#### PROGRESS.

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The edition of Progress is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on THURSDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

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

> EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

## ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 10. CIRCULATION, 9,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY

FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

#### "LEARNING THE BUSINESS."

boy when the question arises, What am I going to do to earn my own living? And parents. In some instances his inclination and abilities lean in one direction and in such cases there should be no difficulty in deciding what the boy's life work shall be. something in which he will probably never excel, and the world at large is a loser.

It a boy is anxious to learn a trade, he is met with discouragement on every hand. He is told that the trades are over- daily press and the departmental heads of crowded, and that, even with the greatest the police endeavored to fix the stigma advantages in his favor, he has a long time of associating with Mrs. Woodburn upon to serve before receiving a journeyman's two representatives of Progress. It tion of machinery of all kinds for every RAWLINGS, who were glad to seize the opconceivable purpose has done away with portunity when two newspaper men were skilled labor to a great extent. But, discharging a distasteful task, set them by aside from this, boys who start out to the editor of Progress, and take a certain "learn the business," are no longer con- revenge for their recent "hauling over the sidered as apprentices, but simply "boys." | coals" by summoning them as witnesses in They are given no guarantee that they a liquor raid. It is well, perhaps to note will be considered as journeymen at the that both reporters swore that they had end of a specified time, nor, in most places, never touched liquor in their lives! We are any pains taken to see that a boy is will say nothing of the professional courtesy improving his time. It he manages to that prompted the Sun to handle the matter pick up anything about the trade when as they did, but we will say that if its rebusiness is dull, and he is relieved for a portorial staff was composed of such bright, brief interval from routine work, which he honest, capable and sober young men as has been learned to do in the first few Messrs Larsen and Moran that it would days, and is kept at, for small wages, as be a better paper. long as he chooses to remain in the place, all is well and good. A change to another establishment may be beneficial to him. In his former place he has come to be recognized as a part of a certain piece of machinery, and even if this should be repeated in his next position, the chances are more in favor of advancement than

Although this system of changing about from place to place has been pretty generally condemned, and justly too, the employer is much to blame. If the boy's the Djin," Smacks finely of Hunter Duvar; and father and his uncle in the air and does claims were given a little attention it might be better for all concerned. He is working for small wages in consideration of the knowledge of the business he is to receive, yet this seems to be forgotten. He will probably know very little more at the end of five years than he did at the end of one, and five years is long enough for any boy to spend in learning a trade.

There is always a demand for good workmen, and year after year they are becoming scarcer. It is true that many of the right kind of men. The cause is quite apparent. Another result of this system, along with close competition, has probably been to reduce the cost of production and the profits of the employer, and therefore he cannot afford to lose time in making good workmen out of his apprentices.

While the present system of "learning the business" lasts, the only hope for good workmen in the future is in their dropping from the clouds, "ready made."

## NONSENSICAL DISCUSSIONS.

English papers are discussing, with all seriousness, the question: Should a woman ask the hand of a man in marriage? It is said that the discussion of this momentous question was begun in a woman's paper, and so far it seems to have been confined to the wisdom of the would-be sterner sex. They probably know all about it. Anything is liable to be discussed now-a-days. Nothing is too trivial or one-sided to escape the most serious discussion from the press of the country, and in this respect the papers published by and for women are to the front on every occasion. In the future we may expect to hear of somebody protesting against the undesirability of white snow, or black coal, or advancing reasons showing how much more beneficial it would be to mankind if the world were square. Nothing is sur-

prising or impossible. In the meantime, the women will con-

tent themselves with looking into the great problem of why God made men, men, and women, women, and endeavor to show

He made women, men, and men, women Of course nobody expects that anything will ever result from these discussions, but this does not seem to lessen their popu-

One Inch, One Month. - - - 200 Such a waste of time and energy as is shown in such discussions as: "Should women woo?" is not what would be looked for in an "enlightened century." There are hundreds of subjects that will bear consideration, and are worthy of it, and women should deal with them as well as men. Nor is it necessary for the weaker sex to imitate man in any way to accomplish this.

