

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor.

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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.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 15.

CIRCULATION, 6,200.

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

ENCOURAGE THE LIBRARY.

The public will learn for the first time, through the columns of PROGRESS, that Mr. JAMES I. FELLOWS has it in contemplation to present his native city with a Public Library building. It is true that Mr. FELLOWS has made no definite promise of the kind, but it is generally believed that if he can, in the common phrase, "see his way clear," to making such a magnificent donation, he will undoubtedly do so.

These are the result of those hymns which seek to materialize the Divine, and picture it according to the idea of the human. Some of these hymns, with a musical jingle in which the SAVIOUR'S name is often repeated, become the common songs of boys at their sports and are quoted in ways that must shock the Christian of refined feelings. No such result can be traced to the really reverent hymns, of which there are enough in any denomination to fill every need.

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SOME KINDS OF HYMNS.

A quotation from a song sung by a section of the Salvation Army was given in PROGRESS last week and has excited considerable comment. As was explained in an editorial note at the time, the words were published with reluctance, and only with the hope that such publicity would lead to a reform in the Army's musical methods.

No one for a moment believes that the members of the army who have sung this and similarly irreverent songs have had any but good motives. It is simply the result of ignorance—the horrible way of seeking to familiarize the masses with the sound of the sacred name before which we are told "every knee shall bow."

Does the idea expressed in Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast, commend itself to the better taste? Does

it give the true conception of the attributes of the attributes of the Sox or God? Are there not other hymns equally or even more objectionable for the same reason? Take even that exceptionally beautiful hymn,

Sun of my soul thou Saviour dear, with all its comforting assurance to the believer, would it not have been better and stronger if the exigencies of rhyme had not required the adjective "dear" to be used? It is much worse with hymns of the Moody and Sankey type. There is nothing really wrong about them, but in some way they conflict with the idea of that reverence which is due from the creature to the creator. They give the wrong idea of a God of love, and tend to place our idea of the persons of the Trinity on a level with our ideas of merely human beings.

Taught in the hymns of the churches, this idea becomes the one nearest to the hearts of the people. Hence we find them in their times of trouble carrying out the idea in the well meant lines on the deaths of dear ones, and especially when such as have been taken away are infants. In one country exchange this week are these lines:

Our little loved one sweetly sleeps Upon our Saviour's breast, We try to say amidst our tears: "Father, Thy will is best."

In the same column, but for another death, are these:

Sally the parents sigh and weep, Their fondest hopes laid low; An angel bore their pearl away— To deck the Saviour's brow.

These are the result of those hymns which seek to materialize the Divine, and picture it according to the idea of the human. Some of these hymns, with a musical jingle in which the SAVIOUR'S name is often repeated, become the common songs of boys at their sports and are quoted in ways that must shock the Christian of refined feelings.

Few denominations have collections of hymns which would not be the better for judicious expurgation and revision.

THINGS YOU HAVE NOTICED.

An Open Letter from the Editor to Several Society Correspondents. Have you ever noticed, my dear young ladies and gentlemen, that some things happen to your manuscript, now and then. Yes, you have noticed it. I am sure you have. I can almost hear your murmurs of surprise and indignation—murmurs which if you were all men might develop into cuss words at times—when you read PROGRESS and remember what you wrote. It is too bad, isn't it? You are a faithful and industrious group of correspondents, and PROGRESS is proud of you. Only there are certain well defined rules which in the glad flush of your youthful exuberance you sometimes most innocently and unwittingly break.

Did you ever notice that sometimes this paragraph or that is omitted—a paragraph, perhaps, which you had some special point in making? Perhaps you think the compositor gets careless and overlooks it. Perhaps he does, sometimes—it is just as well for you to think so—but sometimes he leaves it out because his eyes are not strong enough to decipher it through the heavy blue lines which the editorial pencil has made in its travels around that vicinity.

That blue pencil is a cynical and critical creature. It is very intrusive as well. It has nearly worn itself out by its destructive habits, and will soon be past the age of usefulness. But do not grieve for it. It has several brothers ready to take its place when it goes hence. They will be just as disagreeable as it has been.

