GRAND OPERA HOUSE
WEEK COMMENCING 28
MONDAY, JANUARY
WEDNESDAY—MATINEES—SATURDAY.

THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE SEASON
BARNABEE & MACDONALD'S
ROBIN HOOD
OPERA COMPANY
Presenting DeKevon and Smith's Twin Opera Successes
ROBIN HOOD
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday Evenings and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees
— AND THE —
KNICKERBOCKERS
Friday and Saturday Evenings.

Company of Sixty Artists.
Chorus of Forty.
Operatic Orchestra of Twenty.
Stage Full Special Scenery.

...SEATS NOW ON SALE...

ROLIN HOOD OPERA CO.

Yet Another Brilliant and Popular Attraction to Be at the Grand Opera House This Week.

A rare treat is offered theatregoers at the Grand Opera House this week, when Barnabee & Macdonald's Robin Hood Opera Company will present DeKoven and Smith's tuneful comic operas, "Robin Hood" and "The Knickerbockers." The former has already been heard in this city and its melodic qualities are so well known that words of praise which could be used in its favor would be superfluous. Suffice it to say it is the leading comic opera of America. "Robin Hood" will be presented on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees. "The Knickerbockers," which will be sung on Friday and Saturday evenings, is comparatively new to Toronto theatregoers. It was especially written by the authors as a companion piece to "Robin Hood," and is said by many to equal if not excel the latter in general all-round merit. It has been highly endorsed by critics in all the large cities wherever it has appeared. Below will be found the story.

"The Knickerbockers."

"The Knickerbockers" treats in whimsical fashion of the neighborhood wars of the New Amsterdam Dutch and the New England Puritans, and weaves into the story a romance or double romance concerning a Puritan damsel and Dutch gallant, and a Puritan captain and the daughter of a Dutch governor. The Dutch governor is an historical personage, being none other than Peter Stuyvesant, who rules the Dutch colonists about the middle of the seventeenth century. He is the comedy figure in the opera, and is an intemperate leader in mixed metaphors, which makes his language distinctly laugh-provoking. He is a comedy tyrant, and delights to issue proclamations every hour in the day. His factotum is another historical personage, Antony Van Corlear, the trumpeter whose memory embalmed in Washington Irving's Knickerbocker History Antony is a veritable peacock of vanity and imagines that every girl in the colony is in love with him, a fancy in which he is very much alone, as the damsels do not care for him at all. The story opens with the announcement of the approaching marriage of Hendrick Schemerhorn to the Puritan girl Priscilla, over which mesalliance the Dutch are much concerned. Following this Miles Bradford, Puritan captain, ventures into New Amsterdam to see the governor's daughter Katrina, whom he loves, and who reciprocates his passion. Miles interposes in favor of a young British officer, who is being beset by a crowd of Dutchmen, and upon the Englishman making his escape Miles is denounced as a spy. Hendrick, who is an old friend of Miles, offers to provide a disguise in which the Puritan may escape, this being nothing less than a gown of Priscilla's. Antony overhears their plan and reports it to the governor, who pounces upon Priscilla, believing her to be the spy in disguise. A trunk abandoned by the fleeing Englishman is found containing some uniforms, and Priscilla is made to don one of them, in which she, a modest Puritan maiden, is very uncomfortable; but inasmuch as Miles is still in danger, it is decided by them to continue the deception until the reckless lover can make good his escape. Out of this condition of things grow numerous laughable incidents, complicating the affair of the young people, and hopelessly estranging the governor and his efficient corps. Of course the scheme is unmasked at last, and Miles barely escapes. He returns, however, at the head of the Puritan army, and the governor is forced to accept his terms to maintain peace. The terms are a double marriage, which ends the piece in proper fashion. The characters are clean cut and striking, the addition to those already mentioned are the Burgomaster and young sailor named Jim Suydam, who afterwards becomes captain of the New Amsterdam Cadets. The piece moves briskly and is full of comedy.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

"The Fast Mail," a Great Spectacular and Realistic Production, to Be Given All This Week.

