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will astonish my customers. THE
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ment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

You can get your

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IN FIRST CLASS ORDER

AT

MARTIN'S JEWELRY STORE,

167 Union Street.

EQUITY SALE.

HERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION,
at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City
of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick,
on TUESDAY, the Twentieth day of November
next, at twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the di-
rections of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court
in Equity, made on the twenty-fourth day of July,
A. D. 1888, in a certain case therein pending,
wherein James Walker is plaintiff, and Emma
Small, Stephen S. DeForest and Robert B. Ham-
broy, Executors and Trustees of the last will and
testament of Otis Small, deceased, the said Emma
Small, James B. Thornton and Clara Jane, his wife,
the said Stephen S. DeForest and Mary E.
his wife, Hiram G. Betts and Frances C. his wife,
and Sarah Elizabeth Small are defendants, with
the approbation of the undersigned Referee in
Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the
plaintiff's bill of complaint, and in the said decreeal
order, as follows, that is to say:

ALL THAT LOT, piece and parcel of land sit-
ing and being in King's Ward, in the City of
John, heretofore conveyed by Ward Chipman
to others to the late Thomas Walker, by deed
registered in the Registry of Deeds in and for the
County of Saint John, in Book D, No. 5,
pages 70 and 71, and bounded and described as fol-
lows, that is to say: Beginning on Wellington
street, at the North Eastern corner of a lot hereto-
fore sold by Ward Chipman to the late William H.
Small, thence running northerly on Wellington
street fifty feet; thence westerly on a line parallel to
the north line of the said lot one hundred
and thirty feet to the place of beginning. To-
gether with all and singular the buildings, fences
and improvements thereon, and the rights and ap-
purtenances to the said land and premises belong-
ing, or appurtenant, and the reversion and
remainder, and remainder, rents, issues,
profits thereof, and all the right, title, dower,
dower, interest, property and demand what-
soever, both at law and in equity or otherwise,
in or upon the said lands and premises, and
any or any part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to
the undersigned Referee in Equity, or the undersigned Referee,
located at St. John this fourteenth day of August,
A. D. 1888.

E. H. McALPINE,
Referee in Equity.

G. KAYE,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

W. A. LOCKHART,
Auctioneer.

VOL. I., NO. 30.

PROGRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

"I WAS NOT TO BLAME!"

"FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T GIVE MY NAME AWAY."

"Cora Lee's" Cry to Her Questioners—Inter-
viewed by a Representative of "Progress."
—A Warning to Canadian Girls—The Story
of an Innocent's Fall.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)
NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—New York has
heard no story in many a month that has
stirred it to its depths like that of poor,
unfortunate, hapless Cora Lee of your city.

The tale is a brief one, but it is graphic
with nameless deeds practiced upon a home-
less girl who left an orphanage only to be
forced to live a prostitute. She has relatives,
too, in your city, at the mention of
whom in a conversation with the correspond-
ent of PROGRESS here in the House of
Detention, some days ago, her large dark
eyes filled with tears that came unbidden,
and in piteous tones she begged that for
their sake her identity should be held sac-
red. "Poor girl! It can remain hidden
for only a week or more at most, when the
case comes before the court. Besides, her
injunction of secrecy was unnecessary. I
do not know her and cannot recall her, but
she satisfied me from her conversation that
the tale she told was only too true.

She is of slight, willowy, sensuous
build, is scarcely five feet tall and has
eyes which at a distance seem black but
melt into blue on a nearer approach. She
is only seventeen years of age, hardly that
in fact, and yet she has passed through an
ordeal such as would wring pity from any-
one but a demon. She has fallen, but it
was a fall such as might happen any girl
who landed in this city and had no help ex-
tended her to wrestle with the evils that
abound. The whole gauntlet of crime she
has been forced to run. She is ruined in
body. In soul, let us trust that her present
grief may wash the hideous immorality
which perhaps over-confidence at first and
force subsequently compelled her to prac-
tise.

