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# PROGRESS.

MONEY AND EXPERIENCE  
Will be gained and nothing lost by the boys  
who enter  
"PROGRESS" PRIZE COMPETITION.  
Tell your young friends about it.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## DO NOT BE SURPRISED.

ALWAYS TAKE EVERYTHING COOLLY  
AND CALMLY.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith's Genuine Surprise Party—People Who Go Through the House From Cellar to Garret Unasked—A Domestic Scene.

There are some people in this world who are so delightfully informal, so social in their instincts, as well as in their manners and customs, that they don't even like to put their friends to the trouble of opening the door for them when they call. They "just run in themselves, you know!" without the senseless formality of knocking first to announce their arrival; and if they don't chance to find you in the parlor or dining-room, they pursue their investigations, first into the kitchen and scullery, with a cursory glance down the cellar stairs; and passing from the descending to the ascending scale, they penetrate even the sacred precincts of the bed-rooms, and when they have unearthed their victim, display an innocent pride in their own cleverness in running the quarry to ground, that makes the helpless victim long to fall upon them and smite them, until they supplicate for mercy.

There is no doubt in the world that friendship is the wine of life, and it must be a very pleasant sound to a lady who is sitting in her cheerful little den in the upper hall, sewing, to hear the voice of her favorite sister or bosom friend call from the foot of the stairs, "Are you there, Mary? I'm coming up." But how different the sensation when she hears Mrs. Jones from across the street wending her leisurely way through the kitchen, peeping into the pantry en route, and noting that the dining-room has not been swept, not that Mrs. Jones has the slightest idea of being anything but friendly; far from it! She thinks she is doing a praiseworthy act in saving her hostess the trouble of coming down stairs, having never laid to heart the time-honored maxim, into which the sufferings, as well as the wisdom, of generations has been crystallized, "Every man's house is his castle." For surely it will never do to let only "an Englishman" claim that blessed privilege; the proverb should be cosmopolitan. I am convinced that that wise speech was not any sudden inspiration of genius, like "Tupper's proverbial philosophy," struck off in the white heat of poetic frenzy, with all the masterly brevity for which that celebrated poet was distinguished. No! It was a cry wrung from the over-full heart of some world-worn, weary man, whose next-door neighbor's wife was in the habit of coming in at the back door without knocking.

An illustration strikes me as I write which may possibly have a slight chestnutty flavor, but is so apt that I cannot refrain from quoting it. A venerable farmer dropped in to that favorite resort of rural aristocracy—the corner grocery—one winter evening, and after sitting silent for a few moments he burst forth: "We had a surprise party at our place last night, and it was a surprise party I tell you; just you mind that. I had a cold and I thought I'd soak my feet in hot mustard and water before I went to bed, and I was a settin' in the kitchen with my feet in the pail, and the old lady's red flannel skirt round my shoulders, rubbin' hot goose grease unto my chest. Sarah Ann she was a spankin' the baby because he wouldn't go to sleep; and the old lady had tuk the opportunity of cuttin' down her corns with my razor when there was a most awful stamin' on our back door step, and about 25 young fellers and girls bust open that door, all shoutin' at once, 'We've come to surprise you, Mr. Smith'; and I'm free to confess that it was a surprise party, and no mistake."

I do not think there is a more charming attribute in the human character than dignity, that simple, inborn dignity that nothing ruffles. It is a gift beyond all price. But suppose, on some cold winter morning, when the "hired girl" is away attending the funeral of an aunt, and your wife is washing the baby by the kitchen fire, and you are standing at the wash-bench blacking your boots, feeling perfectly secure from intrusion, and in all the graceful abandon of shirt-sleeves and unbrushed hair; suppose, I say, that under these circumstances, the ubiquitous Mrs. Jones suddenly opens the back door and stands in the bosom of your family circle, without a moment's warning, what then? Would you gather up the fragments of a lifetime of dignity, which you feel slipping from you like a buffalo robe on a cold day, and presenting an unbroken front bow gracefully and say, "Good morning, Mrs. Jones; very cold weather we are having; or would you drop those blacking brushes like a tale that is told and flee as chaff before the wind? I'm not sure which

