

**THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.**

Perhaps there was much less interest felt in the oratorio performance this week than at any time in the history of the society. The death of the governor left no person in the mood for amusement and the addition of the beautiful Dead March was much too sad to induce many people to go. In fact there are plenty of persons who will avoid the Dead March on account of its unpleasant associations. The soloists at the oratorio were Mrs. Blackmore, Rev. Father Davenport and Mr. G. C. Coster, while Mr. Fisher was the conductor. Mrs. Blackmore's singing was not so sympathetic as one might have wished but that cannot be looked for in oratorio to any extent.

Mr. Marston Guillod, who is well known in this city in musical circles, has gone to Parrsboro, to a better position in the Halifax banking company. Mr. Guillod was for some time an enthusiastic member of the Mission church choir and always took a keen and critical interest in musical matters.

At the opera house since PROGRESS appeared last there have been two performances—The Mischievous Miss—written by Miss Ethel Mollison and adapted by the Rehan Company with the authoress in the leading roll. The less said about it the better. Miss Mollison has had ample opportunity to regret its presentation. It turns out to be a mistake to hold up any well known family to ridicule, especially when the representation of the members of the family in question lacks the essentials of fact, and it is a greater error to allow one's private feelings to get the better of judgment. Miss Mollison is young, she has ample time to learn. She may make an actress; she will never be a play writer.

Arthur Rehan's Company—or is it H. B. Clarke's?—returned to the city Wednesday, and gave Mixed Pickles to a slim audience. The Company is good in individual work, but discontent reigned within it. Salaries were unpaid, the management was disliked, and how could united work be obtained under such circumstances? Besides, the four actors were busy exclaiming against H. B. Clarke and his treatment of them, claiming that he left them owing certain salaries for which he was responsible. If they have a claim, Mr. Clarke is worth many times the amount of it, and they can collect the same if they prove them valid.

"Jack" McCaffrey has been in New York and announces an opera company here for Christmas week in which Mamie Taylor figures. Poor Mamie! Was she not with the Aborn company? And couldn't she kick her slipper almost to the gods. I have almost forgotten, but methinks that she was on the boards about the same time as those guff opera tickets.

Price Webber is coming this way. PROGRESS correspondents note that he is pleasing all the country side, and when he comes to town the city folk will be glad to welcome him.

I print something about Gleason and his appearance in Boston. We can all imagine Rufus Somerby somewhere near the ticket office. Somerby told me when here that he proposed to spend \$1,100 advertising that one night show. He probably did so for he had about 10,000 people present. Why are there not more Somerby's?

**SUBDUED THREE UGLY HORSES.**

Prof. Gleason Had an Audience Which Taxed the Capacity of Mechanics' Hall.

Prof. Gleason tried to tame three horses in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, in two hours and failed by 7½ minutes. The equine trio was supposed to be the champion kickers of their tribe, adepts in the choicest varieties of horse profanity, if heels may be accepted as the exponent of equestrian emphasis.

He tamed them, however, if he was a little late.

The occasion was notable, also, as probably it was the greatest turnout of an audience to a one-night show ever seen in Boston. Thousands were turned away, and hundreds of tickets were refunded when the holders found they could not get their seats. The force of ushers was inadequate, and any ticket holder of an admission who was smart enough could take a reserved seat. He was unconsciously helped by the crowd at the door, which lay banked in serried, impenetrable ranks, blocking the entrance.

As early as 7 o'clock the bank of expectant auditors reached to the middle of Huntington avenue, and far up and down the sidewalk. The high flight of steps at the main entrance was like a sardine box. One of the doors was open and two policemen let the crowd in one by one, as a thousand pushed them in from behind. The writer was three-quarters of an hour climbing that short elevation, and by the time the door was reached over 2000 people were vainly trying to brave the nipping air outside, and crushing forward to get in.

Within the building the sight was quite as impressive. By 8:30 o'clock every available seat and every foot of standing room was taken up. The audience was a test crowd for the great hall. It has been estimated as for 9000 people when they crowd up, filling the aisles, and when hanging on to friendly beams overhead. They did all that last night. It was a good-natured crowd, fairly so, at least, the problem of finding their own seats being the principal disturbing element. There were unnumbered chances to indulge in ad-

vice to everybody, Gleason included, and they improved every one of them.

The Professor did not appear till 8:45. He made his regulation speech, detailing with especial emphasis that he had never seen these horses before, and would have to gather whatever knowledge of their dispositions he needed from the cursory opportunities afforded after their appearance. The first horse was a big bay, named Bowstring, with a wicked looking head and a black record. His career is a long trail of splintered buggies, sulkeys, and any other thing he could reach with his heels. As a show horse he was something of a disappointment at first. He came out as gentle as a lamb, and permitted the professor to fix on the ropes and buckles without a protesting whimper. A section of the crowd took this as a "fake," and said unpleasant things.

