PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 28.

I see from the Halifax papers that an amateur organization will produce the Pirates of Penzance early in August, and from the cast published this should be a very good performance. If Prof. Currie acts as well as he sings his Richard will be excellent, and from the names of those published as the chorus they ought to make an excellent showing.

Sig. G. B. Ronconi made a decided succoncert was given by the Oratorio society with Miss G. Bowen and Sig. Ronconi as vocalists, followed by Judas Maccabæus. The press spoke of it as follows: "Miss Bowen, a young lady pupil of Signor Ronconi, sang a solo very sweetly, despite some little nervousness which generally attends a first appearance. She afterwards sang her part really well in a duet with Sig. Ronconi from Donizetti, and proved that in the near future this young lady will take high rank among the singers of the day for correctness, volume, compass and interpretation. Sig. Ronconi sang 'The Two Grenadiers,' and it is only necessary to say that he sang in his usual good form. Sig. Ronconi did better work than has yet been heard from him in Oratorio. His enunciation was capital and there was not the least difficulty in following him. His recitative day evening, unless he did not understand 'Be Comforted' was grand; the air, 'The Lord Worketh Wonders' was just a little hurried, but his rendition of the air 'With Pious Hearts' would be hard indeed to improve on. Another number which satisfied any editor, be he chief, associate, or city, everybody present was his air 'Arm, arm, allow it to be printed? Nobody would ye Brave.' "-Boston Times.

Mrs. Houston West, Mr. G. F. Parker or standpoint, played very good music and the Rev. Mr. Davenport as taking part in certainly showed to advantage when they the oratorios, as soloists, is made in the joined with the other band under the leaderabove extract from the Boston Times. It ship of Mr. Carter and played a marchwould be interesting to know who is the but to compare it with Carter's! oh no! St. John correspondent of that paper.

If Mr. F. A. Peters is not better at posed to be actually finished.

now, and not referred to afterwards.

the blame of his own dilatoriness and ignorance upon the gentleman who employs him, and who tries also to make a case by quoting parts of sentences, is beneath contempt. I will not take the trouble to dissect his letter, but put a few queries for intelligent people to digest, if they think it worth while:

Why did the entire manual action have to be altered-to suit the whim of the organist or because it was radically wrong?

Why was it necessary to have the two reed stops imported from England and why couldn't they be tuned when they did arrive? Was it because the builder could not make them and does not understand them?

Why, if it took only a fortnight for the main construction of the organ, should it take two and-a-half months to complete it and tune it?

Why, if the ciphering in the morning on the Sunday mentioned was rectified in the evening, should the organ be again ciphering last Sunday evening so badly that the organist was unable to play Beethoven's Dead March, which he had been asked to play in lieu of the Dead March in Saul?

There is one little personal matter in this remarkable letter, viz., Mr. Peters states that I told him that the instrument was, a first-class one. This I deny in toto. The only time that I have spoken to Mr. Peters on the matter was before the main construction and it is not likely that I should have passed an opinion then. I have not spoken to him since and therefore I conclude that he does not quite know who is writing over this nom-de-plume.

It is a pity that this intemperate and untruthful letter has forced me to speak thus plainly. Nobody would be more delighted than myself for the Mission church organ to be a success both for Mr. Peters' reputation and also for the sake of the musicloving priest in charge, who has done so much for the good of church music in this city.

I read in a London exchange a full account of the late Handel festival at the Crystal Palace, London, and as I have already given the number in chorus, viz., 3,150 voices, I thought it would interest many to know what the orchestra was. It was composed as follows: 112 first violins, 104 second violins, 66 violas, 76 violincellos, 62 contra-basses, 13 flutes and piccolos, 12 oboi, 12 clarionets, 12 bassoons, 2 contraflagotti, 12 horns, 8 trumpets and cornets, 3 tubas, 9 trombones, 3 tympani and bass drum-in all, 508 pieces, with the great organ which was built specially for these festivals. The whole performances were under the conductorship of Mr. August Manns, who has been connected with the Crystal Palace for a number of years.

