

stage should be an educator, and it is, but whether it is going to suffer from the sporadic diseases which now threaten it and lose its value as a teacher, is the question which nobody can answer. If we let ourselves become accustomed to plays of the kind above described, the finer sensibilities will become dulled, and then the public will refuse its patronage to the cleaner and more wholesome productions.

There are few people who do not recollect with pleasure the enjoyment they derived from a perusal of Sir Walter Scott's great novel, Rob Roy MacGregor. An impression seems to prevail that in the dramatization of this justly celebrated story all the characters speak broad Scotch, but such is not the case; in fact all speak English except three of the principals. This drama, requiring the services of almost one hundred people in its production, will be presented by members of the Theatre Royal Dramatic Company, of Glasgow, Scotland, assisted by local talent, at the Victoria theatre, Friday, December 8. The presentation will be under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor.

It sometimes becomes my unpleasant duty to speak of the inefficiency of our police force. The other day a gentleman who required the immediate services of a police officer on Government street, rang the Delivery Co's call for one, and after waiting some time a messenger boy came along and told them there was no policeman at the station. The gentleman then went down to the station, and on his arrival there was told THE policeman had gone out for luncheon. When the policeman returned he was too late to accomplish the object for which he was sought. It appears to me that some arrangement should be made whereby a policeman could be found at the time he is required.

PERE GRINATOR.

ALBION C. C. CONCERT.

In point of attendance the concert in connection with the Albion Cricket Club Wednesday evening was a little discouraging, although it was generally stated that a much larger number of tickets had been disposed of than there were seats filled, in addition to which Rhea was a great counter attraction. Of the concert itself as a musical event, it was very good and very indifferent, the first when the singer was good and the second when he or she was the reverse. The event had been advertised, not openly, but by and among the friends of the club on the strength of the appearance of the Arion Club, or a portion of that body. A collection of gentlemen connected with it appeared under the name of the "Strollers." It would have been just as well, instead of designating a spade by the term an oblong instrument of agriculture, for the club to have appeared under its proper name. Its change of appellation for the occasion does not lessen one bit its lame excuse for its ungrateful refusal to sing at the lacrosse club concert. Of course it is the Club's own business where or under what circumstances it sings, so that perhaps any reference to the incident in question is out of place. The numbers sung Wednesday evening were all selected from the last concert of the Arion Club, and with the exception that they perhaps were more agreeably sounding with possibly fewer and better selected voices, there was not much change. Mr. Russell took the tenor solo, but whether suffering from the effects of the dreadfully bad weather, or not, his voice sounded husky in the lower register, and metallic in the higher. He manifested an improvement in a duet with Mr. Rowlands, in whose company he seemed to gather confidence and give more play to the chest. Sullivan's "The Long Day Closes" received very acceptable treat-

ment, the expression and shading being a beautiful picture in part singing, an effect which was totally spoiled in the subsequent and closing number, "The Soldier's Chorus," in which the basses and baritones manifested a strong desire to shout, thereby greatly detracting from the ringing vim and musical enthusiasm which this selection always awakens. That "esteemed professional singer," Mr. Clement Rowlands, was on the platform, and, to borrow a phrase recently used, he was "extremely out of place." The influence and magnetism of that grand voice, so powerful, so supremely controlled, yet so full of pathos, deep passion and so rich in music, was indeed out of place after hearing half trained "amateur" voices of indifferent timbre. The hall was filled with that voice, but there was not a suspicion of shouting, every note not only clear and correct, but infused with the soulfulness that is music. Mrs. Schwengers, Miss Hutcheson and Miss Jameson sang appreciably, and Miss Leech rendered a pianoforte solo with tasteful finish.

BY-STANDER.

LADIES,

ASK YOUR

DEALER

FOR THE

GRANBY

STORM

RUBBER.