

SOLDIERS AT CHURCH.

A SERVICE IN THE GARRISON CHAPEL AT HALIFAX.

Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange Describes the Scene There Sunday Morning—The Restless Red Coats—Publishing the Banns—A Simple But Impressive Service.

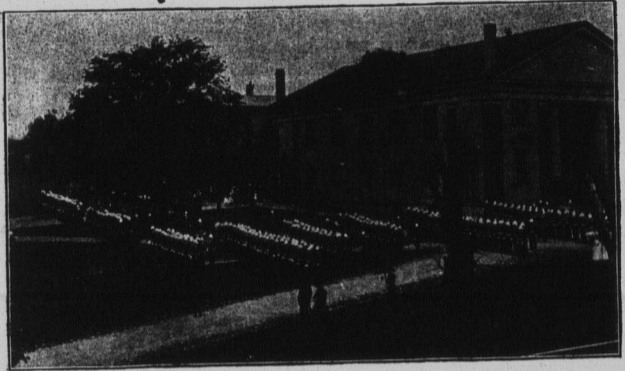
Parade service in the Garrison chapel at Halifax is something to be long remembered, and the memory should be stored away in some warm, dry corner of one's mind, to be taken out and enjoyed over again at intervals when one wishes to feel particularly religious, for I think it must be indeed a hardened nature in which that grandly simple service did not awaken a devotional feeling.

Perhaps it is the very simplicity which makes it so impressive, but at any rate I would recommend all tourists who visit the city of fortifications to plan their stay so that it shall include a Sunday, and to sternly repress that yearning to stay in bed till ten o'clock on Sunday, which seems so deeply implanted in the human breast, especially if it be a masculine one; get up betimes and attend morning service at "The Garrison," as it is familiarly called. Don't put it off till the evening, because you will be sure to be disappointed if you do; parade service is the one

perceptible bustle amongst the red-coated ranks in the gallery, and an effort to catch a glimpse of the prospective victim's face. A great many of them are married men, and the memory of having gone through the ordeal themselves, adds a spice to their enjoyment.

It is communion Sunday, and the service is shorter than usual; it is over some minutes before gun-fire—twelve o'clock—to the great satisfaction of the soldiers, who have a rooted objection to remaining in church after gun-fire; indeed so marked is this peculiarity of theirs, if the gun should be heard before service is concluded, it is impossible to hold their attention afterwards, and sundry shuffling and rattling of accoutrements give evidence of their impatience. They consider that their religious day ends at 12 o'clock, and bitterly resent any further encroachments on their time. Indeed her majesty's brave defenders have been known to become so restive when the sermon has extended beyond what they considered the proper limit as to call down a spirited rebuke from the pulpit, and a sharp reminder that parade service was not over until the benediction was pronounced, the gun notwithstanding.

After church very few people go directly home: it seems to be the custom to wait and see the soldiers march to barracks, so I do as Rome does, and am very glad of the chance. This morning the sight is less impressive than usual, my friends tell me, since the band is not allowed to begin playing on communion Sundays until they are either 60 or 600 feet from the church—I really forget which—so that the com-



SOLDIERS AT CHURCH PARADE.

to attend, and be sure you go to the church as soon after ten o'clock as possible, for then you will see the soldiers marching in. I speak feelingly on this subject, because I was too late for that imposing sight myself and so I wish to prevent others from going and doing likewise. The soldiers march to service, headed by the band, and it is a sight worth witnessing to see them file into church, each man to his appointed place with that calm, orderly precision which is the very embodiment of military discipline. As I said before, I am late, and service has begun, but that makes no difference to the stranger and pilgrim who wanders into the Garrison chapel. The exquisite courtesy which prevails there prevents you from either looking or feeling awkward. A red coated usher is standing at the door, and beckons, with an air of having waited especially to meet me, pilots me swiftly up the aisle to a front pew, and is gone, with that light, soft step of his which seems peculiar to the soldier. When I have time to look about me, I see that the church is an old one, and that its benches are historical rather than architectural. The building is a plain oblong, approached by a high, broad flight of steps with a porch like a veranda, supported by old-fashioned pillars, and there are entrance doors at each side of the porch. Within, there is a broad nave, in which the officers, their wives and families and any of the citizens who may attend, sit, while the galleries, which extend all around the building, are occupied by the soldiers. At the back, in the organ loft, the band is stationed. There is a little room in this most interesting church for decoration, indeed "church millinery" would be out of the question, as all the available space in the walls is taken up with brasses and marbles in memory of deceased officers of the Garrison.

"In memory of Major-General Sir John A. Macdonald, who died at Halifax in January, 1866, after a short illness. Erected by his brother officers."

