

The month closed at the Grand Opera House with a week of Mr. Roland Reed and his wife, Miss Isadore Rush, in "The Wrong Mr. Wright." Mr. Reed always was a favorite here, and he is satisfied to find, so he says, that the good people of Toronto are as fond of him as ever.

After the repeated financial failures which have been the result of entertainments on an ambitious scale given at the Massey Music Hall the success of the Mendelssohn Choir on the 28th ult. was remarkable and gratifying; every seat was sold before the doors opened. A fine performance was given, and close on two thousand dollars was cleared over expenses. This is as it should be, and leads us to think there is hope for a musical organization in Toronto yet.

At the Toronto Opera House we had a good production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with Mr. J. H. Gilmour in his original part; the performance was an all-round good one, but it did not meet with an encouraging amount of success. On the other hand, a piece called "When London Sleeps," containing in itself enough plot and counterplot, conspiracy and murder to furnish material for a dozen ordinary melodramas, was presented to crowded houses at nearly every performance. This of course will shock those people who consider that when public taste does not conform with what they consider taste that the public is wrong and the individual right; but it is no use quarrelling with the public, and if they like highly-spiced drama, and like to pay for it, we may be sure they will have it, and for one manager who objects one hundred will be perfectly ready to oblige as soon as they know that there is money in it.

A piece which ran for a week at the Toronto, called "The Cotton King," had great success and deserved it. Emotional melodrama will always be popular, and such pieces as "The Cotton King" present this form of entertainment in its best aspect. Some of the situations in this play were strong; the company was a good one, and the business done was good for times like these.

Altogether we may be pleased to know that in a theatrical sense at least we are holding our own in Toronto, and business in the show line is decidedly better; we have some things coming along of the first artistic merit, which will no doubt receive adequate support. The season, however, will close early, probably the end of March or the first week in April.

WILFRID WISGAST.

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#### ART FOR TRUTH'S SAKE IN THE DRAMA.

In an article in the February *Arena*, on the above subject, Mr. James Herne says:

"It is generally held that the province of the drama is to amuse. I claim that it has a higher purpose—that its mission is to interest and to instruct. It should not *preach* objectively, but it should teach subjectively; and so I stand for truth in the drama, because it is elemental, it gets to the bottom of a question. It strikes at unequal standards and unjust systems. It is as unyielding as it is honest. It is as tender as it is inflexible. It has supreme faith in man. It believes that that which was good in the beginning cannot be bad at the end. It sets forth clearly that the concern of one is the concern of all. It stands for the higher development and thus the individual liberty of the human race."

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