EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B. The Subscription price of Progress is Two

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All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors about all was a contributors. tors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. Unless this is done the editor cannot be responsible for their return. The Circulation of this paper is over 9,000

copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section. Its advertising rates are reasonable and can be had on applica-Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns, and villages of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island every Saturday for *Five*

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Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 9.

ABOUT PREACHING.

The proportion of the population which regularly attends church is larger in New Brunswick than in most parts of America, excepting of course the province of Quebec. We have a non-church going class, but it is not influential and scarcely makes its influence felt upon the social fabric. It is not considered respectable to continually absent oneself from church services. This being the case, the people have a right to expect good preaching. Not eloquent preaching necessarily. The time has passed when eloquence counted for much -that is, verbal eloquence, appropriateness of gesture, nicely balanced sentences. Crisp, straight-forward talk is what tells now-a-days. But it is not of the manner of preaching, but the matter of it, that Progress wishes to speak. It may be remarked that people do not want doctrinal or controversial discourses. The great majority do not admit the premises from which the greater part of modern religious doctrine is derived. They know that much which the churches teach is based upon conceptions of the nature and relation of things, so erroneous as to be laughable. Some ministers preach, and some people yet believe that there is, in a direction from this earth which they call "up," a region of bliss, and in another direction, which they call "down," a region of eternal woe. This is a notion that has come down from a period far beyond the beginning of history. People who yet entertain it, do not stop to reflect that in its revolution around its axis, its course around the sun, and its measureless flight through space in company with the other members of the solar system, the world occupies so many different positions, that what is up today may be down tomorrow; that once in every twenty-four hours "up" becomes "down," and vice versa; that if the course of any point upon the surface of the earth could be followed for a few years, it would be found to series of curves in every possible direction.

the pulpit the sentiments they do not hesitate to advance in ordinary conversations, or at least if they intend to remain mediæval

in their pulpit utterances, they will have the courage not to be any more modern in their views expressed in social intercourse.

New Books, Stationery, and Blank Books,

at McArthur's, 80 King street.

MEN AND THINGS.

British Columbia wants the head money on Chinese increased from \$50 to \$100. It is easy to show by argument that our fellow citizens on the Pacific slope are all wrong in this demand; but this case is one of those in which argument is not worth much. Theoretically we ought to remove all restrictions and welcome the Chinese with open arms. We have not a principle of constitutional law or political economy that does not justify such a course; but somehow when the experiment comes to be tried it does not work.

What then? Are our principles wrong? Or must we have one set of principles for white men, and another for yellow men! It is not impossible that the truth is to be found in an affirmative answer to the last question. Travellers tell us of races of men, whose notions of right and wrong are very different from ours. Manifestly to apply the golden rule to our transactions with such people, would be to lay ourselves open to the charges from them, of being either fools a knaves, a political, economic or social principle is valuable only when all parties concerned consent to be bound by it. Hence it may well be that it will not do to be governed, in our transactions with the Chinese, by the same principles as we would recognize in our dealings with the Germans.

General Wolsely has been alarming people recently with suggestions as to what will happen when the Chinese empire awakens from its slumber of centuries. The General is not the first to suggest a possibility of a Mongolian conquest of the world. Such an event is probably a good many years off. We need not begin to learn pigeon English so as to be able to converse with our conquerors.

There is a singular thing in connection with the Chinese. The white race, in its march of conquest, has moved westward. The Chinese, in such motion as they have made, have gone towards the east, although they have had to cross an ocean to do it. With all Central Asia to expand in, they have kept crowded down by the Pacific coast. If they shall, on some future day, set out, as the Caucasian race did two thousand years ago, to follow the setting sun, the future rulers of continental Europe will have a tremendous subject to deal

Central Europe—what a theatre of activity it has been! What race tides have swept across it! What a struggle there has been for supremacy! It seems hard to realize that the issue of a single battle prevented the crescent from being supreme from the Mediterranean to the Baltic. Modern history would have been very different reading if John Zobieski, of Poland. had failed in his great onset against the Moslem invaders.

Poland saved Europe, but Europe failed to save Poland. It is a stern justice that compels the nations of Europe to keep our engraving department, and we think, North America. The contest was confined millions of men in arms to preserve the peace which never would be broken, if Poland had been allowed to stand as an independent nation and a barrier to Russian aggression.

