

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, EDITOR. SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

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The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on THURSDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 28.

CIRCULATION, 7,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

QUESTIONS OF PRECEDENCE.

At the recent Methodist conference in Montreal Dr. DOUGLAS, a much esteemed leader of that denomination made a vigorous protest against the table of precedence as recognized in Canada.

There is no doubt of it. They are. When a general election is impending they become, next to the Roman Catholics, a most important factor in the politics of Canada.

But the Methodists, Baptists, and even the Presbyterians, who are not really "dissenters" in the true meaning of the term, appear side by side with JOHN SMITH, TOM JONES, BARNEY MCGAFFEY, or any other man.

What is to be done about it? Simply nothing. When a Methodist-Episcopal bishop appears on the scene he will be duly recognized, and so would a Christadelphian bishop, if by some extraordinary convulsion of theology that amiable and God-fearing sect could possibly have a bishop.

The table of precedence adopted in Canada is borrowed, like many other things, from the usages at the courts of the mother country. If Dr. DOUGLAS and his friends will read a part of the first volume of that interesting work known as BLACKSTONE'S Commentaries, they will find that the common law of England distinctly and specially recognizes the bishops as representatives of one of the estates of the realm.

The great difficulty in the way lies in the fact that Canada, instead of relying on herself in such methods, apes the court of England. It is not to be wondered at. She has good, bad and indifferent governors general, foisted upon her, and in supporting them at very fair salaries, the mimic court at Ottawa shapes everything to conform to their wishes.

So, worthy and influential Methodists, your memorial as to a change in the table of precedence will doubtless be pigeon-holed with many other documents which might make this country wiser and better if their suggestions were acted upon.

there be a table of precedence, and so long will the bishops be included in it.

There does not seem to be any immediate source of relief for Dr. DOUGLAS and his friends.

MAN'S PLEA FOR COLOR.

In the remarks of Hon. THYCKE FOGGE as transmitted to PROGRESS this week, appears to lie the germ of a great truth. The senator ascribes the prediction of the male sex for regalia and uniforms to the long felt want which it experiences in this age, of color and decoration in ordinary apparel.

Some of us who have looked upon the pictures of our ancestors in knee breeches and flowing coats, with plenty of color thrown in here and there, have admired the costumes of the bygone generations, and perhaps we have wished that they could be revived for the nineteenth century. There have, indeed, been attempts in that direction by New York tailors within the last few years, but they have all miserably failed.

But there is not much change in anything else. The awkward trousers are still to be worn, and so is the stove-pipe hat. But the trousers and hat are violations of art, and in four cases out of five they disfigure a man, as the old cocked hat and knee breeches could not do.

The only range for fancy in apparel appears to lie in the choice of a necktie, and even this field is becoming gradually very limited by unwritten canons which prescribe the utmost simplicity in color and texture. The gaudy scarf must go.

Looking at the whole matter from a plain and common-sense point of view, there seems no reason why man should not enjoy the use of colors in his adornment, even as woman does. We know that much of the attractiveness of the gentle sex lies in the good taste the display in dressing themselves, and man finds something to admire in their usually judicious combination of colors.

Is there any reason why he should not, save for the caprice of fashion. This world is made with plentiful colors to beautify it, and the eye never wearies of them. Yet man while not unappreciative of them, avoids them in his attire as if they carried with them all that was to be shunned as dangerous to the common weal.

Oh! leaders of the fashion, wherever you may be—and it is no idle boast to say that PROGRESS is mailed to some of you—can you not try again to break down this "color line"? Men do not want to be gaudy, but they do want something besides the gloomy black and sad neutrals to make them feel at ease in their garments.

Is it not about time that some action was taken in regard to the Old Burial Ground fence? So far as can be learned, the city has had several plans on hand for the last month or two, but has not accepted any of them. The Loyalist society recently passed a resolution that the corner stone of a suitable memorial enclosure be laid when the fall exhibition opens, but if this is to be accomplished it behooves the men in charge of the matter to make a beginning by doing something. Hurry up, gentlemen, or the snows of next winter will find the same old fence, or what is left of it, around the venerated enclosure.