Among the most successful plays of this generation there is none more popular than Lincoln J. Carter's great railroad melodrama, "The Fast Mail," which will be given an elaborate scenic production at the Toronto Opera House this week, commencing to-morrow (Monday) night. As its name indicates, it deals largely with the railroad in its incidents, but at the same time presents an abundance of stage effects that are daring in their magnitude and admirable in their execution. The play is constructed on strictly modern principles, the action being very swift throughout. The interest starts at a terrific pace and is not allowed to flag for an instant. The incidents are made doubly thrilling by the mechanical and scenic effects that are employed. There is the rattle and clatter of a patrol wagon as it comes down the street; the whistles, bells, etc., of a Mississippi steamboat leaving her wharf; moonlight effects on

the river, the glowing furnaces of the boat, and the explosion and breaking up of the steamer in mid-river. A gigantic piece of real water scenery is presented in the Niagara Falls scene, where the immensity of the enormous cataract is given a most realistic representation, the roar of the water is plainly heard and the seething foam and the mist that rise from it are shown most vividly. The great railroad scene is another unprecedented achievement in the direction of realism. A freight train of fourteen cars is run across the stage with an illuminated caboose and a practical locomotive, followed, at the close of the third act, by "The Fast Mail," which crosses the stage at the rate of seventy miles an hour.

In the cast will appear many of the players who have been associated with the drama since it first saw the light,

among them Robert Gaillard, Harry S. Robinson, Albert C. Sprague, W. H. St. James, Will H. Stevens, Charles Larkin, Peter O'Day, Harrie R. Pierce, James Jay Scanlan, Emma Butler, Stella Mayhew, Bella Graham, Alice McCarron and Marie Kemp.

Nine performances of "The Fast Mail" will be given, including the regular Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees.

"Sport McAllister."

Robert Gaylor, always a favorite with the theatre-going people will play his annual engagement at the Toronto Opera House week beginning Feb. 4, in his successful satire, "Sport McAllister." Both star and play have always been very successful in this city. The role of "Sport" McAllister is a splendid vehicle for the display of Gaylor's many peculiarities. It affords him ample latitude for the introduction of the specialties which made him famous years ago, but all are introduced in such a legitimate manner that they seem to have been deftly woven in by the skillful author. Gaylor is supported this season by an excellent company of specialty artists, whose work throughout the piece is said to give evidence of greater talent than is generally shown. Miss Mabel Craig, one of the brightest of soubrettes, dances and sings in the most charming manner. Arthur J. O'Brien, as Dennis Ginty, "Sport's" rival in politics, is well spoken of, while Joseph Kelly is said to be another Evans of "Parlor Match" fame, and does an exceedingly clever piece of character acting. Miss Marie Laurens, Lillian Heckler, Lizzie Innes, Kathleen Warren, Mabel Craig, Nelsey Chamberlain and a bevy of pretty girls, whose artistic singing will, it is said, captivate any audience, are still in the cast.

Echoes of the Stage

Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Ideal Husband" is not the failure hasty cablers made out, for the Haymarket is crowded nightly to see this extraordinary personage, and to hear more epigrams than they know what to do with. The characteristic speech of the author on the first night has made the piece memorable, as it sent everyone home in good humor. After thanking the audience for their reception and the actors for their careful performance of his play, Oscar added in his quietest tones: "I have spent a very pleasant evening." The joke caught like wild-fire, and if there was any dissenting voice—save the critics—before the curtain fell, nothing but laughter and pleasant words have since accompanied "An Ideal Husband" into the world of new born plays. It is even pronounced a much better piece than "Lady Windermere's Fan," and is in truth a much more wholesome one than that, and the quondam society cynic is once again a favorite among his own.