WHAT IS FUN.

Did you ever try to write something funny? If not, try it on and see just how easy it is. A good many people think that consist of an elaborate, though regular, the jokes in a newspaper column are the spontaneous bubblings of some spirit which Many ministers, who apparently read and finds itself greatly tried to keep its humor keep abreast of the times, adhere to Dr. bottled up. They do not know that most Useher's chronology as though it were the of it is written as a regular piece of busivery essence of divine wisdom, and talk of ness, and that a writer of comicalities very 4,004 years being the exact period between often has to be funny when he does not feel the birth of Adam and the birth of Christ, the least bit like it. Nearly everybody on as though the matter were settled beyond a this side of the Atlantic think s Punch is peradventure. They read what modern re- dreary; yet Punch furnishes a good many search has brought to light about the anti- hundreds of thousands, possibly some milquity of the race, but cling to the old idea lions, with their fun. Most Englishmen with unreasonable tenacity. Many men of look aghast at an American joke; but then undoubted intelligence accept as true and a great many American jokes are of rather preach in accordance with their acceptance | a staggering nature. Much that passes that the account given in Genesis of the for humor in America is simply verbal exereation, the flood and the intermediate aggeration; perhaps the bulk of it depends events is absolutely and literally true. for its point upon grotesqueness of expres-That the story, if taken literally, is irrecon- sion. The straight pun is not popular on cilable with itself and out of harmony with this side of the ocean; but it holds a place the discoveries of science, while if it is read of honor in England. English fun is more for what it is, namely, a highly poetical ren- | delicate than American: the latter is the dition of the world legend of the early days | more mirth-provoking. Perhaps there is of the race, but superior to all others in nothing funnier in the world than an Engthat it teaches that there is but one God, it lish attempt to reproduce an American is in accord with all that mankind has re- joke. When they copy it word for word, membered of the past or been able to de- of course they get it all right; but when cipher from the record of nature—these | they try to write it out from memory, it is considerations they ignore. Talk with the most comical thing under the sun. them on Saturday and they will admit that Did anybody ever read a Chinese joke, the old-fashioned notions on these subjects and if so what is it like? cannot be sustained; but they will get into | What sort of things does a Hindoo laugh their pulpits on Sunday and give their at-that is, if they ever laugh? If ARTEhearers a dose of the erroneous stuff, and Mus Ward's lectures were translated into promulgate doctrines founded upon a series | Persian, would the Shah laugh at them? of grotesque misconceptions. Church go- If we could read a Thibetan joke, would it ing people have a right to expect that their excite our risibilities? Not only is there a preachers will have the courage to avow in difference between nationalities, but there is a great one between individuals, as every one knows. "I don't see any fun in that?" says the censorious critic in regard to some trifle. Probably not. Indeed it is to be hoped you do not. Such things were not

written for you. There are all kinds of

people, and there must be all kinds of fun,

effect: "Then all the boys got tight andpeople will think that his being amused at such a poor sample of humor was very much funnier than the "joke" that amused him, but the humor of the composer of the rhyme was not wasted, for it made at least

Our antiquated contemporaries the St. ohn Globe and the Quebec Chronicle are having a discussion more or less interesting to themselves about a proper definition for "society." It would never do to say that neither journal could be supposed to know much about it, because both of the gentlemen who have the good fortune to sit in their editorial chairs are more or less 'society" men. They are indeed in more senses than one, for it is quite generally understood that the Chronicle editor is a member of every royal, geographical, scientific, and any other kind of a society that he can gain entrance to, while the same is true of the Globe man with reference to fraternal organizations. While the Chronicle treats the subject in a light and fanciful vein, the Globe has been more or less worried about society and "society papers" for some time and does not lose any opportunities for ridicule. At one time it is exceedingly democratic and asks for a paper "to represent those not in society" and at another it talks of the "heterogenous &c mixture of names" that appear. These conflicting statements may perhaps be explained by the fact that the Globe has two editors and that their ideas in a social way are probably quite different, still we suppose that both at them as well as their bantering editorial brother of the Chronicle might well be included in what WEB-STER calls "the more cultivated portion of any community in its social relations and influences."