The Celebration at Annapolis.

Annapolis people will have a big time on 1st and will not be excelled in their attempts to make it pleasant for visitors. There will be three bands present, including what a correspondent calls "the Lunenburg band—the best in the provinces." He also mentions the delightful sail up the Annapolis river, the famous old fort, a game of base ball and a three hours' sojourn on the Monticello, which no doubt will be sufficient to attract a large party of excursionists to Annapolis.

Send the Paper Away.

If your friends in the country are interested in what you do; if you play Lacrosse, send them next Saturday's PROGRESS, and they will understand the game at once.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In spite of the unpleasant weather on Monday evening, a large audience assembled in St. John's church, to listen to the organ recital and sacred concert given by Mr. Ford and members of the choir, assisted by Mrs. LeStrange and Mr. G. C. Coster. I think I can safely say that all present felt that they were amply repaid for any difficulty they may have had in going to the church.

The society folk are not giving the musical people much time to indulge in their own special pastime this week, but the Dorothy company had a rehearsal on Thursday evening for the matinee they are having this afternoon, when I sincerely hope they may have a good audience. And by the way, while I am mentioning Dorothy, I may say that I have been requested to state that the company are under no obligations to Mr. J. C. Duff, Mr. J. Baxter, of Liverpool, England, having taken a great deal of trouble to procure the libretto for them, and also the permission to play the opera from the owners.

The Trinity church services next week in connection with the synod, will be quite imposing. I think I am safe this time in saying that the chorists will sing an anthem, and a communion service on Wednesday morning will be choral.

There will also be services in the other Episcopal churches through the week. I had the good fortune to get tickets for the Masonic service in St. Paul's on Tuesday evening, and enjoyed it very much. The choir had reinforcements from the different churches in the city, and their music went remarkably well; the bass was especially good.

"Onward Christian Soldiers" was sung as a professional, and the chants to the psalms were very pretty ones. Tours' Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis are so well known that they could not go otherwise than with a swing, although that is hardly the word to apply to the first part of the Nunc Dimittis, which is very soft and slow.

Harrison Grey Fiske, the enterprising editor of the New York Mirror, on having the honor of playing the "Star Spangled Banner" at the close of every performance. Last Saturday night, the orchestra at our theatre followed suit. This is a most excellent movement, and one which we heartily recommend to our churches. The church acknowledges loyalty to country as one of its primary and sacred duties.

Harry Paulton has used James C. Duff for royalties on Puloa. Proceedings were begun against Duff, and it is claimed that he has turned over all his property to his mother and gone to Europe. Paulton also alleges that he lent Duff \$2,000 which was not returned.—Mirror.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Concerning Behavior in Church.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Considering that the Masonic fraternity is composed of "all sorts and conditions of men," and that many of the members of it who were present at St. Paul's at the festival of St. John the Baptist were total strangers to the usages of the Church of England, I must congratulate them as a body on their very excellent deportment. The general conformity to what we, as churchmen, consider proper forms to be observed when we assemble together to render thanks, etc., was most pleasing, and I do not believe that any other body of men, outside of the army and navy could have so thoroughly satisfied the pew holders that the rector made no mistake in tendering the use of the edifice for the occasion.

Occupying as I did the position of a spectator, I was pleased to notice the reverent behaviour of many whom I knew to be dissenters, and the only comment in my mind was on the conduct of some of those whom I recognized as of the Episcopal faith, but not of the congregation of St. Paul's. They appeared to forget that this was a festival of the church, and that the service was as much to be regarded as that of any Sunday. They entered the building and took their seats as if they would in a place of amusement, without any outward token that they invoked the blessing of the Almighty and sought preparation for the word they were about to hear. They talked and chatted as they would not dare to do at a regular service, and when the offertory was taken, they appeared to be under the impression that there was a call from labor to refreshment, during which they could exchange conversation as they pleased.