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—I have on hand a limited number of Patterns, which Butterick's have discontinued cutting, and rather than do the trouble of sending them back have decided for the next week to offer them at half-price. Cuts of these may be seen at the shop, 91 GERMAIN STREET. Do not fail to secure the bargains while going.  
A. W. D. KNAPP.

course I'd pursue myself, but I think it would be the latter. I don't think there is any remedy that I can suggest in this connection. Putting pepper on the kitchen stove should be effective certainly, but then it would be something like amputation, an extreme remedy, besides being very inconvenient for the inmates of the house, unless their lungs happen to be unusually strong. And keeping all the doors locked is equally inconvenient. So I thought I would do my little all towards winning for myself the posthumous glory that attends the reformer of social abuses, and lifting up my feeble voice for the good of the constitution, would say—like "Punch" in his "advice to people about to marry," the one little word so fraught with meaning, "Don't."

JEFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

## THE BOYS' CHANCE.

An Opportunity for Bright Boys to Make Money.

The offer made by PROGRESS some weeks ago, to boys living outside of St. John, is still good and there is yet lots of time to begin getting subscribers. Many boys have no idea how easy it would be for them to keep themselves supplied with pocket money by working for PROGRESS. The brightest boys in St. John serve their friends with PROGRESS every Saturday morning, and notwithstanding the large number who sell the paper, all manage to earn a neat little sum by Saturday night. The young folks in the country have a much better chance, as there many places where PROGRESS is not sold in this way, and the boy who sends in his order first will come out ahead. It takes a bright, intelligent boy to be a successful agent, and there is no better way to find out what ability a lad has than by letting him start in business. It will give him an insight into the ways of the world, and in his dealings with people, on no matter how small a scale, he will gain experience that will be of great value to him in after life, when he has more at stake, besides giving him confidence in himself and his ability. PROGRESS readers who have bright young friends should tell them of this opportunity and help them along. All they have to do is to send an order for the number of papers wanted, the price to agents being two cents a copy, and the selling price three cents. On September 28, three prizes of \$10, \$6 and \$4 will be given to the three boys having the largest number of customers.

## GIVE THEM A LOCAL TRAIN.

Complaints of the Train Service Between St. John and Rural Points.

City people residing out of town beyond Rothesay are very much annoyed by the present train arrangement. They regard it as neither safe or convenient. A gentleman writing to PROGRESS gives some particulars which show that on the afternoons of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday two locomotives are brought into requisition. This simply makes this train a perfect menace to the travelling public. The grade from Quispamsis to Nauwigewauk, commonly called Walker's grade, is very steep, and hence dangerous when the best of care is observed. And it can be seen at a glance that a long and heavy train, propelled by two locomotives at a high rate of speed, should not be permitted. In fact, quite a number of persons have already refused to travel on it; they are afraid of accidents. It should be divided into two parts, the regular suburban train doing the local business, the through carried over an hour later without making intermediate stops. There is no doubt about this arrangement giving satisfaction all around, as well as averting all danger.

## A Great Day for "Progress."

Last Saturday was a great day for PROGRESS. The sales in the city were the largest in the history of the paper. The people expected PROGRESS to give an account of the week's festivities better than those of the daily papers, and they were not disappointed, for, besides giving a condensed report of the carnival, PROGRESS contained a gist of fresh, interesting news that could not be found in any other paper. The newsboys were on hand early, and sold PROGRESS as fast as they could get it on the streets. Many of the newsdealers increased their orders before hand, and others, who sold out early in the day, wanted more. The edition was the largest yet printed, but could not meet the demand.

## Electricity and Clocks and Watches.

Mr. Warlock says that the thunder and lightning storm that raged here a few weeks ago has had a curiously destructive effect upon the mainsprings of clocks in the city. Of course he is not sure that this is so, but the fact is that for a period of 40 days previous to the storm eleven broken mainsprings came to his notice, and for 40 days since the storm 26 broken mainsprings have been brought to him. Another curious result of the effect of electricity upon time pieces is shown in the "wildness" of the watches of many gentlemen who frequented the exhibition building. The watches were magnetized and but few watch-makers will undertake to thoroughly demagnetize them.

## MR. BLACKADAR'S TALK.

THE PEOPLE HAVE NO RIGHT TO INFORMATION

Concerning the Fireworks and the Way They Were Handled—"The Best Display East of Montreal." So He Says—The Bills Not Rendered Yet.

