

## PROGRESS.

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## SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT 7

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## MR. FENETY'S DEATH.

The story of the late GEORGE E. FENETY, as told elsewhere in this issue, has in it a lesson for all who aim to be what is best in this world. Though at a very advanced age—nearly eighty-eight years—MR. FENETY did not appear to have reached the allotted years of man. The brain which had done such service for his country, which had been always active in the interests of the people, in defense of the rights and liberties, was as clear as ever. He did not hesitate even in the latest months of his life to use his pen, and in the terse and vigorous language so characteristic of him to score corruption in high places. His standard of a public man was high and there were few indeed who reached it. With a keen hatred of duplicity, falseness and inconsistency, it is little wonder that in later years he appeared to be opposed to the political party he had supported for so many years. Upright and prompt in all his dealings he wished others to be like him. It is not too much to say that by his death the province has lost one of the men who has served it best, the people a friend who was ever on their side and his family a devoted, indulgent and generous husband and father.

## THEY WANT PEACE.

There is not much doubt that the two queens Victoria and Wilhelmina have exerted themselves to the utmost to preserve peace between England and the Transvaal. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland cannot take upon herself the responsibility of diplomatic negotiations, but she can write to her good friend, Queen Victoria, an affectionate letter on behalf of the Boers; and it is supposed that she has done this. Queen Victoria, in her turn, is strongly disposed to grant any favor which the young Queen of Holland asks. Her own early experience has been re-enacted at the Hague, where a girlish princess is the last survivor of the royal line; and she has been deeply touched by the similarity of the two romances of the thorne. Queen Wilhelmina is known to have acted in many respects upon advice received from Windsor and Balmoral.

If Queen Wilhelmina, therefore, has pleaded the cause of the Boers in letters to her good friend and mentor, the appeal has met with favor by the English sovereign. The Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, has held back Mr. Chamberlain at various times, and it is safe to infer that he has been carrying out the wishes of the queen. She has counselled patience in dealing with the President of the Transvaal, and has been unwilling to have the door closed upon negotiations for peace.

This is not a fanciful picture of the relations of a young queen and an aged sovereign. The secrets of courts must be maintained with stately reserve, but this is an open one which is generally known in England. The two queens, each in her own way, have tried to keep the peace in South Africa. The letters exchanged between them may never see the light, but each has been a peacemaker with a warm heart open to approach in the bonds of secret sympathy.

The secret history of monarchy in Europe is no longer a continuous record of intrigue and ambition. Many reigning sovereigns of today have hearts and true instincts.

## A QUESTION OF RITUALISM.

Every reader of the newspapers knows that there has recently been much agitation in the Church of England over questions of ritualism. Just what the ritualists

are doing, and what their opponents object to, is by no means clear to everybody.

Ritualism is not a doctrine, but a mode of conducting the divine service. The word is generally used to imply some variation by excess from the mode enjoined in the book of Common Prayer. Change has been so rapid that what was scarcely heard of forty years ago attracts today no special attention. There are, however, some marks of genuine ritualism which may be depended upon.

The most certain is the 'Reservation of the Sacrament of the Altar.' On the theory that Christ Himself is really present in that Sacrament of the Body and Blood, it is held that He must be anywhere a proper object of worship, and His presence; a great blessing. Whenever on entering a church a lamp is seen burning, day or night before the Altar, indicating that his bread and wine are there, the observer may be almost sure he is in a Ritualistic church. Another fairly sure sign is the use of 'Eucharistic Vestments,' a special dress used in the celebration of the Eucharist, or Holy Communion, and symbolizing the special relation of the priest to God the Father, to Christ, and to the congregation.

Another is the use of at least two lights on the Altar at the time of celebrating the Eucharist. Another is the ceremonial use of incense; and processions with crosses, banners, lights and incense. Another is the position of the clergyman, facing the Altar and with his back to the people; and yet another the mixing of a little water with the wine before consecration. These last two are so common that they are hardly decisive.

All these are perceptible to the senses. Especially the Reservation of the Sacrament can be considered as the very centre of Ritualism. Probably both opponents and advocates would agree that it is substantially a restoration of the mass, with all which that implies.

## WELL TO LOOK AT TICKETS.

And it may save you some unpleasantness in the Opera House.

An incident in the Opera House Monday evening had in it without any doubt a lesson for the employees of the house and a warning to the patrons of this place of amusement.