"Sacred to the memory of Ensign—of the King's Own Regiment, who died at Halifax on the 13th of July, 1866. This tablet is erected by his brother officers."

So the inscriptions run. And I only wish I could have stayed behind and read more of them. The service is simple, as I said before, but the blue and gold of the artillery, the yet more brilliant scarlet and gold of the infantry, from the rich uniforms of the officers, heavy with gold lace, down to the trim brightness of the humblest private, all combined to form a picture which needed no elaborate setting, and which made the ritual all the more appropriate, for being plain.

There is no organ; the band furnishes the accompaniment for the voices, which seem to comprise the whole regiment, judging by the volume of sound, and to hear that choir sing the grand old hymn, "Glory be to Jesus," accompanied by 60 brass instruments, played in a soft far away key, suitable to church music, was to feel that you had not lived in vain. I did not think anything could be finer, till I heard the next hymn, "The Strain Upraise," and then when the bass drum came in with measured beats, at the line, "Then let the mountains thunder forth sonorous alleluia," I felt cold chills of rapture creeping up my spinal column, and I wondered if I had ever really heard a bass drum before, and what the salvation army would think, if they could hear it too.

The chaplain of the regiment is away, and so the service is conducted by the Rev. Dr. Bullock, assisted by the Rev. Cuthbert Willis, who was himself a captain in the army. At the close of the second lesson the banns of marriage are published—"between private William Somebody, whose surname I did not catch, and Mary Somebody else, of this city." It was the third time of asking, and William was evidently present, because there was a very

municians shall not be disturbed by the music. The soldiers muster on the square beside the church, fall into rank, and the officers give the word, the artillery file to the right, the infantry to the left, and march gaily to barracks and dinner, their shining accoutrements and dazzling white belts glittering in the August sun, and the rhythmic measure of their tread, losing nothing of its elasticity by the absence of the band. The waiting crowd disperses slowly, and either climbs into its carriage, or saunters homeward, picking up an appetite by the way. And one sad-eyed journalist shuffles thoughtfully dinnerwards, wondering furtively whether he is too old to be a soldier himself, and how much it would cost to learn how. It is needless to say that his name was

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

THEY NEED NO INTRODUCTION.

Known to and Popular With All the People. "Nothing succeeds like success," is an old saying, but one that applies fairly as well in these busy days as in times gone by, when everybody took things easier. There is always room at the top for men who have the ability and fixed determination to get there.

Less than three years ago, two young men in the employ of one of the largest and best known wholesale houses in the maritime provinces bought out the retail business of the latter on Charlotte street, and started in for themselves under very favorable circumstances. Since that time they have assuredly improved the opportunity, and today there is no retail dry goods house better known throughout the provinces than Daniel & Robertson. Falling into a large city trade they have not only been able to hold it, but in spite of increased competition have very materially increased their volume of business. This must certainly be gratifying, and speaks very plainly of their ability to compete with all. They are strong believers in the virtues of the printer's ink and apply it very liberally, the result of which speaks for itself. Their trade outside the city has grown at a wonderful rate and they attribute this growth to judicious advertising and the carrying of fine-class goods in every department. Buying in large quantities from the best foreign markets their goods are marked on the basis that large sales at a small profit are preferable to small sales at a large profit.

For the exhibition attractions they have imported special lines of goods and will doubtless do a large trade with the hundreds of visitors who will be in the city. They occupy the whole of the large brick building corner of Charlotte and Union streets and have every facility for handling a large amount of business. Progress can with every confidence recommend visitors to this busy corner, where they will meet with every attention and find one of the largest and best assorted stocks in the city to select from.

City and country people both know the situation wonderfully well, one that Progress has always maintained will be quite equal, if not superior, to any other in the city in a short time. In the very heart of the business part of the city, on the main thoroughfare to a very large portion of the residence section, with the street cars passing by their door every few minutes passing to and from the east and north ends of the city, the site could not be improved upon.

The location of the store at St. John Saturday evening, and a dry goods store located there has exceptional advantages. Daniel & Robertson is by far the largest and best on the street, and it is indeed a rare thing not to find its floors thronged with customers.

BOYCOTTING AN EDITOR.

A SUSSEX NEWSPAPER MAN GETS INTO TROUBLE

With Rev. Mr. Grant and Some of His Congregation, Because of a Baptism Paragraph Which did not Please Them—An Electric Light Co. Talked Of.

SUSSEX, Sept. 21.—There is no doubt that Sussex is a central point of business, and as a place of much natural beauty is well known throughout the province.