The blue pencil draws the line in more ways than one. It has peculiar ideas about society news. While it recognizes that the whitewashing of a graveyard fence might be a proper society item in a letter from Chance Harbor, it denies the right of such an item to appear in a letter from Halifax, Moncton or Fredericton, though such an item never has been written by the very bright correspondents in those important centres.

In the same way, all that happens to a man in society is not society news. His store may be robbed by burglars who are not "in society," but the blue pencil would protest with vigor against a reference being made to it under the head of society happenings.

So it is with other things, among which in certain cases, are public entertainments which have happened ten days before and have been fully treated by the local papers. PROGRESS does not want what the local papers have had, unless it is given in such a manner as to make it really newsy and interesting to the people of the locality.

The blue pencil has a special fondness for eating up such phrases as "we regret to learn," "we are pleased to see," "the sad event has cast a deep gloom over the whole community," "Mrs. Dr." and "Mrs. Capt.," "Esq.," etc. When any of these things do appear, you may congratulate yourself that the blue pencil is laid up with a cold, or that the manuscript has been read in an unusual hurry.

Then, too, the blue pencil objects to remarks about "sweethearts," and flirting, and to presumably humorous personal references, the meaning of which is not perfectly clear to every reader. It is impossible to tell, at a distance, what the effect of a "gag" is likely to be in a small community.

These, my dear friends are some of the things you may have noticed and been vexed about. Now, you know the reason why. I am delighted to read your bright letters every week, and some of you whom I do not know, have quite captured my affections, in a purely Platonic sense, by your bright and breezy talk. But I cannot always restrain that wicked blue pencil.

When some of your letters, which should get here Wednesday afternoon or Thursday morning, do not arrive until Thursday night or Friday morning, the blue pencil does not disturb them. Neither does the compositor. That's the reason you don't see them sometimes.

It Did. The Restigouche Pioneer, referring to the election says: The Globe fought a fair battle, but refused to grow fanatical, or abusive. PROGRESS made photographs of both parties, and made fun of the whole business, and worst of all, it made poetry about the Casoo—it was.



BUY STAR CHOP, 5lb. box, and have good Tea.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

Did you like your valentine. O tempora! O mores! O Leary!

Have you thought about two good men for aldermen of your ward yet?

Who drew the plans for the Leary dock, and where were they drawn.

What is the Municipal Gas Company anyway, and what does it want to do?

The early canvassing of a certain alderman is one of the harbingers of spring.

The White Cross society proposes to abolish street fairs. More power to their elbows.

If the lumbermen make a pile by having Tweedie as surveyor-general, it will be a "deal" pile.

The cost of a trip around the world will prevent all the cranks from trying to beat the fastest time.

If the winter intends to keep up the average, there will be some big snow blockades in the next six weeks.

There isn't a whisper yet about the election for mayor? Is Mr. Lockhart to be favored with a walk-over?

The man who reads a paper most carefully and critically is usually the man who pretends that he never reads it.

If the grim version of the Rykert jobbery be true, it is a disgraceful scandal which no decent conservative can uphold.

The men who got paid for their lands for dock purposes are about the only ones who feel any way settled in the matter.

The man who can write a just musical criticism without stirring up somebody is not much of a critic. Try it and see.

Progress touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the people by its remarks on the Leary dock scheme last week.

Halifax has a haunted house. Bro. Hartley should be sent for to exorcise the ghost with a Latin prayer, if St. John can spare him.

The daily papers had little to say about the flight of the Novelty Tea Company. It advertised with them and did not slope without paying their bills.

If it is suspected that any member of the council has been "greased" to favor the dock scheme, he ought to be made slide with great alacrity on election day.

It is to be hoped that if Mr. Fellows offers the city a Public Library building, he will not be treated as Sir Harry Burrard was when he offered a life boat.

When a man willfully breaks windows or does other damage to property, it is not enough that he should settle for it. He ought to be prosecuted into the bargain.

While we have been enjoying April weather, the citizens of Halifax have been skating and driving over the ice on their harbor. We never have any fun of that kind.

"What shall Nova Scotia farmers raise?" asks the Windsor Tribune. That's an easy one. They will raise the price of beef if the duty on American meats is increased.