In a speech at the Actors' Benevolent Fund dinner in London recently Mr. Beerbohm Tree told, apropos of heredity, a story of one of his little daughters. "I recently reproved the young lady," said he, "for breaking a window in a fit of temper, because she was not allowed to fly a kite in Piccadilly. 'This, my child,' I said, 'is wickedness.' 'No, father,' she replied, reprovingly, 'it is heredity.'" Precisely. As the Tree is bent the twig's inclined.

It is said that Fanny Davenport has paid out, including the $10,000 bonus for the rights in "Gismonda," $50,000 on Sardou's last play, but shrewd calculators figure that she will surely make $200,000 with it. Miss Davenport is looked upon by managers as the shrewdest woman in the profession. She has daring, pluck and staying power, and has in her career taken risks that few men would have had the nerve to assume. No one who has watched her career, especially those who saw her in the "Cleopatra" venture, when fire stepped in and nearly wiped her show out of existence, need be told this.

Reports of success are often mistrusted when the cable brings them over, but it appears that it is no more safe to accept as final reports of failure. Henry James' "Guy Domville" is still running in London in spite of the vicious hissing it received, and promises to reverse the decision of its first hearing. "Wait for the foreign papers," is often the cry of caution when the cable brings over messages of a success in Paris or London, so warm that one wonders the whole Atlantic did not boil over. It seems "wait for the foreign papers" is just as necessary when the cable sizzles in reports of hisses and failure.

A curious little book of 200 pages has been published in Paris to prove that there are only 36 dramatic situations. The author, M. Polti, quotes the saying of Goethe that Gozzi maintained that there could only be 36 tragic situations. Schiller took a lot of trouble to find more, but he did not even discover as many as Gozzi. He proves Gozzi's proposition and then declares that there are really only 36 emotions in life, but these are capable of 1332 sub-divisions, covering the entire range of love, hatred, jealousy, the affections, the passions, the sentiments and all.

Gradually $2 is getting to be the ordinary price of a first-class seat at New York theatres. Four or five years ago $1.50 was universal. Daly was the first to inaugurate the $2 price, and then came the Lyceum. A couple of weeks ago the Herald Square Theatre advanced the price of a large number of seats to $2; at the Empire they charge $2, and also at Abbey's. Yet it appears that the vast majority of managers in that city cannot fill their houses at ordinary prices.

It Miss Rose Coghlan's supporting company for this season are three leading men. Mr. John T. Sullivan, Mr. Henry Jewett, last season leading man for Julia Marlowe, and Mr. Cecil M. York, formerly leading man for the Kendals.

Irving's American tour will begin in this country next September and will extend 35 weeks, during which he will play eight weeks in New York and four in Boston, with a shorter return engagement in each city in the spring. Atlanta and Nashville appear in his list.

Johnstone Bennett has decided to go in for burlesque, tights and all, and will go abroad to study a while in London and Paris, and doubtless make her debut in her new line on the other side of the ocean.

A GAIETY GIRL.

Touchstone's Opinion of the Performance and the Play—Tuneful Music and Pretty Girls.

Toronto playgoers, and particularly that section of them that we call Toronto society, welcomed "A Society Girl" with open arms. None can blame them for it. Considered as a show and as such alone it is a first rate production. Intrinsically it is weak and barren of wit and its touch of very maudlin sentiment is of British bread and butter school that began with that odious child Little Nell. Some of those bright and frivolous people who have of late years given an electric atmosphere to London pieces, got at the comedy, however. Frenchified it and embellished it with color and can-cans until it became a very seductive spectacle indeed. In fact you are moved to go and see it again, and when you do you like it better than you did the first time for several reasons. For instance, having heard the twelve-stone-six jokes before you don't listen to them but inspect the girls instead, while the unfortunate actors are reeling them off. You find that the robust and healthy specimens of English beauty are even more attractive on a second view. Again the irritation that the maudlin pretence at a plot aroused in you has rippled away and you don't pay any attention to it. The music of Sidney Jones improves on acquaintance; you find that it is tuneful. There is a little phenomenon about our human ear which musical critics have often noted from experience; you cannot say whether music is tuneful or not from a single hearing; it is only from a second taste when it either caresses one's auricular senses or dulls them that you can speak. Mr. Jones' music stands the test of a second hearing, although his harmonies are only natural children to Sir Arthur Sullivan's creations. The verses of Henry Greenbank are likewise distinctly clever and full of Gallic mirth and with the other embellishments are pervaded by a Dudley Hardyism that is quite charming. Dudley Hardy, by the way, is the gentleman who made the attractive show bill and who also draws pictures for The London Sketch that are trifling but piquant. He sketches dancers on the whirl and Pierrots on the bound and makes pictures with blase figures that belie sentimental titles. In fact he is so Frenchified that he has got quite a cult in London and represents a phase and is successful, just as the songs and the dances in "A Gaiety Girl" represent the same phase and are extravagantly applauded.