At one time it was quite a busy manufacturing centre and with its foundry, steam tannery, and well equipped boot and shoe factory gave employment to a large number of employes.

This has all changed, and the tannery and shoe factory are but relics of the past, or what is left of them.

There are those, though, who hope that a revival in the manufacturing line will come sooner or later, as from its central point and the large section of agricultural country surrounding it, it would seem as if some remunerative factories might be put in operation.

The chief topic of conversation for some time past has been the suppression of the Scott act offenders. Many attempts have been made from time to time with little or no success. Recently a fund was subscribed and numerous complaints laid, and a vigorous war opened up all along the line on the enemy. After repeated attempts a number of convictions were had, and it was fondly hoped at one time that the traffic had received a death blow in Sussex. Whether these fines have been collected, or whether they still stand in abeyance owing to the mazy technicalities of the law, I cannot say. But it is evident that the work of the league for the suppression of the evil has not yet fully done its work. The bar-rooms are wide open and the music of the cork popping and the ale pump still is heard in the land, and the stream of humanity who think it necessary to indulge in the flowing bowl still glides in and out in the even tenor of its way. What the final outcome will be is a problem too deep almost for solving at the present time. And it seems that Hampton has not within its confines justices learned enough in the law to correctly interpret the same, so offenders from happy Hampton are to appear before the stipendiary and be taught what is right and correct.

Lately an attempt was made to boom an electric light for the place. It seemed to meet with favor, and a syndicate was formed and a number of lights subscribed for sufficient to make the scheme a success. Mr. Geo. F. Calkin of St. John was energetic in promoting the same, and one and all were pleased to know that in all probability we should have one new feature in our midst to show that we were still alive and anxious to be up to the times. But rivalry seems to have cropped out over the matter, and now Mr. Adam McPherson intimates that he is about to put in the electric light on his own account. What the result will be unless it is to totally kill the enterprise, I cannot say, but it is too small a matter to quibble over, and it is to be hoped no blood will be spilt. The citizens of Sussex would much prefer the spilling of some electric light fluid on the streets and in their places of business.

Another matter has excited considerable interest in many quarters, and that is the boycott against the editor of the Record here. The facts are these: Some time since a paragraph appeared in the columns of the Record which, in a humorous and perhaps unnecessary manner, referred to a baptism which had taken place near the railway bridge some time before, the Rev. E. J. Grant, of the Baptist church, being the officiating clergyman. It is but fair to say, in the interest of all concerned, that it would have been better policy for the editor of the Record had it not appeared. Some zealous members of the Baptist church, however, took it as a direct and personal insult to that denomination, and became exceedingly angry. So much so, that they at once commenced a personal canvass of the patrons of the Record and persuaded them to withdraw their advertising patronage from the paper. Thereupon two of the merchants of Sussex, J. S. Trites and W. B. McKay, ordered their advertisements withdrawn, but others who were zealously canvassed declined so to do.

It is also currently rumored that the Rev. Mr. Grant ordered his paper off the subscription list, and that in an interview between the editor and the parson, the air was lively and resonant with not over-complimentary opinions of each other. And it is now said that these Baptist brethren are zealously endeavoring to boycott the Record in any and every direction they possibly can. How much injury they can or cannot do, is as yet an unsolved problem, but the majority of cool and sensible citizens do not approve of this style of warfare. The action of Messrs. Trites and McKay & Co., is not calculated to win for them any great degree of popularity. The facts are, newspaper men are hard to buck against, and while the editor of the Record has at times been perhaps a little more reckless than is necessary, still as a man and a citizen he had done his best to forward the interests of Sussex, and with all his faults, he will stand by him at all hazards in any unfair or partisan attempt to boycott him now or in the future. The probability is that the last of this is not yet heard, and it will be seen that the better way would have been to have passed the matter over quietly and exercised that degree of charity which should be the strong characteristic of all good citizens and christians.

The town has been alive with the martial tread of our citizen soldiery, who are here for their annual drill, and with the advent of the big military notables of the militia department of Canada and the expected guests of the New York state militia, we presume that a general good time may be anticipated by all concerned.

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The world is so unjust that a female heart once touched is thought forever blenched.—Steele.

We always live prospectively, never retrospectively, and with no abiding moment.—Jacobi.

Spitn Sealings—Dural, 1949 Union street.

CANNED
Salmon.
Lobsters.
Oysters.
Corn.
Tomatoes.
Peas.
Beans.
Peaches.

1400 Cases

In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices.

JOSEPH FINLEY,
65, 67, and 69 Dock St.