There are many contributors to these columns, some of them excellent, others good, and a few not so good, but there is one class of uniform excellence that we fear do not always get full credit for good work. We refer to the advertisers and their advertisements. Without doubt there is much more care in the preparation of an advertisement now than there has ever been. We find much of the brightest work of a newspaper in its advertisements. There is a variety and directness about them, as a rule, that is attractive. The days of announcements like "new goods; just arrived" have gone by, and the merchant tries to tell something about the goods he has. We think we can fairly assume the credit of changing many advertising methods in this city. The half or full page advertisement was unknown here before Progress started, but it is quite common now; the illustration of advertisements has been greatly encouraged and increased by without any exaggeration, that we can fairly claim the handsomest and the largest quantity of paying advertisements in any paper east of Toronto. This is the season for advertising, and we have pleasure in rity. But few notices were printed and the prize in directing the attention of the public to the fact that there is more new advertising in Progress than in all the daily papers. We believe in good paper and fine ink, and with the best assortment of advertising type in the city, with brainy advertisers who know how to write catchy announcements, we do not find it a hard task to make the great majority of them attractive.

"I agree with Progress perfectly in what it says about the multitude of civic officials," writes one of the heaviest taxpayers in the city, "but what are we going to do about it. 'Kissing goes by favor,' and I have no idea how or when we can get clear of the useless people that crowd about the corporation salary chest."

Strong words, Mr. Taxpayer, but too true. We think, however, that the city can get rid of them; we believe that city government can be honest and impartial if the people will make it so. The city does not need three engineers any more than a man needs three legs. We are paying about \$4,000 every year for work in this one department alone that any good man would do for half that sum at the

The chief superintendent of education has sent a letter to the press for publication, upholding the action of Mr. CREED and his son in reporting the conduct of the student Tessio and giving some further particulars about the regrettable incident. The superintendent's letter will relieve the public's mind from the suspicion that an injustice has been done Tessio, but we doubt if it will go very far toward excusing the tattling informer. Students seldom fail to deal with these matters themselves, and the greatest punishment that can be meted out to any evil-minded one among them is the contempt and boycott of him by his fellows.

The recent dullness in legal circles has been dissipated, and no longer do the young lights of the bar look around them for other lands or other occupations. The and what is amusing to JACK may be sad duel between Judge PALMER and the Bank

folly to JOHN, and the latter may see some- of Montreal bids fair to last some time, thing very tunny in what to the former is and will furnish many with food for reflecunutterable rubbish. Progress remem- tion as well as digestion. It is quite charbers a man who thought the funniest thing acteristic of the judge to give the members he ever heard was a rhyme to the following of the bar as much pleasure and profit as possible out of the transaction, and so far began to fight." Days and weeks after he as the Bank of Montreal is concerned it heard this he would almost go into con- would rather pay a lawyer's bill any day vulsions at the recollection of it. Most than give a discount under eight or ten per

> A correspondent, who by the way has forgotten how to sign his own name, complains of a recent religious ceremony practiced by a sect which numbers only a few in this city. He complains on the ground of brutality, speaks about the S. P. C. A., and suggests that Progress show up the whole affair. Might we in return suggest to him that if any company of respectable people desire to carry out the customs of their race and their creed that it should not concern him or us-in other words, it is none of our business.

> We only know of one dismissal in writing more to the point than the brief formula conveyed by the chief to his six officers last week. It was addressed quite recently to the head clerk of a city establishment and ran something after this fashion: "Mr. -, I have no further use for you."

Our Windsor correspondent notes the fact that for every hour a student remains out of college after midnight he contributes one dollar to the registrar's funds. Happy thought! There should be nothing the matter with the finances of King's college, unless the silken rope ladder is more effective than it used to be.

The reported "confession" of PREEPER published in Halifax last Saturday, turns out to be a large sized "fake." It will now be in order for our esteemed contemporary

The two bosses of the North End have gone to Ottawa. The guards about the treasury vaults should be doubled.

