

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5 1895.

## QUEER KINDS OF THEFT.

### HALIFAX THIEVES WHO DO THEIR WORK IN THE CHURCHES.

Robbery of a Crucifix from the Altar in the Chapel of an Institution—Case of a Man Charged With Robbing the Church of England Bishop's Chapel.

HALIFAX, Oct. 13.—PROGRESS readers have been made acquainted with that peculiar chapel in the Halifax poor house, where the catholic altar stands at one end; the church of England communion table at the other, and the "dissenting" pulpit midway between them at the side. Last Saturday a half inebriated young man named Walker came in and asked Superintendent Dow for shelter. He had formerly been housed by the poor's asylum and he knew the place. Mr. Dow went to another part of the building to see to something needing his attention and left Walker waiting. The young man then proceeded without delay to the chapel. He gave a glance around and then turned towards the catholic altar. Without further ado he reached out and laid hold of the crucifix carefully he tucked the sacred emblem under his coat and started for the door. The coast was clear except that old Fred Ellis was at the gate, and it was not long till Walker was on the street. Walker wandered down town and the people he met little thought what it was he kept concealed under his arm. Finally he entered a house on Blowers street where he had been in the habit of going and there the crucifix was secreted.

The poor house officials failed to notice the theft till next day. It was discovered when some devout old women came in to the chapel to perform their devotions. They missed the crucifix from its accustomed place on the altar. The superintendent was informed of the loss. An alarm was given and a search instituted. Then it was that old Fred Ellis remembered that he had seen Walker leave the gate with some suspicious article under his coat. Search was made for the suspected thief, Superintendent Dow and Clerk Mulcahey found him out the road. He was charged with the robbery and the unwilling confession drawn that he had indeed stolen the crucifix. The terrified vandal told the men where they would find it, and ere long the emblem was once more in its place on the chapel altar. Walker's idea doubtless was to sell the crucifix for what he could get, perhaps only the price of a drink. Intrinsically the emblem was not worth much, though to the devout worshippers accustomed to see it as they prayed it was a sacred and inspiring reality.

This strange theft reminds of another ecclesiastical burglary which occurred when the late Sir John Thompson was attorney general of Nova Scotia. A man who is in the city to-day, an employee of one of the breweries, was tried for stealing two chalices from the Bishop's chapel and a quantity of communion wine. The chapel was entered at night and the articles removed. Who had taken them might never have been known had it not been that the young man's mother came to the police and informed them that she had found them in her house, and she suspected her son was the thief. The communion utensils she had discovered hidden in the room, and she expressed her belief they were stolen by her offspring. It was on the mother's statement that a warrant was issued for the arrest of the son, charging him with stealing them from the Bishop's chapel. He was arrested.

The trial came on before Chief Justice McDonald. Sir John, then John S. D. Thompson, prosecuted. C. H. Smith and J. N. Lyons, Q. C., were counsel for the defense. The late Bishop Binney was a witness for the crown, and his lordship was allowed to sit on the bench beside the judge while giving his evidence. It fell to the lot of Mr. Lyons to cross-examine the bishop and he performed his duty just as faithfully as if the ecclesiastic had been an ordinary layman in the witness box. The chief witness for the prosecution was the man's mother. She told her story with unvarnished fidelity. Mr. Thompson drew it out of her as fully as possible, and he made the most of what she knew in his address to the jury. But Lyons and Smith—and that jury—were too much for him. The mother could not say she saw the son bring the articles into the house. No one, it seemed had actually seen him do so. So much was made of that fact, and Lyons' address to the jury was so powerful that the twelve men disagreed. Everybody pronounced it a miscarriage of justice. Mr. Thompson was so shocked by it, and so convinced of the guilt of the prisoner, that, as attorney-general, he had him sent to jail for a week to await proceedings for a new trial. This, however, never took place. The chalice was returned to the Bishop's chapel and no one felt like pushing for another attempt to secure the ends of justice.

That is said to have been a peculiar jury. This communion table alleged thief was not

the only prisoner discharged by it whom the public and the police alike considered should have been given long terms in penitentiary.

A half dozen other churches in this city from time to time have suffered the loss of their collections on account of the inroads of thieves, but that does not show, nor does the Walker case, nor the Bishop's chapel experience prove, that churches in Halifax are safe places for the burglar to prey upon.