other annual meeting and the public another statement of its affairs. We are bound to say that they might be in a more prosperous condition, but at the same time it cannot be asserted that they are in as bad a state as those of other projects that have been forced to fight determined opposition and prejudice. The latter objection has vanished in the case of the Opera House, but the opposition is still a known quantity. There is a time in the life of nearly every In spite of these antagonistic forces the directors have raised the main walls of the new building, and so far progressed with it is generally the cause of considerable the root that interior work will be possible anxiety on the part of both the boy and his this winter. Their chief anxiety is the want of \$10,000 worth of stock which would complete the building. Those citizens who have hesitated to take stock with the thought that the building would But even then the question is sometimes not be completed, must now come to the far from being settled. It may be that the conclusion that the determined energy. calling to which the lad inclines, is not in which has done so much in the face of adkeeping with his "social standing," and this verse circumstances, will not only give the generally settles the matter. He is put at city an Opera House but make it a popular and successful amusement resort.

> It was somewhat amusing, this week, to note the eagerness with which a part of the

## PEN AND PRESS.

Many of our readers will, by this time, have seen the initial number of the new literary and patriotic journal, Canada, edited by Rev. Matthew Richey Knight, and have noticed that it is not only fair to to me, notably in his first interview with the eye, but congenial to the mind. It is full of hope and promise of literature from the best Canadian sources, and is therefore, worthy of patronage; while, from its inexpensiveness, (50 cts. a year) can the more easily obtain it. Among the interesting articles | it would shrink from the holy emblem of in the January number are, a sonnet, "The Autumn Thistles," by Prof. Roberts, and one by Mary Barry Smith, on the "E. hibit, 1890," "King Solomon and J. M. Le Moine gives an interesting bit of history in his "Red Letter Day in the Annals of Quebec." The editor, besides his translation of "Montcalm and French Canada," gives excellent editorial and literary notes. Pastor Felix descants on birds, while Carman's biographical sketch of Roberts is reprinted from The Magaznie of Poetry.

Progress gladly acknowledges the receipt of a friendly greeting from Thomas O'Hagan, who is editor of the North-Western Witness, in Duluth, Minn.,-or, as he styles it, "the land of Minnehaha." That land abounds in Minnes, as Minnesota, Minnewelcome to him when he returns.

We were pleased and surprised by the presence of Hun'er Duvar in the good old Portland Transcript. the trades are overcrowded, but not with His is the Christmas story, entitled "At Fairladies," freres of the Transcript may be congratulated upon adding his name to their list of talented contributors.

> An Unexpected But Welcome Tribute. Edward S. Carter, editor and proprietor of Pro-GRESS, a live Canadian weekly newspaper in the Masonic Building, St. John, N. B., has made a phenomenal success of his journal. Starting, nearly three years ago with less than 500 subscribers, the paper has grown so rapidly that its circulation is now almost 10,000 copies a week. Progress is a monument to the indomitable energy and perseverance of its founders who believed that ultimate success and victory would eventually crown their efforts .- New York American Shipbuilder.

Two Wrongs Make One Right. Mr. George Hutchinson, who is in charge of the Meteorological Observatory here, has been notified by the marine department of the intention to super year of service, and seems to be good for twenty

Mr. Hutchinson is eleven years older than Mr. John Howe was when he was removed from the postmastership to make place for Mr. Ellis. Mr. Howe, who is very little older than Mr. Hutchinson, was superannuated tourteen years ago, when he was good for a long period of service .- Sun.

## Reliable Agents Wanted.

The Cosmopolitan Life Association, head office, Toronto, is appointing reliable agents all over Canada. The Cosmopolitan has made a step in the right direction. It tense suffering, and her heart nearly turnishes reliable lite insurance at a cost within reach of every provident Canadian. Applications for territory should be made at once.-A.