* * *

The plan of the piece is simply that of the American farce comedy of the type of "A Trip to Chinatown," with none of the breeziness of characterization or epigram that gives quality to Hoyt's pieces. But if the characters in "A Gaiety Girl" are insipid they have no weary peculiarities, and the young men speak a charming "Haw-Haw" accent, eminently natural in gentlemen of the Horse Guards. The ballad of "Tommy Atkins" we have heard frequently, but it is still interesting, except when Captain Goldfield waxes pathetic in the rendering of it. I presume that it is part of the original business, and as the business of most of the songs is unusually the singer pull out the emotional stop in good it is doubly excruciating to hear his voice in order that we may appreciate the woes of Atkins. It is the vein of mechanical sentiment all through the piece that makes one fatigued; luckily, most of the lyrics are written with a candid cynicism that makes them the best things of the show. Some of the widow's utterances are also quite worldly, and from an actress with the genuine society manner they would be humorously effective. Unluckily Miss Winnifred Dennis has only the music hall manner, and doesn't give the worldly significance to the lines about a marriage with an actress being superfluous, and the necessity for a Guardsman to have a share in a society scandal. The song about Pierrot, who is probably sick of his gal, gal, gal; in her silken and muslin fal-lal-lal-lal is almost rather biase in feeling, but the maid's song with its French chorus, is philosophic and has the breeziest refrain in the piece.

When your pride has had a tumble,
And you've set your cap too high;
Though at fate you're apt to grumble,
Never sit and sulk and sigh.
Let your little heart beat faster;
Keep your temper if you can;
When you fail to get the master,
Be contented with the man.

Then the melodious dialog between Dr. Brierly and his daughter on how to treat suitors, poor and rich, "Just like that, don't you know," is exceedingly good. The doctor and his daughter were everything, considered the cleverest people in the production; Mr. W. H. Rawline is an unctuous and agile comedian, who makes some weak lines rather funny, and Miss Ethel Sidney has more chic and grace than any young lady who has appeared here, in a frivolous capacity, for a long time. She sang "Silboo Stibee" and "Just Like That" with delightful expression and some genuine sunshine in her glance. In a "Gaiety Girl" there are also two dancers of rare achievement. For a tall girl, Miss Margaret Fraser is rarely graceful in movement, and there is in her a genuine French abandon combined with a charming naivete of appearance. There is poetry in her ankle even. Miss Maud Percy is debonair and saucy, and the most plastic and graceful little woman we have seen this season. The dances of these young ladies are very Frenchy and very much up to date, and dazzling and delightful, but there is just a little too much kicking. Miss Fraser's can-can motif with ankle and toe is much prettier than all the high kicks in the world. Everything considered the dancing was the finest thing in the "Gaiety Girl."

TOUCHSTONE.

Cabinet Photos.

