hardly move it. At first he thought that the tube was bewitched, but at last perceiving a shining fluid at the bottom, he went to Laubach and showed it to an apothecary, who immediately dismissed him with a small gratuity, bidding him bring some more of the same stuff whenever he could meet with it. This the poor cooper frequently did, being highly pleased with his good fortune; till at length, the affair being made public, several persons formed themselves into a society in order to search farther into the quicksilver deposits thus so unexpectedly discovered, and which were destined to become the richest of their kind in Europe.

Another important discovery is recorded to have resulted from the unintentional application of intense heat. Charles Good-year had for years experimented in vain, hoping to deprive india-rubber of its susceptibility to the action of heat and cold. Conversing with a friend on the subject, he emphasized an assertion by throwing a piece of sulphur rubber across the room. It lighted upon the stove; and when he picked it up a few days afterwards, he found the intense heat to which it had been subjected had conferred upon the india-rubber just the quality he had so long striven to impart to it.

The idea of using gas as being lighter than air for balloons is said to have been suggested to Jacques Montgolfier by a work of Priestley's. It is also narrated that one day, while boiling water in a coffee-pot, the top of which was covered with paper folded in spherical form, Montgolfier saw the paper swell and rise, and that hence he took the idea of a light machine made buoyant by inflation, and traversing the air. Ascertaining that a balloon and car could be kept suspended by a supply of heated air, after some experiments Montgolfier and his brother made a successful ascent at Versailles, in the presence of the Royal family and numerous spectators.

Another important discovery was made by purely accidental circumstances. Cornelius Drebbel placed in his window some extract of cochineal, with which he intended to fill a thermometer; into this some aqua-regia, dropped from a broken phial standing just above it, and Drebbel's purple liquid was converted into a beautiful scarlet one. How this came to pass puzzled him not a little, but he ascertained that the aqua-regia had dissolved some of the tin of the window frame on its way to the cochineal. Telling this to his son-in-law, Kuffeler, a dyer at Leyden, the latter turned the information to such good account, that "Kuffeler's Color," as it is called, proved a little goldmine to its god-father.

One of the principal causes of prosperity of the Staffordshire pottery manufacture was the discovery of a cheap durable glaze, applicable alike to brown ware, and greatly increasing their usefulness by making the surface impervious to water. The discovery, according to Shaw, the historian of that county, was due purely to accident. At Stanley Farm, situated a few miles from Burslem (now the very centre of the potteries district), a maid-servant was one day heating a strong solution of common salt, to be used in curing pork. During her temporary absence from the kitchen the liquid boiled over. Being in an unglazed earthen vessel, the solution, spreading over the outside, produced a chemical action which she little understood, and which did not compensate her for the scolding she received.

Some of the elements of the liquid combined with some of those of the highly-heated brown clay surface to produce a vitreous coating or enamel, which did not peel off when the vessel was cold. The humble brown ware vessel acquired historical celebrity. A Burslem potter, learning what had taken place, saw that glaze was might possibly hit the taste of the public; he introduced the system of glazing by means of common salt, a system at once cheap, easy, and durable; and Staffordshire has made many a million sterling by the discovery.—Tit-Bits.

New Process. By a new process, the famous Windsor salt is given to the public absolutely pure. No lime, all salt, all salty salt; makes food taste better. Saves money. Ask your grocer for Windsor Table Salt.

NO MONEY FOR AUTHORS

THE MARKET FOR FICTION SAID TO BE VERY QUIET.

Cheap Magazines and Their Methods Have Had a Depressing Effect—Reduction of Fixed Charges Is the Study of Men Who Publish Magazines—Writing For Glory. "Short-story writing for the American market," remarked an experienced fiction maker, "has become a poor trade. It is perhaps not so hard as brick laying but I doubt if it pays so well. Several causes have conducted to bring about this condition but the principal one has been the reduction of a number of the old magazines in price, and the starting of various new ones, also sold at a low price. It is no satisfaction to know they are cutting each others throats and to reflect that it probably will be only a little time until some of them go to perdition. The evil they are doing will live after them, in various ways.

