

PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 469.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

LAWYER IN THE PULPIT.

HE FILLS IT GRACEFULLY BUT SOME PEOPLE GET ANGRY.

The Congregation do not like the Idea of a Lawyer Filling so Important a Position in the Church and Many of Them Leave During Evening Service.

St. John's Stone church had rather a strange experience a Sunday or two ago and one that does not seem to have been particularly agreeable to some at least of its members. Never in the history of the church has a lawyer assisted in the services in so prominent a way as on that of last Sunday evening. The church in question is attended by many of the elite of the city who are not too well pleased with the little happening on the evening mentioned.

This church is Episcopal in denomination and has as its rector one of the most able and eloquent preachers in the lower provinces. He is also an indefatigable worker, and extremely popular with his own congregation, and many outside of it. His church is largely attended and is one of the most prominent in the city.

For some time past the clergyman in question has been suffering from a severe cold, accompanied by a sore throat but has made a great effort to attend to his usual duties.

A week ago last Sunday he occupied his pulpit as usual in the morning although very hoarse, and evidently not in the best of health. He went through the regular service without any assistance, and it was not until the evening that the lawyer referred to had an opportunity of demonstrating his ability to dabble in theology as well as law. At this service the rector opened the service and proceeded as usual until it came to reading the lesson, when the legal luminary's services were brought into requisition.

This gentleman was formerly prominently connected with Trinity church and was at one time quite conspicuous in the affairs of that edifice. Upon the occasion in question however, he outdid all previous efforts and some who heard his reading of the lesson say it was most impressive while others—but what will not people say anyway?

Apparently, at any rate there was some dissatisfaction over the idea of a layman officiating in so prominent a capacity, for many left before the service ended; among those for whom the lawyer was too much was a well known wholesale merchant who vows that he will leave the church if such a thing happens again. Many others express their indignation openly, but perhaps not quite so strongly.

After all it would seem as if a great deal of unnecessary talk and unpleasantness was being made over a comparatively trifling matter for in many churches such things are of frequent occurrence, and occasion no comment whatever. If the rector of St. John's was too indisposed to read the lesson, he could scarcely have entrusted the office to anyone more capable of performing it than the lawyer in question whose religious principles are thoroughly known and appreciated. As a rule people are inclined to make too much of these little happenings as was the case a short time ago when a gentleman officially connected with one of the leading churches here, in the absence of the pastor, made an effort to fill the latter's place at a meeting at which there was a large attendance. There were some who claimed that the physician in question took advantage of the occasion to make some very telling personal thrusts that had the effect of making an unpleasant sensation in the church. The gentlemen insisted that he had not intended anything of the sort and in fact nothing was further from his mind than reference to any of the congregation; but this did not appease the angry individuals who claimed to have been openly insulted and as a result the church lost several valuable members. Those who know the real facts take the part of the alleged offender saying that his remarks were not aimed at any one in particular but that it was simply an explication of the old adage about the cap being fitted to the right head.

A Guest's Mistake.

A well known young law student is being joked by his friends over a little incident that occurred in a King street hotel a day or two ago. The young man is a frequenter of the office of the hotel and all his spare moments are spent there. A day or two ago he was in his usual place listening to the conversation that was floating around generally when a guest approached

and coolly said, "Bring my overcoat from number 54 please." Too astonished to reply the young man could only gaze in astonishment at the speaker till the request was repeated in a much more peremptory manner than at first. Then the law student's dignity came to his aid and he informed the guest that he was not an office boy or servant and he could get his own overcoat if he wanted it very much, or else make the request of the proper persons.

THEY LOCKED HIM UP.

Mr. Gallagher Wasn't a Prisoner but he Thought he was.

One evening this week while officer Campbell was enjoying a little breathing space, and was comfortably ensconced in a chair in the guard room at the police station, he had a visitor in the person of a man named Gallagher who was slightly under the influence of something stronger than soda water. Gallagher wanted to see the chief to lay information against a dog, but upon being told that the chief was not in, he turned to go out. The officer on duty was busy reading and did not pay attention to the man who had evidently forgotten how he got in for his first move was to try the chief's office door as a means of exit. Finding that locked he turned his attention to another way of getting out—by way of the vault door but that too refused to yield to his vigorous exertions.