Mr. J. Fraser Bryce, photographer, 107 King-street west, cabinet photos a specialty. Appointments if desired. 246

TORONTO
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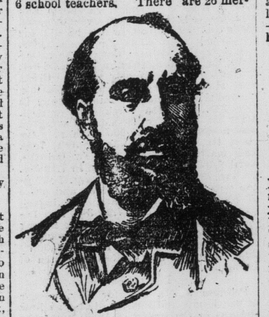
MATINEES--TUESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY--MATINEES.
ONE WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JAN. 28
LINCOLN J. CARTER'S GRAND SCENIC PRODUCTION
THE FAST MAIL
10 Sets of Special Scenery. Flight of the Fast Mail. Niagara Falls by Moonlight with Boiling Mist. Practical Working Engine and Fourteen Freight Cars, with Illuminated Caboose. The Dago Dive. Realistic River Scene and Steamboat Explosion, and One Hundred other Startling Effects.
NEXT WEEK THE INIMITABLE GAYLOR IN "BOBBY" "SPORT McALLISTER."

TYPES OF THE DEPUTIES.

FRANCE'S LEGISLATURE FULL OF CONFLICTING PARTIES.

Curiosities of the Chamber—Opportunists Are Fat and Smoke Good Cigars—Socialists Make a Great Deal of Noise—Radicals Are Always Nervous About the Country's Welfare—Conservatives Never Grow Excited—Free Lunch and Cigars for the Deputies.

The present Chamber of Deputies comprises 581 members. Of these 170 are lawyers. Some 80 more are qualified as proprietors, or property holders. There are 60 doctors, 25 professors and 6 school teachers. There are 26 merchants, 46 manufacturers, 42 farmers, 7 wine growers, 5 bankers, 19 ex-army and navy officers, 10 workingmen, 3 clerks, 21 politicians or functionaries, 2 priests, 4 druggists, 3 architects, 4 ironmasters, 3 contractors, 3 designers, 3 librarians, 8 ex-diplomats and 16 engineers. Of painters, tanners, brewers, printers, chemists, surveyors there are 1 each; and there is 1 poet, 1 tailor, 1 barber and 1 broker. But there are still 60 journalists, including owners, backers and managers, many of whom are mere property holders and properly included in the 80 proprietors" already mentioned.



PRESIDENT FELIX FAURE.

For the capitalist, as for the workingman, the surest road to the Chamber of Deputies is to obtain possession of a daily paper. Country doctors and country lawyers need neither capital nor the influence of the press. Large landholders often have the power of electing themselves or their friends. Most all the others get in on some special cry. It is supposed to be the special mark of the present Chamber that it lacks strong men—that it is filled with curiosities and types.

Among these curiosities the Socialists deserve a foremost place. Have Americans any just idea of the extent to which Socialism is spreading itself officially and formally in Europe? Among the 581 French Deputies there is a group of fifty of these revolutionists. There is (1) the Workingmen's party, (2) the Possibilist party, (3) the Blanquist party, (4) the Republican-Socialist party, and (5) the Socialist-Revisionist party. That they contain some curiosities will be seen at a glance.

The most talked-of member of the workingman's party, or the Marxist or the Guesdeist party, as it is variously called—is the barber Deputy, Rene Chauvin. He got himself elected by means of his popularity among the lower classes of a Paris suburb. In the Parisian caricatures of the day M. Chauvin is regularly represented in the act of fondling the long hair of the Possibilist-Socialist, Jean Vuillod, otherwise known as the Cannon-ball Catcher, who always sits directly on the bench beneath him. Vuillod, who has done most everything from acting as a police clerk to running a general store, earned his own notoriety by working out with mathematical exactness the precise amount of powder that would be at once safe and needful to throw a cannon-ball across a theatre stage so that a man might catch it in his hands. He actually carried his theories into practice. There was no pretense about his act; the cannon-ball actually thrown by a charge of powder, not a spring, and his success was great in many a cafe spectacle.

DUPUY.

The Possibilist Socialists are called so because they have no other name. As to their origin, they were expelled from the Marxist party because they lacked the necessary nerve. They are too Parisian to be Internationalists.