Now, mark me, this was not the case with the body of Masons, but with a few members of the Church of England who should have known better. They seemed to forget that it was their duty to set an example of deportment to others who, from one point of view, need an illustration of more reverence for the places consecrated to the worship of the Most High.

The McGill Matriculation Examination.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Pamphlets were sent from McGill college containing the list of subjects required for passing as A. A. We were given to understand that by this examination it was possible to matriculate. Each girl chose, from the optional subjects, those in which she was most proficient; some choosing Latin and English, others Latin, French, and English, and a third lot French and English studies.

The returns came in; all had passed as A. A., with one junior certificate, but only those who had taken Latin and English matriculated—not on the number of marks received, but just because they were fortunate enough to choose the right subjects to matriculate. Our teacher knew I wished to matriculate; whose fault was that the class did not know the subjects necessary?

It would seem from the accounts in the papers that the whole class tried to matriculate, and some failed, whereas it was on the same examination, only some were not lucky in picking out the requisite subjects. I asked for this explanation to be given, as my die, from the platform on Wednesday, closing day; this was promised, was it fulfilled? Had it been explained, it would not have been necessary to have resort to the press. GERTRUDE HEPPER. St. John, June 26.

Garments for Stray Bishops.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Can you not suggest to the clergy, or the laymen, of this—in other ways—decidedly go-ahead and enterprising city, that they should be provided with a suitable "garment" for any stray Bishop, who may wander into these pastures. I am not in the habit of building such things myself, but surely there must be some ingenious female in our midst who could plan an adaptable dress of the kind needed; one that might fit the "tall, short, the stout, the slim," in a decent and "episcopal" manner, so to speak. Really, you know, a Bishop in short skirts wasn't the effect that one would altogether desire.

That Organ Recital.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I am a very old fashioned churchman, and I beg to protest against turning our churches into concert rooms. Let us honestly build our Sunday school houses, and not make an exhibition of ourselves by resorting to all kinds of ways to raise money. It is lamentable the lax code of morals which might creep into our churches, unless God's house and work are duly honored, and worldly expediency no longer rules. "Those who honor Me," etc.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Stream of Time.

Onward, the stream of Time, flows silently, Upon it, we are drifting to the end, The closing scene, from which we cannot flee, Nor earthly power, or worldly wealth, defend, The fleeting pleasure, and the daily task, Will soon alike, be buried with the past. Awake! in earnest prayer, sincerely ask, That we may faithful prove and true, at last, Faithful to Christ, whose life for us was spent, True to that inner light, Divinely sent.

The Peace of the Afterglow.

In the golden light of morning, when the dew was on the leaf, And life stretched out so cloudless, so fair, for you and me; We did not dream that sorrow could ever cloud the way, Or shadows dim the brightness that crowned our perfect day; In the golden light of the morning, That dawned for you, and me; Ere time had taught the lesson That all their weired must dre.

The shadows on the dial grew deeper by and by, The golden numbers faded, for cloud's had filled the sky, And all unmarked the hours drew slowly on to noon, The dial stood in shadow, the world was out of tune, And we had learned the lesson, That all their weired must dre, And never more the morning Could dawn for you and me.

The evening shadows lengthen, but the clouds are blown away And radiant floods of sunshine have crowned the parting day, With a stronger, deeper, splendour than fairest morning prime; In a golden sea of glory comes the light at evening time.

For we have learned our lesson That all their weired must dre, And a holier light than morning Has dawned for you and me. GEOFFREY CUTBERT STRANGE.

Compensate.

O ye, who have best things to give, Think not of gain, when ye bestow, Nor, in your folly, still believe That pleasure waits the seed ye sow; The Truth by which the world doth live Hath never been received so.

Nurse thy calm soul in solitude, With holy prayers thy thought bedew; Nor deem thy consenting multitude Applaud thy deed: save thou shalt do What to their purblind eyes is good, Thy golden gifts are not for you.