The dissatisfaction of the public with the display of fireworks during carnival week has been expressed pretty freely and was, without doubt, quite general. Some people did not hesitate to assert that the display was by no means what it should have been for the amount of money appropriated for it.

The harbor display was talked hardly of and the committee explained that most of the best pieces were shown after the crowds had dispersed. That was unfortunate, but it was understood that the exhibition grounds display would make up for it. Some misunderstanding between the committee and others in authority again disappointed the people and the dissatisfaction, instead of being allayed, increased.

Friday night's fireworks on King square were good—what there were of them. It might have been possible that the citizens expected too much; for considerable talk had been made over Mr. Fellows' generous contribution of £100 for fireworks.

No explanation has been given the public for its disappointment in either of these instances, and in order to get at the facts of the case, PROGRESS called upon Ald. Blackadar, chairman of the committee, and began to make some inquiries about the amount expended for, and other things in connection with, the fireworks.

That gentleman seemed to labor under the idea that it was an attempt to scandalize the committee, and principally himself. He took the rather high ground that the public had no right to inquire or know anything about the matter; that the display was better than any that has ever been made east of Montreal, and asserted with considerable undue vehemence that no person or firm in the city could have done so well for the money.

In reply to questions, he stated that there were \$600 worth of fireworks, and that \$400 was the amount entered at the custom house; that 25 per cent. duty brought the actual expenditure for fireworks up to \$500, but that the expenses, etc., would run the sum above \$600. The bills have not been rendered yet, and no money has been paid.

Chairman Blackadar's assertion that the public has no right to know the facts, will not meet with popular approval. The right of the people to know is unquestionable. He seemed to think that because the committee had explained the matter so satisfactorily to the daily papers that they had not inquired further, that the question was at rest. The public is inquisitive. So is PROGRESS. Chairman Blackadar's statement may be quite satisfactory, but the fact remains that Mr. Fellows' contribution covered the actual expenditure for fireworks, including duty, and that the additional appropriation of \$500 made by the carnival managing committee for illuminations was eaten into for expenses. The bills of the last item have not been rendered. When they are PROGRESS will take pleasure in giving the public the information that it has a perfect right to expect—Mr. Blackadar to the contrary notwithstanding.

## Big Words Failed Him.

A gentleman of enthusiastic disposition and French extraction, who had resided all his life in one of the most rural of the suburbs of Cocagne, was so fortunate as to have an opportunity of visiting Niagara Falls. I know not how his good fortune came about, but come it did, and the unsophisticated child of nature stood and gazed in breathless awe at the grand spectacle, so far beyond anything he had ever dreamed or thought of. At last his pent up feelings burst forth. "Grand! superb!! Magnifique!!! Gosh, dat come down first rate!"

## What It Is Used For.

They were standing in front of the Royal clothing store Wednesday morning when H. M. S. *Tourmaline* gave three shrill shrieks from the siren. "What in the name of Heaven is that?" asked one who looked rural from the ground up. "Is it anyone hurt or a dog half killed?" "Naw," answered his companion, "that's a thing the war ships have to use in Halifax when the fog is so thick that a ship can't move without shrieking." "Is that it," responded the relieved rustic, who looked at first as though it was a trumpet call, "I have heard that the fog is thick over there."

## Negro and Chinamen.

Among the novelties in the city during carnival week, none attracted so much attention as the gentlemanly Negro and Chinamen in Taylor & Dockrill's window. They smoke cheroots and cigarettes with a natural freedom and ease that amuses every one who sees them. They will be on exhibition this afternoon, between 4 and 5 o'clock.

Chas's Cand. Dr. va, 242 Union street.

## BIG ODDS ON THE GAME.

The Tall Fellow with Faith in the St. Johns.

The last league game between St. John and Moncton proved very exciting for a good-sized group that crowded in close to the wire fence near the grand stand. The central figures were two tall fellows, with slouch hats and sunburnt faces, who looked like lumbermen, and two stylish-looking individuals, who wore blue glasses and talked through their nose about the uncertainty of base ball. During the first of the game they made considerable bluster by betting on the innings, and invariably "dropped" to the tall fellows. But they said, "Never mind, the Monctons are playing good ball, and may win yet."