In the getting up of a magazine there are certain fixed charges, for manuscript, illustration, composition, &c., which are the same whether 1,000 or 100,000 copies are printed. They constitute a percentage on the actual cost of each individual copy printed, which becomes minute when spread over a big edition, but is enormous upon a small one. The actual cost of a certain edition of a 25-cent magazine printed a couple of years ago is said to have been very near, if not quite, \$1 a copy. A desperate effort had been made, by enhancing its attractions, to revive the moribund thing, which of course made the cost abnormally large, while the circulation was ridiculously small. That was, in degree an exceptional case, but it serves to illustrate the effect. After a magazine reaches a certain point in circulation—where it has covered those fixed charges—all it takes in beyond that is velvet, less the outlay for paper, printing, and additional handling. And the larger circulation it attains the better are its chances for profitable advertising business. Those propositions are all so plain as to be practically self-evident, but the first publisher who saw them pointing clearly to a certain end was, I believe, the present proprietor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. He saw that the big money in magazine publishing was in the advertising, that to get it a primary requisite was a large circulation, and that on a very large issue the percentage of fixed charges would be so small that actual cost would be only a few mills more, on each copy, than the paper, printing, and binding. The general retail price of magazines then was 25 to 35 cents, a few of a so-called "family" class selling as low as 20 cents, and a very limited number in special fields commanding 50 cents. He at once astonished the public and compelled its interest by reducing the price of the Cosmopolitan to 15 cents, and at that figure offering a publication sufficiently good to make people wonder how he could afford to do it. The advantages of being first in the field with a magazine of standing and character, and of having capital to support his experiment, were on his side—very important ones, too, that were not sufficiently realized by the imitators his example evoked. He seemed to get up a big circulation in a short time, and he obtained an enviable volume of advertising at good, stiff prices. But some who fancied that only by cheapening the retail price of their publications they could do likewise, were grievously disappointed. Very possibly, at the outset before the ratio of fixed charges had been minimized, he lost money on his circulation at so small a price, for he got from newsdealers and agents very much less than the retail figure, probably not much over one-half. But he could afford that, while the little boats that undertook to follow in his wake could not float with any such leakage, and the port of safety and profit being a long way off from most of them, they either sank or passed under the control of new skippers.

"Perhaps some of the smaller magazines did not willingly enter into the competition of cheapness, but felt themselves compelled to it by the Cosmopolitan's encroachments upon their circulation. The Century, Harper's, and Scribner's magazines took no apparent interest in the new order of things, but went on in their old, accustomed way. But others engaged in a common scramble to supply the supposed popular demand for cheap things. "Naturally, a primary essential in adaptation to the new circumstances was, for these latter, reduction of their fixed charges. Less money could be paid for illustrations and less to authors. Cheap processes for reproductions of photography enabled them to fill their pages with pictures at even less cost than type could have been set to fill a like amount of space. Of course, those pictures were not such works of art as appear in the first-class magazines, but it was argued with probable correctness, they were good enough at the price, and taking subjects were more an object than artistic execution or originality. One cheap magazine made a feature of female figures, as nearly the altogether as it was supposed Comstock would stand, and rightly calculated that for the people who cared most for that sort of thing, form was more essential than finish.

"Boston has had, for many years, a publication that is no doubt the ideal thing for the publishers of cheap magazines. It never paid a dollar for manuscript. The shrewd Yankee who started it calculated upon the vanity of New England youth impelling them to supply all the stories, sketches, and verses he could use for no other payment than the felicity of seeing their names attached to their printed effusions, and he was not disappointed. A woman, hired at a small salary, licked the stuff into presentable shape, and some of it was really not more than half bad. Many a New England author and authoress who have fairly earned fame, were, when young and inexperienced, contributors to that publication. Of course, as they grew older and got more sense they stopped that foolishness, but others took their places, for there is immortal truth in the crook's axiom that "there's a sucker born every minute," and the paper has flourished during half a century. The publishers of the cheap magazines in New York cannot quite reach that delectable method of supply, but two in Boston—that seem to have got to the bottom of the business, having a retail price of 5 cents—appear to have done so. The youth of this section have less of the itch for writing than those of New England and are more practical in wanting to know what there is in it when invited to effort. Nevertheless, there is a horde of persons, generally women, and of the neglected education type, who have a mania for getting into print. Some of them are inspired by the delusion that it will bring them social and personal distinction, but more often they are victims of the fatuous fancy that their genius, when they have had a chance to demonstrate it, will yield them rich revenues. The manuscripts supplied by these beings, for nothing or almost nothing, go far toward filling up the space in the cheap magazines that cannot be more economically stuffed with pictures costing less than composition. The more astute publishers, however, are cautious about according too much space to this class of matter, fearing that the public may revolt against the utter lack of genius, or even novelty, which is its distinguishing characteristic.

Midsummer Sale

IN OUR LADIES' ROOM. RIBBED CORSET COVERS, Two Lots, 13c. (Two for a Quarter.) and 20c. each. Ribbed Vests, Three Lots: 13c. (Two for a Quarter.) 20c. and 28c. each. Cellular Vests, SOMETHING NEW. Very fine, gauzy Cotton, woven in cells. German manufacture. All Sizes at 55c. each.