Balmoral Hotel. See advt.

#### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

There is, without doubt, no play extant, and no character in dramatic literature equal to the play and character of Hamlet. He, the master mind of all the centuries, has left his impress deep upon this wonderful creation of his brain, and actors have acted the part, and critics have criticised their acting until one would say, that surely all has been said that could be said, and yet every new actor and every new critic presents some new reading or some new criticism that arouses discussion anew, and sends actor, critic, spectator, and student back to that fountain whence flowed this

The great Macready has said, "A total failure in Hamlet is of rare occurrence," and again in another portion of his The Opera House company has had an- | Memoirs, "No actor possessed of moderate advantages of person, occasional animation, and some knowledge of stage business can entirely fail in Hamlet," and the reason is obvious; it is one of the parts that, in a measure, "plays itself," but still, how woefully it can be misconstrued, and what a state a Hamlet can leave himself and his audience in, the great tragedian to the contrary notwithstanding.

> I have seen a number of Hamlets, good, bad, and indifferent; mostly indifferent, but among the representatives of the "good" four names stand out prominently before me, Edwin Booth (facile princeps), E. L. Davenport, Charles Fechter, and Robert B. Mantell. It is of the latter that I would speak now, for several reasons, principally because I had an opportunity very recently of seeing him in the part of the noble Dane.

Mr. Mantell is a gentleman of fine personal appearance with a face that would command attention anywhere and a stage presence second to none in the profession on this side of the water; as a melodramatic actor he already occupies a deservedly high place, and I take it he is desirous of seeing his name enrolled among the great Shakespearian actors of the century. His Hamlet is a performance that shews careful and prolonged study and is even now when he is young in the part, worthy of being classwages. There is a great deal of truth in was not their fault that they were not ed among the first flight of the exponents much of this. The days of apprentices are successful. Any other course could not of the character, and when he rids himself gone. Within recent years, the introduc- have been expected either from CLARK or of some mannerisms that, owing to his melodramatic work cling to him, he will certainly be classed among the very best representatives of the best and finest character that is portrayed upon the stage in acter that is portrayed upon the stage in this or any other language. His reading of the part is careful and needs but little improvement, save in an occasional mispronunciation or false quantity in a vowel, although I noticed in several instances a decided departure from the paths worn deep and marked by tradition. But for this departure, I do not think he can be otherwise than commended.

I referred to mannerisms, one of which is to me decidedly objectionable, and that is that in moments of deep passion or ab sorbing interest Mr. Mantell drops his voice to a whisper, which, while at times effective, strikes me as a bid for applause and not warranted by the situation. In some instances Mr. Mantell's business was new the Ghost, to whom, when he follows him, he presents the cross handle of his sword. as if with the idea that were it an evil spirit our faith, and again in the closet scene with the Queen he sees the pictures of his not use the miniatures as is so com-

On the whole I was more than pleased with Mr. Mantell's rendition of this great part, and am more than satisfied that as time rolls on and occasions for playing the part offer he will rapidly improve, and I look to him among the younger actors of the day to take the place of the great Shaketonka, etc. Success to our brother while he is away; spearian exponent who we all regret to think has reached, and even, sad though it is to say, passed the zenth of his powers, and "give the world assurance" of a Hamand it has the merit of turning out well. Our con- let whom it will be a pleasure and a profit PROSCENIUM. to see and hear.

## Denying His Identity.

The recent death in Canada of the mother of Charles M. Sterling, who was executed at Youngstown. Ohio, for the murder of Lizzie Grombacher, has unveiled the facts concerning an incident that occurred shortly before his execution.

Sterling's mother came to Youngstown rom Maxwell, Canada, and though he had left home when but a lad, with maternal intuitions she at once recognized him

When brought to his cell, however, Sterling, without the quiver of a muscle,

"You are mistaken, madam; I am not She implored him to recognize her, but he retused, and she returned home half convinced that she was mistaken.