Picture to yourselves a bright girl, re-
fined in manners, brought up with all the
advantages of an early life within convent
walls, sitting now behind prison bars, the
quiet and innocence of her youth mocking
her in her pain,—the present filled with
cloud and suffering—the future dark and
hopeless. Draw that picture of a life
blasted and devoid of hope—of a young
girl who might have filled almost any pos-
ition, but who now can never again look the
world straight in the face—and you have a
view of Cora Lee. That, of course, is not
her name. That was the badge which the
satanic Carrie Baker, who ensnared her,
placed upon her. Her own name, she said,
was too homely for the gay young Gotham-
ites whose days are passed in idleness and
whose nights are spent in something worse.

The girl was young and attractive and she
must have, in her sinful life, a name that
would be more in keeping with the
surroundings. But I fear I am drifting
from the subject and shall come back and
let the unfortunate tell the story in its
regular sequence.

"I was brought up in Saint Vincent's
orphanage," she said, "away down in St.
John. I was only a child when I went
there and the sisters took care of me. I
had an uncle who was wealthy and after my
father's death, my mother thought that he
would leave us enough to keep us. He
gave it all to our cousins and the orphanage
was the only place for us. My mother
died long, long ago, and that today is the
only thought that comforts me. I can re-
member Saint John so well, too! I often
went with one of the sisters shopping and
they were so good to me. They little know
who it is that is now poor Cora Lee!" she
said as she burst out sobbing.

"Oh, for God's sake don't give my name
away!" she cried, as she looked at your
correspondent and her face blanched. "I
have two sisters married down home. It
would kill them to know that I was so
fallen. I was not to blame. I thought
when I came to New York that I was com-
ing to a home. So did poor Mother
Augustine or she would not have let me
come. I know she would grieve to death
if she learned that the little girl who went
out so often with her was—oh, no! my
God! Oh no! I cannot say what I was go-
ing to. I did not fall through my own
fault. I was nearly fifteen years of age
when one day, about two years ago, a lady
from New York called at the orphanage,
on Cliff street, and offered me a home here.
I was glad of it in one way, though I re-
member how the poor mother pressed me
to her and said she did not like to part
with me. Sister Joseph, I think was her
name, as well took me to her room the
night before I left, and together we knelt
down and prayed, and the sister warned
me always to be good. She gave me some
articles of devotion, and I left. I do not
want to say who the lady was who took me
away, except that she did not use me well.
She imposed both on me and on Mother
Augustine. She told the sister great stories
about her being a relative of Judge Hayes,
of California, and of the nice home I would
have."

The rest of the story of the girl is unfit
for publication, and I shall speak of its
pivotal details. No imagination could
picture the scenes which she detailed. She
came to New York, but she said she came
only to find her ruin. I could not, so ex-
plained she, at all times, ascertain from
her whether she meant that the woman who
had brought her had been unkind to her
and forced her upon the world, or whether
the woman had beguiled the good sisters
with her plausible tales just for the purpose
of gaining a young, innocent girl to satisfy
the passions of the rouses of New York.