Three gentlemen met in the afternoon of that day and agreed to go and see "The Evil Eye" that evening. Two of them proceeded at once to the box office and asked for three half dollar tickets for that night. The ticket seller handed out three tickets and they were paid for.

That evening, according to appointment, the three friends went to the opera house presented their tickets at the door, were admitted and the ushers, taking their checks and looking at them showed them to their seats. The house filled up rapidly and the show was about to begin when the usher again arrived on the scene and asked to see the three checks. They were shown him and he said that the seats belonged to three gentlemen at the door. It seemed impossible that this could be so and the three gentlemen in possession refused to move. The usher went to the door keeper and the three gentlemen who were seated were told that they would have to get out. They still refused and a constable was summoned. The eyes of all the audience about them were by this time looking for the cause of the trouble and rather than make a scene they complied with the demand and passed out. At the box office tickets for Tuesday night were offered them but they demanded their money and went out feeling very much aggrieved and thinking that as the employees of the house had made the mistake other seats might at least have been found for the parties who claimed those they sat in.

The incident calls to mind one that took place in Fredericton some years ago when through a similar error a lawyer and his lady were seated in places called for by their checks the second night of the show. When asked to move he refused to do so and when the manager and policeman arrived on the scene he explained to them in terse tones that as the former's employees had placed him there, he proposed to stay and if he was put out he would have an elegant suit for damages. The manager thought it well to pause and he found seats for the second parties on the scene. Still to prevent any such uncertainty in the future he consulted an able lawyer next morning who when he heard the facts of the case congratulated him upon his escape. The same law that applies to Fredericton should apply to St. John.

Promoted to Chief Steward.

The promotion of Mr. Ernest Thomson to be chief steward of the Prince Edward will give much satisfaction to his friends and will please the patrons of the line generally. Mr. Thomson is well liked in St. John and his experience as steward on several steamers will enable him to fill his present position all the better.

## FETTERS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

## The Seventh Seal

The angel of the seventh seal, above the poles,  
The golden gate of glory standing by;  
Reveals the horoscope of burdened souls,  
And shows what mysteries are drawing nigh.  
He is the angel of all ills and death,  
O'er all the stormy gales and earthquake shocks—  
That shake the globe and hurried in a breath,  
A tyrant's ship on time's great ocean rocks.

All nations of the earth shall catch the chord,  
Of that great song which fills the realms above;  
One brotherhood of man one righteous Lord,  
The lowly Nazarene the Christ of love.  
The sword of war and blood to snap in twain,  
The first great deed of human life shall be;  
The end of labor's dreary, dastard pain,  
The birth of faith in God's humanity.

The mighty rising of an ocean vast—  
With sweeping waves of world circling waves;  
Shall reach the shores of idleness at last,  
The pampered few who deem God's freemen slaves  
E'en now from clear toned strings the harp of time  
Sounds forth the uplifting anthem of the free,  
Fraternal bonds which labor make's sublime,  
The rightful brotherhood we long to see.

When all things pure and noble great and good,  
Shall deck the brow of love no more to cease;  
The crimson shambles of dark deeds of blood,  
Shall grow the fragrant flowers of deathless peace.  
So man shall take the easier yoke of life,  
When he shall learn for love of him who died;  
To walk the pathway faith hath freed from strife,  
The worker for the workman crucified.

Loose freely then the white slave's blood worn chain,  
For ornament twined round the craven's throat—  
Where pride but feeds the lust of selfish gain,  
And be the red lash there the despot's own.  
"Thy will be done on earth" the tyrant's prayer,  
Is mockery, outrageous and relentless still,  
When feeble beings left within our care,  
Are brutalized with hate's exquisite skill.

The angel of the seventh seal makes known,  
The meaning of the ancient seraph's hymn;  
That only to the great Jehovah's throne,  
Our kinsman all as one bow down to Him.  
And round a happy earth the song be heard,  
The one grand labor song of all who toil;  
The song of brotherhood so long deferred,  
"To those who labor comes the victor's spoil."  
CYRUS GOLDBE.

## My Little Boy—God Bless Him!

I have a little boy at home  
Scarcely more than two years old,  
With eyes as blue as summer skies  
And curls of twisted gold.  
Though it may seem a partial pride  
I honestly confess him  
More dear than all the world beside—  
My little boy—God bless him!

He runs to meet me at the door  
When I come home to tea,  
Then twines his arms around my neck  
And climbs upon my knee,  
I kiss his rosy dimpled cheek  
And to my heart I press him  
With love too eloquent to speak,  
My little boy—God bless him!

