

PROGRESS.

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 Dollars per annum, in advance. Renewal Subscriptions.—At least one clear week is required by us, after receiving your subscription, to change the date of expiration, which appears opposite your name on the paper. Let two weeks pass before you write about it, then be sure to send the name of the Post Office, how the money was sent, and how it was addressed. Discontinuances.—Except in very few localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of three cents per copy up to February 7, and five cents per copy after that date. In every case be sure and give your Post Office address. 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 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 circulation rates are reasonable and can be had on application. Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every village, town, and city, and in every village of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island every Saturday for Five Cents each. Liberal Commissions will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men with references, can secure territory, by writing to the publisher. Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, 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, 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 consist of an elaborate, though regular, series of curves in every possible direction. Many ministers, who apparently read and keep abreast of the times, adhere to Dr. USENER'S chronology as though it were the very essence of divine wisdom, and talk of 4,004 years being the exact period between the birth of ADAM and the birth of CHRIST, as though the matter were settled beyond a peradventure. They read what modern research has brought to light about the antiquity of the race, but cling to the old idea with unreasonable tenacity. Many men of undoubted intelligence accept as true and preach in accordance with their acceptance that the account given in Genesis of the creation, the flood and the intermediate events is absolutely and literally true. That the story, if taken literally, is irreconcilable with itself and out of harmony with the discoveries of science, while if it is read for what it is, namely, a highly poetical rendition of the world legend of the early days of the race, but superior to all others in that it teaches that there is but one God, it is in accord with all that mankind has remembered of the past or been able to decipher from the record of nature—these considerations they ignore. Talk with them on Saturday and they will admit that the old-fashioned notions on these subjects cannot be sustained; but they will get into their pulpits on Sunday and give their hearers a dose of the erroneous stuff, and promulgate doctrines founded upon a series of grotesque misconceptions. Church-going people have a right to expect that their preachers will have the courage to avow in the pulpit the sentiments they do not hesitate to advance in ordinary conversations, or at least if they intend to remain medieval in their pulpit utterances, they will have the courage not to be any more modern in their views expressed in social intercourse.

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 on 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 with.

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 be very different reading if John Zobiaeki, 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 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.

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 or 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.

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 our engraving department, and we think, 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 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.

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 means 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 in it.

By speaking of advertisers and agents of the world-known 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 newspaper in North America. The contest was confined to the newspapers and those connected with them and as many trials could be had as the competitors wished. There were various consoling prizes, but in spite of the golden bait the editorial staff did not rise with any degree of alacrity. But few notices were printed and the prize in the 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.

Roy V. Somerville, who until the first of April had charge of the advertising department of the Canadian Pacific railway, has located in the Times building in New York city as sole United States representative of a "preferred list of Canadian newspapers." Mr. Somerville's opportunities to become thoroughly acquainted with the 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 gave it the full benefit of his ripe experience 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, Week and Daughters of London and PROGRESS.

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 his announcements in his directory will be 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!

Young hopeful—"Pa, there was a naughty boy at our school today, showing a bad picture." Stern parent—"What was it?" Young hopeful—"Oh! I darsent tell, but it was 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 my boy brought before the principal and superintendent, and he shall be expelled from the school." Stern parent carries out his threat, and the bad boy is evicted without judge or jury.

Young Hopeful—"I hope father is not so free with his money as he seems to be." Stern parent—"I know you have my son's morals corrupted in this manner. I'll have my boy brought before the principal and superintendent, and he shall be expelled from the school." Stern parent carries out his threat, and the bad boy is evicted without judge or jury.

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 duel between Judge PALMER and the Bank

of Montreal bids fair to last some time, and will furnish many with food for reflection as well as digestion. It is quite characteristic of the judge to give the members of the bar as much pleasure and profit as possible out of the transaction, and so far as the Bank of Montreal is concerned it would rather pay lawyer's bill any day than give a discount under eight or ten per cent.

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."

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 to own up.

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 means 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 in it.