### WILL PAY THEIR BILLS.

Halifax Freemasons Have a Plan to Free Their Body from Debt.

HALIFAX, Oct. 3.—The masonic body in Nova Scotia is strong and wealthy. Some of its lodges are old and honorable and have had a creditable record. St. Andrew's No. 1, was founded in 1768. In old times the grand lodge owned the building on Barrington street, now occupied as a warehouse by McDonald & Co. It was there that for a long series of years the grand lodge held its meetings and other lodges held monthly communications, and it was there that many a brilliant banquet took place. More than twenty years ago the order found the old hall inadequate to the uses demanded of it. A more pretentious building was decided upon. The history of these days of change is a history of mistakes—mistakes which the masons of today are paying dearly for.

The old Masonic building was sold and a huge lottery was tried to raise money to pay for the new edifice. That scheme did not work well but fortunately its failure did not hinder the consummation of the new building project. An imposing Masonic temple was erected on the corner of Granville and Salter streets. In the location of the building mistake No. 2 was made. It should have been on the Barrington street thoroughfare and not hidden out of sight as it is. The hall might have been made financially self-supporting had its lower floor been devoted to shops. When it was completed the order found itself in possession of a magnificent building but in a poor location and worst of all, burdened with a heavy mortgage of over \$22,000.

Till within the last four years this mortgage has remained in all its ugly magnitude. The Masons of today, however, are bestirring themselves in a commendable way to free the order of its debt. Four years ago, at Yarmouth, the Grand lodge resolved to set apart \$500 each year for the reduction of the mortgage. That would have been slow work but it was a step in the right direction. Captain Boileau, R. A. who came to this garrison saw a speedier method. He advocated the holding of a masonic fair. There were many discouragements, but Captain Boileau was not the man to be deflected in a good work. He not only won the order in Halifax over to his way of thinking, but he carried the bazaar through to a successful issue, doing far more to make it a go than any other man. Five thousand dollars was cleared by the venture and under the name of a charity fund this was also set apart towards the liquidation of the mortgage. Four years had gone by and the result of the grand lodge policy was the accumulation of \$2,000 from the \$500 per year plan. This gave a total of \$7,000, and it was paid to the mortgagee, the indebtedness being thereby reduced to \$15,000 and the interest note reduced from six to five per cent.

Some members of the grand lodge were so encouraged with this progress that they became impatient to wipe out the debt at a yet faster rate and they mooted several plans to effect this. These were discussed at the meeting of grand lodge held in Sydney last summer, and it was to come to a final decision in the matter that the emergency meeting was held in Halifax last week. The grand lodge confirmed the conservative scheme of devoting \$500 towards the debt liquidation. The grand lodge wisely refused to have anything to do with such plans as the insurance of the lives of masons in order to get the money at death to pay the debt. The large majority showed their wisdom in voting against such a questionable method of raising money. Masonic wisdom was shown no less plainly in the decision not to enter into partnership with loan companies which promised all the way from 10 to 17 per cent an investment of grand lodge funds intended to extinguish the debt. The brethren thought that at least, there was too much risk in a business that could make 17 per cent three times, and they would have nothing to do with it, sensibly preferring the slow and sure—and honest—method of getting out of debt. At the same time it may be taken for granted that even on the basis of \$500 a year, as now decided upon, it will not take the grand lodge thirty years to wipe out their mortgage debt of \$15,000 on the masonic hall at Halifax. In process of time the wide-awake craftsman of today will remedy the evils caused by the mistakes of their predecessors.

## SHE WILL BE A DUCHESS.

### CONSUETO VANDERBILT AND HER TITLED YOUNG MAN.

Her Ancestor the Gardener Never Dreamed of Such a Swell Wedding as is to take Place—Preparations for the Coming Event—Some Costly Presents.

Ghosts have the reputation among mortals of possessing unusual composure of mind and habit, but one could hardly censure the frugal and thrifty old market gardener who was ferryman, farmer and marketman and the keenest bargainer in Staten Island for opening his ghostly eyes with astonishment could he but see the manner in which his great-granddaughter has taken after him.

Rom was not built in a day and it takes hours and weeks of thought, jewelers, dressmakers, letters and calls, plots and counterplots, as well as a few million dollars, to make a Duchess, and little Miss Vanderbilt is probably the most occupied young woman in the country just now.