"How much will you go on it?" said the tall fellow.

"Oh, the odds against me are too great; the score is 7 to 3."

"Well, I'll bet you the St. Johns will double the score."

"No, I won't bet on it."

"Then what are you talking about? I'll bet you \$10 to \$7 that the St. Johns double the score."

"All right; I'll take you."

From that time on the excitement in that corner of the grounds was intense, the sympathy of the crowd going with the man who had taken such great odds; for the Monctons were playing good ball. When the Monctons went to the bat in the last half of the ninth, the tall fellow's chances were one score to win and two to lose. Still he didn't look troubled, and talked confidently.

"You seem sure of winning your money," said the fellow who talked through his nose.

"Yes, pretty sure, I'll bet you \$50 that I do win it, and there's a man on second."

But the bet wasn't made. The Monctons got in the run, but that was all. The tall fellow won and the crowd was glad.

## He Would Only Take Quarters.

A Moncton small boy who has reached the mature age of three years, has been strictly forbidden by his loving mama from taking money from friends or visitors at his home. "Baby can always have a cent to spend when he wants it, but he must not take it from any one but papa or mama. If any lady or gentleman offers him a cent he must say 'no thank you mama does not let me take cents.'" One day a very young and rather shy gentleman brought a letter of introduction to baby's papa, and being fond of children, he took a great deal of notice of "baby," finally presenting him with a bright new quarter. The obedient youngster glanced at mama for permission to keep the treasure, and she dare not refuse for fear of hurting her guest's feelings. The next week a very old friend chanced to call, one who had never seen baby before, and to whom that young gentleman was proudly exhibited. All went well until in an evil moment the old friend took out a cent and offered it to the child, who responded with awful distinctness, "No thank you, mama does not let me take cents—only quarters."

## How a Good Clothier Lost a Sale.

Rev. Father Oates is a good customer of P. Sharkey & Son, clothiers on the Market square. He likes the store and the goods and the firm likes him. There is another clothing store next door kept by "Jimmy" Kelly, the distinguished orange-man. Both places have all they can attend to, and once in a while an absent minded customer of Mr. Sharkey's will drop into Mr. Kelly's, and vice versa. This is what Father Oates did. He bought his pants, paid for them and asked Mr. James Kelly if Mr. Sharkey was in. "Next door, sir," said Mr. Kelly. Then the reverend gentleman learned where he was, and spoke of his error. Mr. Kelly assured him the pants were good and cheap at the money, and if they didn't suit he would make him a pair that would. But the joke was too good to keep.

## Father Davenport Went Out.

The *School for Scandal* is not a very nice play. There is plenty of plain talk in it—some of it offensive to sensitive ears. Here is a part of the dialogue that created some amusement inasmuch as when it was repeated Rev. Father Davenport, who was present, left the theatre:

*Sir Peter Teale.*—Ah, Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

*Charles Surface.*—Pshaw! he is too moral by half; and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a wench.

## Milk Shakes and Soda Water.

"No, I'm not glad the carnival is over," said a city druggist to PROGRESS. "It was a great boom for me; if I had long hours. The people couldn't get enough soda water and milk shakes, and I was at the store every night till near midnight. Yes, sir, there was money in the carnival for me."

Latest and most accurate foreign and local base ball news at the "National," the ball tosser's retreat.

## IS IT ALIVE OR DEAD?

THE PROBABILITIES OF AN EXHIBITION THIS FALL.

The Carnival Has Given it a Hard Blow—Cautious Business Men Hesitate to Undertake such a Public Contract—Can the Crowd be Drawn Again?

"The carnival has killed the exhibition." This is the straight and strong statement made to PROGRESS by a leading member of one of the largest firms in the city—and careful inquiry has disclosed the crushing fact that there is a good deal in it.

There is so much in it that the exhibition association is hesitating, halting at a time when, if there is to be an exhibition, there should be united and decisive action.

There is a strong and growing feeling that the strain of an exhibition after the carnival will be too much. The fact cannot be denied that, while the carnival brought thousands of visitors to the city, while it was a great success in very many respects, trade was interfered with and production was practically stopped for one week. Labor was disorganized, workmen did not work and wages, consequently, were not paid. Merchants and manufacturers regard these facts now in their true light, and question seriously if the carnival was, after all, a great general benefit as was anticipated.

