

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

As I stated last week, I wrote all I intended on the organ affair and as the Rev. Mr. Davenport seems satisfied—maintenant c'est fini.

The Folio for August is to hand and is well worthy perusal. The most interesting articles are James M. Tracey's sixth article on "Organ Playing and Organists," which draws special attention to the effect that German organists have had on organ playing and church music in Boston, and an article on Beethoven, his burial, dis-interment and re-interment. There are also several amusing items anent musical persons.

Miss Jost of Halifax filled Miss Hea's place in St. Andrew's church, last Sunday, most acceptably—the latter lady being away on a well-earned vacation.

I hear that there are already a good number of applications for Trinity church organ. It will be no easy matter for the governing powers to replace such an accomplished musician as our friend Gubb, or to find one so ready to help in a musical way any good work—for the love of it!

Dr. Stainer was knighted by the Queen at Windsor Castle on the 10th July last. All the lovers of music will be glad of this further recognition on the part of her Majesty of honoring representative musical men—but the ones who will appreciate it most are those who at one time have sat in this great master's choirs, members of which will be found all over the world, and who will delight in the honor done to their beloved master.

Did it ever occur to you that, although the bass-drum doesn't make good music, it drowns a heap of bad?—Toledo Blade.

This evidently was written after the Blade had had an application of the Salvation Army band.

"In the Mexican church choir no woman is allowed to sing." There are a great many church choirs in America in which women don't sing, but unfortunately they try. The Mexican church choir would be a model musical organization if the male singers were also obliged to keep their mouths shut.—Norristown Herald.

I think the above might be applied to choirs most anywhere.

The 62nd band will assist the choir and organ at the Mission church, Sunday morning, by playing the hymns, which will be: Processional, 391, Hymns Ancient and Modern, to Sir Arthur Sullivan's tune; 148, 270 and 437. The Te Deum will be by Mr. Morley. The music is sure to go well, as not only have the choir had extra practice, but the band was down at the church, Thursday evening, and had a good rehearsal.

FELIX.

Oysters R All Right.

According to a King square oyster-house man there is something in the old rhyme: In the months without an "r," Oysters, deadly poison are.

He says that trade in oysters is always rather slow in those months and thinks that perhaps the old superstition has something to do with it. The oysters sold in St. John at this time of year are all American, which have been transplanted and are taken up when wanted for use.

Another dealer, who does a great counter trade, says that the boys around town dispose of oysters and clams at his counter every night in a way that would surprise anybody who had never been there. They will eat, regardless of superstition or anything else, so long as they get their dish served well.

The "boys" around town seem to have conceived a great fondness for clam chowder and consume all the dealers can produce. Clam chowder is cheap and it "goes well," they say. That the frequenters of the King square oyster houses fully realize this is apparent when one tries to get a seat at the counter.

She Wanted Jockey Club.

"A man who runs a soda-fountain has lots of fun with the delegates from the bush," said a popular druggist, the other day. "They always inquire for 'sody water.' Very often, when I ask, 'What kind?' they say, 'Oh, jest sody water.' One of them—she was a pretty girl, too—put on a new frill, the other day, though. After she said it was 'jest sody water,' she wanted, I thought I'd help her out and I asked, 'What flavor?' She looked around in a helpless way for a minute. Then she caught sight of one of those bottles on the show-case and the suggestion was such a relief to her that she fairly beamed. 'Give me some Jockey Club!' she said. I fixed her up a good dose of vanilla and she went away happy, and sure to ask for Jockey Club next time."

Bad Enough.

Hotel man (to tourist)—"How do you like St. John weather? Isn't it something fine compared with what you have in the states in summer?"

Tourist—"Well! there hasn't been any fog since I've been here; but if the fog is any worse than the dust, I'll leave the city by the next train."

HER MARY AND OTHERS.

A Lady Correspondent Wonders if They Can Take Care of Themselves.

To THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—I like good music, myself, but I am pretty sure that the hundreds of young men and women who throng King square every band night, are not all inclined that way. I would venture to say that not one-tenth of them knew an air the band played, or listened to one whole selection.

I visited the square, the other night, and was amazed at the crowd of people I saw, and yet, my companion informed me, it is just the same way every band night. I found people of all walks in life there, but I always found them in different places. The walks of the square were crowded principally with young boys and girls, who seemed to be all well acquainted with each other and laughed and talked as though they were members of one big family. It surprised me very much indeed.