Consuelo's great-grandfather cultivated turnips and onions.

Consuelo is cultivating strawberry leaves.

Consuelo soon to be Duchess of Marlborough, is not such an imposing individual as a Duchess is supposed to be. If one's ideal of a Duke's consort is a rotund and haughty person, very broad as to waist, hooked as to nose, and with a very red face, then Consuelo will not come up to the ideal. She is essentially American in appearance, with small, delicate features, very dark hair, worn high and off her face, and a fair complexion, tinged with rose. She is tall and very slight, with all the adorable grace of youth. She has unusual sweetness of manner and a very sweet voice. It is only two years ago that Consuelo first became acquainted with long skirts and revealed in the glory of having her hair done up. And if she has been in society for over a year it is because her mamma had a bee in her bonnet, which made it necessary for Consuelo to make her debut at an age when most young ladies are laboriously conning the verb Aim-er and drumming Rubinstein's "Melodie en Fa."

The Duchess-to-be was born in the Gothic palace, guarded by stone lions and bronze griffins, which stands on the corner of Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue, and she was not the only daughter but also the eldest child. She was named after her mother's dearest friend, the Duchess of Manchester, who was Consuelo Yznaga. She was brought up much as all the little children of the rich are brought up the world over, with simplicity and common sense. Of course, she had her nursery maids when she was only a bundle of muslin and ribbons, and later on an American governess and a French maid were added to the retinue. Much of the young Vanderbilts' studies were carried on to the "runic rhyme" of their father's private car lying across the Continent, or the swish of parting waters as the Valiant sped across to spend the winter in Algiers. Added to the advantages of fine tutors and much travel under such delightful auspices, keen observation and a fine mind, it is no wonder that Miss Consuelo, while having no particular accomplishments, is unusually cultivated. She makes a thoughtful hostess, and is a great favorite among her own and mother's friends, having the tact and charm which must go before popularity. On the north wall of the ballroom of Marble House hangs a portrait of Miss Vanderbilt by Carolus-Duran. The young girl is depicted standing on the steps of some great house, arrayed in a simple gown of white, and leaning on a Louis XVI. staff of white tipped with gold. Harper Pennington of Baltimore is finishing a portrait of her. She is painted in a white silk gown, with several strands of pearls around her neck, and her black hair dressed high and twined with white flowers.

Consuelo's mother who will properly expect to be called the "Dowager Duchess Vanderbilt" when her daughter is married, is one of the most successful and ambitious society women in the country. She has a chin like the last Duchess of Marlborough (who made up her mind to marry a title before she died, and who, after marrying two of those lustre-shedding luxuries, still lives to tell the tale). It Octave Feuillet had known Mrs. "Willie K." he would surely have written a sequel to his famous story and called it "The Romance of a Poor Young Girl." To show her amazing ambition and her likeness to the moth who soared for the star, a little story is told of her when she and her two sisters were penniless beauties in Mobile, Ala. They were telling their ambitions and their ardent desires after the manner of girls. Said the first: "I want most a white satin gown." "And I," said the second, "want to bear a fine name." But Alva the third, smiled, and with sublime indifference as to the utility of such an adornment for a very poor young woman, said: "I want most a necklace of unset diamonds, strung on a golden wire."

Cesar was killed because he was ambitious but the Misses Smith, of Mobile, each

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got her reward. The first was soon after married to Fernando Yznaga, from whom she got a divorce and is now Mrs. George Tiffin, of Baltimore; the second became Baroness Fonteuillat, and diamond-loving Alva got a husband and her necklace—and they all got divorces.

The Vanderbilts' initial step into the world of society was taken about a dozen years ago when Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt gave a fancy dress ball, the beauty and magnificence of which has never been equaled in New York, and which lingers in the minds of those who were there as a spectacle too dazzling for words. Before that event the Vanderbilts had been to the aristocratic ears of the Rhinelanders, Schuylers, Van Schaicks, Crugers and Van Rensselaers, associated merely with money getting, railroads and ferryboats. But of all our representative wealthy families the Vanderbilts have probably the fairest record. The men have been able, industrious and upright, the women cultured and good wives and mothers and the old Commodore's sons or their families have never been entitled in any sense to the odious word parvenu.

