

PROGRESS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

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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.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited 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."

There is a time in the life of nearly every boy when the question arises, "What am I going to do to earn my own living?" And it is generally the cause of considerable anxiety on the part of both the boy and his parents.

It is a boy anxious to learn a trade, he is met with discouragement on every hand. He is told that the trades are overcrowded, and that, even with the greatest advantages in his favor, he has a long time to serve before receiving a journeyman's wages.

There is a great deal of truth in much of this. The days of apprentices are gone. Within recent years, the introduction of machinery of all kinds for every conceivable purpose has done away with skilled labor to a great extent.

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 claims were given a little attention it might be better for all concerned.

There is always a demand for good workmen, and year after year they are becoming scarcer. It is true that many of the trades are overcrowded, but not with the right kind of men.

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.

Mr. Hutchinson is eleven years older than Mr. John Howe was when he was removed from the postmaster's office to make place for Mr. Ellis. Mr. Howe, who is very little older than Mr. Hutchinson, was superannuated fourteen years ago, when he was good for a long period of service.

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 furnishes reliable life insurance at a cost within reach of every provident Canadian.

tent themselves with looking into the great problem of why God made men, men, and women, women, and endeavor to show how much better it would have been had He made women, men, and men, women.

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."

The Opera House company has had another 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.

It was somewhat amusing, this week, to note the eagerness with which a part of the daily press and the departmental heads of the police endeavored to fix the stigma of associating with Mrs. WOODBURN upon two representatives of PROGRESS.

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 far to the eye, but congenial to the mind.

Progress gladly acknowledges the receipt of a friendly greeting from Thomas O'Hara, who is editor of the North-Western Witness, in Duluth, Minn., or, as he styles it, "the land of Minnesota."

An Unexpected but Welcome Tribute. Edward S. Carter, editor and proprietor of PROGRESS, a live Canadian weekly newspaper in the Masonic Building, St. John, N. B., has made a phenomenal success of his journal.

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 superannuate him.

Reliable Agents Wanted. The Cosmopolitan Life Association, head office, Toronto, is appointing reliable agents all over Canada.

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 diamond stream.

The great Macready has said, "A total failure in Hamlet is of rare occurrence," and again in another portion of his 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.

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 Shakespearean actors of the century.

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.

I referred to mannerisms, one of which is to me decidedly objectionable, and that is that in moments of deep passion or absorbing 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.

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 Shakespearean exponent who we all regret to think has reached, and even, sad though it is to say, passed the zenith of his powers, and "give the world assurance" of a Hamlet whom it will be a pleasure and a profit to see and hear.

PROSCENIUM.

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.

When brought to his cell, however, Sterling, without the quiver of a muscle, said to her: "You are mistaken, madam; I am not your son."

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 tragedies of the past quarter of a century, but none that compared to the principals on that occasion."

Balmoral Hotel. See advt.

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 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 rehearsal.

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 just the place wherein to celebrate the Oratorio Society's Christmas music.

No one, but our librarian and general manager, Mr. Porter, could have arranged to get such a large body of people into Trinity church, without offending some one by putting them into an obscure corner; but I am very glad to think that the "ones in authority" have so far 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.

Miss Hea, sang all her numbers most correctly ("He shall feed His flock," being perhaps her best 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.

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.

There is 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 singers ever thought of any way they may be of use on any one around, by making a metronome of themselves? I do not refer especially to this concert, but to other times. It has not occurred to me 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 of our brethren, or what is the conductor for but to do that for you? I am sure if he could hear you, he would be all ears to know what you are doing when I use the conductor for but to do that for you? I am sure if he could hear you, he would be all ears to know what you are doing when I use the conductor for but to do that for you?

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, who are the only people with that most disastrous and deplorable ditty commonly known as "The Monkey," I also heard that Mr. Ford is contemplating giving an organ recital in St. John's church sometime in the near future, but that is about all the musical news I can think of for this week.

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 J. J. H. A., elected to sit in the auditorium. A. P.

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 if S. J. will only measure the two he may open his 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 outer yer. You wants to go to dinner, don't yer?—West Shore.

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 heartfelt condolence. It is twice this time. Mr. Whalan is doing as well as could be expected.

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

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 soundrels.

Miss Penelope Harris is stopping at her Uncle Adonjal'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 borrowed some tea and salleratus. There is talk of a peelin' frolic.

The Reverend Isaiah Hooper gave us a feeling discourse in the Free-will 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 heads 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 coral 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 him on his way rejoicing. The collection in Pokioik, I hear, was 48 cents. There was great enthusiasm here when it was known that Gumville was ahead.