Justice to the woman demands this state-
ment, and I may say that I do not believe
that she was a procuress. I take it that it
was a case possibly of waywardness on the
girl's part that forced her on the world and
made her pay the price of her chastity for
her living. Be all this as it may, the next
we learn of "Cora Lee" was that she was
an inmate of the notorious House of All
Nations in West Thirty-Second street, the
most gorgeously fitted up palace of sin on
the continent. It is the place where the
glided youth go to wear out the hours of
the night in ribaldry and crime. Their
meats protect them from the police, and
induce the procuress to do her devilish
work. More young girls have been sent
to shame and suicide out of that place than
ever were victims from Monte Carlo. It
is quiet and tasteful on the outside. Inside
it is ablaze with splendor. Rich paintings
adorn the walls, and famous old tapestries
are hung from every vantage point. Art
has no treasures too rich for that gilded
salon, but neither has virtue any jewel too
precious to be respected by those who fre-
quent the place. They come in their car-
riages, with their flashing diamonds and
their wads of money. They come with the
meanest passions to which man is heir—
they are young men who are false to their
manhood, and old men who are false to their
families. They come for sin, and sin they
must have at any cost. They have never
known what virtue is. How could it be
expected that they would hearken to the
cry for mercy which came from Cora Lee
when first she entered? They only
laughed at her. They mocked her. What
her fate would be flashed upon her. She
wanted to leave—to starve, if need be, in
the cold streets of the great city, but they
could not let a prize like her escape them.
She was in the house. She would never
leave it until she could never look a friend
straight in the face again. That was what
Carrie Baker told her, and that is what
Carrie Baker did. For eighteen long
months Cora was kept a prisoner in that
house with other girls, and made to do the
most revolting things. There were deeds
there done such as are not known in smaller
cities—deeds that are the culmination of
lives spent in debauchery of the most
devilish kind. Poor Cora was a good
dancer and a fair singer, and this, with
other charms, made her a favorite prey.
Her crimes brought money to the coffers
of her mistress. But she could have none
of it. Fine dresses she had in galore, and
diamonds, but never one for the street.
They were all "house dresses" which were
donned but to ensure greater profits for
the woman who ruled the hell. Finally,
she escaped, was arrested in the streets and
sent up for a month. A lady belonging to
a charitable society here visited her, learned
her story, and by her exertions her term
was suspended, and Carrie Baker is now
under indictment, while Cora is held as a
witness against her in the house of deten-
sion.

That she is a Saint John girl is beyond
question. That she told the truth in her
story nobody doubts. It is a sad ending to
a life begun in quiet and in innocence.

Your correspondent will watch the trial
with interest, and if any woman exists in
this city who has been trafficking in inno-
cent girls and deceiving those whose only
ambition in life is that they may care for
the homeless and the orphan, PROGRESS
will see to it that she is put where she will
never again have another opportunity of so
doing. If Cora Lee's story about that
woman is true, she will never visit Saint
John again.

Saint John people here are very much
exercised over the case, and no pains will
be spared to have the investigation most
thorough. The district attorney, too,
is interesting himself, and if any
woman is found who has been
imposing on the orphanage the rest of
her life will be spent in a penal institution
where young girls will be safe from her
smarts.

CLARE.

Chairs Oiled, Umbrellas Repaired,
Boston Repairs.

DYAL, 248 Union street.

It was a Close Contest.

Little Joe Irvine captured the first prize
last Saturday. It was a close fight,
McCarthy being only 5 papers behind him.
Douglas hardly ever gets left on a prize,
but he did Saturday. Instead of selling
fewer, the boys are increasing the sales in
cold weather. They have to hustle to keep
warm.

Domestic, Children, Cards, and Cards
Games, at McArthur's, King street.

AGENT AND APPRAISER.

THE DUAL POSITION HELD BY MR.
DAVID H. HALL.

His Birth in the Custom House Gives Him
a Long Fall and a Strong Fall on the Fire
Insurance Business—Something Which
Seems Not Altogether Fair.

Mr. David H. Hall, agent of the Glasgow
& London fire insurance company, has not
yet resigned his position in the appraisers'
department at the Custom House.

But he ought to do so without an hour's
loss of time, or else he should resign his
insurance agency.

It is for him to decide which is the more
profitable occupation. It is manifestly im-
proper that he should follow both.

Mr. Hall is an old and respected citizen.
Everyone would like to see him do well.
No one grudges him his good fortune when
he got a snug government berth. No one
would now object to his adding to his sal-
ary by any outside schemes not inconsis-
tent with his position.

But it was never intended that any man
holding an official position should at the
same time run an outside business, in
which, because of his official information, he
could take advantage of ordinary citizens
in the same line.

This is exactly what Mr. Hall does.

Appraiser Hall in the exercise of his
official duties is brought into intimate re-
lations with the merchants. He knows who
has goods to insure, and he does not hesi-
tate to push the claims of Insurance Agent
Hall for a share of the public patronage.
He gets it.