It was because of Mrs. Willie K.'s yearning after splendor that the Marble House at Newport (probably the most magnificent private dwelling in the land) was built, and it was for her that the lost Alva was quickly replaced by the fine steam yacht Valiant. Mrs. Willie also had a hotel in Paris for a couple of seasons, and two years ago spent the summer at Scott Murray's lovely place in Oxfordshire. So it will not be from a very simple or humble entourage that the little American will go to live at Blenheim Castle.

As Duchess of Marlborough Consuelo Vanderbilt will be the wife of Charles Richard John Spencer Churchill, ninth Duke of Marlborough, and a fine looking, manly fellow of twenty-four years of age. The Marlboroughs have all been noted for something. The first Duke was the greatest General of his day (in the time of Queen Anne); another was the finest orator, and a third had the handsomest leg. The present wearer of the dual coronet, though modest and unassuming in manner, is thoroughly impressed with the historical importance of his family, and has formed the resolution to maintain his fame in affairs of state by active interest as a member of the House of Lords. At the opening of the present parliament he made his maiden effort in moving the address of the Lords in response to the speech of the Queen. Of his late ancestors he most admires his grandfather, the seventh Duke, he will follow the line of politics of which he approved.

Besides being Duke of Marlborough he is a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Earl of Sunderland, Baron Spencer, Baron Churchill of Sandridge, Marquis of Blandford and Prince of Mindelheim in Swabia. But when his valet registered for him at the Waldorf he was inscribed as plain Charles Spencer.

Blenheim Castle, the Marlborough "ancestral hall," was a gift from Queen Anne as a token of her satisfaction over the victory at the battle of Blenheim. The first Duke had one barbarous habit, which fortunately his descendants did not inherit. He kept eagles as pets, and every day these ravenous birds were fed on plump King Charles spaniels. Since that time the silky haired, big eyed dogs have been called Blenheims.

The Duke is godson of the Prince of Wales and a nephew of Lady Randolph Churchill, and the Prince, when speaking to the Duke, addresses him as "cousin."

Miss Vanderbilt's position will be unique in several ways. She will be one of the dozen great ladies of England, including royalty, and the only American Duchess who is not a widow. There are three American Duchesses in Europe. One was Lady Hereford, who was Mrs. Hamersley and married the present Duke's father. But the Queen never recognized the beautiful millionairess, and three months ago she assisted at a drawing room for the first time. The Duchess of Manchester is another American, but her husband was only Lord Mandeville when she married him, and she is now a

widow. And the third is Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, of France, who was beautiful Mattie Mitchell, of Oregon. But she lives in France all the year around, and Consuelo may be said to have the social reins in her own hands. There are few English "cousins" of Wales to outshine her. The Duchess of Hamilton is but eight years old, and the others are all rather fat and old.

Miss Vanderbilt's trousseau will doubtless be one of the most costly as well as one of the most beautiful ever prepared for an American bride. All the silks and velvets, laces and trimmings will come from France but the majority of the costumes will be fashioned here, where some of the best dressmakers in the world have designed and fitted so many gowns on little Miss Consuelo's slender figure.

The wedding gown will be of very heavy, lustrous satin, and, as good form dictates for so youthful a bride, made very simply. The bodice will, of course, have the customary high neck and long sleeves, and a deep yoke of rich old lace will adorn the corsage. The skirt will have small panels of the cream lace. Her veil will be of tulle, and probably her coiffure will be finished gorgeously by a small coronet of diamonds set in silver, which valuable bauble is among Mrs. Vanderbilt's most cherished possessions.

A Duchess, though only eighteen, must have regal looking gowns and gowns to impress "the people," as well as gorgeous affairs of such rich stuff and such bright colors as to quite distract Victoria Regina's mind from the fact that the Duchess is a democrat when she is presented at court. Accordingly Jeffersonian simplicity will be thrown aside and on'y good taste and art will save the new Duchess's costumes from being oppressively rich.

The state ball gown will be a beautiful vision in dainty colors. It will be of the heavy moire—the kind that stands alone—and of a delicate rose color. Over this carefully strewn, as by Aurora's prodigal hand, great sprays of lilacs in white, yellow and lavender will appear. The corsage will be cut low and edged with a dozen stranded garlands of pearls. The bodice will be of snowy rose point lace and the sleeves will be of the silk. The design for this gown is from Felix.