By speaking of advertisers and agents of the world-known 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 newspaper in North America. The contest was confined to the newspapers and those connected with them and as many trials could be had as the competitors wished. There were various consoling prizes, but in spite of the golden bait the editorial staff did not rise with any degree of alacrity. But few notices were printed and the prize in the 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.

Roy V. Somerville, who until the first of April had charge of the advertising department of the Canadian Pacific railway, has located in the Times building in New York city as sole United States representative of a "preferred list of Canadian newspapers." Mr. Somerville's opportunities to become thoroughly acquainted with the 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 gave it the full benefit of his ripe experience 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, Week and Daughters of London and PROGRESS.

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 his announcements in his directory will be 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!

Young hopeful—"Pa, there was a naughty boy at our school today, showing a bad picture." Stern parent—"What was it?" Young hopeful—"Oh! I darsent tell, but it was 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 my boy brought before the principal and superintendent, and he shall be expelled from the school." Stern parent carries out his threat, and the bad boy is evicted without judge or jury.

Young Hopeful—"I hope father is not so free with his money as he seems to be." Stern parent—"I know you have my son's morals corrupted in this manner. I'll have my boy brought before the principal and superintendent, and he shall be expelled from the school." Stern parent carries out his threat, and the bad boy is evicted without judge or jury.

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.

of Montreal bids fair to last some time, and will furnish many with food for reflection as well as digestion. It is quite characteristic of the judge to give the members of the bar as much pleasure and profit as possible out of the transaction, and so far as the Bank of Montreal is concerned it would rather pay lawyer's bill any day than give a discount under eight or ten per cent.

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."

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 to own up.

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

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

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 means 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 in it.

By speaking of advertisers and agents of the world-known 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 newspaper in North America. The contest was confined to the newspapers and those connected with them and as many trials could be had as the competitors wished. There were various consoling prizes, but in spite of the golden bait the editorial staff did not rise with any degree of alacrity. But few notices were printed and the prize in the 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.

Roy V. Somerville, who until the first of April had charge of the advertising department of the Canadian Pacific railway, has located in the Times building in New York city as sole United States representative of a "preferred list of Canadian newspapers." Mr. Somerville's opportunities to become thoroughly acquainted with the 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 gave it the full benefit of his ripe experience 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, Week and Daughters of London and PROGRESS.

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 his announcements in his directory will be 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!

Young hopeful—"Pa, there was a naughty boy at our school today, showing a bad picture." Stern parent—"What was it?" Young hopeful—"Oh! I darsent tell, but it was 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 my boy brought before the principal and superintendent, and he shall be expelled from the school." Stern parent carries out his threat, and the bad boy is evicted without judge or jury.

Young Hopeful—"I hope father is not so free with his money as he seems to be." Stern parent—"I know you have my son's morals corrupted in this manner. I'll have my boy brought before the principal and superintendent, and he shall be expelled from the school." Stern parent carries out his threat, and the bad boy is evicted without judge or jury.

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.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Mayflower. When the first warm breath of springtime Comes in wailets 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, Gleans a dainty waxen blossom Full of fragrance, the mayflower. 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 corner, Tended not by earthly hand, Blushing pink, when kissed by sunshine, Sweetest flower of the land.

Some may choose such rare aesthetics 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. Fredericton. JOSEPHINE THOMPSON.

HALF A DOZEN RHYMES.

Applicable to St. John. Sweet day, so bright, so clear, so warm; That summer's near us you denote; But still, however much you charm, I'm going to wear my overcoat.

A Man of Truth. "That all you caught?" asked Jones' wife, And quite amazed the lady looked; "That's all," said Jones, "and on my life, 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. We have the finest catcher in the land; Our second basemen's really out of sight; Our pitcher can send curves with either hand; Our short stop's play will fill you with delight; The gentlemen who play at first and third Are just the men to cover either spot, And it would be most perfectly absurd To look for better fielders than we've got.

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 all the four others no doctor can tell, But in other respects we are doing quite well.

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 all the four others no doctor can tell, But in other respects we are doing quite well.

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; I used to think her sweet myself Until she soured on me.

The Faith that Moves Mountains. I'd rather be a Hardshell, And with the Gospel fed, Than be the king of England, With a crown upon my head.