No one believes for a moment that pa-
trons or non-patrons of the Glasgow
& London company would make any differ-
ence with Mr. Hall in his appraisal of
certain people's goods. But if it were a
man of less integrity than he is known to
be, people might think so. In other words,
if a bad man were in Mr. Hall's place he
might be tempted to display a pernicious
partiality in certain cases.

Some importers, without knowing ex-
actly why, perhaps, have a vague idea that
it is to their advantage not to slight Mr.
Hall in the matter of insurance. "We
must give him a line," they say, much in
the same way as they speak of giving a
subscription to a church—more as a matter
of necessity than pleasure.

In this way Mr. Hall has what is com-
monly and expressively called "the bulge"
on the other insurance agents.

He has a bulge, too, in the fact that he
can and does solicit business when mer-
chants come to him as an appraiser, in the
place for which the government pays him
to attend wholly to his business.

He has the bulge, too, in the fact that he
has the first knowledge of any new stock
of goods arriving, and can thus, by himself
or another, be the first on the ground when
the goods reach the warehouse.

Mr. Fred J. Hall, Appraiser Hall's son,
is the "examiner" of the Glasgow & Lon-
don company. He is a very prompt
official. He has been known to reach a
new store almost before the stock did, in
order to get the insurance effected. These
goods passed through the appraiser's room,
and Mr. Fred J. Hall knew about them
much in advance of any other agent.

The suggestion that Appraiser Hall
should abandon one or the other of his po-
sitions ought to strike that gentleman as be-
ing thoroughly in order. The spirit of the
civil service is opposed to any such incon-
sistency of pursuits.

In cases very much less objectionable
than that of Mr. Hall, the departments have
compelled their servants to make a choice.
Even newspaper men have not been al-
lowed to do as they pleased.

For instance, John Livingston was not
allowed to edit the Sun and hold a position
as Immigration Agent at the same time.
Mr. Hall's case is a much plainer case than
that was.

Mr. William Cochran Milner undertook
to be collector of customs at Sackville and
also edit the Sackville Post. Despite the
fact that Mr. Milner was a philosophical
essayist rather than a partisan, the depart-
ment sat down on him with emphasis. He
had to hire an editor.

Even the mild-mannered and imaginative
J. E. B. McCready was permitted to re-
sign a position at Ottawa because he felt
that the country had need of him as a
newspaper correspondent.

In none of these instances did the offend-
ing ones have any of the advantages which
Mr. Hall has, of profiting in their business
from the knowledge and opportunities of
official position.

He should make a change in his plans,
for the look of the thing, if for no other
reason.

Why He Left the Army.

Charley Stewart, a colored dude in a
barber shop, has left the Salvation Army.
He was a shining and luminous member for
a time. He was fervid in the cause until
his captain asked him to cut down his
collars and enlarge his pants. This was
too much for the penitent, and the "old
boy" says he has no more. He has
left the army.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

How the Philanthropist Defended Mrs.
Ternagant and How the Policeman Finally
Got There.

Once upon a time there lived, in Chi-
cago, let us say, a female who enjoyed a
local celebrity by reason of the length of
her tongue and the shortness of her temper.

Besides the temper and the tongue, she
possessed a husband. This poor man,
however, was seldom visible and, when he
could be seen, was never in presentable
condition, since his wife's infirmities of dis-
position daily involved him in fights in
which he was invariably worsted.

It chanced on a certain day that Mrs.
Ternagant, having emptied a bucket of
slops upon a passer-by who had commented
on her latest performance, a Policeman and
a Philanthropist arrived on the scene to-
gether.

"Do your duty, officer!" cried the Vic-
tim, while he combed the filth out of his
hair. "Arrest her!"

The Philanthropist held up his hands and
waved the Policeman back.

"I have seldom seen a more shameful
outrage against all decency and propriety
than this man's allowing dirty water to
drip on this lady's doorsteps!" the Philan-
thropist observed.

The Policeman looked at him and won-
dered.

The Victim, becoming impatient, glared
at the window whence the slops had de-
scended and kicked the door.

"That is an atrocity which would in
many places subject the perpetrator to a
public whipping!" cried the Philanthropist,
afame with righteous indignation.