To his counsel, Sterling said: "She is my mother, but I could not break her heart by telling her that her son

"Keep it secret till she dies." Her death caused his attorney, W. S. Anderson, to break the seal of silence. "It was," he said, "the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed. I have seen all the tragedians of the past quarter of a century, but none that compared to the principals on that occasion. The mother, every line in her face showing the most inbroken, while the son, knowing that the truth would kill her, stood like a statue, his face showing the pallor of death, assuring her that she was mistaken. Such intensity of action was never produced on any stage. It could not be."-Cincinnati

#### IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Truly, if a poor rehearsal points to a good performance, the Oratorio Society had cause for rejoicing last Monday evening, for I don't think a practice could possibly have been very much worse than that one was. However, all concerned were most agreeably surprised with Wednesday night's performance of the Christmas music from Handel's Messiah. I won't say that it was by any means faultless, but it was such an improvement on the last

In the whole city, one could hardly have found a more appropriate place than Trinity church, to sing the Messiah in. With its imposing appearance, beautiful decorations and fine organ, it seems to be | in this way. just the place wherein to celebrate the Oratorio Society's Christmas music. For the benefit of those interested in our society, who could not be at the concert, I will try and give as full an account of it as limited time and space will allow.

No one, but our librarian and general manager, Mr. Porter, could have arranged to get such a large body of people into Trinity chancel without offending some one by putting them into an obscure corner; but I am very glad indeed that the "ones in authority" have at last decided to appoint where the active members are to be placed. It saves a great deal of confusion and hard feeling among older members who naturally rather resent new comers taking front seats in the usual "first come first served" fashion, which has prevailed lately at the concerts. The soloists for the Messiah were Mrs. W. S. Carter, soprano; Miss Alice Hea, alto; Rev. J. M. Davenport, tenor, and Mr. G. S. Mayes, bass. Mrs. Carter's work was all good and marked by her usual purity and correctness of enunciation. Her runs also were well executed, every note was clear and distinct. As I have said before I admire Mrs. Carter's total absence of affectation, while singing, exceedingly.

Miss Hea, sang all her numbers most correctly work), but she had a heavy cold, which took a good deal of the clearness from her voice.

Father Davenport's singing in the Messiah is always remarkable for his great appreciation of the sacred words of the Oratorio, and his fine phrasing, and Wednesday's performance was no exception to the rule. It is a great pleasure this time, to me, to commend Mr. Mayes' really good work. The Messiah music seems to suit him, and his rendition of the aria "And who shall abide," and "For He is like a refiner's fire," was really grand, and showed that when Mr. Mayes tries to do really good work he can succeed. It is not pleasant for me to say things of people's work, that sound hard at the time, but him on his way rejoicing. The collection in Pokiok, I am bound to give my honest opinion whatever, it

As for the choruses, well, they were not as steady as they might have been, the trouble I think, was that the orchestra could not see Mr. Morley very well, and in consequence tried to follow the organ. And as the chorus and conductor generally were pretty fairly together, and the organ and orchestra usually, a little ahead or behind, the result was not always happy. The first chorus went pretty evenly, but in the next, "And He shall purify." there was a tendency to hurry the time, the hurry to get through, they were not very sure of the alto solo, was taken up promptly and went very well, I thought. Another number the chorus wanted to run away with was "For unto us," but after a short time Mr. Morley got them under control and the chorus reached a satisfactory climax. "Let all the Angels of God," the time only been steadier, in fact that was the great drawback throughout the whole evening's work. In the piano passage, "The kingdom of this world is become," the altos could not pick up their lead in time, and in consequence spoiled an otherwise effective bit of work. Even in the doxology, no one seemed to know until after the first line, whether the long rest was to be taken or