No one pretends to say that a great deal of money was not left in the city; that the retail and wholesale provision houses, hotels and transport lines did not reap a harvest from the carnival, but does that counterbalance the loss of production and the interruption to business? This is the rub.

Contrary to general anticipation, the general retail trade of the city was not above the average during carnival week. The visitors were not on a purchasing expedition. They came to see, not to buy. They got an admirable impression of St. John and the indirect effect of that cannot be estimated at its true value. That they are not likely to make another visit within two months to see the exhibition is generally conceded. To get a better idea of where we drew the crowd from PROGRESS made some inquiries from the transport companies and ascertained that from Fredericton alone the New Brunswick railway brought 500 people to St. John up to Thursday night. A very large number came by the Union line from the same place. From other points within the province the same railway brought 500 more people, and no correct estimate as yet can be gained of the through travel from the states and Upper Canada. Without the citizens' excursion, the Grand Southern railway estimates its number at between 500 and 600 excursionists. The International Steamship company says about 2000 for the week, and the Bay of Fundy Steamship company says 800. No figures were obtained from the Intercolonial railway or from the river boats, though the former did an immense business—probably equaling the other routes combined—and the latter were crowded each and every trip. No account either is taken of the visitors who reached the city by the great roads by their own conveyances.

By this means some idea of where the crowd came from can be gained. Could these people be induced to come again this year to an exhibition of which an authoritative advertisement has not yet been issued. It is extremely doubtful.

This article is not written with any idea of injuring the exhibition association—on the contrary PROGRESS has joined with the daily papers in a, perhaps, too extravagant booming of an exhibition—but these facts are presented after careful enquiry among cautious and leading business gentlemen who, if they enter into such a public contract will go into it with heart and purse.

There is no intention on their part to abandon the association. Far from it. They think the association should go forward, increase its stock, get it paid up as far as possible, and anticipate an exhibition worthy of St. John next year, by looking into such important questions as buildings, grounds, and by obtaining such assistance from the civic and local governments as will make the show a greater success.

The directors of the association met Thursday afternoon, and after careful consideration of the whole matter, arrived at no conclusions, save to meet again.

## A Mean Piece of Business.

Capt. Elliot, of the tug *R. Doane*, made it very unpleasant for a boat load of persons, including several ladies, who were watching the regatta in the harbor, Saturday. They were unable to get out of the way when the tug came along, and Elliot, instead of turning his bow off, as, it is claimed, he could have done, run into the boat, which filled with water and was drawn under a scow, alongside the tug. The occupants of the boat got a drenching, and it was only with difficulty that they were able to scramble up on the scow.

The Largest and Best Sheet of Sticky Fly Paper for 5 cents, at G. A. Moore's, Brunswick street.

## TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The student of human nature would have found much to interest him at the theatres during carnival week. On the first evening I went to the Lansdowne, where I found the building filled to its utmost capacity with—well, mostly our country cousins, who wanted to see the *Colleen Bawn*. There they sat, cold, impassive and immovable; salutes of wit wreathed no smiles on their faces, mirth provoking situations had no fun for them, the most finished acting fell flat without the faintest applause. Row after row wore the same what-does-it-mean expression up to the end of the second act, when Eily was shoved, Danny fell, and Miles jumped into the tank of real water, which said water flew up and splashed all over the stage, then they went wild, cheered, danced, cat-called, and I left for the Institute. There I found the same kind of people packed into the building like sardines in a box, with this exception, everything pleased them, because they understood it. The more ridiculous the costume, the more absurd the joke, the more grotesque the make-up, the more they appreciated it and the louder they laughed.

If there is any money in the Lansdowne business, they must have coined it last week, for, to my own knowledge, those who were too aristocratic to occupy seats among the "gods" were turned away on every night, excepting the one on which *May Blossom* was presented. This piece drew an extra large matinee, and, after all, it is only a play for women and children, but in the evening business fell off nearly one-half; and it served the management right, for they might have known that domestic comedy could not hold down the outside attractions.