Back Gallagher came to the guard room to enquire of Officer Campbell the way to get out, but on his way he espied a door that he thought must surely lead to the outer world. He found it open, so did not bother the policeman, but calling out 'good-night' started gaily off down the dark stairway. It was not the way to liberty however, but to the cell's, and the further Mr. Gallagher went the worse he fared. He hadn't the slightest idea where he was but he kept on in the hope of getting out; and as he proceeded he fell over a sled and met with several other mishaps.

Finally he retraced his steps to the guard room only to find that officer Campbell had gone out and that another was in his place. He asked the officer on duty to show him the way out but the latter pretending to think he was a prisoner who had managed to get out some way told him that he would have to lock him up again. Gallagher remonstrated and insisted that he wasn't a prisoner, and after much good natured chaffing and a good scare he was allowed to go.

CONNOLLY FIRED THE CONSTABLE.

He Went to the Sparring Exhibition Without a Ticket and was Obstinate.

At the recent benefit of Eddie Connolly held in this city, there were several little side scenes which did not prove noticeable to the majority of the spectators. One in which the light weight figured rather conspicuously himself, happened a little previous to the crowd's arrival, and just after the doors had been opened. A constable who bears the name of Mullin, and whom instinct teaches when he is doing right from wrong, entered the building from a side door, but the invincible Eddy managed to see him and approached him as to his business. "Ah I don't know as that makes any difference to you replied the constable." "Ob, yes it does," said the lightweight. "Well who are you, at any rate," asked the debt chaser? "I am Eddie Connolly, the light weight champion of Canada, and if you will not tell me your business, you will have to get out," replied Mr. Connolly. The constable said he wanted to see Frank Connolly, not Eddy, whereupon the lightweight told him to go out again and purchase a ticket and then come in and see him; but the constable would not budge, saying he had a right to stay, and would do so. But Connolly was bound to see what right he had to remain and asked to see his special privilege, and upon being shown some papers Mr. Mullin had to serve on his brother, Eddy again said he would have to get out. But the bill collector was still as firm as ever, until Mr. Connolly grabbed a good hold on him and put him through the same door he came in. The constable went out vowing vengeance on all concerned with the affair, but he did not serve his papers, as soon as expected, because Mr. Frank had his four round go.

Where the Reports Started.

The contradiction that appeared in the Globe of the article in last week's PROGRESS headed "Another good man led astray" emanated from a committee from

the Seaman's Mission workers who inquired into the facts of the case. The result of their investigation was interesting and much in favor of Mr. Globe, but they found that the story which PROGRESS printed was current in Carleton, as well as elsewhere, and that the people who gave it a start were closely connected with Mr. Globe. The differences between that gentleman and his family led to the circulation of reports about him that were certainly injurious and had a tendency to prevent him from carrying on his work.

NO DEFINITE ARRANGEMENTS.

Much Talk but no Definite Move for the Celebration.

Is it not about time that the city council came to some conclusion regarding the jubilee celebrations. So far it seems as if the only people who are working actively are the Polymorphians and they are thoroughly in earnest but they cannot be expected to do it all. The societies have talked about what they could do and it may be that they have done more in the way of preparation than the public know of. The mayor has been holding a good many meetings all of which may be very necessary to the success of the celebration but the council as a body has not done anything.

Where are the funds to come from is the question that is agitating a good many people. Other cities have made grants long ago to defray the expense of the jubilee celebrations but St. John has not made a move. Did the application for \$20,000 for a free public library so alarm the aldermen that they have not been able to come to any conclusion regarding the public display. Some of the Polymorphians want a grant and others are careless whether they get one or not but all of them want the city to provide the music for their parade as usual. In the meantime they are taking means to obtain funds by excursions and entertainments are mapped out for the near future. One excursion on the Queen's birthday is to Partridge island, another to St. Stephen and the north end boys are advertising a concert—all to the same end.

The council should take the matter into consideration at once and give the people an idea to what extent they are willing to go to celebrate the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign. If they have not dropped the library idea let them consider it as soon as possible and come to some conclusion.

HE TOOK THE MONEY.

A Bank Man Offers a Higher Interest and Gets the Money.