Miss Goddard is to be congratulated on her first work done with the Oratorio Society. Of course we miss Mrs. Babbitt (Miss Bowden) but we are fortunate in having her place so well filled. Mr. Strand gave a great deal of assistance at the rgan, although at times he rather overpowered the

orus, especially in the Hallelujah! There was a large and appreciative audience, or I should say congregation. Oh! I must not forget to say something that has been on my mind for some time, and it is this. Have any of our chorus sing-ers ever thought what agony they may be inflicting themselves? I do not refer especially to this last concert, but often it has been my lot to go to practices, and all at once feel a subdued but decided thump, thump, thump, of some one's foot on the floor, or one or two desrate (to me), cases on the back rung of my chair. Now what is the conductor for but to do that for you? I am sure if he could hear you, he would be annoyed. Only too well do I remember the time when I used to indu ge in this very bad habit, and when at a practice for something, I was asked by the leader, before a room full of people, to "please stop beating time with my foot." I felt rather badly then, but it taught me a lesson which I have never

There will be practice on Monday evening, in the Old Fellaws' hall, as usual, and I think that work will probably be commenced on Mendelssohn's

M. ndelssohn's beautiful hymn, "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" was sung before the Oratoria com-menced. The orchestra did some good work in the chorus accompaniments, and with Mr. Mayes' solo, "For He is Like a Refiner's Fire," but with the other solos they only played indifferently well. They did not seem to have had enough practice with the soloists to follow them at all, well. I will make one exception, the accompaniment to "He Shall feed His Flock," etc., which was good. No doubt it sounds dreadful heresy, but I mutsay that where the Oratorio is given in a church which has a fine organ, like the one in Trinity, I do not see the necessity of having the orchestra; it only adds to the expense and is not a very great improvement. A church organ with all its various stops under the hands of a good organist is much more preferable than an orchestra, unlesss it be something like Listeman sextette which we used to have sometimes.

Outside the Messiah, there has been very little going on. I notice that the "Emergency Quartette." Mr. Ford, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Smith, and Mr. T. Daniel, regaled the Rothesay people with that most

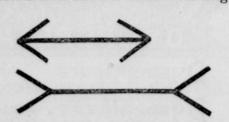
disastrons and doleful ditty commonly known as "The Monkey!" I also heard that Mr. Ford is contemplating giving an organ recital in St. John's sometime in the near future, but that i about all the musical news I can think of for this

The new work which the Oratorio Society take up on Monday, is The Lay of the Bell, by Romberg founded on an Englash translation of Schiller's

ST. JOHN, N. B. Jan. 8, 1891. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS .- Apropos of the recent Oratorio in Trinity, the Globe remarks tonight "the tenors were very weak." It is but fair to the "popular tenor" reporter of that paper (whose name appeared on the society's active member list), to say that he was not among the chorus, but, as at Jihha, elected to sit in the auditorium. A. P.

## Which is the Longer?

Just look for a moment at these two horizontal lines and tell which is the longer:



Our friend Snap Judgment will say, "The lower one, of course!" But it S. J. eyes .- Phil. Record.

# He Had Been There Before.

Portland Police Judge-Come, you'd better plead guilty. You'll get off easier. Patsy the Tramp-Aw, I'm dead onter

#### SOCIETY IN GUMVILLE.

Personal and Social Events in the Leading Circles.

We was glad to grasp the hand of Nehemiah Whalan, Esquire, J. P., and express our heartiest condolence. It is twins this time. Mr. Whalen is doing as well as could be expected.

Our genial friend, Mordecai Hopper, was in town this week. Mordecai is looking well. He has killed three hogs and that two-year-old heifer of his with

the white tail. Nat. Brown's baby has fell downstairs again. Them stairs bears a charmed life. This is the tenth time that child has gone coasting on his stummick

Some fiend, in human shape, stole our grindstone this week. We are glad our farm ain't on a side

hill or they'd steal that, the d-d scoundrels. Miss Penelope Harris is stopping at her Uncle Adonijah's, for a few days. Penelope's appetite is good. She displayed a heavenly ankle as she skipped over the snow-bank in our front yard yesterday. Mrs. Nige come over to our place as usual and borrered some tea and solleratus. There is talk of a peelin' frolic.