The Institute, for various reasons, was not so successful, and I am truly sorry for it. They were under heavy expense and deserved better luck. Those who agree with Mr. Haverly might instance this to prove that the decline of the negro minstrel is because the negro is no longer a slave, but my opinion is that it is due to the advance of education and the growth of culture among the masses; for the end-man negro is no more like the negro of real life than an Anglomaniac is like an English gentleman. Now-a-days, we go to the theatre to see real life depicted and not burlesqued.

The Lansdowne players deserve a "roasting" for the manner in which they presented *Little Enily* on Saturday last. The performers mixed their lines, laughed, gaped, and did many other reprehensible things. The public pay and are entitled to see a play produced in the best possible form, not to be made fools of by the actors. This is the first time that this has occurred and I trust that it will be the last.

If ever an actress had reason to be proud Fanny Reeves certainly had at the reception tendered her on Monday evening. Ten minutes before the curtain went up every chair in the house was occupied; people fairly clamored to get into the building. When informed that all reserved seats were sold, they begged for general admission tickets and were quite content if allowed to stand on the back landing and view the stage from behind the dodging heads of their no more fortunate neighbors.

Viewed from a modern standpoint *The School for Scandal* has many defects. The march of time has robbed it of much of its pungency. What was parlor talk of 112 years ago, smacks much of the broiled and dive of today, and the manners and customs of the Surfaces and Suerwells would not now be tolerated in any decent society. Notwithstanding that critics praise it and playgoers like to see it, I must confess that I always find it tiresome in the extreme.

As presented in the Lansdowne it was a nice, careful, intelligent performance, but it was not a great one. The costumes, picture gallery scene, minuet dance, and the discovery of Lady Teazle in Joseph's library were its most commendable features. In this last scene the reading of the line: "Eily, not one word of it, Sir Peter!" by Miss Reeves (*Lady Teazle*) showed a true appreciation of the situation and a keen conception of the author's intention which won my admiration; for this is the rock upon which so many actresses come to grief in this part. The temptation to deliver in a defiant tone is so great that none save a thorough artist can escape it.

"Mr. Patrick Maloney Esq." got slightly ahead of me last week. About two hours after PROGRESS had helped to digest the breakfasts in thousands of homes the bill poster appeared, and by means of cheap lithographs and paste-put, proclaimed to our citizens that this gentleman had actually condescended to give one—remember only one—performance here. This was the first intimation that an unsuspecting public had of the compliment that was to be paid them. As it was his audience was light, but if I had only known it in time it would have been lighter—that is if they would listen to my warning note, for Mr. Maloney is a "fake" of the worst description.

Oh, yes, he's "the funniest Irishman alive," for never under the sun, or under any circumstances, was ever before seen such a specimen of the *genus homo*. Although totally devoid of wit and humor, he's funny, awfully funny—that is, he thinks he is. He's funny, because he thinks he can talk, walk and sing like a Hibernian, and because his performance is therefore original. In some respects his company is an improvement on the one he had last year, but the star is still as vile as of old. Even the programme reminded me of a drop curtain I once saw at a Bowery theatre; advertisements for porous plasters around the borders, and a picture of Lydia Pinkham in the centre. Indeed, the whole show had the musty flavor of the beer and smoke of the low concert hall. In justice, though, I should notice the acceptable singing of Miss Werner.

After suffering an hour's agony at this, I rushed away in time to catch the last three acts of Lester Wallace's beautiful military drama, *Rosendale*, at the Lansdowne. It appeared to me that it was somewhat hitely, but no doubt at another performance it will be perfectly smooth. In addition to having a partiality for this play I have always enjoyed Mr. McDowell and Miss Reeves in their respective characters of Elliot Gray and Rosa Leigh and like old wine, they improve with age. Mr. Edson had his first opportunity to distinguish himself and on the whole did well; but he is inclined to overact a little. The rest of the company, as usual, A1.

William Gill left on Saturday last for the Boston Museum, to assist in the painting of the scenery for *Hands Across the Sea*, the opening piece at that house. Lovers of art will not soon forget his work here, while the many friends that he made will wish him every sort of prosperity.

J. H. Price Weber, the versatile actor who is always prepared, at a moment's notice, to do any known character from *Hamlet* to *Rats in a Tin Soldier*, came to the city to do the carnival, and for a few days it was hard to tell whether he or Ben Butler was the most conspicuous figure.

OWEN T. CARROLL.