Don't you know that it is a good deal easier to sneak into a certain room in the Pugsley building than to go unobserved into the "Exchange" either from King or Church streets.

Joe Knowles had an idea that all the people of St. John were honest, because none of them ever stole his jokes. Since they have begun to take papers from his news room, he has modified his opinion.

Now that the Mormons have been defeated in the elections at Salt Lake City, almost anything may be expected in politics. The conservatives of Charlotte county would not be surprised if they defeated Mr. Gillmor next time.

The New York Sunday Press has a cartoon representing the revision committee nailing up the door of the infernal regions, with the inscription, "Closed for repairs. No more boiling oil for infants." If PROGRESS published such a picture, some righteous citizen would probably stop his paper. That's the difference between St. John and New York.

PEN AND PRESS.

The Dominion Illustrated is trying to boom its circulation by insuring every paying subscriber's life against accident for \$500. The arrangement is made with a Canadian accident association. There are no injury benefits, only \$500 in case of accidental death.

The University Monthly is showing unusual and commendable enterprise under its present editors. New features are being added, and they are interesting features—the latest being short biographical sketches of the graduates. The next improvement in order will be a change of printers.

For an Idle Hour. The heroine of Miss Mephistopheles, the new novel by the author of The Mystery of a Hansom Cab, is a disreputable hostess whose only redeeming feature is her love for her child. It is even more highly improbable than the average story of love, intrigue and murder. Published in the Red Letter Series, and for sale at McMillans.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Lent is drawing nigh and the Church of England people will have to make haste if they want to have any concerts or Sunday school entertainments. Mr. Strand has given a grand concert. When I was first told of it, I thought it must be in connection with the Church of England Institute lecture course, but I found I was mistaken. By the way, why has that concert (which was certainly advertised for the 13th of January) not taken place? It seems strange.

The Church of England Institute people, if I remember rightly, used to give some remarkably good musical evenings in Trinity schoolroom. I hope that it is not because so many of the energetic workers in the singing line have left the city in the last few years.

I was fortunate enough to get almost if not all of the programme for the last meeting of the choral club. I think I said before that it was the British evening. The music commenced with the part song from McFarren's Messiah, "The Hunt's Up," which was followed by a piano solo by Sir Julius Benedict. Messrs. Lindsay, Porter, Turner and Smith sang a quartette, "Interg Vltax," by Hemmings. Mrs. McDonald gave a song by Dr. Stainer; and Mr. Davis sang "Love Divine" by the same composer. Balfo's fine song, "The Reaper and the Flowers," had Miss Alice Hea for an exponent, and the trio by Smart, "Night Sinks on the Waves," was rendered by the Misses Henderson, Minnie Hea and Turner. Mr. A. Porter's solo was "Unbeloved," by Dr. Stainer, and the next number was a quartette by Mrs. Gandy, Miss Hea, Messrs. Davis and Smith. This was followed by "Come where my love lies dreaming," (Bishop), Mr. Lindsay taking the solo. The evening's entertainment concluded by "Rule Britannia." The next meeting of the club will be held at Mr. Chas. McDonald's, on Feb. 20th, when the composers represented will be Mozart and Wagner.

Here is a rather good story I saw in the London News:

American girls have found a practical use for love letters. They make pillows with them. One would like to know if it is essential that all the stuffing should emanate from one writer.

Were the contents of the pillow to consist of letters from any number of correspondents, one would imagine that a certain lack of harmony would characterize the dreams of the sleeper.

Speaking of love letters, a famous Italian tenor in the United States told me that he kept up his English from the billet doux he received from silly, impressionable girls. As quite a dozen a week reached him he must have made swift progress with the language of Albion.