Miss Ariminta Hopper was in to see us today to borrow a flat iron. She says the baby has the colic aud two teeth and Mrs. Hopper has had another spell of roomatiz. She was a Hanselpecker.

Squire Whalen has sold his prize Jersey calf to Deacon Waugh, of Pokiok. What is the loss of Gumville is the gain of Pokiok. Old Absolem Slocomb has removed from Gum-

out saying good-bye, but he only had about two rods start of the Sheriff. There was tears in his whiskers when he went by. Our popular townsman, Zephaniah Harris, has been

ville. We were sorry to see Absolem leave us with-

sorely smitten again. We allude to the death of that sorrel colt of his which kicked the Deacon through the tail of the barn and then broke its neck. Coming ("He shall feed His flock," being perhaps her best so close after the dipthery which lugged off two of his children, this is a crushing blow.

The Reverend Isaiah Hooper gave us a feeling discourse in the Freewill Meeting-house last Sunday. We was all moved to tears. He said, if all the clothes sent out to Africa the past fifty years was handed round even, there would be two beads and a porous plaster for each nigger. The collection was 57 cents. It was a proud moment for Mr. Hooper. Miss Tirza Dusenbury sang as a solo:

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's choral strand. The day was one long to be remembered in Gumville. We hadn't the heart to charge the Reverend gentleman anything for feeding his horse but sent I hear, was 48 cents. There was great enthusiasm

here when it was known that Gumville was ahead. There is a talk of a wedding in high life down in Lower Gumville next week. The father of the intended bride was in today, and borrered a nutmeg grater and a valise for the bride's trossow. It will be something gorgeus.

The swivel-eyed apostle of Tophet, who sold us that sewin' machine last fall, was here last week for of the critic that it is easy for a man who payment. We had a slight dispute with him. We is at all familiar with the matter to tell fired him out the door and his machine after him. beforehand just how a given book The party who is spreading round the canard that will strike a given critic. More than once we jumped on him with both feet and caved in his when I have had occasion to read a MS. for ribs is a hereditery liar on both sides of the family a publisher I have said to him, 'This will

#### ANECDOTES FRANCAIS.

## Nouvelles Françaises.

Les reunions, allemande et française, ont recommence la semaine passee. La premiere a eu lieu vendredi soir mais, malgre le mauvais temps qu' il grande. Il est, en effet, de plus en plus evident que le monde a St. Jean qui s' occupie des langues et de la litterature est un monde serieux dont l'enthousiasme ne peut pas etre diminue meme par un temps impossible comme celui de vendredi soir.

L'auteur choisi pour la soiree etait Lessing, le poet et critique celebre. Herr von Paleske a cause de la vie et de l'oeuvre de ce poet dont les eleves ont donne des citations tres jolies surtout celle de "Nathan der Weise" qui etait tres bien rendue.

A la reunion tranciase samedi soir on a passe une soiree tres agreable. M. Masson a donne les dernieres scenes du "Maitre de Forge," cette piece qui se traine jusqu'a le fin sans un passage faible. Comme on le sait bein, la derniere scene est celle

du duel entre Philippe D' Erblay et le Duc de Bligny, ce dernier etant un tireur celebre. Avant ceci, neanmoins, Claire, le femme de Philippe qui l'a toujours aimee s' est reconnu qu' elle aimait son mari qu' elle a trouve plus digne de son amour que le duc qui lui a ete si faux.

On est sur le champ, tout est pret pour le duel, on a tire, mais qui a regu la balle de Bligny? Philippe? Non. Le duc n'a pas manque son coup? Non pas. C'est Claire qui a sauve la vie de son mari en lui avouant son amour. Mais sa blessure n'est pas tres grave elle s'en remet bientot.

Voic: des anecdotes qu'on a recontees pendant la soiree d'abord une petite enigme : vient d'un.