On their side, the Socialists declare that the real curiosities of the French Chamber are not generous prophets like themselves, but sodden and self-seeking sleepers on the benches, cultivators of restaurant fat, capitalists, defenders of robbers, jobbers, pirates, Panamists, that is to say, the "Opportunists," or, in a word, the present Government.

According to Radicals and Socialists, the "Opportunist" is half a skeptic, half a selfish person. He is neither Republican, Orleanist, Radical nor Specialist—Opportunity. His object is power; his objective point his own well-being.

RADICAL REVISIONIST.

His ambition is to grow fat. Good dinners, exquisite cigars and all the best you want. No scruples and no principles. All is well that ends well—for the Opportunist. Technically—and more soberly—the Opportunists are those Republicans of every kind who for the last fifteen or twenty years have sunk their differences in order to combine to hold the reins of power. They are "the Government," and have been so for long years.

Just now the present cry among the Opportunists is a "lack of men." Minister Dupuy, the present head of the party, is a brave man—though stout to the point of apoplexy physically—and he showed himself a brave man upon one memorable occasion. When Vaillant's bomb exploded in the Chamber he stood calm.

"Messieurs les Deputes," he said, "the seance will continue!"

Away off in the African Soudan French soldiers, white and black, read of the scene in the Parisian newspapers, which came to them many weeks old. A sergeant read it to his men by the camp fire. They yelled: "That man has hair!" which is a low French way of saying one has courage. "Suppose we name him corporal," said a trumpeter. And then, upon a vote, the sergeant wrote the following pronouncement:

"In the name of the Soudanese sharpshooters the said Dupuy (Charles), President of the Chamber of Deputies, is elevated to the grade of corporal in the regiment."

A copy of the writing was sent on to Paris. But the present Chamber of Deputies, with its new Socialistic blood, its "rallied" Conservatives and its long patient Radicals, it is to be feared, will not maintain the faithful admiration of the black sharpshooters of the Soudan. Minister Dupuy has been in long enough, they say. Each one should have his turn. And so it is a question whether that most curious feature of French politics, the Opportunist concentration, will not fall away with him.

All the old Ministers of Opportunism, it is said, are passed, discredited or used up. M. Ricard ended by being called the "belle Fatma," because of his swaying stomach. M. Spuller, otherwise called "Loie-Spuller," because his changing principles, appeared to resemble the changing colors of Loie Fuller's dance, damaged himself with the "new spirit," which, though it no longer blows about him, makes him a thing of fear even to the Moderate Republicans.

There remain the Radicals and the Conservatives and Royalists, although the names of all the parties are not used up with such quickness. It is well understood that the French Chamber of Deputies is composed of Republicans, Revisionist-Republicans, Socialist-Republicans, Radical-Republicans, Conservative-Republicans (rallied), Radical-Republican-Socialists, Independent Republicans, Progressionist-Republicans, Moderate-Republicans, Republican-Liberals, Republican-Socialist-Allenfantists, Radical-Republican-Boulangists, Conservatives, Rallied-Conservatives, Liberal-Conservatives, Radicals, Socialists, Revolutionary Socialists, Radical-Revisionists and Socialists, Allemanists, Broussists, Blanquists, Revisionists and Guesdists.

A MODERATE.

But just as the name of Opportunists covers a multitude of various Republicans, just as the word Socialists sweeps up a list of diverse hairy interruptions, so also the one word Radical will gather together a good two-thirds of the remaining types. "Conservatives" count by themselves.

The Radicals are the extreme Republicans who will never believe that the dangers of the first days of the republic are over. They see a priest's gown disappearing around every corner. Their chief idea is to make constantly new laws against the church; that is to say, the Roman Catholic Church. A sample of the Radical who is willing to compromise in the right direction is M. Goblet, who was once prime minister himself. He is the leader of the Radical Socialists departure, which has swelled the number of deputies regularly voting with the Socialists to something over 100 when all told. He is pompous, as becomes a small man physically who is the pink of proprietory in dress and manner. His special hobby is the separation of Church and state, or as he puts it, the separation of the state from the churches—since priest, ministers and rabbis are alike recognized and paid from the French treasury,

OPPORTUNIST JOURNALIST.