Ask'st thou the wine that hath no lees? A throne whose glory mocks at death? Hast thou a hand that winnest these? Earth's crowns fit not the sons of Faith: The hemlock cup, for Socrates, The Cross, for Him of Nazareth. Thou hast not all; thy lot's all'd— Thy portion's granted; therefore know, The trappings that adorn the proud, The chair of ease, the genial flow Of social pleasure, burden-bow'd, Thy votive spirit must forego:

Base choice may be, and treasure vile; Each has his object and his goal; Love feeds the hungry heart; a smile The drooping spirit may console; Gold may be lure of greed and guile, And honor lead th' heroic soul. But he who sings or speaks the word Instinct with God, with life abrim,— By him the souls elect are stirred, Supreme o'er fashion's changing whim; He o'er time's misty vale is heard, And coming ages follow him. —ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

PERTINENT PERSONALS.

Mr. Charles Hallock, so well known everywhere as an authority on all that pertains to fishing as an art, made PROGRESS a brief call, the other day. Mr. Hallock's heart is just as young as when he ran the exchange office at Chubb's corner, more than a quarter of a century ago, and started the original Humourist. In later years, but it may be remarked that Mr. Hallock gained fame as the editor of Forest and Stream, and more recently he has come into prominence as the editor of the American Angler. Mr. Hallock has a very warm feeling for St. John and all of "the boys" who are left.

Town Marshall McClure, of St. Stephen, was among the contingent from the St. Croix which came to St. John to observe the Masonic festival. Mac stands six feet seven in his shoes and is what is known as an "able party." Not long ago he collared three turbulent citizens and succeeded in carrying them all to the lock-up, alone and unaided. With a town marshal of that stamp, it is no wonder there is good order in St. Stephen, but it may be remarked that Mr. McClure is one of the best fellows in the world among the law abiding citizens.

An Interesting Article.

Among the interesting articles in next Saturday's PROGRESS will be one on lacrosse, showing its progress in Maritime Canada, and especially in St. John, and including nine splendid single and double column illustrations of different plays in the great game. The article will include as well the leading rules of the game, and those who know little or nothing about the national game now will have no difficulty in grasping its salient and taking features at once.

THEY ENJOY A FIRE.

How the People of St. Stephen Turn Out When the Alarm is Sounded.

If there is any one thing that the people of St. Stephen thoroughly enjoy it is an alarm of fire. It awakes all the enthusiasm of their nature, and adds even to the superabundant energy which marks them in all they do. It is not that they like to see damage done. They don't. When the bell rings all the men and boys—yes, and a good many pretty big girls—feel it a bounden duty to rush at once to the scene of danger and aid either by personal exertion or sympathy in subduing the flames.

It makes no difference which side of the river the alarm comes from. The St. Stephen people will go even more quickly to a fire in Calais than to one in their own town, and it is said that the Calais people show an equally neighborly alacrity when there is an alarm from St. Stephen. The most obliging and warm hearted people in the world are found just around that portion of the St. Croix valley. They are always willing to help each other in any kind of emergency, but when there is a fire the pleasure is increased a hundred-fold.

In the summer evenings, when the labors of the day are over, the people of St. Stephen like to take a gentle exercise along its main streets. A good many of them are in carriages—there is no town in the province where so much pleasure driving is done—but a good many more, including the really stylish girls who are so plentiful about there, are leisurely parading the sidewalks. Suddenly a bell is heard ringing on the Calais side. Then there is a change.

A good many girls who don't like to be seen running to a fire step into doorways to see the show go by. Then the teams on a quick trot come from all the side streets and join those on the main street in hastening to the bridge. They cannot go so fast as they want to, because there are so many of them. In the meantime citizens run to the livery stables and hire teams to go to the fire. As the hostlers have had horses in readiness since the first sound of the alarm, no time is lost, and the cavalcade grows large.