The swivel-eyed apostle of Tophet, who sold us that sowin' machine last fall, was here last week for payment. We had a slight dispute with him. We fired him out the door and his machine after him. The party who is spreading round the carnard that we jumped on him with both feet and caved in his ribs is a hereditary liar on both sides of the family and we can prove it. BILDAD.

ANECDOTES FRANCAIS.

Nouvelles Francaises. Les reunions, allemande et française, ont recommence la semaine passee. La premiere a eu lieu vendredi soir mais, malgre les mauvais temps qu'il faisait ce soir-la il y avait une assistance assez grande.

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

La reunion francaise samedi soir on a passe une soiree tres agreable. M. Masson a donne les dernieres scenes du "Maitre de Forge," cette piece qui se traîne jusqu'à la fin sans un passage facile.

On est sur le champ, tout est pret pour le duel, on a tire, mais qui a rempu la balle de Bligny? Philippe? Non. Le due d'A par manne son coup? Non pas. C'est Claire qui a sauve la vie de son mari en lui avançant son amour. Mais sa blessure n'est pas tres grave elle s'est reme bien tot.

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

Une grande reunion de tous les elèves, allemands, francais, et espagnols a eu lieu vendredi soir chez Mme. McLaren, 76 Rue Charlotte. UNE ELVE.

Si dans les grandes villes on trouve journellement une foule de distractions et d'amusements varies, nous doutons que l'on puisse passer une soiree plus agreable que celle que les grands elèves 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 caehérons pas qu'en notre qualite de Parisiens, forcement un peu blase, nous avions en nous rendant a cette soiree l'esprit un peu enclin a une condescendance legerement ironique, et bien, nous devons avouer que nous avons reellement ete stupéfait et enthousiasme de l'entrain et du brio avec lesquels les jeunes elèves des deux sexes ont interprete un des plus spirituelles et des plus joyeuses comedies d'Howell, "The Elevator."

Ces jeunes gens ont montre un veritable talent au a une grande modestie, on ne saarait trop les louer du naturel et de la gaieite avec lesquels ils ont interprete ce petit chef-d'oeuvre.

On doit certainement complimentier les zelés professeurs de la "High School" d'avoir su enseigner a leurs jeunes elèves des notions aussi justes et aussi vraies de l'art si difficile de jouer la comédie.

Clerks plus marquants parmi ces jeunes artistes, cela serait les citer tous, cependant nous ne saurions donner trop d'éloges au sympathique principal de

la "High School." Mr. T. E. Webber, qui, avec un zèle et une intelligence remarquables a sa communication a tous ses collègues d'une soiree, sa franche gaieite et son jeu si spirituel.

Bref, la ville de Calais peut se vanter de renfermer dans son sein une troupe d'artistes amateurs. Mais, de meme que dans les cours de fees, nous marchons de surprise en surprise; ne voila-t'il pas qu'apres ce desopilant spectacle, une troupe de douze des plus charmants-jeunes filles de Calais nous a donne un delieieux divertissement ballet qu'on aurait cru regle par la celebre Mme. Marquita de l'Opera de Paris, et qui est fait honneur a nos plus grandes scenes Parisiennes.

Pas varies, attitudes diverses, moments d'ensemble, ont ete tour a tour execute avec une grace exquise et une precision remarquable que nous ne nous serions pas attendus a rencontrer chez de simples amateurs.

Les habitants de Calais garderont longtemps le souvenir de cette ravissante soiree, et en se separant chacun d'emporter 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. UN PALISIEN.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

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.

"Why that here more than there?" he was asked. "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 book."

"But is that necessarily better? some one put in. "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 of the critic that it is easy for a man who is at all familiar with the matter to tell beforehand just how a given book will strike a given critic. More than once when I have had occasion to read a MS. for a publisher I have said to him, 'This will 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 in 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 on his 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 McCull was playing in Palmer's theatre, a dude lighted a cigarette in the lobby and threw the still burning match against a portiere. McCull was personally on hand. Quickly he pulled the blazing material to the ground, stamped out the fire, and kicked the dude 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 Fifth Avenue Theatre was burned and damage done to property generally, which in an easy estimate touches a half million dollars.—Howards comment on the Fifth Avenue Theatre fire.

One of The Many Reasons.

"The Indian agents," said a well-informed woman who has spent much of her life in the far West, "when they do not steal, distribute supplies to the tribes in a most reckless fashion. I remember on one occasion a consignment of white felt hats 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 seemed to think."