I'm afraid I don't feel as utterly crushed as I might over the snubbing I received last week from "C Sharp," about what I said concerning Mr. Ford's conception of "Cataline," by Salome. My authority for writing what I did was the fact that I had heard the piece played by four different organists, Dr. Parker (of Trinity church, New York), Mr. Lang, who had the organ in Edward Everett Hale's church Boston, Mr. Thos. Morley and Mr. E. E. Gubb, and certainly they all performed "Cataline" in a different style from that in which Mr. Ford gave it. It was clearer and more distinct. I have never seen the music, and of course they may have all been wrong, but if they were I should think they were old enough and had experience enough to know better. I still maintain that "Jerusalem" is a commonplace song—no matter how well it is sung. I think a sacred song with a refrain in waltz or six-eight time (which one hears in every little drawing room ballad, such as "Going to Market," "Dream Faces," etc.) decidedly out of place in a church. Of course there are some very beautiful songs written in that time, but in my opinion "Jerusalem" is not one of them. Compare it with Gounod's "Nazareth" or "The Gate of Heaven," by Berthold Tours, and see if it does not suffer by the comparison.

Mr. Hugh Swanton is doing very well in Souix City, Iowa. He writes that he has the organ in the leading Episcopal church there. Since going to Souix city he has trained the only surplussed choir in the place.

I noticed lately that Mr. Gubb played the organ at a fashionable wedding in Kingston, Ont., so I conclude he has recovered from the severe attack of la grippe he was suffering under.

The copies of the oratorio Septha have arrived, but as they are still in the custom house, the Oratorio society rehearsed Mendelssohn's 42 Psalm on Monday evening.

Lovers of Handel will be astonished to hear that they may ere long have a revised edition of the Messiah, for Osuseley has left behind him one of the two original scores. The other is in the possession of Jenny Lind's husband, who has satisfied himself of the genuineness of Osuseley's MSS.

In the well known passage "Let us break their bonds asunder" there is a complete difference from that of the received edition and Osuseley's, and it is the opinion of the few experts who have heard it that Osuseley's MSS give it far finer orchestration and melody.—Manchester Guardian.

I don't know whether Woodward's anthem, "The Radiant Morn," is known in St. John, but the New York Churchman speaks of it as being "a really exquisite anthem for a funeral of St. Luke's church, Annapolis, is rehearsing an amateur company in Pinafore, and I am told that the same opera is in the course of preparation in Sussex.

A writer in a late number of the Chicago Tribune calls attention to the adaptation of sacred words to a love song, from the comic opera of The Margyris, and justly condemns it as unfit for use in divine services. He goes on to speak of certain parts of Wagner's operas, Lohengrin and Parsifal especially, as eminently appropriate for music in church, set to sacred words. Certainly Lohengrin, Tannhauser and Parsifal are imbued with a strong religious sentiment, but that by no means proves that the music may be appropriately used in the services of the church. As a rule, all adaptations are bad. If the composition be worth anything, the music is indissolubly wedded to the idea expressed by the words, and to divorce them and wed it to words of different import, is a wrong to the composer and a violation of a canon of correct musical taste.—New York Churchman.

Miss Finch was the name of the lady whom I spoke of last week as being a member of old Trinity choir,

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READ THIS!

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and who was buried from that church, not Mrs. Prince.

What a shame it was that there were not more people at the concert in Trinity on Wednesday evening. It really deserved a better audience, even when one takes into consideration how many other things were going on that night. Those who were there seemed to appreciate the programme, and I am sorry to say the encore failed to please.

I do wish that this custom of making a singer repeat the last part of his song (when he has expended about all his energy for the time being in making the song go well, and in thinking his stars that it is over) would cease. No doubt it is gratifying to the ear that one's song has pleased, but it makes the best programme tiresome, and the second part of the song is not sung nearly so well as it was the first time.

The concert began with a piano duet, "Overture to Tancred." Miss Morrison was unable to appear and Mr. Strand had to play the second part at a few minutes notice. It speaks well for his ability in reading by sight, when a duet like "Trauered" should go smoothly with no practising on his part.

Miss Godards is improving. Her execution of the "Ronde" by Mendelssohn, (which she gave in place of the last duet) was really very fine. The "Minuet" by Sherwood, seemed to be hurried at times. Miss Hea, sang a pretty song, "Watching the Embers," by Piusuti, which suited her voice better than anything I have heard her sing lately.

Miss Halliday needed a little more practice in her solo "At the Abbey Door," which has some awkward intervals in it. Mr. Lindsay was at his best in Sullivan's "Will he come." I did not care so much for "Anchored." I do like to listen to Mr. Daniel's singing. His selection Wednesday evening was good. I did not like the first quartette, and don't think it was quite in tune, but the last one, "Sleep while the soft evening breezes," was given clearly and with good expression. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I never could like that "Army and Navy" duet, no matter how well any two people may sing it.

