

SUNDAY MORNING

THE TORONTO WORLD

JANUARY 26, 1908

ROYAL ALEXANDRA

HOME OF GOOD PLAYS

MATS THURSDAY, SATURDAY, 25c and 50c. NIGHT 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

This Week - COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING - Farewell Week

IDA CONQUEST

EDWIN MACKAY

AND THE ROYAL ALEXANDRA PLAYERS PRESENT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S SUCCESS

HER GREAT MATCH

BY CLYDE FITCH

FIRST APPEARANCE IN TORONTO

NEXT WEEK MADAME BERTHA MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS

MANAGEMENT HARRISON GREY FISKE

Germany Home of The First Newspaper

Where was the first real newspaper printed? Every nation of importance has laid claim to it. The most recent research has pronounced definitely in favor of the Germans.

To them belongs, too, the honor of inventing the art of printing. This in spite of Caxton's achievements in England.

In the Heidelberg University library is preserved the oldest newspaper extant. It found its way there from the monastery of Salem, on the dissolution of the latter in 1802.

Nathan Straus of New York, who has been attending lectures in Heidelberg, given by Prof. Koch, received from Prof. Koch some copies of this newspaper for disposal among a few American friends.

Prof. Koch prepared a partial facsimile in 1895 for presentation as a souvenir of the conference of German authors and journalists. It presents some amusing features when contrasted with the product of the presses to-day.

For instance, the heading in the first communication begins with the word "Zeitung." At that time "Zeitung" meant simply "news." Under this head came

events of world-wide importance. It is as unimpressive as was the London Times' announcement of the battle of Trafalgar, which saved England from Napoleon—a single line, above a stick of news, "Death of Lord Nelson."

This German pioneer paper was published about 1609 by Johann Carolus, an instance of the sort of news contained under the head of "Zeitung" may be mentioned the discovery of the telescope by Galileo.

In the preface, the publisher explains that he has been publishing newspapers for some years, and that the present volume is the continuation of a former venture. Therefore, it appears probable that the first appearance of this paper was near the beginning of the 17th century.

A prettily engraved border surrounds the title of the paper. Three angels are embracing each other, bearing a cross, an anchor and a flaming heart, symbolic of Faith, Hope and Charity. In the right corner, below the recumbent sheep, the monogram "M. P." is visible. On the side panels is represented the fight between David and Goliath.

An Arabic numeral signifies the beginning of the first paragraph of the text overleaf. The paper contains correspondence from 17 towns, including Frankfurt-on-Main, Amsterdam, Brussels, Cologne, Rome, Venice and Vienna. The letters are weekly. In fact, all the first newspapers were political weeklies.

This was the first real newspaper published by private individuals. But issues of news sheets similar to newspapers date back centuries and centuries earlier than this paper of the firm of Carolus, founded in Strasburg in 1575.

Altho there were news pamphlets as early as 1596 in England, the first newspaper was published by Nathaniel Butters in 1622. It was called "The News of the Present Week." Previous to this by many years the Venetian government had issued news bulletins covering the war happenings of the republic. That was in 1566. As far back as 1486 such official news bulletins appeared in certain European countries, and in one such was announced the discovery of America by Columbus.

In America, Boston produced the first real newspaper. It was called "Publick Occurrences," and was published in 1689. This paper was suppressed by the governor of Massachusetts, however, for "reflections of a very high nature." The Boston News-Letter in 1704 and The Boston Gazette in 1719 followed this early attempt.

KIND OF MEN WHOM CANADA IS SEEKING

An Answer to the Cry of Immigrants Who Come Here and Are Dissatisfied.

In a recent issue of The Daily Chronicle appeared a column headed "The Emigrants' Bitter Cry," which set forth with some statistical bombast the lamentable condition of "thousands of skilled but unemployed men in the town and industrial centres" of Canada. Such an article is calculated to thoroughly depress the potential emigrant, who may, in fact, be perfectly well qualified to follow in the footsteps of those before him who have gone to Canada and succeeded in laying the foundation of a new life.

ions of large fortunes, writes Mrs. George Cran in The Chronicle. It would appear that a Mr. Trotter, general organizer of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, has come here armed with a quotation from the speech of a member of the Dominion parliament, with the intention of bringing before our public the hopeless chance of the emigrant from England to Canada. He is "accredited by the officials of the congress to the officers and members of the British trade unions, and has been specially delegated to do everything in his power to check the emigration to the Dominion of the workless from this country."