Un mendiant tenant un chien en laisse, se promene sur le boulevard en repetant-Ayez pitie d'un pauvre aveugle-Mais, dit un passant, vous avez l'air d'y voir tres clair. Oh! M. repondit le mendiant, ce n'est pas moi qui suis avegule, c'est mon

La reponse la semaine prochaine.

Un monsieur sur les boulevards, laisse tomber son porte-monnaie qui lui est aussitot rapporte par un gamin. N'y a-t-il rien pour moi? demande hardiment ce dernier .- Si, mon ami, garde cette bourse-Oh! ce serait deja fait repondit le gamin, mais il n'y a rien dedans.

M. N. dont la belle-mere est fort acariatre, se promene avec elle et un de ses amis; ce dernier, qui donnait le bras a la dame, fait un faux pas et manque de la faire tomber. M. X. s'approche alors et se penchant a l'oreille de son ami, "merci de l'intention" lui dit-il, en lui serrant la main.

Une repartie un peu dure: Deux connaissances flanent sur les boulevards en causant de choses et d'autres .- Sais-tu que serait mon reve, mon cher? . . ce serait d'assister a une piece qu'on siffle. Eh! ce n'est pas difficile, faites-en une.

Une grande reunion de tous les eleves, allemands, trancais, et espagnols a eu lieu veudredi soir chez Mine. McLaren, 76 Rue Charlotte. UNE ELEVE.

## La soiree a Calais.

Si dans les grandes villes on trouve journellement une foule de distractions et d'amusements varies, nous doutons que l'en puisse passer une soirce plus agreable que celle que les grands eleves de la "High School" de la ville de Calais (Maine) ont offert le 2 Janvier a leurs parents, a leurs amis ainsi qu'aux habitants de la ville.

Nous ne cacherons pas qu'en notre qualite de Parisien, forcement un peu blase, nous avions en steal, distribute supplies to the tribes in a nous rendant a cette soirce l'esprit un peu enclin a most reckless fashion. I remember on one une condescendance legeerment ironique, et bien, occasion a consignment of white telt hats nous devons avouer que nous avous reclement ete stupefait et enthousiasme de l'entrain et du brio avee lesquels les jeunes eleves des deux sexes ont interprete un des plus spirituelles et des plus joyeuses comedies d'Howeil, "The Elevator."

Ces jeunes gens ont montre un veritable talent will only measure the two he may open his | uni a une grande modestie, on ne saurait trop les louer du naturel et de la gaiete avec lesquels ils ont

interprete ce petit chef-d'œuvre. On doit certainement complimenter les zeles professeurs de la "High Schoot" d'avoir su enseigner a leurs jeunes eleves des notions aussi justes et aussi vraies de l'art si difficile de jouer la comedie. Citer les plus marquants parmi ces jeunes artistes, yer. You wants to go to dinner, don't yer? | cela serait les citer tous, cependant nous ne saurions donner trop d'eloges au sympathique principal de seemed to think."

la "High School," Mr. T. E. Webber, qui, avec un zele et une intelligence remarquables a su communiquer a tous ses collegues d'une soiree, sa franche gaiete et son jeu si spirituel.

Bref. la ville de Calais peut se vanter de renfermer dans son sein une troupe d'elite d'artistes amateurs. Mais, de meme que dans les contes de fees, nous marchions de surprise en surprise; ne voila t'il pas qu'apres ce desopillart spectacle, une troupe de douze des plus charmantes jeunes filles de Calais nous a donne un delicieux divertissement-ballet qu'on aurait cru regle par la celebre Mme. Mariquita de l'Opera de Paris, et qui eut fait honneur a nos plus

grandes scenes Parisiennes. Pas varies, attitudes diverses, momements d'ensemble, ont ete tour a tour execute avec une grace exquise et une precision remarquable que nous ne nous serions pas attendu a recontrer chez de simples

Les habitants de Calais garderont longtemps le souvenir de cette ravissante soiree, et en se separant chaeun n'emportait qu'un regret, c'est que ces jeunes artistes ne nous donnent pas plus souvent un pareil regal et pour l'esprit et pour les yeux.