It is easier for some men to postpone payments upon accounts with money in the bank than to settle it. Collectors meet these instances every day and they come to know the people who say "call next week" with as much glibness as a servant does "not at home." They know, moreover, that next week means next month really, and that the debtor has no idea of paying the account before he has called half a dozen times. Then he "antes up" cheerfully, adding nothing for worn shoe leather. He is almost a match for the advertiser who runs a "checking system," and whenever a bill reaches him discovers all at once that some of the papers are missing. He gains time by writing that missing papers asked for have not been sent, and that as soon as that is done the check will arrive as fast as her majesty's mail will carry it. All of which is amusing if not annoying, for in nine out of ten cases the publisher hears for the first time about missing copies: he is put to much trouble and further correspondence-all to gain a "slow pay" some more time. But there is quite a lesson in human nature

But speaking of advertisers and agents the worldknown firm of advertising middlemen, Rowells, recently concocted a somewhat gigantic scheme of free advertising for a new publication of theirs. They offered \$500 for the best notice of the publication printed in any to the newspapers and those connected with them and as many trials could be had as the competitors wished. There were various consoling second prizes, but in spite of the golden bait the editorial fish did not rise with any degree of alacthe end was won by the publisher of a "joke" story paper. This firm of agents is ever preaching against anything but "legitimate" advertising. It is surprising that they should encourage the hated "puff" in such a princely fashion.

Canadian Pacific railway, has located in the Times become thoroughly acquainted gave it the full benefit of his ripe experience and

There is a curious inconsistency among some advertising agents. Rowell is always preaching that the papers with "one price" can be counted upon the fingers of your hands, and his facts and arguments are ever aimed at the publisher and in the interests of the advertiser. He boasts that he gets lower than the lowest prices and takes occasion when he can to compliment his agency because it pays a correct bill promptly. Just now, however, he is advertising credit advertising, offering to take notes due six months hence for space used in those papers which patronized his American Newspaper Directory. His agreement with the publisher is to the effect that their announcements in his directory will be

Young hopeful-"Pa, there was a naughty boy

something I had never seen the like of before." Stern parent—"I won't have my son's morals corrupted in this manner. I'll have him brought before the principal and superintendent, and he shall be expelled from the school.' Stern parent carries out his threat, and the bad

Young Hopeful—(aside) "I hope father is not so green as to think I know nothing about those things. I enjoyed the fun first rate, but didn't like the

The Mayflower.

Comes in wavelets o'er the hills, And the crimson-breasted robin On the hedge his gay song trills; In the meadows, in the woodlands Peeping shyly through its bower, Gleams a dainty waxen blossom

Near the bank of stream and river, Where the soft winds come and go, And the tall reeds bend and quiver In the mirrored depths below; Blooming in the quiet country, Tended not by earthly hand, Sweetest flower of the land.

Some may choose such rare æsthetics As the lily and the rose; But to me this modest wilding Is the choicest bud that blows, And it proves, in its own beauty, That some fair things live and die In the most remote of places, And unseen by mortal eye.

JOSEPHINE THOMPSON.

Applicable to St. John. Sweet day, so bright, so clear, so warm;

"That all you caught?" asked Jones' wife, And quite amazed the lady looked-

No smaller trout was ever hooked.

"But what of those that got away After a long and gallant fight?' "The truth compels me, dear, to say, I didn't have another bite."

The Old, Old Story.

SPRING. We have the finest catcher in the land; Our second baseman's really out of sight; Our pitcher can send curves with either hand The gentlemen who play at first and third

AUTUMN. Our pitcher is sick and our catcher is lame; Our short stop is playing a very poor game; The man on the second has injured his knee: Our big center fielder is off on a spree; What ails the four others no doctor can tell,

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

Roy V. Somerville, who until the first of April had charge of the advertising department of the building in New York city as sole United States representative of a "preferred list of Canadian newspapers." Mr. Somerville's opportunities to press of Canada have been many and he has made the most of them. He is a practical printer, and for some years in Ontario successfully conducted a newspaper. It was at that time that he presided over the Ontario press association, and vigorous opinions. His wide acquaintance with the newspapers of Canada was greatly added to by his connection with the C. P. Railway which usually bestows its patronage where it will do it the most good. His position was a good one, but the original idea of representing a "preferred list of Canadian papers for United States advertising" took hold upon him, and today he is located in New York with the very best newspapers in Canada behind him. He has succeeded in enlisting the cooperation of such papers as the Globe and Empire of Toronto, and others like them throughout Canada from Halifax to Vancouver. Among the illustrated high class weeklies in the list are Saturday Night of Toronto, Wives and Daughters of London

taken out in advertising at their net card rates. Two of Mr. Rowell's pet ideas seem to be outraged by this, viz.: he is confined to a certain list of newspapers and he pays card rates!

