

Poor "Boydell," the "muddler," drops in for his share, too. As far as we can make out he was once a parson, and now musician and chief of the S. P. C., in which latter business he "struck oil," and consequently became so unimaginable that he would neither permit a man to give his horse a drink or his cat a kick." Tom seems to think it an infringement on the rights of free citizens to prevent a man kicking his cat. What has Mr. Naylor to say about it?

The little bit of wordly wisdom that closes the chapter is rather superfluous on this side of the Atlantic. "Don't think of a single art," says Tom, "but that of making money, for that alone shall bring a man peace at last." You might have spared your breath, Tom!

In the last few chapters Mr. Trim apparently gets rather hustled and tired of writing. Perhaps he knocked off the whole thing in one night, and was getting sleepy. At any rate his account of journals is very weak, and the pittance he deals out on the subject of society proper is mere milk and water. Among the leading Charlottetown papers he mentions particularly the *Howler*, which spends most of its energies going for the *Spouter*, which latter is supported by "many of the best fellows in the place—the fellows, I mean, who know where to find in the dark the drugstore with a backdoor." Those who have travelled at all in this extremely temperance country will understand the allusion. Then there are the *Romebird* and the *Spy*, who both "devote all their valuable time and space to the consideration of the great question of pence—the one to Peter's Pence and the other to the Pence of Peters. "They are unanimous in their praise of that great apostle of religious liberty who used to swear so much, Mr. Luther, I think they call him. They enjoy a circulation of from 25 to 30 copies each a week." Lastly, there is the *Guardian Angel*, which "has horns, as everybody knows, but only shows them at odd times—that is, when it will pay or be politic to do so." "It has been said that it has just killed the poor Bishop of Nova Scotia with kindness (?)" Don't flatter yourself, or the *Angel* either, Mr. Tom, our bishop is a stronger man than you think for; it is hard work and bad living when travelling on duty that have upset him, and not anything that any rag in Charlottetown may have said about him.

Here is one thing that would do for Halifax,—“The children are growing beautifully less, and men and women of two feet nothing, are taking their places. Parents don't seem to know the first thing about bringing up children.” Not that we think much of Tom Trim, but he lets fall a word of wisdom occasionally, in the midst of pages of rubbish. Here again: “the young men are all dudes, and there isn't one who doesn't wear a cloak with a cape. Nobody wore them until a youthful dude came along from Montreal, who wore a cloak with a cape, and smoked a cigarette; since his advent both are all the rage.” Those dudish boys are described as spending their time and money on billiards and liquors, and not seldom taking a drop too much to drink. None of our young hopefuls go so far as that, of course! And some of the older men are, in Tom's opinion, not much better, and yet are not cut by the ladies. Shame on you, Charlottetown, we can hardly believe it of you! It is a relief to hear that you still have “many old men whose years are marked by honorable deeds and constant well-doings.”

And now for the ladies,—“when the warships come, how meek and quiet they grow; they don't budge out of the house; they don't go about the streets and speak loudly so that everybody can hear them; they don't give six parties a day; they don't run after the Jack Tars; they don't invite them to their homes; they don't carry on like maniacs”—and so on. *Don't* they really? well, to tell the honest truth, that is just about what they *do* in Halifax.

By way of a finish, there is just a page about lawyers, “who back one another with a beautiful unanimity in salting client, plaintiff and defendant with fees and costs.” Tom was so dry pumped

by the time he came to the lawyers, that he had to dish up the old, old yarn about not having enough brains to be a lawyer, and apply it to himself. As he “will be heard of again before long,” we hope he will inform us what profession he found he *had* enough brains for. Au revoir, Tom!

We do not at all admire the tone of “W. E. W.'s.” letter on College Degrees in Wednesday's *Echo*, nor can we ever appreciate this roundabout way of saying nasty things. If anyone in New York disapproves of the recent action of King's College, and thinks the matter of sufficient public importance to devote a column in a daily paper to it, why not state the exact grounds of complaint, and enter a direct protest? As it is, many of those interested in the College do not know what W. E. W. is talking about, and those who do are disgusted at the underhand way in which the charge is made.

Concerning these same Honorary Degrees, we were at first inclined to think that the conferment of such a large number at the Encoenia last year was a mistaken policy, and would tend to lessen their value in the eyes of the public; but on further analysis it appeared that each recipient had a distinct claim on the College, and also that the Council had no intention of again giving so many at one time until the next Centenary. Of course King's, like every other college, looks after its own interests, but we certainly failed to discover any unworthy motive in any one case; the “value received” consisting as a rule of real solid work during the best part of a lifetime, such as deserves to be rewarded, all the world over.

To-morrow St. John *Progress* increases its number of pages from 8 to 16, and its price from three cents to five cents. From a small beginning *Progress*, true to its name, has made its way slowly and surely, until to-day it stands in the front rank of Maritime Provinces journalism. The Society jottings from the numerous centres where *Progress* has correspondents, have, of course, no great literary value, but are chatty and exhaustive. But the leader and original columns of the paper are of a very different stamp. They are frequently up to magazine standard, and it is a matter of regret that their life is so ephemeral. The workmanship and general get-up of the paper is highly creditable to St. John. We wish the journal every success on its enlargements.

*Progress*, whose late correspondent “Halifax” was rather dilatory in his duties, has secured the services of one “Iris,” evidently a member of the fair and fickle sex, whose lucubrations, in length at any rate, are worthy of the importance of the city. We have noticed that in one or two cases, “Iris” has “got off the track.” Whoever you are, “Iris,” we hope to see your weekly contributions for some time yet.

The near approach of Lent rather hurried things up on Monday and Tuesday, and perhaps the private carnival suffered more than anything else. In spite of the fact that the theatre was crammed, and there were other private entertainments on the tapis, the ice was well covered, and the promenades far from empty, which is pretty good proof that a good many people were getting ready for Lent.

Mr. Lytell's benefit at the academy on Monday drew the biggest house seen this winter. Mr. Lytell received an enthusiastic reception, which everybody felt had been well-earned; his speech was well-turned, though he does not set up for being an orator. The performance went off without a hitch, though Mr. West's part was not well chosen. Mr. Lytell's rendering of *Con* was excellent in every way, and will leave a favourable impression that all the Lenten abstinences will fail to erase from the minds of Halifax play-goers. Capt. Marshall, in the very appropriate part of Capt. Molyneux, was a strong addition to the company; it is not, as a rule, a wise thing for a soldier to attempt a soldier's part on the stage, as it is the most difficult thing in the world to be *natural*, but Capt. Marshall filled his part to perfection, and delighted a house which is inclined to be very critical