It was a little noticeable that in the criticisms of both the Telegraph and Sun of the Camille Urso concerts, the word tremolo was used in reference to the singing of Mr. Libby. I don't remember hearing this expression used as regards singing, very soon cover the continent.

the correct term being, I believe, vibrato. Anyhow, it seems to point to the fact that probably the two leading papers have only one musical critic between them.

Mr. Gubb was a little bit surprised to find, on his return to town, that the public knew, through the press, rather more than he did himself, as to his appointment. He only received the letter closing the matter on Wednesday afternoon. Anyhow, we shall not lose him just yet, as the post at Kingston cathedral is not vacant till Sepcess recently at St. John, N. B., when a tember, and of course he has to give due notice to the authorities at Trinity. Sorry to lose you, friend Gubb, but I am glad that it is advancement in every way.

> Speaking of the promenade concert, Wednesday evening, the Telegraph said:

Carter's band and the 62nd were in attendance and vied with each other in the production of their art. It is hard to say on which the honors should rest if, indeed, either is entitled to be ranked as the super-

Oh, ye gods! truly the sporting editor was out on the rampage. The italicised sentence is too utterly idiotic. How could any sane man who was present, Wednesone tune from another or know the difference between a donkey's bray and a song from Patti, write such bosh? and how could commence to compare the two bands. It It is rather funny that no mention of would not be fair. The 62nd, from their

I was specially delighted with Carter's band, and, for its size, think it is decidedly organ building than he is at letter writing, at the top of the tree, anywhere. I have I tremble for the final result of his work on | heard most of the finest bands in the world, the Mission church organ when it is sup- and never heard better precision and purity of tone, or saw a band held in hand better than Mr. Carter did his on Wednesday It is not my intention to enter into any night. Only 21 in number, yet every man wordy controversy with any one, and, a first-class executant, and therefore better therefore, what little I have to say about than a larger band filled in with secondthis very impetuous gentleman will be said | rate players. Their playing of the overture was the finest piece of instrumental work I have heard in this city. The solo A man who is ungenerous enough to lay by Mr. O. A. Whitmore on the clarionet was also admirable.

HOW HE GOT "EVEN."

Trying to Prove "Progress" a Liar on the Berry Box Question.

"Well, I'm even with Progress," and the honest grocer leaned over his counter, turned the sound sides of some half-rotten California pears to the front and grinned at the weary pencil-pusher.

"Yes? how?" was the response. "Let me tell you. Last week an article appeared in Progress warning the people to beware of the delusive berry box and pointing out the difference in size and weight between the Clifton and other boxes. Was it true? Of course it was, every word of it, but it happened that just then I had several crates of undersized boxes on hand and when I found that every man, woman and child who came in for berries had read Progress and wanted full weight and measure for their money, there was a smallsized cyclone in this ranch. But I got there, for when I saw what was bound to happen, I took two boxes of berries and succeded, by adding them to four boxes, in making the latter full weight and measure. Then when a customer wanted proof I placed a "fixed" box on the scales and proved Progress a liar. In 10' minutes I had as many people disgusted with your statements about boxes and berries, and buying small measure as confidently as possible. I had to do it, else I would have lost money, As it is, I didn't make any, and I had to hustle to hold my own, but I fancy I got even with Progress. A good

many in the trade got left, though." "And so will you, my friend."

"How ?" "Read PROGRESS of the 28th and then make up your mind that the next time you

get 'even' you won't brag about it." PEN AND PRESS.

The Evangelical Churchman, Toronto, reprints, in its issue for July 12, the biographical sketch of Rev. Canon Brigstocke which recently appeared in Progress.

J. W. Bengough, Grip's caricaturist, purposes giving illustrated lectures in the maritime provinces some time this summer. The Gripsack thinks he should draw well.

If the trade appreciates a good thing, the Canadian Bookseller, edited and published at Toronto by Mr. Richard T. Lancefield, ought to be a paying property. It is a model class journal, such as an enterprising beiness man can hardly afford to do with-

The Timberman, of Chicago, begins its fifth volume with a 48-page number, which is somewhat larger than the regular issue, but could not well be any better. It is always a model paper, and editor Defebough has a right to feel proud of the result of his

open a New York office. It is altogether the adoption and fathering of other people's too good to be monopolized by any one ideas must be considered as a still higher section, and if American insurance men are form of flattery by the hardened and un-properly appreciative, its circulation will scrupulous knights of the paste pot and

UNDERBRUSH.