A gown which might serve as a drawing room gown for an ordinary mortal, but which Miss Vanderbilt will probably use as a dinner gown, is of white satin, brocaded with branches of delicate pink flowers. The short waist will be cut low and finished with folded crepe lisse and pearls. In front an immense bow of cream colored velvet gives a finishing touch. The skirt has a panel down the front of white crepe lisse. The sleeves are immense, and caught in by strips of crepe lisse embroidered with pearls.

The gown for the first drawing room will be of white, as is customary for young brides, and the long Watteau train will probably be lined with some pale shade of yellow or pink. On that occasion the little Duchess will wear the Marlborough jewels. A peignoir, which was designed by Miss Consuelo herself, is of corn colored satin, of light quality. It fits into the figure in the back, and in front falls from neck to hem in full folds. Insertings of fine white lace relieve the mass of yellow, and around the waist is a scarf of white mulle, tied carelessly low down in front.

Besides the gowns, there will be the piles of fluffly lingerie, all lace and ribbons; the dozens of silk stockings, the insteps cut into fairy-like designs or embroidered in delicately colored silks; the high heeled satin shoes, the smart little walking boots and the stout little shoes of all descriptions for the long tramps over heath and heather, golf and shooting and pedestrian trips. Then there will be the sweet scented boxes full of long soft gloves, for ball, for reception and for the street. And, of course, the stupendous task of hat buying cannot progress one flower's length without the head on which a creation of the milliner's art is to be worn. So it is not a matter of astonishment that the Duchess to be is as much occupied and as busy a young woman as any in the country.

As to the gifts which this unfortunate

young couple will receive—well, a fabulous purse like the fairy story one, in which \$100,000 was always present, might be emptied five or six times easily in payment of the costly souvenirs which the friends of the bride to be and her noble fiancé will give them to carry to Blenheim. The plate of the American silversmith will mingle with the plate which since Rossamond lingered in her bower, and the Dresden coffee cups, all framed in gold, will hob-nob with rare old porcelain and Doulton and Worcester.

Some of the wedding gifts can be seen already in the largest bijou shop in town, and if one but had the key to which is which and what is what, he could realize what a fortune will be spent.

The very newest ring (in fact, none of them had yet been sold until one was set aside for Miss Consuelo) is in appearance very rich and not to say striking. This rare ornament for a lovely hand is three rings absolutely distinct and separate, except for a tiny square of gold which joins them on the side worn in the hand. Each ring is set with a large stone, the branching gold band studded with diamonds, forming a most brilliant array. The most beautiful ring of this kind was one in which the centre stone of the middle circlet was a perfect pink pearl, and in the circlet on either side was a fine smoky pearl. Little Consuelo, who has a swanlike neck, is very fond of collars and necklets, and an unusually lovely one will be one of the trifles which she will receive. It is a loose necklace of twelve strands, fastened with diamond clasps, and having three crests set in diamonds. This pretty bauble cost \$8,000.

A unique ring has the band half concealed by myriads of diamonds, and on top is a tiny watch, encircled with diamonds and with a tiny diamond stem winder. This mite cost \$60.

A clock of solid crystal is made exact like the crystal ball watches which were once favorites for chateaux and is as big round as a foot ball. This unique means of telling out the time cost \$100.

A very appropriate vinaigrette is a long slender flask of exquisitely cut glass. One, third of it is covered with heavy, soft gold and the top is a representation in gold enamel of the strawberries and the leaves of the ducal coronet.

Then there are the lovely coffee sets in gold and silver, which cost \$2,000, and the charming toilet sets of crystal and jeweled gold which amount up to \$5,000, and—but why speak of gold and dollars and cents, when Consuelo gave her fiancé a simple locket with this tender inscription, "Accept thou this, my heart, with all my love, though this be small."

The wedding will take place in New York before the new year, and the completion of the new house at seventy-second street and Madison avenue is being rapidly rushed forward. Bishop Potter will probably officiate, whether the ceremony is performed in open church or at the residence of the bride, and the floral decorations will be on a very extensive scale. The Dukes, many connections will probably not attempt the ocean voyage at the rigorous season, but his best man and most of the ushers will be all intimate friends, very likely counting among their number Lord Randolph Churchill, his cousin. The bridesmaids will be the cousins of the bride, Emily V. Skane, Gertrude and Dorothy Vanderbilt, the three young Townblys and the Misses Webb.—N. Y. Paper.

## PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

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