A Fredericton Incident.

at our school today, showing a bad picture."
Stern parent—"What was it?"
Young hopeful—Oh! I dassent tell, but

fellow, and this gave me a good chance to get rid of him. I expect a prize of a bible from my Sabbath school teacher for teaching the school a great moral lesson—President, White Cross League—Hooray!" -Butlers Journal.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

When the first warm breath of springtime

Full of fragrance, the mayflower.

Blushing pink, when kissed by sunshine,

HALF A DOZEN RHYMES.

But still, however much you charm, I'm going to wear my overcoat.

A Man of Truth.

"That's all," said Jones, "and on my life.

Our shert stop's play will fill you with delight Are just the men to cover either spot, And it would be most perfectly absurd To look for better fielders than we've got.

But in other respects we are doing quite well. Sour Grapes. Oh, yes, she's quite a pretty girl,

And has a pleasant way, But there are maidens that for looks Can beat her any day. I know that others think her sweet, But that's not strange, you see:

Until she soured on me The Faith that Moves Mountains.

I'd rather be a Hardshell, And with the Gosper fed Than to be the king of England With a crown upon my head.

I used to think her sweet myself

I'd rather be a Hardshell, And hear the Gospel sound. Than be the greatest statesman That walks upon the ground.

I'd rather be a Hardshell,

And suffer all reproach,
Than be a railroad President
And riding in his coach. I'd rather be a Hardshell, And with a little few. Than be a high-tide Baptist

Hunting for something new. I've been a Hardshell many years, In truth as well as name, I want to live a Hardshell,

I want to die the same. To the Stub Pen.

Though received with reprehension By the copy-book pretension, Who call it an invention Of the most atrocious kind; Yet its pointless bi-partition fields more mental ammunition Than the sharp and shrill condition Of its predecessor's grind.

As a source of inspiration, For the ease of its gyration, As a means of liquidation For genius to impel; As a tool of malediction, Or to do away with friction. We cry with firm conviction "It has no parallel!"

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

Lord Dufferin, l'ex-vice roi des Indes, en pronançant dernièrement un discours devant les étudiants du collège de St. Andrews, a insisté sur la nécessité pour la jeunesse Anglaise d'étudier les langues étrangères. Entre toutes, a-t-il dit, il en est une qui est indispensable c'est la langue Française.

Pour un homme comme Lord Dufferin, qui voyage partout, il est bien nécessaire de connaître les idiomes étrangers, et pour tout autre c'est aussi une bonne chose de les comprendre, car dans l'étude des langues ce n'est pas seulement une question de mots plus ou moins variés qui réclame notre attention, mais c'est plutôt une considération des différences de race de moeurs, etc. Une langue est sans doute l'expression la plus exacte d'un peuple, et pour bien omprendre une nation il faut en comprendre la langue-mère ce merveilleux véhicule de la pensée que s'est créé le peuple de chaque nation.

On peut acquérir la connaissance de l'art dune nation par l'étude de sa sculpture sa peinture, etc., mais ici ce ne sont que les artistes qui s'expriment; pour toucher au coeur même d'un peuple il faut en étudier la langue à fond. Voltaire dit que pour chaque langue qu'un homme

connaït il en devient d'autant plus un homme, et on suppose que cela est aussi vrai de la femme, ce mot me ayant repris de nos jours son ancienne signification latine qui comprenait aussi la femme.
Un petit cercle ici à St. John, est de l'opinion de
Lord Dufferin, non seulement au sujet du Français mais aussi de l'allemand. Cette vérité, toujours évidente, ne l'a jamais été davantage que vendredi soir passé à l'occasion de la réunion Franco-allemande qui a eu lieu chez Mlle. Dever. Beaucoup de per sonnes se sont réunies ce soir là pour assister à la représentation de deux petites comédies que les élèves d'allemand et de Française de l'école de lan gues ont jouées. Ces pièces ont été en préparation pendant plusiers semaines et suivant le verdict des spectateurs les efforts des acteurs ont eu le succè qu'ils ont mérité. On ne peut guère dire laquelle les comédies a le mieux plu aux spectateurs, peut être était-ce l'allemande; on a sans doute trouvé la pièce Française trop courte. Il est probable qu'il y

An Omission Noticed.

aura avant longtemps d'autres soirées de ce genre

en même temps les réunions ordinaires continueront

UNE ELEVE.