The Conservative side of the house, as is but natural, is made up in the main of the well-to-do proprietors who cling to the old order of things. Sometimes they are almost as fat, physically, as the opportunists themselves. Since the Pope has tried to take the Catholic church out of French politics they have been split into two camps. Those who have listened to Leo XIII, have, as the saying is, "rallied to the republic.

In this breaking up of all things, the final tendency of which no one can see as yet, two special features of the chamber may be laid down as sure to remain—the special "Deputy cigars" and the free lunch. As must be well known the French Government has long kept a tobacco monopoly, by whose operation the state is the sole manufacturer and retail seller. The only exception to the regulation in all France is thus made for the deputies and senators. A special brand of clear Havana filler at 12 1-2 centimes each—2 1-2 cents in American money—is made up for them. The free lunch, on the other hand, is absolutely free.

ARTISTIC ANATOMY.

Lecture By Dr. Winnett at Victoria Hospital Saturday Afternoon.

To a select audience of ladies and students, Dr. Fred Winnett lectured on Saturday afternoon in the little theatre of the Sick Children's Hospital. He treated first of plastic anatomy and referred to the extreme care of the ancients in physical development by athletics. The profession of an athlete was with them a glorious one and represented true nobility. The victors in the olympic games were sculptured with marvelous anatomical exactness. Their models now are in all schools of art. They cannot be improved on, either anatomically or physically. The importance of the study of anatomy as a step towards excellence in sculpture Dr. Winnett next enforced. The representations of the human form in Gothic sculpture lacked true proportions, and were insipid. In the time of the Renaissance, more attention was paid to the study of anatomy, and artists rivalled physicians in this respect. The study of anatomy as a necessity to the highest excellence in all branches of art was the next point illustrated. Then the Doctor, by diagrams, explained the muscles of expression, of the passions and emotions in the human face. This concluded an interesting and instructive hour's talk.

Old Women and Young Women.

One of the surprising things to American women in England is the number of English women who marry men from five to twenty years younger than themselves. The action of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in taking so young a husband as Mr. Bartlett is by no means uncommon in all grades of English society and a bit of a shock to the romantic-minded American, who prefers to let her husband have quite the advantage of her in point of years at least. It was with almost a little gasp of horror a sentimental little American was told of the first meeting between Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter and her present husband. His mother was a dear friend of Miss Anne Thackeray, who, one day, when about 20 years old, dropped into the Ritchie home, received the interesting information of a brand new arrival in the household. Proud Mrs. Ritchie herself placed the wee Richard in Miss Thackeray's arms as that young lady remarked: "So it is another pink little boy come to make the Ritchie family happy." It was the same Richard Ritchie who in after years made Miss Anne Thackeray his wife.

More Like Home.

"You can't always get the same room in a hotel," said a traveller, "but often you can, and it is always agreeable whenever you get around to a town you have been to before to get the same room. Variety is a good thing in its way, but not so, I think, about rooms. It is always a pleasure to walk into a room you have occupied before; it looks friendly and pleasant. It is easier to do this on short-distance steamboats. I remember that one season, when I was making weekly trips on the same day of the week to a city up the sound, I had always the same room on the boat. The first trip the room I had suited me exactly, and I got the same room on the next trip. Then from the comparative frequency, and I suppose also from the regularity of my recurrence, I became acquainted with the purser; he always handed out the same key; he had expected me and had saved the room for me, and it was always a pleasure to walk calmly down the saloon to the same room, which I knew so well."—New York Sun.

"Amen" With an Axe.

No man who allows his wife to chop stovewood has any business with his name on the church book. The religion that doesn't make a man kind to his family is a fraud, no matter how loud he says amen in the meeting house.—Paris Appeal.

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