I'll not deny he is a pest  
When I'm abed at my work—  
He gives me neither peace nor rest,  
He's worse than any Turk;  
In fact he sometimes acts as though  
The mischief did possess him—  
For into everything he'll go,  
My little boy—God bless him!

He'll tear my paper up in strips  
And strew it o'er the floor,  
He'll pick the type from out the case  
And fling it out of door,  
He will not give me time to think,  
And such an awful mess in  
He gets when he upsets my ink—  
My little boy—God bless him!

May he to manhood grow and be  
My comfort and my stay,  
And grow in strength and energy  
Steady from day to day;  
Should grief, or pain, or want, or care,  
Or doubt or ill oppress him  
I'll freely every burden bear,  
My little boy—God bless him.

May he throughout my life be spared  
My treasure and my prize,  
To sit beside me at the last  
And close my dying eyes,  
And when he bends above my bier  
And grief does sore oppress him  
Who knows that him I cannot hear,  
My little boy—God bless him.

May he successful be through life  
And when to manhood grown,  
With happy home and loving wife  
And children of his own,  
Around his bright domestic hearth  
May nothing e'er oppress him  
But joy and happiness have birth,  
My little boy—God bless him.

And when he's numbered all his days  
And reaches the mile-tone  
That separates unto us all  
The known and the unknown,  
If he has striven faithfully  
There's One who will confess him  
Through a long eternity;  
My little boy—God bless him.

MARTIN BUTLER.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 3, 1899.

## Stylish Millinery.

One of the most important, and always looked forward to, of millinery openings is that of Miss Curtle of Charlotte street. Her autumn display of millinery was made this week and on the days devoted to it her rooms were thronged with ladies, and the stylish headwear for which her establishment is famed found many ready purchasers. There was everything in the way of chic and dainty hats, bonnets and toques in the very latest modes, and as Miss Bartle employs only the most skilled artists her patrons are always sure of getting work that is thoroughly stylish and satisfactory.

## A Capable Seamstress.

Ladies desiring the services of a good seamstress by the day who can furnish excellent references will hear of one by enquiring at 28 German street. Terms 70 cents a day.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired  
Dundas, 27 Waterloo.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## PASSED TO HIS REST.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

It is a wonder that the veteran Queen's Printer should feel that his title was but an empty one and so he sent in his resignation.

The Morning News was most prosperous when Mr. Fenety was called to Fredericton. He had never been a politician in the sense that term is understood now. He was not an office seeker. He supported measures rather than party and he advocated them not in his personal interest but in that of his city and province. So when it was resolved to make a change in the office of the Royal Gazette in Fredericton, the proprietor of the News, Mr. Fenety, was surprised to receive the offer of it from his old friend S. L. Tilley (afterwards Sir Leonard Tilley.) Flattering as it was to have his services recognized in this manner, Mr. Fenety hesitated. He knew nothing of a government office. He had for so many years been his own master that he dreaded being under the direction even of a government. His newspaper was his child, nursed, fostered and then thriving under his care. He hated to abandon it. St. John was his home. He had property here, had made money here and called many men close and intimate friends. Still he had passed the meridian of life, spent many years of arduous toil and if there was any leisure connected with the Gazette office he felt that he was entitled to it. It was only after he had looked thoroughly into the matter and satisfied himself that it was in the interests of his family that he reluctantly deserted active newspaper life and left his beautiful country residence at Hampton to become a citizen of Fredericton and an office holder under the provincial government.

He was always particular about his residence and loved to choose a beautiful situation. In early life he lived according to his means but when deserved prosperity came to him he found his way to a lovely place at Hampton where he beautified the grounds about the residence which he afterwards sold to Hon. William (now Judge) Wedderburn. When he went to Fredericton, Rose Hall, which had been occupied by the famous Benedict Arnold was vacant and Mr. Fenety chose to locate there within a stone's throw of the St. John river. Here the first years of his citizenship in the capital were spent. Pleasure and sorrow came to him during that period. His eldest son—a favorite boy—Arthur died besides a daughter, his mother and an infant son. To a nature such as his one can well imagine that his residence, beautiful as it was, would not have the same charm for him afterwards and little surprise was evinced when he removed to the residence on the corner of Brunswick street which had been occupied by S. L. Tilley. He lived there while the construction of Linden Hall, his handsome dwelling of recent years, was going on.