The victim opened the door and looked
in. "There she goes along the corridor!"
he said to the Policeman. "The bucket
she emptied on the is in her hand."

The Philanthropist danced up and down
and flourished his cane.

"A sneak thief who enters our open
doors and purloins our property is respect-
ably compared with the man who will pry
into the privacies of other people's affairs,
in order to find something which can be
worked up to wound the keenest sensibili-
ties of a lady!" he yelled.

"That'll do now!" cautioned the Police-
man, as he brought Mrs. Ternagant out
and bore her, shrieking up the street.
"Save your wind. She isn't a lady!"

The Philanthropist then crawled into a
hole.

MORAL.

Foresight is better than hindsight.

Bargains in Large Photograph Albums,
Push and Leather, at McArthur's Book-
store, King street.

SOMETHING IS WRONG.

Mr. Robert Gibson Wants Justice and he
Should Have It.

Mr. Robert Gibson of St. Andrews street
called upon PROGRESS this week with a
real grievance.

Mr. Gibson's neighbor, Mr. William
Nagle, has scarlet fever in his house, which
adjoins that of Mr. Gibson. Three of the
latter's children have been attending school.
At the present time only one is in attend-
ance. Two have been refused admittance.
The reason for this is not plain. Mr.
Thompson, principal of Leinster street
school, refused to admit the boys to Miss
Turner's room in the building without a
medical certificate. Mr. Gibson learned
at the office of the school board that no in-
structions to that effect issued from the
secretary.

The case is certainly a strange one and
demands an investigation. There has been
no sickness of any kind in Mr. Gibson's
house. Two of his children have been re-
fused admittance to the public schools while
his other child continues to attend regu-
larly.

But this is not all. A family named
Eustace lives in a part of the same house as
Mr. Nagle and one of its members, a small
boy, is not debarred from attending school.

Mr. Gibson accompanied his sons to
Leinster street school and explained the
circumstances. Yet he could not induce
the teacher to let them in. He could gain
but small satisfaction at the office of the
board. He then came to PROGRESS and
the people have the facts as he gave them.
He objects when he has had no sickness in
his home to paying for a medical certificate
that his children are not ill. He insists that
his children have as much right in the
schools as other pupils, and he cannot
understand why one of his children should
be allowed to attend and the others pro-
hibited.

Something is wrong. If, as he suspects,
outsiders have been using their influence
against his children because they are near
fever, those persons should be asked to
make their complaints to the proper
parties. PROGRESS has urged and believes in
precaution, but not in injustice.

An Improvement in Music.

A brass band has been organized at
Sackville. It will be more harmonious
than the Wood Point band, that used to
practice in Iniquity hill, Saturday nights,
when there was no Scott act. But it won't
be able to make as much noise.

SECESSION IS RAMPANT.

HIGH JINKS TO PAY AMONG SOME
VERY LOW CRUICEMEN.

The Dire Results of an Invitation Extended
by a Clergyman With Broad Views—People
Who Believe That There is Something Un-
healthy in the Stone Church Air.

FOR SALE—Several good pews in St. John's
(Stone) Church. Finely situated and com-
fortably furnished. Will be disposed of at a bargain,
as the owners have left the church and have no fur-
ther use for them. Address LOW CRUICEMAN, P. O.
Box 299, St. John.

The above advertisement has not ap-
peared in the city papers and the *Evangelical
Churchman*. It means that there is a
split in the church.

Once upon a time, it was slanderously
asserted that a certain St. John citizen pro-
claimed that the Grit party was about to
go to pieces, because there was a split in it.
He had left it.

The Stone church appears to be in
equally imminent danger.

It has all come about through a scandal
which in the opinion of some has amounted
to a desecration of the sanctuary.

It is a matter of common notoriety that
there is in the city of Portland an edifice
known as the Mission chapel. It is in
very bad odor among certain of the low
church people. Some of the congregation
of St. Paul's, who have to pass through
Paradise row, walk on the other side of the
street and hold their breaths when they
pass it. It has forms and ceremonies
which some people term ritualistic. The
Episcopal service is conducted there with
the shocking accessories of a good deal of
good music and more or less display of
bright colors. Some people say it is awful
"high," and while they do not actually
assert that the rector is designated in the
book of Revelations by the number 666,
they consider him a very dangerous man
indeed.

