

for a second transcontinental line. It is true there is an outcry for increased transportation facilities, and on the strength of this it is argued that there should be a second line to cope with Western traffic. Yet, this argument loses some of its force when it is remembered that congestion of traffic on the C.P.R. occurs only once a year, and then only for a short period. The managers of the road therefore refuse to encumber themselves with rolling stock which during nine months of the year must lie idle. If the farmers of the West could hold their grain for a few months (increased elevator accommodation would make this possible), the present line could handle the traffic of the country with ease. There is no doubt, however, that the idea of a second road is exceedingly popular, and if the present season of prosperity holds long enough, Grand Trunk Pacific stock will find plenty of eager purchasers.

THE THEATRE.

THE Kingston theatre-goers, who availed themselves of the opportunity of witnessing the production of "A Daughter of Hamilcar," at the Grand Opera House, on Wednesday, the 17th inst., enjoyed one of the best performances that have visited the city this season. There was just one element that might have been improved and that was the number of spectators. It seems unfortunate, and in some respects unaccountable, that when a performance of such a high order of merit visits our city it should not be greeted by a crowded house; and especially does this seem the case when one considers what crowds almost fought for even standing room when other attrac-

tions (some of them vastly inferior) held the boards. As it was, the house was only fairly well filled, the floor being comfortably taken while upstairs was only moderately patronized.

But if the crowd was not large it was at least appreciative, and frequently an exceptionally clever piece of acting received deserved applause. The time and scene in which the events represented took place transported the audience back to the ancient city of Carthage as it stood about the year 245 B.C. The play was admirably staged, and the scenery was most elaborate and expensive, while the costumes were beautiful and historically correct. The acting could scarcely be improved upon. Each character seemed to have a perfect appreciation and mastery of his or her role. Of course the interest of the play centred in the leading *dramatis persona*, Blanche Walsh as Salamambo, whose devotion to her native city, Carthage, was a conspicuous feature of the plot. The predominant note throughout was that of tragedy, but the winsome ways of Hannibal, the youthful brother of Salamambo, relieved the tension and provoked an occasional laugh.

Limitations of space prevent us from reviewing any of the interesting and dramatic situations involved, much as we should like to do so. In conclusion we can only say that when the curtain had fallen on the closing scene and the orchestra had elicited from their instruments the familiar strains of the national anthem, several hundred people could be seen passing out of the brilliantly lighted theatre and wending their way slowly homewards, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.