#### LITERARY CRITICISM.

UN PARISEIN.

An Old Author Defines the Difference in Criticism.

The question of criticism, writes Arlo Bates in the January Book Buyer, is one which will be discussed, it is supposed, as long as there are folk who write books and folk who write about them. It happened not very long since that a knot of authors in Boston were talking upon this well-worn theme, and a writer who chanced to be the oldest of those present advanced the theory that in America we have no

"We have more honesty in book notices in America," he asserted, "than they have in either England or in France, but we do not have criticism for all that. We have the expression of personal opinion."

"Why that here more than there?" he

"Because in the Old World," he replied. 'they have always traditions, and these, if not always sound, are at least something definite; something which is in the nature of a criterion. This necessarily establishes the habit of referring to authority instead of giving one's personal impressions of a

"But is that necessarily better? some one

"No," he replied, smiling at being thus snapped up, "I am not prepared to say that it is. I did not start out to compare the two systems, but simply to indicate what seemed to me to be the difference. It is in this country so much the personal taste please such a critic and displease such another.' and that without any reference to the merit of the thing. I am not often mistaken. It is not difficult to tell where to look for commendation, and where for praise in papers or magazines of practically the same standing. The personal equation

is too strong to be mistaken." As there were several critics present, this opinion was not allowed to pass without a good deal of comment, most of it in opposition. It was one of those things which are easily said, yet which it is equally difficult to prove or to disprove. That there is some truth in it one might allow without going too far, but how much more is true every man must decide for himself.

Canadians as Soldiers. Speaking of the Canadians, Maj. Edmond Malet remarked that they made the best soldiers physically that he ever saw. In his company, the 81st New York Volunteer Infantry, in the late war, he said he had 45 of them, and no hardships could dampen their gay spirits nor toil exhaust their hardy frames. In those terrible forced marches of the Army of the Potomac in the Peninsula, with the thermometer far up ir. the nineties and the dust a foot deep. when thousands of men fell out by the roadside. many of them never to march again, those Canadians trudged along cheerily, beguiling the weary way with joke and song. They could not understand the wastefulness of their American comrades. who would hurl aside overcoats, blankets and other impediments on a hard march with out a thought, so they would carefully gather them up, add them to their own load and bring them into camp. "One evening I remember," said the major, "a Canadian soldier came into bivouac, after a fearful march from early dawn, with 12 overcoats piled on his knapsack, which he had carried nearly all day. He sold them back to their original owners for \$1 each."

## What A Cigarette Did.

And it all came from a half burned cigarette! It is said that not a night in the year passes without a fire in some one of our city theatres. Experience shows that as a rule fires come from trifling causes. Some months ago, when McCaull was playing in Palmer's theatre, a dude lighted a cigarette in the lobby and threw the still burning match against a portiere. McCaull was personally on hand. Quickly he pulled the blazing material to the ground, stamped out the fire, and kicked the duck into the street, Within a week what might have been a serious conflagration was quenched in its early endeavor in one of our most conspicuous theatres. Later in the week the Fitth Avenue Theatre was burned and damage done to property generally, which in an easy estimate touches a half million dollars.—Howards comment on the Fitth Avenue Theatre fire.

## One of The Many Reasons.

"The Indian agents," said a wellinformed woman who has spent much of her life in the far West, "when they do not was to be distributed to a tribe near our station, and the agent, instead of seeing that each member of the tribe received a hat, handed over a pile of a dozen to one of the chiefs, who supposing they formed one highly ornate hat, the tops fitting closely into each other, gave them to his favorite squaw, who, in turn, placed the whole dozen upon the head of her oldest boy. The effect was ludicrous enough, but when we consider that eleven suffering red men went through the winter with bare heads in consequence, the joke was not altogether so laughable as the agent