It is true that he is a clergyman in good
standing, duly licensed by the bishop. It
is also denied that he is an able and
eloquent preacher, and it is indisputable
that he has done a great deal of good
among the poor and needy. He is known
as Father Davenport.

Some months ago, the good rector of
St. John's projected a series of addresses
to men only, and invited each of the Epis-
copal clergymen of the city to deliver one
of such addresses. In the fulness of his
heart and the breadth of his charity, he
included Father Davenport among the
number.

When this announcement was made, it
fell with a dull thud on some members of
the congregation. The superintendent of the
Sunday school fairly howled, in a meta-
phorical sense. He wrote a letter full of
virtuous indignation and indignant protest.
Others also wrote letters.

The rector read them, and the result was
a vacancy in the superintendency of the
school, some lively words, and a topic of
conversation in every Episcopalian house-
hold for the next two or three weeks.

Peace was restored. Nobody left the
church, and the course of addresses pro-
ceeded very smoothly.

Father Davenport's turn to speak came
a week ago last Sunday. He had a very
large audience. At least three times as
many came to hear him as had come to
hear any of the others. He made a capital
address, full of sound and practical advice.
Everybody who heard him was delighted.

But at least four members of the con-
gregation did not attend. They stood agast
with horror at the very thought of the
thing. They almost expected to hear that
the walls of the edifice had fallen and the
roof tumbled in on the people.

"Sure enough, something did happen."
When the people went into the church it
was a bright and beautiful afternoon. The
wind was from the westward and not a
cloud was in the sky. Suddenly the con-
gregation was astonished by a terrific squall
in which rain drops of prodigious size beat
upon the windows and the roof. With such
fury did they assail the structure that the
sound of the speaker's voice was almost
killed by the rattle against the glass. A
darkness, which seemed to be the precursor
of a dread calamity, hung over the city. It
was even necessary to have lights by which
to get the closing hymn.

Yet when the service was ended, the rain
ceased and the people went home dry shod.

When it was learned by the opponents
Father Davenport that he had actually en-
tered the pulpit to make his address, as
none of the previous speakers had done,
they were not surprised at the storm.

Then they concluded to have a storm on
their own account.

It was not a violent one. They simply
left the church. Their places were vacant
last Sunday. They have sought sanctuaries
where Father Davenport is not likely to
come. That is why some eligible pews
may be for sale.

"And now abideth faith, hope charity,
these three; but the greatest of these is
charity."

Christmas Cards—Large Variety—Wholesale
and Retail, at McArthur's Bookstore,
King street.

THE CAMEL'S BACK IS BROKEN.

The Matrimonial Rumor That Shrouds Rev.
H. S. Hartley.

The colored community in this city is
excited. In fact, its condition has not
been normal since the St. John correspon-
dent of the *Moncton Times* appeared on
the scene. The effect was peculiar. The
wiseacres got off that old chestnut, "I told
you so," but the younger and fairer mem-
bers of the congregation were so indignant
that St. Philip's would have been a warm
place for Mr. Hartley's assailant.

Mr. Hartley left town Tuesday, ostensi-
bly for Moncton, to clear up his character
and visit the *Times* office. He didn't go
to Moncton, but to Fredericton, and recent
rumors indicate that his return will be ac-
companied by a very warm—a very effu-
sive welcome.

Since his departure, the dreadful suspi-
cion and report has gone abroad that mat-
rimonial intentions are uppermost in the
mind of the reverend gentleman. In fact,
those of his congregation who have been
privileged to inspect his correspondences
declare that the evidence of such intentions
is conclusive.

Now, if this had not happened Mr.
Hartley would have got along very well.
His young and fair charges were well dis-
posed toward him in his widowhood, and
willing to work night and day for his sup-
port and luxury.