It set me thinking; and next day, when Mary and I happened to be alone in the dining-room, I talked to her about the band and the square. Mary is our "girl." She is about seventeen years of age, but has more good sense than the majority of girls at that age have. She has been with us a long time now, and Mary and I have always been great friends. I guess she would tell me everything she knows if I asked her. Well, the next day, I asked Mary, for a joke, who that young man was that saw her home last evening. Mary did not blush—we are too good friends for that—but frankly told me that he said his name was Johnson, but she couldn't say for certain whether it was or not.

I was surprised. Did Mary keep company with a young man whom she knew nothing about?

"Well, you see," said she, "my girl chum said she knew him, to see him, and he always looked well and went with good, respectable-looking fellows, so when they came up and asked us if they could see us home I went with him and Alice went with the other fellow."

"And they were never introduced to you?" I asked, more astonished.

"No!" said Mary. "You see, they walked behind us a good deal of the night and whenever we would say anything they would say something too, or laugh. Then they would go in the opposite direction and every time they passed us they would smile and we would smile too. Then we got kind of as if we knew each other and when they came up and spoke we went home together."

"And do many girls get acquainted in that way?" I asked in amazement.

"Oh, yes," she said; "that is what they call 'catching on.'"

Then Mary and I sat down together, as I felt inquisitive and wanted to know more. She told me that they sometimes would only see a young man once; but, again, might have him accompany them home dozens of times, if they found him to be a nice, respectable young fellow. "Indeed," said Mary, "Mr. —'s son" (naming one of the wealthiest men in the city), "came home with me one evening last week and his chum went with Alice."

Gracious! I was thoroughly astonished at all this. The representatives of the best families in the city escorting our girl home! Surely some beside me will be surprised when they hear this. If anybody but Mary had told me this I could hardly believe it, but I know her to be an honest, truthful, reliable girl. I asked her if those young men knew whom the girls were. She said that sometimes if the girls thought the boys gave their real names, the girls would tell theirs too, but the girls were just as cute as the boys and could not be fooled.

Mary said she knew some girls who lived at home but thought their houses were not grand enough, and were ashamed to let the young men see where they lived, so they would take them to some good-looking house and say they lived there. The girls would go and stand in the hall until the young men went away, then they would come out and go home.

I am afraid that such actions on the part of our young people will not end in any good. Indeed, if some evil has not already come of this flirting, it is a wonder to me. All the girls who visit the square on band nights are not as sensible or as able to take care of themselves as our Mary is.

S. M. T.

We'll Be There.

York lodge, No. 3, L. O. A., intend holding an excursion and picnic on Partridge Island, next Wednesday. The committee have spared no pains to make this the picnic of the season and, for one thing, have secured barges that will make certain the safety of women and children who attend. The government have built a splendid new wharf and there will be no trouble in landing. York lodge run a great picnic two years ago to this delightful spot and made a grand success, and that experience will be repeated on this occasion. Games of all kinds will be indulged in, to which suitable prizes have been awarded. The Artillery brass and string bands will be in attendance and provide music for dancing. The American boat landing has been secured and the first boat will leave the wharf at 10 a. m. Every one should go. See advertisement elsewhere.

Sewing machines of all kinds repaired by experienced mechanics, at Bell's, 25 King street.

LODGE-ROOM ECHOES.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The Grand Lodge of the Lower Provinces, British North America, meets at Amherst, N. S., next Wednesday, Grand Master J. L. Stewart, of Chatham, presiding. The delegates from some lodges in this vicinity are as follows:

Pioneer, No. 9—Andre Cushing, Gilbert Murdoch, James Christie, M.D., C. N. Skinner, M.P., Joseph Wilson, J. A. Paul, D. A. Sinclair and two others who were chosen last night after Proceess had gone to press.
Beacon, No. 12—R. R. Barnes, William Love, John Kenney, A. A. Wilson.
Siloam, No. 29—J. Arch. Milligan, W. J. Fraser, H. E. Codner, Charles Harding, John T. Nuttall, W. M. McLean.
Victoria, No. 13, Fredericton—J. F. Richards, Chas. Sampson, Joshua Limerick, George Gunter, J. W. Tabor and John Palmer.

A considerable number of these delegates, and perhaps all, will leave Monday morning by the steamer Secret. It is likely that the delegates from Victoria lodge, No. 13, of Fredericton, will accompany them. It is hoped that Past Grand Master Richards, of Fredericton, will attend.

Several ladies, among them Mrs. Murdoch and a friend, will be in the St. John party, and two or three of the Fredericton delegates will be accompanied by their wives or daughters.