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Thousands of people who are visiting the Exhibition are being introduced to us. They have read about us and heard of us in different ways, but have never seen our store. It's been one of your plans—to see OAK HALL, the far famed store, when you came to St. John. Get a personal introduction to us! Come right in, and let us introduce ourselves and goods. We are all right to look at, but our own stock is what interests you most. You'd hardly believe it, but when you see our immense stock you'll be convinced that the OAK HALL is the place to buy.

IF YOU

bring the children with you, have a suit tried on them if they're boys. One of our new styles changes the appearance of a boy—makes him look the bright boy that he is; bring out the better his form; makes a man of him.

GET AN OVERCOAT for yourself! Talk about overcoats! I'm not a betting man, but I'd be willing to bet a good deal you never saw such a stock of Overcoats and Reefers and Ulsters as we've got. We never had such a stock to select from.

TRY THE OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE,
47 and 51 King Street, . . . Saint John, N. B.

EMERSON & FISHER,
75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street,
Specially invite Visitors to the City during the Exhibition (or at any other time) to call and inspect their Large and Varied Stock, embracing
STOVES
OF ALL KINDS;
Artistic Mantels
IN WOOD AND SLATE;
GRATES, TILES, FENDERS, ANDIRONS,
And the most complete assortment of
Household Hardware,
Kitchen Furnishing Goods and Tinware
EVER SHOWN IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.
Assortment throughout unequalled; and prices at least as low as the lowest.

ENGLISH CUTLERY

POCKET KNIVES. We have a very large assortment, covering hundreds of patterns and styles, marked at low prices. The makers are Rogers, Butler, Wostenholme, Ibbotson and other reliable Sheffield firms.

TABLE CUTLERY in all grades; Ivory, Xylonite, Celluloid, Horn and Coco handles—a great variety. Finest designs in Carver Sets.

SILVER AND ELECTRO-PLATED Spoons and Forks;
Fashionable patterns and best quality goods.
After Dinner Coffee Spoons. Souvenir Spoons.

FISH SETS.
Pretty patterns. High grade goods.

ELECTRO-PLATED WARE.
Tea Services, Hotel Sets, Soup Tureens and Ladles, Fudding Dishes, Cake Baskets, Waiters and Trays, Pickle Jars, Bon Bon Dishes, Berry and Fruit Dishes, and a variety of small goods, especially suitable for exhibition souvenirs.

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 AND 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FERGUSON & PAGE
DESIRE to announce to their numerous patrons, that they are ready for the Spring Business.
NEW GOODS
—IN—
Watches, Jewelry, Silver Goods, Plated Goods, Clocks, etc.
The finest stock to be found in the Maritime Provinces at
43 KING STREET.

MUS

Although there this week, I sha saying anything I should have noticed some of ety reception last not able to hear cfully straight th standing ten year poor show if he and it will proba the chapter. Ta playing is just at theatre, but no s either evil.

The musical evening was well cess, the selectio finely rendered. music might ha man who said I wish it underd dence in opera heard it.

At the time I has not come of, say of it later. Mrs. Babbie, o Mrs. Wm. Bow Bowden is also a Fergusson.

If permission c setting of Rudya be published the There is a p ough to have a band in the nea that the possibi bands, the exhib are given every Mrs. John G. Miss Fannie Ma John, Miss Ma J. K. 4 Equa

Mr. K. B. Zealand to Engle ter with her bro tends returning to Mrs. R. Perc typhoid fever, is St. John seems noises lately. T now it is almost electric light w melodious sound mind for a day st Miss Hitchens securing a violin!

TALK

After years weeks of terr John opera night by the Marble Heart present.

I have said house since first as a par the hands of o finally in the could not be encouragement which seemed against prejud in the end, a when there wa holders credit plan now will ance of the performance.

It is not u audience in at city. As a ru not, as a ru appear in even many exceptio and I must say ingly pleasing speak of the h between acts t for anyone wh of the buildi seated there o opening.

Marble Hea fails to enthu standard autho from the page stir you or dis so you can trace of emoti haps, it would agement to ha drama. St town in Canad society play li dinary circum

Those who not the compa priced. So u not appeared

Mr. Granvill partially know ment. They DOWELL comp and won the g them. I expr I have only to Granville's par Ma. Grate, th his oppor had 600 was

The favora Clitherow last strengthened both Marble E proved her a actress. As t the haughty, d toys with the 15 les of the U "accou lie, its wealth was a powerfu forth round a "Cis,"—that t trate she was l

The rest of fell in about Emy and R editor. Mr. H belongs to this him to perfect man, and an citable, sarcas part, and gain to the echo. and easy stag tion of Phidias sculptor, in th the prosperous drama, was cle seething lov good but found with hi when, jilted fo