But the fire department has been on the run before this, and the hose cart makes for the bridge, the horse galloping and the gong sounding in a way that would delight Chief Kerr's heart. Way is made for it with some difficulty, for there are a good many teams ahead, and over the bridge it goes, the procession falling in after it on a trot, while all who have not horses hasten as rapidly as possible on foot.

Usually a toll is charged for crossing the bridge, but everything goes free when the fire bell rings. The toll-keeper could not stop the crowd if he tried, and he has no idea of trying.

After a while a long procession returns to St. Stephen, slowly, but not sadly. It was a false alarm. Never mind—more fun the next time.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

Plans for the Enjoyment of Fun to the Middle of August.

MY DEAR CLARA: Do not open your eyes or rub them to see if you are awake when you open this letter, for it is from your always busy friend, who, this summer, has turned over a new leaf, and is answering letters promptly. Follow my example, Clara, and you will be surprised what extra pleasure you can get out of life. I never spent such a pleasant summer; never had so much time of my own, which means real enjoyment to me, as you know of old.

Jack and I and the baby—we always include the baby now—have plans for fun to the middle of August. We know where we are going, and have selected all the picnics and excursions that we know by experience are nice, and are going to live courting days over again. Where are we going the 1st—to Digby. It was real jolly the way we came to that decision. Jack wanted to go to the ball games, and I wanted to see if the cherries were ripe across the bay, so we tossed a cent, and the "Queen"—that's me—won. So we are going on the Monticello next Tuesday, and may it be fine and smooth—yea, like a mill pond.

Now I know what you are dying to ask. How I manage to leave the house and have a good time. Well, come nearer and let me whisper: You know what used to bother me last summer and keep me tied to the house a good deal of the time—this year I send all my washing to Ungar's; baby's hoods, my sateen and cotton dresses, Jack's flannel shirts, in fact, everything. Do you understand now. . . . Good bye, yours lovingly, KATE.—A.

Do Not Go Bareheaded.

A good comfortable hat is a requirement of old and young in the summer time. Old Sol hasn't made himself too forward lately, but the blustering days of July and August will need the lightest head gear to make one as happy as he should be. Thorne Bros. can supply the demand, no matter whether straw, felt, or silk hats are wanted. They show the Little Lord Fauntleroy hat in their announcement today, and it is a beauty.

Sorry for It.

The letters of our Truro, Marysville, Newcastle and Shediac correspondents are unavoidably held this week, for the simple reason that there was too little space for too much matter.

A FIND OF AMBERGRIS.

What It Is—What It is Used For, and Its Value.

A lucky voyage was lately made by the schooner Fanny Lewis. She was on her way to Portland, Me., when one day the lookout reported something white floating on the surface of the sea. The ship was hoisted to, and the "something white" proved to be a compact mass of ambergris weighing more than a hundred pounds, and worth several thousands of dollars. It was promptly taken on board, and became the joint property of owners, officers and crew.

Ambergris must not be confounded with resin, which is fossilized or mineralized resin, and therefore a vegetable product. Ambergris is an emanation from the sperm whale, and therefore an animal product. It is a morbid secretion, the result of some disease analogous, perhaps, to gall-stones. It is found sometimes in the intestines of the creature, but more frequently, after expulsion, floating on the surface of tropical seas. It floats in masses which have a speckled gray appearance, and mixed with it are generally found some remnants of the known food of whales.

The best quality of ambergris is soft and waxy, but it is said not to be uniform in color. It is opaque and inflammable, remarkably light as to specific gravity, and is rugged to the touch.

Most of that which comes into the market is found near the Bahama Islands, but it is also found in the Indian Ocean, as well as off the coast of South America.

The essential quality of ambergris is its powerful and peculiar odor, which is so peculiar that art has never been able to imitate it, although the scarcity and enormous price of ambergris have given stimulus to invention. It is so powerful and diffusive that the minutest quantity is perceptible even when mixed with the most fragrant substances.