It is mentioned as among the probabilities that Deputy Grand Master Weather- spoon, of Granville Ferry, N. S., will be chosen grand master, and that, if Grand Warden Joseph Wilson declines advancement—which his many friends earnestly hope that he will not do—Mr. C. N. Skinner, M. P., will be elected D. G. M.

The Grand Lodge of Ontario, with 260 lodges represented by more than 300 men, and the Grand Encampment, embracing 80 encampments and about 100 delegates, will meet in Barrie, next week. Approval of this, the Dominion Odd Fellow suggests that each of these two bodies should have its own time and place of meeting. "The Grand Lodge could confine its sessions to the larger cities, where accommodation would be always ample. In these places, public parades and displays are unnecessary, and do the order no good. Societies are common; the public take little interest in their processions; and the lodges, already well established, get no benefit from them. Let the Grand lodge meet quietly, do its business carefully, and attend to nothing else. Then the Grand Encampment could meet in any of the smaller towns that might desire it, and where public displays would advertise the order. The Patriarchs Militant could be in attendance, and assist materially. Indeed, more attention should be given to this branch in connection with the Grand Encampment sessions. Why not have the Ontario Regiment go into cantonment at such a time?"

The Dominion Odd Fellow scolds the 23 lodges that have not reported to the Grand Lodge of Ontario and suggests that every lodge not having its report in should be debarred from having a franchise in the Grand lodge. Why not discipline the secretaries, instead? The lodges are not so much to blame.

The Odd Fellows' Review is agitating for the discarding of regalia. "We believe in having some insignia of rank and office," it says, "but we are of the opinion that something may be produced that will answer the purpose much better than the great horseshoe arrangement of the present day. The present regalia, besides being cumbersome, is decidedly objectionable from a sanitary point of view."

Knights of Pythias.

The Grand lodge, Knights of Pythias, will meet with Westmorland lodge, Moncton, in September. The exact date for the meeting has not yet been decided upon. An invitation to attend the sessions has been issued to Victoria division, Uniform rank, and New Brunswick and Union lodges, of this city. Frontier lodge, St. Stephen, and Cumberland lodge, Springhill, will be represented.

All the lodges throughout the jurisdiction are in a flourishing condition. The two in this city are receiving new members at every meeting. It is probable that a large delegation from St. John will go to Moncton in September. The programme of proceedings has not been arranged, but will likely include a parade and other special events besides the regular business of the Grand lodge.

Independent Order of Good Templars.

The elections of officers for the ensuing term took place this week in the different lodges throughout the order. The work cut out by G. C. T. Marshall and his co-workers promises a most successful year in this branch of the temperance reform.

Cushing Lodge, Carleton, is officered with John Irvine, C.T., W. H. Thompson, R. S.

No Surrender lodge of Fairville has elected James Sample, C. T., and C. E. V. Cowan, R. S.

City of Portland lodge elected W. J. Southers, chief templar, and W. E. Hopkins, recording secretary.

Monday evening, Sirion lodge elected Miss B. Graham, chief templar, and Mrs. L. Lewis, recording secretary.

Tuesday evening, Finch lodge elected John Law, chief templar, and Charles S. Everett, recording secretary.

Monday evening, Coldbrook lodge was visited by G. T. Law and P. D. C. T. Melan. David S. Betts was elected chief templar and R. W. Scribner, recording secretary.

Sunday afternoon last, a gospel temperance meeting was addressed at Golden Grove, by the grand treasurer and Messrs. Beamish and Wilkes.

This afternoon the little folks composing Sirion Juvenile Temple will publicly install their officers in good Templar hall. The chief templar is N. Renie, and recording secretary, F. Smith.

One of the grand lodge officers will pay a visit to Bayswater lodge this evening, and on Tuesday evening G. C. T. Marshall will install the officers at Millidgeville.

Garfield lodge, at Gondola Point, will hold a festival in their hall on Wednesday evening, at which a good time is promised.

The fourth annual session of Peerless District lodge will be held in Temple hall, Portland, on Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 28, under the auspices of City of Portland lodge, at which the annual election of officers will take place.

A Real American Joke.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the Republican candidate, is a painter of flowers.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Yes, but she will never have a chance to paint the flowers red.—New York Sun.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Men and Women Are Unhappy Because They Misuse the Gift of Speech.