Such a mission on the part of the general organizer of the Canadian Trades and Labor Congress is laudable enough, seeing that the object of the party he represents is to keep down the supply of skilled workmen, thereby maintaining the highest possible rate of wages for the Canadian trade unionist.

How far such a purpose tends to the ultimate good of the colony it is not for me to decide—the point that troubles me in the whole matter is that Mr. Trotter in voicing the "emigrants' bitter cry" fails to explain that he is only spokesman for a limited section of the community.

The market for skilled workmen in Canadian industrial centres is, I have every reason to believe, greatly overstocked; but there are openings—may, more, there is a great need—for emigrants other than skilled workers, who will only follow their particular trade; and this is where Mr. Trotter displays but one side of the case. The skilled artisan who goes out from our old country, with its crowded cities, to a young country where cities as we know them have hardly begun to exist, cannot in reason expect to find the work which our teeming populations here have denied him.

Wealth in the Soil. The worker in cities for the needs of cities is likely to be idle, in a land where cities hardly exist. In quoting the hard case of the "twenty stone cutters, the drapers, the six carpenters, the baker, the four bricklayers and two plumbers," who, in a gang of 60 men, dug trenches in the streets of Calgary, the department of the interior was simultaneously certifying for harvesters. While in Ottawa this September I myself saw photographs of vast masses of wheat which were left to rot for lack of labor to deal with them.

If the skilled worker in cities goes out to a land of small and few cities prepared to dig trenches in the streets rather than turn himself back to the soil, the mother of health and giver of wealth, he has small right to be having when he utters his "bitter cry." The point, it seems to me, is not to ventilate the failure of the unfitted who have gone to a new country and refused to adapt themselves to its needs (tho that is deplorable enough), but to insist widely and tirelessly on the kind of emigrant likely to succeed in Canada. There is plenty of work for domestic servants, for farmers, for farm laborers; and the man of capital, however small, who goes to the Dominion goes to certain wealth.

Here is this magnificent colony of ours, this land of wood and water, mountain and plain, crying for hands to gather the wealth from its thousands of miles of ore-bearing, fruit-bearing, wheat-bearing, lumber-bearing soil—and here are the few hundreds of "town-bred and trained men, who, when they are put on the farms, will not stay there," raising the "emigrants' bitter cry." It gives one to weep! It affects the mental attitude of the Canadians to the mother country; they are beginning to judge of England by the men she sends out, who "will not stay on the farms."

They argue that if the home country is shipping out her idlers she is unworthy to retain her great responsibilities, and if she is shipping out idlers so much as men unfitted for the needs of their country, then she is culpably careless and deserving of severe censure—where, indeed, I conceive they have reason on their side. So long as we in England neglect to devote serious and intelligent attention to our colonies, so long as we are unworthy of our great motherhood.

Canada's Immense Resources. The resources of Canada are immense. Every year she is laying down hundreds of miles of fresh rails; every year she produces the (suitable) emigrant grows finer. In Nova Scotia, Gaspe, fruit growers make \$1000 a year, and only work four months of the year; they can gather in twelve barrels of apples off one tree; and at least one farmer who began by working on the land of another farmer saved enough from his wages to buy some wild land, which he has now so well in hand that he would not sell it for \$1000 an acre.

While I was visiting Kingsmere, outside Ottawa, I found the farmer on the land adjoining had discovered mica of excellent quality on the soil he owned and was mining. He possesses a fortune in his land. A Devonshire man—settled at Birnie, in Manitoba—told me that during his first year in Canada he was so reduced that tho he would have sold his shirt to return to the old country he could not raise his passage money, and so was forced to work as a laborer on another man's farm. He saved and thrived. He now owns 80 acres of land, seventy head of cattle and a fine house.