The grounds about Linden Hall were admittedly the finest in the capital. His love of flowers and shrubbery was shown to the greatest extent in this beautiful spot shaded by noble trees. Here for hours every day he remained with his gardener, designing flower plots or superintending the construction or alteration of fountains or mounds.

There is an enduring monument to Mr. Fenety in St. John in King square itself. For years he pointed out in the Morning News what a beautiful spot could be made out of what was then a common dump, and rock hole. When the people began to listen he incited them to work and many of the stately trees shading the fountain there now were planted by his hand. What a pride he took in them year after year, even long after he removed from here. Every time he visited St. John he visited the square and his favorite walk was around the wharves and over to Indiantown and back by the way of Paradise Row. He was keen to note improvements in these places he knew so well—well indeed—because for years he had made that route his "constitutional." Even during cholera summer—he has often told the writer—he never failed to take his walk. This habit clung to him in later years, in fact during this summer he was able to go part of the way up town but as he found his strength waning he was forced to content himself with pacing the veranda in front of his residence.

Rev. Canon Roberts was an old friend of Mr. Fenety's and during his sermon in St.

Ann's Sunday morning he made a touching reference to his life and death in these terms. "The generations of men appear and pass away like the foliage of each successive year. Their bodies grow feeble and fall and moulder into clay, buried beneath the earth which is trodden by their successors. One by one those whom we have known pass from our sight, and their place among us knoweth them no more. Only yesterday afternoon I knelt by the deathbed of one who has for many years occupied a position of much honor and prominence in our community. During a long life of 87 years Mr. Fenety had ever maintained a high moral standard, both in his public and private relations, which won for him the sincere esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens. A devoted husband and father, making home the centre of his interests, his public spirit led him also to take an active, prominent and useful part in every movement likely to promote the welfare of our city. Its beauty was his especial pride, and he did much and gave much towards its enhancement. A devout and consistent member of the Church of England, the church of his fathers as well as the church of his convictions, he was constant in his attendance upon her ministrations and generous in his support of her services and in the promotion of her undertakings. It gives me much pleasure to remember that he had a special love for this our Parish Church and for its services, and often came to worship with us here even after the increasing infirmities of age had begun to make so long a walk difficult and wearisome.

The body grew frail and feeble under the stress of years, but the mind retained its activity and the will its strength even to the last, and so, I rejoice to know, did the calm, reasonable faith which many sorrows and bereavements had tested and only made the firmer. And so his death was like a gentle, peaceful falling into sleep. The worn out frame was like the faded leaf which drops from the tree at the approach of winter, but the immortal part remained, upheld by the Tree of Life, as the germs and buds of fresh leaves remain to greet the sunshine of the coming springtime.

## Sketch of Geo. E. Fenety's Life.

The following sketch of the life of Geo. E. Fenety appeared in the Canadian Biographical Dictionary in 1881 and was published with some additions in Progress in 1888.

George E. Fenety, Queen's Printer of the province of New Brunswick, was born in Halifax, N. S.; he is the fourth son of William Fenety, of Halifax, an architect and draughtsman, who was for some years engaged in the King's Works; he died in 1826; his mother, Mary Hall, went to Nova Scotia in 1783 with her father, Richard Hall, a staunch loyalist, one of the sturdy band who settled in Shelburne, a town which at one time contained a population of 12,000, chiefly made up of loyalists from the States of Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey. At the age of seventeen, Fenety entered the office of the Nova Scotian, the champion paper of the Liberals, owned by the Honorable Joseph Howe; and during his connection with that paper, which lasted for several years, he travelled over the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, collecting accounts. He continued to enjoy the esteem and confidence of Mr. Howe until his death, which occurred during his administration as Lieutenant-Governor of his native province in 1875. In November, 1835, the year of the cholera, Mr. Fenety left Halifax and went to New York, where he resided for twelve months. At the end of that time he was attached to the Planter's Advocate, as assistant editor, a periodical published at Donaldville, a town situated about sixty-five miles above New Orleans, on the Mississippi; and in six months after became full proprietor. The climate, which annually fosters yellow fever, came high proving fatal to his northern constitution, too accustomed to frosts and snow, and compelled him in 1839 to sell out, and once more turn his face homeward; he settled in St. John, full of enterprise, hope, industry, and a courage to face difficulties which no obstacle could daunt; he soon after started the first penny paper in the Maritime Provinces, (perhaps British America), called the Morning News the pioneer of all the present dailies. The idea of issuing a paper at so small a price was met at first with indifference, especially by the weekly journals, of which there were five at that time; but, in spite of all

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)