Once the professor got going it was seen, though, that the horse was as good as his reputation. He kicked with a reach, accuracy and strength born only of long and unimpeded practice. Once, twice, the professor tried to land him with a single rope, but it was no use. Then he put on the double rope and tried again. The horse did not seem to mind this any more, for his heels were still like a cord around him with his fore-feet in the centre, the pivot on which he spun.

He pulled Gleason off his feet before he was stopped. The professor got up, spit out a mouthful of sawdust, took a new wrap on the lines and began again. This time he was successful. Bowstring in a few minutes gave up kicking for the excellent reason that he couldn't kick any more. His forefeet were doubled up under him, and, as everybody knows, no self-respecting horse kicks unless he can stand on something beside his kicking apparatus. The apparatus, by the way, has become tolerably familiar from Gleason's former exhibitions, and may be briefly detailed as a system of ropes, reaching from the two fore fetlocks through a ring on the under side of a stout surcingle, thence in long leading lines to the professor's hand. He can thus pull the horse's forefeet out from under him at will.

When Bowstring gave up kicking at this stage, a string of tin pans was tied to his crupper, and the horse tried to send them through the roof. He gave up the job in a very few minutes, and finally allowed the tinware to dangle around his heels without worrying about it. He had by this time got cooled down so as to allow the professor to poke poles and things around his hind legs, and seemed to like it. Hitching the horse in a squat looking, but rock-ribbed sulky, brought out some more kicking, but this was soon quelled. At the end of 41½ minutes Gleason had him going around the ring as sedate as a cob, without a rope or strap on him, and standing up in the sulky asked the judges if they were satisfied. They nodded assent. The judges were J. S. Warner, J. P. Silsby, and H. E. Brown. Gleason would pound the animal's rump with the seat cushion, jab poles against his legs, throw the cushion over the horse's head, and "never a budge" had the now thoroughly subdued Bowstring, though not a strap or a rope stood between him and anything beneath the skies that he cared to kick.

Robert R. a handsome black stallion, took the next lesson, he has a biting record, as well as renown as a kicker, and appeared with a big leather muzzle on. The professor hitched a rope to his right fore fetlock, threw it over his back, and standing on the horse's left side, proceeded to throw him down. The process consists in pulling the horse's head around to the left, after pulling his right forefoot from the ground, and pushing him over. It was a long, tedious job, for Robert R. had a will like iron, and kept Gleason busy for 15 minutes completing this first stage.

When the horse was down his head was pulled around still more, and Gleason toyed with his mouth till the horse got sick of trying to bite. The audience had seen nobody bitten, though, and could not appreciate this portion of the show. Robert went the same course of sprints as Bowstring, but quieted down a trifle quicker. He was treated to bass drum beating on his back, and several bunches of firecrackers were set off underneath him. Before the professor got through with him, he acted as if he had rather preferred a pavement of lighted firecrackers, though at first he had tried to comb the professor's hair with his heels when the trick was tried on.

Robert R. was a good horse in 54 minutes, and Gypsy girl was led out. She was a beauty, but had an awful record, and one owner in a trying moment had chopped off her tail close to the roots, as an expression of his opinion. The other two could kick a little, but they were not in the same class with Gypsy. She could give them 50 in 100, and then discount them. When she got started, her vicinity was an aureole of glistening heels, with professor, his three assistants, and the front row of the admission seats, perpetually dodging the fearsome circumference.

After all her fuss she gave up in 32 minutes. She would have done better, but the crowd was massed in front of the harness racks, and the attendants wasted minutes trying to get the necessary apparatus. Gleason's failure to accomplish the task in the time set may be laid to this fact, and not to any inability. He was bothered all through the evening in this way. He had succeeded with the audience, however, and every stage of his victory over the animals was greeted with uproarious applause.

There was a small but persistent body of "doubting Thomases" in the free seats, whose oisses make an unpleasant undercurrent, but they were in a large minority.

**Village Insurance.**

This is the practice of the communal authorities of some of the villages in Switzerland, who, instead of treating insurance against fire as a concern for each householder's individual providence and thrift, insure all the buildings—the church, houses, stables and sheds—within the parish. A community living in wooden houses, where the burning of one house often involves the conflagration of more than half the village, naturally appreciates the wise economy of such a practice. The cost is met by a slight increase in the local self-taxation. One single policy is drawn out for the whole place, which diminishes appreciably the cost of the insurance. This is one of those things which might possibly be adopted with advantage in this country when the proper village or parish councils are in operation.

**HEAVY RAINFALL.**

One Inch of Rain Means One Hundred Tons of Water per Acre.

Recently the writer had occasion to make a twelve hours' journey by rail from the south of Scotland to the extreme north, and noticed that it was raining incessantly the whole way. We may assume, without any great straining of possibilities, that this state of things held all over the country on this or on some other day. To take a very moderate estimate, say that in the course of the twenty-four hours, all over the British Islands, there fell a tenth of an inch of rain, this being the amount which falls on what is ordinarily called a wet day.