The climate is magnificent; extreme heat and cold then in England, but dry and bracing, the conditions are primitive, and everyone but the capitalist manual labor is demanded as the first necessity of life.

I can well conceive that to the spoiled child of our teeming English cities, the "skilled worker" accustomed to music halls and gin palaces, those wide unbroken plains of waving wheat are eminently disasteful. The artisan, accustomed to his beer and his grievance, tired from youth to the daily impact of thousands of lives upon his own life, may well feel lonely in the bush or on the prairie, but if he is not prepared to adjust himself to his new conditions and work honestly for the reward which is bound to come, he is better away. Canada has no use for him, and is better without his "bitter cry." If he cannot still his craving for the noise and light and artificial life of cities let him stay in England, where our older civilization permits of these luxuries.

PRINCESS BEGINNING JAN. 27 MONDAY SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY, 25c to \$1.00

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NOTE—NO ADVANCE IN PRICES—25c to \$1.50. SEAT SALE THURSDAY, JANUARY 30.



Lillian Russell, in the racing comedy, "Wildfire," at the Princess this week.

the jockeys and trainers. Miss Bessie Toney, as Bessy Skelton, the owner of King Solomon, the winning horse, adds much heart interest to the scene. The racing finish to the act, with four horses in contest, is exciting and realistic.

Miss Louise Agout, a member of the famous Agout family of jugglers, appears at the head of her own company in a bit of Parisienne vaudeville called "Mlle. Foulard." Miss Agout is one of the beauties of the stage, and her new medium presents her to advantage. The scene of her comedy is laid in a French cafe and she is assisted by a clever company.

She is an expert juggler and adds to the effect of her act by introducing a clever and graceful dance.

Eddie Leonard is a favorite in Toronto and his own particular style of plantation singing never fails to please. As a dancer he has few rivals and his "In the Land of Cotton" is always up-to-date. Mr. Leonard is assisted by the Gordon Brothers.

Lola Cotton is making her first appearance in Toronto with her marvelous and startling exhibition of mental telepathy. Miss Cotton is little more than a child, and her powers are said to have mystified the scientists. She invites the audience to have ready call-cards addressed envelopes or legal papers, as she will answer a literal number of questions at every performance.

Taciano is another new-comer to Toronto. Keno, Welsh & Melrose, comedy acrobats, are always welcome, and Howard & Howard, the Hebrew Messenger Boy and the Thesbian, have a new line of convulsions and some good songs. The kinetograph closes the show with a new line of pictures.

At the Gayety. The "Canino Girl," with the special and wonderful lariat-throwing of Will Rogers, will hold the boards at the Gayety this week. Two skits, "A Night in Goldfield" and "A Gay Old Boy," are the outlet of a barrel of fun and furnish the extra strong list of comedians with plenty of opportunities to make an entertainment without a moment's dullness or dryness. Fun runs riot all thru both pieces and there is an olio bill that is second to none on the road, including as it does such representatives of the various vaudeville specialties as would make a whole show in themselves. No better bill has been furnished this year in specialties, it is said, with Frank Graham, Jack Crawford, Dan Manning and Tom Nolan as a quartet of fun-makers, with plenty of good stuff to work on. Lillian Washburn and Cora White are well and favorably known in the leading lady roles. Rose Deely and Margie Austin, as dancing dolls; Moran and Wiser in their wonderful juggling turn; Tom Nolan and Cora White in a clever song and dance sketch that is amusing and does not drag; Crawford and Manning in an acrobatic stunt, and Frank Graham and Edith Randall, in a little sparkling thing called "Across the Bridge." These make up the performances yet seen here and with a strong and clever chorus of twenty girls beautifully costumed, one of the brightest, crispest and funniest shows on the circuit.

The Delectable Dave. Intimate friends of Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, had just told him that he was suspected of being insane.

"Boh!" he exclaimed. "I'm not really insane. It's only a mild case of stuporous melancholia—if anybody should ask you."

In proof whereof he struck an attitude of the deepest gloom and recited his famous soliloquy without a break.

Castle Brand Collars. Easy buttonholes; doubly-sewn; gutter seemed to make them frayless. Better value for your money—better fit and better service.

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