To the Editor of PROGRESS: In the accounts the last concert at the Church of England Institute, your correspondents overlooked a part that the audience-if one can judge from the applause and the criticisms-considered the best in the programme. I refer to the number given by Miss Sharp. I am an inveterate concert-goer, but I have never heard better singing in Halifax. Miss Sharp's voice is a sweet, full soprano, and she sings with the have been a funny sight. Scores of horses, exquisite finish that marks the true artist. In re- dragging wagons through the snow, or sponse to the heartiest encore of the evening, Miss Sharp sang "Home, Sweet Home," which delighted the audience even more than the first song.

Miss Sharp is a stranger in Halifax, and is from
Woodstock, N. B. She has studied music several
years under the best masters in Paris and New
York. One of the committee knowing of her musical ability persuaded her to sing at the concert. It seems strange that both of your correspondents should have failed to mention what was evidently

Halifax, May 5. The prices of Wilkins & Sands for Painting and Graining are very reasonable.-Union

such a welcome addition to the programme

CHARLOTTETOWN.

[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown at T. L. Chappelle's bookstore and by S. Gray.]

MAY 5 .- I'm afraid you will find my letter uncommonly dull this week, for there seems to be a lull in society events just now. "La grippe" is still a guest in many families, but the weather is warm and bright; the steamers are running regularly, so that we almost believe summer has come, and we are indeed "out of the woods." People are talking of picnics, excursions to the country, and even of strawberry testivals, so that with tennis tournaments, base and foot ball matches, we will soon be

launched again upon the sea of gaiety. Judge Mrs. and Miss Hensley left us on Thursday last for a lengthy visit to England. They sailed from Halifax on Saturday, followed by many good wishes for a pleasant trip.

Mr. Arthur Weeks' many friends are glad to see him out again, after his serious attack of "La

grippe."
Miss Baby Bartlett gave a very delightful party to her young friends on Friday evening.

Rev. James Carruthers has returned from Halifax looking remarkably well after his trip.

The many friends of Mrs. William Scott regret to

hear of her serious illness. Hon. George Forbes, of Vernon River, is visiting

The community were shocked and grieved to hear of Bishop McIntyre's sudden death on Friday evening. He was much beloved by all classes and creeds, and the city is in mourning over the sad event. The funeral, which took place on Sunday afternoon, was attended by thousands of people, and the illustrious bishop was lovingly laid to rest, full of years and

Mr. George F. Robinson's numerous friends rejoice to know he has fully recovered from his indis-position, and will be able to resume his duties soon. Mr. and Mrs. Hector McLeod, of "East Royalty," are seriously ill with la grippe.

What might have proved a serious accident happened last week. Mr. Edward Chandler was out

on horseback, when his horse stumbled and fell, throwing the rider over his head. Fortunately, outside of being badly shaken up, Mr. Chandler

escaped injury.

Miss Lucy Palmer is visiting the city, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Edward Palmer.

Dr. R. D. McLaughlan has arrived home from New York.
Miss Hanford is suffering from la grippe at government house.

Dr. Jenkins is again seriously ill, but his many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. John Richards has gone to England, where she will remain until the autumn. Mr. D. C. Edwards, of Halifax, is visiting the Rev. F. W. Moore is about leaving for Bermuda,

where he will spend several weeks.

Their Lordships, Bishop Sweeney, of St. John,
Bishop Rogers, of Chatham, and Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, were in the city on Sunday, attending the funeral of the late Bishop McIntyre. Dr. Muttart, of Souris, paid Charlottetown a

flying visit last week. Miss Maggie Scott is about leaving us to take up her residence in Boston. Her numerous friends here regret her departure, but wish her every happimess in her new home.

Mr. Henry J. Cundall intends leaving for England in a few days, where he will visit friends.

Mr. S. M. Bent, of the Summerside Journal, was

in the city on Sunday.

Prof. Tanton has issued a large number of invitations for a musical soirce, which comes off in St. Patrick's Hall on Thursday evening.

The death of Mr. A. H. McPherson, late city clerk of Charlottetown, which occured at his residence, Prince street on Saturday morning, is deeply regretted. He passed peacefully to rest after a long illness, and much sympathy is felt for

the bereaved ones.