I took a long walk the other day, and in the course of my ramblings, which, part of the way lay through woods, and part of the way by the side of birch-crowned bluffs that overlooked the sparkling waters of the big lake, I met only one thoroughly wretched-looking object, and that was a man. I came across lots of sheep, and a few cows, with here and there a busy colony of chickens, and one particularly jolly pig, but every animate thing looked care-free and happy, except the man! His hair was grizzled and thin, his countenance cadaverous and wan, and the furrows on his cheek were like the wheel-ruts on a much-travelled road. And why? Perhaps, thought I, because he had the power of imparting and making interchange of his troubles by means of the gift of speech. Who ever heard of a wrinkled-faced cow, and yet cows grow old as well as men. Who ever saw a sheep with tear-beared eyes, and a wan and sunken face? If sheep could meet together and talk of their ailments, as we do, and fill the hours of a morning call with details of a bad digestion, the complaints the blessed children fall heir to, and the horrors of the domestic question, perhaps sheep would grow old and wizened before their time, as women do. What is mankind's universal form of salutation? "How are you?" That's the first question we put to each other when we meet in the morning, or after a separation, and ten to one this question launches a full-rigged craft of human misery upon the tide of conversation that would be devoted to nobler converse. The Turks approach the subject more directly with the salutation, "How are your bowels?" But although we couch our sentiments in more ambiguous language, the result is the same. How would it do to change the form of inquiry to matters pertaining to the spirit rather than to the body? How is it with your soul? Are you happy? How goes the morning, or the day? Would not any of those salutations be better than a greeting that plunges at once into the condition of the liver, headaches, catarrhs, and hay fever? Try it.

And then when a trouble overtakes us, be it little or big, we never go off by ourselves as the stricken deer does, or the dog with a thorn in his foot, but we call our neighbors and friends together, or we put on our things and run down to mother's to talk it over and extract all the gall there is from the tribulation. Now it is all right when great griefs overtake us to seek human sympathy; without it this world would be like a desert land without an oasis, or without a rainy shadow betwixt us and the glaring, scorching sun. But half the little hurts of life it were nobler and more heroic to bear alone. If you need to take a particularly nasty dose of medicine, is it worth while to force every member of the family to share the dose, or to run around and compel all your acquaintances to taste also? Castor-oil and family troubles are far better taken in individual doses, and not administered on the communistic plan.

Another misery that would be spared us were speech denied us, and from which dumb animals are forever shielded, is the excruciating torment of having to talk when you have nothing to say. Have you not been there all of you? Seated tete-tete to a man or a woman at a lunch or on a picnic excursion, with whom it was as difficult to start a conversation as to raise bangs on a billiard ball. How you struggle inwardly, and write in the throes of an attempt to start a topic! How you cast about for a witty remark to make that cast-iron countenance relax, or a pathetic story to bring moisture to those fish eyes! Such agony leaves its trace on heart and brain, and it is purely the gift of human speech. A flock of sheep on a summer day lay out in the clover, nibble at the sorrel, chew the cud of happy fancy and are supremely happy without the interchange of a single sound. But a flock of men and women turned loose in a parlor for an evening party! Of what do they talk? With a babble of words, what do they say? Anything worth remembering? Anything uplifting? Anything helpful and strong? For anything that an angel might stop to jot down in his commonplace book, they might far better be dumb sheep. There is nothing so insane under the sun as the conversation of people who have no ideas. The froth of whipped eggs is a tonic compared to it. I would rather spend my life with the cattle upon the hills and the sheep in the fold, than put in a year with a brainless, idealless woman, or a society dude. Silence is heaven sent and born of eternal wisdom compared to the crackling of a fool's laughter and the braying of a fool's conversation. From both, dear Lord, deliver us!—Amber, in Chicago Horseman.

Notes and Announcements.

Messrs. J. & A. McMillan have been authorized to receive subscriptions to the memorial marble which the admirers of Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock) propose to place in Tewkesbury Abbey.

Sir Edward Arnold and Mr. Lewis Morris are said to be running one another hard for the future laureateship. Mr. Morris has Mr. Tennyson's favor, but the Queen has already distinguished Sir Edwin Arnold in knighting him.

Attractive features of the August number of The Book-Buyer are fine portraits and interesting sketches of William Black and of Edward Bellamy, author of Looking Backward. Arlo Bates' Boston letter and J. Ashby-Terry's English notes are as readable as usual. Extracts from and brief analyses of new books, with a number of excellent engravings, go to make up this delightful magazine, which is so essential to every reader and purchaser of books. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

Walt Whitman has come, temporarily at least, out of the shadow. "I feel like a day's work again for the first time since I have been ill," he said recently to a Philadelphia friend. "There has been a sort of mist about my head for a long time, but it has cleared away." The poet had put in all day on his book, November Boughts, making the minute corrections and revisions, which, despite the apparently spontaneous character of his poetic utterances, constitute the greatest and, in his own opinion, not the least effective part of his literary labor.

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