A very questionable action of an employe of a well known banking establishment is being discussed around the city in a manner not creditable to the individual in question. It appears that a young man employed in a King St. store who is of a very economical turn of mind had managed to save quite a sum of money which he desired to deposit safely in one of the many institutions in the city.

At the noon hour one day not long ago he went to the bank and found only the employe mentioned on duty. After a little desultory talk the conversation turned to money matters, naturally, and the young man made known his errand to the bank man.

"Why" said the latter, "do you deposit money in a place where you can only get 3 per cent? I will give you six for it."

Thinking that he was very fortunate in being able to dispose of his cash upon such advantageous terms the young man after considerable deliberation agreed to the bank man's proposal and gladly accepted his offer.

This occurred some time ago but recently the man in question wanted to use some of his money but was unable to obtain a cent. He has since learned to regret his hasty action for the money is still an unseen, and possibly unknown quantity.

THOUGHT IT WAS MEDICINE.

A Child Plays With and was About to Drink Carbolic Acid.

The little five year old daughter of a prominent Charlotte street resident had a narrow escape from a horrible death last week. The family were in the bustle and confusion of moving and the little one was left to her own resources for a time. After a little while her mother going in search of her found the child with a half pint bottle of carbolic acid from which she had just removed the cork and had poured a portion of it into a cup, and was about to drink it, explaining that she thought it was a medicine she had seen another member of the household taking the day before. The little girl's hands and dress were burnt from contact with the acid.

HIS SALARY WAS CUT.

AND AS A CONSEQUENCE HE TENDERED HIS RESIGNATION.

One of the Clever Young Tenors of the Carleton Opera Company has Some Trouble With the Management—His Salary is Cut Down and he Resigns.

HALIFAX, May 13.—The opera company manager's lot is not always a happy one; nor is it a bed of roses that members of the companies invariably occupy. Manager Carleton had a good company in Halifax, but he was not altogether satisfied with his business during the two weeks of his stay here, and he certainly was grieved at poor support in St. John. The object of this is not, however, to show that Manager Carleton had his little troubles but to point out the grievance that one of his tenors felt called upon to endure. Mr. John Havenes was the young tenor of the company, who shared the honors and the work for one week with Mr. Rowan another tenor.

When Mr. Havenes joined the company it was with the understanding that he was to receive \$50 a week. After playing one week in St. John Mr. Havenes was given \$45, a cut of \$5 on account of poor business. At the end of a week in Halifax this tenor, the martyr of alleged circumstances, was subjected to another cut, this time of \$10, leaving his remuneration for the week at the comparatively modest sum of \$35, though that was good compared with the \$12 per week which is all the chorus girls receive.

Mr. Havenes disliked this arbitrary proceeding so much that he resigned his position in the company. He is a fairly good tenor; he is a young man, and will become better as he grows older and more experienced. He has considerable promise of a successful career and even now he is not objectionable, to say the least. His mind is of an independent turn, so he had no difficulty in deciding to turn his back on Mr. Carleton and his really excellent opera company. Mr. Havenes was the more ready to do this when he learned that his fellow tenor had been subjected to a cut of only \$5 per week.

Yet after all, Mr. Carleton appears to have had a pretty fine appreciation of his appended tenor, for it is said that before leaving Halifax a new contract had been made with Havenes to rejoin the company at Hartford, Conn., the week after next, and that in the meantime poor Rowan had received two weeks notice that his services would no longer be required. So at Hartford it will be Rowan who will be out in the cold, and Havenes who will once more be basking in the sunshine of managerial favor.

Before joining the Carleton Opera Company, Mr. Havenes was not a superstitious man. He believed in none of those things that sometimes affect other people. Now he has changed his opinion, and this because he remembers that his company left New York for this tour on Friday, an unlucky day. Not only this, but it was the thirteenth day of the month (April 13.) Yet further, his room at the Queen hotel, where he stopped was No. 13. His fortunes, and those of the company were not all they might have been, and now Mr. Havenes half thinks that after all there may be something in ill-omened days and numbers.

The opera company spent two days of this week in Yarmouth, then going to Worcester Mass. Next week they will be at Hartford and they spend the summer at Cincinnati.