Mrs. Haws is about leaving us for a visit to her brother in Virginia. We all wish her a pleasant trip, and hope she may soon come home again. I notice a dear little cage being prepared for a dear little bird on Prince street, and very soon another of those pleasing events will take place,

when a popular young man and a charming maiden will be made happy.

Mr. E. Moore, who has been attending Philadelphia Medical College, returned home on Monday

The sad news of Senator Haythorne's serious illness at Ottawa was heard with deep regret in Char-Sunday was almost like a June day, so my chum

and I strolled out to the "park," which is about a mile from the city. It is rather a rough spot, with some wooden seats and roads through the trees, which are termed "carriage drives." In one part is a football ground, in another the tennis courts, and as it faces the harbor it is not a bad place at all on a hot July day. We used to have a short pleasant tramp to this spot through Government House grounds, but for some good reason of his own the governor has seen fit to have the gateway closed, the fence boarded up, and we are left to console ourselves and each other with the assurance that "the longest way round is the surest way home." I hear the boys have great fun dodging the "keeper," who is assisted in the discharge of his duties by two "able-bodied females!" "Oh! tis easy enough to upset that old chap," I overheard one youth say to his companion; "What!" said the other, "and him with two women for bodyguards? No! you don't get me into any scrape like that! Why they'd scratch your eyes out in five seconds;" whereupon they climbed the fence and made good their retreat by the shore route! Would it not be a bright idea to start tennis? Some of the members of the club are weary waiting, I fancy, for last evening, while passing the residence of a leading merchant of this community, I heard shouts of laughter proceeding from the back yard, and, peeping over the fence I saw tennis in all its beauty. A lady and gentleman were playing with a child's rubber ball. She had a small-sized snow shovel for a racquet; he a bat; while a clothes line formed a net! I laughed—who could help it? But, in the face of this fact, I'm sure we should have the courts marked off and begin playing without further delay

"A Pair of Kids."

A Pair of Kids is billed as the opening attraction at Mechanics Institute on Thursday and Friday next. The author and star in the play, Mr. Ezra Kendall, has won high rank in the States as an ec centric comedian, his character of "Jiles Button" having been pronounced a "Salon Shingle," "Uncle Dan'l" and "Josh Whitcomb" boiled into one. It has had a successful run of six years, having been played continuously in all the large cities of tee States from Boston to San Francisco, including Toronto and Quebec in the Dominion. It is the story laughably told of the typical "down east Yankee" who visits New York for the first time and gets himself into all the awkward situations that may be imagined, and has the reputation of being very funny. Mr. Kendall's comedy is of the grotesquely humorous order that furnishes innocent amusement for all who see and like the funny side of life. ment for all who see and like the funny side of life, and he comes supported by his old company of favorites. Miss Jennie Dunn, the former "Little Josephine" of Haverly's famous juvenile Pinafore company, is also in the cast. Whatever may be the merits of A Pair of Kids it is certain that in the States there have been no more successful comedy in late years, and our theatre-goers are therefore justified in looking for a laughing treat.

Nothing Dull or Prosy. We read every word in Progress each week. In s varied departments there is always something to interest everybody. Nothing dull or prosy about it, but independent, straightforward, bright and breezy.—Butler's Journal.

Horses in Spectacles.

One of the curious effects of the unwonted cold weather in Europe during the past winter was observed in Austrian Moravia, where the inhabitants are said to be very fond of their horses, and humanely inclined toward them.

For many weeks the ground in Moravia was covered with a thick coating of snow. As this was unusual, and the people found that their own eyes were unpleasantly affected by the intense whiteness of the snow, it occurred to them that their harses must be affected in the same way, and needed protection for their eyes.

The farmers, therefore, procured quantities of goggles and spectacles with black, blue or green glass, which they tied over their horses' eyes whenever they went out.

A market day in Moravia during the prevalence of the great snow is said to else improvised sleds and sledges were seen in the streets, and nearly every horse had on a pair of blue or green spectacles.

The white horses were especially comical, and if they possessed a sense of the ridiculous, as some horses are thought to do, perhaps they wished that they were black or chestnut, for on colored horses the glasses were not so conspicuous.

Right now, have your Painting done.—Wilkins & Sands, Union St.