Ambergris is too dear to use alone, so dear, indeed, that it is one of the most adulterated articles known to chemists. It is adulterated before it is exported, and is adulterated again in the countries where it is used.

The odor of ambergris is not unlike musk, but more penetrating and also more enduring. Every one knows how difficult it is to remove the musk odor from anything which has ever been touched with the tail of the rat. It is much more difficult to get rid of the odor of genuine ambergris. This accounts for its great value to the manufacturers of perfumery. The odor of the cheaper ingredients soon disappears, but that of the ambergris remains, and the "Extrait" or "Bouquet," to which the skillful maker gives a fanciful name, gets the credit which really belong to a pinch of diseased matter from the sperm whale.—Ex.

Newfoundland Can Have It.

The St. John, N. B., PROGRESS thinks it probable that if the lottery is driven out of Louisiana it will seek to obtain a foothold in Newfoundland. Owing to the peculiar condition of affairs existing there, the lottery would probably do less harm in that country than anywhere else on earth.—Toronto World.

MARRIED.

NUGENT-RYAN—At Norton, Kings Co., on the 25th inst., by Rev. P. L. Belliveau, M. J. Nugent, of this city, to Miss M. A. Ryan, daughter of John E. Ryan, Esq., of Norton.

A GRAND EXCURSION.

1890. DOMINION DAY. 1890.

FROM Saint John to Digby and Annapolis in the splendid iron S. S. STEPHEN MONTEGUE, giving an opportunity for a delightful sail across the Bay of Fundy and up the Annapolis Basin and River. The attractions at Digby will include Grand Polymorphian and Callimorphian Procession; Sailing Race; Double Scull Race; Canoe Race for Indians; Dory and Tub Races; Men's 300 yards and Men's 100 yards Dash; Fat Men's Sack Race, 3 legged; Tug-of-War Match; Firemen's Hose Reel Race; Horse Racing, Trotting and Pacing. There will also be Base-Ball Match and Athletic Sports at Annapolis for which handsome prizes are offered. The boat will sail from Saint John at 7.30 local time, due at Digby at 11 a. m. and Annapolis 12.30. Returning leave Annapolis 3 p. m., and Digby at 4.30 giving excursionists 5 1/2 hours at Digby and 2 1/2 at Annapolis. Fare for the round trip—Digby, \$1.50; Annapolis, \$2.00.

The Artillery Band will accompany the excursion and furnish music for dancing. Refreshments can be obtained on board steamer. Tickets can be procured on board from purser or from agent, Keen's Point.

Myrtle House.

DIGBY, N. S.

THIS favorite resort, with its fine situation, and view of water and surrounding country, is open for guests. Extensive grounds, Tennis Courts, etc. Special terms to parties and families, and for the season, on application. Address: J. R. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

AMERICAN MILLINERY.

Great Bargains at American Millinery Store!

MRS. L. B. CARROL.

SPENDS the latter part of the summer in New York. She has marked down her entire Stock of Millinery to make room for Fall Goods. Customers will do well to call early and—Bargains at 149 Union St. & 123 Main St., Indiantown.

FOR SALE AT AUCTION!

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON, SATURDAY, JULY 5th,

At the Market Slip, The Steam Yacht "MINNIE B."

In perfect running order. T. B. HANINGTON, Auctioneer.

MISSIS E. & S. WARRELL,

159 Union Street, HAVE an Elegant and Fashionable Stock of MILLINERY on hand, selected especially with the idea of satisfying their customers. They design, manufacture and import the Latest Goods in their line, and always aim to give satisfaction. E. & S. WARRELL, 159 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

TO LET.

NO LET—In Carleton, opposite Church of the Assumption, and within short walking distance of the Bay Shore, a pleasantly situated COTTAGE, partially furnished. Apply on the premises, any afternoon, after 2, or until 4.30, or address M. F. Bay Shore House, in care Rev. Mr. Babcock Carleton, N. B.