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, And as well as I can, I want to live a Hardshell, I want to die the same.

Though received with reprehension By the copy-book and the stationer, Who call it an invention Of the most atrocious kind; Yet its pointless bl partition yields more useful 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 prononçant 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 dire 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 qu'il réclame notre attention, mais c'est plutôt une considération des différences de race de mœurs, etc. Une langue est sans doute l'expression la plus exacte d'un peuple, et pour bien comprendre une nation il faut en comprendre la langue—mère ce merveilleux véhicule de la pensée que s'est créé le peuple de chaque nation, assésier à la nation par l'étude de sa sculpture, sa peinture, etc., mais ici ce ne sont que les artistes qui s'expriment; pour toucher au cœur même d'un peuple il faut en étudier la langue à fond.

Voltaire dit que pour chaque langue qu'un homme connaît il en devient d'autant plus un homme, et on suppose que cela est aussi vrai de la femme, ce mot homme ayant repris de nos jours son ancienne signification latine qui veut dire un homme et une femme. Un petit cercle 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 personnes se sont réunies ce soir-là, assistés à la représentation de deux petites comédies que les élèves d'allemand et de Française de l'école de langues ont jouées. Ces pièces ont été en préparation pendant plusieurs semaines et suivant le verdict des spectateurs les efforts des acteurs ont eu le succès qu'ils ont mérité. On ne peut guère dire langue des comédies à la mieux plus aux spectateurs, peut-être était-ce l'allemand; ou à sans doute trouvés la pièce Française trop courte. Il est probable qu'il y aura avant longtemps d'autres soirées de ce genre; en même temps les réunions ordinaires continueront de se tenir en semaine. UNK ELEYE.

An Omission Noted.

To the Editor of PROGRESS: In the accounts of 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 exquisite finish that marks the true artist. In response 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 such a welcome addition to the programme. Halifax, May 5. L. A. J.

The prices of Wilkins & Sands for Painting and Graining are very reasonable—Union street.

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 festivals, 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 friends in the city. 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 honor.

Mr. George F. Robinson's numerous friends rejoice to know he has fully recovered from his indisposition, 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. A young man, Chauser, was out on horseback, when his horse stumbled and fell, throwing the rider over his head. Fortunately, outside of being badly shaken up, Mr. Chauser escaped injury. Miss Lucy Palmer is visiting the city, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Edward Palmer.

Dr. R. D. McLaughlin has arrived home from New York. Miss Hanford is suffering from la grippe at government house. Dr. Jenkin 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. Dr. D. C. Edwards, of Halifax, is visiting the city. Rev. F. W. Moore is about leaving for Bermuda, where he will spend several weeks.

Our friends, Messrs. W. W. Moore, 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. Duffin, of Souris, paid Charlottetown a flying visit last week. Miss Maggie Scott is about leaving us to take up her residence in Antigonish. Her numerous friends regret her departure, but wish her every happiness 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 soiree, which comes off in St. Patrick's Hall on Thursday evening.

The death of Mr. A. H. McPherson, late city clerk of Charlottetown, which occurred at his residence, Prince of Georges 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 bird 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 husband and wife.

Mr. E. Moore, who has been attending Philadelphia Medical College, returned home on Monday evening. The sad news of Senator Haythorne's serious illness at Ottawa was heard with deep regret in Charlottetown.

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 terraced carriage drives, and some part a football ground, in about 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, and on Saturday morning we found 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 in our own way.

"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 fellows." "Oh! 'tis easy enough to upset that old chap," I overheard one youth say to his companion; "What!" said the other, "with two women for bodyguards? No! you don't get me into any scrape like that! They'd scratch your eyes out in five seconds;" whereupon they climbed the fence and made good their escape. I don't think it would 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 our 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 racket; 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 out and begin playing without further delay. JACK.

"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 eccentric comedian, his character of "Jiles Button" having been produced in Boston, San Francisco, "Ethel Dan!" and "Josh Whitcomb!" and so on. He has had a successful run of six years, having been played continuously in all the