Like everybody else, I have always detested bores, but now I have found warrant for hating them. A bore is in some sort a murderer: he takes a man's time-and one's time is his life. Let us bring bores into court, hereafter.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow, I must go home to my 75 per cent!" said a friend to me, the other day.

"Your 75 per cent?" "Yes. Better-half is played out!" (He believes in woman's rights.)

Speaking of women, reminds me that the female snobs of Washington are debating whether they ought not to "drop" Mrs. Cleveland because she persists in maintaining a friendship with a young person who pursues the degrading occupation of teaching school. Upon such women as these, radical legislators will never confer any right-not even the right to exist, perhaps.

While the painters and decorators ex pend their efforts on the interior of the court-house, the enterprising bill-sticker ornaments the outer wall. The first-named artisans received their meed of praise in the last number of Progress, but the other gentleman went unnoticed. I tender my personal apology for the omission and request the committee of the municipal council to atone for it on their own account. What would the court-house be worth to us if we could not learn from the King street wall who has received the latest importation of shoe-blacking and when the next Sunday school picnic is to be held?

When a hypochondriac meets an honest physician, the Angel of Healing is always to be found in the immediate neighborhood. A lady who honors me with her friendship tells me that she has lately been under the domination of a servant who was inconveniently afflicted with heart disease. When the first attack came on, the mistress put the servant to bed, bound up her forehead, loaned her her vinaigretteand did her work. At the second seizure she did likewise. So it went on until my friend observed that the servant was always at her worst when the need was greatest, and then suspicion was aroused and the domestic was incontinently haled before the family doctor. "Heart disease! Nonsense!" he said. "Her heart is as sound as mine is!" The domestic protested that he was mistaken-but she went away cured! And the mistress gladly paid the bill.

Why is it that most men are so fearful of becoming bald? I found my barber "singe"-ing a customer's hair, the other day, and when I inquired the reason, was told that the design of this mal-odorous operation was to promote its growth To the same end, barrels of oil are used, and brushing, shampooing and cutting are by turns undertaken-while allpowerful Nature looks on smilingly, and keeps on pushing the victim's forehead over towards the back of his neck! Why should he care?

Philosophers say that, when a man has great wealth, large sums look small to him and he doesn't always recollect that others are not in position to bargain with him. This may explain why a rich Philadelphian, who spends his summers with us, recently asked a man who does a small, safe and quiet business, on King street, to buy his Chicago branch. The St. John man thought he would like to go west:

"How much do you want for the business?" he asked.

"Oh, only about \$500,000!" said the visitor, indifferently.

Our fellow-citizen gasped, choked and

broke off negotiations at once. LEON.

Notes and Announcements.

A German bibliographical publication has catalogued Rider Haggard's King Solomon's Mines under the head of Old Testament literature.

Rev. E. P. Roe, the novelist, whose sudden death was reported on the 20th inst., was 50 years of age, and has written a dozen books. His first work, Barriers Burned Away, was his best and most successful one.

The Saturday Night Series, published in Toronto by the Saturday Night Publishing Co., opens with Widower Jones, by Edmund E. Sheppard, as its initial issue. The story won wide popularity when published as serial, and there are very many readers who will be glad to have it in a more permanent form. It is well written, pictures original types with fine insight and power of first page to the last. The series which it begins is handsomer, typographically, than any of its rivals, and if succeeeding numbers are as meritorious as this it is sure of public favor. Price 30 cents.

Editorial work is not without its peculiar compensations which tend to encourage the writer to renewed effort in the field of journalism, and smooth the thorny path of his professional life. Perhaps the most precious to him in the nature of reward, is to credit, and to see the paragraphs he has sweat blood to evolve from his inner con-That excellent insurance monthly, The Budget, of Toronto, has done wisely to scissors .- New York Marine Journal.

BORROWER-OR THIEF?