One inch of rain means 100 tons of water to the acre, and accordingly on our supposed wet day there fell on every acre of the land ten tons of water. In no numbers there are 77,000,000 acres in Great Britain and Ireland, so, that on this day there fell the extraordinary quantity of 770,000,000 tons, or 172,480,000,000 gallons of water. Taking the population of that country at 50,000,000, this single moderately rainy day would suffice to provide for every man, woman, and child fifty gallons a day for eighty days, if all the water could have been prevented from soaking into the earth. To hold this enormous quantity would require a tank over 1,000 yards long, 1,000 broad, and 1,000 yards high.

**RETAINED HER YOUTH.**

Had Been Married Thirty Years and Had Enjoyed Life.

That one is as young as he or she feels, and not as old as he or she is, was beautifully demonstrated one day last week by a lady who lives up town on the west side, with her husband and three grown-up daughters, all lovely girls. She came down to the breakfast table radiant with smiles. She greeted her daughters with all the spirit of a schoolgirl. The lord of the house entered and took his seat.

"Girls," said the mother, "John and I were married thirty years ago to-day. After breakfast we are going out for the day. We won't be home until morning. You can do just as you please with yourselves."

Out they went, and they made a day of it, with a long drive, a dinner at the Brunswick, and a box at the theatre.

The next morning the girls were a little surprised to see their mother come down to breakfast with the same radiant countenance.

"Oh! girls," she exclaimed, "we had a large party. Ah!" she sighed, "I hope you will get as good husbands as I have."

And she had been married thirty years.

**He Comprehended.**

The young and winsome maiden called to see her father on behalf of George, the youth who had won her heart, but who was not her father's favourite.

"Father," she said gently, "I want to tell you something, and you mustn't be angry."

"Very well," he replied, "I promise," and he bent forward and kissed her.

"I want to tell you, father, that George and I are in love and we want to get married."

The father forgot his promise in a second and began to storn.

"I haven't told you I wouldn't have him about the house? Haven't I forbid you to see him?" he ranted. "Now, once for all, I tell you if he comes here again or sees you anywhere else, I'll kick him all over the town."

The girl stood her ground like a little man.

"Now, papa, dear," she said, "you'll do nothing of the sort. George is young and healthy and a champion all-round athlete, and we had a conference this morning, and I told him I'd love him just the same, even if he had to pound you out of shape in defending his rights in this case; so you may as well see fit to submit and save us the necessity of resorting to harsh measures."

He saw.

**Forget Their Loss.**

It is not an unusual thing for people who have lost the use of a sense or a limb to talk, more or less unconsciously, as if they still possessed it.

A short while ago a gentleman who had been totally blind for many years, but who managed to travel about notwithstanding his affliction, wrote to a friend: "I am making a trip to P—in the autumn to see how the world wags, and I hope to see you while I am there."

This is pathetic. More amusing, perhaps, was an incident of a like nature which happened during a tour through the provinces which the French president M. Carnot, recently made. At one place, where an address was to be delivered to the President, the duty of pronouncing it was committed to a maimed veteran, both of whose arms had been amputated. Just before the hour for the ceremony had arrived, a local functionary said to the veteran: "Are you sure you know your speech?" "Know it!" he exclaimed confidently. "Why, I've got it right at my finger ends!"

**PHOTOGRAPHS VS. CHRISTMAS CARDS.**

How Each Holds Its Own in the Line of Holiday Gifts.

A few years ago the Christmas Cards held an enviable place in the list of Christmas remembrances. Many people like to remember their valued acquaintances in this way, but the day of the much cherished card seems to be past, and among the many more desirable articles that have supplanted it is the photograph. Nothing appeals to a person's kindest feelings so much as receiving a good photograph of a valued friend or relative.

In these days the art of Photography has arrived at such perfection that no one need fear that they will get a picture that will not do them justice. This is especially true of the modern studio of J. H. Connelley, who has been at great pains to secure the very best apparatus for his work. He purchased rapid lenses and plates when in the States recently, and at the same time refurnished his studio with beautiful background and accessories and furniture that do so much towards the completion of an artistic photo. He is now better prepared than ever to place before the public the best photography and to execute orders promptly. Those who visit his studio at the corner of King and Charlotte streets will be amply satisfied with the character of his work.

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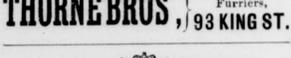


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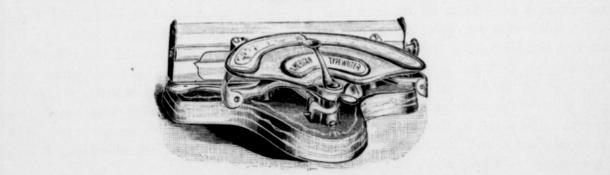
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