There is Trouble in the Club.

HALIFAX, May 13.—The Halifax driving club has done much for horse racing especially trotting, in this city for the past few years, but it looks now as though its usefulness was gone. There appears to be trouble within the club. This is evidenced by the fact that while some private members of the club have secured the race track for natal day, the club itself has not the grounds, and further they have announced their determination to hold an afternoon of horse racing, free to the public, concurrently with the paid attraction given by private club members on the riding ground track. It seems that the driving club's lease of the riding ground track terminated this year. The club, through its secretary put in a tender, at the same time several club members on their own account, put in a tender which was higher and which consequently took the grounds and knocked out the club. This was aggravating, and

is what has prompted the threat to run a free show on the common to ruin the clique who have the grounds. It is to be regretted that this trouble has arisen, and that the Halifax driving club is in jeopardy. Possibly it may have the effect of breaking up the old club, and perhaps by the way that is what some people wish, in order that a new club on different lines might be established.

From the Gallery.

The occupants of the lower floor of the Opera house are very often annoyed by the way in which programmes, twisted into various shapes, are thrown from the gallery especially upon Saturday evening, when as a rule, the attendance is limited. A few evenings ago a young man received in this peculiar manner an injury to one of his eyes, that resulted in the loss of two days work. He was watching the programmes floating down and slightly turned to look up in the direction from which they were coming. While he was watching, one tightly folded came in his direction the sharp point striking him in the eye. At the time he did not suffer much inconvenience from it but next morning it was considerably swollen. It may happen sometime that someone less lenient than this young man may be hurt in a similar manner, and the consequences may not be pleasant for somebody.

Trouble Over the Queen.

HALIFAX, May 13.—George Smith had his innings last week in arresting James P. Fairbanks, of the Queen Hotel, charging him with wrongfully removing furniture. Magistrate Fielding threw Smith out of court, so to speak and left Fairbanks "monarch of all he saw" so far as this lawsuit went. This week Fairbanks is having his turn. On Monday he caused a writ to be issued charging Smith with malicious and false arrests, and demanding damages to the tune of \$20,000. This suit will be pressed to the uttermost, and Mr. Fairbanks is determined, since the legal ball has started rolling, to give his adversary all the law he wishes. What a source of litigation this Queen hotel has been, sure enough; law, law, law! And the end is not yet in sight, but Post Fairbanks is running a good house nevertheless.

Had Right on his Side.

HALIFAX, May 13.—All city streets at midnight frequently present scenes which, if witnessed by daylight would thrill crowd of spectators. A little pugilistic encounter that took place on Hollis Street on Monday night between two well-known citizens was one of those events. It was short and decisive, and victory unmistakably rested with the alderman. What it was about and why they fought the few onlookers could hardly say, but it is to be hoped the victory perched on the banners of the gladiator who had right on his side as he certainly had years.

Why the People Thirst Sunday.

Sunday is a thirsty day since the first of May. The small beer shops are closed. The risk is too great and the profit too small to open them the dealers say, so the people who are out for a walk and want to cool their parched throats with something that comes within the range of ginger beer or ginger ale must be content with water—if they can get it. But there is not a fountain at every corner and water is harder to get than even the temperance man imagines. Even King square drinking fountain was dry last Sunday.

A Jaunt at the City's Expense.

Six aldermen and the mayor are going to Ottawa at the expense of the city to interview the government. The city can afford such pleasant jaunts as these but will pare down a grant to the exhibition or something that the citizens want. Why it takes seven men to do the work of one or two is not easily understood. Surely the mayor and two aldermen with Messrs Ellis, and Tucker, to say nothing of Hon. Mr. Blair, could do the work quite as well as seven aldermen.

He was Popular With Everybody.

The death of Mr. Louis Rainnie from peritonitis this week was so sudden and unexpected that his friends were shocked at the sad news. Perhaps it is safe to say that no young man in the community was more popular with his associates than Mr. Rainnie. His genial disposition and unfeeling good nature endeared him to all who met him.

It is Rockwood.

Voting for the name of the park still continues with Rockwood nearly 2000 in the lead at the count last Saturday. Popular opinion evidently runs in favor of that altogether appropriate name.