Mr. Strand's piano solo, "The Monastery," and his accompaniments, deserve a special word of praise. I hope this may be a beginning of a series of concerts, to be continued after Lent.

One of the St. David's church choir wishes PROGRESS to explain that that church is not looking for an organist, but for a leader, and for bass voices in the place of Mr. Binning, who was forced to resign through absence from the city. Miss Hancock, who has been acting as organist, gives perfect satisfaction.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due. To the EDITOR of PROGRESS: With reference to "Tarbet's" remarks on St. Paul's church choir, in your last issue, will you kindly insert the following, in justice to the organist and myself?

It is very possible that "Tarbet" heard the boys under more favorable circumstances last time (as regards the style of music, the presence of the leading boys, &c. &c.) than on a previous occasion. With regard to "expression" that is governed entirely by the organist in the rise and fall of his accompaniment. With regard to the "pitch" of the chant, all the Psalms have their set chants. If "Tarbet" knew Mr. Jones's ability as a teacher of Church Music, as well as the members of the choir do, I am quite sure he would not give him the praise. I have had a very large experience in church music in the "Old Country," and have been connected with St. Paul's church choir for nearly twenty years (20), but never before has it been my lot to be instructed by one having no knowledge whatever of Psalm or Canticle singing.

Mr. Bourne selects all the music, as there would be too much risk in leaving it to the present choir master to do.

Up to the present time that I have taught them, and as I taught them, with the exception of the Kyries, and here there is certainly an innovation, i. e. in singing "We beseech Thee," Forte, exactly opposite to all composers of Kyries. There is hardly a boy in the choir but can and does teach him. As yet he has taught the boys nothing. Five new boys that I placed in the choir at Xmas, are standing

still musically. If "Tarbet" would like to test the verity of what I have stated, let him attend a practice of the boys on Monday or Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, then I am sure he will be convinced. I am puzzled to know why such an appointment was made, when St. John possesses so many gifted musicians. J. N. ROBERTS.

What Some Merchants Are Doing. Messrs. Sheraton & Selfridge are preparing for the spring trade by remodelling the interior of their store on King street. The improvements will give them more room and better chances for display, which they need with their growing stock.

Their neighbors Messrs. Waterbury & Rising will carry out a plan that will astonish their customers when they see it. The counters in the front store are to be removed and the shelving will be replaced with handsome narrow drawers, which will hold the stock. On each side of the broad store, which will be newly floored with narrow birch, there will be a row of settees. The walls and ceilings have been prepared already for the change and look very handsome.

Mr. Thomas Younglaus is bound to make people read his announcements and patronize his store. He talks about the excellence of his stock and his facilities for custom work. Springtime is the harvest time of the clothier. A nice, warm summer day makes a man's winter clothes look shabby and feel uncomfortable. A good many people will seek Mr. Younglaus for renovation.

Learn French in Lent. The patrons of the Ingres-Coutellier schools are more than pleased to have the gentleman who introduced the system, M. Ingres, with them again. He is an admirable and energetic organizer and the popularity of the method in the maritime provinces at least is largely due to the popularity and efficiency of the instructor. Lent is a harvest period with the organizer for the ladies who are too good and penitent for the ball room have learned during the season of fashion that French is really an admirable thing to know and are determined to get some smattering of it.

IN MEMORIAM. [Thoughts suggested by the early death of Miss Bessie Bostwick.]

A father's pride, his hope, his joy, A mother's care and thought and love, A star, within the happy home, Now shines in Heavenly courts above.

No more upon this fleeting scene, Her lively form and gentle face Shall charm the heart of earthly friend, Nor busy, happy, circle grace.

But in Celestial realms of bliss, Eternal happiness shall share, With all the bright and ransomed throng And meet her loving Saviour there.

God grant her early, who loved her well, To profit by her early death, In striving for the perfect peace, That brightens life to latest breath.

Long, selected chair case is used in all chair seating, by Duval, 243 Union street.