A Woman's Judgment of a Man Who Obtains Books and Never Returns Them. If ever I appear in court it will be for having inflicted the last degree of violence

upon a borrower of books. And if it is a court of justice I shall not only be acquitted but the judge will recommend me to the government for a pension.

Every person who owns books suffers from the borrower who borrows to keep. Measure my wrongs and miseries by this:

My neighbor, the husband of my dearest friend, has an income of \$2,000. Mine amounts to less than half that sum. He adds house to house, dollar to dollar and thereby gratifies his ruling passion. I save very little, for the reason that my money goes to fit me for more congenial and profitable employment than that which I now have. As one means to this end, I buy books. Many others are sent me by the publishers, for review. My library is my one idea, the light of my life. But-

To me enters this neighbor, at an unhappy moment when my table is littered with magazines, pamphlets, cloth editions. I note the covetous glitter in his hard blue eye and make a feeble attempt to hide my most treasured volumes. The effort fails.

"Just in time, eh?" he observes. "I believe I heard Jennie say that she wanted something to read. So do I. I'll take these three, seeing that they don't cost you anything."

(As though a conscientious criticism did not cost one's very heart's blood!) Away he goes and with him go, for good and all, my tools, books by whose aid I gain my bread, books that I know would help me to independence, perhaps to modest fame. In his hands, they amuse an idle hour and then gravitate towards the wastebasket and the range, or they go to increase the number of those that he has stolen from me at other times.

Stolen, I say advisedly; for this borrower is no more likely to return my books than is the professional thief to give back my purloined purse. Indeed, I am not sure but that the more notorious rascal is the manlier man of the two; he does not obtain my goods under cover of friendship; and I can invoke the aid of the law against

For the credit of humanity, I rejoice that there are not so very many like this man; but you and I know that their number is

My friends and acquaintances do not need to be told that I like to loan books to people who appreciate them, make use of them and-return them. The recollection of the benefit I myself have received from borrowed volumes would be enough to preserve me from churlishness. I draw the line at thieves-that's all.

When I think of my losses by these heartless wretches, I grow frantic. To part with the sum of money which a good book represents would not count for much; but the book represents so much more than money! It stands for companionship with an intellectual man or woman; for a strengthened hold upon the stores of the centuries; but it gives me the means, as well, to search out living friends. Books that I have loaned-to honest peoplehave brought back to me a thousand times their value, the author's thought vitalized, enriched, carried beyond himself, perhaps, by a clear-eyed reader, who had thus been led to reveal his very soul. And the professional borrower would deprive me of all

Some day, I hope to have the moral courage to say, "No!" to the walking pestilence that decimates our libraries. In the meantime, I improve every opportunity to convey to him, all and singular, the assurance of my profound and undying hatred and contempt—as I do here.

FLORENCE WILMINGTON.

New Brunswick Manufacturers.

Messrs. T. McAvity & Sons, brass founders, St. John, N. B., are again increasing their facilities by the addition of a lot of new machinery and the erection of an extensive new wing to their factory. Messrs. McAvity & Sons do a considerable trade in Ontario, and certain of their specialties are well known to visitors to the Toronto exhibition, who have there had an opportunity of seeing their inspirators, etc., in practical use.

The rope works of Messrs. Thomas Connor & Sons, St. John, N. B., are working to their full capacity, and a large percentage of the output is for the upper Canadian trade. The senior member, Mr. John Connor, finding everything progressing very smoothly, thought it a good time to take a well-earned holiday, and on June 27 started on a trip to the states, aecompanied by his bride and the congratulations of a host of friends.

Messrs. E. Cogswell & Co., Sackville, N. B., have merged their business into the Enterprise Foundry company, with a capital of \$40,000, Mr. E. Cogswell being the president and manager thereof. Messrs. Cogswell & Co. control the Canadian patents on the Filley gauze over-door as have his "stuff" persistently copied without applied to cooking stoves, and have been manufacturing the Filley Charter Oak stoves for a number of years, which business the new company will continue on a largely increased scale. This gauze overdoor, which admits of the circulation of fresh air through the oven while food is being cooked, was a discovery rather than an invention .- Canadian Manufacturer.

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