Ladies' and Girl's Corsets at 75c. Pair. All odds and ends of the season's selling now marked at this price to clear, including qualities which have sold and are good value at \$1.25 a pair, now marked down to 75c. All sizes, 18 to 30 inches.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

fiction that is no doubt the ideal thing for the publishers of cheap magazines. It never paid a dollar for manuscript. The shrewd Yankee who started it calculated upon the vanity of New England youth impelling them to supply all the stories, sketches, and verses he could use for no other payment than the felicity of seeing their names attached to their printed effusions, and he was not disappointed. A woman, hired at a small salary, licked the stuff into presentable shape, and some of it was really not more than half bad. Many a New England author and authoress who have fairly earned fame, were, when young and inexperienced, contributors to that publication. Of course, as they grew older and got more sense they stopped that foolishness, but others took their places, for there is immortal truth in the crook's axiom that "there's a sucker born every minute," and the paper has flourished during half a century. The publishers of the cheap magazines in New York cannot quite reach that delectable method of supply, but two in Boston—that seem to have got to the bottom of the business, having a retail price of 5 cents—appear to have done so. The youth of this section have less of the itch for writing than those of New England and are more practical in wanting to know what there is in it when invited to effort. Nevertheless, there is a horde of persons, generally women, and of the neglected education type, who have a mania for getting into print. Some of them are inspired by the delusion that it will bring them social and personal distinction, but more often they are victims of the fatuous fancy that their genius, when they have had a chance to demonstrate it, will yield them rich revenues. The manuscripts supplied by these beings, for nothing or almost nothing, go far toward filling up the space in the cheap magazines that cannot be more economically stuffed with pictures costing less than composition. The more astute publishers, however, are cautious about according too much space to this class of matter, fearing that the public may revolt against the utter lack of genius, or even novelty, which is its distinguishing characteristic.

"Two abundant sources of cheap supply render to them, the hack writer and the syndicate. The former is not unfrequently a man of considerable ability who, for reasons purely personal, into which it is kindly not to inquire too closely, is willing to do any sort of work, with more or less regularity, for a very small weekly stipend. He works as a machine, turning out special articles to suit illustrations, stories, sketches and even poetry, as demanded by his employer, and his effusions are printed under various fictitious names, to give a false seeming of variety by an imposing list of contributors. One magazine, that changed hands not long ago, had in a single issue, within a year, no fewer than six prominent articles—three of them written up to illustrations—nominally by six different authors, each supposedly dealing with a subject that was his specialty, all of which were the product of one week. Hack writer whose salary was \$18 a week. And nearly all the impersonal, departmental, and minor article matter in that issue was also from his pen. The proprietor of one of the cheap magazines carries his economy a step further by being his own hack writer. He has considerable facility in the concoction of a certain grade of fiction for which some women, and young men of limited thinking capacity, have a liking, to get for the price he professes to pay—from \$3 to \$5 per thousand words, the latter only for exceptionally desirable matter, it may be casually remarked that wherever that qualification is employed in statement of its price for matter by one of these magazines, the exceptional higher value is never found.

IMAGINARY ILLNESSES.

People who Have Been Considered Sick Because They Thought They Were.

One would think that the pains and penalties of illness were such that no one would voluntarily imitate them, and pretend to ailments that have no foundation in fact, says an English paper. Yet any doctor of the slightest experience can tell of patients suffering—or pretending to suffer—from illnesses which exist solely in their own imagination. It would manifestly be unkind to class all such invalids as cheats, knowingly playing a false game, for, undoubtedly, in many instances, the malingering is acting in perfect good faith, and really believes in the actuality of the complaint from which he or she is supposed to be suffering.

Sometimes the unreality of the illness in such a case is unexpectedly demonstrated, it may be to the invalid's great surprise. Here is an instance. A lady had been confined to her bed for many months with an illness which wholly deprived her of the use of her lower limbs. The doctor who attended her failed to discover the nature of the affection, which might ordinarily have been attributable to several well-known causes. Examination, however, revealed nothing calculated to throw a light on the matter, and the medical practitioner, after patient and exhaustive analysis and attention, came to the conclusion that the illness was imaginary.

Although he discreetly kept this opinion to himself, proof was eventually forthcoming as to the accuracy of his view. Being lifted in the sheets out of her bed one day, while the mattress was rearranged, the lady surprised her attendants by suddenly jumping from the couch on which she had been temporarily placed, with a loud expression of alarm. It was discovered that she had been laid upon a work-pad inadvertently left on the sofa, and that the sharp points of several needles had pressed violently into her back. The contretemps revealed the fact that she could stand on her legs with comparative ease.

There is a curious case reported in Dr. Darwin's "Zoonomia," which shows to what lengths the imagination may be carried in this particular. A young farmer in Warwickshire, finding his hedge broken and the sticks carried away during a frosty season, determined to watch for the thief. He lay many cold hours under a haystack, and at length an old woman approached and began to pull up the hedge. He waited till she had tied up her sticks and was carrying them off, when he sprang from his concealment, and seized his prey with violent threats. The woman dropped her fuel, and kneeling upon the ground, with her arms raised to heaven beneath the bright moon, then at the full, said to the farmer, already shivering with cold—

"Heaven grant that thou mayest never know again the blessing to be warm!"

He went home, complained of cold all the next day, and wore an extra coat, and in a few days another, and in a fortnight took his bed, always saying nothing made him warm. He covered himself with many blankets and had a sieve over his face as he lay, and from this one insane idea he kept his bed above twenty years for fear of the cold air, till at length he died.

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGAR'S. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS 28-34 Waterloo St., 66-70 Barrington St., St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

"Barkeeping would be a better business than story writing, if it were not for the Sunday law," was the conclusion of the fiction maker.